

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

by [The Space Witches](#)

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Lt. John Matheson

Taken from the B5/Crusade Spoiler Junkies Page

Chapter 2

When Lucas steered Lily into the courtyard he was pleased to see that all the people he'd wanted were assembled there. Demon stood out in front of the group, half shielding Ilas from view. The others were ranged behind her and he could see the look of shock on their faces as they realised how he was forcing Lily in front of him. He had her neck in a grip that he could use to snap it in a second. Angel followed him into the courtyard and stood behind and to one side of him

Lucas looked Demon up and down. He couldn't help but appreciate the way she was dressed. The black knee boots with the black leather pants that clung to every curve, her flat stomach bare to above her waist, the low cut t-shirt emphasizing breasts that were quite emphatic enough. Even the leather arm guards were damn sexy. All that was missing were the little marks of affection he'd made on her body. She must have used the healer on herself. He felt his cock twitch as he remembered some of the things he'd done with her. [Damn it, she'd been good.]

"Well, hello, Miss Whiplash. You doin' a little S & M today darlin'? Dressed for the part, ain't you?" Demon ignored him as she desperately tried to contact Angel. But Angel had her head down and wouldn't respond or make eye contact with Demon. "Keep tryin' all you like Whiplash, she won't answer. She's all mine now, body and soul."

"What do you want?" Demon's face was frozen and her voice cold.

"I'll do you a trade. You can have Lily back in exchange for one of them," he said, pointing to the group standing behind Demon. Matheson immediately stepped forward.

"I'll trade with her. You can take me as a hostage instead."

Lucas laughed at him "You? And let you try some of those teep mind games on me? No sir, not you." He looked directly at Max. "How about it Max, don't you wanna be a hero? Wanna trade places with this little girl? Big strong guy like you has got nothing to worry about."

Max took a step forward. "Hero has never been one of my favorite roles. What's in it for me?"

"Now that's what I want to hear. Good old-fashioned self-interest. I can do a deal with a man like you, Max. Wanna hear the terms?"

Max nodded and waited. He really had no idea what was going on here, but it seemed to confirm what Demon had said. Gideon was definitely behaving differently.

"Can you fly a shuttle, Max?" Max nodded again. "Then I think we can deal. How would you like to take the Excalibur to any planet you choose, Max? You get to pick where we go, and when we get there, anything you find, we split; 80% to me, 20% to you."

Max laughed. "You call that a deal? You can do better than that, whoever you are. I'm the one with all the knowledge. 75 to me, 25 to you." Max couldn't believe what he was hearing. Gideon was offering him the chance to make a fortune. The idea of having the Excalibur at his disposal to search the galaxy for profitable technology was intoxicating.

Lucas snorted derisively. "But I got the transport Mars boy; 60% for me." Max could feel the eyes of the others burning into him. They were appalled that he could consider doing a deal with this man. Didn't they want the girl back?

"Call it 50/50 and we have a deal."

Raven stepped forward and pulled on Max's arm. "You can't do this. What about the plague?" Before Max could answer Lucas had interrupted.

"What's up, Doc? Don't you want your little playmate back?" He leaned forward and spoke into Lilith's ear, but loud enough for the others to hear. "Should have done a better job on him Lily-love, looks like he doesn't care if his little flower gets her stem broke." He shook her gently by the neck to make his point then looked carefully at Raven and realized why the man looked familiar. "Well, Harvard, you're a long way from home ain't you? Did they run out of jackets over at Juniper House and let you go? Or did they finally straighten your head out? Sure took long enough." Raven looked at him in astonishment. [What on earth is he talking about? Harvard? I've never been there. And what's Juniper House?] Before he could speak Lucas had turned to Max.

"You got a deal Max. But there's one more thing we need before we can close this deal." He turned

to Demon. "You got that handy dandy healer thing you used on me?" Demon nodded and pulled it from her pocket. "Give it to Max."

Max looked puzzled as Demon placed the cylinder in his hand.

"Don't screw your face up Max; that little device is going to be our first profit making venture. Just keep it safe 'til we get back to the ship." He turned to Demon again.

"Hey, Whiplash, where did you hide the first shuttle?" Demon's focus snapped back to Lucas. She had been trying to break through the tight block Angel was maintaining, but without success. Why was her sister cutting her off like this? She couldn't believe that Angel was willingly co-operating with this man. There had to be another reason, but if Angel wouldn't tell her, she didn't know how to find out.

"It's right there next to the others. We just screened it from sight."

Lucas smiled. He'd hoped that would be the case. His plan was coming together.

"Then we all take a nice walk. You," he gestured at the group on the other side of the courtyard, "Lead the way. Me and my ladies will follow along."

Demon led the way out of the courtyard and down to the shuttles on the plain below.

When they arrived at the shuttles, all three of which were now in plain view, Lucas turned to Angel.

"Got a little job for you Angel-face. I'm gonna stop blocking that power of yours in a minute." Angel started; perhaps if he gave her access to her powers again, even for a moment... He leaned forward and whispered into her ear, "Oh, don't even think about it darlin', you have any idea of how quick I can snap Lily's neck?" He said it so softly that only Lily and Angel could hear. He spoke again, louder. "Just use that power of yours to break a few things inside the engines of those two shuttles will you darlin'? And break 'em good."

Angel closed her eyes and Lucas could feel her using her mind to bend and break. They could all hear the sounds of objects breaking and metal snapping within the two shuttles.

"Now break all the communications equipment. Can't have these nice people chatting to my ship before I get back, can we? And Angel-face, I do plan to check that you did the job right." More sounds of breaking and tearing could be heard from the insides of the two shuttles. He ordered Angel aboard the undamaged shuttle and stood outside still grasping Lily by the neck. He called to Max.

"Time to go, Mars boy."

Max took a step forward then hesitated. "Just give me a minute to say good-bye." He turned to Ilas and pulled her towards him, holding her tightly in his arms. He knew that if he tried to say

anything to Ilas about his plans, "Gideon" or whoever the hell he was would get suspicious. But he had to get a message to the others somehow.

"Ilas, will you do one last thing for me?" He was horrified to see tears in her eyes as she looked up at him. Now he had to tell them what he planned. "Will you change into your real form so I can say good-bye to the real you?" He kept holding onto her and looked down into her eyes, willing her to understand why he was asking her to risk pain to do this for him. She smiled up at him and started to shift.

Max could see "Gideon" watching them carefully, waiting to see if Max was trying anything. But all he could see was Max holding tightly to Ilas as she shifted into her true shape. Max concentrated very hard as she shifted and sent through a message which he knew she could pick up in that moment only. He explained that he was going along with "Gideon" to free Lily and to find out what was going on. When he got to the ship he planned to turn on "Gideon" and promised to do his best to send more shuttles down for the rest.

She writhed in his arms and he knew it was hurting her, but she stabilized into her natural shape, with golden skin, purple hair and red eyes. He gently kissed the scar on her cheek and said aloud. "These have been the best few days I've had in years and I'm going to miss you Ilas. I'll come back when I can." He kissed her again, this time fully on her mouth, opening his lips and touching hers with his tongue. Her lips parted beneath his, into a deep, tender and passionate kiss. When they broke apart, Max turned to see "Gideon" smirking at them.

"Oh, very touching Max. Now let's get going."

Max took a step towards the shuttle then stopped "I thought we had a deal. Let the girl go." He watched as "Gideon" turned Lily around so she faced him.

"Sorry to have to let you go Lily-love. Wish I had the chance to pluck you again." Keeping his hand tightly behind her neck he dropped his mouth to hers and gave her a bruising farewell kiss then pushed her backwards. She fell to the ground as he stepped back towards the shuttle, pulling a PPG from his shirt as he did so. He waved it at the group who had surged forward to help Lily.

"Now don't get all excited. She's just fine. But you won't be, if any of you get any nearer. Max, get in the shuttle." He followed Max up the ramp, to where Angel stood waiting and watching at the top. Max disappeared inside while Lucas turned to look at the group standing below him. Demon and Raven were on their knees by the girl on the ground. Demon had her arms wrapped around Lily who was crying freely. Matheson and Dureena stood behind watching, both of them glaring up at Lucas as he stood in the doorway to the shuttle. He called out to Matheson.

"Lily there stopped blocking you a while back. It's been me stopping you getting a warning out since then. And just in case you get any ideas when we leave..." Lucas raised the PPG and pointed it straight at Matheson's chest. "This should take care of you." He fired. Matheson fell backwards, a hole burnt in his chest. Lucas turned and pushed Angel into the shuttle that took off a few seconds later.

Raven leapt to Matheson's side, pushing his hands into the chest wound trying to staunch the blood. Lily screamed, "Noooooo," frozen to the spot as her sight played itself out before her eyes, then ran to them both, while Demon and Ilas stared in dismay.

"Dureena, get the medical kit from the shuttle!" Raven yelled and Dureena moved up the ramp like lightning. She returned quickly with the kit. Raven turned to Lily, realizing when he saw her face that this must have been the vision that had rattled her so much the other day. But there was no time for such musings.

"Here, put your hands here and press as hard as you can." Lily obeyed instantly while Raven rummaged through the medical kit for something to heal Matheson. Not that he thought there was a lot which could help him at this stage. A short range PPG shot to the chest like that was almost always fatal. Matheson was lucky he hadn't had his heart burned straight out of his chest. But the shot had hit the right side, so there was a tiny chance that he could be saved.

Demon watched for a moment then turned to Ilas and Dureena.

"Back to the castle now. We've got things that might help." She turned and ran with Ilas and Dureena on her heels. When Demon stretched her long legs Ilas started to lag, so grew her legs until they matched Demon's and she could stay with her stride for stride. Dureena wasn't so lucky and struggled to keep up. She was amazed when Demon started talking even though they were running flat out. Her breath came in snatches but she got the words out.

"Ilas, straight to infirmary, pick up every piece of equipment you can find which is portable and might be of use. Straight back to shuttle." Ilas nodded as she ran but saved her breath. Demon was gasping now but carried on.

"Dureena, need you, release crew. Need them, pilots, get shuttles airborne, Matheson to ship. Might trust you; won't trust me." She started to cough as her words stuck in her throat but Dureena had understood enough.

They burst into the castle courtyard and Ilas peeled off to the left heading straight for the infirmary. Demon led Dureena, still at a run, straight across the open space, to the entrance to the cells on the far side. The guards had seen Demon and opened the main doors. They flew through, barely managing to stop in the corridor beyond. Dureena bent double trying to catch her breath as Demon snatched the keys from the guard on duty. She grabbed Dureena's arm and ran her to a cell at the far end. By now she could hardly speak.

"Sergeant ... this one," she unlocked the door and pulled it open. Sergeant Healy burst out of the door, ready to tackle anyone, when he saw Dureena and paused.

Dureena had just enough breath left to gasp out, "Stop. Freeing you now. Back to shuttles. Matheson wounded." Healy put his arm under Dureena's shoulder and pulled her upright.

"Are you OK ma'am? What's going on here?"

Dureena tried to explain while Demon moved down the line of cells, unlocking each door in turn,

but couldn't get enough breath to speak coherently. The crew poured out and turned towards Demon aggressively.

"No, don't, she's on our side." Dureena gasped the words out as loud as she could. She was stunned to see that Demon had regained her breath and looked completely recovered. Seeing that Dureena was still struggling to breathe, Healy turned to Demon and asked what she needed him and his people to do.

"Back down to the shuttles as quick as you can, Sergeant." She set out at a flat run again, leaving the troops to follow. She disappeared into a different part of the castle. Dureena groaned and pulled herself off the wall where she had been resting.

"You heard her, Sergeant, quick as you can," she said, and headed back to the shuttles as fast as she could run.

Raven was frantically trying to stem the flow of blood, but largely failing, when Ilas returned with the equipment. He didn't recognize her for a moment as she had shifted into Brakiri form. He realised that in that form she could both move fast and carry a large load, and she was doing both.

She stumbled to a halt beside them as Raven knelt on the ground next to Matheson's body. Lily was giving him mouth to mouth, effectively breathing for him, but Raven knew she was tiring and couldn't keep going much longer. Ilas knelt quickly and asked. "What do you need most doctor?" Raven looked up at her wondering what this girl might possibly be able to do to help. Then he remembered the device he'd used on Demon.

"Something to stop the bleeding. If he loses much more, I won't be able to save him." Ilas reached into the pack she was carrying and pulled out a cylinder similar to the one he'd used on Demon, but larger. She gave it to him and quickly instructed him on its use. He started to move the cylinder over the wound and gradually the flow of blood lessened, eventually stopping. The wound was still raw and weeping but the blood loss had stopped. He looked up and realised that Lily was turning gray. She was giving so much breath to Matheson that she was starting to faint.

"Ilas, take over." Lily fell back as Ilas pushed in, still in Brakiri shape and started mouth to mouth. Raven scrambled through the medical kit and the equipment pack Ilas had brought, looking for anything he could use to start putting liquid back into Matheson. Then he needed to get some blood for transfusion, quickly. He pulled out Matheson's dog tags and checked the group. Common O+ [Well, let's be thankful for that.]

Demon arrived back and almost collapsed. She managed to gasp out, "Alive?" before falling to her knees, heaving for breath.

"Just." Raven looked up and saw the Excalibur crew following, with Dureena. He told Ilas to keep going, and for Lily to spell her when she tired then turned to the Sergeant and explained the urgent need for O+ blood. Healy quickly organized his people, separating out four men who had the right blood group. He then turned to the shuttle pilots and told them to get the shuttles ready

for flight. Demon had recovered enough to intervene.

"They've been damaged. The engines and communications equipment have been smashed. I hope you can repair the damage." Dureena had now arrived and joined the small group around Matheson, waiting to take her turn breathing for him.

Healy put the crew to work and received their reports within minutes. The comm equipment was completely wrecked. He turned to Demon and demanded their portable commlinks. She shook her head.

"I went for them before we left the castle. They've been destroyed." Healy cursed and turned to the next crewman waiting to report. This one was more optimistic. The damage to the engines was superficial and could be fixed easily. Demon's heart leapt. [Angel, you weren't totally on his side after all.] She knew that Angel could have done far more damage than she had. But the crew still estimated that they needed an hour to complete the work.

Demon cringed. An hour had already elapsed since the first shuttle had left. Could Matheson survive another hour? That and the time taken to reach Excalibur, which one of the pilots told her would be another hour. So three hours in total from the time he'd been shot to when they could get him proper treatment. She turned to Raven to ask if he could keep Matheson alive that long. Dureena had taken over the breathing, leaving Ilas to recover while Lily watched quietly, following whatever instructions Raven gave her. Ilas shifted back into her usual blue-haired form as Demon watched. Healy saw the change and stared open-mouthed in amazement.

When Demon and Healy told Raven how long they needed to get airborne, his hopes for Matheson started to fade. He didn't think he could keep him alive that long.

Max was seated at the controls of the shuttle. Lucas had placed Angel in the co-pilot's seat while he sat in the centre seat, behind and above the two of them, where he could watch them both easily. Max started up the engines and throttled the shuttle up before starting a very bumpy and jerky ascent. By the time they were five minutes into the flight they were all feeling nauseous with the constant buffeting and bumping they received. Lucas snapped at Max, "I thought you said you could fly one of these things."

Max grappled with the controls. "I can, but you didn't ask me whether I can fly it WELL!" The shuttle dropped sickeningly, and then rose again.

Lucas had been planning a little entertainment with Angel on the trip back. He gave up the idea and pulled his seatbelt tighter. "This is the last time I let you drive!"

Max had put the shuttle on autopilot as soon as they had left atmosphere and the ride had been a lot smoother since. Lucas called the Excalibur as they approached the ship and warned them of the shuttle's arrival.

"Max, remind me never to get into a shuttle with you at the controls again. Now when we get on board, we're gonna go straight to your quarters and you can start work on that gadget Demon gave you. I wanna know how it works and how quickly we can duplicate it, and you're just the man for the job." Max preened a little under Lucas's flattery.

"Well, you don't think there is anyone else aboard who could do it as well as me, do you?"

Lucas sneered at the back of Max's head "Oh no, Max, you're the best." Max whipped his head around to see if he was being sarcastic but by the time he looked Lucas had assumed an expression of innocence.

The shuttle steered itself into the landing bay and set down. They were met by the officer of the watch, who gave "Gideon" brief details of the current ship's status. Basically, there was nothing to report. Lucas told the officer that he would join her on the bridge shortly. Turning to Max he said, "Let's go," prodding Max to lead the way and grasping Angel by the arm to bring her with them. The watch officer looked on quizzically as they left, but given the Captain had been in such a bad mood recently, decided not to question his behavior.

Max had wondered if he should tell the watch officer that the Captain was an impostor immediately, but decided he should wait until the crew had seen for themselves how unlike Gideon this man was. He was sure it wouldn't take long, if his behavior on the planet was anything to go by. Arriving at his quarters, Max entered the code to open the door. Suddenly he felt a hand slam into his back, pushing him hard through the doorway. He stumbled and nearly fell, yelling out a protest. When he recovered his balance and turned the door was closing behind him. Before he could move the door had slammed shut and he could hear Lucas recoding the lock from the outside. [Damn him, he's putting a voice lock on it!] Lucas's voice came through the intercom in the door.

"Now don't get worked up about this, Max, but I don't entirely trust you yet. I'm cutting off your comm unit. Just go to work on the gadget and I'll be back later."

Max sat down in a chair, hard. So much for his promise to Ilas.

Lucas turned away from Max's door and grabbed Angel's arm again. She'd watched in silence while he'd imprisoned Max, apparently completely cowed, but Lucas wasn't going to take any chances with her until he was sure she had given up all hope of escaping his domination. He sensed that there was still a spark of independence left, which he'd need to crush as soon as the opportunity arose. But for now he just needed to get her locked away from the prying eyes of his crew. The bruises and bite marks on her arms and neck showed more than he really wanted others to see. Pausing to get his bearings, [It sure is different watching from inside Gideon's head, having to work your way round this damn ship yourself!] he set out to find Gideon's quarters. That would be a good place to secure Angel until he was ready to deal with her.

Lucas marched onto the bridge as if he owned it. [Which I do!] He'd voice-locked Angel into

Gideon's quarters after disabling the comm system, and set out straight for the bridge. He knew that his crew looked at him strangely, as he hadn't yet taken time to change from Demon's black shirt into uniform. But he wanted to get the ship moving as fast as possible. He turned to the watch officer.

"We're leaving. Lt. Matheson, Dr. Raven, Dureena and the rest of the landing party are remaining on the planet to continue with their investigations and negotiations with the natives. We're going to Babylon 5 with some samples of their technology that look promising. Prepare to jump." Lucas had selected B5 for a number of reasons, not least of which was the presence of Captain Elizabeth Lochley. [Gideon never did appreciate that woman...]

The watch officer looked stricken. "Um, that might take a while, sir."

Lucas narrowed his eyes and stared at the woman. "Explain." [A good ol' Space Cadet bark!]

She flushed and advised him that because they had been sent numerous messages saying that the landing parties were staying planet side for some time, they had taken the jump engines off line for maintenance. Lucas snapped, "How long to get them back up?"

"Three hours, sir."

"Well get started. I'm going to my quarters to change and I'll be back in two hours. I expect you to have the work completed by then. You have the conn." Lucas left the bridge, quietly seething.

Angel stood in the middle of the room, and then moved over to look out the portal. She felt her heart ache at the sight of Eriadne down below. She'd never seen it like this, never had the chance to see how much like Earth it was. Thoughts of her sisters rushed in and she was filled with overwhelming guilt at how she had betrayed them. She'd heard Lily asking her to help her when Lucas had his hand around her throat, threatening to break her neck, but she was unable to help her. Lucas would not allow it, he was still blocking her power.

Then when they'd all gathered in the courtyard, and she'd heard Demon calling to her, she desperately wanted to answer, to explain why she was siding with Lucas, but she couldn't. She could see her sister wondering why she was blocking her and it had been only her fear of the man standing in front of her, and the fact that she knew he would carry out his threats if she tried anything, that prevented her from replying and explaining. Instead she had lowered her head and not said anything the whole time.

Angel felt a tear rolling down her cheek, just as she heard the door sliding open behind her. She turned mustering her courage to give Lucas a defiant look. She was angry with him for having locked her in here, and for her own weakness at being unable to resist him.

Lucas walked into the room, and stopped when he noticed the angry look on Angel's face, her blue eyes filled with unshed tears. He arched an eyebrow; he knew what she was thinking.

"You accepted the deal, darlin'."

Angel let out an anguished scream and launched herself at him. Trying to strike him, to hurt him any way she could. But Lucas grabbed her wrists and she struggled against him. Her voice was desperate.

"I didn't have a choice you bastard," screamed Angel as Lucas held onto her wrists and backed her against the wall. Lucas didn't say anything as he held her pinned to the wall until she grew tired of struggling and became still. Then he released her and moved away to sit on the edge of the desk.

Angel eyed him as he just watched her a moment before in a low voice he drawled, "I have to wonder, Angel-face, exactly what drove you to accept the deal? The fear that I would hurt your sister? Or the fear that you'd be found out as the one responsible for me being here?"

Angel's breath caught in her throat at the obvious point he was making. Damn him for throwing that at her.

"I hate you," hissed Angel vehemently. Lucas smiled, stood up and walked to stand in front of her. He took her face in his hands. When Angel tried to move her face away, he tightened his hold on her, immobilizing her face so that he was able to look straight into her eyes.

"And someday we'll make that hate work for you." Angel opened her mouth to say something, but Lucas's mouth clamped down on hers, silencing her. She tried to struggle and break the kiss, but he held her too tightly. His tongue probed her mouth, seeking hers out, savoring her sweet taste. He felt her stop struggling as she started to respond to his gentle invasion of her mouth. He let his left hand move from her face to the back of her neck to pull her deeper into the kiss. He felt her arms come round his shoulders in the same attempt. He let his fingers entwine in her hair and then taking a hand full at the nape of her neck, he pulled hard, breaking the kiss and causing her to shriek in pain.

She looked at him, wide-eyed in shock, as he pulled hard on her hair. Her neck arched painfully. Her pulse picked up at the look he was giving her. Her hand flew up to where his had a hold of her hair.

"You remind me of someone I knew a long time ago." Lucas said with a smile. Angel eyed him warily; she was speechless. His hold on her hair was still hurting and he was smiling at her. He was making her very nervous. He was going somewhere with this. Why did she get the feeling it was to make a point about how she continued to fight against his control?

Angel was surprised when he let go of her, backing away from her and continuing to speak. "She was like you. She tried to fight against me even though she couldn't resist me." Lucas paused to give her a pointed look. She felt shame at the truth of his unspoken words. "I had to take care of her when she disobeyed me." His tone was dangerous as he spoke those words, and she swallowed at his obvious meaning of 'take care.'

Lucas watched Angel take in what he was telling her. He could see her fear, as she understood what he was saying. He moved closer to her, and watched her jump slightly when he ran a finger across her lips.

"I control you. I own you... and I will accept nothing but total obedience and loyalty. Understand?" asked Lucas softly.

Angel looked at him, her body all too aware of his closeness and the feel of his finger on her lips. She knew that it was hopeless to fight him. She nodded her submission. He lowered his head and gave her a brief kiss on the lips before he moved away again.

"Get undressed," he ordered.

Angel's eyes widened in surprise at his order. Her mind reeled at the change in direction, from threat to this. Her pulse quickened and her body trembled at what she knew was going to happen; her body unable to deny that she was excited by it. Her mind however, rebelled at his audacity, he had just threatened to kill her and now he was expecting her to strip down and let him do whatever he wanted. Well, she would be damned... yes, she wanted him, but she wasn't that easy.

She looked at him with defiance. Lucas had to smile; she was a fighter. But he could see she was resisting what she herself wanted, so when he spoke again his tone brooked no argument. "Do it!"

His tone made Angel jump. She realised if she didn't do it, he would probably just do it for her, and something told her that he would inflict pain if he did. Her body was still sore from her previous times with him and she decided it would be easier on her if she did as he ordered.

Lucas watched with a smug expression as Angel pushed herself away from the wall and slowly began to strip. He noticed her hands were trembling as she undid the tie on her brown leather top. When she finally managed the knot at her neck, she let the top slip down off her breasts to the floor. Her hardened nipples betrayed how her body was responding to the man watching. Her eyes flew to his, which were watching her with amusement. [Damn him!] Thought Angel silently. His eyes moved from hers to her soft brown-leather pants, that had small runes embroidered down the sides, his order silent. With trembling hands Angel undid the zipper at her hip but before she pushed them down, she bent and pulled her low-heeled leather boots off one by one, then stood up straight and pushed the pants down; when they fell to the floor she stepped out of them. She stood completely naked. When Lucas's eyes raked over her body, she had to fight the sudden urge to cover herself with her arms. Her eyes looked back up at him, her lips parted slightly as she noticed the bulge at his crotch. Then she smiled. She had an effect on him.

Lucas noticed her smile as her eyes fixed on his crotch, his growing erection pushing against the restricting fabric. Time for him to get undressed.

"Come here," ordered Lucas softly.

Angel, past being able to resist, moved willingly to him, who wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her in close to him. His mouth captured her lips in a rough kiss. She moaned at the sensation of his tongue against hers. [God, I love the taste of him] When he pulled her in closer, he used only one arm, as his other hand came round to caress her breast, his finger brushing the hard nipple. She arched into him, all too aware of his erection sticking into her.

Lucas broke the kiss, but retained his hold on her. His thumb continued trace circles around her

nipple. "My turn," he drawled.

Angel's heart skipped a beat, her breath suddenly coming out harder. By the way he was looking at her, she knew what he wanted her to do. He wanted her to undress him. Angel felt her juices flowing between her legs at the thought of being able to take his clothes off.

Lucas let her go so that she was free to move. Angel paused a moment before she raised her hands up to his chest, letting her hands take hold of the collar of the black silk shirt. Then she raised herself on tiptoe to reach his neck, which she started to kiss, her lips brushing down as her hands pulled the collar away so that she could kiss his collarbone. Working their way to where his soft chest hair was exposed where the shirt was unbuttoned, her hands grasped the shirt on either side of the open area.

Lucas closed his eyes, enjoying the feel of her lips on his skin. He felt his cock twitching as it grew harder. His eyes opened when he felt Angel's lips move from his skin. She looked up at him, a naughty smile played across her lips, and then she pulled on the shirt, ripping it open, buttons popping off to fly in different directions. She lowered her lips to his chest, not giving him the chance to say anything about his ruined shirt. He gasped when her mouth fastened on one of his nipples, her tongue flicking over the sensitive skin. He was slightly aware of her hands pulling the shirt over his shoulders. He helped her by slipping it off his arms. Once the shirt was gone, her hands were free to run up and down his chest. One of her hands paused over the other nipple, where she let her finger and thumb rub it gently.

She felt his hand come to her head, where it took hold of her hair. She paused her attention to his nipple, expecting him to pull her head back painfully, but instead she felt him brushing her hair, pushing her closer to his chest. She resumed her attention to his nipple, and heard him let out a slight gasp when her teeth fastened on it. "Don't even dare, Angel-face." Angel let go of his nipple and looked up at him when he spoke. She smiled mischievously, ignoring him as she returned her mouth to his chest. She didn't take the nipple in her mouth; instead she started to kiss the rest of his chest. She had to kneel when she started kissing his flat hard stomach. She stopped suddenly, very aware now of the bulge in his pants. Thoughts of kissing his stomach flew out of her head. There was something better she wanted to do.

First, though, Angel took a hold of his ankle. Lucas raised his foot and allowed her to remove his boot, then the other. She looked at his feet, his long toes. Even his feet were sexy. She almost laughed out loud at that thought, but she shook it away. There was still one item of clothing left to go. She felt a rush of excitement as her hands rose up to the buckle of his pants, and started to unfasten it. When it stuck, she tugged on it harder. He chuckled at her impatience. Her eyes flew up, her hands frozen at the buckle.

"Don't laugh at me," snapped Angel with irritation. Lucas's placed his hands over hers.

"It's your impatience I'm laughing at Angel-face... not you." Angel looked at him for a moment, made a small grunting sound and then slapped his hands away. She smiled when the buckle gave way. Her eyes flickered briefly back up to him as if to say 'See, I could do it' Then she focused back on unzipping the pants, and pulling them down. The whole time she purposely didn't look at his hard shaft. It was only when he stepped out of his pants, and she threw them into a corner, that she let her eyes feast on his erection.

Lucas looked down to watch her as she looked at him. There was a look of pure hunger in her eyes, as she shuffled forward. He sucked in his breath when her right hand reached out to take hold of his shaft, her hand moving back and forth over it slowly. He let his breath out in a rush when he felt her tongue flick over the head of his cock.

Angel heard him let out a deep breath as her tongue flicked over the head of his engorged shaft. She smiled, happy at the effect she could have on him. She parted her lips and took him into her mouth, her hands moving to cup his hard buttocks. She began to suck him, letting her tongue move over and around his head. She could feel his body shuddering as her mouth and tongue moved over him. He thrust his hips forward, wanting her to take him deeper into her warm mouth. Then his thrusting continued as her mouth brought him closer to release. She dug her nails into his buttocks, causing him to buck forward. She sucked harder, her tongue flicking over his head one more time as his hands grabbed her hair to support himself as he came. She felt him come hard, and drank deeply the warm juices that came out in a flood.

When she finally lapped up the last of his essence, she slowly moved her mouth away and looked up at him. He opened his eyes and looked at her kneeling at his feet. He then bent down and placing his hands on her arms he pulled her to a standing position, and kissed her deeply. He could taste himself on her lips as his mouth meshed with hers. After a long moment he pulled away. When he spoke his voice was deep and filled with passion. "Your turn."

His hands moved from her arms to her hips, and he moved forward, pushing her backward. Angel let him move her until she came to a stop when the back of her legs hit the edge of the desk. He lowered his head to her neck where he began to kiss her, his tongue coming out to lick where his bite mark was still visible. He let his hand move down over her hip, pausing to brush over her tattoo briefly, and then moved it between her thighs. She arched into him when his fingers came to her wet center. She parted her feet slightly as she felt him rub against her wet folds, moaning when a finger slid past her folds and into her. The sensations of his mouth on her neck and his finger moving inside her made her blood rush through her veins. She let out a loud gasp when he slid another finger inside her, and moved his thumb over her clit, rubbing her gently. Then, just as she was becoming lost in what his hands were doing to her, she felt his fingers leave her. "NO," cried Angel as his hand moved back to her hip.

Lucas stopped kissing her and looked at her. "Don't panic darlin'... I'm not stoppin'." She looked at him desperately, and then felt herself being lifted to a sitting position on to the desk. He let go of her hips, moved his hands to her knees and spread them apart. She looked down at what he was doing, and when he moved to stand between her legs, she noticed with surprise that despite his recent release, he was starting to get hard again.

His hand moved up to her neck, and he leant in, causing her to move back. With his other arm he brushed the contents of the desk behind her onto the floor. She craned her neck to see the mess on the floor, then with a questioning look she turned back to him. He straightened up, bringing her back upright.

"There, now, that should make you feel right at home," he said teasingly.

Angel couldn't help but giggle as she looked at the mess on the floor again. When she turned back,

he claimed her mouth again in a deep kiss. His hand moved away from her neck to rest on her leg. His other hand did the same on her opposite leg. The kiss became more desperate and her arms came around his shoulders.

She was breathing heavily when he broke the kiss. He looked at her face for a moment and then his arms moved in under her knees. She held on tighter to his shoulders, to steady herself. Lucas hooked her legs over his arms spreading her thighs farther apart and raising them high off the edge of the desk. Then his hands moved to hold her waist, supporting her so that she didn't fall backward.

Angel felt his cock at the entrance of her vagina, and felt herself grow wetter in anticipation. She moved her head back to look at him, her eyes begging him silently. He shifted her legs slightly and again claimed her mouth; as he did so, he thrust forward, impaling her with his cock. She gasped, breaking the kiss, her head going back as he entered her.

When he didn't move inside her, she looked at him and pleaded. "Don't stop, please don't stop." In the back of her mind she knew that was what he was waiting for, for her to beg him again. But she didn't care; all she wanted was for him to move.

He did. He moved almost completely out of her, and then thrust forward again, going deep inside her, loving the feel of her walls making way for him and then tightening around him. He felt her arms tighten around his shoulders and her warm breath as she buried her face in his neck.

Angel moaned loudly as he thrust fast and hard into her, taking her to heights of intense feeling. She moved her hips forward to meet his thrusts. Her skin burned where he was now kissing her neck and shoulder. She dug her nails into the back of his shoulders as he moved into her again. She felt his back arch and heard him groan at the pain of her nails breaking the skin. In retaliation, he bit down on her edge of her shoulder. She jerked into him in pain, then in pleasure as he moved deeper into her again.

Their coupling was brutal and fast now. With a final thrust, he brought her to climax. As an overwhelming orgasm hit her, her teeth sank into his neck where it joined his shoulder. In reaction he thrust into her again, this time sending him over as her walls tightened around his cock. She lay against him as he came inside her, both of them breathing hard.

After what seemed an eternity, he moved out of her, and let go of her legs. His arms came round to hold her warm body against him. When he felt her breathing and his return to normal he took hold of her shoulders and moved her away from him. He was about to say something when there was a loud peeping sound. Lucas looked at the commlink on his arm, then he moved away from her to answer it.

"Yes?" His voice was neutral, and didn't betray anything.

"Captain, there's something you should see," said the voice on the other end.

"What is it?"

"There are two shuttles approaching, sir." His eyes turned to Angel narrowing dangerously. When

he answered his voice was steely and cold.

"I'm on my way." He turned the comlink off. Deliberately ignoring Angel, he dressed in one of Gideon's uniforms. She watched him nervously as he finished dressing. When he turned his attention back to her she jumped off the desk and backed away from him in fear. His eyes raked over her naked body and when he spoke, she froze.

"Now, I wonder who that could be?" He drawled softly as he walked up to her. "Care to explain Angel-face?"

Angel's heart was racing. She suddenly felt dizzy. She opened her mouth to try to explain but nothing came out. Her throat contracted in fear that rendered her speechless.

Lucas stood looking down at her. He didn't say anything; just looked at her coldly for a long moment. Then he moved past her to the door. Angel didn't move.

Lucas turned to look at her "When I get back, I'm going to teach you a hard lesson about obedience." When Angel turned round to look at him, he was gone and the door already closed.

Angel stood for a moment trying to calm her racing heart. Then she ran to where her clothes were lying and quickly dressed. Once dressed, she moved quickly to the door and came up short when it didn't open. Her eyes widened, and she hit the small release button... nothing. In a panic she hit it again and again. But the door remained closed. He had put a voice lock order on the door again. She backed away, her eyes darting desperately around the room. There was no escape.

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