

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

by [The Space Witches](#)

[{Chapter 1}](#) [{Chapter 2}](#) [{Chapter 3}](#) {Chapter 4}



Lilith

Chapter 4

Lily suddenly stopped playing her harp and sat up straight. She had been leaning against Luke, who'd been brushing her hair while they sat in the window seat together, with John on the other side of the seat, looking out of the window and listening to her music.

Now John turned to look at her, and Luke stopped brushing her hair. "What's wrong?" Luke asked, pulling her back towards him and holding her lightly but firmly, his arm across her shoulders. "You've been nervous since we got up today."

Lily sighed, then leaned her head back on Luke's shoulder. John could see the strained look in her

eyes and leaned forward to squeeze her hand, trying to reassure her. She snuggled against Luke's chest. "It's just..." she knitted her brows, trying to find the right words. "You know that my sisters and me, we're connected... even if we don't send, there is a constant connection. And a few hours ago, I started realizing that something... something just didn't feel right. It - I never felt like this before... something bad must've happened."

"But they would have called you if something had happened to one of your sisters, wouldn't they?" Luke said in his calm manner.

Lily shook her head in frustration. "I thought so, but... oh I don't know!" She broke away and slid to the floor. She stood there for a few seconds in her tanned suede outfit, her hip-length tunic molding every curve, the v-neck, open shoulder and front lacing accentuating her cleavage. Her hip-laced skirt had a diagonal zigzag hem that reached mid-thigh on the right side and was a bit shorter on the left side, elongating the appearance of her legs. On her arms she wore gauntlets of the same material, which came to a tip over her hands. The combination made her look like a child of the wilderness, all the more with her wild curls.

Lily was looking at them indecisively, then said, "I'll go take a quick look. Please wait here, I won't be away for long." She gave each of them a goodbye kiss, then left and locked the door behind her. On a hunch, she left the key on the ground, just next to the wall, where it couldn't be seen from inside the room if someone looked through the crack at the door's base. Then she went in the direction of Angel's rooms, which were nearest to hers, almost running.

She knocked, then opened the door to Angel's room and peeked inside. "Angel? Are you here?"

Suddenly the captain of their "guests" leaned in the frame of the door to Angel's bedroom. Lily was a bit surprised, since he hadn't been there half a second ago.

"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, and sauntered into the main room. Something in the back of her head nagged her, something about his behavior...

"I only wanted to see how she was... I haven't seen her for almost two days." She noticed his eyes wander over her body, pausing at her cleavage and the snake tattoo, and she had to admit that the appreciative and suggestive look he gave her made her juices flow.

"Oh she's fine..." he drawled, coming nearer and looking into her incredibly green eyes. "While you're waitin' for her, care to join me in a little masochistic nihilism?"

Lily lifted her eyebrows and smiled. She didn't completely understand the words he'd used, but the meaning behind them was very clear to her. And his nearness had quite an effect on her body. She licked her lips. "Well, since you asked so nicely..."

She found herself slammed against the wall, her arms caught in his grip behind her back. She could feel his erection press against her back and his hot breath at her neck. Instinctively she tried to break free, but he was too strong.

"Ah, I like it when they fight back," he whispered into her ear, making it sound half threat, half promise. Her breathing became faster, and she could feel her juices flow even more. He started grazing his teeth along her neck, making her moan. Holding both her slim wrists with his left hand, he let his right hand wander down along her side, over her hip and thigh, and then to the front, to the inside of her leg. Tugging her skirt up, he traced a path upwards, towards her hot, wet center. When he found it, he parted her wet folds, entered her with a finger and started rubbing her clit with his thumb. Lily gasped, arching into his hand despite the restraining pose. He added another finger, drawing a long moan from her. He knew she was putty in his hands now. A wolfish grin appeared on his lips. [Couldn't have been a better time and place to come back.]

With incredibly quick movements he removed his hand, released his hard cock from his pants and entered her from behind, slamming into her wet core brutally. Despite Lily's wetness, he hurt her, but she found the pain strangely arousing. "You like that, don't you, Lily-love?" he breathed into her ear. Before she could answer, he removed his cock almost completely, then slammed into her again hard. Again and again he did it, driven by her loud moans and gasps. "If you like this..." Suddenly she felt herself being yanked off her feet and forced down to the floor on all fours, still connected to him, "... then you'll surely enjoy this..."

His thrusts became even harder, driving her to a state of arousal she'd never dreamed possible. Somehow, the fact that they were fully clothed added to the excitement. Soon she was writhing, and when he reached around her and caressed her clit, she came within seconds, her orgasm tearing through her body with incredible force. She could feel his hot juices fill her and flow out of her, down her legs. Her whole body was shaking. If he hadn't held her she would've collapsed to the floor. Finally he let her sweat-covered body down slowly. When she looked at him, panting heavily, she could only see sweat where her body had touched his, and his breathing wasn't as heavy as hers by far.

"No wonder... Demon's sendings... were so intense," she breathed.

Her body felt as if it were made of jelly. She closed her eyes, concentrating on regaining her breath, and heard him say, "Well, you certainly do the family honor... you had me goin' darlin'."

Again, Lily felt that nagging in the back of her head, but still couldn't figure out what caused it. She curled up in a fetal position on her right side trying to concentrate and find out when she felt his hands untie the lacing of her skirt, followed by his lips tracing kisses on her hip. And despite her recent orgasm, she could feel her arousal start to rise again with every touch, erasing every last thought...

Credit where credit's due: Lucas Buck and everything else connected with American Gothic are the property of Shaun Cassidy, Renaissance Productions, CBS Television, Universal Pictures, etc.

{[Chapter 1](#)} {[Chapter 2](#)} {[Chapter 3](#)} {Chapter 4}

The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double

[{Part 1: Arrival}](#) [{Part 2: Introductions}](#) [{Part 3: Changing Partners}](#) [{Part 4: Moving Forward}](#)
[{Part 5: Departure}](#)