

# The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double - Part 4: Moving Forward

by [The Space Witches](#)

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Ilas

## Chapter 1

Ilas stood in front of Lily's door, looking at the key lying next to the wall. [So Lily isn't here. Well she must've left her toys here, otherwise she wouldn't have locked the door.]

Ilas picked up the key and opened the door, peeking inside Lily's room to find Matheson and the doctor sitting on the edge of Lily's lounging pit. They looked up when they heard the door open and seemed surprised - [And a bit disappointed,] Ilas thought - to see her instead of Lily.

"Hi Sweet Face," Ilas said as she entered and closed the door behind her, imitating Lily's tone, "What's up Doc?" She giggled, then asked, "Where's Lily?"

Both men watched her as she sat down opposite them on the edge of the lounging pit. "She said she wanted to see if everything was all right with you and your sisters," Raven said. "Did you... feel anything? Lily said something felt wrong with your connection."

Ilas frowned. "Now that you say it... yes, it is a bit strange. I didn't really notice until now since I was a bit preoccupied..." She couldn't quite suppress a grin. "But my sisters are a bit more attuned to the fine vibrations than I am. I just came to see how Lily was."

"So you can't say exactly what is wrong either?" John asked.

Ilas looked at him and said, "No," then grinned as she remembered kissing him in the dungeon, and even more when John blushed. [Lily was right, he really is cute, even though he's very different from Max.]

Luke covered his mouth with his hand to hide his grin and looked from one to the other. Suddenly Ilas stood. "Well since Lily isn't here..." She walked up to Matheson and bent down, pressing her lips to his and entering his mouth with her tongue, taking him by surprise. John could feel his body react immediately. He felt almost heady. [Does her mouth hold some aphrodisiac substance?]

Ilas broke free and looked at him with sparkling violet eyes; both were panting slightly. "It's your choice," she said in a low, seductive voice.

John blinked, tempted by the invitation, but unsure what to do. He looked to Raven for help. Luke suppressed his grin and shrugged. "She's right - you have to decide. I don't know what Lily would say..."

"Oh that's no problem. She's always ready to share with her sisters," Ilas said with an affectionate grin. "Besides," she added, running a finger along John's cheek. "She should know not to leave her toys alone if she doesn't want to share."

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Demon slowly regained consciousness. She realised that she was in her bed, her hands now untied. Lucas had gone. She tried to move and found that her whole body ached, inside and out. She was stiff and sore, her back and legs ached, and she wasn't sure if she'd be able to walk. The pain inside was the worst; where he'd thrust into her so often and so hard, she felt bruised and swollen.

She pulled herself upright and off the bed, staggering as she moved towards the door. She nearly fell as she reached for the handle of the door. Locked.

She tried to call to her sisters but found that she was so weak and disoriented that she couldn't make contact. [Pull yourself together; you've got to get out of here.] Stumbling away from the door to her living room, she half fell into her bathroom, but soon discovered that the door connecting the bathroom to her living room was also locked.

She realised that she would have to pull herself together physically before she could do anything sensible and started the bath running; she could soak some of the aches out of her bones. Damn him, the regenerator she'd used to heal his injuries was in the other room, locked away from her.

Demon slid her battered body into the hot bath and felt the warmth start to ease away her pains. She moved her hand down between her legs to open herself up to the warm water, allowing it to flow inside her, hoping this would ease the swelling and soreness inside.

She lay in the hot soothing water trying to work out what had happened and what she should do next. She cast her mind back over the events of the last few days and tried to work it all out.

She remembered the first time she and Gideon had made love and the slow, gentle way he had entered her. She closed her eyes and visualized their love making here in the tub. They'd been kneeling facing each other with his erection pressed between them. She had placed her hands on his shoulders and his hands had moved under her buttocks and lifted. She'd pushed up against his shoulders until he could lower her onto him. She remembered the sensations as she felt him slide deep inside her, impaling her.

She moved forward in her mind to when they had made love on her sofa; the first time he'd taken her from behind as she knelt on the floor and leant on the seat of the couch. Then onto when they'd taken each other standing, her back pressed against the wall, one leg raised and wrapped around his waist, his arms holding her tightly to him as he thrust inside her. Finally she thought of when they had awoken the previous day. She'd had her back to him, buttocks pressed into his stomach, and had awoken to feel his erection pushing between her cheeks. She only needed to adjust her position a little and he had been able to push into her from behind. They'd moved slowly, languorously until they came together in a long sensuous orgasm.

This was the man she'd fallen in love with. Warm, gentle, compassionate, but capable of a fierce sensuality that excited her body and mind. But that man had disappeared at their last encounter. The man she had spent the previous evening with was entirely different.

The last image she considered was from after his change. From Lucas, not Gideon. He'd introduced her to the pleasures of anal sex. She'd never done that before, but gently, and taking great care not to hurt her, he'd pushed into her back passage. When he'd entered her completely he stopped and leaned forward. His hand moved between her legs and he slid a finger into her. Holding himself completely still where he penetrated her, he'd stroked and pushed inside her, one finger at a time. She'd never felt so complete as she did when he filled her front and back. When he started gently moving within her she climaxed quickly and soared to a level of orgasm that she'd never known before. It went on and on as he pushed into her, until he finally emptied himself.

He'd given her pleasure like nothing she'd ever experienced, but he'd taken his own pleasure, almost brutally at times. This wasn't Gideon. This was someone much more manipulative and dangerous. She didn't know how or why the change had happened, but she decided that this man, Lucas, was a threat to her and her sisters. He had to be stopped. But what had happened to Gideon? She feared that he was gone, lost to her, and the sense of loss that came with this realization nearly overwhelmed her. She clamped down on her feelings. [No time for that.] She pushed herself to her feet realizing that the long soak had eased much of the aching, and the only real pain remaining came from inside her bruised vagina.

She dried herself quickly and went to her wardrobe for clothes. She pulled out leather pants that clung to her hips, fitting tightly over butt and thighs. The wide belt that went with them had a sheath for a knife. She pulled a sleeveless, low-cut t-shirt over her head. She wanted as much freedom of movement as possible. The t-shirt came to just above her navel, leaving several inches of exposed flat stomach between it and her pants. Next she pulled on knee-high boots, both of which had knife sheaths built into them. Demon grinned and wondered whether Lucas had found

her weapons store during his "looking around."

She pushed the clothes in her wardrobe apart and pressed one particular spot on the back wall. It didn't look different than any other spot, but when pressed, a door in the back of the closet slid back. Behind it was a shelf and above the shelf a wall display of knives of every shape and size imaginable. Demon took a large hunting knife and slid it into the sheath at her waist. Two smaller knives went into her boots. She picked up two leather arm guards from the shelf, strapping one to each forearm. Two more knives slid inside the guards. Finally she took a slim stiletto from the wall and turned to her bedroom door. [Now let's see about that lock.]

For the next half hour Demon worked on the lock with her knife. Finally, she was rewarded as the last tumbler clicked back and the door opened. Standing quickly she gasped in pain as her internal bruising made itself apparent again. [Well, at least I can fix that now.] She moved quickly to the drawer where she'd left the regenerator and was relieved to find that Lucas hadn't taken it. She dropped her pants quickly and inserted the small cylinder inside herself. The vibrations it gave off while it healed were stimulating, causing her nipples to harden visibly beneath her t-shirt. [No time for that either.] As soon as the pain had appreciably diminished, she removed the regenerator and redid her pants. She pushed the cylinder into her pocket [Just in case.] and left the room running.

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Raven sat in Lilith's room, reading a book he'd found there, worrying quietly. Lily had been gone for more than two hours now. Where was she? And the blue-haired woman Ilas had taken John Matheson away with her soon after. Where had they gone? The door to the room was securely locked and Lily had learnt her lesson. No key left in the door this time. He'd tried to tell himself that there was nothing he could do, that he should use the time constructively. So he'd searched through Lily's room, looking for clues as to how these women did the things they did. They seemed to have powers that Raven could only describe as "supernatural," but being a doctor, he believed in science, not spirits (unless they came in a bottle, in which case he just avoided them).

Raven was convinced that there was a technological basis for the abilities that the Vorlon appeared to have given them. Just as telepaths had proven to be produced by a genetic mutation, something similar would explain these women, and that combined with a superior technology given to them by the Vorlon would cover all the things he had seen. He searched Lily's rooms for clues, and found nothing of interest other than the book which he now sat reading. It seemed to be a book of spells. ["Eye of newt, and toe of frog" indeed!] He was fascinated by what he read -- but was finding it all a bit hard to believe -- when he heard the sound of a key turning in the lock. He leapt up hoping that Lily had returned but was surprised to see the tall blonde called Demon standing in the doorway.

"Where's Lilith?" She barked the words at him, her voice as cold as ice. He was struggling to make eye contact with her. The outfit she was wearing was distracting and the sight of her nipples pressed hard against her t-shirt doubly so.

"Uh, I don't know. She left a couple of hours ago." He dragged his eyes away from her breasts and noticed the marks on her neck, shoulders and arms. There were bruises and scratches and yes, those looked like teeth marks. Lily had told him that Demon was with the Captain but Raven

found it hard to believe that Gideon had inflicted those injuries.

"You're hurt. Let me look at those." He pointed to the bruised and scratched areas. She followed his gaze and raised an eyebrow. She hadn't noticed these when she was dressing. She pulled the regenerator from her pocket and passed it to him.

"Here, use this," she switched it on and demonstrated how it worked by running it over the bruises on her wrists where the sheets had cut in. Raven watched in amazement as the bruises faded and the cuts healed. He took the cylinder from her and examined it. Just a small gray cylinder, no clues to how it worked. She stood in front of him waiting impatiently until he lifted the machine and started moving it over her neck and shoulders. She turned her back to him and he found a particularly deep bite mark on her left shoulder. He ran the regenerator over and around it until it had closed completely.

"Any others that I can't see from here?" She shook her head. "So why don't you tell me who did this to you?"

"That's a very good question, doctor. I only wish I had an answer." She spoke so softly he could hardly hear her. He looked up to see that tears had formed in her eyes, but then her expression reverted to its usual impassivity.

"We have to find my sisters. He may have hurt them too. You'd better come with me, doctor, in case we find something worse than my little friend here can handle." She took the cylinder from his hand and replaced it in her pocket. Turning to leave she said, "And where's the other one, Matheson? I know Lily brought him here."

"The blue-haired girl, Ilas is it? Came and took him away just after Lily had left. She didn't say where they were going."

Demon allowed herself a tight smile. "Well, Ilas is getting greedy! Taking three of them on at once is ambitious." Raven hadn't a clue what she was talking about. "Let's go, we'll probably find them all in Ilas's room. She left at a run, Raven hurrying to keep up with her."

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Ilas, John, Dureena and Max were snuggled together in Ilas' bed. When they'd left Lily's room, Ilas and John had made a detour to the kitchen to get something to eat, and had gotten a little distracted there. Ilas smiled as she remembered -- she'd noticed that John had a rather nice ass when he'd stood with his back to her, and she couldn't resist fondling it, making him jump. But once she'd caught his mouth with hers he'd responded quickly and had ended up lifting her onto the edge of the kitchen sink, making wild love to her... even now Ilas felt herself getting wet again at the memory.

When they'd come back to her rooms with a big bowl of fruit, bread, cheese and dried meats, Dureena had been delighted to see John. Max seemed a bit put out at first, but had stopped making extremely snide remarks after Ilas had shot him a warning glare that made it clear she meant business. Ilas and Dureena had decided that to break the ice, it would be best if they fed each other, and soon the four of them were competing for the most innovative feeding technique...

and a short while later for another most innovative technique.

Ilas was torn from her memories by a knock on her door. Her three bed companions looked at her questioningly as she sat up, but she just shrugged, a puzzled look on her face. She slipped out of her bed, quickly drawing the curtains around it and picking up her robe on the way to the door, suddenly feeling slightly uneasy.

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Lucas lay back thinking while Lily, now fully impaled on his cock, rode him hard. She was certainly a neat little mover, squirming and rocking, thrusting and bouncing. But after his sessions with Demon and Angel, Lucas knew he wouldn't come for a while, so was happy to let her do all the work. He watched her breasts bouncing in front of him as she pushed herself up and down, enjoying every moment. But he'd now been loose for nearly a day -- it would soon be time to put the simple pleasures of the flesh behind him and start taking action.

He thought about how he was going to get off the planet and back to the Excalibur. He'd watched Gideon pilot a shuttle several times, but wasn't ready to risk trying to do it himself. He needed someone else to drive the car. He considered the options available. Matheson was definitely out; he couldn't be sure he could control a telepath when they got to the ship. Either of the pilots who had flown the shuttles down would do, but they'd be of little use to him once they arrived on the ship. Lucas didn't believe in carrying excess baggage. As far as he knew Dureena and Raven couldn't fly a shuttle.

He thought about Dureena, fantasizing what it would be like to take her on. In his previous existence he had always drawn the line at his own species. But that was when the alternatives were barnyard animals; now the opportunities were wider. He wondered if she functioned like a human female. Shame there wouldn't be a chance to try her out...

Which left Max. Could Max fly a shuttle? Gideon had never seen him do it but if he could that would be the ideal solution. He would take Max and Angel with him, both being useful to him in the longer term. He thought about just how Angel was going to be useful to him, which drew his attention back to the little bundle of fun he was currently enjoying. She had brought herself to the point of orgasm with little effort on his part; time to push her over the edge. He sat up, and pulling her to his chest rolled her on to her back, without withdrawing from her.

"My turn in the saddle now darlin'. Brace yourself. "

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When he finished with Lily she sprawled bonelessly across the floor in Angel's living room. He enjoyed the view of her tiny but completely female body for a few seconds then leapt up. Despite having had only a couple of hour's sleep and some very strenuous exercise in the last 24 hours, he'd never felt better or stronger. Grabbing his clothes he left Lily where she lay and sauntered to the outer door. He locked it and removed the key from the lock.

"Get yourself dressed, Lily-love. Funs over."

Lucas moved back into the bedroom and closed the door behind him. Angel was stretched naked across the bed, bound hand and foot, gagged, but with her eyes showing her anger. He dressed quickly while looking down at her.

"Jealous Angel-face? You're not the only woman I had to service today. Don't you know that 'Women are made to bear and so are you'?" He leant over to kiss her gently on the lips while reaching down and pinching her nipple, hard. Her body spasmed in pain, pulling her ankles and wrists painfully against their bindings.

"Get over it. I do whoever I want to. And you do whoever I tell you to. That's the deal darlin' -- body and soul."

He reached down to untie her gag "You got that? Or should I provide another little reminder?"

Angel shook her head frantically as he reached down for her breast again. Her lips were dry but she managed to stammer.

"I understand. Whatever you say, Lucas. Just don't ... please."

"Just so you know who's Boss."

He reached across and untied the silk scarves that bound her hands, then moved to her feet and released her ankles.

"Get dressed. And wear something practical. We're movin' out."

He left her struggling to sit up on the bed, and returned to the living room, where Lilith had started to dress. He picked up a piece of fruit from the bowl on the table and started to eat.

"Can you contact Demon from here?" He watched Lilith as she dressed, admiring the grace of her movements. He finished the fruit and threw the core back into the bowl.

"Yes, of course. I can think directly to her if I want, why?" Lucas pounced. His right hand grabbed her throat as he threw her against the wall.

"Cause if you want to live to tell your sisters just how good a fuck Buck is, you'd better get Demon to meet us in the courtyard in 15 minutes. And tell her to make sure she has the others with her." Lucas knew that Demon would have released herself from her rooms somehow by now. She was far too smart to get stuck there for long.

Lilith's eyes widened in fear. She managed to force words past his tight grip on her neck.

"Which others?"

"Your other sister, Eilerson, Matheson, Dureena and Raven. I want to see them all out there in the open when we arrive. Or I hurt you. A lot." He loomed over her head using his full height and weight to intimidate the tiny girl. She became very aware of how strong he was, but she wasn't going to let him intimidate her.

Lucas caught her wrist as her hand came up towards his face, her knife slashing at his throat. He stopped her hand when the knife was a hair's breadth from his jugular. He squeezed hard on the tendons in her wrist, numbing her hand. The knife fell to the floor.

"What is it with you women and knives? Nice try Lily-love, but you have to move faster than that to catch me napping." He grinned down at her, twisted her wrist behind her, then kissed her hard. As he pulled his mouth away, she heard a noise from behind him.

Lilith's eyes widened as they shifted to where Angel had appeared in the bedroom doorway. She hadn't realised that Angel had been in the other room all the time she and Gideon had been... She frantically projected her thoughts, begging Angel to use her powers to free her from Gideon's grasp. But Angel wouldn't meet her eyes or respond to Lily's thoughts. Then Lily noticed the marks at Angels' wrists and the bruises on her neck. She looked back up to Lucas's face, grinning down at her.

"That's right Lily-love. No hope for salvation from her. Angel-face belongs to me."

"One of you girls is gonna tell me where Demon put the weapons and commlinks. 'Cause if you don't, Lily-love is gonna regret it." Lucas gripped Lily's neck harder and shook her slightly. Angel couldn't let one of her sisters be hurt.

"Stop, please. You don't have to do that. I'll show you."

Angel led them out of her room after Lucas had thrown her the key to the door. He followed with his hand grasped hard at the back of Lily's neck, pushing her in front of him. Lily didn't even try to resist. She knew she was powerless against his strength. She'd done as he asked and called to Demon, explaining what had happened. Demon reassured her that she would be waiting in the courtyard with the people Lucas had specified.

They arrived at the armory where the weapons were secured and Lucas told Angel to pick up a couple of PPG's. He pushed one into a pocket in his pants and held another. He didn't usually bother with guns, but had decided that they'd be useful on this occasion. He picked up a commlink and closed it round his left wrist. He then got Angel to place all the other commlinks in a pile and fired the PPG straight into them, destroying them all. Pushing the PPG inside his shirt he steered Lily out of the armory and headed for the courtyard.

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Demon had received Lilith's call after she had arrived in Ilas's room, bringing Raven with her. Since her ordeal with Lucas, she'd been unable to send to her sisters; she was limited to line of sight. As soon as Ilas opened the door to her room Demon rushed in.

"Have you seen Angel or Lily?" Ilas shook her head. Demon had been hoping that she'd find Angel and Lily there, with Ilas. She was frantic when she discovered that both were missing.

Ilas had a robe roughly clutched to her, which she pulled around her as Demon paced the room. Raven had followed Demon in and stood quietly by the door watching these unlikely sisters.



"Gideon's loose and he's changed." Demon could hear whispers coming from behind the drawn curtains of Ilas's bed. "Oh, for God's sake, come out of there." Matheson and Max emerged naked. Max stooped and picked up a pile of clothes from the floor and pushed them through the curtains. Matheson dressed quickly and turned to Demon, pulling his shirt on as he walked across the room.

"What do you mean 'changed'? What have you done to Captain Gideon?" He marched fearlessly straight up to Demon and looked up at her. She topped him by several centimeters but he appeared in no way intimidated by her.

Raven intervened. "Slow down, John. I think the boot's on the other foot." Raven walked across to where Demon and Matheson stood face to face. "Tell me, who was it who hurt you and made those bite marks? It was Gideon wasn't it?"

"Not exactly. He wasn't the same. That's what I meant when I said he'd changed. I can't really explain it, but it was like... the same outer shell but the person inside was different. I could feel the difference. And he behaved differently." She dropped her eyes from the direct contact she had made with Matheson "Very differently."

Max was by now fully dressed and had been joined by Dureena who emerged fully clothed from behind the curtains of the bed. Having listened to the last exchange Max immediately asked. "So where is he now? This changed Gideon?" Demon glared at him.

"If I knew that, do you think I'd be standing here asking you? I'd be out there with the guards. I have them all searching the castle." Max wasn't fazed.

"When we were searching for Dureena, you could feel where she was from her emotions. Why can't you track Gideon in the same way?"

Demon looked anguished. "I don't know! I felt him once but only when I touched him. Since then I can't feel him at all. Somehow he can block me." Her anxiety levels were increasing. "But I can't find Lily and Angel and I'm afraid he has them."

Matheson couldn't understand her concern. "But why should that worry you? The Captain won't hurt them."

"Gideon wouldn't, but he might." Was Demon's only response. At that moment both Demon and Ilas felt Lily's call. They both went still and closed their eyes to concentrate. The others stood and watched, puzzled by this sudden change in their demeanor.

*[[Demon, help me!]]* Lily's voice sounded clearly in her head. She may still not be able to send to her sisters but she could receive and respond well enough. *[[He's hurting me and he's done something to Angel. I don't know what he's done, but she won't talk to me or look at me. I think he must have hurt her too. Help us Demon.]]*

They could hear the pain in Lilith's sending. Demon's worst fears had materialized. Lucas had them both.

*[[What does he want Lily? Why is he hurting you?]]* Demon could hear Ilas explaining to the others what was happening and what Lily had said. At the same time Ilas had dropped her robe and was pulling on clothes as quickly as she could.

*[[He says you must all come to the courtyard at once. You and Ilas; Max, Luke, John and Dureena. He says that he can offer a deal. But you must come at once or he will... oh, Demon he's hurting my neck so much, make him stop, please...]]*

Demon turned back to the group standing watching her and listening as Ilas repeated Lily's words. "Let's go. We need to get to the courtyard now." Matheson tried to stop her.

"What about weapons? You took them off us. If you're so worried, shouldn't we be armed?"

"No time. We go now." Demon left the room, running again. The others followed quickly-

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## The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double

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