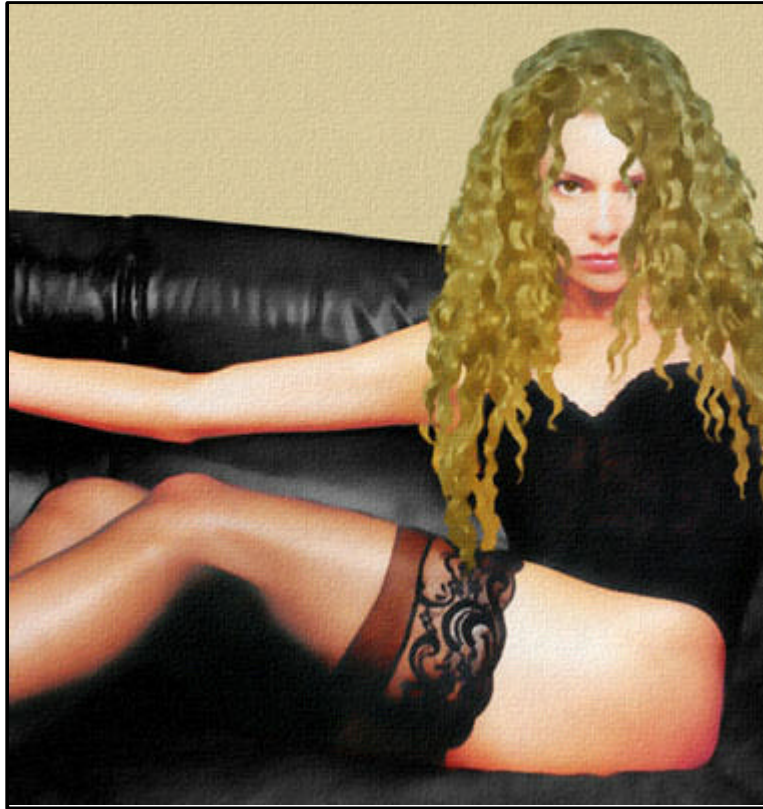


The Witches of Eriadne: Interlude Four F - Part 2: Déjeuner à Deux

by [The Space Witches](#)



Dessert is ready...

Chapter 1

October 2270

I was sitting in my chair in the center of the bridge, reading fuel consumption reports on my datapad with one eye, keeping a watch on the clock with my other eye, and observing John, hand pressed to his ear with my other... OK, so I ran out of eyes somewhere around there, but hell, I was motivated! Watching at least three things at once is something that's a compulsory part of the training for Earthforce Captains.

The damned clock seemed to have stopped. The fuel consumption reports didn't help, and I just knew that John was going to drag me into resolving some long, boring, time consuming difficulty, on the one day I wanted to get off shift promptly. If John knew what was waiting for me back in my quarters...on second thoughts, he probably *did* know. He certainly knew what day it was. He was partnered with my wife's sister, and those sisters never seemed to keep secrets from each other, so John was almost certainly in the know about what Deborah had promised me for our first wedding anniversary dinner.

Dessert.

Maybe that doesn't sound too exciting to you, but then you haven't seen what my wife can do with some fruit and whipped cream. Deborah has a way with that little whip of hers--the one I'd given her as a Christmas present--and what she likes to use for cream...let's just say that I was looking forward to my anniversary dinner.

I signed the last report with a flourish, glared at the clock, frightening it into clicking over that last second and YES! My shift was over. I could now go back to my quarters and play food games with my wife. Hiding the salami had long been a favorite of ours, but tonight we might celebrate with a little banana sucking and melon chewing, too. I never did listen to my Mom when she told me not to play with my food.

I swear the smile on my face must have gone from ear to ear as I stood and turned to my XO. My mouth was opening to hand over command to him when he cocked his head to one side and listened intently. I hate it when he does that. It always means something bad is going to happen.

We'd been passing through a particularly dull section of hyperspace all day, so I couldn't imagine what bad news he was going to give me, but John could be creative about these things when he wanted. Of course, he always swore it was nothing to do with him, but I knew damned well that John Matheson was part of the universal conspiracy that has no purpose other than to prevent Matthew Gideon having fun. Paranoid? Me? Who said that?!

The voice of doom emerged from John's mouth just as I was making my way off the bridge. "Uh, Captain? Stand by..."

I turned slowly and gave my XO a look that should have turned him to stone. I must be losing my touch, as he didn't bat an eyelid. "Don't say 'stand by' when I'm one second away from going off duty..."

It was over half an hour later before I stood in front of the doors to my quarters, muttering to myself about incompetent subordinates. I'm not even going to tell you what stupidity they found to delay me on the bridge, as it will just make me mad again. I'd come damned close to sending the whole bridge crew off to scrub the outside of the Excalibur with their toothbrushes.

But at last, I was home. I called the door open and entered to find my wife standing demurely in the middle of the room, waiting patiently for me. When I started to feel dizzy, I remembered to breathe again. 'Breathtaking' was a word that could have been invented to describe how Deborah looked at that moment.

Her dress looked like leather and clung to every curve, cut low across the breasts to show her cleavage. Lots and lots of it. A man could drown in that cleavage--if he were very, very lucky. I had every intention of testing that theory later that evening. Purely for scientific purposes, you understand. I just wanted to know how long a man could go without breathing, if he had his face pressed between the two most beautiful breasts in the universe.

Deborah flowed into my arms and started to kiss me. I resisted for maybe five nanoseconds then returned her kisses with passion, fumbling for the zipper on the back of her dress. I wanted to get her out of it, and I wanted to get me into her. Now!

While my hands roved around the sexiest body in known space, Deborah pulled her head back and smiled at me. She whispered, "Marcus is with Angel, and dinner won't be ready for an hour, so I think we have time for you to slip into something more comfortable."

The look on her face made it obvious exactly what, or rather who, she wanted me to slip into. There was going to be no slipping as far as I was concerned. Thrusting, pounding, even hammering, yes. Slipping, no.

I got her zipper undone and started to grope at the fabric underneath, wondering why in hell Deborah had decided to wear underwear on this of all days. Deborah got my jacket off me, pushed my sweater up and was nipping my left nipple between her teeth, as she undid my belt and zipper, sliding her hand inside my pants.

My commlink couldn't have gone off at a worse moment. I groaned in pleasure at what Deborah's tongue was doing to my nipple and in despair that I was going to have to make her stop, then answered my commlink. I'm surprised it survived the acid that dripped from my voice, as I said, "Gideon. This had better be good."

John's voice was full of regret and I like to imagine, maybe just a little fear, as he said, "I'm really sorry, Captain, but I think you'd better come back to the bridge. We've picked up something on the sensors that...well, I think you'd better come and see for yourself." I was just ready to tell him where to stick his damned sensors when he continued, "You did post a standing order that you were to be called if ever any hyperspace life-form was detected."

I'd managed to get Deborah's mouth off my chest and her hand off my cock as John had spoken. I got the top button of my pants fastened again, as I replied, "I'm on my way. Although if it's those fucking Fen trying to fuck with my ship again, I'll fuck *them* with the main fucking gun!" OK, so I admit that my thoughts were focused on just one subject right then, and it showed in my speech.

Easing my zipper up over an erection that challenged said main gun for size, I kissed my wife quick and hard, saying, "Don't go anywhere. I'll be right back."

Deborah slid her hand between my legs, squeezed my balls gently and said, "Keep that main gun on line, Captain. I plan on testing how quickly it recharges later." I fled, while I still had the strength to walk out on her.

By the time we had all agreed that the sensor readings were ghosts, that there were no Fen lurking, waiting to take advantage of my poor near-virginal ship, nor any other hyperspace lifeforms ready to ravish her, I had cooled down a little. Not much, but a little. The main gun was off line, but it was on a hair trigger, needing very little to bring it back up at the speed of light. During my walk back to my quarters, I decided that the bridge crew could indeed use their toothbrushes to clean the exterior of the ship, but I did not intend to give them spacesuits for the job. They would just have to hold their collective breath.

The sight that met my eyes as the door of my quarters opened pushed all such thoughts from my mind, and hardened me so fast that I'm surprised the zipper on my pants didn't explode outwards from the strain. Deborah had stripped out of her dress and was sitting on the sofa, reading a book, wearing a black satin and lace corset, matching panties and sheer black stockings with lacy tops.

As I paused in the doorway, my tongue hanging out, my wife put the book down, looked up at me and smiled sweetly. "Was it anything important?"

It took me a while to focus on that smile. My eyes took their own damned time in working their way up those long, long legs, encased in sheer black silk, past the lace tops that hugged Deborah's thighs--thighs that I had every intention of spreading wide in a very few moments--and up to the wisps of lace that made up her panties. They barely concealed her pubic curls, and did nothing to hide her flat belly and perfect oval navel. The corset clung to Deborah's rib cage, and the cups seemed not so much to hold her breasts as to give them a place to rest. My eyes lingered there for a moment, and yes, I could just see the top of a rosy red nipple peeking out from the bra. It looked like a ripe strawberry just begging to be bitten. Who was I to refuse such a plea? I'm very partial to a little fruit, and I'm told the vitamins are good for me.

I realized that the low growling noise that filled the room was coming from me. I had my jacket and sweater off before I got half way across the room. When I got to the sofa, I grabbed Deborah's hands and pulled her to her feet. A split second later, I had my face buried between her breasts and both hands resting on her butt, pulling her hard against me, letting her know that the main gun was on line, primed and ready to fire.

Deborah's hands were all over me, as I managed to free her left tit from the constriction of her bra, and got my mouth around it, sucking then biting, eliciting moans of pleasure from my wife as her nipple hardened under my attentions. I moved one hand between us and this time I unzipped myself, then slid my hand inside her panties, just as the commlink went off again.

We both froze in place, then I heard Deborah whisper in my ear, "You'd better answer that. It's vibrating and considering where you have it pressed right now, I don't think I can take very much more."

I could hardly disagree. The damn thing was pressed tightly between us and the vibration against my cock wasn't helping me cool down. I lifted my hand and took the call, growling, "Gideon. Whoever it is, whatever it is, you're going to die. Slowly."

This time it was Jackson, my Second Officer who said, rather hesitantly, "I'm REALLY sorry, Captain, but there's a call coming in from General Crawford at Earthforce HQ, and he insists that he must speak to you personally. I tried to tell him that you were unavailable, but he says it's absolutely essential that he talks to you at once." Jackson's words tumbled out in a rush, and she was obviously worried about how I was going to react.

I took a deep breath and controlled my desire to shoot the messenger. I even resisted telling her exactly what she could do with General Crawford, on the basis that what I had in mind was definitely obscene, possibly unhygienic and probably anatomically impossible. Then again, Jackson looks pretty supple...I pushed the image out of my head, as it was way too similar to what I had in mind to do with my wife later that evening. Once I had her warmed up, that is. You can't spring that sort of move on a woman until she's *very* relaxed.

"Put the call through to the viewscreen in my old quarters, Lieutenant. But I warn you, if I get disturbed again, I'm coming after whoever it is with a PPG, and I intend to insert it somewhere painful before I pull the trigger. Understood?"

Jackson babbled her agreement and cut the line. I turned my attention back to my wife, who during my

conversation with Jackson had moved her hand to my cock, gently teasing and stroking it as I talked. I took her hand away and kissed her again. Deborah was definitely pouting now. She'd heard my discussion with Jackson and she knew that I was going to leave her again. She wasn't very happy about it. Well, neither was I.

Assuring her that I would get back to her as soon as I could, I pulled my pants up and fastened the zipper *again*, having to be even more careful not to get anything caught. As I dragged my sweater back over my head, I looked at Deborah again and groaned. Her hair was disheveled where I had been running my hands through it, and her lips were swollen from our frantic kissing. Her left breast was exposed where I had freed it from the corset, and the nipple was red and hard from where I had been sucking and biting it. Deborah's throat was flushed, and her pupils were dilated with desire.

I guessed that my eyes probably looked much the same, and I knew from the friction of my sweater that my own nipples were feeling damned sensitive. I don't think I've ever seen a woman looking quite so ready to be fucked as Deborah looked right then, nor have I ever been quite so willing to do exactly what she wanted. So, like an idiot, I told her to hold it right there, I'd be back before she knew it.

Twenty minutes. That's how long I sat at my desk in my old quarters waiting for them to put Crawford on the line. The young Lieutenant who was acting as Crawford's aide got more and more nervous under the intensity of my gaze as we waited for the General to finish another call. If she said, "I'm sure he won't be long now," once, she must have said it fifty times.

She was an attractive woman, dark skinned with high cheekbones that reminded me of Jackson. I never did catch her name; I was just too damn irritated by the delay. Her smile had seemed genuine when she first appeared on the screen, but it had gradually grown more tentative as the minutes dragged by, and she'd now reached the point where it looked like a nervous tic, flashing on and off again. The Lieutenant was so edgy that her mouth had gone dry, and her lips were sticking to her teeth every time she tried to smile.

She opened her mouth to give me her standard line again, but this time I interrupted her. "I know. You're sure he won't be long."

She nodded frantically, flashing that tic of a smile again, but then her hand went to the earpiece of the headset she wore. She listened for a moment then looked at me, her nervousness more apparent than ever. Clearing her throat noisily, the Lieutenant croaked, "General Crawford says he's sorry to have disturbed you, but he's managed to resolve the problem and doesn't need to speak to you now. I'm *very* sorry, Captain."

Before I could even begin to think of a suitable reply, she leaned forward and cut the call. I could hardly blame her; I was ready to reach right through the screen to throttle her.

Taking a deep, calming breath, I tried to convince myself that shooting the messenger would not be very satisfying. The trouble was that another part of my mind was muttering, "No, but hanging, drawing and quartering them would be..."

I stood and walked back into the room where my wife was waiting for me.

Deborah was sitting on the sofa again, legs crossed, reading her book. It had to be the Earthforce training in observing every detail that allowed me to notice the title. 'Great Expectations.' I think she was trying to be funny.

God knows how I even managed to glimpse the title, as my eyes were feasting on my wife's body as she sat. She had obviously decided that it was too much trouble to get her breast back into her bra, so she'd taken the corset off. Deborah sat there, reading, wearing nothing but the tiniest black lace panties she possessed and her black silk stockings. She'd pushed her hair back behind her shoulders, so her breasts were completely exposed, the nipples still rosy red and standing at attention.

I wanted to get my mouth around those breasts, to taste them, to feel those nipples harden under my tongue as I licked them. Then I wanted to nip them between my teeth, bringing little yelps of pleasure from my wife as I moved from one breast to the other, all the while pushing my fingers inside her as she ran her hands over my cock and balls.

The image of all this was so strong, that it brought my cock up stiff and hard in a moment. I felt almost dizzy as the blood rushed down there, momentarily depriving my brain of its supply.

Oh fuck it, who needs a brain at a time like this?

I pounced.

Before she knew it, Deborah was on her back on the sofa, her legs spread wide, with me kneeling between them. I grabbed a handful of lace and pulled hard, ripping the panties right off her. I lowered my mouth to her opening, licking her juices, running my tongue over her swollen clit, then sliding two fingers into her, I began to slowly finger fuck her.

Deborah's head fell back and she moaned her pleasure. Her hands had got my pants open again, and she was playing with my cock, rubbing and caressing it, squeezing and rubbing her thumb over the head, working me up to the point where I was almost ready to blow.

I leaned over her, sliding my fingers out of her and using them to spread her wide. I moved into position between her legs and had just got my cock pressed against her hot, wet opening when my commlink went off again.

I won't repeat what I said then. To be honest, I don't think I *could* repeat it, but I suspect they heard my howl of frustration all the way down on the flight deck. The paint on the walls for several corridors in every direction definitely blistered.

I couldn't stop. I thrust my cock deep into my wife then pulled my hand away, trying to tear the commlink off my wrist with my teeth, as I used my free right hand to knead Deborah's breasts.

Somehow, my teeth must have activated the commlink, as the next thing I knew a voice emerged from it, saying, "We have President Sheridan on the line for you, Captain."

Have you ever tried to hold a polite conversation with a President when your cock is deep inside the most beautiful woman in the universe? When her hands are wandering all over your body, and when her hot, wet vagina is squeezing your cock, pulsing around it, bringing you to the point where you know you're going to explode inside her, just as the most important man in the galaxy is saying, "I believe congratulations are in order, Captain! Happy Wedding Anniversary!"

What I deserved congratulations for was not screaming my head off as I came, hard, bringing my wife to orgasm with me. Her waves of pleasure started to crash over me, and I couldn't stop thrusting into her, each thrust causing a new orgasm to project through us both.

And while all this was going on, I was panting into my commlink, "Thank...you...Mr...Pres...ident...so...kind...of...you...to...call."

By now, I had my free hand over Deborah's mouth, as she does tend to scream when she comes. Loudly. Her whole body was bucking under me, and still I pounded into her, wondering if this climax would ever end. I knew that she'd squeezed every drop out of me, I had nothing left to come with, but when Deborah lets rip, that doesn't really matter. I was feeling her climaxes as well as my own, and they just went on and on and on.

I could hear Sheridan's voice saying, "Are you quite all right, Captain? You sound a little out of breath. Did I get you out of the shower or disturb you in some way?"

By now I couldn't even think coherently, and speech of any kind was almost beyond me. I just wanted to howl like a dog at the sensations running through my body from my scalp to my toes. I swear that my hair was standing on end with the sheer electricity Deborah and I were generating, as we continued to fuck like mad minks.

I somehow coughed out some words. "It's...quite...all...right...Sir..." The waves of pleasure were starting to slow, and I gradually got more control over my voice. "We were just..." My whole body convulsed as Deborah bucked again, sending one last wave of pleasure through us both. "Just having a quiet dinner at home."

Sheridan laughed. "Well, don't let me interrupt your *dejeuner a deux*. I just wanted to wish you and your wife all the best for the future."

I managed to say, "Thank you, Mr. President," then the line went dead, and I collapsed on top of my panting wife.

After a few moments spent catching my breath, I lifted myself off and out of my wife, and sat on the sofa next to her, looking down at her.

Deborah's legs were still spread wide. She had one stockinged leg hooked over the back of the sofa, the other dangling, with her foot resting on the floor. Her breasts stood out from her ribcage, her nipples hard as little rocks, pointing straight up at the ceiling. Her throat was red and sweaty, her head was flung back and her hair fell over the arm of the sofa to the floor. Deborah's eyes were closed, and she licked her dry lips as she lay, still panting from her exertions.

I pulled my pants back up to my waist, refastened the zipper, then reached out and pushed my hand between Deborah's legs, flicking her still swollen clit with my finger. She shuddered as another wave of pleasure shot through her, and her eyes blinked open to stare at me. I knew that within minutes she'd want to start again. I'd learned during the previous year that my wife never seemed to get enough of me being inside her. I could make love to her morning, noon and night, and she'd still come back for more.

I smiled at her and continued to rub her clit as I asked, "Was that good?" Deborah nodded and licked her lips again, moaning quietly as I rubbed a little harder. "Do you want it again?" She nodded again,

then lifted her head, trying to see if I was getting hard enough for another session.

I pulled my hand away and stood abruptly, then bent and swept her up into my arms. This is no mean achievement at any time, but to do it within five minutes of having fucked my brains out was damned close to miraculous. Deborah is a big girl, and I could feel my knees starting to buckle as I turned and headed for the outer door to our quarters.

I stopped just before it opened automatically and looked down at Deborah, lying naked in my arms, her arms around my neck. She looked at the door then back at me, saying, "Where are we going?"

I grinned down at her. "Oh, I thought I might just drop you on the table in Mess Hall 14 and tell the crew to feel free to help themselves."

"Matthew!" She started to struggle, but I held her tight.

I carried on talking. "I think that would be appropriate after what you've put me through tonight, don't you?"

Deborah's eyes opened wide as she said, "What do you mean?" Her face was a picture of innocence.

"That wasn't Sheridan on the commlink, and General Crawford never did want to speak to me, did he? And the other delays were all fixed too, weren't they?"

I turned and carried her to the dining table, all beautifully set for dinner. Using my arms and her body to sweep across the table, I sent everything cascading to the ground. Fortunately, the dinnerware and glasses we use on board ship are pretty indestructible, but they still made a satisfying crash as they hit the floor.

I threw Deborah onto the table then grabbed her arms and pinned them above her head. She lay still, staring up at me, a half smile playing on her lips. I think she could feel my growing erection and knew she was going to get the screwing of her life. But Deborah also knew me well enough to know that she wouldn't get it until she confessed.

So, as I pinned my wife to the table, she told me all about her little joke, and how she'd linked with Lily, so that John could put through the calls at the best (or worst, depending on your point of view) moments. Crawford's aide turned out to be my second officer's sister, who they'd roped into the prank. Deborah insisted that it was all her idea and that the others had only gone along to do her a favor. I wondered briefly who had imitated Sheridan and how whoever it was had kept themselves from howling with laughter at my attempts to sound normal. Deborah finally confessed that it had been Luke, using a voice distorter, who'd pretended to be the President.

I growled at Deborah and pulled her down the table, then flipped her over onto her front. She now had both feet on the floor, spread wide as I stood between them. I still had her arms stretched over her head, and I used one hand to unzip my pants again, then leaned forward, pressing her upper body to the table and sliding my now stiffened cock between the cheeks of her ass.

I bit her gently on the shoulder then moved my mouth to her ear, licking around the lobe then whispering, "You know I'm going to have to punish you for this, don't you?"

Deborah's little whimper of pleasure indicated that she knew just what her punishment was going to be. I never knew a woman who loved to be spanked as much as she did. But before we got to that, I

was raring to go again. I pulled my hips back and carefully aligned my cock with her opening, then buried myself inside her with one quick, hard thrust.

Later that night we lay in bed together, arms and legs tangled, both breathless and sweaty. I slid my hand down over Deborah's butt and patted it gently. She jumped a little as I found a spot that was obviously still sensitive. Earlier I'd spanked her until each cheek glowed red, and she was begging me to fuck her again. God, I love it when she does that.

She lowered her head and closed her teeth around my nipple, biting gently, in revenge. Then her stomach let out a long growl. Deborah let go of my nipple, looked up at me and grinned. "We forgot to eat dinner. I'm hungry."

I smiled down and stroked her hair. "So you should be. I should make you go to bed early, without supper, for a week. That would be a suitable punishment for teasing the Captain."

My beautiful wife of one year smiled up at me, her face a picture of mischief. "In that case, I'm going to have to get my dinner wherever I can." She slid down my body and before I knew it, she had started to lick gently at my softened cock.

I lay still for a while, enjoying her attentions, knowing that after coming three times in the last couple of hours, my cock was going to take its own sweet time about coming back to life. Still, it's always good to watch an expert at work, and Deborah certainly qualifies as an expert in that field.

When I was once more primed and ready to go, she pulled back and looked up at me again, her smile wide and lascivious. "I'll have to think of something even better to celebrate our next anniversary." With that, Deborah pulled herself up my body, straddled me, and lowered herself onto my now upright cock. I groaned in pleasure and told her that if she went on like that she'd kill me before we celebrated our second wedding anniversary.

Deborah's still working on it, but one thing you can be sure of. If I die sometime during the next year, I'll die with a smile on my face.

{Chapter 1}

The Witches of Eriadne: Interlude Four F

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