

The Witches of Eriadne: Interlude Four F - Part 1: Poltergeist

by [The Space Witches](#)



Angel gets more than she bargained for.

Chapter 1

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A salt and pepper shaker each hung in mid-air above the coffee table, then the salt started to dance around the pepper to the music of Day-O (The Banana Boat Song) playing on the Entertainment unit. As the beat became more rhythmic, the pepper pot began to jump up and down in time with the music. Suddenly, a knife and fork leaped from the table and flew up to join the shakers, as if they were dancing with each other around the two cubes.

Angel sat on the sofa, elbows resting on her knees as she concentrated her telekinetic abilities on the objects in front of her, keeping each doing something independently of the others while keeping time with the music. She was smiling, enjoying the control she had. It had taken nearly a year and a lot of practice to regain control of her power after she had been returned to the link with her sisters, but finally, with little tests like this, she was able to do it without one or more of the objects spinning out of her control and crashing to the floor.

The music was coming to an end, so she directed the objects to slow their movements until they finally stopped, hovering in the air as if awaiting her next instruction. Pursing her lips, she slowly lowered first the knife and fork to the table, settling them back in place beside each other. Then she moved the shakers, following their movement across the room, finally settling them gently in place on the kitchen counter.

Sitting back, she sighed, looking around her quarters for something more challenging to try her powers on, but there was nothing, and she was bored with these little games. She wanted to try something that really tested her abilities, something that, "Will give me some real fun," she said mischievously as she remembered times on Eriadne when she had played games with some of the Brakiri servants.

Standing up, Angel placed her hands on her hips and continued to talk to herself. "But do I dare play 'Poltergeist' here on Excalibur, and do I have enough control of my power to do it?"

"Well, there's only one way to find out." Moving over to the table in the corner, she picked up one of her Balls of Sight, which shimmered to life at her touch. Still smiling, she moved over to the sofa and sat down, looking at the Ball.

"Now, who shall we play with?" Chewing her lower lip, she quickly went through a mental list of people. Her sisters were out, they'd catch onto her too quickly, especially since they were together in Lily's quarters that afternoon, preparing a special family dinner. Finally, by a process of elimination, she picked someone and broke into a naughty grin. "Ooh, perfect..." Giggling softly, she activated the Ball of Sight.

"Let the game begin."

Angel instructed the window to move around, searching the room. Seeing it empty, she quickly said a few words in the Old Language, closing the window and opening it up in the bedroom. She broke into a grin, when she saw Gideon by the wardrobe, taking out a black robe. He was her target; she knew that he would be alone in his quarters, having heard him tell Demon that morning that it was his day off and he just wanted to kick back and relax, while he waited for her to get back from helping Lily.

She instructed the window to lock onto him so that it would follow him, safely hidden from sight as it shadowed his movements. She watched curiously as he closed the wardrobe door then turned. For a moment, her heart leaped into her throat as he looked directly at her, fully expecting him to give her a mouthful for spying on him, but then he walked towards the bathroom, obviously unaware of the window. Angel sighed. Of course he wouldn't see it; only her sisters were able to distinguish the near invisible change in the ether when a window was opened in a room.

Leaning back, she watched as the window followed Gideon into the bathroom, realizing what he was going to do. [Oh God, he's going to take a shower!] She felt herself flush with desire at the thought of watching him strip naked. Her arm flew up and arched in front of the Ball blanking it out, but not deactivating it. She couldn't watch him like that... if she got caught... the thought trailed off as the mischief-maker part of her took over.

She had to do this. She adjusted the setting of the window to focus above his waist. That way, there would be less chance of her being distracted by his body, becoming aroused and wanting him. Shaking off those thoughts, Angel smiled and gracefully arched her arm again, watching as the window rippled slightly and focused back on Gideon. She sighed with disappointment as she saw that he had already undressed and was inside the shower, the frosted glass preventing her from seeing anything.

[Not for long.] Saying a few words, Angel moved the window forward and up, until it was inside the shower behind him. She pushed down a whimper as her eyes trailed down his muscular back, his butt hidden from view. She fought the urge to let the window open wider, allowing her to see him completely. [Down girl.] Taking a deep breath and ignoring the fact that her nipples had taken on a life of their own, just from thinking about his body, she looked around the small cubicle for something to move, frowning with disappointment. [Now if this were a water shower, at least there would be a bar of soap!] Well, no one could say she wasn't inventive.

She looked at the small control panel on the wall and focused on it, effortlessly switching off the vibe. She giggled softly as Gideon's head snapped up, turning just far enough for her to see his face, which showed mild surprise as he looked at the control panel. Lifting an arm, he waved his hand over it, switching it back on.

Again Angel switched the vibe off, grinning as Gideon stood up straight and muttered, "Damned thing..." He turned to face it, eyeing it suspiciously, running a hand over it again. Angel continued to focus on it, not allowing it to reactivate. She giggled again as she heard him growl at it. "This would never happen if this were a water shower."

She watched him hit it. [Tsk tsk, Captain. You'll break it if you're not careful.] Angel could see Gideon's mind working, then she made the mistake of letting her eyes wander down his body. As he was standing sideways to the window, she got a good view of his chest with its fine covering of hair. Her hungry gaze was dragged away as she heard Gideon grunt with approval as the vibe switched back on. [Damn!] She'd lost control.

Shaking herself, Angel focused her attention back to the panel and switched it off just as Gideon was about to turn away from it. She laughed as he cursed loudly and hit the panel again.

"Sorry, Captain, that's not going to work," giggled Angel.

She watched as he stood staring at the panel in irritation. "I guess I don't get to shower today, right?" It was amusing to listen to Gideon talking to himself, or rather to an inanimate object. Then he scowled at it for a moment and turned towards the door.

Quickly directing her attention to the door, Angel pushed on it with her mind and watched as Gideon's hand came around the handle and pulled. When it didn't budge, he pulled on it harder. Gideon let go and muttered, "What the hell?"

Angel started to laugh as he looked around the cubicle, and she waved. [Yoo-hoo! I'm over here!] She collapsed back on the sofa laughing as Gideon arched an eyebrow and frowned, then turned back to look at the door.

"Here, let me open that for you, Captain." Angel changed the direction of her power, letting the door pop open just a little before his hand reached it. She waited as his hand froze uncertainly in mid air, then closed around the handle to open it fully. Again, Angel forced it closed. "Sorry, changed my mind."

This time, Gideon grabbed hold of the handle and yanked on it hard, several times, swearing at whoever had built the damn thing.

"Well, all right, if you want to get out that badly..." Angel released her hold on the door, and watched with a shriek of laughter as Gideon, still expecting it to hold fast, pulled on the handle hard. He fell back against the wall, where he remained breathing heavily, eyeing the open door as if it were the devil itself.

Slowly, he pushed himself away from the wall and moved forward, hesitating, as if waiting for the door to suddenly slam shut on him again. When nothing happened, he stepped out of the cubicle. The window followed unseen behind him. Angel watched him stand, laughing again as he shot a dark look at the vibe shower over his shoulder.

Turning, Gideon reached for the robe, which fell off the hook to the floor before he could get a hold of

it. "Don't you just hate it when that happens?" Asked Angel, her voice thick with laughter.

She watched as he bent to retrieve it, but she wasn't about to make it easy for him. Directing her attention to the toothpaste resting on the sink, she moved it, sending it flying, hitting him on the back of the head. As he stood up rubbing his head, cursing as he looked behind him, she moved the robe further away from him.

In the back of her mind, Angel knew she should quit and not be so obvious, but she was really getting into this and having way too much fun to stop. She followed Gideon's movements as he ignored the tube of toothpaste and turned to pick up his robe, which was now lying further away from him and out of reach. Angel couldn't control a snort of laughter at the look of bewilderment on his face as he eyed the robe. Then he moved over and picked it up quickly, putting it on in haste, as if he were afraid it would somehow get away from him again.

Robe on, [Safe at last,] Angel allowed the window to open wider so she could see the full length of him as he walked back and picked up the toothpaste. A devilish grin spread across her face.

As Gideon lifted the toothpaste up, holding it with the top facing upward, she directed her power full strength. The lid flew off and a jet of toothpaste gushed out, spraying over his mouth, nose and cheeks. She fell onto her side, clutching her stomach as she watched him drop the tube as if it had bitten him, his hand flying to his face to wipe away the toothpaste, all the time swearing colorfully.

"And I thought it was only sailors who swore like that," gasped Angel, as tears of laughter poured down her cheeks. Through her tears, she watched the blurred image of Gideon as he went over to the basin and washed the gooey menthol paste from his face. With eyes closed, he reached for the hand towel to dry his face.

Angel recovered enough to pull the towel across the rail, just out of reach. She watched, her body shaking with laughter, as he blindly tried to find it. Just as the tips of his fingers touched it, she directed her phantom hands to yank it away, causing it to slip to the floor. When his hand didn't find the towel, he swore again and his head came up, dripping with water. He looked around, only to find the towel lying on the floor.

Suddenly, he started laughing as if he couldn't believe this was happening to him. Reaching down, he picked up the towel and dried his face. When he was done, he looked at his reflection in the mirror. "Either the Excalibur is haunted, or someone is playing a..." Angel sat up as his voice trailed off, then watched as he narrowed his eyes and slowly turned around, carefully scanning the room, clearly looking for something.

Angel's eyes widened as his gaze stopped, looking directly at where the window was located, looking as if he could see her. [Uh oh!] She watched transfixed as he moved closer to the area where the window was, arms folded in front of him, looking into it. Then he turned away, and she relaxed; for a moment there she'd been sure that he had somehow been able to detect the window.

But he turned around, eyes looking straight at her again, with a smile playing across his mouth. She decided that she didn't like the way that smile looked at *all*. "So have you had fun playing your little game with me, Angel?"

Angel gasped and stood up abruptly. Her jaw dropped as he went on, "I guess the only ghost on board is a naughty little *poltergeist* called Angel."

She didn't miss the emphasis he placed on the word poltergeist. [He knows!] Not only that, but somehow he'd been able to look for the near invisible distortion of the window. But how? [Demon!] Of course, she'd probably warned him about Angel's Balls of Sight and told him what to look for. And not just that, she must have told him about her sister's penchant for playing games. [Thanks a lot, Demon!]

Angel's flare of anger towards her sister disappeared quickly. She couldn't blame her sisters for warning their men about her. [Forewarned is forearmed.] Still. Now there was no way that she could deny she had been playing with the Captain.

The sound of Gideon's voice brought her attention back to him. "And while playing your little game, did you see anything you liked?"

Angel's stomach fluttered nervously at the teasing tone in his voice. [What's he up to?]

She was so busy watching his face as he went on, that she didn't notice his hands move to the tie of the robe, undoing the knot. "Just in case you didn't..." Angel watched in stunned amazement as Gideon pulled the robe open and off his shoulders, letting it fall to his feet. With the window open full length, she could see everything, as he stood in all his naked glory.

Angel jerked forward, her arm arching up and deactivating the Ball of Sight, watching as the window folded in on itself. Angel grabbed the Ball before it could fall to the floor, and put it down on the table. Her breath came out in little puffs, as she fell back down on the sofa, trying to get her heart back under control, wondering why it was suddenly so hot in her quarters.

She had only seen him for a few seconds, but it was long enough to send her hormones raging out of control. Resting her head on the back of the sofa, she closed her eyes, wondering how in hell she was going to face Gideon after that. Wondering how her game had suddenly turned against her. Then she snorted. She knew how. Gideon was a gambler, and he'd just called her bluff. She spent the next few moments getting herself back under control and clearing her mind of the image of the naked Gideon that seemed burned into the backs of her retinas.

The sound of the door buzzing broke into her thoughts, and she stood up, wondering who it could be. "Oh dear..." she knew just who it was. Trying to put on as straight a face as she could, she walked over to the door and softly gave the order for it to open. The person standing there was just who she'd expected. Gideon.

Giving him her sweetest, most innocent smile, she spoke softly. "Hello, Captain..."

Demon returned to the quarters she shared with Gideon to find him stretched out on the sofa, reading one of her books. She looked at the title and frowned. "I've never seen you read Shakespeare before."

Matthew grinned up at her, put the book down, then grabbed her hand, pulling her down onto the sofa with him and kissing her passionately, his hands wandering over her body. When he eventually let her go, Demon sat up straight, adjusted her bra to get her breast back into the cup and looked across at his still grinning face. "So what's put you in such a good mood then?"

Matthew grabbed her again, pushed her back down onto the sofa and popped her breast back out of her bra, taking the nipple into his mouth and sucking gently. After a few moments of concentration,

which raised Demon's body temperature several degrees, he grinned up at her again. "I caught Angel playing with those Balls of Sight. She was watching me take a shower." His head dropped, and he popped her other breast from its confinement and started giving it the same careful attention.

Demon struggled upright, reluctantly pushing him away. "She did what? Why would that make you happy? I'd have thought you'd be really mad with her!"

Matthew's grin got wider. "I didn't get mad, I got even." He reached out and started to stroke her nipple, rolling it between his fingers.

"Matthew, stop that! What did you do? How did you get even?"

Matthew stood abruptly and pulled Demon to her feet, then started to drag her toward the bedroom. Demon dug her heels in and refused to follow. "Matthew! Tell me what you did."

He nodded toward the book on the sofa. "I took a leaf from his book."

Demon looked back down at the title. 'The Taming of the Shrew.'

Matthew pulled her close and kissed her hard, then smiled into her eyes. "So now I'm feeling incredibly horny, and Angel has a very sore butt. She'll be eating her meals at the kitchen counter for days."

{Chapter 1}

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