

BLOW

Enemies with Benefits #3



HOLLY DENISE

THE NEW PLACE WASN'T MUCH, HE KNEW, BUT IT WAS A FAR SIGHT better than rooming with bloody Harris. Never mind that it was temporary, too. A place to catch his winks and drink his blood until the Slayer lived up to her end of the bargain.

Which, Spike reckoned, might be a while, especially going at the snail's pace she'd decided to set for herself. If he didn't know better, he'd think that she had cottoned on that he was the best bloody fuck she'd ever have and was looking for reasons and ways to keep him from bolting town. As long as he was tied here by what those government boys had done to his head, he would be at her bloody beck and call.

Keeping him on her leash was a mite harder when he had his own digs, though. Made her work for it just a little more—fewer excuses as to why she was seeking him out. No unplanned drop-bys or flimsy pretenses.

The crypt itself could be turned right posh, given some time. Sure, there were other considerations to make. The ones the bird Harris had hoodwinked into shagging him on the regular had mentioned—running water, electricity, a place to store his blood, and the like, but Spike reckoned he could make do. He'd yet to find a challenge he couldn't rise to meet.

Yeah, the place was a definite fixer-upper, but it was far enough away from the others—from *her*—to give him the illusion of being his own man, even if he knew the better of it.

Even if he resented the fuck out of it.

He hadn't seen much of the Slayer since she'd decided to give her Teutonic Angel-replacement a fair shake. How she'd gone from all but limping to the door after giving him the shag of a lifetime—or several—against her watcher's table to snogging that oversized berk was something Spike doubted he would ever stop questioning. Not that he cared, mind. Didn't matter what the bitch did, or who, so long as she upheld her end of the bargain. Granted, it was a bloody shame she'd shot down his suggestion of riding out this thing between them, but he hadn't really expected anything else. Bold the little chit might be when it came to upping her game between the sheets, but admit there was more to the reason she'd come to him than the load of rot she'd spoon-fed him?

Not bloody likely.

Spike should have seen it coming. The Slayer was a wildcat stuck inside a prude. The way she came to life when he touched her had proven that—proven that and more. She wanted the fire, the heat, the passion, she wanted everything he gave her, but she didn't want to want it. More comfortable living inside her delusion where she did everything Granddaddy Forehead had told her to do—move on all proper-like with the right sort of bloke who could give her the right sort of shag and bore her into an even earlier grave than she'd have otherwise.

But that didn't bother him much. Buffy knew where to find him if she needed to uncork—or another brush up on those lessons of hers.

Though after last time, that seemed more than a little unlikely. She had all the practice she needed to drive college boy out of his head—not to mention learn the hard way that whatever he had to offer wasn't going to be enough for her. Nothing was.

Spike had just finished his mental sketches on where the fridge would go when the front door clanked its warning that he had a visitor. Hopefully Rupert, with enough dosh to have made the bit of goody-good heroics he'd played the other night worth his time, though Spike had a feeling the prat would try to talk him down a hundred or so on account that he had crashed the oversized doorstep he'd called a car. No matter. Whatever Rupert didn't hand over, Spike would filch, perhaps with a box of Weetabix and a bottle of brandy as interest. Or a forced housewarming present.

Only when the door swung open, it wasn't the Watcher who strode in.

He felt nothing, he told himself. No tightening in his chest, no rush of excitement, no joy at all in seeing the Slayer so close after having only caught glimpses of her in the days following their tryst. And if she had nothing new to offer—say, like a way to remove his handicap—then he'd turn her around on her pert little arse and tell her to go waste some other bloke's time. He was busy. Evil things to do, and all.

Buffy gave her surroundings a dubious once-over, wrinkling her nose. "Gross, creepy, covered in cobwebs and full of dead, useless things. Your new place suits you."

Dead and useless, eh? He didn't recall her finding too much of him dead or useless when she'd begged him to fuck her just a little harder, or when she'd been mauling his mouth and wrestling off his clothes, or bucking against his face as he explored her cunt with his tongue.

But to say any of that would be to risk being staked, so he shoved it all back.

"By all means, Slayer, *don't* make yourself at home." He nodded at the door. "Found your way in all right. Now toddle off."

"Believe me, not staying here any longer than I have to. I just wanted to ask you something."

"Oh, don't keep us in suspense, then."

"You helped Giles the other night."

Spike blinked at her, dragging in a deep breath in spite of himself. "Yeah. Heard about that, did you?"

"Why?"

"Cause I was bored and he offered to pay me."

"So...not for any other reason?"

He frowned. What was she on about?

"Not sure I follow, pet. What other reason would there be?"

Buffy didn't answer, just stared at him with that infuriatingly inscrutable look of hers. Well, he could do that too. So he did, holding her gaze with the same stubborn resolve, willing himself not to blink. The bitch couldn't win everything.

Then it clicked, what she was really asking. And he couldn't help himself—he laughed.

"What?" she snapped, her cheeks, to his delight, blooming red.

"You thought it was for you, didn't you?"

"I did not."

"Right. So you show up here, all indignant and spoilin' for a fight, barkin' on about my stint as your watcher's would-be hero because... what, nothin' better to do?" He reached into his pocket for his fags, not taking his gaze off her face. "Got a high and mighty opinion of that pussy of yours, pet, if you think a couple little dips into it is all it takes to get me whipped."

It was worth it, he decided, as her fist connected with his nose. Even with the explosion of pain that followed, even though she

seemed to know just how to aim her punches to make them hurt more than they should, it was worth it. See her all worked up, drink in her anger and embarrassment, revel in the knowledge that he'd been right. The daft little dear had really thought he'd helped Rupert out of some twisted loyalty to her and her cunt. If that wasn't delicious, he didn't know what was.

"What?" he asked, laughing and wiping away the blood she'd knocked loose. The cigarette he'd fished out had fallen to the ground, so he freed another one. "What's the hurt, love? Was it something I said?"

"You are disgusting."

"Mmm, yeah. And begged me to shag you, baby." He winked. "Twice."

"I did not beg! There was no begging!"

"Not how I remember it. Took a little convincin' but I got you to say *please*."

More of that delectable heat flooded her face. God, she made this too easy at times. "I came here to see if maybe something had changed," Buffy barked. "Thanks for proving what a colossal waste of time this was."

"Somethin' bein' what? You thought you shagged a soul *into* me?"

"I thought for a second you might have actually done something decent because... Well, I don't know, but I thought it worth checking out." Buffy crossed her arms, holding his gaze right up until the end, when she had to look away. "Just in case all the misfiring in your head had caused a complete personality transplant or something."

He wondered if she knew about that tell. Decided she didn't, otherwise she wouldn't be so quick to lie.

"Nothin' better to do, eh? Or should I say *no one*?" Spike couldn't stop smirking if he tried. "And here I thought, nice college girl like yourself, you'd be keen to put all your new skills to good use on your little tin soldier."

"You're disgusting."

"Right, you said that. Sing that one often enough, it gets stuck in a bloke's head." Spike stuck a cigarette between his lips and lit up, enjoying the way her nose wrinkled and her brow furrowed. It was a

small thing, but hell, he couldn't help but be thrilled to know just how easy it was to get under her skin. "So why's it you're here if I'm so disgusting, Slayer? Or is your new boy not helpin' you hit those high notes? Need to see if it's you?"

She balled her fist, the little lamb, and he knew how the next bit would play out. Another punch to the nose, a crack of cartilage, and he'd pluck himself up from the ground just to get an eyeful of her swinging arse as she stomped back outside. As much fun as that sounded, Spike wasn't quite ready to send her packing just yet. It had been a minute since she'd lowered herself to look at him, much less sought him out, and though he didn't much care for what it said about him, he found her absence from his life bothered him.

And why shouldn't it? All they'd shared, him and the Slayer... Yeah, he hated her and yeah, first order of business once his head was right again was ripping out that spine and using her bones to pick his teeth. But until that day arrived, he had this. The knowledge of just how fiery she was when stroked the right way. The sounds she made when he was buried balls deep inside her tight, sweet cunt. That she let herself react to him so openly still amazed him—that she didn't seem to realize just what that meant even more so.

So when the inevitable swing came, Spike made a snap decision. He wasn't going to play.

"Now, now," he said, catching her fist. That much she hadn't seen coming, he was happy to say. "No need to get violent, pet. Just havin' us a little chat, yeah?"

Buffy glared at him and yanked her hand free, stumbling back a step. "Don't touch me."

Oh, that was rich. "Hate to point out the obvious, but you touched me first."

"A punch isn't a touch."

"Now you're just bein' pedantic." Spike smirked and took another puff of his cigarette, rocking a bit on his heels. "You wanna know my theory?"

If possible, her eyes grew even colder, harder. She crossed her arms, her lips fixed into a sexy-as-fuck pout he was aching to explore with his own. He couldn't explain it—or maybe he could—but somehow,

knowing just how much Buffy melted when stroked the right way, when licked and nudged and caressed and explored, made each of her if-looks-could-stake glares as good as foreplay. It was something he'd done his bloody best to ignore in the time that had elapsed since that one particularly spectacular night at the motel, but then she'd come to him again with that cock-and-bull story of having forgotten how to snog, and he'd been a goner.

Knowing how much she hated him was a bloody turn-on. Everything about her was, but especially that. Because the more she hated him, the sweeter she tasted whenever she melted.

Spike had never before considered the virtues of shagging the enemy before she'd come to him with the initial proposition. Sure, he'd thought of fucking the Slayer more than once, but those had been flashes, impulses, quick fantasies without proper context. That they would fight until they fucked seemed a given—that he would get Buffy to pant and moan and beg for his cock, all the while keeping that layer of distrust and mutual loathing—that had been a piece of reality he hadn't known to include.

Turned out, that was the best.

"What," Buffy snapped a moment later, her cheeks flushing, "is your theory?"

Spike grinned a bit wider, puffed once more on his cigarette, then decided his mouth needed to be freed up in case she had a hankering to put it to better use. He dropped the remainder onto the stone floor and stomped it out under his boot as he stepped forward. "My theory," he said slowly, "is you just can't help yourself. Got a feel of what a real man can do for you, and try your hardest, it's just better when I'm the one making you scream."

Again, Buffy swung for his nose. Again, he caught her fist, but he didn't let her go this time. A punch wasn't a *no*, after all, and he knew damn well she knew how to use her words. That she'd decided to use her hands was in itself a tell. Turned out the Slayer was just full of them.

"Let go," she said, no inflection in her voice but he heard her heart pick up all the same.

"Make me," he replied, turning her fist over and baring her wrist.

Her pulse hummed, strong and fast, rushing hard beneath his fingertip. Spike flicked his gaze to her face—her eyes were glued to her hand, to his hand, and a thin layer of sweat had broken across her brow.

Fuck, he'd been right. Buffy had come here tonight to get shagged. Maybe she hadn't admitted it to herself fully or maybe she just couldn't bring herself to ask, but there was no denying the way her body responded. That she was letting him hold her like this, lower his mouth to a place no self-respecting slayer would ever let a vampire explore, was as much a confession as a whispered plea. Then there was the way she smelled, the tickle that reached his nose, heady and thick, and he knew it so well by now. Had parked himself there at the source not too long ago and explored it with his lips and tongue.

He was holding the Slayer's hand, about to caress her wrist with his mouth, and she was turned on.

So long as he had a captive audience, Spike decided he'd take his time. A girl like Buffy deserved to be savored, after all, mortal enemy or not. He started with his tongue, flicking the sensitive skin right above her pulse point, feeling it when her heart jumped again and was all the more encouraged when she didn't pull her hand back. One lick led to another, and another, but he decided to bring his lips into play. Her heart bloody well thundered now, her attention fixed on what he was doing—not quite at him but close enough, and every swipe had the scent of her arousal intensifying to the point he suspected he might just burst out of his jeans.

His attempts to get her out of his head had failed and continued to fail, such to the point he was almost resigned to it—this gut-deep knowledge that Buffy had dug her way into him so deep he might never be free of her. All right enough when he'd been plagued with thoughts of killing her, when she refused to give him a decent night's rest even after he'd left the bloody continent, but those fantasies had taken a backseat to others. The sort that he couldn't shake, no matter how hard he tried.

And *hard* was right. Especially with Buffy here, her skin under his mouth, her chest rising and falling faster the longer she stood there. Knowing that she wanted him, smelling how much she wanted him, was enough to make him as barmy as Dru.

Dru, who had left him because of her—told him he was covered in her, called out the thing that had crawled inside him and made itself at home. He hadn't understood what she'd meant then and he hated to think that he might now. That there could be a reason beyond his own somewhat staggering ineptitude that he hadn't been able to kill the girl any of the times he'd had the advantage. Bloody hell, he'd won himself the Gem of Amara and still managed to get his arse kicked. If that wasn't pathetic, he didn't know what was.

"What are you doing?" Buffy asked at last, her voice shaking. She didn't make any attempt to reclaim her hand.

Spike raised his head a scant inch and met her eyes. "Havin' me a little taste," he replied.

"Stop."

"Don't want to."

"Well, that doesn't matter."

"Matters quite a bit, pet. Vampire, here. I take what I fancy." He tightened his hold on her wrist and pulled her closer, apparently catching her off guard enough that she stumbled and nearly toppled him right over. "You're the Slayer. Do somethin' about it if you like. Me? I'm gonna just keep on, if you don't mind."

Buffy swallowed. "This... You need to..."

"Why'd you come here?" He straightened, releasing her hand on a whim. Wanting to see if she'd step back when she had the choice and doing his best not to grin when she didn't. "And don't give me that bunk about askin' after your watcher."

"I—I wanted to know."

"Yeah, and you wanted to see me. Just so happened he handed you the excuse you've been achin' after."

"You're bent."

At that, he couldn't help but smirk. "Just the way you like it, if memory serves."

Buffy made to shove him away, but he caught her wrists again—both this time—and dragged her forward until she was flush against his chest. And again he heard her heart skip, heard the sharp intake of her breath, got a whiff of that intoxicating scent she gave off whenever her nether parts were all a-tingle.

"Tell us the truth now," he continued in a low undertone. "You came here for another serving of Spike, didn't you?"

"You're—"

"Disgusting, I know. Now answer the question."

"I need to learn how to do something." The words tumbled from her lips in a rush, chased by the pinkening of her cheeks. "I... That's why I came. I need to learn how to do something else."

A shot of pure euphoria rushed down his spine. Sure, it wasn't an admission that she was as dizzy up top for him as he was for her, but he'd take what he could get. Every touch brought him closer. More than that—gave him another chance to purge her from his system for good.

Even if he was beginning to think that might be impossible.

"Soldier Boy not doin' you right, is that it?"

She drew in a sharp breath, her eyes narrowing. And for a second he could have kicked himself in the bloody noggin for letting his trap fly, but what was done was done. Ball was in her court.

"Riley is just fine," she said with some of that patented Slayer fire. "He can do it all right. Better, even."

He couldn't keep from laughing at that. "That a fact? Right stallion, your boy is?"

"Shut up."

"He hasn't even taken a proper tour, has he?"

"Shut *up*! We've done...a lot."

Spike barked another laugh. "Right. Sure you have. He like eatin' your cunt as much as I do? Ah, ah, ah." He caught her fist when she swung it again. "Not that I don't like the foreplay, love, but if you want my mouth in good workin' order, better leave the teeth where they are."

"I did not come here for your mouth."

"Oh no?" Spike tilted his head and dropped his gaze to her lips. "Pity. Seems I remember it doin' a number of things you like just fine."

"I—I came here for mine."

Were it not for the gift that was heightened vampire senses, he would have sworn he'd misheard. As it was, he could do little more than stare. Sweet little Buffy had been keen to do and learn a great

many things during their brief but oh-so-memorable time together—and just as keen about what she would never do under any circumstance. All this despite the fact that every time she so much as glimpsed his cock, her mouth gaped open and she got this look in her eyes like she was just aching to explore him with her tongue. While he hadn't given up the possibility that he'd have her under him again, he had more or less resigned himself to the likelihood that he would never know what it felt like to have the Slayer's mouth wrapped around his prick.

And now she'd come here specifically to give him a blowie?

Color him stunned.

"If you say anything disgusting, I swear I will stake you now," Buffy said in a low growl that underscored her sincerity. "I mean it, Spike. I hear one word about this from you—now, next week, five years from now—it will be the last thing you say before you dust. Tell me you understand me."

Of course, his first instinct at that was to start crowing immediately. Perhaps while swaying his hips and undoing his belt before the Slayer got on her knees and gave him what was certain to be if not the best suckjob in the world, then the most bloody memorable. But aside from absolutely guaranteeing he'd never experience the perfection that was her mouth, he knew she'd make good on her threat and he wasn't eager to kiss this life goodbye just yet.

So he stood there, staring at her and likely looking the fool, but not giving a damn because, *fuck*, he was about to get the Slayer's mouth around his cock.

Buffy took a step forward, bringing her wonderful fragrance with her. "Spike? Are you in there?"

He blinked. "Uh, yeah."

"So?"

"So what?"

"So...what do you say?"

"Not a bloody word, love."

She furrowed her brow. "Not a word?"

"To anyone," he clarified quickly. "I'll keep my bloody gob shut. Cross my little black heart and hope to dust, and all that rot."

"I don't just mean to others. I mean right here, right now."

Spike gestured and rolled his eyes. "You hear me chirpin'? I'll have you know that I'm not so thick I don't know when to bite my tongue, yeah?"

"Forgive me if I find that hard to believe."

"You get on your knees for me and I'll forgive you anything."

Yeah, could be that biting his tongue would be more of a chore than he'd thought. He'd never had much in the way of restraint before when it came to her, anyway.

"In case you were wondering," Buffy replied with a saccharine grin, "*that* is the sort of thing that gets me walking out the door."

Yet he couldn't help but notice that she was standing rather resolutely in place. Trembling with all sorts of righteous fury, yeah, but standing there all the same. Spike was nothing if not a quick study, and he knew that was an observation better off swallowed than voiced. So he inhaled and met her gaze, keeping his mouth shut.

There was another stretch of silence—not as long but no less intense because of it—during which Buffy just glared at him, those vivid green eyes of hers narrowed and intent on peeling him down until there was nothing of him left.

It would be like her to make a big speech like that, get him hot and hard and ready for her, then decide it was a waste and take her glorious self right on out of his crypt. And truthfully, he somewhat expected her to do just that. Though she had made good on the teasing she'd done in the past, he knew better than to assume that meant she wouldn't come to her senses and leave a bloke high and dry. The things she'd let him do to her thus far still partially seemed like something out of a dream. Or a nightmare, depending on one's perspective.

At length, something behind her eyes shifted and she relaxed. Not much but enough. Enough that he knew she wasn't going anywhere anytime soon.

Buffy blew out a deep breath, nodded. "We haven't...had sex."

"Bit of news to me," Spike blurted, because he was a dolt. "Pretty sure I remember a good amount of shagging."

"Me and Riley, you big blond idiot. We haven't...yet." The red in her cheeks, which had been fading, flared once more, just as her heart

began thumping harder. “We...were messing around the other night and there was some...touching. I...tried the mouth thing and I didn’t do it right.”

Well, fuck. He hadn’t been prepared for that. Not the words and certainly not the pang that struck his chest or the angry howl that sounded between his ears. Didn’t matter who the bitch shagged, right? That had been the whole bloody point of these lessons—teaching her how to do a man right since her past experiences had left her feeling like there was something wanting. Never mind that his night with her had awakened something inside of him he hadn’t wanted to acknowledge was there, and that session at her watcher’s flat had only furthered the fall. Bitch wanted to shag some boring human Angel substitute, that was her prerogative. As long as he got his end of the bargain.

So the fact that his skin felt tight and his gums were prickling like his demon wanted out meant nothing. Nothing at all. He was still getting his pole polished, wasn’t he? More’s the pity to the bloke waiting for her back home.

“He tell you that?” Spike managed to ask, not snarl, though his voice wasn’t as firm as he’d like it to be. “That you didn’t do it right?”

“He didn’t need to.” She flushed harder, dropping her gaze like she had something to be ashamed of. “There was a yelp. And not a sexy yelp—more like I’d hurt him. I asked and he said everything was fine but he didn’t want me to keep going and wouldn’t talk about it after.”

The to-do list waiting for him once he got his noggin cleared kept growing, with its number one priority shifting depending on the way the wind blew. Right now, that moment, tearing out Wonder Bread’s throat was in the top slot.

“But this seems to be a pretty standard things girlfriends do for their boyfriends,” Buffy went on, having slipped a bit into that ramble mode that took her when she was particularly self-conscious. “I should learn how to do it...right. And you said if I liked—ahh...” If possible, her cheeks went even darker. “If I like *getting* it then I should be able to give it, right?”

That internal roar swelled again, this time aided by the image of Buffy spread on a bed, Finn’s head between her legs. Like the wanker

knew what to do once he was there, like he'd appreciate exactly the sight and smell and taste. Like he could touch her, stroke her, lick her the way she wanted. The way that'd get her to come apart under him.

A second later, he realized he'd been asked a question. Apparently a sincere question, if the way Buffy was looking at him was any indication. He plastered on a smile that felt more like a wince and nodded. "Right. Fair's fair, and all."

She nodded, a bit crestfallen. "Yeah. And if I can't do that right, then..."

Spike forced himself to swallow the reply just aching to be set free. Just waited.

After a beat, the Slayer seemed to remember where she was—more precisely, who she was with—and gave her head a shake, the vulnerability leaking out of her eyes and the sassy, brassy bitch in control once more. "So, I better learn how to do this without hurting whoever I'm with. And since I don't care if I hurt *you*... Well, here I am."

Yeah. Here she was. Standing so close and looking so delicious, her heart rabbiting despite her attempts to appear confident. And for something that had seemed so brilliantly straightforward just a few minutes ago, Spike found he had no idea how to proceed. Shoving her down to crotch level and stuffing himself down her throat, while a pretty picture in his head, was likely not the best way to go about it. While he'd been given no small amount of allowance around her, guided her and coaxed her into things he'd wanted by promising they were things she'd want too, he had no delusion about being in charge.

Buffy fidgeted a few seconds then, shifting her weight between her feet, all that confidence and hellfire from before having faded. Now she just looked lost and self-conscious, which was its own kind of delicious, but he found he didn't have much taste for it. Not that that said anything good about him—the Big Bad who finally had enough dirt on the Slayer to make it really hurt when the time came to drain her dry and be done with it, but somehow didn't care for the advantage. Finally, after tossing a glance over her shoulder, Buffy inhaled deeply and met his gaze with all the boldness he knew lived inside of her.

"Where should we do this?"

Spike blinked. "Anythin' wrong with right here?"

“Eww. This is a cemetery.”

“Yeah. Suppose you have a point?”

“I am not going to do anything remotely”—she gestured wildly, some form of charades that he hadn’t seen before—“*here* with you.”

Spike couldn’t keep himself from rolling his eyes. “What? You fancy a place a bit more posh? Gonna wine and dine me first? Get me in the mood? Make it special? We’re not sodding *dating*, Slayer. You came here for a lesson. No need to get sentimental about the staging.”

The softness that had been in her eyes hardened all over. Again, he thought she’d turn tail and swish her way out the door. Again, she kept surprising him.

“You’re right,” she said simply, and shoved him back hard enough that he tumbled against the sarcophagus. “This is as good as you deserve.”

Was that supposed to be an insult? Getting sucked off by the Slayer anywhere was well more than he deserved, and they both bloody well knew it.

“Right then,” Spike said, waiting until she came close enough to seize. And seize he did, hauling her toward him so fast he knew he caught her by surprise for how wide her eyes went and the seductive way she gasped. He cupped the back of her head, tangling his fingers through her silken tresses, and dragged her close so he could do what he’d been aching to do since the minute she’d sauntered inside, and kissed her.

Snogging had been off the table in the beginning too. Well, not in any such way it ever stuck, since he knew what to do with his mouth. How to get a girl wanting and wet and aching for something more, until they were so bloody blitzed out of their heads that they didn’t realize his kisses had a bit more bite than any old sod’s. Once he’d pointed out just how intimate kissing was, Buffy had closed down and told him there wouldn’t be any of that with them...only he hadn’t been able to help himself, and thank fuck, neither had she. Hell, she’d even dreamt up some readymade excuse to snog him again after their night had ended. Something about how it hadn’t gone well with her tin soldier and maybe that was her fault.

Any bloke who got the Slayer in his arms and didn’t know what to

do with her had a whole host of problems. And that there was the real tragedy of the piece—the lesson Buffy would never let herself learn. She could turn shagging into an Olympic sport and it wouldn't matter. The problems lay with the prats she chose to let between her legs, present company excluded.

And bloody hell, her kisses were like the sun—fire and heat and glory all wrapped into one, with such a dangerous energy radiating just beneath that he knew he was flirting with dust. The way she tore at him like she was desperate for it—for him—was enough to make him forget the finer points of this agreement. She was all lips and tongue and teeth, nipping and scraping and chasing and biting and somehow whimpering like *she* was the one being driven bloody barmy. Her hands were there, on his shoulders at first, then up his neck and farther still until his face was trapped between her palms and she was kissing him to dust and he didn't bloody care so long as she kept on.

Which she didn't. One second, he was wrapped in her light, and the next his tailbone hit the edge of the sarcophagus with enough force he would have howled if he weren't ready to scream.

"What?" Spike barked. Buffy had staggered back a step, her face a mask of horror.

"No kissing."

Christ, this again? He balled his hands into fists to keep from doing something potentially fatal, like wringing her magnificent neck.

"No, Slayer, not playin' it like that. Bit beyond kissing now, aren't we?"

The little twit screwed up her face even tighter, so she looked more like a caricature of herself. "Kissing is too...boyfriend/girlfriend-y. And I *have* a boyfriend."

"Right, so popping out to suck your mortal enemy's cock is all well and good, but toss in a bit of snogging and suddenly you're a scarlet woman, is that it?"

There was no guessing this time—he saw the fist coming for his nose before she even thought to raise it. Spike seized it with ease and leveraged his hold on her to tug her forward, right back where he wanted her most—hot and panting and flush against him, her softness

molding against his erection. Her own arousal a living thing in his nostrils, so thick it made his head swim.

That was the rub, that was. Buffy didn't want Spike to enjoy this but knew there was no way around it. What she couldn't stand was the thought that she herself was doing this out of anything other than academic interest. That there was a reason she kept coming to him when her curiosity needed to be quenched or her itch scratched. She'd been a little hot the entire time she'd been in here—now she was bloody fire.

"You have no idea how much I am going to dust you," Buffy snarled through gritted teeth. Bloody hell, she was just adorable.

"Right. Too close to the mark for you?" Spike tightened his grip on her fist, wrapped his other arm around her waist, and pulled her closer so that all that milky skin of hers was right under his mouth. "Call this a lesson then, if it'll make it easier for you to look at yourself in the mornin'. Lesson bein' it takes a bit more than showing up to get a man rarin' to go."

That much, of course, was a bald-faced lie, as far as he was concerned. All she needed to do to get him in a state where he wouldn't mind fucking her for hours was poke her damn little head in. But if she could lie to herself, there was no harm in piling on the untruths. Wasn't like she'd get around to pulling them apart anytime soon.

"Want to be more than an afterthought," he continued, this time punctuating the words with soft kisses peppered against her neck. "Want to be an *experience*, pet."

"You can *experience* my stake up your ass."

Spike chuckled—couldn't help it. "That supposed to be a threat?"

"You are so gross."

"Maybe, but you are too."

He took her mouth again before she could come up with a response, growling when she growled—god, he loved her all brassed off—and bracing the back of her head again so she couldn't pull back. Not that she wanted to—he could feel as much in the way she shook, how she kissed him with all the force of someone who really wanted him dead but couldn't figure out the best way to make it happen. And

this he liked maybe a little too much, even more than the thought of the Slayer sinking to her knees and parting her lips. Buffy could imagine she was sucking just anyone off once she got started, especially if he did need to bark out instructions to help her improve her technique. But she couldn't pretend he was someone else like this, with how she wrenched kisses from his lips or clung to him, fighting him with her mouth the way she couldn't anymore in genuine. Those army wankers had robbed them of the only other way they'd been able to equally match each other and this was how they were left to get their kicks in.

And he knew she missed it too when he released his hold on her to give his aching cock some relief, and Buffy didn't immediately recoil and try the negotiating-with-fists tactic again. Instead, she took being released as a sign that she needed to be anchored, throwing her arms around his neck again to cling to him. He almost hated breaking it because Buffy like this, Buffy feeling without thought and acting on want rather than following a script, was his favorite version of her. But this was all of her that he was ever going to get, these stolen interludes, so he might as well make the most of them.

Spike tore away from her lips with a groan. "Undo my belt," he whispered.

He expected more of the same fight, that show of resistance she kept throwing at him at every turn, never mind that all of this had been her idea. Wonder of wonders, it didn't come. Instead, Buffy gave a shaky nod and slid her hands down his arms, making him shake harder than he cared to admit, before settling her fingers at the waist of his jeans. Then he felt her there, fumbling and clumsy, offset against a soundtrack of her ragged breaths and thundering heart. The clink of his buckle was drowned out by the slide of leather against denim. He hadn't meant for her to take the whole thing off but didn't have the heart to tell her so when she turned her eyes back up to his, so full and earnest the pang in his chest that he'd felt before struck again, only hard enough to make his ribs rattle.

"Like this?" Buffy asked thickly.

He nodded, couldn't do anything but. "Just like that, love. Pop the button now." Again she obeyed, and he wondered if he'd make it

through what came next without spilling in his trousers like some bloody schoolboy. Being hard around the Slayer was an occupational hazard, one he'd long grown accustomed to, and especially since she'd first approached him with her little proposition. But now, this moment, knowing what was coming, Spike wasn't sure he'd ever been harder. Fuck, even the thought of her hand around him had his balls tingling.

He would *not* embarrass himself. Waited long enough for this and jizzing all over her before she'd had a chance to give him so much as a lick was not a bloody option.

Buffy shifted her attention to his zipper without awaiting further instruction, her fingers creating an exquisite pressure against the bulge behind the denim. Her breaths came a bit quicker, along with the rush of her pulse and the enthralling aroma of her arousal. And that was its own kick, knowing Buffy was hot for him. Hot for *this*. She could protest all she wanted, use as much yarn as she needed to spin her tale, but he knew the better of it. The thought of getting her mouth around his cock was enough to have her knickers soaked, and that knowledge was bloody intoxicating.

"What now?" she asked when she had the zipper all the way down, her voice barely above a whisper.

Spike tilted his head, smirking. "What's with the trembling virgin act, pet? Nothin' there you haven't touched before. Know you know how to use your hands."

Buffy worked her throat. "I...I do?"

Damn. He'd expected a fist in the nose for that, not a soft plea for reassurance. The fact that she felt the need to ask had his chest lurching and his temper flaring all at once. Never mind what nonsense Angelus and that sodding college boy had filled her head with—hadn't the night she'd spent with him made even the slightest dent? He'd sputtered any number of things while he'd been buried inside her—a lot he'd gone to pains to forget but more he knew he never could.

Spike shoved down his indignation, seized her around the wrist, and tugged her closer. "Put your hand around my cock," he said, willing himself not to do something nancyish like moan or sigh when she did as he asked. "That's it, love. You remember how I like it?"

She nodded absently, squeezing him around the base and dragging her hand up. And god, he'd missed this. The heat of her skin, the slight hitch in her breath, how her fingers felt around his shaft. Buffy had been many things with him—foremost a warrior, an enemy—but rarely a girl. Not like this, at least, with her guard down. With her knowing exactly who she was with and what she was doing, and giving in despite her obvious reservations. Threats and posturing aside, Buffy knew full well that he could weaponize everything he'd learned about her in a bloody blink, tear her down if that was his aim. Make her feel small, if not weak, and infect her with enough doubt that whatever remaining years she had left would be spent as miserable as his had been ever since she'd come into his life. She handed over so much power with so few words and fewer actions, and that level of trust—even if she didn't realize that's what it was—was more than delectable. It was precious.

But it only took a few seconds to note the difference in how she touched him now, and even fewer to understand what it was. Sometime since she'd stormed out of her watcher's home, still shaking from the orgasm he'd given her, she'd lost a bit of her confidence. The way she gripped him was less firm, less certain, and he could have killed her soldier boyfriend because he knew it was his fault.

"Harder," Spike said, shoving his jeans down to his thighs. "Put some muscle behind it, Slayer."

Buffy flicked her gaze to his face as though to gauge his sincerity. "Won't it hurt?"

"Do you care?"

She paused, her hand wrapped around his tip. Spike watched as that doubt leaked out of her eyes, as her brain caught up with her—where she was, who she was with, and the reason she'd come to him in the first place. And when she started stroking again, there was nothing soft or hesitant in the motion. Just more of that bloody incredible pressure she'd given him before, the sort that would make any other man prone to follow her around on his knees if that was what she fancied, just so he could experience it as much and as often as possible.

"That's more like it," Spike growled, thrusting his hips forward. "Oh yeah, just like that. Such a hot little hand."

Buffy inhaled, her gaze again fixed on what she was doing, as wide

and hungry as he'd seen before—both times they'd been together. The saucy little minx was starving to suck on him whether she wanted to admit it or not, and he was more than willing to oblige her.

"On your knees, Slayer," he said, voice low, damn near shaking, but laced with enough dare he knew she wouldn't be able to resist answering the challenge.

Truthfully, he thought that answer would come with a punch, except she went and stunned him stupid. Buffy sank toward the stone floor of the crypt, sending another whiff of her arousal his way. And if she thought she was getting out of here without him seeing to that, she had another think coming. These interludes were likely to stop at some point—once that dainty human conscience of hers caught up to the fact that practicing oral on someone other than her chosen bedwarmer was not exactly the stuff of heroes—but fuck, he'd take what he could get until then. And seeing as he knew just how she liked to be touched, how to stroke her in such a way that would get her wiggling for him, he had little doubt he couldn't convince her to let him at least remind her just how she liked to be licked before she returned to the world outside these walls.

"Now then," Spike said, his voice rough even to his own ears, "why don't you start by showin' me exactly what you did for Captain Cardboard?"

It was a gamble, mentioning the wanker, but one worth taking because Buffy didn't recoil. She leaned forward, parted those sweet, pouty lips of hers, and brushed a kiss along the tip of his cock.

"Like this," she said, sending a puff of warm air over his skin. She gripped him by the base and began running her mouth up and down his length. Gentle at first, but with growing intensity. And fuck, if that wasn't a sight. The Slayer kneeling before him, rubbing her lips against his dick, then—*god*—her tongue. Long, sinful laps that he recognized as both exploratory and teasing, flirting without words, these moves by a girl who didn't know her way around a cock but was so eager to learn.

Not for the first time, he wondered what it would be like to be the one to *really* teach her. Give her this lesson and all the lessons that came after—experience not only her first goes at things but also what she was like as she gained her confidence. When she stopped second-

guessing herself and trusting what her body told her, what bloody intuition told her. Once she was ready, this girl would be a force of nature, and some lucky berk would have her in his bed for all the nights that followed. He'd get to have her, hold her and touch her—and knowing her taste in men, the fool would never fully appreciate just what it was that he had.

"And then this," Buffy said, her voice again a caress, and perched her lips at the tip of his cock. "Though, you're different here."

"Different?"

"Mhmm..." She ran a finger over his foreskin, flicked her gaze to his face, and pushed it back enough to expose the head entirely. "He doesn't have, ahh..."

It took nothing to suss out her meaning. Not that Spike really wanted a lesson in Finn's anatomy, but he wasn't all that surprised. Circumcision had become fashionable in the States some time back, he knew, so it figured that the man in the Slayer's life was a little less in that department. Given the way Buffy liked to admire his cock whenever she got the chance, Spike reckoned she hadn't seen one up close and proper-like until that night in the motel room. His was the standard by which others were judged.

Though now she'd clearly seen Riley's. Seen and done more than that.

Spike forced himself to swallow a growl at the thought, and the image that came along with it.

"Wasn't cut," he said instead, taking himself in his hand and giving his prick a few good pumps, hungrily watching the way Buffy followed the movement with her eyes. "Seein' me in all my natural glory."

"It's unnatural the other way?"

"Not that I aim to have a lot of practice with it, pet, but choppin' anything off sounds like a bloody waste. Also closer to torture than anythin' I ever got up to." Spike let her watch him for a moment, how he worked his fist so that his foreskin encircled his head on every upstroke. "Can get a mite creative if you have a hankerin' to learn how. But for this..." He rolled the foreskin back again to expose the head. "Should look familiar."

Her throat worked, and once more, he applied all his focus on not growling.

“Yeah,” Buffy agreed breathlessly, nearing again. She ran her fingers down his length, chasing his own away, and gripped him again in her hot little hand. “I think I sucked a bit too hard. He—”

“Don’t tell,” Spike growled, curling his hands into fists to keep from seizing her hair and holding her where he wanted her. Still, he couldn’t help the way his hips jerked, or his moan when his tip slid along her chin. “Show, Slayer. Show me what you did.”

She flicked her gaze to his but only for a second, some of that defiant sheen leaking back in, which of course only made him harder. Then she opened her mouth and closed her lips around the head of his cock. And when she sucked, it took everything in him to keep his knees from giving.

He’d known she was hot—had indulged himself on her mouth, taken as much as he could there, stolen as it was, because she hadn’t wanted to give it. But it wasn’t until now that Spike appreciated that *hot* wasn’t the right word for it. *Hot* fell short. She was fire in human form. Wet, heavenly fire, dancing that fine line between too much and not enough. This time Spike couldn’t help himself—he threaded his fingers through her hair and drove his hips forward, sliding deeper into her mouth without invitation, needing more. Needing all of it. Needing to thrust and buck and fuck her like this until his balls emptied. The urge was there, damn near impossible to shove back, and managed only because he wasn’t daft enough to think she wouldn’t kick his arse across the crypt if he overstepped a line. So he held, shaking but stationary, focusing on that glorious heat and the pressure of her mouth around him. The more he pushed the more she pulled.

She didn’t have any sense of a natural rhythm—didn’t seem to know what to do once his cock was well and in her mouth. Or maybe that was due to her nerves, which he knew were still wreaking havoc on her from the way she held herself and the stolen glimpses she took of his face. When he pulled back, dragging his cock again against her mouth until it was again exposed to the cool crypt air, she sat back on her legs, looking so adorably dejected he wanted to laugh.

“See? It’s no good,” she said with utter sincerity. “I just... Was it too much?”

“No,” Spike replied, his voice more a growl. He leveraged his hold on her hair to drag her back. “You know how I like to be stroked, yeah? Not enough just to squeeze, though that’s bloody brilliant. Want to feel the way you do me with your hands, but with your mouth.”

“But it didn’t hurt?”

If he tried really hard, he wagered he could convince himself—if only for a minute—that Buffy was asking because she really gave a damn for reasons beyond wanting to learn how to do this properly.

“Didn’t hurt, pet,” he said instead, rubbing his cock against the seam of her lips. “Open up for me.”

This time, Buffy paused long enough to make him wonder again if she might decide that she’d done enough and bolt for freedom. She was almost certainly considering it, the way she looked at him, and though he’d cry foul, Spike couldn’t say that he’d blame her. Hell, his brain was still having a right time reconciling with the fact that she was here at all. That she’d put her mouth anywhere south of his navel was nothing short of a bloody miracle.

But then she parted her lips and took his cock into her mouth, and those thoughts and all like them blinked away. Once more, there was that fantastic pulling sensation, wet and hot and so bloody good he couldn’t keep from whimpering his approval. The first few strokes were clumsy and uncertain, telling him she was too much in her own head. But after a moment, her stiffness went away, and it was just Buffy. Buffy bobbing her head up and down his length, Buffy’s hot mouth around him, her cheeks hollowed out as she squeezed and sucked and teased and god, she looked so good. So bloody good there on her knees, her pretty lips stuffed full of him, his dick moving in and out with increasing speed.

“Fuck, that’s it, pet,” he heard himself say. “Make it hurt. Make it burn.”

Buffy rumbled a sound around him, rippling little vibrations along his cock and making his balls ache. He wondered how she’d react if he pulled out and asked her to lick them for him. Maybe take one into her mouth and play with it, then doing the other one—equal opportunity,

and all that—before she let him come down her throat. Or maybe all over her face, wouldn't that be a sight? As much as he loved the idea of Buffy swallowing his spunk, he had to admit that he rather fancied the idea of it dribbling down her cheeks and over her lips. Maybe he could get her to lift up her shirt so he could mark her tits.

"Still okay?" Buffy asked a moment later. He wagered he only heard because all that velvety heat had disappeared, allowing him to think clearly. "Not hurting?"

"Try to hurt me, baby," Spike replied, this time letting himself do it—fist her hair and haul her mouth back where he wanted it. "Wanna feel you try. Squeeze till you think it's too much, then do it harder."

"You want me to hurt you?"

"Want you to *try*."

"Why?"

"Cause that's why you're here, right?"

She considered this, her brow furrowing. Then she took him into her mouth again, squeezing him even tighter around the base as she worked him between her lips at a frenzied speed. Again, the heady scent of her arousal flooded the air, thick and womanly, and entirely *Buffy*. Hell, he could almost taste it. *Wanted* to taste it—it had been too long since he'd had her in his mouth. For a second, he debated seeing if she'd mind stretching out on the sarcophagus so they could do this right—her sucking him off while she waved her juicy cunt over his face, but decided against it. Pushing for more than she was offering was a brilliant way to end up with the bluest balls he'd ever had, and Spike wasn't about to risk it.

But since this was more than likely to never happen again—not unless she clued in to what he'd known for some time now—Spike wagered he might as well attempt to exorcise as many of his Buffy fantasies as he could. Which was how, a few seconds later, he found himself weaving his fingers through her hair once more. "Wanna know what he really wants, Slayer? Nod for me and I'll show you."

Buffy flicked her gaze to him again and when their eyes connected, he nearly lost his hold on his own control. Nearly, but he didn't. This image would be seared into his brain for the rest of his days—whatever came next was more than worth it.

And then she nodded, and he fisted her hair tight enough he knew it had to smart.

"Then take it like a good girl," he snarled, and began thrusting hard. Bucking, shoving, ramming himself in and out of her mouth at a bruising pace—one he knew was asking for trouble, but the part of him that gave a damn about self-preservation was on holiday, and all he could focus on was this. Holding Buffy's head to him as he pushed in again and again, watching as her skin flushed, her eyes watered, his saliva-slick cock slipping between her plump lips and when she choked a bit, he didn't care enough to slow down. He pushed and thrust and forced himself deeper, deeper into her until the head of his cock struck the back of her throat on every drive, and nature did the rest. Buffy swallowed around him, squeezing him so nice it might have hurt—would have hurt—had he been anyone else. She was in survival mode at the moment, he knew. Battling the need to kick and throw and fight and that made it better. So much better.

"I'm gonna fill your mouth," he told her between grunts, leveraging his hold on her to keep her right where he wanted her. "You ready, Slayer?"

Buffy made a sound, the vibrations rippling up his cock, and then he was lost. Spike threw his head back, a snarl tearing free as his balls tightened and his spine tingled and his cock began shooting into her, his insides alit with white-hot ecstasy, heightened with the danger and pure fucking want that he hadn't been able to shake. He drew in gulps of air that smelled of her and him, that told him in no uncertain terms just how much she loved this. She'd argue and fight and deny deny deny, but the nose told no lies and he felt it. The Slayer was as bloody turned on as she'd ever been, letting him fuck her mouth, letting him shoot jets of cum down her throat, which kept contracting around him, and he had to have her. Had to have her right then. Had to, had to, had to.

When the last waves had receded, Spike had a clock to beat. Catch her before her senses returned, before she could consider their business concluded and march back out the door and into the arms of a man who would never appreciate her. He didn't hesitate, didn't warn her, rather tugged her to her feet and smashed his mouth over

hers as his hands roamed and cupped and plucked and more of that delicious scent swam around his head. And *yes*, she wasn't fighting. Wasn't pushing away. She was tearing at him with equal hunger, rumbling small, needy moans against his lips and rolling her hips against him, ensuring that his spent cock didn't remain spent all that long.

Spike tore a path down her neck, nipping and sucking, and shoved a hand between them to cup her where she was burning for him. He teased her through her jeans, but only ended up teasing himself. He needed more—needed to touch her, feel her, have her drench his palm and he knew she needed that too. In seconds, he'd dived a hand inside her jeans, bypassing her knickers entirely, and had his flesh against hers. And Christ, she was soaked. He wasn't sure she'd ever been this wet before and he needed more. Needed her spread out in front of him. Needed his tongue up her snatch and—

For the second time that night, his tailbone hit the edge of the sarcophagus hard enough to jostle him out of his lust-filled haze. "Oi!" he snapped, glaring at her now. "Easy with the goods."

Buffy was rubbing her mouth with the back of her hand, her brows furrowed and her eyes shining with both anger and something he didn't want to acknowledge. "What the hell was that?" she spat, and immediately began righting her clothing. "What the *hell*, Spike?"

Well, wasn't that bloody typical? Spike reached down and tugged up his jeans, somehow managing to shove his erect prick behind the zipper, even as his instincts roared and raged and the rest of him begged to pounce on her, bugger the consequences. "That," he said in a low tone, buttoning up, "was what you asked for."

"I did *not* ask you to stick your hand down my pants!"

"No, but you wanted me to."

"Get *over* yourself."

"What? Did I read the situation wrong? Did you not just come into my bloody home to suck me off? Did you not just get hotter for me than you've ever been? Tell me what's wrong."

"All of it!" she shot back, in full flight-mode now. Skittish and pissed off and glorious and *oh*, he wanted her so much he could barely see straight. All that passion and fury just waiting to be unbottled—

acknowledged for what it was rather than shoved aside and ignored. "I should never have come here."

"But you did. You came here. You asked if you could pretty please suck my dick and now you're sore 'cause I wanna return to the favor." He grinned and pushed forward, stalking toward her with predatory intent. "So I'll ask again. What's the hurt? Is it realizin' your boy is just a wind-up toy after all? That you've never felt anythin' like what you feel with me with anyone else?"

"You are so out of line here."

"Am I? You just let me fuck your mouth."

"That was—"

"You know what normal girls do, pet? Normal girls ask the fella they're hankering to shag what it is that does it for him. They don't rush off to practice on their mortal enemies." He smirked wider, running his hand down his chest until he had his erection nice and cupped so she could see exactly what it was she was hungry for. "They don't come 'round wantin' an excuse to touch what's not theirs. You try to squeeze Finn the way you squeezed me, no bloody wonder he doesn't want you anywhere near his prick."

Buffy was shaking hard enough to drill a bloody hole through his floor, though he couldn't say whether it was from fury or shame—maybe a healthy dose of both. It seemed perfectly likely that these were his last seconds, that she'd taken this and him as far as she could, that he'd know too much about her to be allowed to live.

Then she sniffed, and the scent of tears hit his nostrils, and everything in him seemed to wilt.

"You told me to do that," Buffy said. "You told me—"

"Yeah. I know what I said, and it was the bloody truth."

"I asked if it was hurting! I asked and you said—"

"Don't get your knickers in a twist. Was straight with you from the start. *I* loved it. Every time you squeezed too hard, every time you came close to hurtin', I just wanted more. Know why?" Spike pushed forward again, forcing himself to ignore the sudden tangle of emotions he didn't understand and didn't want to explore. "I'm a vampire. Got the strength to take it, don't I? Got a yen for pain and pleasure, and *fuck*, did you ever deliver. You wanna know how to suck off a

normal bloke, Slayer, you go to a normal bloke. No one out there's gonna be able to take what you did to me."

"Then why even agree?"

"Got you on your knees, didn't it?"

As before, he saw the punch coming, but this time he knew he deserved it. That aching sense of *something* from before only tightened, taking his chest along for the ride. Whatever else, she hadn't deserved that—not after the performance she'd just given him, what she'd let him do. How freely she'd wanted to make this good for him, even if that was the last thing she'd ever admit. Buffy being here at all was downright miraculous. All of this was.

And he wanted more. Wanted her.

Fuck, he wanted her. That was the problem. Had been from the moment she'd come to him with this sodding plan of hers to begin with. Shagging the Slayer was brilliant, but it had left his mind too clouded with other rubbish to see what should have been obvious.

To him, this wasn't just about shagging Buffy. He wanted her to stay. Wanted her to want *him*.

Which meant he was toys in the attic. Completely out of his sodding head.

Spike managed to hide all this with his answering snarl, almost glad she'd taken a swing at him because it gave him the excuse to cover his face when blood spurted out of his nostrils.

"I mean it, Spike," she said, her voice shaking nearly as hard as she was. Buffy was backing toward the door, glaring stakes at him, doing everything she could to keep herself from showing him just how badly he'd hurt her. And failing miserably. "You come near me, say anything to anyone, mention this ever again, and you don't have to worry about the soldier boys. I will kill you."

No, she wouldn't. The realizations just kept coming. Spike nearly stepped forward then, desperate to grab and hold her, or shake her until she understood the world as he did. Because he knew it was right—the second she stepped out of this crypt, he would never be this close to her again. Never get to touch her or tease her, never mind take swings at her or get her all riled up the good old-fashioned way. He'd somehow managed to bungle everything.

A world without Buffy was not a world he wanted to live in.

“I have a tour of the facility coming up,” Buffy said. “With any luck, I’ll find out what happened to you, how to undo it, and then you can get the *hell* out of my town.”

And before he could say anything else, even begin to think about what he *could* say that wouldn’t make this worse, the Slayer whirled around, her glorious blonde mane swinging with her, and stomped her way out the door.

Not that he could blame her. He’d lashed out, cut her on purpose. He’d wanted her to hurt because her wanting anything but him bloody stung.

And in those seconds, Spike had realized exactly why getting Buffy out of his system wasn’t a matter of how often or how hard he shagged her. Because she wasn’t just in his sodding system. She was in his heart, too. In his gut, in his throat, and if she let him, he could drown in her.

Hell, he *wanted* to drown in her.

He was royally buggered.

