

Chapter 5: *'Things are getting strange, I'm starting to worry. This could be a case for Mulder and Scully. Things are getting strange, now I can't sleep alone.'* Catatonia (Jones, Powell, Roberts, et al 1998)

Jennifer relaxed back into the sumptuous bed and cushions, stretching after her orgasms, satisfaction on her features. The air was heavy with love-making. Eva was starting to wash herself at an ornate bowl with a matching jug of warm water at the other side of the room by the shuttered window. No natural light entered this room. Jennifer rolled over, head on her right hand, arm bent, and watched her mate. Eva had the type of buttocks she wanted to pour fresh milk and cream over. 'You haven't lost your touch,' Jennifer remarked, and Eva turned to face her, naked, still hot and slick with sweat on her torso. 'Neither have you, darling,' and she laughed with that, her gold eyes flashing, and the tremor of her laugh making body parts wobble. Eva had renaissance proportions, larger than Jennifer, who was shorter and thinner, but it was always clear in which order the hierarchy was. Eva thanked the demons for Jennifer, for so long since old Paris. *Vive la revolution*, she thought, with a wry smile.

Jennifer had moved into a cross-legged position, sat upright on their love cot. 'Ugh, we need to get going, I can feel the day coming to an end, the dusk beckons. And I need to find out where Becks got to, especially if *He* will be visiting,' Jennifer stated glumly. Eva felt a twinge of jealousy at the mention of Becks' name, which Jennifer sensed, laughing at her with mischievousness in her gilded eyes. Nothing got past Mother of the Coven. Nothing. Eva continued washing and then drying herself. Jennifer just shrugged back into her clothes. She liked to smell and feel Eva on her, still.

Both passed a thought to themselves each, suddenly perfectly preened and presentable, appraising each other positively. There were no mirrors in this room, and anything reflective caught no image. A smile passed, one shared between two who have loved for a very long time. A knock at the door and Sara, a diminutive, young woman, transformed perhaps a little early in her adulthood, entered the room, head slightly bowed, nervous. 'Sara, *for fuck's sake*, lift your chin up, *shoulders proud*. We're not going to eat you, *we're all sisters here!*', Jennifer admonished her, irritated at Sara's continued dormouse persona. *Put her in front of food, and wow, how different she is*, thought Jennifer to herself. Eva smiled inwardly. 'My apologies, Jennifer, Eva, It's all still a bit new for me, all this, but I thanks you for your care', responded Sara, a country twang in her soft voice. Eva expected her to curtsy next.

'There's someone to see you, Becks, she's just back, in a bit of a state, she's in the library,' Sara resumed, turning her head back the way she had entered. 'Thank you, Sara, why don't you help yourself to one of the fresh children, *an amuse-bouche*,' Jennifer responded warmly, already moving with the guile of a predator to Sara and the room door. Sara squealed, 'thanking you, Jennifer, thanking you much!', and she sped away, with the expectation of young, tender flesh. *Perhaps she will play with this one for a while, before devouring it*, Sara considered. Eva and Jennifer exchanged glances traversing the long corridor to the library. It was a very large house, above ground, and considerably larger under. A safe haven for centuries, on a probably well forgotten islet. The coven occupied it for most of its history, no one spoke of the prior time.

Becks was indeed in a bit of a state. She was looking at a large tome off of one of the multitudes of shelves, the book more of a prop to assert calmness. Her dishevelled state, earth and stains all over, dried blood on her hands, and tears brimming in her eyes said otherwise. She turned without much grace to face Jennifer. Eva had continued deeper into the house, she knew this was to be a private exchange. 'Hello Becks,' Jennifer thought, Becks speaking back, 'I couldn't do it, Jennifer, *I just couldn't!*', and with this she rushed to her matriarch like a distraught daughter. 'It's no worry, there's still time, my dear Becks, *you will* manage it, we all do, eventually. You'll *feed from* and *kill* your father, *you will*, my child,' and with this she stroked Becks' hair, looking ahead as if into the distance, ruminating.