

The Witches of Eriadne: Interlude Two - Part 2: Nocturnal Habits

by [The Space Witches](#)



Lucas and Angel on the kitchen table *ng*

Chapter 1

Angel slowly came awake; lying on her stomach she realized what had woken her. Something was missing. She couldn't feel Lucas lying beside her. Still groggy, she reached out the arm that was tucked beneath her body and stretched it out to feel for him on his side of the bed, always in need of feeling his body near her, knowing that the feel of his skin and the heat of his body would comfort her and send her back to sleep. Her head snapped up when her hand touched the coolness of the sheets. Turning her head, she found that his side of the bed was empty. Immediately, Angel felt that all too-familiar sense of loss. Sighing, she sat up in the bed and scanned the room. Just as she thought--his jacket was missing from where he usually hung it over the back of the chair in the corner. Lucas was out again doing whatever it was he did when he disappeared in the middle of the night.

Angel still wasn't used to his nocturnal habits, and it always amazed her how little sleep he needed. Lucas was always active, on the move, but never seemed to need more than a few hours sleep a night. Sometimes after making love, they would fall asleep together, but at other times she knew that he would just lie there, holding her, pretending to sleep while he waited for her to drift off, then he would get up, get dressed and leave.

When it had first happened, Angel had waited, getting more and more distressed, so by the time Lucas returned home in the early hours she was beside herself, terrified that he had left her. He'd calmed her down, soothing her with kisses and gentle caresses, explaining that he'd never needed much sleep. She'd asked him what he could be doing at that time of the night; he'd just smiled and whispered in her ear that he was taking care of business. When she had tried to continue, he just silenced her with a kiss,

telling her she didn't need to know. She knew that she should never push him about the things he did, so she'd remained silent, wondering if he'd behaved like this in Trinity, or if he just did it because where they lived now, things were happening no matter what time of day it was.

Angel sighed and shook herself out of her reverie; there was no point in sitting there and waiting for him to return. Unlike Lucas, she did need her sleep. Besides, the sooner she got back to sleep, the sooner she would be woken in the morning. A hungry smile spread across her lips as she anticipated Lucas waking her, as he did so often. It would still be early morning, and he would return to the apartment, wanting her. She would be woken by the caress of his hands on her body, his lips kissing her mouth gently until she woke, and he would slip his tongue between her parted lips. Lucas would be lying naked beside her, his stiffening cock pressed against her. He would then trail kisses along her jaw, working his way down her neck and chest until his mouth reached her breast, and he would gently take a nipple between his teeth and would start sucking until it was hard and sensitive with arousal.

A small moan escaped Angel's throat as she imagined Lucas' hand massaging the other breast, rubbing her nipple between his fingers. His other hand moving down her flat stomach, stopping as he caressed her soft skin, finally moving closer and closer to her center, which would be burning with wanting him. Angel's eyes closed as she let herself continue, almost able to feel Lucas' fingers parting her folds, wet with her juices, and slipping his fingers deep inside her while his thumb began to rub her clit.

She pushed the sheet down to her waist and lifting a hand, she began to stroke her own breasts, rubbing her palm against her nipples that had become erect with her thoughts. Angel could feel herself becoming wet with arousal, aching for release. She moved her other hand down; parting her legs she moved her fingers towards her folds. Suddenly, her eyes shot open and she withdrew her hand, pulling the sheet up to cover herself, the need to satisfy herself forgotten.

Cocking her head to one side, Angel tried to listen for the sound that had interrupted her and caused her heart to pound with fear. She'd heard a strange sound coming from somewhere in the apartment. She swallowed convulsively, trying to force her heart out of her throat and back into her chest where it belonged. Finding her voice, she called out tentatively, "Lucas, is that you?" There was no response, and she tried to work out if the sound she'd heard had been the front door of the apartment opening as Lucas returned.

Angel jumped as she heard the sound again; this time she was able to place it, and it was coming from the kitchen. Rationally, she knew it couldn't be a burglar, because Lucas had installed a good security system. But in this area, filled with riff-raff and criminals, one couldn't be sure of anything. Maybe one of them had managed to break the code on the door and had gotten inside the apartment. Angel sat, unsure of what to do, when she heard the sound again. This time it sounded almost like a small stone hitting a window. She was probably crazy and would be better off just locking the bedroom door and waiting for Lucas to get home, but she had to go and investigate. Maybe it was Lucas and he hadn't heard her calling him.

Swinging her legs off the edge of the bed, Angel reached for the red silk robe that lay at the foot of the bed, then standing up, put it on and tied the sash. Hesitating for a moment, she called his name again, "Lucas?"

Waiting, she didn't hear his voice; the only noise that greeted her was the pinging sound. Letting out a shaky breath, Angel moved forward, stopping long enough to pick up a heavy candlestick that sat on the corner of her dressing table. She didn't know what good it would do, but it was better than nothing. She thought about her telekinetic ability; she wouldn't need a weapon to defend herself if she

still had her power. But she shook those thoughts away. She had to focus on the situation at hand; she couldn't afford to be distracted if it was indeed a burglar in the apartment.

Angel moved quietly into the living room, stopping short every time she heard the sound, which was getting louder. Now she was able to pinpoint it as coming from inside the kitchen. Moving closer to the door, she could see a soft orange glow coming from inside the kitchen. Whoever was in there must have lit a candle instead of putting the light on. Biting her lip, Angel moved forward until she reached the door, then holding the makeshift weapon at the ready, she looked inside and saw Lucas sitting at the kitchen table. Reaching for the living room light control by the kitchen door, she waved it on and put the candlestick down on a small table. She was about to call out to him when she stopped herself, watching him instead.

Lucas was leaning his arms on the table and had a row of peanuts lined up in front of him. He was flicking them with one finger across the kitchen, hitting them against the cupboard. The noise they made as they hit was the sound she'd heard. He wasn't aware of her standing in the doorway, which immediately struck Angel as odd; he always sensed her presence even before he saw her, but what was even more unsettling was the expression on his face. She had seen Lucas angry before, but it was always cold anger. The look on his face was darker than that, more frightening, made worse by the glow from the candle that cast an eerie light on his face, making him appear almost demonic.

Angel suppressed an involuntary shudder and called to him hesitantly, "Lucas?"

He stopped mid-flick and looked up at her. For an instant his eyes almost seemed to glow red, and Angel stepped back. She watched as Lucas smiled at her. "Sorry, darlin', I hope I didn't wake you." She didn't miss the dangerous tone in his voice. Swallowing, she shook her head and smiled nervously.

Lucas gave a short nod. "Good, would hate to interrupt your beauty sleep." Angel flinched at the coldness in his voice, a little hurt and confused by his behavior. She watched as he turned back to flicking another peanut at the cupboard.

Moving further into the kitchen to stand by the table, she continued watching him. [What the hell is going on here?] Something must have happened when he went out, something that had put him in a very dangerous mood.

"Lucas, are you all right?"

"Fucking peachy!!" Angel had never heard Lucas raise his voice; even in anger, his tone was usually low and steely, and she couldn't recall hearing him swear in her presence, or use a word like 'peachy', for that matter. The combination of all three at once seriously frightened her. She was seeing another side of Lucas, a side she prayed she would never see again.

"What has gotten into you?" Angel watched as his eyes flashed angrily. She barely had time to register him moving as she felt him grab her wrist and turn her around, forcing her back against the wall. She tried to push him off, but he pressed his full weight against her, pinning her painfully, while his left hand came up to grab her hair at the nape of her neck. Yanking down hard, Lucas looked at her, ignoring her startled cry of fear and pain. Her hand flew up to try to pry his hand loose, but it was pointless. He just tightened his hold on her hair and pulled down harder until she dropped her hand away.

"Lucas, please, what's wrong?" In response to her question, his free hand came up to clamp around her throat. She gasped as he tightened his hold, not enough to cut off her air, but enough to cause her

distress.

Lucas looked down at Angel, enjoying the look of fear in her eyes. He knew he was hurting her, but didn't care. He wanted to hurt her, to vent his frustration on her. "What's wrong?" he asked her. This time his tone was back to its usual quiet, steely level. "I'm just sick and tired of people not appreciating me, darlin'. Going against me, not doing as I tell them to. Fighting my lead."

Angel stared up at him, for a moment at a loss for words. She'd never heard Lucas talk like that before, and suddenly she was no longer afraid of him. Behind the anger, she had just seen something that made her want to reach out to him. Maybe she was deluding herself, but she could have sworn that Lucas was showing vulnerability, and she wanted to be there for him, to give him whatever he needed. Something inside her told her that giving him back what he was doing to her was how to do it. If he needed to vent his frustration and anger, well, she was going to help him do that.

Lifting a hand, she caressed his cheek, gasping as he tugged back on her hair painfully. "You're feeling unappreciated, are you, Lucas?" Angel kept her tone teasing, knowing that it would piss him off. She was right; he yanked back forcefully on her hair, pulling her head back so that her neck felt as if it would snap at any second.

He growled at her, "Yes, and I want to hurt someone for this feeling. I want to hurt you!"

Angel laughed huskily, ignoring the pain he was inflicting on her. "Be my guest, but turn about is fair play." Pressing her hand between them, she grabbed his balls through his jeans and squeezed hard, causing him to grunt in pain.

Lucas looked at her, his hazel eyes dark and dangerous, and for a moment, Angel wondered if she had done the right thing by turning this into something sexual. Suddenly his arm came round her waist and spun her around. Letting go of her hair, then in one movement, he knocked the candle and peanut bowl off the table, the bowl shattering as it hit the floor. He slammed her onto her back on the table, spreading her legs wide as he lay between them, pinning her down with his body.

Angel's stomach lurched with a mixture of fear and excitement as she felt the sexual tension grow between them. She looked up into his face, cast mostly in shadow, only the light from the living room preventing them from being in total darkness now that the candle was out. She saw anger in his face, but now Lucas was channeling it into something else, passion, lust, and hunger for her.

He shifted on top of her and she could feel that his cock was beginning to stiffen inside his jeans, his arousal raising hers, and she could feel a fresh heat and wetness between her legs. Angel could see that Lucas sensed her arousal and in an instant both of them moved, his head coming down to meet hers as she claimed his mouth. It was a brutal meeting of lips, and Angel could taste blood as Lucas crushed his mouth to hers, cutting her lip on her teeth, his tongue forcing its way in. Angel's tongue greeted his invasion with near desperation, the salty flavor of her blood mixing like an aphrodisiac with his unique spicy taste.

Lucas felt her arms encircling his shoulders, then one of her hands entwined in his hair, pushing the back of his neck, encouraging him to deepen the kiss.

After several breathtaking moments, he broke away and lifting his head, he looked down at her. Angel was panting, her eyes dark and gleaming with passion and hunger. "I'm not going to let them stop me from getting what I want." Lucas told her, his voice a low threat.

Angel looked at him. She still didn't know what had made him so angry, and she didn't really want to know. Nor did she understand what he was talking about, but she smiled at him softly and lifted a hand to brush back a lock of hair that had fallen across his eyes. "Of course you won't, Lucas." Still stroking his hair, her smile turned seductive. "They don't appreciate you Lucas, but I do." Pausing, she reached her hand between them again and rubbed the very evident bulge. "Let me show you how much."

For what seemed like forever, Lucas just looked at her as she ran her fingers through his hair, her other hand rubbing his cock through his jeans. Looking at him, Angel wondered if the anger had left him, but then she saw his face became a dark mask. It was both frightening and exciting. His hand shot up to grab her wrist, while the other hand pulled her hand away from his groin. Angel cried out in pain at his bruising grip, as he pinned her hands above her head on the tabletop.

Lucas lowered his head to whisper in her ear, "I'm not in the mood for soft and subtle tonight, you do know that, darlin'?" He raised his head as he waited for Angel's response. He was pleased when she shook her head.

"Yes, Lucas," was her soft reply.

"I want to hurt you!" Again she nodded, her tongue darting out to lick her lips.

"I know Lucas, but it will be both pleasure and pain." She paused to give him a lascivious grin. "Pleasure and pain, just the way I like it; the way I've always liked it." She watched as Lucas let go of her wrists, but she knew to not move, so she kept her hands where he had put them. She trembled as he rubbed his thumb along her cheek.

"That's my Angel." Lying still, holding her breath, Angel watched as Lucas untied the sash of her gown, pushing it aside to reveal her naked body. Then his mouth claimed hers again and her tongue darted out to deepen the kiss, one of his hands pulling her head closer to him as he kissed her. His free hand moved to cup one of her breasts, massaging it roughly for a moment before he took her already-hardening nipple between his thumb and forefinger and tweaked it. Angel cried out against his mouth at the pain, her body arching up off the table.

Lucas broke the kiss and chuckled at her. Shifting his body lower, he let go of her nipple and replaced his fingers with his mouth and suckled on the tender nub, causing her to whimper and writhe beneath him. Moving his hand, he caressed the other breast while his tongue licked and soothed away the pain he'd inflicted on her. When Angel was moaning softly, he lifted his head and shifted his body back up to kiss her neck, darting his tongue out to lick the soft flesh all the way down, working his way across her shoulder. He paused when he felt her hand moving up to brush through his hair; he didn't mind that she'd moved her hands, because she would soon put them back. As Lucas reached the end of her shoulder, he licked down the length of the pale puckered skin of her scar, and back up again. When he reached the end of the scar, he drew back for a moment, then sank his teeth into the soft flesh of her shoulder.

Angel screamed out, her body tensing in pain, and looked up at Lucas as he lifted his gaze to meet hers. "You know you should have kept your hands where I put them." Lucas arched his eyebrow and waited as she put her hands back above her head. Nodding at her, he lowered his mouth to where he had bitten her. He wanted to hurt her, but at the same time he wanted to give her pleasure, so he gently licked the red mark of his teeth, soothing away the pain.

As Lucas shifted his weight on her, he suppressed a wince as the fabric of his jeans rubbed painfully against his swollen cock. It was time to get undressed. Pushing up off of Angel, he stood back, telling

her with one dark look not to move.

Angel lay still, her legs parted, arms raised above her head, and watched hungrily as Lucas undressed. She never tired of seeing his body, the lean chest with its soft covering of hair, the flat, hard stomach. She couldn't tear her eyes away as he finally stripped off his jeans and briefs. His cock stood out hard and she wanted his shaft buried in her as deep as it could go. She could see by the way Lucas was looking at her center, spread wide and invitingly in front of him, that she wouldn't have to wait long.

Then he was lying on top of her again, between her legs, his hips level with hers. She could feel his rigid shaft entering her, and she lifted her hips up to try and take him inside, but he withdrew before he went any deeper and pushed her shoulders back down when she moved.

"No!" Angel opened her mouth to protest but her words were cut off as Lucas pinched her nipple, causing her body to spasm in pain. "I'll take you when and how I want to, and not before." He could see how much she wanted him, hell, he wanted her as much, but first he wanted to drive her crazy, until she screamed at him to fuck her.

Moving so that he was no longer lying between Angel's spread legs, but next to her, he lowered his mouth to her nipple, teasing it with his tongue. Slowly, he let his other hand move to caress her flat stomach, moving it along her waist, down her hip, and finally resting it on her thigh. Teasingly, Lucas moved his fingers back and forth across her thigh, never stopping his movements as he pulled her legs further apart.

When he felt her hips lift off the table, he decided to stop teasing her and give her a little of what she wanted. Stroking his hand down closer to her wet center, Lucas could feel the heat emanating from her, but he stopped just before he reached her damp folds. Lifting his head, he looked at her to find her watching him closely.

"Stop teasing me, you bastard!" Angel's voice was husky with anger and desire. She watched him; she could feel his hand resting just short of her vagina, infuriating her to have him so close but not doing anything about satisfying her. Then she gasped as without warning, Lucas parted and stroked her folds. "Oh gods!"

Her legs parted further to allow him better access. Slowly, he slid a finger inside her, stroking the soft, hot wetness inside her. As always, her response was immediate as the walls of her vagina clamped around his finger, taking him in deeper. Lucas heard her intake of breath as he slid a second finger inside her, while his thumb found her clit. He began stroking it, feeling it harden and swell beneath his touch. When he began to slowly finger-fuck her, Angel lifted her hips to meet his slow, rhythmic thrusts. As he continued to move his fingers inside her and rub her clit, he began to kiss her slowly, his tongue licking along her lips before he pressed it inside her mouth. Angel moaned softly, her arms coming around his shoulders as his tongue flicked against her tongue.

Lucas continued to probe his fingers deeper inside her, the pace of his movements now a little harder and faster, pushing Angel closer and closer to climax. She no longer kept her hands above her head; she lifted them to hold him, her nails digging into his back, causing him to arch and break away from her mouth, but he no longer minded, so she dragged her nails down his back, enjoying the feel of his back muscles as they tensed when her nails scraped along them.

He heard her moan as he pushed his fingers even deeper into her and he could feel the walls of her vagina tightening even more around his fingers, pulsing as Angel came dangerously close to climax, so he slowly withdrew his fingers. Lucas wanted her to come, but not just yet. He ignored her small

whimper of protest and shifted his position, moving once again to stand so that his body kept her thighs parted. He caressed her legs with feather-light touches, then taking a hold of her calves, he lifted them until her feet were placed on the edge of the table, with her knees bent. Then he stroked one hand against each thigh, never taking his eyes off her face as she watched him.

Bending his upper body, Lucas hooked his arms around the back of her knees, lifting her hips off the table, and moving forward, he pushed her legs back against her body. By the time he'd moved close enough for the head of his cock to press against her wet entrance, Angel's knees were almost level with her shoulders. Placing his hands on either side of her to brace himself and hold her in that position, he looked down at her and watched as her tongue darted out to lick her lips.

Lucas just remained there, unmoving. Angel could feel the tip of his shaft pressing against her, taunting her. "Please, Lucas!"

He leaned forward a little more so that his face was only an inch from hers. "What is it, darlin'?"

This time, Angel growled and lifted her hands up to his hair. Taking a good handful in each hand, she yanked hard, causing him to hiss in pain. "God damn you, fuck me!" She screamed at him as she lifted her hips up, trying to impale herself on him.

The desperation in her voice was all Lucas had been waiting for. Smiling at her, he lunged forward, driving his cock deep inside her with one thrust. Then he began to move, thrusting hard and fast into her. He would withdraw almost completely before hammering back inside her, going deeper with each thrust

Angel cried out his name as he moved deep inside her, pressing against the spot that gave her the most pleasure. She wanted to wrap her legs around him to take him even deeper, but the position of his arms prevented her from moving her legs, so she arched her back, trying to lift her hips even higher off the table, meeting his thrusts, trying to take him ever deeper. Her arms came around to hold him tightly around his shoulders, and her breasts were pressed between them, his soft chest hair feeling rough as her nipples brushed against him.

Lucas slowed the pace of his thrusts as he began to feel his balls burning with impending release. He could feel that Angel was close to climax, and he wasn't ready for that. No, he wanted to draw this out longer.

Angel's eyes widened as Lucas stopped and slowly, deliberately, withdrew from her but any protests were cut off, as lightning fast, Lucas flipped her onto her stomach and pulled her halfway off the table, yanking off her gown so she was completely naked beneath him. Her breasts were flattened against the surface of the kitchen table, her feet were now solidly on the floor, and she could feel Lucas behind her. Angel pushed herself up on her arms, trying to turn back and face him, but she grunted as he pushed her, forcing her back down onto the table. Then she felt him move even closer to her, his cock wet with her juices, poking the back of her thighs and she held her breath in anticipation of his next move.

Lucas stepped forward, and clamped down on the aching need for release; he wasn't ready to come just yet. He admired the view before him, Angel's neat, tight little ass standing out like an invitation. He smiled and gently stroked her buttocks as he leaned forward to kiss her back. Trailing kisses up her spine until he reached the back of her neck, keeping one hand stroking and kneading her ass, he lifted the other up to brush aside her hair. Exposing her long neck, he lowered his mouth to kiss it, sucking on her tender flesh, while she trembled beneath him. Finally, Lucas lifted his head and surveyed the red

welt that he'd made, marking her.

Still resting most of his weight on Angel's back, Lucas used his feet to spread hers far apart. He heard her soft whimper as he moved his hand between her thighs, gently tracing little circles with his thumb as he moved his hand up. He could feel the juices trickling out of her, feel the heat of her arousal. He was tempted to thrust his aching cock back into that wet haven, but he had other plans.

Angel's breath stalled as she felt two fingers parting her folds, but Lucas didn't enter her. He just rubbed his fingers into her fresh flow of hot fluid, then moved his fingers up between her cheeks, and she knew what he was going to do. It frightened and excited her as she remembered the only other time she'd had anal sex, on board the Excalibur. She could still remember the heady mix of pleasure and pain it had caused her when he had penetrated her that first time. Angel closed her eyes as she felt Lucas slide a finger, lubricated with her own juices, inside her. She felt herself stretching painfully as he slowly moved his finger in and out, easing her tight passage a little, so he wouldn't hurt her too much when he thrust his cock into her.

Angel's eyes opened when Lucas withdrew his finger then lifted his weight off her and thrust unexpectedly into her wet center. After a few hard thrusts, he withdrew and she felt him reposition himself again. She felt the tip of his lubricated cock nudge against her anus, and slowly, gently, he pushed into her.

Lucas moved into her slowly, not wanting to hurt her too much or to cause her any permanent damage. He knew that Angel wasn't used to anal sex, so he took it slowly. He moved into her a bit at a time, entering her deeper, slowly stretching her to accommodate his large cock. He could feel her body tensing with pain, so he waited until she became accustomed to the invasion, gently caressing her back with his hands; then when he felt her body relax, he began to move again. Then, as he heard Angel's moans of pleasure, Lucas picked up the pace, thrusting harder and faster.

Leaning forward, he moved a hand around to the front of her and began to rub her clit roughly, stimulating her further. Lucas was slamming into her now; his balls felt heavy, coming close to exploding. Angel's cries of passion spurred him on, the pace of his thrusts becoming faster and faster as he buried himself deeper inside her. He began to rub her clit harder, bringing Angel to the same place as he was, then suddenly he squeezed her hard, swollen nub between two fingers, causing her to jerk back with intense pleasure and pain, impaling herself even further onto him.

With one final thrust, Lucas flung himself over the edge and came hard inside her, his balls releasing an almost never-ending stream of hot fluid into her until he was completely emptied. He continued to rub Angel's clit until her whole body shuddered as she climaxed. Her hips thrust back and forth as he continued to rub her mercilessly, causing one orgasm after another until she was screaming his name in ecstasy. Finally, wave after wave of release subsided, and her body stopped shuddering. She was just trembling softly beneath him until she was lying completely still, breathing heavily, her body flushed and wet with the excretions of sex.

Lucas lay on her, his chest on her back, his head resting on her shoulder. Neither of them moved as they panted, trying to regain their breath. Finally, Lucas moved, pulling his now-limp shaft out of her, rolling off of her to lie on his side next to her on the table. Gently, he brushed Angel's hair away from where it had stuck to her face. He searched for any signs that he may have hurt her too much, but was greeted with a naughty smile as she reached her hands up to his chest, stroking him. "I don't think I'll be able to walk after that."

Lucas chuckled and hugged Angel to him as he moved to lie on his back, pulling her with him so that

her head rested on his chest. "I'll carry you wherever you need to go, Angel-Face." He smiled as he felt her body vibrating with laughter. When her laughter subsided, he lowered her gently to look into her eyes, eyes that looked at him with such love and trust.

"Lucas?"

"Yes, darlin?"

Angel was about to ask Lucas if he was all right now, but she hesitated, afraid that she would spoil the comfortable mood between them. She decided against it; whatever had made him angry didn't matter now, as he seemed to be calmer, less angry than before. Smiling, she shook her head and encircled his waist with her arms. "Never mind." For a long time they remained there, Lucas lying next to her, cradling her in his arms as she rested her head against his chest.

Suddenly, Angel yawned loudly; blushing, she turned to look sheepishly at Lucas. "You said you would carry me anywhere I wanted to go, right?" Lucas nodded.

"Well, I think you wore me out. Do you think you could carry me to bed so I can get some sleep?"

Lucas arched an eyebrow as he thought about it, a mischievous grin spreading across his face.

"Hmmm. I don't know, Love, if I get you to bed, I might not want to let you sleep."

Angel snorted and punched his arm. "You behave, Lucas Buck! Unlike you, I do need more than three hours of sleep a night or I don't function at all!"

Lucas chuckled as he got up off the table, scooped her into his arms, and headed towards the bedroom. "Don't worry, darlin. I'll let you sleep... eventually."

The Witches of Eriadne: Interlude Two

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