

HUSKY



HOLLY DENISE





IN HER WILDEST, SHE NEVER WOULD HAVE ASSUMED HER DEAL WITH Spike would end up like this.

Riding him. In a cornfield. After saving Riley from some corn monster he'd managed to summon by... Well, Buffy didn't know and wasn't sure she wanted to. The most she'd been able to get out of him was it involved unnatural acts with a corn husk and a bottle of oil. Something, by Riley's admission, he used to do all the time before he'd left the farm for California pastures. It had seemed harmless enough, except he'd brought hellmouthy vibes to Iowa on his summer visit and, well, dark forces things had happened.

Corn monster things had happened.

And Buffy had been the dutiful girlfriend once called. She'd even recruited Spike for help, though god knows he hadn't wanted to come. But the way Riley had sounded on the phone, she'd gotten the idea that there wasn't such a thing as too much firepower, and if nothing else, Spike would prove to be a decent distraction. So she'd pulled on her big girl panties and struck a deal. The sort of deal she seemed to only make with her mortal enemy, now that she thought about it. A *you scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours* kind of thing. It helped that Spike only had one goal, even if he'd been careful not to mention it around her since the Adam debacle. Quid pro quo with the promise that once the chip was out, he'd motor out of town for good this time.

One speedy road trip later—he'd been determined to prove to her that he could, in fact, get to Iowa faster in a car than they could if they flew, once layovers and connecting flights and car rentals were factored in, never mind dodging the sun—and here she was. Riding her new boyfriend among the corn stalks while her ex-boyfriend explained to his parents that he was the reason they were going to have a bad harvest this year, despite the fertile soil and optimal growing conditions.

"Gotta say, Slayer," Spike murmured, working his throat as he watched her move. "You sure know how to pick your men."

Buffy grinned down at him, steadying a hand on his chest and rolling her hips. Loving the way he arched into her, as though desperate for contact. "Third time's the charm, I guess."

"Aren't I number four?"

At that, she stopped moving, her grin becoming a glare. "Do you want to fuck me or fight me?"

"Oh baby," he replied with that insufferable smirk, digging his fingers into her hips, "let it be both."

"You are so weird."

"Says the girl whose last beau got *Children of the Corn* mixed together with some wankfest he found on the telly."

"Do I want to know what that means?"

"Probably not." Spike slid a hand up her arm and tugged her down to him, his lips within kissing distance. "Come on. Give it to me good."

"Ugh..." She swatted at his chest but kissed him anyway and melted when he melted. How could she not? Never had a man actually *melted* for her before, and that's exactly what Spike did. He melted. He gasped. He crooned. He begged. And he did things with his hands and mouth that might not be entirely legal in all fifty states, but was she going to complain? No. No, she was not.

"You are going to be so bad for me," she murmured against his lips.

"Right. I might threaten you with a good time."

"This is insane, you know. It'll never work."

"Wanna stop?"

"God no."

"Good. 'Cause Slayer..." The next thing she knew, the world was tumbling and the ground was at her back, Spike above her, grinning down as he planted his hands into the soil on either side of her head. "Think you and me are in for a world of fun."

He started moving before she could respond, and thought flitted out of her head. All except for one.

Of the truces she'd made with him, this was her favorite.