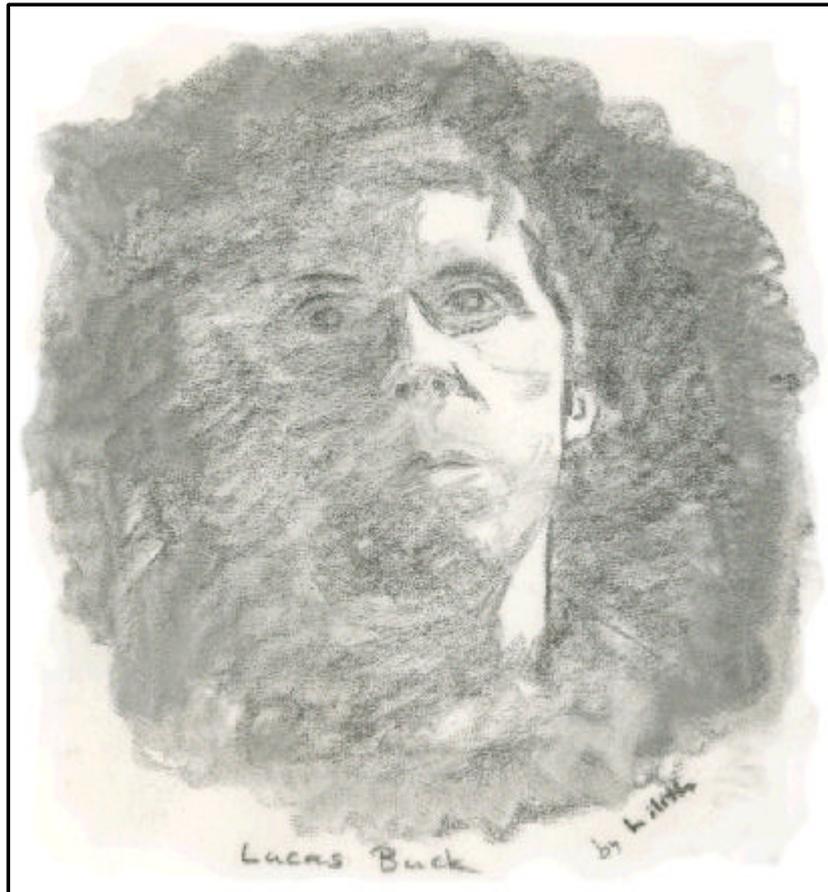


The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double - Part 3: Changing Partners

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Lucas Buck by Lilith

Chapter 3

It didn't take much to open the door. With a hard shove it opened and he sauntered inside. Lucas closed his eyes, taking a deep breath as his mind searched. Nothing. He opened his eyes and smiled. Angel wasn't there.

"Well, darlin', aren't you in for a surprise when you get back." Lucas drawled softly.

He moved farther into the room and looked at his surroundings. The room looked like a disaster area. He arched an eyebrow. Why didn't that surprise him? Virtually everything was red, with the odd accent color here and there. The large red sofa that sat up against the wall was covered in

throw pillows in browns, ambers and blacks. More pillows were scattered haphazardly on the floor. The table in the center of the room was buried under a mountain of books. Various articles of clothing were strewn everywhere, as if Angel had undressed where she stood and just discarded the clothes where they fell.

The image of her stripping in the middle of the room brought a wicked smile to his lips.

There was a large table in front of two tall, wide windows that were covered with heavy red-velvet curtains, some drawn back to allow in the light, the rest were left closed. The table itself was cluttered with various objects -- bowls, books, and a couple of potted plants. Some of the drawers were left open, their contents spilling out. Lucas turned and noticed a large tapestry hanging on the wall in front of him. He moved to take a closer look. At the center of the tapestry were Angel and her sisters. Above them was an image of Earth, but the image that really caught his attention was that of a unicorn coming through fire, its long mane appearing to be made of flames itself, and on its back sat Angel. [Interestin',] thought Lucas. He moved away from the tapestry and turned to the door to his left.

He walked into Angel's bedroom and looked at the large bed that filled the center of the room. "Now that's what I was hoping for," he drawled as he noticed that the bed had a large wooden headboard. Long red drapes hung above the bed coming down on either side of it, sweeping to the floor. What looked like silken scarves were hanging off the headboard. Lucas walked over and took hold of one; he let the soft fabric slide through his fingers

"May not be handcuffs, but they'll do." And at least they meant he didn't have to waste time tearing any sheets to make bindings. He let the fabric go and looked at the rest of the room. There was a large fireplace to one side, and a heavy Persian-style carpet strewn with large pillows in front of it.

"How cozy," observed Lucas sarcastically; somehow he didn't see 'cozy' and Angel going together. But he liked the contradictions; they made things more interesting. He turned slightly to look at the dressing table. Like the table in the other room, it was cluttered with various objects, mostly ladies' toiletries. Three things caught his attention. The first was the crossbow lying on the side of the table. His eyebrows rose at the sight of it. The second were two black candles, one on either end of the table. [Perfect.] The third was the shattered remains of a mirror, shards of glass scattered on the top of the dressing table, more shards lying amongst the wreckage of broken perfume bottles on the floor.

"I see someone had a temper tantrum," drawled Lucas with amusement. The thought of Angel having a tantrum amused him.

In the far corner, past the dressing table, was a large loveseat, an open book lying on top of it. He walked over and picked up the book, glancing briefly at the title -- Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew'. That brought a twisted smile to his lips. "Where two raging fires meet together, they consume the thing that feeds their fury," he quoted. He gave the book a final once-over, closed it and tossed it to the floor. Then he sat down in the chair, his long legs stretched out before him. His hazel eyes focused on the bedroom door.

"Don't keep me waiting too long, Angel honey." Lucas spoke to the empty doorway, his tone low

and dangerous.

After she'd fled Demon's room, Angel had returned to her quarters. She'd paced back and forth for a little while. Demon's confession about her feelings for Gideon echoed over and over in her head, until she thought she'd go crazy. Finally, head in hands, she'd started to cry. "What have I done? Oh God, what have I done?" she sobbed over and over, with rising desperation.

Her anger and jealousy had driven her to cast that spell. If she'd known that her sister was going to feel that strongly for Gideon, she would never have done it. Yes, she'd wanted the Captain, but it was Demon's interest in Gideon that had made her conceive of the spell. It was in part because, yes, he was the most gorgeous man she had ever laid eyes on, but mostly, she admitted with self-hatred, because Demon wanted him.

It was always that way with them. When Demon wanted something, Angel wanted it even more. It wasn't something she was proud of; she just couldn't help it. They'd once almost killed each other because of a man they'd both wanted. After that, Angel had sworn to herself that if her sister were serious about a man, even if she wanted him, then she'd let her sister have him, no matter how she felt about it.

Angel let out an anguished moan and sat on the sofa wrapping her arms around herself. When Demon had told her she was interested in Gideon, she'd honestly thought, that it was just because... well just because he was a human male. God, if only she could see the future, see that her sister would fall in love with Gideon over the forty or so hours he was with her, she would never have gone through with the spell. As hard as it would have been, she would have stepped aside. She would have found someone else to play with. Maybe Ilas or Lily would have let her try out one of their pets.

Now the spell was cast. Angel sprang up at that thought, and looked wildly towards the door. Demon must have found Gideon by now, and at this minute was finding herself being rejected by Gideon, who was telling her he wanted only Angel.

She couldn't stay here. Demon would come looking for her, and right now she couldn't handle a confrontation with her sister. She couldn't face the hurt and betrayal she would see in Demon's face.

Angel all but ran to her bedroom, where she quickly changed her clothes. She was going to hide out in the orchard behind the castle, and what she was wearing was too much for being out doors in this weather. Angel seldom wore anything but pants, but this time she put on a long sienna skirt of soft leather, that fell in folds around her legs. She kept the half tunic on. She moved like someone who was being chased. She didn't want to be here in case Demon arrived.

She changed in seconds, and then ran from her quarters as if the Devil himself were on her heels.

It was well past midnight when Angel finally worked up the courage to return to her quarters.

She walked cautiously through the passageways, ready to hide if she heard someone, in case it was Demon. She knew that sooner or later she would have to face Demon; she'd even prepared what she would say. Hell, she'd been wracking her brain for the past 10 hours for a counter-spell that she could cast to break the Binding Spell. She would promise Demon that she'd make things right. But later, right now she was weary and just couldn't face her older sister. Demon was probably asleep.

Angel had considered going to check on Gideon, to see if he were all right. But her guilt had kept her away.

Angel made it to the door of her quarters without meeting any one. She let out a sigh of relief and opened the door. She was so involved in her thoughts that it didn't register that the door had been locked when she had left.

Angel slipped inside and called "Lights." The darkened room filled with soft lighting as she closed the door behind her. Angel leaned up against the door with a heavy sigh, then straightened and headed for the other room.

Angel swept into her bedroom and just as she said "Lights," she felt a hand grab her round the throat and slam her hard against the wall. In shock her eyes focused on the face in front of her.

"Hello, Angel-face." Before Angel could say or do anything in response, he claimed her mouth in the most brutal and thorough kiss she'd ever experienced in her life.

He pushed his hand behind her neck and grasped her long hair at the roots. He pulled her head back hard, exposing her throat to his kisses. Angel was so shocked she could hardly breathe. That kiss, then the pain from her hair, now the feel of his lips and tongue gently working their way down her throat. She didn't know what was happening. This was the man she'd completely controlled a few hours before and now he held her so tightly she couldn't breathe. How had he got out of the cell? Where was Demon?

She tried to break his grasp with her power. And failed.

"That's my trick," his voice was different -- deeper, more threatening. For the first time in years Angel began to feel afraid. How had he stopped her? He hadn't been able to do that earlier. What had happened? He had her pressed hard against the wall and the way he was standing she could feel his erection pressing into her. Her breath was coming fast now and she wasn't sure whether it was from fear or excitement.

"Gideon?" She breathed his name as a question.

"Space Cadet stepped out for a moment. But he told me he owes you a few favors. So I've come to pay them back. You know a deal's a deal darlin'." His fingers tightened in her hair again and he twisted her head to one side. He lunged at her neck and bit down hard where it joined her shoulder. She shrieked with pain. "What's the matter darlin'? Can give it out but you can't take it?"

He suddenly stood back and let her go. She nearly fell when he removed his support. Whatever the hell was going on here, Angel wanted out. She tried to twist past him but he moved quickly to block her way.

"Goin' so soon? And we haven't even been properly introduced." She feinted to her right and when he moved to block her again, broke left and made a dive towards her dressing table where the crossbow lay ready. Just as her fingers reached the stock, his hand came down on her arm and squeezed her wrist so hard, her hand lost all feeling and she dropped the bow to the floor. Using the leverage from his hold on her wrist he spun her back to face him again, pushing her arm up behind her back.

"A man could have his feelings hurt, darlin'. Anyone'd think you didn't like me. And you showed just how much you cared, when you used that little knife of yours earlier." With his free hand he reached up to the back of her leather top and removed the knife.

"Just what I need, Angel-face." He flicked the knife open and brought it up to her throat. She froze completely, again very much aware of his swollen cock pressing against her leg. He slid the blade of the knife down the front of her tunic, and it fell open to reveal her breasts. She was panting now, not sure if her fear or excitement were stronger. He looked down to her hardened nipples. "Well, maybe you like me a little after all."

Angel felt herself blush -- and she never blushed -- at the way he looked at her breasts. She felt the wetness between her legs. She was both afraid of him and turned on by him. But right now, something was very different about him and she had to find out what. She watched warily as he closed the knife and put it in his back pocket.

"For later." Then his free hand grabbed the back of her neck roughly and pulled her closer. Angel winced when he pulled her arm up further behind her, her shoulder stretching painfully. Her free arm flew up to his chest to try push him away, but he didn't budge.

"Who are you?" The smile he gave her sent shivers down her entire body.

"The man you set free, darlin'." [Free?] Angel's mind raced until with a gasp of shock she realized. [The spell, dear God, something had gone wrong with the spell. Releasing this man from somewhere.] Angel was frozen in his arms.

When she spoke her voice was uncertain and afraid. "You're not Gideon." It wasn't a question. He inclined his head at her.

"Lucas Buck, ma'am, just dyin' to be of service," he drawled. His voice was as sexy as all get out. [Stop that Angel, you are in obvious trouble. Get hold of your hormones,] Angel chastised herself silently. She opened her mouth to speak. But found the words cut off as Lucas lowered his mouth to hers, effectively silencing her words and her thoughts. As his tongue probed her mouth in a gentle kiss, and the hand around her neck moved away, her only thoughts now were how spicy he tasted as his tongue meshed with hers.

He could feel her responding with ease now, though he knew given half a chance she would try to flee. His mind smiled at the thought. It would fun catching her and teaching her that there was no running from Lucas Buck.

He broke the kiss; the disappointment in her eyes brought a smile to his lips. His free hand moved up to cup her breast, his thumb brushing against the hardened nipple. Angel moaned and arched into him. He released the arm he had trapped behind her back. His hand moved back to the nape of her neck, where he grabbed her hair again; with a vicious yank he pulled her head back. He ignored her cry of pain as he lowered his lips to the place where he'd bitten her a moment before, and gently kissed that spot, then moved his lips slowly down her neck.

Angel closed her eyes as she felt his lips brushing against her skin; his hand was still on her breast, rubbing her nipple. She couldn't think of anything but how his rough hands felt on her skin, and his lips making their way down her neck. She moved in closer and became again all too aware of the obvious bulge in his pants pressing into her. God, her body was leaping into flames at his touch. She gasped when she felt his mouth move over her breast, replacing his hand.

Lucas took her nipple in his mouth, letting his tongue flick back and forth over the hardened bud. [Time for more payback]. He bit down roughly. Angel jerked away from him in pain. He moved his free hand to her buttocks and pulled her back. He released the hold his teeth had on her nipple and raised his head. Startled blue eyes met his as she struggled against the hold he had on her.

"Let's see what you *really* want, Angel-face."

Angel gasped in surprise as she felt herself being lifted into his arms. He moved over to the bed, where he dropped her unceremoniously. Lucas couldn't suppress a chuckle at the sight she made, sprawled on the bed, her skirt now hiked up her slender legs, letting him see that she wasn't wearing anything underneath [You do want to make things easy for me, don't you darlin'?] stripped to the waist, her breasts with their erect nipples, her hair a mess and her expression a mixture of surprise and yes, enjoyment. Her breasts rising and falling with every heavy breath she was taking.

Angel made a move to try to get up off the bed. She'd be damned if she'd make it easy for him. But he was too fast for her. She felt herself being forced back onto the bed, Lucas kneeling astride her, his hand like a vice around her wrists as he pinned them above her head. [How did he move so fast?]

He lowered his head and possessed her mouth. Angel clamped her lips, resisting his invasion. He tightened the hold on her wrists, creating the desired result, as Angel's mouth opened with a gasp. His tongue slipped in, seeking hers. The kiss was anything but gentle, his lips crushing hers. It seemed to go on forever, and Angel felt her head spinning with the lack of oxygen. Just when she thought she would faint, he released her lips and she sucked in some much needed air. She eyed him suspiciously, noticing he wasn't even breathing hard, while she was gasping for air like a fish out of water.

She felt him shifting her wrists, so that only one of his large hands held onto them. He stretched over her head, giving her a good view of his soft chest hair where the shirt was unbuttoned. Angel

swallowed, wanting to run her hands over his chest. Her eyes widened as she saw that he had her silk scarves in his hands now.

"You know what I'm going to do with these, don't you darlin?" Lucas asked seductively.

She nodded, when she spoke her voice was husky and she couldn't hide that she was excited now by what he planned to do. "Yes."

He raised an eyebrow. "Yes who?"

"Yes, Lucas." He could feel her trembling beneath him. She wanted him, but she was also afraid, which was exactly how he wanted her.

"I'm going to enjoy taming you. 'For I am rough, and woo not like a babe'." Lucas watched her intensely as he bound her wrists tightly together. He saw a flicker of surprise at his quote, then she flinched as he tightened the knot. He pulled her arms over her head, stretching them painfully until they reached the headboard, where with the other scarf he tied her wrists to the headboard.

He leaned back to survey his handy-work. His eyes were drawn to her breasts, looking like twin peaks begging to be conquered. Well, they would have to wait. Right now he had to get these damned pants off. The fabric was pressing painfully against his arousal.

He moved off Angel and off the bed. He noticed a flicker of disappointment cross her face.

"Don't worry, darlin', I'm not going anywhere."

Angel watched with a mixture of nervousness and desire as he started to undress. The whole time, he held her eyes with his. He removed his boots and shirt then started on the pants. He watched her as she watched him. Her lips parted and she took a deep breath when he removed them completely. He was totally naked. She felt the wetness between her legs increase as her eyes fastened on his growing erection. [Was it her imagination, or was he bigger?]

"Time to pay the piper, Angel-face."

"Go to hell." spat Angel. Well, you had to admire her spirit.

Lucas smiled a small smile that made him look more sinister than amused. He moved to the bed until he was level with her hips.

He reached down and with a yank that lifted her hips up, he pulled her skirt off. Angel heard it ripping as it came away. She suddenly found herself wishing she wore underwear; without the skirt there was nothing to cover her now very naked body.

She squirmed as his eyes raked over every inch of her body. Then her heart leaped into her throat and her pulse picked up speed as Lucas moved onto the bed to lie full-length beside her. She could feel his all too obvious erection pressing into her leg. He lowered his mouth to claim her left nipple, sucking hard on it, his hand starting to caress her other breast, rubbing the nipple between thumb and forefinger. Angel yelped when he twisted it, her movement causing her arms to strain

against the restraints painfully. The pleasure from his tongue on one nipple and the pain caused by his hand on the other mixed together in overpowering sensations.

Lucas raised his eyes to Angel's face, his mouth still suckling on her nipple. Then he started to lick around the area of her nipple, causing her to writhe with pleasure. He moved his hand from her breast and let it caress its way down past her stomach where it came to a rest by her mound of dark curls. Angel froze in anticipation of his next move.

His hand moved over the dark curls to the top of her thighs, and there it rested, his thumb tracing little circles on her skin. Her thighs parted willingly in invitation. His hand moved down, his fingers finding the soft folds. He pushed his fingers further, and without hesitation he slid a finger inside her, her warm juices lubricating his entrance.

He raised his head from the attention he was paying her breast. "Just what I thought, Angel-face, wet and ready to be fucked." Angel's response was cut off as another finger slid inside her and she felt his thumb rubbing her clit. Her hips thrust upward in natural response. Lucas started to stroke her clit with his thumb as his fingers thrust inside her. She moaned as a wave of pleasure overcame her. She cried out when she felt his hand move away.

"You want more, don't you?" Angel could only nod in affirmation. Lucas was pleased. Time to torture her a little.

Lucas slid slightly along the bed. He tried to ignore his throbbing shaft. He could wait to satisfy himself. First, he wanted to give her a little pleasure before he took her. He might be a bastard, but he was a good lover.

Lucas moved to a position where he was half on the bed, half off it. He parted her thighs further, and started to kiss the inside of her thigh, nipping her soft skin gently. Angel held her breath when she felt his breath on her center. Then her breathing quickened she felt his fingers part the folds of her labia and his tongue moved in to lick the inside of her folds. Her breathing stopped for a second again as she felt his tongue enter her.

Lucas felt her warm walls close around his tongue. He withdrew, [Don't want her to get too used to it.] Then he moved in to go to work on her clit. His tongue flicked over the hardened and swollen area, pushing her closer to orgasm. He almost sent her over, when he took the swollen nub in his teeth while his tongue brushed against it, lapping at her juices. His hands had moved to keep her thighs further apart. He felt her thrusting up to him, a moan escaping her throat. She was close to coming and he didn't want her there until he was inside her. Isn't that what she'd done to the Space Cadet? Brought him to the edge, and then cooled him off? Lucas flicked his tongue over her once more then moved away, shifting so that he was now kneeling between her legs. He moved closer so that the head of his cock was at the entrance of her vagina.

Angel lifted her head to watch Lucas as he knelt between her legs. He'd teased her to the point where she had just been about to come, then withdrew, leaving her wanting. The heat between her legs was burning her up and she wished desperately that he would take her.

"Please..." Angel begged.

That was what he wanted. She could see the pleasure in his eyes that she was begging him.
[Bastard!]

"Please what?"

Angel moaned, her hips rising off the bed as if yelling out the obvious. Lucas didn't move, his shaft hard and erect, taunting her.

"Please, I want..." Angel couldn't bring herself to tell him. Damn him for making her beg like this.

"Say it, Angel-face," said Lucas, goading her in that deep, sexy drawl.

Angel couldn't take it anymore. When she said it, it almost was a scream. "I want you inside me."

"Well, darlin' all you had to do was ask."

Lucas's hands slid around her hips to her buttocks and he raised her hips up off the bed, his strong arms easily supporting her light weight.

"Brace yourself, darlin, we're in for a bumpy ride." With that Lucas entered her with a brutal thrust. Angel's walls although well lubricated stretched to accommodate his large cock as he buried it deep inside her. At first all that Angel felt was pain at his brutal entry, but as he started to move in and out of her, all she felt was pleasure, and she helped raise her hips to meet his every thrust.

Sensing that he didn't need to keep her hips raised, Lucas let one hand move to her clit where, with his thumb he began to rub down hard, stimulating her to even greater heights.

Angel thrashed her head from side to side as he thrust into her deeper, and felt his thumb rubbing her clit. Never in her entire existence had she experienced anything like this. His thrusts picked up speed, slamming her back into the bed. Moans of pleasure filled the room.

He sensed that he had her close, and with deliberate intention he slowed his movements as he felt her tightening around him. His change of pace brought a cry of anguish from Angel.

"Easy darlin', good things come to those who wait." Lucas said as he thrust into her, more gently now. Angel's hips rose up to try take him deeper. Patience was definitely not a virtue for this little lady. Then again, he felt himself coming close to release. [Time to pick up the pace.]

Angel's head went back, her eyes closed and her mouth slightly open, breathing hard as he drove into her faster and harder again. She felt like she was falling into an abyss, as with one final thrust he brought her to climax.

Angel screamed as a powerful orgasm ripped through her. Lucas shuddered as he came hard, his hot fluid pumping into her. He continued to rub her clit, which sent her into another orgasm, her warm haven tightening around his cock, taking everything he had to give.

Lucas let go of her hips, and Angel's limp body fell back onto the bed. She was breathing hard,

her chest rising and falling as she tried to get her breath back.

He moved out of her and fell beside her on the bed, one arm thrown possessively across her breasts. He was breathing hard, but not as hard as she was. While her body was covered in a fine sheen of sweat, his was dry. Angel couldn't understand why that fascinated her or why she was even thinking about it after what had just happened.

Lucas rose from the bed and dressed. Angel lay quietly, watching him carefully. [What's he planning now?] She wondered. He turned back to where she lay, still tied by her hands, and looked down the length of her body.

"Something's missing. What could that be darlin'? Oh, I remember now." He picked up a handful of scarves and grasped her ankle.

"You like that stretched feelin', don't you?" He tied one end of the scarf around her ankle and the other to the foot of the bed. Then did the same with her other ankle, leaving her legs spread wide and both arms and legs stretched almost to the point of pain. "Now we can have some fun."

For the rest of the night he played with her, using his hands, lips, teeth and tongue to bring her to the brink of orgasm over and over again, but never letting her come. He aroused her to the point where her hips thrust wildly upwards and she strained against the silk bindings, which cut into her wrists and ankles. Then he would stop, leaving her screaming for him, begging him to fuck her. But he didn't. He just continued to play until the first light of dawn showed through the window. Lucas had never needed much sleep, but after his session with Demon and now Angel, he decided to nap and slept at her side for a while. When he awoke, she was quietly crying.

"Got a problem, Angel-face?" He reached up and untied her arms, for the first time in hours releasing the tension under which her body had been stretched. She cried harder as sensation returned to those areas that had gone numb during the night. Having released her legs, he climbed back onto the bed next to her and held her gently in his arms, stroking her sore body, brushing away her tears with his fingertips and kissing her gently. Gradually she stopped crying and responded to his caresses. He made love to her, skillfully and tenderly, without undressing, only adjusting his clothes. She found herself responding to his gentle kisses and fondling, until they climaxed together, not with the violence of their earlier coupling but in a long, slow, satisfying release. She had never felt this way in her life. She realised that she would do anything to have him make love to her like that again. Anything.

Kissing her gently on the neck, he moved his mouth to her ear, whispering. "Do you think your big sister might like to watch next time?" She jerked away from him, but he grasped her more tightly. "Or do you think she might go for a threesome? That'd be fun." He smiled maliciously as he looked into her eyes and saw the horror there.

"Course we'd have to tell her who it was who brought me here, kicking her beloved Space Cadet into oblivion, wouldn't we?"

"Oh God, Lucas, no, please no, don't do that," she begged, trying to think of a way to persuade

him not to betray her to Demon. Her sister had forgiven her many things over the years, but she knew that even Demon would find it hard to forgive her this time.

"Well, if you want a favor from me, darlin', you have to give me something in return. Now what have you got that I haven't already had?" He laughed softly as she flushed with embarrassment thinking of the things he'd done to her during the night.

"If I do this for you, Angel-face, then I own you, body and soul. Is that a deal?"

She hesitated, knowing that once she'd committed to him there would be no turning back. She would have to give him total obedience; nothing less would be expected or accepted. He leant towards her and whispered again.

"Or maybe I should show Demon what she's been missing? Should I do that darlin'?" He leaned closer and whispered all the things he would do to Demon if she didn't agree to his terms. What he described made her night with him seem like a dream of tranquility.

"No! Please Lucas, don't do that. Don't hurt her, please," tears rolled down her face as she begged him again.

"Who owns you, darlin'?"

"You do, Lucas, you do. Body and soul." She whispered. He kissed her gently again, and whispered softly in her ear, "I will be master of what is mine own." and reached for the scarves.

"Oh no, please, not again," she begged.

"You gotta learn a little respect darlin'. A little obedience."

He tied her hand and foot to the bed, although not so tightly as before, then slowly started caressing, stroking and kissing her again. She was exhausted but her body started to respond to his skillful touch. He stopped as he heard a noise from the other room. Someone was opening the outer door.

Swiftly grabbing another scarf, he gagged her so she couldn't make a sound. A voice sounded from the other room. "Angel? Are you here?" It was Lilith's voice.

He leapt from the bed and moved with a speed she couldn't fathom, to lean against the frame of the door to the outer room.

"Well now, Angel is a bit tied up at the moment. Can I do something for you, darlin'?"

He pulled the bedroom door closed behind him, leaving Angel unable to do anything but listen.

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The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double

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