

# The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double - Part 2: Introductions

by [The Space Witches](#)

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Demon

## Chapter 4

Angel walked through the passageway, her destination the Great Library. There she would find the Main Grimoire, the book of spells that contained all the spells and potions that she and her sisters had combined and added to. The book had contained spells already. They never did discover who had put them there. But that didn't matter to Angel right now. She'd remembered a spell contained in there, not from one of her sisters, but from Them, the Others, as she and her sisters referred to them. And that spell, combined with her Love Spell, was just what she needed.

Angel leaned all her weight in and pushed open the heavy doors. She entered and closed the doors behind her.

The Great Library was one of her favorite places in the Castle. Large stained-glass windows allowed streams of colored light to shine down on the large ceiling; high bookshelves lined every wall. To one side, a spiral staircase led up to the second floor, where rows of bookshelves stood around the round shape of the room. Large chandeliers hung from a ceiling that contained

beautiful murals of the planet's landscape. Any other time, Angel would take in the splendor of the room, but right now she didn't see any of it. Her eyes were fixed solidly on the large book, lying on a table in the centre of the room.

She walked towards it, her eyes never leaving it for a moment. When she reached the table, she picked it up, straining a little; it was thick and heavy. The book was bound in a reddish-brown leather, its corners edged with lighter leather that intertwined in and around the edge. On the cover, was an amulet of a snake in a circle eating its own tail, a sword set behind it. Angel stroked the cool unidentified metal the amulet was made from. She glanced nervously around when she heard a sound...nothing, just a typical sound made by an old building.

Angel held the book close to her, for a moment rethinking what she was about to do. Demon would be so angry with her if she found out that it was a spell that made the Captain reject her and want Angel. But her darker side won the battle of whether it was right or wrong. She wanted Gideon and she was going to get him.

Angel turned, the book firmly in her hands, and walked to the doors. She had to put the book down, to open the doors. Once done, she turned and picked up the book. Walking out of the Library she didn't bother to close the doors behind her. As Angel headed back to her rooms, she kept her eyes open for her sisters. She didn't want to run into any of them. She didn't want to have to make up a lie for what she was doing with the book out of the Library. None of them were really allowed to remove it; it was something they had all agreed on. But considering they were all probably busy with their choices of pets, she thought it was unlikely that she would run into anyone. [But better careful than caught,] she thought silently to herself.

Only when she finally reached her room, and was inside, did she feel safe. But she didn't stop to breathe a sigh of relief; she had work to do.

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Gideon lay on his side with his head propped on his hand, looking down at Demon as she sprawled across the bed. She lay with her eyes closed, completely relaxed and satiated -- for the moment.

"Have I grown horns or something?" She smiled, and opened her eyes "You're staring."

"Well, there's a lot to stare at. The view from where I'm lying is pretty spectacular."

"Thank you, Captain."

"Matthew, Matt, whichever. I think we should be on first name terms by now, don't you Demon?" He paused "And I really can't go on calling you that, it's just so inappropriate." He smiled as he looked down at her. "Don't you have another name I can use?"

She looked at him long and hard before answering "You could use my real first name. It's Deborah."

"Deborah is nice. I can handle Deborah." He moved his free hand to her flat stomach and ran it

up her rib cage to cup her breast. "I can certainly handle Deborah." She laughed and slapped his hand away.

"So how did you get from Deborah to Demon?"

"Deborah Montgomery. DE and MON. As I told you earlier, a nickname I picked up at school."

"Deborah." He pronounced each syllable carefully. He shut his eyes. "Debbie, Debs, Debsy?" He tried each variation for sound. He never really knew what happened but he found himself on his back, shoulders pinned to the mattress with Demon sitting astride his chest.

Her eyes were glaring down at him, tinged with green. "Try any of those and you get bitten. I get to choose where."

He grinned up at her. "Promise?" She reached down and tweaked his nipple. "Ouch, that hurt!"

"What's my name?" She twisted a bit harder.

"Deborah! OK, it's Deborah! I surrender!" He was laughing as he brought his hand up to caress her cheek. "Look, go easy on me. I'm fragile, remember?"

She bent forward and kissed him gently on the lips, then slid back and off to the side. She knelt beside him, looking down at where he lay on his back. She reached out her hand to stroke the soft hair on his chest.

"I've never liked hairy chests. The texture of the hair is usually so rough. But yours isn't." She carried on stroking, touching the nipple she'd just pinched, then leaned over to kiss it. He wondered just how many chests she'd tested. He wasn't sure why, but he didn't think there had been that many.

"So where were you at school?" Anything to distract her from her current objective. He was still sore from his session with Angel the previous afternoon, and while making love to Demon had been a lot less strenuous, he still felt weaker than he should. He knew it would take him a while to recharge his batteries. Anyway this was the perfect opportunity to get some information from her, while she was feeling mellow.

She brought her head up from his chest, giving his nipple one last nip before she sat back on her heels. She lifted her arms above her head, stretching like a cat. The effect this had on her breasts quite took Gideon's breath away. He was hardly listening when she said "On Earth."

That got his attention. "So you and Angel are native Earthers?" She nodded. "When did you leave Earth?" He needed to know this NOW. If they had escaped the blockade... he held his breath.

Demon replied casually. "Oh, a very long time ago. We've been here for about 5 years now."

Gideon breathed again. Then they weren't infected with the Drakh plague. He went on. "How about the other two? What was it, Ilas and Lilith?" He was pleased he could remember the names. "Never did figure out which one was which."

"Just think of Ilas as Blue and Lilith as Red. That will keep you on the right track, most of the time. Lilith is also a native of Earth. We don't know about Ilas and neither does she. She was little more than a child when we first came together, and she doesn't remember much from before she came to us. Of course, she's grown up since then. I'd hoped you might recognize her species and tell us where her home might be."

Gideon shook his head. "Never seen anything that looked like her before, sorry."

Demon smiled. "Well, you wouldn't have. That's just how she chose to look today. Although that body does seem to be her favorite, so you may see it again."

"I don't understand."

"She's a shape-shifter Matthew. She can choose any appearance that takes her fancy. Male, female, large, small, fat, thin, human, alien -- whatever. As long as it's humanoid" She lay down beside him and put her head on his shoulder. He could feel the warmth of her breath against his chest. He put his arm around her and held her close to his side. She lifted her leg and hooked it over his, pulling herself even closer until they were completely entwined.

He lifted his hand and stroked her hair; so soft to the touch. He bent his head and kissed her forehead as she looked up at him, hopeful. How could anyone with her stature and strength look fragile? He supposed it was her pale coloring and the large dark eyes that were gazing up at him, but he suddenly felt protective of this strange woman. Who was he kidding? It must be the hormones. Testosterone could do that to a man.

"I've never come across a shape shifting species. And I've traveled more than most." Her face fell. Damn, she was hard to disappoint. He wanted desperately to make her smile again.

"So how did you all get here?" She was silent for a long time and he wondered whether he'd pushed too hard. But she didn't pull away from him and as long as she was lying in his arms, he had to press for whatever details he could get. He might not get another opportunity.

"Leave that for another time. It's too complicated to go into now." He decided that he'd pushed as far as he dared on that one, so he changed the subject.

"You said yesterday, and I quote, 'I can assure you that your Mr. Eilerson, Lt. Matheson and Dr. Raven are in no danger.' What did you mean by that? Why did you mention them specifically?" Would she answer this one? He was anxious for news of his crew, particularly Matheson, but tried not to let his anxiety show in his voice. But then, if what he suspected were true, she knew what he was feeling anyway. He could only see the top of her head from where he lay, and that gave no clues as to what she was thinking. Hell, he wouldn't know even if he could see her face. She had the best poker face he'd ever seen, and he'd seen a few.

"Ilas took a fancy to Mr. Eilerson as soon as she saw him. I think she must be keeping him entertained." She paused for a moment. "Yes, he's enjoying himself immensely."

Gideon started to laugh. "So Max is hooked up with an alien shape shifter who can take on the

form of any species, sex, shape or size? Oh, he'll be in seventh heaven!" Gideon thought back to the data crystals that Max had accidentally given him. If he enjoyed watching exotic sex, he'd probably enjoy doing it too. Lucky Max!

"And John Matheson?" Damn, he'd let his concern show in his voice. She moved her hand up his chest and stroked gently at his neck.

"Don't worry, Matthew, he's perfectly all right. Lilith would never hurt anyone. She just likes a little variety in life; I assume that's why she took your doctor, too."

Gideon finally realised the implication of what she had said. "The doctor? When did she take the doctor?" He sat up abruptly, pushing her off his chest and turning her on her back. He placed his hands on her shoulders and looked straight down into her eyes. "What about Dureena? And the other crew I left with them?" He was surprised when she didn't struggle or attempt to throw him off. If she'd tried she'd probably have succeeded.

"It's all right, Matthew." She lifted her hand to his face. "They're quite safe. Don't worry. No, that's stupid, of course you'll worry, but there really is no need. We captured them soon after you'd left with Angel. They're unharmed. Although disarming Dureena without hurting her was interesting."

Gideon thought, [I bet it was.] and wondered if they had got all of Dureena's weapons. Damned unlikely. Maybe there was some hope of getting out of this mess after all. Not that his current position was unpleasant, not by a long way.

He looked down at the woman who lay beneath him, unmoving, her eyes fixed on his, filled with concern. He felt calm wash over him. He gripped her shoulders tighter. "Stop it. Don't try to change the way I feel. It's my worry, let me feel it." The sense of calm disappeared immediately, replaced by his own anger, which he quelled.

"So you've worked out what I am." The mask was back in place. Her face had become completely unreadable. He hated the way she'd walled herself off from him, when a moment before she'd been so open.

"It was hard to miss earlier. When you came, I expect half the planet felt it."

Her face reddened. He'd scored a hit! He hadn't expected to be able to rattle her. She sat up, throwing him backwards. As he'd suspected, she was still too strong for him to physically restrain. Maybe he needed to wear her down a bit more. The trouble was that it would probably kill him in the process.

She slid to the edge of the bed and sat with her back to him, her hair cascading down her back. He knew he'd hurt her and regretted it. Not just because she might be able to help or hurt him and his crew. He'd spoken without thinking and caused her pain. She hadn't deserved that.

He moved to sit next to her on the edge of the bed, putting his arm around her shoulders and lifting her chin with his hand. Her hair had fallen either side of her face so he pushed it back. He was startled and ashamed to see the tears on her cheeks. "I'm sorry; that was stupid." He leant

forward and kissed her gently on the lips. She didn't resist or respond so he pulled back. "I can't take back what I said, much as I'd like to, but please believe that I am sorry" He kissed her again and this time felt her lips part under his. Well, there was only one thing to do when you'd made a woman cry. Only one way to make it up to her.

Slowly parting her legs he slid off the bed and onto the floor, coming to rest between her knees. He deepened his kiss and slid a hand along her thigh. The other hand worked up to cup her breast, his thumb coming to rest on her nipple. Her hands fell on his shoulders and caressed his neck. Was she going to let him continue? Or would she just tighten her grip and break his neck? It certainly added excitement to the situation.

Her hands left his neck and started working down his back, trying to pull him closer to her. He held back, then dropped his head to her breast, taking it into his mouth and starting to lick gently with the tip of his tongue. He dropped his hand from her breast and placed it on her thigh, pushing her legs farther apart. His mouth worked down from her breast, his tongue flickering against her ribcage, then to her stomach. Slowly, he kissed her flat belly, continuing down to where his hands were now stroking the insides of her thighs. He moved both hands inwards and spread her labia apart with his thumbs. Her hands were now stroking his head, fingers clenching in his hair.

He dropped his head between her legs and pushed his tongue into her. He kept his thumbs on her labia, pressing, stroking, and caressing, while his tongue found her clitoris and started to lap gently. He felt her vulva tense as he sucked on her clit; he could feel it swell beneath his tongue and lips as she became more aroused. Leaving one hand where he could keep her spread apart, he moved the other so he could slide his fingers inside her. First just one, but when he felt how wet she was, he pushed another in beside it. He sucked harder at her clit, and felt her vagina pulse against his fingers. He was now pushing deep inside her, rubbing against her walls, probing for the spot which he knew would lift her straight to orgasm.

Her fingers pushed at his head, trying to push him deeper into her. He licked her clit again. It had swollen to where he could take it gently between his teeth; she moaned and shuddered as the waves of pleasure built. Finally his fingers reached in far enough to stroke the most sensitive parts of her vagina. Her breathing was labored and quick now, panting with every thrust of his hand inside her and every touch of his tongue to her. He could feel her thighs moving against his shoulders as she rocked in time with his touch.

He sucked harder and felt her rise from the bed to meet his thrusting hand and tongue. She exploded into orgasm harder than she had before. She fell backwards on the bed, releasing his hair, shaking with reaction to the continued pressure of his mouth and fingers. Her back arched as another wave of orgasm hit her, and another. Each time she subsided he pushed his fingers back to that spot in her vagina that he knew could bring her straight back to the top of her climax. Again and again he made her come until she was screaming.

Slowly he lifted his head from between her legs. She was sprawled on the bed in front of him, legs spread wide, hair a tangled mess beneath her shoulders, arms flung out, her hands buried deep in the bed covers, fingers gripping and tearing in rhythm with his hand pushing into her. Her chest and throat were flushed; beads of sweat standing out on her forehead as she came again, and again. He didn't think he'd ever taken a woman to this level of pleasure before. His cock was

swollen and stiff but he wouldn't take her now. No, he would give her a chance to recover then take her again. He bent over her and took her breast into his mouth, biting gently down on her nipple. She arched beneath him one last time as he slowed the thrust of his hand inside her. He gently removed his fingers, sliding his hands along her thighs. He raised his hands to her shoulders and pulled her up off the mattress towards him. She was completely limp, her head hanging back languidly from her neck. For a moment he wondered whether she'd fainted. Well, that would be a first. He pulled her close against his chest with one arm and pushed his other hand behind her head, lifting it towards him "Deborah? Are you all right? Deborah?"

She lifted her head up and opened her eyes. Her pupils were dilated; her eyes looked completely black.

She slowly licked at her dry lips, then spoke. "You bastard, they probably felt that one from orbit."

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The robe had dried Lily's skin, and where it touched it also dried her hair, within seconds. John and Luke picked up the robes they had worn earlier, and they also felt their drying effect. Lily sat on the floor in front of the fireplace, which now had a burning log inside, and motioned for them to join her. When they did she pulled them close and kissed first John, then Luke on the mouth. For a while she just sat there, enjoying being together with them, Luke's head leaning on her left shoulder from behind, his arms around her waist, John lying on the floor, his head in her lap, his hands caressing her thighs.

Suddenly they could feel another wave of orgasm pass through them, even more intense than the first one. [Demon certainly is having fun,] Lily thought, stifling a giggle. While she felt the sending, but wasn't influenced by it, her two companions didn't have that "protection". Lily could feel Luke go rigid, his arms around her waist stiffening, while John's back arched and she could hear him moan. "How long will this go on?" John asked when it was over. Lily smiled. "Well, probably all night... she's got quite a bit stamina." She could tell he was aroused despite the folds in the robe, and thought about the crew they'd imprisoned. They'd probably be jerking off or fucking each other as a result of Demon's sendings... [One big orgy tonight], she thought with amusement.

Luke was half asleep while leaning against Lily, the bath and now the warmth of the fire were making him drowsy, and still aroused from Demon's second orgasm sending. He had tried to suppress it, but to no avail. It was as hopeless as fighting a wave washing over him and carrying him with it.

He only became aware that he had slipped his hand inside Lily's robe and was languidly caressing her breast when he heard her purr, "Oh yes, don't stop, please..." So he continued.

John looked up when he heard her purr. He saw Luke's hand moving inside her robe, and felt his cock grow harder. Lily's eyes were closed, as were Luke's, and her breathing came in soft gasps. Her fingers were clawing the carpet.

John turned around on his stomach and parted her stretched legs, lying between them, and then

slowly, seductively parted her robe by moving his hands upward on her inner thighs. When he saw her red V of hair, he leaned near and parted her folds with his fingers. His tongue flicked out, tasting her, making her gasp. She shifted to give him better access to her clit, and he closed his lips around her mound and started licking and sucking in earnest. She grabbed his hair, trying to push him deeper inside her. His lips and tongue were driving her crazy. At the same time she could feel Luke's touch on her breast become harder, more passionate, feeding the fire inside her even more. He was now sitting very close to her, his legs sprawled along hers, and she could feel his hard cock press against the small of her back. Her hands grabbed Luke's thighs the next time John's tongue flicked over her clitoris, making the doctor gasp. The way she kneaded his flesh turned him on, to his surprise, although her long fingernails almost cut through his skin. [And I thought I wasn't the S&M type!] He looked down at John licking Lily's clit, and found that watching also turned him on, very much so.

John could feel that Lily was almost ready -- her clit was swollen and wet, and she was making little begging noises, but he wouldn't let her come. He'd drive her close to the edge, then hold back, over and over. He felt his swollen cock aching for release, and could only guess at Luke's condition, but he concentrated completely on her. Almost...

He could feel her muscles clench when she came, but didn't stop licking and sucking, making her come again, and again. Just then he felt another orgasm wave pass through him, and it was too much for him, he came violently, still not letting her go, riding out this almost never-ending wave with her.

Luke felt Lily's orgasms, her ass rhythmically pressing against his hard cock, and then came Demon's latest sending, which didn't seem to end; wave after wave of orgasm passed through him, and took his last bit of control with it; he came, his hand closing around Lily's breast, not realizing his fingernails were cutting through the sensitive skin.

Then, finally, it was over. John rolled over on his back, his head resting against Lily's womb, and Luke let go of her breast. He realized there was blood beneath his fingernails and gasped. "Lily are you all right? I didn't want to hurt you..." Lily smiled. "Never mind. I've been marked before. I can heal that later." Then she sighed, utterly satiated. "I don't know about you, but I need some rest now..." She got up slowly, carefully, and dragged herself to bed. Luke and John followed, still panting. Soon they were soundly asleep, even before the next wave of orgasm pulsed through the castle.

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Gideon lifted himself from his knees to lie on top of Deborah, kissing her open mouth, pushing her hair back from her face as he held her head in his hands. His cock felt as if it was going to explode as it was pressed between them. He tried to think of anything but the sensation of her skin against it. He thought he might just have one last shot left in him that night. He didn't want to waste it by coming all over her belly. He had to think of calming things, non-sexual things, any damn thing other than the fact that he wanted to fuck her hard and he wanted to fuck her now. He slowly regained control while kissing her gently on the lips, moving his mouth across her cheek to her ear, nibbling at the earlobe, feeling her do the same to him. She breathed against his ear, "My turn now."



The next thing he knew, their positions were completely reversed. He was on his back on the bed, his buttocks resting on the edge. She lay on top of him, her legs between his, her mouth covering his. Her weight pressed down against his cock and again he summoned every ounce of control he possessed and pushed the sensations back. She started to move slowly down his body, kissing his neck, then his throat, working down his collarbone to his chest, stopping briefly to suck on his nipples. He wouldn't have thought it possible but he felt his cock swell and harden even more. His balls felt like they were on fire.

She moved inexorably downward, stopping to push her tongue into his navel. His back arched at that one; he'd never realised how sensual that could be. She continued down until she reached his cock, and then lifted her head. She took his cock gently in her hand and brought her mouth down to meet it. Her tongue flicked out to touch the tip with the gentlest of motions. His buttocks tensed as he thrust upwards towards her. He wanted her to take him deep inside her mouth, but she wouldn't. She licked carefully at the tip, then ran her tongue slowly down the back of his shaft, moving her hand gently as she did so. Her touches were so soft it was driving him insane. He wanted to grab her head and force her mouth down over his cock until it hit the back of her throat. He found himself gripping the sheets in the same way Deborah had a few moments before, something to hold onto, to help him stay in control.

Her hand started to caress his balls, a finger running up the line where they came together, massaging them slowly but firmly. She brought her tongue back up the shaft and reached the tip, circling and probing. He felt himself hanging on by a thread as she took him into her mouth -- just the head at first, her lips circling him, her tongue playing with him. She began to suck, pushing her mouth further down his shaft. His hips were pushing upwards now, trying to get himself deeper inside her mouth. He could feel her teeth gently scraping the sides of his cock. It was taking everything he had now not to come into her mouth. He really didn't want to do that, but if she kept this up he would lose control. He shifted his hand to her hair, and pulled her head away from him. She looked along the length of his body and met his eyes. He could barely gasp, "If you keep doing that, I'm coming right now." She smiled and bent her head back to his cock. Oh God, she was going to finish him off completely.

She gave the tip of his penis the very gentlest of kisses, and moved away.

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She stood up and moved back from him, so she could drink in the sight of his long, lean body lying on the bed beneath her. He'd brought her to a level of pleasure that she'd never experienced before. She was now going to return the favor. But first she had to pause to admire the sheer size of his erection. It swayed above his belly, and the length and girth were both impressive. She could hardly wait to take it all as deep inside her as she could, but she knew she had to take it slowly. If she tried to take him all at once she would hurt them both. Despite her physical size, she was quite narrow inside and getting that great cock inside her would take time and patience if she didn't want him to come before she'd finished. She could feel the hot fluids seeping from the walls of her vagina, ready to lubricate his entry.

She reached down and pushed his legs together, straddling them while still standing. She positioned herself carefully above his cock and gently lowered herself until the tip just pushed against her. She could see his fingers gripping the sheets in his effort to control himself. She

would get no help there. She reached down between her legs and spread her lips wide. She continued to descend as his cock pushed inside her. She stopped before she'd gone too far and pulled back up. She was sure he'd swelled even further since he'd been inside her earlier. It felt bigger when she pushed down again, although the hot wet walls of her vagina were stretching to accommodate him. But she'd never been stretched like this before. She pushed down again and he slid another inch inside her. His eyes were closed and she could see from the line of his jaw that his teeth were tightly clenched. One final push and he was deep inside her. She leant forward supporting herself on her hands placed either side of him and began to rock. He slid in a fraction further. She could feel his balls pressing against her as she took him right to the root of his shaft.

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His hand left the sheets where it had been clenched into a fist, and slid between her legs. His fingers probed and found her clitoris. As she rocked his finger rubbed against her, arousing her, stimulating her, making her swell and releasing more lubrication from her vagina. As her walls stretched further she moved more vigorously, now adding a downward thrust to her rocking. Each push down brought her clit into hard contact with his fingers. He started to thrust his hips up to match her downward push. His cock was slamming into her hard now, his fingers pressing upwards into her core. He opened his eyes and looked up at her. Her head was thrown back, eyes shut, mouth open, lips swollen, breathing ragged. Her nipples stood out from her breasts, hard and proud. He hadn't seen anything this beautiful since... well, since her sister Angel had been in much the same position on top of him roughly 12 hours earlier. Both women were quite incredible, and incredibly different.

He knew he couldn't hang on much longer and needed to bring her to orgasm quickly. He pulled his hand out from between them and it came away wet with her liquid, which was what he wanted. He pushed his other hand between them and continued to push his finger into her every time she slammed down onto him. He moved his free hand round her hip and over her cheek, sitting up to increase his reach. On her next push down onto his cock, he slipped a finger wet with her own lubricants into her anus.

Her eyes flew open with surprise, and then shock as he pushed at the wall that separated his finger from his cock. Both his hands were now fully occupied, one in front of her and one behind. He could do nothing when she lunged forward and sunk her teeth into his shoulder. The pain mixed with the pleasure from his cock made him explode. He felt a hot stream of semen spurt into her like a fire hydrant. It just went on and on. He never knew his balls could hold that much. Her vagina pulsed around him and he felt her coming right with him. He increased the pressure of his finger inside her and felt her teeth bite harder in response. He thought she'd probably drawn blood by now. She thrust down once more onto his cock and his fingers and collapsed panting against his chest.

He pulled his hands away and encircled her with his arms. He was still deep inside her as she straddled him, but he held her tight against his chest. He just wasn't quite sure who was supporting whom. His spine felt like jelly and he couldn't stay upright but collapsed back on to the bed, dragging her down on top of him. She pushed her arms under her and lifted herself off his chest. Looking straight down into his eyes she said,

"And they probably felt that one in the next solar system."

Max felt someone shaking his arm and began to wake. He'd been dreaming of Ilas, her body spread out on satin sheets ... He wanted her, urgently, and in an effort to find her, opened his eyes.

Matthew Gideon was looking down at him, amusement sparkling in his hazel eyes.

"Captain!" Max tried to sit up, and moved back quickly, hoping his erection was hidden under the sheets. "How did you get in here? Where's Ilas..." he trailed off as Gideon's mouth curled into a smile, and opened, emitting a familiar giggle. He tried to recover his dignity as the face rippled, shifting to Ilas's usual blue haired appearance. With a growl, Max reached for her, pulling her onto the bed and pinning her down. "What was that about?" he demanded gruffly, his lips grazing her chin.

Ilas giggled again, wishing the sheet weren't between her and Max. "I was practicing, I wanted to see if I got his face right." She arched up against him, feeling his cock through the sheet.

"Fooled me!" he told her, reaching down to push the sheet out of the way.

"Want to see the others?" she asked, gasping as he entered her quickly.

"Not right now," Max ended the conversation with a deep kiss.

When they finished, Max rolled onto his back. "So why, dare I ask, are you practicing looking like Gideon?"

"Because Demon doesn't want his crew worrying. I should have done it hours ago, but ..." her eyes drifted over him. "I got distracted." Ilas leaned over and kissed Max briefly before slipping from the bed.

"So where are you calling them from?" Max called from the bed, holding the curtain aside and watching Ilas tie the belt of her robe.

"You'll see," she told him coyly. "Now come out and get some food, you're probably starving."

"What about you?" Max stood and stretched, feeling more refreshed than he had in years.

"I ate already." Ilas handed Max his robe. He sat at a little table she'd apparently brought in while he was asleep. Ilas moved behind him, sliding her arms around his shoulders, caressing his chest. "Try one of these," she whispered in his ear, reaching for a small grape-like piece of fruit. Max opened his mouth, capturing her fingers as she fed him the food.

"Mmm, good." Max swallowed and turned his head to look at her. "Can I have some more?"

"Of course, you can--" any further words were cut off by Max turning and grabbing her waist. Ilas didn't protest when he pulled her across his lap, holding her close and devouring her mouth in

a passionate kiss. Finally breaking the kiss, Ilas smiled at him and stood. "Eat up Max, we have to go soon." Ilas moved behind him.

"Go where?" When there was no answer, Max turned and saw she had vanished. Seeing no other choice Max began to eat, not realizing how hungry he was until he saw that all the food was gone. Sitting back, he patted his stomach and sighed.

"Finished?" came Ilas's voice from behind him. He turned to see her standing at the spot that led back to her chambers. Her hair was pinned up in an intricate pattern that looked to have been grown rather than styled. [Considering her, it might have been grown,] he thought. Her hip-hugging pants carried a reddish sheen, accented by the deep red shirt. The vest she wore was a stark contrast - white with delicate black runes stitched in it. Max studiously avoided looking at the runes for too long, instead concentrating on Ilas's smiling face.

"Welcome back." He stood, reaching for her.

"Get dressed." She handed Max a bundle of clothes. She spoke softly, but with a clear edge of command.

"Yes, ma'am." Max smirked and undid the knot of his robe, letting the black garment fall to the floor. His erection had subsided in her absence, but was beginning to return. He made no effort to hide it as he looked at the bundle. It was the clothes he'd been wearing the day before. They smelled clean, and seemed almost newer than when he'd last worn them. Pulling the shirt on, he noticed a hole near the cuff had been mended. [I've been meaning to fix that for months now.] He was straightening the collar of his IPX jacket when Ilas moved close, sliding her hands up his chest and around his neck.

She kissed him sweetly, and for one of the few times in his life, Max felt cherished. Stepping back, she took his hand. "Come on, I have to go call your ship." She led him through the wall, for which Max had to close his eyes.

"Walking through walls is something that should be confined to ghosts and movies!" He exclaimed as they re-entered her room.

Ilas chuckled, then turned serious as she turned to face him. "Max, I'm really sorry about this, but I have to."

Before Max could ask what, Ilas spun him around and he felt something cold and metallic clamped to his wrists. "What the--!?" Max was outraged.

"Max, I'm sorry ... My sisters would be mad if they found out I was taking you outside. They'd be livid if I did so without some obvious means of restraint." She stepped closer, leaning against him and whispering in his ear. "I promise, as soon as we're outside, I'll let you go. I know you won't run away. And even if you do, I'll find you."

"All right." Max wasn't entirely pleased with the situation, but he understood her reasoning. "But as soon as we're clear of the castle, these come off," he shook his wrists, noticing the cuffs didn't chafe as much as he expected.

"I promise." Ilas pushed him gently ahead of her, taking the opportunity to pat his butt.

"Hey! No getting fresh with the prisoners!" Max protested, walking forward as her hand came to rest on his back.

"I'll make it up to you," she purred. "Now hush." Ilas opened the door and pushed Max in front of her. She gripped his elbow and led him through several corridors. Crossing the courtyard, Ilas stopped as they approached a guard by the entrance. A few brief words were exchanged, followed by a speedy lowering of the drawbridge.

Ilas remained silent as she led Max past the guard, over the bridge, and into the woods. Several minutes later, she glanced back towards the castle, judging that they were far enough away. She turned to Max and looked him over slowly, her lips curved in a faint smirk. "I was gonna let you go, but you just look so good like that." Ilas reached out and lay a hand on Max's chest, pushing him backwards. His back pressed against a tree, and Ilas moved closer, kissing the underside of his jaw. "I could do anything I wanted right now, and you couldn't stop me," she murmured, undoing the top button of his shirt and kissing his throat.

"I'd let you do what you wanted anyway," he pleaded softly, his body quickly responding to her attentions.

"You didn't last night," she replied, meeting his eyes.

"Oh God," Max whispered, remembering how he'd stopped her in the tub the night before. He gasped as her leg pressed between his, her thigh rubbing against his hardening cock. Slowly, she finished unbuttoning his shirt, pushing it, and his jacket off his shoulders, further binding his arms. She purred and ran her slender fingers through the dark gold hair that covered his chest.

Ilas chuckled quietly and flicked her tongue over Max's nipple, her fingers undoing his belt and zipper. Running her mouth down his stomach, she knelt before him, reaching inside his pants and freeing his staff. Her lips and tongue played along the outside, following every vein, moving down to fondle his balls. Max let out a quiet moan as she mouthed the tender sac, sucking gently. Inching her way to the tip, Max saw her lips curve as she met his eyes. Her tongue flicked out and tasted the bead of clear fluid that had formed at the tip of his cock. Their eyes were locked as she slipped the head of his cock into her mouth, her tongue stroking the underside of the head. Max wanted to run his hands over her face, her hair, but his arms were still held back by the cuffs and his own clothes.

Ilas took him in completely, her tongue tasting and caressing every inch of him. She felt his hips buck, and saw him struggling against his bonds. Deciding he'd had enough, Ilas began bobbing her head, knowing he couldn't hold out much longer.

Max's cock twitched and spasmed and his knees went weak as he came, thrusting into Ilas's mouth. Grinning up at him, she pulled away, sitting back on her heels as he slumped to the ground. He panted lightly as she moved to straddle him, pressing her breasts against his chest as she reached behind him. His hands were free, and Max reached for Ilas, at the same time shrugging his shirt and jacket back over his shoulders. Kissing her deeply, he could taste his own

lingering essence in her mouth, and found the tangy flavor oddly arousing. Pulling away, he cupped her face and regarded her for a long moment, not speaking. "Why did you bring me out here again?" he finally asked.

"I told you. Because I have to call your ship so they don't worry." Ilas stood, glancing around as Max stood as well and zipped himself up. He buttoned his shirt, but took his jacket off, finding the day warm.

"Why not just use the commlinks?" Ilas started off at a gentle stroll, and Max followed, grinning when she took his hand.

"Because Demon's locked those up, and I don't want to bother her for the key. Since the only other way is the shuttle, and it's my job to make the call, I had to come out here."

"Why bring me? Wouldn't it be better security to leave me back there? I mean, I could run away at any time," he teased, squeezing her hand gently.

"I know you won't," she said simply, looking away at the sky. They were at the edge of the forest, high on a hill, looking down at the settlement far below them. Max didn't remember the area from when he and Matheson had landed earlier. He guessed Ilas was taking the scenic route. The trees around them were large, clearly very old. The bark was smooth, and the leaves were broad. The underbrush was typical of a dozen worlds with this climate.

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When John awoke, he found it was in the middle of the day and he was alone in bed. Lily was playing her harp. He lifted himself up on his elbows and looked to his left, where he saw Lily and Luke sit beside each other on the broad window-seat, talking. Luke wore a pair of tight blue velvet pants, and a shirt in the same colour, which he had decided to leave open. John saw matching clothes in red lie at the bed's foot end for him. He put them on, listening to the conversation.

"So you say the Vorlon just left you here in stasis?" Luke just said.

Lily shrugged. "Yes. We don't know why. Maybe they thought we could be of use to them later. And then the Brakiri found us, and we had to take control here."

John stood and put on the shirt, frowning, just as Luke did. "Had to take control?"

Lily shrugged, "Yes. Everything happened as you saw it on the tapestries," then concentrated on playing her harp again. Luke didn't ask any more, but leaned his head back and thought about what she had told him.

John walked over to them. "Good morning." He said.

Lily smiled. "Shouldn't you say good afternoon?" She put down her harp and laid her arms around his neck, drawing him towards her for a kiss.

When she withdrew John said grinning, "Well, whichever is correct, it started good, for sure."

Luke gave a short laugh.

They sat down around the table for some late lunch. Lily repeated her tale for John, but wouldn't say anything about the time before she had been kidnapped and trained by the Vorlon, first alone, then together with her three "sisters." She talked fondly of them, describing their peculiarities and telling some stories from the time since they'd awoke from their stasis. She told how, in time, each of the sisters had taken over responsibilities in the village. Because of her empathic ability to tell if people were lying, Demon had become a sort of arbitrator in village disputes. Angel used her knowledge of herbs and spells to act as village healer. Ilas took care of any trouble that arose. She could change into any form and physically subdue anyone who got into fights. Lily taught the Brakiri children reading, writing, arithmetic, music and many other things. She was helped by the Brakiri women, who taught the children about their culture and heritage.

Luke and John were captivated with her telling. "You are sisters in all but blood," Luke said.

"Yes," Lily answered, suddenly a distracted look on her face. The next moment, she stood, almost overthrowing her easy chair, the plate she'd held falling to the ground, and screamed, her hands covering her ears. "Nooooooooo!" She shrank away when both men stood and reached out for her, holding her left hand up for them to keep their distance while she took a few steps towards the wall and looked at the floor, her face horror-stricken. Her lips were moving, but no sound escaped. She knelt down and stretched out her hand, as if touching something that was lying there, then shuddered and covered her face with her hands. Finally she took a slow deep breath and stood, facing them.

"What's happened?" John asked, still not daring to reach out for her. Luke stood at his side, his concern clear on his face, but not wanting to push Lily in her present state.

She looked at John for a second then at Luke, then back at John. Then she sat back down, slumping in the chair and massaging her temples. Both men looked at each other, then sat. "Lily... did you see something again?" John asked softly, remembering when they'd stood watching the sunset the day before.

Lily looked up, so much pain and fear in her eyes that John thought he could feel it despite her blocking him. "The future isn't written in stone," she said in a shaky voice. She poured herself some fruit juice and emptied the glass, forestalling further questions.

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They had finished their meal in silence, and Lily had retreated to her window seat, playing her harp.

John and Luke were still sitting in their easy chairs. John had told Luke what had happened while they'd been watching the sunset, and about his suspicion that it had had to do with his, Luke's, arrival. Luke had never believed in foresight, but knowing the four women had been changed and trained by a race far superior to any other that had reigned in this universe, he was willing to give this theory the benefit of the doubt. He looked over at Lily, and couldn't help but shudder. She was there physically, but mentally she had retreated to some far away place. And the melodies that were emerging beneath her skilled fingers... "Do I dare to say that her music sounds...

mourning?" He looked at John, whose eyes darted to Lily, then back to the doctor. His complexion turned somewhat sick, and his voice almost cracked when he asked,

"You mean... someone's gonna die?"

Luke shrugged. "I don't know. The future isn't written in stone, I was told."

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The ground began to slope and Max could see the shuttles in a field. Ilas led him down and into one. "Do you know how to work the controls of one of these?" she asked as she settled into the pilot's chair.

"Barely. I can get one off the ground in a pinch, and fly it long enough to get it to the ship. After that, I let autopilot take over. This is communications." He pointed to a small circle on the pressure sensitive control panel. "Pretty easy, I know on these shuttles it links right to the ship, so anyone can get in touch with them, no matter how little they know about the shuttle. Gideon has it that way for emergencies, in case something happens to the crew, it's easy to get in touch with the ship. He's paranoid." Max kicked a panel near his seat in the co-pilot's chair. "There's spare parts in here for almost every key system."

"Wonderful, and it makes things much easier for me. Thanks." Ilas began undoing her shirt and vest.

Max raised an eyebrow. "I thought you were gonna call the ship," he looked her over slowly as her round breasts were exposed to his view. He felt his cock stirring once again.

"I am, but I can't call them if I'm wearing those, can I?" Ilas tossed her shirt and vest to Max. "Can they see you sitting there?"

"They shouldn't, and I promise to be quiet."

Ilas looked hard at him for a moment, as though wondering how far to trust him. "All right. Do you happen to know the names of anyone on duty?"

"Not offhand, it's usually on their jackets here." Max showed her. "And their rank is here. You'll probably be speaking to an ensign," he told her, and briefly outlined the various badges of rank so she would know exactly whom she was addressing.

"Thank you." Ilas leaned over and kissed Max quickly. A moment later, he watched the top half of Ilas's body ripple. It quickly reformed into Gideon's face and upper body - including the jacket, her breasts vanishing. The sight of Ilas's womanly hips and legs descending from Gideon's upper body was enough to bring a smirk to Max's lips. Her voice was uncannily accurate as she told the ensign -- a dark haired woman by the name of Coombs -- that everything was going well, Lieutenant Matheson and Max Eilerson had been recovered, and they would be staying on the planet for a few more days in negotiations with the natives. It seemed to be enough for the ensign and Ilas closed the link, sighing and slumping back into the pilot's chair. There was an uncharacteristic grin on 'Gideon's' face as Ilas turned to face Max. "So how did I do?" she asked,



still using Gideon's voice.

Max clapped appreciatively. "Bravo!"

She gave a small upper-body bow. "Thank you. And now for the rest of them ..." Gideon quickly became Dr. Luke Raven. "How should I play him?" Ilas realized she was depending a lot on Max for information, but somehow felt she could trust him.

"Uh, well, he's a recent addition to the crew. You'll be safe with an 'All's well here, full report when I get back to the ship.' in that case."

"All right." Opening the link, she smoothly imitated the doctor, reporting situation good, no help needed. Still in her Doctor image, she turned again to Max. "Saving the best for last," she winked at him.

Max sat stunned as Ilas transformed into him. He noticed that her legs were larger now and wondered if she'd done a full body transformation. Before he had a chance to ask, she opened a channel. Hearing his own voice, Max found himself struck by the quality of it. He'd heard himself speak, and he'd heard his voice recorded, but until this day, he'd never heard his voice uncorrupted by recording or skull vibrations. He watched her report, impressed with her accurate tones, expressions, and wordings. Finally she cut the link and turned to him. "Max, why're you looking at me like that?"

"I just never realized how sexy I was." He smirked at her. "They're going to get suspicious, though." Max noticed she hadn't changed back to her 'usual' form.

"Why's that?" Ilas stood, letting her body adjust to its new size. She had indeed transformed fully into Max Eilerson, including his height, which was a good deal taller than she was used to.

"I'm not as young as you make me look," he replied, looking over her -- himself? -- slowly. Indeed, her version of him seemed younger, stronger, and larger than he'd felt in years. After a moment, he realized that ever since he'd woken up and found Ilas waiting in the tub, he'd felt younger and stronger. He didn't know if it was her, or something in the air. Remembering the past day, he decided it was her.

"Trust me Max," he heard himself say. [This is odd!] he thought, knowing it was Ilas speaking. "I know your body better than you do. Right down to that little birthmark you have right here." Ilas turned sideways and pointed to her gluteus maximus. She turned to face Max again, noticing he seemed lost in thought, his eyes distant. "Max, what is it?"

"I was just thinking." Max idly reached up and lay a hand on her hip. "I, uh, I've always wondered what it's like for...for the person having sex with me." His blue eyes sparkled with curiosity as he looked up. He noticed with a smile that her eyes were now the same lavender he'd grown used to. "You can keep the eyes, though," he said as he stood. Keeping one hand on Ilas's hip, Max reached out to stroke the golden hair that mirrored his own. "I need a haircut," he joked, leaning close. Moving closer, seeing his own face about to be kissed, Max was reminded of an afternoon he'd spent as a boy, kissing a mirror. His laugh was swallowed by Ilas's mouth, softer than he'd expected. The kiss lingered, Max delighting in feeling his own mouth from an outsider's

perspective.

Ilas broke the kiss slowly, moving away. "Come on," she tried to take Max's hand.

"No." Max gripped her arm lightly and pulled her close, wrapping his hands around her waist. "I've always wanted to have sex in a shuttle, too." He kissed her again, feeling his body responding more quickly than he would have expected. With a shock, he realized he could feel her arousal pressing against him.

"Well if you insist," Ilas murmured, nipping at Max's ear.

"I do." With that, Max gently pushed Ilas away, making her sit in the pilot's chair again. "Are these real?" he asked, running a hand up her calf as he knelt at her feet.

"What, the pants or the legs?" Ilas smirked, licking her lips in anticipation. She'd transformed into a male before, but never for sexual purposes. This was a truly new experience for her.

"The pants, wench." Max pushed her legs apart, seeing the sizable bulge at her crotch. Looking up at her, he reached out and laid his hand against her, feeling the hardness through the pants.

"They're real," Ilas told him, gasping as Max's hand caressed her.

"Good." Reaching up, Max worked his fingers under the waistband, finding that it was elastic. Ilas raised her hips, letting him pull the pants off. He tossed them over his shoulder to join the rest of her clothes, his eyes fixed on her erection. [It's the perspective, it's gotta be the perspective.] "I haven't done this in a while," he admitted. [Yeah, high school would qualify as a while.]

"I'm sure you'll do fine." Ilas gasped with pleasure as Max reached out to stroke her cock. Ilas thought, [oh that feels good!] Max stroked her for a moment, seeming to work up the courage for the next step.

Ilas noticed Max's hesitation, and was about to speak when he leaned forward. Slowly, his tongue flicked out, teasing the tip of her cock. Ilas hissed softly, meeting Max's eyes. Seeing her pleasure, Max repeated the motion, lingering. Gradually he worked his tongue down the length of her shaft, remembering what she'd done to him so recently. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Ilas digging her fingers into the arm rests of the chair, her lavender eyes blazing darkly with pleasure. Moving back to the tip, he parted his lips, wrapping his mouth around the head of her cock. Ilas groaned softly above him and Max continued, taking more into his mouth. The head pressed against the back of his throat and Max pulled back quickly, having forgotten his gag reflex.

Moving forward again, Max gradually worked Ilas down his throat, his hand fondling her balls. With a strangled moan, Ilas came, her cock twitching in Max's mouth, filling his mouth and throat with her sweet essence. As he sat back, Max marveled that her juices were the same sweet honey flavor they had been the night before.

Looking up at her, Max saw that Ilas was slumped in the chair, her head rolled to one side. Standing quickly, he leaned over her, tilting her face towards him. [Now she looks my age,] he thought as he noticed the fatigue lines that were creased around her eyes. "Ilas? You all right?"

"I'm fine," her voice was deep with tiredness. "It's just ... I didn't realize how draining that would be. No pun intended."

"It's one thing to flatter me," Max grinned, settling back in the co-pilot's chair as Ilas readjusted her clothes, tucking her cock away. "But I know I wasn't that good." He gave her a self-effacing grin.

Ilas returned his smile, running a hand through her hair, unused to having it so short. "It wasn't you. I mean, it wasn't just you. You noticed earlier that I didn't change my shape until I needed the next one. Changing forms takes a lot of energy for me, but holding a shape doesn't." She noticed that Max looked slightly confused. "Think of it this way ... When you put on clothes, that takes energy, but wearing the clothes, doesn't. That's what it's like for me. That's why I can stay in the same form for weeks at a time - very little energy drain.

"I'm not used to changing this much outside of the castle. The Vorlon put a low-level energy field around it to protect us. The four of us can draw on that while we're in the castle, to augment our natural abilities. We don't even notice it unless we leave. It's also great for shielding. It doesn't shield from within the castle, but telepathic attacks from outside the castle have a harder time of getting in. Or out, if they come from inside." She glanced away, and Max noticed she seemed to be regaining some of her strength.

"What can you do to build up your energy? I mean should I get you back to the castle or something?" The thought of fleeing while she was apparently weak didn't occur to him.

"No thanks, I'll be fine." She stood slowly, Max following suit quickly. "Come on, I know where I can get some food, and then I'll change into something more my size," she said, referring to her unusually tall form-of-the-moment.

Max took her elbow, gripping it lightly and helping her out of the shuttle. Stepping back inside, he grabbed her shirt and vest and his jacket. Max noticed that Ilas still had a very sensual walk, even though she appeared to be him from head to toe. [Or do I normally walk like that, and I'm really just the narcissistic bastard everyone thinks I am?]

Winding their way through the woods, Ilas led Max to a large tree that seemed out of place. It was shorter than those around it, with a rougher bark. It seemed to stand in a clearing with was littered with small orange-ish fruit the size and shape of a golf ball. They settled at the base, sitting side by side. Ilas quickly gathered all the fruit within her reach. She looked apologetically at Max before she began eating. "I'm not a pretty sight when I'm drained like this. I don't eat so much as inhale." With that, she popped one of the fruits into her mouth and began chewing.

Almost immediately she seemed to have more energy. As he watched, Ilas consumed no less than two dozen of the small things before finishing. Sitting back, she stretched slightly. "Much better." She turned to Max, who was curiously nibbling at one of the fruits. "No don't!" She quickly took it from him. "Did you eat much of this?"

"No, that was the only one. Why, what's wrong?"

"They're poisonous to humans in a large enough dose. I'm sorry, I should have said something before."

"It's okay. No harm done." Max wrapped an arm around her shoulders, realizing how broad his own must be.

"Max, one of these," she tossed the fruit he'd nibbled away, "will make you violently ill. Two will kill you. The Brakiri can eat them without harm, so can I, but you would have died." She reached for the bundle of clothes on his lap. "I don't want you to die, Max." She toyed with her shirt, looking down at her hands.

"Well, I don't plan on dying any time soon," he told her. He went to reach for her, but she stood before he had a chance.

Max watched with no small amount of awe as 'his' form rippled away and solidified into Ilas's shorter, white-faced image. Her smooth chest bulged into full womanly breasts as her legs shortened and softened. Pulling the shirt on, she buttoned the middle few buttons and left the others open. Max grinned at her as she settled beside him again, leaning close and kissing him slowly. "Welcome back," he teased when she let him up for air.

Ilas chuckled softly and sat back. "Thank you, it's good to be back." Laying on the ground, she rested her head in Max's lap. Max slipped his hand inside her shirt and idly stroked her breasts. "So how was it?"

"How was what?"

"Having sex with yourself."

"Oh. It was, uh ..." Max was clearly searching for the right words. "Some fantasies should stay that way."

"Ahhh ..."

They stayed there for quite some time, enjoying the quiet. Finally Ilas spoke again. "Either Demon's calmed down, or we're far enough away."

"What?"

Sighing softly, Ilas sat up, sitting cross-legged and facing Max. "Part of the reason I brought you out here was because of Demon."

"Demon? One of your sisters?"

"Yeah, she's tall, blonde, and --Well it's easier to show you." Ilas's face melted, reforming into that of her sister, Demon. "She's an empath, projecting and sensing. My sisters and I aren't affected by it, but when she's emotionally charged, it goes out in waves. I can tell it's happening. Last night I could sense she was having very good sex. Her orgasms were radiating. I brought you out here because, well ..." Ilas looked away, but Max read uncertainty in her vivid lavender eyes. "I wanted

to know that what you were feeling was because of me, not because of what someone else was doing to my sister."

Max smiled faintly at her, admiring her for being able to voice her insecurities, rather than bury them as he did. Leaning forward, he kissed her forehead gently. "Don't worry ... Everything I've felt so far has been a result of you -- whatever form you happen to be in."

Ilas smiled and tilted her head up, meeting Max's lips in a slow kiss.

For the rest of the afternoon they talked. Ilas showed him each of her sisters in turn before returning to her normal face. They also made love several times, Ilas contorting her body in ways Max had only imagined before.

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## The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double

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