

# The Witches of Eriadne: Fire Burn - Part 3: Present Perfect

by [The Space Witches](#)

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Dr. Sarah Chambers on Eriadne

## Chapter 1

Angel wrapped another item and placed it in the packing case. She didn't know why she was even bothering to pack any of this stuff; it wasn't like she was taking it back to Eriadne with her. She realized now that it was unlikely that she and Lucas would be returning to B5, which was the only reason she was actually packing anything. She was wondering where they could possibly be going after Eriadne when she suddenly had the feeling that someone was watching her. She turned slowly to find Lucas leaning against the doorway; arms folded in front of him, watching her silently.

"Lucas, you're back." Said Angel, a little taken aback that she hadn't heard him returning from wherever he'd been for the whole afternoon.

Lucas said nothing for a moment, then straightened up and walked over to peer into the box. His eyes slowly surveyed the room, a frown appearing as he saw very little packed. "Traveling light, darlin'?" he asked as his eyes came to rest on her. Her heart skipped a beat, and she told herself to relax and give the explanation she had prepared, just in case he asked her why she was packing so little.

"I don't really need all this stuff, Lucas. We have everything we need back home."

She watched as Lucas digested what she said and then moved to encircle her waist with his arms,

pulling her closer to him. "Well, Angel-Face, just make sure you don't leave something you really want behind. We won't be able to come back and get it."

"I will Lucas." She forced a smile.

Her heart jumped into her throat as Lucas tightened his hold on her with one arm, while he brought his other hand up to cup her face, gently rubbing her cheek with his thumb. When he began to lower his mouth to hers, she pulled away. In the past few days, she'd felt uncomfortable being held by him. Not just because of her anger and pain at what he'd done and was planning, but because she didn't want to risk being close to him. Whenever he held her or kissed her, she couldn't resist him, and a part of her knew that if she let him make love to her, she would be lost. She loved him despite everything, and right now she couldn't afford to give in to those feelings.

"Something wrong, Angel-Face?" Angel felt her nerves fraying at the tone in his voice. Her behavior was clearly making him suspicious.

She gave him a smile and reached up to give him a kiss on the cheek. "I'm sorry, Lucas. It's just that my ribs still hurt." She prayed that her voice sounded as convincing as she hoped. From the gentle look that came over his face, she thought he'd bought it.

Lucas looked down at her, seemingly concerned that she was still experiencing pain. He let go of her and moved away slightly. Angel's heart turned over at the expression on his face, feeling heart sore at knowing that it wouldn't last and that this look was coming from the man who was planning to kidnap her sister. She turned away, not wanting him to see her face, sure that it would give away what she was feeling. Once she felt her emotions were under control, she turned back. "I should go and do more packing." She hesitated for a moment and then went into the bedroom without another word.

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Lucas stood watching from the doorway. He wasn't pleased with her behavior; ever since the incident with Smith, she'd been unusually withdrawn and he had the feeling that it had to do with more than just Smith. He'd been waiting for her to explode, but there'd been nothing. It made him wonder briefly whether the blows to her head had somehow affected her personality. He sighed. [I don't have time for this right now.] He still had things to tend to before they left tomorrow, so decided to deal with her later.

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Angel emerged from the bedroom and stopped in her tracks when she saw him putting on his jacket. [Where in the hell is he going now?] She pushed away the sudden anger she felt.

"Going out again, Lucas?" she asked softly, pleased that her voice sounded calm.

Lucas regarded her in silence for a moment, deciding whether he should tell her. He quickly made the decision, if anything, to see how she reacted. "Yes, darlin'. I have to go see Lochley." He watched her, waiting to see the fire ignite in her eyes.

It took a lot of control for Angel not to snap at that bit of information. "Oh." was all she trusted herself to say.

Lucas frowned, taken aback by her response. No flare of anger or show of jealousy. He wasn't sure

whether he was pleased or concerned with how she took the news. Either she was finally over her jealousy or what he was witnessing was the calm before the storm, and sooner or later Angel would blow. He decided to accept it--for now.

He walked over to her and stroked her cheek with the back of his hand. "I'll be home as soon as I get those papers from Lochley."

Angel nodded and smiled again. "Good." She held her breath as Lucas lowered his head to kiss her. This time she didn't stop him. Instead, she let her mouth open to the gentle invasion of his tongue, but when she felt herself melting with enjoyment, she broke the kiss, gently pushing him away toward the door.

Lucas stopped. "In a hurry to get rid of me, darlin'?"

She swallowed convulsively at the tone in his voice. She shook her head and gave him a seductive smile.

"Of course not. It's just the sooner you go, the sooner you get back."

"Put that way..." Lucas paused and kissed her quickly on the lips. Then without another word, he turned and left the apartment.

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She stood staring at the closed door, trying to rein in her runaway nerves. [Get a grip, Angel.] She shook her head. She could see that Lucas was wondering about her. If she didn't stop acting so strangely, she would give herself away. [And you can't let that happen. Demon's safety depends on it.] With thoughts of her sister on her mind, Angel felt her inner strength grow.

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Lucas entered the apartment to find it in darkness; he activated the lights and surveyed the room. The first thing he noticed was that there was no sign of Angel having had one of her temper tantrums, something he'd been expecting. He'd been unable to get away from Lochley, who'd surprised him with a little going-away dinner of her own. To avoid raising her suspicions, he'd played along.

He walked over to the dining table and glanced at the two untouched meals. Clearly, she had waited for him and hadn't eaten anything herself, but where was she? He'd prepared himself for a furious Angel waiting for him. He closed his eyes, mentally searching; he opened them and headed for the bedroom

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Lucas sat in the chair opposite the bed and watched Angel as she slept. She'd obviously gotten tired of waiting for him and gone to bed. When he'd walked into the bedroom and found her lying on her back--the sheet around her waist, exposing her naked breasts--he'd contemplated waking her up and making up for being late and missing dinner, but he'd decided against it for two reasons. If she was still in pain, he didn't want to risk hurting her anymore, and he also had some thinking to do. So he just lifted the sheet, covered her, and sat in the chair, watching her as he thought about his plans for her and Demon.

All the arrangements for leaving the next day were in order. He had the travel papers and clearance to

leave B5, and in two days they'd arrive on Eriadne. He had his plan firmly set for getting Demon; the only unknown was Angel. Lucas knew, despite his control over her, that she would never help him get Demon. He'd first considered leaving her behind on B5, but he wasn't about to give her up, and he was also concerned about what she might tell the authorities when she finally realized he'd abandoned her. He'd thought about arranging a little 'accident' for her, but that would be a waste, so his plan was to let her think they were returning to Eriadne permanently. Once there, he would tell her to stay on the ship while he went to see if everything was safe. Meanwhile, he would take Demon. Lucas didn't expect much resistance from Demon, who would go with him willingly when he told her that he'd kill Angel if she didn't.

He would then return with her to the ship. Of course, seeing her sister being taken by force, Angel would kick up a fuss, but he'd already spoken with the pilot about that. The Drazis would keep Angel under control, by force if necessary, while Lucas got Demon safely on board, and if Angel managed to get out of control, he'd just threaten Demon's life. He smiled at the thought of how he could control each sister by threatening the other.

Lucas now considered his next move. He had no intention of returning to B5; it had fulfilled his purpose in giving him enough wealth to buy the ship and return to Eriadne for his son. Next, he needed to find somewhere to keep Angel and Demon quiet until Demon had the baby. He allowed his thoughts to wander briefly onto his plan for Demon afterwards. He'd make sure she lived up to both of her nicknames, the one she used and the one he called her. Once he'd had his fill of her, it wouldn't be hard to arrange a little 'accident' for her. Another waste, but unavoidable. Lucas smiled.

He knew exactly where he wanted to go to do this: Regula IV, a small Earth colony where the people lived a simple life. He knew from Gideon's memories that they were a people without a leader or a benefactor to give them guidance and a helping hand. Alwyn (another annoying Technomage) had kicked up such a stink about the mining that had taken place there, that he'd had to leave. There was nothing now to stop Lucas from moving in and taking over. There he could create another Trinity, a place where he was boss.

Lucas smiled in the darkness of the bedroom, as he thought about his plans for Regula IV. It would be a fine place to raise his son, and considering the colony was small, there was little chance of his being discovered there. Mining had long since ceased, and EarthGov now had little or no interest in it.

His attention was brought back to the present when he heard Angel whimpering in her sleep. He looked over at her, and watched for a moment as she tossed around on the bed, clearly having a bad dream. Lucas stood up and went to sit on the edge, then stroked her cheek. Instantly, she stilled. He frowned as he wondered about her. Angel had never pulled away from him; in fact, she'd never been able to keep her hands off him. Yet in the past couple of days, she'd pulled away from him every time he held her. He'd put it down to what had happened to her, that she wasn't ready for anything physical after being beaten and nearly raped, but he was beginning to think that there was more to it than that.

She'd hardly packed anything, and she was nervous and on edge. She'd never shown any excitement about returning to Eriadne. Lucas looked down at her, a dark thought forming. Could she have found out the truth; that he was just letting her think they were returning to Eriadne for good? Had Angel found out about Demon and his plans for her? He frowned, remembering her wandering off the day he met with the pilot at the Dark Star. [Did she follow me?]

Lucas contemplated that possibility for a while. He decided that it wasn't likely. If Angel did know, he would have found out about it. She would have come after him like a wild animal. He wasn't about to forget that possibility, however. He decided to let her be for the moment. He would have two days in

hyperspace to deal with whatever was going on with her.

He stood, undressed, then slipped into bed beside Angel, who turned around, snuggling against him. Only in sleep did she seem to want to be close to him. Lucas shifted his position, placing an arm around her, enjoying the softness and warmth of her body. He wasn't really tired, but he closed his eyes, willing himself to sleep. Tomorrow would be a busy day, and a few hours of sleep wouldn't do him any harm.

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Gideon waited impatiently at the hatch with Matheson and Eilerson. Galen had finally let them out of their confined area as his ship descended, to land on Eriadne. They had each felt the slight jolt of the landing gear touching down, and they were now waiting for the ramp to drop. Chambers was hanging back, aware that the men were eager to get out of the ship to see their women and she didn't want to intrude on the reunions.

The ramp slowly started to lower and Gideon craned to see if anyone was outside waiting for them this time. The first thing he saw was Ilas, stomach well-rounded by now, and Dureena was standing next to her. He couldn't help but laugh as he watched Ilas' whole body stretch upwards as she strained to catch her first glimpse of Max. He felt himself dragged aside as Max saw her and pushed forward to get down the ramp before it was even halfway to the ground.

Lily came into view next and Gideon couldn't believe the shape she was now. She looked almost completely spherical, her large belly balanced on her tiny frame. He wondered how she could possibly last another month without exploding. Raven stood next to her, watching for Matheson as eagerly as Lily was.

As the ramp lowered past the halfway point, Gideon could finally see around it to where Deborah was standing. She stood tall and slender with her shoulders back and her head held high, her rounded belly obvious under her long black dress. Being so much taller, though, she still looked much less pregnant than Lily did.

As soon as he could, Gideon strode down the ramp toward her, noticing that she wore her hair up, with golden curls falling loosely around her face. She looked too thin and he could see the shadows under her eyes, but she was still the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. He arrived in front of her and without saying a word, drew her into his arms and lowered his mouth to hers. The kiss was deeper, longer, and more intimate than anything he'd ever known before. When they finally broke away to look at each other, he could see that she was smiling at him.

"Hello." Deborah's deep, sultry voice filled the word with passion and promise. Gideon suddenly remembered how Galen had described his Isabelle, as only needing one word to make him fall in love, and that word had been 'hello'. He finally appreciated what Galen had meant, and what he'd lost.

Gideon pulled Deborah close to him and held her tightly, silently vowing that Lucas would never get to her or to their son. He felt her pulling away gently and loosened his hold. She looked into his eyes, smiling. "And I'm pleased to see you too, Matthew. Let's go to my rooms and I can show you just how pleased I am."

He lifted his hand to caress her cheek and spoke for the first time. "You are just full of wonderful ideas. Let's go." Gideon dropped his hand to take hers and became aware that she was now looking over his shoulder at the ship behind him.

"That doesn't look like your normal shuttle. What sort of ship is it?" Deborah looked puzzled.

Gideon didn't want to get into that discussion. Trying to pull her away, he said, "It's not important now. I'll explain everything later." He was still pulling gently at Deborah's hand when he felt her squeeze it hard, hard enough to make him flinch. He looked at her face and saw that her impassive mask had dropped into place and she was staring, completely expressionless, at the top of the ramp.

Gideon turned to see Galen and Chambers standing there together, watching the reunions going on below. He looked back at Deborah's frozen face as she spoke, her voice as cold as her demeanor. "I told you that I never wanted to see that man on this planet again. Why have you brought him? I want him gone. Now!"

He grabbed her shoulders and held onto her. Her expression didn't change as she looked at him, waiting for his response. "Deborah, it was necessary. I couldn't get here any other way and it was important that I get here now. Please, give me time to explain this. Believe me, I wouldn't have gone against your wishes if I didn't have to."

Gideon watched as her eyes shifted from his and stared over his shoulder. He could hear footsteps coming down the ramp behind him and realized that Galen and Chambers were approaching. For all the difference his words had made to Deborah's face and stance, he might just as well have saved his breath. He could feel a major confrontation looming and knew that he was powerless to stop it. [Damn it, I should have seen this coming!]

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Lily couldn't help but giggle as Max stormed down the ramp before it was even halfway to the ground. She watched as Ilas and Dureena both shouted his name and flung themselves into his arms.

Lily concentrated on John again, who now ran down the ramp, close on the heels of his Captain, and she felt a lump form in her throat. She remained in Luke's loose embrace, opening her arms and mind wide to welcome their love, and as John closed his arms around them both as tight as he dared and leaned his head on her shoulder, she could feel him join with them. The emotions hitting her and the relief and joy of having him in her arms caused the lump in her throat to dissolve into tears of joy.

*[[We missed you so much!]]*

*[[Me too!]]* was all John could answer at that moment. After a long while, he finally lifted his head, tears in his eyes, and kissed her ferociously, then kissed Luke, whose eyes were also shimmering.

John smiled and looked down at her belly. He gently touched it, then looked up at her, wide-eyed. "I can feel them!" In one of her last messages, Lily had told him about the bond that was forming between her and her children, the same as she shared with their sisters, but he hadn't known how aware they were until now. He asked softly, "How are you?"

Lily's smile grew even bigger. "Perfect, even if Sad Eyes doesn't always trust my assurances." Her eyes were sparkling with mischief as she shot Luke a sideways glance, smiling sweetly.

John gave Luke a bemused grin and wanted to ask what this was about when suddenly they heard Demon say in a cold, precise voice, "Set one foot off the end of that ramp and I'll kill you."

Demon was working at staying calm, using every ounce of control she possessed. She was furious with Gideon for having allowed Galen to come back and furious with Galen for daring to show his face on this planet. She shrugged Gideon's hands from her shoulders and stepped around him to face Galen as he descended the ramp.

"Set one foot off the end of that ramp and I'll kill you." She was proud that her voice was hard and steady, not betraying any of the violent emotions tearing through her as she looked at Galen. The woman standing next to him took a step backwards in the face of Demon's aggression.

Demon was aware that Matthew was pulling at her arm, trying to get her to leave, and she could hear him promising to explain it all to her, but she was in no mood for explanations. She could also hear Max and Ilas arguing with Dureena, who was struggling between them, hissing her anger and anxiety to get at Galen. Demon watched as he came to a halt, his feet just remaining on the ramp. His hands went to the hood of his coat and pushed it back.

"And it's wonderful to see you too, Demon."

The effort to contain her anger was almost too much and Demon's whole body shuddered as she controlled it. "Get off this planet, Galen. You are not and never will be welcome here. You have caused my sisters and me more pain than even the Vorlon did. I hope you're proud to be so closely associated with them." She felt deep satisfaction at the expression of pain that showed briefly on the Technomage's face at her comparison.

"I did what I had to, Demon, and I would have brought Angel back to you if I could, but at the end, she wouldn't leave him. I tried to convince her, I even tried to force her, but she wanted to be with him more than she wanted to return to you."

Galen's words cut through Demon like a knife. She wouldn't have thought that anyone could cause her more pain about Angel than she already felt, but in those few words, Galen nearly destroyed her. Did her sister hate her so much that she would rather break their link than return to her? Could she have hurt Angel so badly when she took Matthew from her?

Demon knew that she was on the verge of losing control. She turned abruptly on her heel and strode away from the ship and the people gathered watching her. She heard Gideon call her name and ignored him. She just wanted to hide, to get away from everyone, before her control broke and she screamed her anguish at what Galen had just said.

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Gideon turned on Galen, more angry with him now than he'd ever been before. "You bastard! You complete and utter bastard! Hadn't you hurt them enough when you took their sister away from them?" He gestured to where Max and Dureena were holding Ilas, who was sobbing bitterly, then to John and Raven who held Lily tightly between them, trying to stop the shaking that had overcome her as she listened to Galen's words.

Galen remained unmoved. "I spoke the truth, Matthew. I tried to get Angel to leave him and return to her sisters, but she refused."

Gideon stepped forward and pushed his face close to Galen's. "I bet she did. But tell me this, Galen--did

she refuse to return to her sisters? Or was it that she refused to come with you? If anyone else had made that offer, would she still have refused?" He watched as Galen's right hand lifted and started to glow.

Chambers moved to push herself between him and Galen. "Look, I only know a little about what's going on here, but I'm damned sure that this isn't helping." She turned to Gideon. "Matt, I think I should go after her. Getting that upset at this stage in her pregnancy isn't good for her." She started to move, but Gideon held her back.

"No, I'll go. Thank you, Sarah, but I need to talk to her. I'll call you if we need you." Gideon took a deep breath and turned back to Galen, whose hand had now dropped to his side but still glowed. "I suggest that you stay on your ship until I can convince Deborah that she shouldn't tear you limb from limb." The Captain turned back to Chambers. "Sarah, go with John and Luke. I'm sure Lily will help them find somewhere for you to stay." He turned and smiled at the tiny redhead, who had finally stopped shaking. She tentatively smiled back and nodded.

Gideon took a deep breath, spun on his heel, and started striding towards the castle.

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When Gideon had left and Galen had swept back up the ramp of his ship, John proceeded to introduce Lily and Sarah.

"It's nice to finally meet you in person, after hearing so much," Sarah said with a smile.

Lily was still recovering from her shock at Galen's statement, but made an effort to grin up at the tall woman. "I hope only the juicy bits."

Sarah gave John, who couldn't seem to decide if he should show an amused or shocked expression, a wide grin. "Only the juiciest ones," she told Lily in a stage whisper, making Lily laugh her rippling laughter.

John sighed and squeezed the tiny redhead in his arm, pressing a quick kiss against her temple. "Do you know how much I've missed this?"

Lily gave him a lascivious grin. "You can show us soon."

For a moment, Sarah felt left out, but then Luke held out his hand. "Welcome to Eriadne B, Dr. Chambers."

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They showed Sarah to a room near Lily's. It was plush, with a big four-poster bed, a sofa, and two easy chairs arranged around a low, round wooden table; plus another table and chairs in the corner, a wooden secretary, and matching chair as well as an immense wardrobe. The windows opened onto the beautiful landscape of Eriadne.

"I hope you like it. If not, we have lots of other available rooms," Lily said as Sarah looked around the room.

"Oh, this one will do very nicely," Sarah said, obviously impressed. She turned around and smiled.



"When they told me about the castle, I thought they were exaggerating, as men do, but now I see they weren't."

Lily smiled back at her. "Yes, that old saying, 'My home is my castle' gets a whole new meaning here, doesn't it?"

Sarah nodded, then said, looking from Luke to Lily to John--each man was holding one of Lily's hands--"Don't let me keep you from welcoming John back properly. I'll find a way to keep myself busy for a few hours."

She got three grins in answer. "Thank you," Lily said, "and if you should get bored, call the Guard Captain, and one of his men will lead you to the library. Just be careful not to lose yourself in it."

"I will." Sarah nodded her thanks, and was still smiling when the door had closed behind the threesome. [Strange to see our men so emotional. But it's good to know that they have someone.] For a moment her smile faded and she sighed, but then thought to herself, [Come on Sarah, time to unpack.]

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Max carried Ilas back towards the castle while Dureena walked alongside. Ilas had her arms tight around Max's neck and was crying softly into his chest as he carried her, while Dureena gently stroked her hair. Her tears dried up as they approached the castle; she lifted her head to look up at Max adoringly and his heart did a somersault at the way she gazed at him. He loved the fact that she'd worn her own body to greet him; this was the way he loved her best. He'd been captivated by her swollen belly, which was not as large as Demon's and Lily's, but still showed that her pregnancy was advancing steadily. She whispered into his ear, "I'm glad Demon told Galen to stay on his ship. I don't like him. I wish he'd go away."

Max laughed. "Well you're not alone in that. He hasn't exactly been flavor of the month on the Excalibur since the last time I was here. I think Gideon was just about ready to throw him out of an airlock after what he did. It was one of the rare occasions when I've found myself in complete agreement with the Captain."

Dureena looked up at him. "Do you two still fight as much?"

Max smiled down at her. "No. Not as much. We've discovered one thing we have in common. A burning desire to get back to Eriadne as soon and as often as possible."

By the time they reached the drawbridge, Max was beginning to feel winded. Ilas was heavier than she looked. Somehow her substance was denser than humans, and for a small package, she weighed surprisingly heavy. Ilas giggled at him as she saw his face beginning to redden. "Put me down, Max. I'm too heavy now. I've gained quite a bit of weight over the last four months, you know."

Max gently lowered her to the ground, trying not to sigh with relief as the burden was removed from his arms. "I can tell. You must be getting to about the same weight as Demon by now." He grinned down at her as she hit his arm.

"No, I'm not! She's *much* bigger than me." Ilas' face fell. "But she's not as heavy as she should be. She's missed your Captain and Angel terribly and she hasn't been eating properly. Dureena and I have tried to help, but she's been very sad. And now she's angry with the Captain for bringing Galen back here. I hope they can make it up."

Max hugged her, then turned to Dureena and pulled her into his embrace. "That's their problem. I'm sure they'll sort it out. Let's forget about them and about Galen. I want to take the two of you back to our rooms and remind myself of just why I look forward to coming back here so much."

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Angel came out of the bedroom, hesitating in the doorway when she saw Lucas at the comm. unit, completing a communication. He must have sensed her behind him, as he turned around. "Good morning, love. You sleep well?"

"Best sleep I've had in ages." It was a lie. She may have slept, but it had been a sleep filled with nightmares. He moved to face her and kissed her forehead. She trembled at his touch. He regarded her with a strange expression.

"Something wrong, Angel-Face?" Her heart raced, but she managed to find her voice, smiling up at him.

"No, of course not, Lucas." She moved away from him, went to where an open box stood on his desk, and began closing it. She could feel his eyes on her back and could sense he wasn't pleased. [Of course he isn't; you keep pulling away from him. He's bound to start getting pissed off at that.] She jumped when she suddenly felt him place his hands gently on her shoulders. He swung her around to face him, a dangerous expression on his face.

"Don't tell me there ain't nothing wrong, darlin'. For the past couple of days, you've been as nervous as a cat on a hot tin roof." Angel was too shocked to say anything. Her lack of response seemed to upset him further as he let go of her upper arms and stood staring at her, his arms folded in front of him.

"From your behavior, anyone would think you weren't happy to be going home. And I have to wonder, why is that, Angel-Face?" The tone of his voice told Angel that she was in serious trouble if she didn't tell him something credible, and quickly.

She placed her hands on his chest and leaned in close to him. "I'm sorry, Lucas. I know my behavior has been odd lately." She faltered slightly as he arched an eyebrow, but she managed to go on. "It's... I'm thrilled to be going home, Lucas, really I am, but it's just that I'm worried about how my sisters are going to react."

"Really?"

Angel nodded "You know they're not your biggest fans. I'm worried about what kind of reception we'll get. They're not going to be happy to see you, and even less happy to know that we're all going to live there together." When Lucas didn't say anything, she feared he didn't believe her excuse. But then he gave her a lazy smile and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her against him.

"Angel-Face, everything will work out just fine. Once your sisters get to know me and see that I don't intend them any harm, they'll get used to the idea. Trust me, darlin'." He sounded so sincere; if she didn't know the truth, she would have been put at ease by his confidence. But knowing the truth just made her heart break at his words.

Yet somehow she managed to look at him adoringly. "I do, Lucas." She barely had the words out, when Lucas claimed her mouth in a passionate kiss. Her first instinct was to resist, but she knew that

if she did she would undo what she'd achieved, so she gave into the kiss. After a long moment, he broke away, giving her an intense look.

Angel stood in silence, watching as Lucas walked over to the couch and picked up his jacket. "Sorry to leave you, darlin', but I have go and finalize arrangements for leaving." Angel hid her relief behind a smile.

"That's OK, I have more packing to do." He appeared surprised by this and Angel rushed to explain. "I did some thinking last night, and there are more things that I want to take with us to Eriadne." She held her breath, praying he believed her. She'd noticed that her lack of interest in taking anything had raised questions in his mind. Questions she didn't want him finding answers to.

Lucas smiled and nodded as he put on his jacket. "I'll send over some men to bring everything to the ship." He approached her, stopping long enough to kiss her forehead before he went to the door, then he turned back around. "I'll be back in a couple of hours to come and get you."

Angel nodded. "I'll be ready, Lucas." She gave him her best smile and watched as he turned on his heel and disappeared into the corridor beyond. When the door closed behind him, the smile disappeared, and she let out a heavy sigh. After a moment she began to gather random items and began packing.

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They had barely left Sarah's room when they were all over each other. In between kisses, John managed to say, "What if someone..." before Lily covered his mouth with hers again.

She dragged him a few steps toward her room, aided by Luke, who was pushing from behind while grazing his teeth along John's neck, then she finally broke away and breathed, "I don't care. I waited for too long already; I won't wait a moment longer." She had already started to open his leather jacket, and by the time they had reached her door she was working on his belt, while Luke's hands roamed his chest beneath the dark blue t-shirt. They all but stumbled into Lily's room.

"Share with us," Lily whispered, her voice raw, her emerald green eyes burning with desire, "Please."

She felt John join their minds again, and they all gasped from the intensity of the emotional feedback.

Luke removed John's leather jacket while pushing the door closed and let it drop to the floor; Lily unzipped his pants and shoved them down his slim waist, sliding her hands around and under his briefs to his tight buttocks, enjoying his gasp when she briefly kneaded them with her fingernails. But she didn't pause there long. While Luke stripped John out of his t-shirt, Lily went down to her knees, got rid of his shoes and socks, then tugged his pants and briefs down and threw them away when he had stepped out of them. John helped her up again. Her balance and agility had suffered somewhat since he'd last seen her face-to-face, but her beauty had increased, leaving him looking at her in awe for a moment as she stood before him, her swollen belly pressing against his rigid shaft. Then he found himself whirled around to face Luke, who covered his mouth in a passionate kiss while Lily's hands and lips roamed his back. John felt her retreat for a few seconds as his hands were busy helping Luke getting rid of his clothes, then she stepped around and into their arms, her flamboyant red curls flowing down along her naked body.

John bent down and traced kisses up her jaw, *[Now what was that about Luke not always trusting your assurances?]* he "murmured," feeling her enormous belly vibrate against his groin as she giggled, stimulating him even more.

Luke, who now stood behind Lily and held her hair to one side so he could kiss the nape of her neck, briefly looked up, rolled his eyes, and groaned loudly, which made her giggle again.

*[[Sad Eyes started becoming over-protective, and I had to screw his head on straight again.]]* "OUCH!"

Luke had softly bitten her shoulder and grinned as she craned her neck to look back at him with an expression of mock exasperation. *[[I suspect I'll never live it down.]]* He softly kissed the place he'd just bitten, looking up at her innocently.

Both John and Lily laughed. *[[Well,]]* she answered teasingly, knitting her eyebrows and looking up at the ceiling as if in deep thought, unconscious that her hands were rubbing the small of her back--the gesture had become almost instinctive over the last weeks. There was a flicker of thoughts, and then Lily gasped, eyes wide, as both men started softly stroking her swollen belly, their arms supporting her back, inviting her to relax and lean against them, which she did gratefully. *[[Well,]] she finally continued, eyes closed, even her mind-voice sounding breathless, [[if you two go on like this you just might, Sad Eyes.]]*

She felt herself being lifted up by the two men and carried off, then heard a door being pushed open, and the light changed from yellowish to a soft blue-green behind her closed eyelids, which could only mean... She heard water running into the wide tub on the right side of her bath and felt herself being lowered into the warm liquid. Lily sighed as she leaned against the edge of the tub and felt her back muscles relax. Her two men were washing water all over her, their soft, sensuous touches feeding her arousal, and theirs through their link. *[[Hey, this isn't right,]]* Lily suddenly thought, opening her eyes and looking at John teasingly. *[[It's you who should get this treatment, since you are the one coming home.]]* She softly pushed him back to sit against the edge of the tub, then looked at Luke. *[[Right?]]*

Luke grinned at her. *[[Right.]]*

They both looked at John, smiling, who shrugged and tried to look unhappy, well aware he didn't succeed in the least. *[[Since you don't leave me any choice...]]* He gasped as Lily's fingernails traced a path upward along the inside of his thigh.

A wicked smile appeared on her face. *[[Nope, no choice.]]* She softly giggled and added, *[[Now close your eyes and relax, or don't you trust your favorite witch?]]*

John gave her a doubtful look but then closed his eyes and leaned his head back on the tub's edge, a smile playing around his lips. *[[Please, be gentle with me,]]* he teased her.

*[[What is it, John? You know she won't hurt you--much,]]* Luke imitated Lily's tone as he leaned forward to give John the same treatment as they had to Lily before.

The tiny redhead did the same, cupping water in her hands and letting it flow down John's chest, arms, and head, feasting her eyes on his lean, muscular frame. She could feel him relax completely--well, except one certain part of his body, she delightedly noticed--and started mixing kisses into her gentle massage. Luke followed her example, and they were soon rewarded with soft moans, which turned into gasps whenever either of them gently bit one of John's nipples.

John felt a mouth cover his--Luke's. At the same time, he felt a hand softly close around his hard cock--Lily's. She started to tease him, making even more blood rush into his groin as his lips parted beneath Luke's probing tongue, letting it enter and entwine his own.

Lily sent them an image of what she wanted to do, seriously worsening John's case, and suddenly Luke's mouth withdrew, replaced by Lily's a moment later, who grasped his neck and pulled him up into a kneeling position, then broke away, smiling at him lasciviously as he opened his eyes to look at her. John smiled back at her and rained soft kisses on her face, neck, and shoulders while Lily slowly turned around in his embrace and leaned her arms on the tub's edge. He felt Luke's hands and lips roam his body, making him shiver.

Lily leaned her head on her arms with a deep, long sigh as John gave her a very sensuous back rub. She could feel the effect her rising arousal had on them, and theirs again on her, through their link. *[[This is incredible.]]*

John chuckled. *[[We haven't even started yet.]]* He sent her some images of what he wanted to do to her during the next few days, causing her to moan in anticipation, and making Luke bark a short laugh. *[[One could almost think you've been suffering from withdrawal.]]*

John gently bit Luke's hand, which had been resting on his shoulder, and smiled at the mental *[[Ouch!]]* that followed, then gasped as the same hand reached down and closed around his swollen cock and started stroking gently. *[[Well, that time is over now.]]*

Lily moaned as John's left hand closed around her breast while his right hand slid down over her swollen belly, rubbing it gently, then diving into the soft V of curls beneath it, making contact with the sensitive nub hidden beneath her soft wet folds. He started caressing it, causing her breath to go faster and her juices to flow.

John felt Luke's hand leave his rigid shaft, probing his anus gently, and when he was ready, Luke's cock entered slowly, careful not to hurt him, careful to give his tight muscles time to accommodate him. The moment Luke was inside him completely, John entered Lily, feeling her hot wet center enclose him. The emotions they shared as they started moving in a slow rhythm were incredibly intense, almost overwhelming; they were feeding on each other's rising arousal as the rhythm increased, until they came in a heart-wrenching orgasms.

For a few seconds they remained like this, breathing heavily, then Luke gently withdrew from John, and pulled him with him to sit back against the tub's edge, relieving Lily of their weight. She sat back on her heels, her right cheek resting on her arms, eyes closed, still trembling slightly. No word was spoken, vocally nor mentally--only their panting could be heard.

John's eyes rested on Lily, whose light skin and flamboyant red hair seemed to glow in the soft light of the bathroom. A smile played around her lips, and her beauty was utterly captivating. In that instant he thought he'd die, for his heart seemed to be shattered by a love so deep and overwhelming that it hurt. Lily gasped and nearly fainted from the intense emotions washing over her, but then her eyelids fluttered open to reveal tears in her eyes as John felt the same feeling flow back to him--not only from Lily, but also from Luke.

John turned his head and saw in the others' eyes what he already knew: that their friendship, only just hinted at when they had first met Lily, had deepened along with their feelings for the tiny redhead, and through them had grown into something much deeper--a love just as strong and true as the one they shared for Lily. A memory floated up: Lily telling them. "We have to share... truly share," in the throne room during their first stay. They had, and he knew they always would.

For a long while they remained in the tub, kneeling in a circle, holding each other tightly, leaning their

foreheads against each others', their minds merging into one and embracing their children's presences in a loving mental embrace.

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Deborah was standing with her back to him, looking out onto the terrace outside her rooms as Gideon entered. He knew she must have heard the door open, but she didn't turn or move as he walked across to her. He moved to stand close behind her and put his arms around her waist, resting his hands on her swollen belly. He dropped his head and kissed the side of her neck, then spoke softly into her ear. "I'm sorry. If there had been any other way, I wouldn't have brought him. But without him, there was no way to get to you in time."

She didn't move or respond to his touch or his words, just stood rigidly, staring out of the window. Gideon tried again. "I've told Galen to stay on his ship. If we didn't need him, I'd tell him to leave. And what he said about Angel--it isn't true, Deborah. It can't be true." He kissed her neck gently again and waited.

When Deborah finally spoke, her voice was still tightly controlled. "In time for what? And why do you need him?"

Gideon tried to turn her to face him but she held herself rigidly in place, totally unmoving. He shifted his own position to stand between her and the window, where he could look at her face. It was still completely immobile, but tears ran down her cheeks. He lifted his hand to wipe them away, but she blocked it.

"Don't. Just answer me."

Gideon was taken aback. This was a side of Deborah he'd never seen before. He'd seen her when she locked herself under control, not allowing herself to feel or respond, but he'd never seen this cold fury that seemed to seep from every pore. He was glad that she wasn't projecting her anger, as she could have done before she was pregnant.

Taking a deep breath he told her why they'd come. He walked to the comm. unit, and taking a data crystal from his pocket, dropped it into the play slot. The message he'd been sent sounded around the room and he watched her carefully as it reached its conclusion. Deborah didn't bat an eyelid. Gideon went on to explain how he and John had left the Excalibur to bring arms to stop Lucas from taking her away, and that Galen's ship was the only way they could get there before Lucas.

When he had finished, there was a long silence. When Deborah finally spoke, Gideon was relieved to hear some animation in her voice. "Why, Matthew? Why would Lucas want to kidnap me? He knows how I feel about him."

Gideon moved back to stand in front of her, lifting his hand to her face again. This time she didn't stop him. He caressed her cheek and spoke softly. "I don't know, but if I had to guess, I'd say he wanted the baby. He thinks it's his."

Deborah's face flickered briefly and her hands moved to her belly, holding herself protectively. Gideon pulled her close to him, relieved when she didn't resist this time. He held her tightly as her head dropped to his shoulder, then moved his hand to stroke her hair. "I'm sorry. I should have told you before we got here." He kissed the top of her head.

Deborah lifted her head and looked at him. "That would have been better." She let out a deep sigh. "Just tell him to stay out of my sight. I don't want anything to do with him and neither do my sisters. He will not set foot in our home."

Gideon closed his eyes and let out his breath in a long slow exhalation. He'd wondered for a moment whether Deborah would accept his apology. He never wanted to face that anger again. He opened his eyes to see that she'd dropped the mask and her face had relaxed a little. Deborah looked at him curiously. "Just one more question, Matthew. What is that lump under your jacket? I've got bruises where it keeps pressing into me."

Gideon laughed and took a step back from her, undoing the zipper on his leather jacket. "Don't tell anyone about this. You have no idea how hard it was to get hold of. If the others find out about it, I'll never live it down."

He reached inside his jacket and pulled out a small teddy bear, about fifteen centimeters high. Deborah started laughing and took the teddy bear from him. "Where did you manage to find this? I didn't know they still made them." She stroked the soft fur of the small toy.

"Don't ask. They don't make them anywhere off Earth as far as I can tell. I had to have it smuggled off Mars, and I'm still half convinced that there's some small child there who's wondering why their teddy was stolen. Keeps me awake at night."

Deborah was laughing as she held the bear close to her, then her eyes filled with tears and her laughter turned into sobs. Gideon pulled her back to him and held her tightly, waiting for her crying to subside. He heard her voice muffled in his shoulder. "I've missed you so much." She lifted her head and looked at him. "Make love to me, Matthew. Please."

Gideon dropped his head so his mouth covered hers, running his tongue along her lips and feeling her mouth open under his. Slipping his tongue into her mouth, Gideon deepened the kiss and reached for the zipper of her dress. He pulled it down, and still kissing her, reached up to her shoulders to push the dress back. As he released Deborah's mouth and stepped back, the dress fell to the floor and he looked at her. She was still holding the teddy bear, so he took it from her and placed it face down on the windowsill.

"Never liked having an audience." Gideon took in the shape of her body, the swollen belly so much larger now than when he'd last seen her, but he still wanted her with a passion he'd never known for any other woman.

Gideon quickly slipped off his leather jacket and pulled his t-shirt over his head. He felt Deborah's hands at his waist and within seconds she had his belt and pants undone. He kicked his boots off and stripped his pants and briefs down, pulling his socks off with them. She took his hand and led him to the sofa where she lowered herself to sit between his legs as he stood over her. Gideon's cock had swelled as they undressed and now stood erect before her as she reached up to touch it, then she leaned her head forward to kiss it. Her tongue started to work around the head as he pushed his hands through her hair. He could feel himself swelling further as Deborah licked and sucked, nibbled and kissed, then took him into her mouth. He bit his lip and closed his eyes, working to control the desire to pull her head forward, making her take him deeper into her mouth. He didn't need to; she worked her way down his shaft until she had him completely enclosed and he could feel her throat closing around him. Gideon pulled back quickly, not wanting to trigger her gag reflex, knowing that if he stayed there much longer, he'd come.

He gently pulled himself out of her mouth and dropped to his knees between her legs. Pushing Deborah's legs apart, he started to kiss the inside of her thighs, as she fell back onto the sofa. As he worked his way up to her opening, he could hear her breathing accelerate. Gideon carefully spread her labia and put his mouth to her vagina, slowly licking around the outer edges before pushing his tongue inside her. Her hips lifted to take him deeper, and he shifted his mouth to lick her swollen clit, moving his hand so he could slide a finger into her. Her breathing was interrupted by little grunts of satisfaction as he worked his way deeper, then slipped another finger alongside the first, all the time licking and sucking at her clit. Deborah's hands were stroking his hair as she panted, "Please. I want you now."

Gideon lifted his head and laughed softly. "Not yet. I'm not done down here yet," then lowered his mouth back to his task. He was pushing his fingers deeper inside her with every stroke, teasing the walls of her vagina into producing more moisture, allowing him to move further and further into her. Deborah's hips were thrusting rhythmically now and he could hear her moans of pleasure as he reached the point inside her that lifted her straight to climax. He kept sucking and stroking as wave after wave of pleasure coursed through her, lifting her bodily from the sofa. Finally he slowed his movements and with one last kiss on her clit, moved his hand from inside her.

He knelt upright and looked down at her, lying back on the sofa, her head thrown back and her throat flushed. Deborah was panting for air as her climaxes gradually subsided. Gideon placed his hand on her swollen belly and stroked it softly, waiting for her to calm before he entered her. His cock was stiff and he was desperate to move into her, but he knew that if he did so immediately, he'd come within seconds. He waited for them both to quiet a little before carefully positioning himself to enter her. She was wet and ready from his previous ministrations and a few gentle thrusts took him deep inside her. When he was buried to the hilt, he slowly started to move, building his pace, watching her nipples harden again as she moved with him.

Gideon could feel her rising back to climax again and knew this time she would take him with her. Deborah's vagina began to pulse around him, tightening and gripping him, then releasing him to allow him to thrust again. He moved his hand between her legs and found her clit, fingering her, massaging the swollen nub until she lifted, her hips thrusting up towards him, everything inside her clamping down, squeezing his orgasm out of him, pulling his hot essence into her, until he was completely spent.

Gideon held himself up with his hands on the edge of the sofa, still deep inside her, regaining his breath, slowly recovering. He looked down at her and saw she was smiling. There was a laugh in her voice as Deborah spoke. "So that's what I've been missing. I knew there was a good reason for wanting you back here."

He withdrew from her, causing her to emit a small whimper of dismay. Lifting himself to sit alongside her on the sofa, he leaned over her to kiss her. "So you only want me for sex, is that it? In that case, let's go to bed and see if we can find some other ways of doing this." Gideon stood and helped her up from the sofa, smiling at her slight awkwardness as she rose.

Deborah sighed as she got to her feet. "You know, carrying this lump around is beginning to be a bore. I'm not sure I can wait another four weeks to get it all over with."

Gideon stooped to kiss her belly. "He'll come out when he's good and ready."

Deborah grabbed the teddy bear off the windowsill as they walked through to the bedroom.



Angel sat in the seat behind Lucas, who was sitting in the co-pilot's position, absently listening to the Drazi pilot as he got final clearance for departure. A minute later she felt the ship slowly moving forwards, the pilot skillfully navigating it out of the landing bay.

Star Dancer. [Such a beautiful name for a ship that's to be used to kidnap my sister,] thought Angel absently as it began to move effortlessly away from Babylon 5. Angel watched a screen showing their departure, as the station and the red bulk of Epsilon 3 grew smaller and smaller. She turned to look ahead, her eyes widening with fascination as the jump gate began to open. She had to admit it was an awe-inspiring sight.

But as Star Dancer slipped into hyperspace, a feeling of dread replaced the awe she felt. Angel closed her eyes, wondering for the hundredth time what was going to happen in two days time when they arrived on Eriadne.

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Hours later Demon lay on her back in the bed with Gideon lying alongside her, his head propped on one hand while he caressed her breasts and belly with the other. She had the teddy bear in her hand, holding it to look at it. "Does he have a name?"

Gideon smiled. "Damned if I know. 'Ted', I guess."

She laughed. "He's a bit small to be a 'Ted'. Maybe I'll call him 'Half-Ted'."

He laughed and took the bear out of her hand, placing it back on the bedside table where it had been since they entered her bedroom. "Has a certain ring to it. 'Half-Ted' he is. But maybe our son will want a different name. The bear's a gift for him, not for you."

"So where's my gift?"

Demon watched as Gideon looked down his body at his cock, lying relaxed on his thigh. "Asleep. You wore him out."

She pushed him onto his back and started kissing his chest, working downwards with each kiss. She lifted her head and grinned up at him. "Do you think if I kiss the Sleeping Beauty, he might wake up?"

"Go for it."

---

Gideon lay on his side looking down at Deborah as she dozed. It was early evening and they'd spent the afternoon making love, finding different ways to give each other pleasure, working around the awkwardness of her swollen belly. There were a lot of things he needed to do, but for the moment, he was content to lie and look at her. Eventually he reached out and stroked her nipple, causing her to open her eyes.

"There are a few things I need to do. Why don't you sleep for a while?" He reached up and gently ran his finger along the shadows under her eyes. "I'll be an hour or so, which should give you a good nap. I'll order us an early dinner and we can eat on the terrace when I get back."

Deborah nodded and rolled onto her side, curling up as best she could around her bump, asleep in moments.

He carefully slid out of bed and went to the bathroom for a quick shower. Dragging himself out of it, promising himself a longer soak later, Gideon went through to the living room and picked up his clothes. He'd left Galen's ship in such a hurry that he hadn't brought his bag. He needed to go back and get it, and he needed to talk to Galen. Stopping only to use the comm. unit to order dinner for later, he left to make his way back down to the ship.

---

Gideon arrived at the foot of the ramp and hesitated. This ship was the nearest thing Galen had to a home, so he didn't feel right about walking straight in. Lifting his commlink, he keyed Galen's call sign. The answer was instant. "Yes?"

"I left my things on board. May I come and collect them?"

"Yes." The line closed. [Well, that was short and to the point.]

Gideon walked up the ramp and entered the darkened ship. He paused to get his bearings and saw a string of lights brighten in a line along the floor. "Thanks." He spoke aloud and followed the line to the door of the area they had occupied.

He walked through and grabbed his bag off the bunk, where he'd left it packed. He turned to leave and came face to face with Galen.

Galen spoke quietly. "I think I should leave, Matthew. My presence here is causing you and others considerable discomfort and I'm not entirely happy about being here myself. This planet is a difficult place for me to be."

Gideon dropped his bag and sat on the bunk. "This is difficult for everyone, Galen. I'm sorry for losing my temper earlier and for what I said. I'm sure you would have brought Angel back if you could. I need your help if I'm going to stop Lucas taking Deborah and our child. I know that you and she don't get along, but I don't think you'd want that to happen to her."

Galen lowered himself to the bunk opposite. "No, I wouldn't. Matthew, I don't dislike Demon. In fact, I admire her courage and her commitment, but she is still a witch, and the enemy of my order. I was brought up to believe that she and her sisters are evil in ways I can't explain. No, wait," he raised his hand as Gideon went to interrupt. "Let me finish. I know that as individuals they're not evil, but I have to fight my upbringing at every step to believe that. Sometimes I lose that fight." The Technomage took a deep breath and continued.

"I cannot help you capture Lucas Buck. I cannot allow him to know that I am in any way involved with this operation of yours. I have been unable to tell you why I helped him, and I still cannot do so, but I can tell you that he has information that he used to compel my cooperation, information that I cannot allow to be disclosed."

Gideon looked puzzled. "You mean he's blackmailing you?" Galen nodded. Gideon went on. "What on earth could he know that could allow him to do that? And how did he get that knowledge?"

Galen laughed bitterly. "He was in the Apocalypse Box for a long time, Matthew. He obtained a lot of

information in that time. I cannot--will not--tell you what that information is, but believe me when I say that it was important enough to betray your trust and break my promise."

Gideon shook his head. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

Galen sighed. "Would you have believed me? Why should you? I had told you that I would never betray your trust again, and I had done exactly that. It wasn't an easy thing to do, Matthew, but now I must tell you this so I can make my current position clear. I cannot help you now. I will not work against you, but one thing I beg of you: Do not kill Lucas Buck. If you do so, then the secret that he holds will become public knowledge and my betrayal will have been for nothing. Capture him if you must, but do not kill him."

Gideon stood and paced. "I don't understand any of this, Galen, but this one last time I'm going to trust you. There's one thing you can do for me that Lucas will never know about. It would help a lot."

Galen stood and faced him. "Name it."

"Will you track the appearance of a jump point in this system? Let me know when he's arriving? If my informant is right, he should be leaving Babylon 5 around now. That gives me two days to get ready for him, but it would help a lot if I knew when he was on the doorstep."

Galen nodded. "Of course, but as soon as I detect that jump point, I will have to leave, to take my ship and hide it so it can't be detected."

"I understand--well, no I don't, but I'll take your word for it." Gideon moved to leave the area, but Galen's words stopped him.

"Matthew, what I said earlier about Angel. It was true, but you were probably right. If anyone other than I had offered to bring her home, I'm sure she would have come. Tell Demon that, will you?"

Gideon left the ship knowing that he'd just heard the nearest Galen could get to an apology.

---

Gideon paused at the foot of the ramp to enjoy the spectacular sunset that was typical of Eriadne. He took a moment to enjoy the scene and the feel of the wind on his face. Running the list of things through his mind that he wanted to get out of the way that evening, he decided that one main task remained. A visit to the Guard Captain's office would allow him to make arrangements for the weapons to be unloaded from Galen's ship and to set up the training sessions for the guards that he and John had planned for the following day. Then the rest of the night was his to do with as he wished. He knew exactly what he wanted to do and who he wanted to do it with. He set off back to the castle with a smile on his face.

---

It was after midnight as Gideon lay half asleep, holding Deborah as close as her swollen belly would allow, when she suddenly spoke. "I'm hungry," she said. "Are you?"

"Well it's a few hours since dinner, so yes, I could eat. Shall we order something?"

Deborah shook her head. "There won't be anyone in the kitchens at this time of night. Do you mind if

we just go and help ourselves?"

"Lead the way."

They grabbed robes and left Deborah's rooms. Gideon kept his arm around her waist as they walked through the corridors, loving the feel of her next to him as they walked. He was pleased to hear her say she was hungry. She'd eaten ravenously at dinner and the sleep she'd had earlier had faded some of the shadows under her eyes, but she was still too thin and eating more would be good for her and the baby. He didn't say anything about his concerns but was relieved to see that her appetite had returned. [And not just for food,] he smiled to himself.

The kitchens were deserted when they arrived, and Deborah quickly put together a variety of bread, cheese, and fruit. Gideon leaned back against a counter, watching her move around the kitchen.

She bent forward to look into a cupboard and he couldn't help but admire the shape of her butt showing through her robe. Gideon could feel himself becoming aroused just watching her move and went to stand behind her as she took some plates from the cupboard and straightened. He put one arm around her and pulled her back until her butt was pressed against him, then his hand moved inside her robe to cup her breast. He pushed Deborah's hair away from her neck and held it back as he kissed her ear and the line of her jaw, then pulled the robe away from her shoulder. Gently grazing his teeth down her neck and along her shoulder, his tongue lightly flicked her skin and he felt her hips move against his groin as she responded to his caresses, increasing his arousal.

While Gideon kept massaging her breast with one hand, he pulled her robe from her shoulder and off her arm, baring her back. He then pushed his own robe open and leaned forward, pressing his erection against her buttocks. Deborah continued to move against him, encouraging him, stiffening him further. He moved his hand around her hip and slipped it between her legs from the front, then ran his fingers up her thigh until he could feel her entrance, sliding a finger inside her, feeling her as hot and wet as ever. Her hip movements became more active as he slid another finger into her, found her clitoris and slowly started to massage it, all the while licking and nibbling at her neck and shoulder, his hand moving from one breast to the other, keeping her nipples hard.

Deborah moaned her pleasure and whispered, "Now, please. I want you inside me now." She leaned forward to support herself on the kitchen counter, thrusting her butt back into him, spreading her legs apart, encouraging him to enter her. Gideon pulled his fingers out of her and brought both hands back around to her rear, lifting her slightly as he positioned his swollen cock at the entrance to her vagina. Before he could move forwards, she pushed back and down and took him inside her. He moved one hand back to her breast and the other to her belly before sliding his fingers back to her clitoris, stroking it gently as he thrust up into her.

They started to move together, Deborah pushing herself back and down while Gideon pushed up and forward, taking his cock as deep into her as they could get, while he continued to massage her breast and clit. He could hear her breath speeding up, could feel her nipples hardening, and her vagina was pulsing around his cock, tightening in spasms as she approached climax.

Gideon increased the rhythm and pressure of his stroking on her clit, keeping in time with her movements, letting her set the pace, hoping she was close, as he was finding it increasingly difficult to hang on. The tight, wet heat of her and the constant clamping of her walls around his cock was taking him closer to release with every movement. He put his mouth back to her neck, then moved to her ear, taking the lobe into his mouth and sucking, then licking around the outer edge before sliding his tongue into her ear. Deborah started to climax, thrusting her hips back onto him hard, the walls of

her vagina tightening around him. With every thrust, she came again, her walls closing around him, squeezing and gripping him, bringing him to climax, squeezing what felt like a never ending stream of semen from him, draining him dry.

Deborah collapsed forward onto the kitchen counter, leaning her head on her arms and groaning at the ripples of pleasure that still coursed through her as he leaned over her, deep inside her. Eventually Gideon felt the spasming of her vagina slow and stop, and gently withdrew. He moved his hands to her shoulders and pulled her upright, then turned her in his arms to face him. He found that he had to hold her up, as she seemed unable to support herself completely.

Gideon kissed her softly before speaking, "Was that what you were hungry for?" He watched as her eyes widened and she started to laugh.

"Well, it wasn't really what I had in mind, but I'm not complaining."

Deborah pulled herself upright and away from him, shrugging her robe back over her shoulders and tying it quickly, then reached forward to pull his robe together. She grinned at him as she said, "Leave that open and you'll have every female in the castle chasing you, and every man feeling inadequate."

Gideon laughed and pulled her back against him. "If only that were true." He kissed her slowly, gently opening her mouth with his, slowly circling her lips with his tongue before entering her mouth, tasting her, savoring every moment of the kiss. He heard the door opening behind him and quickly released Deborah's mouth, but kept his arm around her waist as he turned to see who had entered.

Matheson, Raven, and Lily all stood in the doorway, the two men on either side of the tiny girl, both with their arms around her. All three were also dressed only in robes. Matheson raised an eyebrow as he said, "We didn't interrupt anything, did we?" then grinned.

Gideon grinned back. "Not quite. You'll have to move faster next time."

Deborah elbowed him in the ribs then spoke to the newcomers. "We were just putting a late-night snack together," she ignored the knowing smiles directed at them, "Will you join us?" and gestured at the food laid out on the counter.

Raven and Matheson moved quickly to the counter, immediately followed by Gideon, who asserted his authority. "Hey, we got here first, and I'm the Captain. Junior officers and civilians can wait until I've finished." As he expected, the other two men ignored him completely and dived in.

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Demon and Lily leaned back against a counter, watching their men eating and mock fighting over the food laid out before them. Demon leaned over to Lily, and in a stage whisper said, "Shall we let them fight, or shall we get some more food out?"

Lily grinned up at her sister. "I don't know about you, but I'd rather they saved their energy for other activities, so I guess we'd better feed them." This comment was met with a chorus of approval.

Demon volunteered to cook omelets for anyone who wanted one and got four takers. Lily moved around the kitchen getting further supplies of bread and fruit, then joined her men sitting at the counter. John had to help her up onto a stool where she balanced precariously, her belly threatening to tip her forward at any moment.

As she stood cooking, Demon felt Gideon move behind her and pull her to him again. She smiled and spoke softly, "Now don't start me off again."

He kissed the side of her neck, then brought his hand around in front of her face. He held a large piece of bread, spread with preserves and waved it under her nose. "You said you were hungry, so I brought you something to be going on with." Gideon fed her as she cooked, keeping his arm wrapped around her waist, hand resting on her lump as he did so. Demon could feel him lean his chin on her shoulder, watching as she whisked the eggs. "You know, I never realized that you could cook."

"There's still a lot about each other we don't know, Matthew, but learning is half the fun." She felt his lips against her bare neck before he spoke softly, so that only she could hear.

"And I know what the other half is. Let's finish eating quickly and get back to your rooms. I feel in need of another learning experience."

Demon served the omelets then ate quickly, feeling the heat rising between her legs as she thought about going back to her rooms with him. She wondered if there would ever be a time when Matthew didn't have this effect on her, and she couldn't imagine it.

{Chapter 1} {[Chapter 2](#)} {[Chapter 3](#)} {[Chapter 4](#)}

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## The Witches of Eriadne: Fire Burn

{[Part 1: Past](#)} {[Part 2: Present](#)} {[Part 3: Present Perfect](#)} {[Part 4: Future](#)} {[Part 5: Conditional](#)}