

The Witches of Eriadne: Interlude Four L - Part 1: Bravery

by [The Space Witches](#)



The Earth Alliancee Destroyer "Telamon"

Chapter 1

February 2272

Matthew Gideon

"Jump point opening, Captain." John Matheson turned, holding his earpiece in place, listening closely to the information he was receiving, as he passed on the most critical data to me.

John was good at his job as 2nd in Command and Executive Officer of the Excalibur. Much better than I had been when I'd tried to do the same job on board the Ajax. Fortunately, a vacancy had arisen for a command position aboard a corvette soon after my appointment, and I'm not sure who was more relieved when I got the job, me or Captain Houston. I sometimes wondered whether he'd recommended me just to get me off his bridge. The problem had always been that I found all the information coming over the headset too interesting. I'd get engrossed in listening, and forget to pass the juicy bits onto the Captain. Not a good trait for a First Officer.

Even more fortunately, it had turned out that I'd been better at the job of Captain than I had as an Exec, and my little corvette, the Scylla, had been the first step along the way to my taking command of the Excalibur. I now had the exact job I wanted, and life was pretty damned good. We'd had a run in with an old enemy a couple of months before, which had left me with an itch I couldn't scratch--I still wanted to hunt down the ship that had destroyed the Cerberus--but on the whole, I was happy. With Deborah and Marcus on board and in my life every day, how could I not be?

"Open a communication channel, Lieutenant." I stood and moved to stand behind my Communication Officer's chair, looking out of the front viewscreen at the glowing vortex now visible in front of us. I knew what I was expecting to see emerging from that red hole in space, but I glanced quickly across at the weapons station, and was pleased to see that the crewman sitting there had the guns on standby. It never hurts to be ready, just in case the universe decides to throw a curve ball. God knows it's done that to me often enough in the past.

On this occasion, the universe was playing by the rules, as I was able to confirm when I recognized the ship that surged out of the jump point and came to a halt in front of us.

The Telamon was an old Earth Alliance Omega class destroyer, with a rotating central section that created artificial gravity for the bridge and crew accommodations. Not up to the standard of the newer Warlock class destroyers, of course, but she was still a powerful ship. She was now assigned to patrol and re-supply duties, which was exactly why we were making a rendezvous with her. Those old Omega class destroyers had been built to carry up to 18,000 troops and all their equipment, so they had ample capacity as supply carriers.

While the Excalibur was most often re-supplied by the various planets we called at, now and again, when we ran low on stocks of important goods we could only get from Earth--[the first person to mention turnips goes out of an airlock. Naked.]--we arranged to meet up with a supply vessel, and take on what we needed.

The viewscreen flickered and the external view of the Telamon was replaced by an internal view of her bridge, and sitting in the foreground, her Captain. Wong Cho-yin had been a couple of years behind me at Earthforce academy, and our paths had crossed on a number of occasions since. She was a tiny, beautiful and delicately featured woman, who could tear metal sheeting off her ship with a look, chewed iron nails for breakfast and she could scare the pants off me.

Actually, the way she'd been undressing me with her eyes for years made me think that pantless was exactly how she wanted me. When I'd heard we'd be meeting up with the Telamon, I'd heaved a sigh of relief that Deborah was on board the Excalibur. If anyone could defend my honor from Captain Wong, it was my wife. If nothing else, Deborah was a good twenty-five centimeters taller than Cho-yin. Deborah was also a little possessive about my body, and she'd soon take care of any other woman who tried undressing it, with her eyes or any other part of her anatomy.

Now don't get me wrong, Wong Cho-yin is a very attractive woman. Like my first officer's partner, Lily, her body is tiny, but beautifully formed. Wong is probably a centimeter or two shorter than Lily, and I sometimes wondered how she'd got past the minimum height requirement for Earthforce. She'd probably intimidated the hell out of the recruitment board.

Wong may have curves in all the right places, and a beautiful face, but she scares the hell out of most men she encounters. I'd always avoided anything other than professional contact with her. Somehow, I could just imagine her inspecting me closely, narrowing her eyes and deciding to throw me back. Having Wong inspect your assets and find them wanting could leave a man impotent for life.

"Hello, Matt. How're you hanging?" The grin Wong gave me started a blush racing from my feet up my body, and I only just managed to stop it before it hit my face and let her know exactly what effect she always has on me.

Suppressing the urge to tell her I was hanging loose, as that was the effect she always had on my bowels, I smiled and replied, "Hanging on by my fingernails, as usual, Captain Wong. Just waiting for you to ride to my rescue."

Wong laughed and gestured for her First Officer to step forward. I didn't recognize the Lieutenant, but somehow it didn't surprise me that he possessed movie star good looks, and even under his Earthforce uniform, it was obvious he worked out. If Wong wasn't overseeing his physical fitness regime personally, I'm damn sure she enjoyed having him around the place, for the view alone. Having said that, knowing Wong, that Lieutenant would have some brains as well as brawn and good looks. She didn't suffer fools at all, never mind gladly.

The Lieutenant placed a clipboard in Wong's hand, all crisp efficiency, and she glanced down at it, pursing her lips delicately. She looked as if she was about to take a delicate sip of jasmine tea, but instead she looked up and smiled. "Looks like we've got some stuff you need here, Matt. How are you going to repay me if I let you have it?"

By now, my entire bridge crew had realized that Wong loved to tease me, and they all turned to look at me, wondering how I was going to reply. They were all trying to hide their grins, and failing miserably. I decided that some lessons in concealing amusement were needed, and Commander Matheson could lead the class--in the recycling plant.

I gave Wong a slow, lazy smile, and said, "I don't think you've ever seen my main gun in action, have you, Cho-yin? I could provide a demonstration any time you like. You'll be amazed by how quickly it recharges."

Wong saw my smile and raised me a leer. "Maybe I'd better come over there and carry out an inspection. Close up and personal."

I decided it was time to spoil Wong's fun. I let my smile broaden into a full-on grin and said, "That would be great. Then you can meet my wife."

Cho-yin's face hardly flickered, but her smile dimmed several watts as she repeated my last word. "Wife? From what I've heard, you're not the marrying kind, Matt. Well, apart from that incident with the French bar singer on..."

I cut her off before she could continue, very much aware of how interested my crew looked in hearing more of that story, and how Commander Matheson was trying and failing to suppress a snigger. "Deborah and I have been happily married for over two years now. Knowing your sources, I'm surprised you hadn't heard about it, Captain. I guess that means

you haven't heard about our son, Marcus, either. He's just coming up to his third birthday, and he's quite a little charmer. Why don't you come over and meet him? You do like kids, don't you, Cho-yin?" I know I shouldn't have twisted the knife, but I just couldn't resist. Wong had teased me mercilessly over the years. I was due some pay-back.

Wong recovered quickly, saying, "Oh yes, I love children, Matt. I've heard at that age they can be very tasty, sautéed, with the right seasoning." She gestured sharply and the viewscreen went blank.

John Matheson turned and grinned at me. "Shall I call her back? I'd hate for her to run away with our supplies."

I shook my head and grinned back. "She'll call when she's good and ready, but if I were you, John, I'd watch myself. You're just Cho-yin's type, and she looked a little hungry to me." I took more pleasure than I should from seeing John's grin flicker off. No-one knew better than he that small women could have big appetites.

Captain Wong stopped sulking a few hours later, and her First Officer--a Lieutenant Gordon, who was a Scot, and a proud member of the Gay Gordon clan. Turned out that Wong had taken him on more for his brains than his looks after all--liaised with my First Officer and the shuttles started back and forth, transporting the supplies we needed.

The Telamon was well stocked with goodies for us, and even with both ships' shuttles working flat out, it was going to take over twenty-four hours to transfer everything across. In the meantime, Captain Wong called me, all sweetness and light again, and suggested that I bring some of my crew over for a social evening on board her ship.

While Wong's invitation hadn't included Deborah, I chose to ignore that fact and replied, "That sounds great, Cho-yin. I'll bring Deborah and her sister, Angel, over with me, and some of the crew who've had good evaluation scores recently. What sort of social evening did you have in mind?" I kept my expression innocent, while thinking that in the past Wong's idea of a 'social' evening would probably have involved her tying me naked to her bed. Whips and blindfolds might then have become involved. For some reason it was *really* easy to imagine Cho-yin as a dominatrix.

Wong's mouth puckered, and for a moment she looked as if she'd sucked a lemon. Obviously having my wife along hadn't been on her agenda, but she recovered well. "Nothing very exciting, Matt. Just a few games of pool, and maybe a poker table or two."

Of course, she knew damned well that an invitation to play poker was one I could never resist. What she didn't know was that if I had Deborah sitting at my side, I was unbeatable. My wife's empathic powers meant she could always signal to me when the other players were bluffing. I saw a definite possibility of winning back some of the credits I'd lost to Wong over the years. She'd always been one of the few people who could walk away from a poker table with my credits in her pocket. I told you, she scares me.

I signed off, having promised to bring over a couple of shuttles full of people at 20:00 ship's

time that evening, then I went home to my wife, to tell her we needed to get a babysitter, and just for once, we couldn't rope Angel in for the job.

Deborah was sitting at the desk in my old quarters, engrossed in something she was reading on the viewscreen. She didn't hear me enter, and she must have been really into what she was studying, as she didn't sense my presence either. Her distraction gave me an opportunity to do something I could rarely manage: to study her unobserved.

My wife was dressed in her usual black. Her long legs were encased in tight jeans, and she had her bare feet up on my desk, as she leaned back in the chair. She had her hands clasped behind her head, which had the effect of pushing her breasts forward, stretching the material of the black, short-sleeved t-shirt she wore. Deborah was turned slightly away from me, but I could still see and enjoy the fullness of those breasts, emphasized by her position.

After standing enjoying the view for a few minutes, I switched my attention to the viewscreen, to see what my wife found so engrossing. It wasn't a total surprise to find that Deborah was studying a history text. Having spent nearly three centuries in stasis, my wife spent a lot of time catching up on the history she had missed. The text she was studying covered the Minbari War, not exactly one of my favorite periods in history. It was, after all, when my mother had been killed in action.

I stepped forward, reaching out to caress Deborah's face, clearing my throat softly to warn her of my approach. With a tiny start, my wife turned and smiled, leaning her head into my hand and closing her eyes in pleasure at my touch. After a few seconds she moved her head and planted a soft kiss in the palm of my hand, then she opened her eyes and asked, "Did I lose track of the time again?"

I shook my head and took her hand, pulling her to her feet and into my arms. "No, I'm back early. I wanted to let you know about a change of plan for this evening. But before I do..." I lowered my mouth over hers and indulged myself in a long, passionate kiss. Somehow, my conversation with Captain Wong had reminded me just how lucky I was to have Deborah on board, waiting for me in my quarters every time I finished a shift, sleeping in my bed every night, and waking next to me every morning.

After a few very pleasurable moments, Deborah broke the kiss and leaned back, smiling at me. "Exactly what do you have planned then, Captain?"

Her golden brown eyes were burning bright, and I could see that my kiss had aroused her. Her nipples stood out hard under her t-shirt, and I had to suppress the desire to rip it off her, and take her right there on the desk. Controlling my baser desires--just for the moment, at least--I told Deborah about the rendezvous with the Telamon, and Captain Wong's invitation.

The embers of passion died in her eyes as she sat back in my chair and wrinkled her nose. "Do I really have to go? You know I'm not the greatest socialite in the world."

I perched on the edge of the desk next to her and smiled, reaching out my hand to touch her soft cheek. "I know, but I need your help." I went on to explain how I wanted her to help me

with the game of poker.

Deborah's brows drew together and she frowned up at me, "Matthew, that's cheating and you know..."

I pressed my fingers to her lips, cutting her short, saying, "I know. But that's not the only reason I need you there." I went on to explain my 'relationship' with Wong Cho-yin. "So you see, she has designs on my body. I need your protection."

I grinned down at Deborah as she sat, pouting. Her full lips always excite me, but when pressed together like that, I couldn't help but think of how they'd look if my cock were held firmly between them, while Deborah sucked on me. The image sent a surge of heat to my groin, and my arousal increased further as Deborah looked up at me from under her dark blonde lashes, her eyes once again flashing with golden passion.

"Doesn't Captain Wong know that I have exclusive rights over this body?" She emphasized her possessiveness by laying her hand on my thigh, stroking it softly. Another surge of heat hit my cock, stiffening it further. Deborah obviously noticed, as her pout turned into a lascivious smile, and she moved her hand to caress my balls, drawing a moan of pleasure from me. "Maybe I'd better remind you of just who you belong to, Captain."

I groaned and whispered, "Yes, Ma'am," while closing my eyes and indulging myself in the pleasure of Deborah's touch. I felt her move to stand, and the next thing I knew, I had been pushed onto my back on the desk, and my wife had climbed on top of me, straddling me.

I opened my eyes to look up at her, and saw her grinning down, as she ground her pelvis into mine, arousing me further. Reaching for my belt, she started undoing the buckle, and said, "When we've finished I think I might put a little brand on your butt, Captain. It'll say 'Property of Deborah Gideon'. But for now..."

While she'd talked she'd slipped her hand inside my pants and eased my stiff cock out into the open. Deborah's golden eyes flicked from my face to my cock, then her smile became predatory as she slid off me, and knelt between my legs. The groan I gave as I felt her hot mouth surrounding me could probably have been heard over on the Telamon.

21:00 - Telamon Mess Hall

I smiled as I laid my three Jacks out in front of me. Wong's face was a picture when she saw my hand. She'd been convinced that I was bluffing. I leaned forward and swept the substantial pot toward me. "Nice try, Cho-yin. Better luck next hand."

The Captain of the Telamon could be damned inscrutable when she wanted to be, and she was trying to hide her irritation at that point, but compared to my wife, she was an amateur. Deborah had done her English lady bountiful impression on arrival, all politeness and condescension, leaving Wong spitting blood and Angel with a severe bout of the giggles.

Deborah's occasional squeeze on my thigh during the ensuing game had served two purposes.

First, it had marked me very clearly as *her* territory, and the look Deborah had given Wong when we arrived had made it patently obvious that she would tolerate no interference with her possessions. Second, it had let me know when Wong was bluffing. I had won every hand so far and Wong was seriously pissed.

Apart from that, the evening had gone well, with the crew of both ships mixing sociably, and most of the male attendees trying to get Angel to play pool with them. Occasional glances in her direction, as she leaned across the pool table to take her shots, made it clear why Angel was such a popular partner. Her tight, red T-shirt exposed one hell of a lot of cleavage, and her black leather pants clung to her butt invitingly when she bent over the cue. Having said that, Angel's popularity probably came as much from her skills as a pool player as from the stunning view. I suppressed any doubts I might have had about her cheating using her telekinetic powers. Angel wouldn't do that.

Would she?

The little voice in my head said, [Hell yes! You know how that girl loves to play Poltergeist.] The memory provoked by that thought was nearly enough to distract me from my triumphal gloating over Wong.

At that moment, Deborah let out a tiny hiccup. OK, I'm being kind. It was a belch. A very small one, but a belch nevertheless. I turned to look at her in surprise, and she held her hand over her lips, saying softly, "Scuse me!"

She lifted the glass in front of her and took a delicate sip, then turned to me and smiled. It was at that point I noticed her eyes were slightly out of focus and drifting toward each other.

"Deborah? Are you feeling OK?" I whispered the words while Wong was distracted, calling for a new deck of cards. The suspicious woman obviously thought I'd marked them in some way, which I hadn't. I hadn't had chance.

"Yesh, Matthew. I'm right all kite." Deborah's smile got a little blurry, and her eyes moved even closer to her nose. I never knew my wife could go cross-eyed, but she seemed to be doing it effortlessly right then.

I frowned, leaned forward and sniffed her breath, then quickly drew back, hissing, "What have you been drinking?" I lifted Deborah's glass and sniffed again. The smell made me blink several times, and did a wonderful job of clearing out my sinuses.

Before we'd sat down at the poker table, Deborah had wandered off to the bar, coming back with a glass of scotch for me, and a drink for herself. I should probably explain that under normal circumstances, Deborah is not a big drinker. She enjoys an occasional glass of wine with dinner, but she never drinks spirits. When I saw the drink she had brought back for herself, I'd assumed it was sherry, a drink I knew she enjoyed, and the pale brown color looked about right. She'd been back to the bar for several refills since then. Now I know that alcohol isn't allowed on Earthforce ships, but this was an exception, OK? For some reason, most Earthforce Captains I know can find a lot of exceptions to that particular rule, when they want to.

Deborah blinked back at me, managing to get one eyeball to look directly at me, but the other remained firmly stuck against her nose. "I didn't quite hear what they called it." Those words came out quite clearly, but the effect was ruined by another soft belch. "I think it wash shomething about bravery."

I closed my eyes and cursed softly. Fortunately, the other players seated around the table were still distracted. Angel had bent low over the pool table again, and every male had their eyes glued firmly on her butt. Wong was busy glaring at the poor crewman who was trying to find a fresh deck of cards for her.

"Brevari? Was that what they called it?"

Deborah's face lit up into a happy but somewhat lopsided smile. "Thash it! It'sh very nishe."

I knew I had to get her out of there. My wife had just consumed several glasses of the strongest liquor in the galaxy. I had no idea what the consequences would be, but I was damned sure it wouldn't be pretty. Before I could say anything, Deborah's happy smile turned into a leer.

"It makesh me feel all warm inshide." She licked her lips, and for a moment managed to focus both eyes on me at the same time. "And outshide, too. Maybe I should take shome clothes off."

Her hand moved to the top button of her shirt and I grabbed it quickly. In this state, she was quite capable of climbing on top of the poker table and doing a striptease in front of the whole room. Call me old-fashioned, but if my wife is going to strip, I prefer for her to do it in private, with an audience of one. Me.

"Maybe not right here and now. Maybe we should get back and see if Marcus is OK." I gently pulled at her hand, and she obediently rose to her feet, wobbling just the tiniest bit.

"That'sh a good idea. Let'sh get back to the shuttle, and then you can fuck me. Hard, Matthew. I want it hard." Her hands started sliding over my body and I grabbed them quickly. Fortunately, she'd whispered her demands, but I knew she wouldn't stay quiet for much longer. Hell, at any second she was quite likely to start broadcasting lust all around the Telamon.

I turned quickly to Captain Wong and gave her my apologies. "Sorry to take your money and run, but we've just had a call from the Excalibur, and our son isn't feeling too good."

I tried to accept Wong's fake expressions of concern, while keeping a tight hold on Deborah's hands, and leaning away from her attempts to insert her tongue into my left ear. If she'd succeeded, I might well have thrown propriety to the wind, stripped her and fucked her right there on the poker table. Hard. Just like she wanted it.

Angel followed us to the door as I hustled Deborah out of the room, and I quickly whispered to her what had happened. By now Deborah was emitting little waves of lust, which were having their inevitable effect on me, and looking back through the open doorway, I could see I wasn't the only person affected. Lieutenant Gordon was eyeing one of my crewmen with obviously lustful designs. I could only hope that Crewman Randall was that way inclined, because from the looks of things, he was going to get a sudden introduction to the art of gay seduction in

the very near future. I really *had* to get Deborah out of there!

Angel tried to suppress her giggles as she watched Deborah's hands roaming all over my body, but she failed completely. After a few seconds, she sobered enough to choke out, "Get her out of here, Matt, before she turns the mess-hall into a giant orgy!"

I didn't even wait to agree. I dragged my protesting and lustful wife down the corridor and back to the shuttle.

I strapped Deborah's arms *inside* the seat restraints for the shuttle ride back to the Excalibur, then sat across from her, well out of her reach. She looked at me reproachfully, sending waves of desire that had the pilot rubbing his neck and his crotch alternately. The poor bastard had no idea why he was feeling so horny, but I did. It took every ounce of willpower I possessed to stay on the other side of that shuttle, while my wife looked sorrowfully across at me, whimpering, "Fuck me, Matthew. Please fuck me. Now. I want you now."

I'd never realized that Brevari acted as an aphrodisiac on human women. Maybe it was just my wife.

I have no idea how I did it, but somehow I got Deborah back to our quarters with her clothing and mine more or less intact, if somewhat disarranged. Her attempts to ravage me had become less aggressive as we'd ridden the bullet car, and I began to think that maybe the effects of the Brevari were wearing off.

Wrong.

As soon as the doors of our quarters shut behind us, Deborah pounced. Within seconds, she'd ripped off all our clothes, mounted me like an expert equestrian, and started to ride me hard. It was one hell of a ride.

08:00 - Gideons' quarters

"Rise and shine!" I'll admit that my voice was irritatingly cheerful and unnecessarily loud as I entered the bedroom, carrying a large mug of very strong black coffee. Somehow, I had an idea it would be needed.

The only response I got was a loud groan from the hump of covers piled in the middle of the bed. Somewhere under that pile was my wife, or at least a barely warm body that had once been my wife. I set the coffee down on the bedside table, and leaned across to pull back the covers.

Deborah let out another groan as her head emerged from the darkness in which she'd hidden herself, and she tried to burrow back into her nest. She was obviously feeling somewhat delicate, but I had no sympathy. The scratches and bites Deborah had inflicted on me the night

before twinged every time I moved. I hadn't been able to reach all the sore spots with the regenerator, so I was ready to inflict a little pain on the perpetrator.

"Come on. Marcus is waiting for his breakfast," I lied. I'd actually got our son up and dressed, fed him and taken him to the crèche before I'd come to roust Deborah out of bed.

A shaky hand emerged from the bed covers and pulled them back just enough to allow one blood shot eye to peer out at me. Deborah's voice was a whispered croak as she said, "Leave me alone. I'm dying." Then the hand pulled the covers back up and with one quick quiver, the hump in the middle of the bed fell still.

I laughed heartily and loudly. [Yes, I know I can be a bastard at times. Revenge is sweet, OK?] I said, "You're not dying. That's just wishful thinking. You're hung-over. And after the amount of Brevari you drank, you deserve every ache and pain."

The bleary eye emerged again and pierced me with a withering glare. "Go away." This time, I could see the whole of Deborah's face. It wasn't a pretty sight. My wife's usually beautiful golden eyes were bloodshot, and dark shadows marred the skin beneath them. Her cheeks had a greenish tinge that made it clear how nauseous she must be feeling. Deborah moved her lips, apparently trying to swallow away the bad taste in her mouth. She looked as if she'd been feasting on kitty litter and was now regretting it bitterly.

I took pity on her, [See? I'm not a *complete* bastard,] and held out the coffee. "Here, drink some of this. It will take the taste out of your mouth at least."

Deborah slowly emerged from her nest of covers, and she reached out a shaky hand. I kept my hand over hers as she lifted the mug to her lips. I didn't want her spilling hot coffee all over our bed, after all. She took a few sips, and then the color in her face changed. I wouldn't have thought it could get any greener, but it did.

Sweeping the covers aside, Deborah leaped out of bed, running for the bathroom with a turn of speed I wouldn't have thought her capable of in that condition. The sound of retching that emerged made it clear that the coffee had hit her stomach and bounced.

I think it's fair to say that my wife wasn't feeling very well.

I waited for the noises to subside, then walked into the bathroom, to find her curled up on the bathroom floor, clutching a towel around her. Her hair fell around her shoulders, and she looked a picture of complete misery. I knew exactly how she was feeling, having been in that state more than once in my life. I also knew she thoroughly deserved to be feeling that bad, but I couldn't help taking pity on her. I grabbed her robe, and wrapped it around her, then despite her moaned protests, lifted her up and carried her back into the bedroom.

I got her settled back into bed, then held out a couple of pills of the kind Luke Raven had once given me when I'd had a killer headache on Mars. They'd done the trick for me then, and a couple of times since. I made Deborah swallow a little more coffee and the pills, then sat next to her as she lay back in the pillows and worked at keeping them down.

After a few moments spent in silence, while I gently stroked the hair back from Deborah's

sweaty forehead, she opened her bloodshot eyes and whimpered, "I don't think I can face getting Marcus his breakfast, Matthew. Could you take care of it for me?"

She looked so pathetic I couldn't help laughing softly as I leaned forward and gently kissed her forehead. I wasn't about to kiss her mouth until she'd cleaned her teeth. She'd just thrown up, remember? "It's all taken care of. Marcus is playing happily in the crèche. I'm going to get you some juice, you're going to drink it all up, then you can go back to sleep and lose the hangover. OK?"

Deborah sniffed and nodded. Then she looked up at me, her face all forlorn, as she asked, "Did I embarrass you last night? I don't remember very much, but I think I got a bit out of hand."

I reassured her that she had only got completely out of control once we were back in our quarters and she heaved a sigh of relief. Deborah still looked a little green around the gills, but the pills seemed to be taking effect, and her color was definitely improving.

Before I left for the bridge, I got her to run the regenerator over the areas I hadn't been able to reach myself. Deborah got very weepy and contrite when she saw the bites and scratches she'd left on my hide, and I had to hug her and calm her, until she finally accepted that I hadn't minded. Actually, it had been rather fun. I don't think I'd ever seen Deborah quite as uninhibited as she had been that night.

I finally left my quarters and sauntered off to the bridge. I was feeling particularly good that day, as a number of things were now going my way.

The supplies we needed were nearly finished loading.

I had a substantial number of Wong Cho-yin's credits in my pocket

Captain Wong would have no doubts that my body was strictly off-limits to her lascivious plotting in future.

And if ever Deborah got snotty with me about anything ever again, all I had to do was say a single word.

Bravery.

OK, it's true. I'm a *complete* bastard!

Now I just have to figure out a way of getting John Matheson drunk, so I can stop him saying 'turnips'.

The Witches of Eriadne: Interlude Four L

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