

NICE

Enemies with Benefits #7



HOLLY DENISE



NICE

SPIKE HAD BEEN CALLED out and he didn't appreciate it.

At all.

It had started innocently enough. Tonight had been one of the mandatory boyfriend-of-the-Slayer outings at the Bronze with her Slayerettes, an indignity that wasn't so much an indignity as it was a bloody rush. He was still getting used to the liberties of being with Buffy in the open, able to touch her and kiss her and indulge in whiffs of her hair with nary a care as to who might notice. On occasion, Harris would throw him an if-looks-could-stake glower, but that was par for the course anyway, so Spike might as well steal as many snogs as he could just to make it worth it.

Harris hadn't been there tonight, though, leaving Spike and Buffy mingling with the lover witches, which had started off bloody dandy until some right idiot had suggested trading in the watered-down swill they were drinking for something with a bit of a kick.

And who had that idiot been? Oh, right. Him.

Not that anyone could bloody blame him. There was little that Spike loved more than taking a slightly tipsy slayer to bed. Except taking a fully sober slayer to bed. Or just taking Buffy to bed however she'd allow him to get her there. A tipsy slayer, though, was both

slightly more adventurous and a lot more bloody vocal than her sober counterpart, though they were working up to both nicely enough without the need for booze to get her there. And she'd known exactly what the end game was when he'd ordered some of the high-alcohol-content fruity frou-frou drinks she slurped down like they were liquid candy—he'd seen that wicked glint in her eye and had planned to make good use of it.

What he hadn't counted on was Red and her girl jumping on the bloody bandwagon.

"Ooh, that looks good!" Willow had gushed. "What is it?"

And instead of answering like a reasonable person would have, Buffy had nudged the drink over to her mate, who had sipped, sighed her appreciation and—after making sure Tara got a taste, too—demanded that Spike use his vampire powers of looking older than twenty-one to order two more. So he had. Best way to keep his lady happy was to get along with her chums, after all.

All of this by itself would have made for a right entertaining night if Spike hadn't taken for granted what happened when you were with three women whose tongues had been loosened by the good stuff.

They. Bloody. Talked.

About. Everything.

"Sooooo," a slightly slurry Tara had drawled, swaying a bit on her barstool, her eyes somewhat glassy. "How did this happen?" She'd gestured between Buffy and Spike. "Slayer, vampire. I've never been brave enough to ask."

There was the real story and the abbreviated version Buffy fed everyone whenever they asked. Or had that one time when it had been relevant. Spike had sat back, prepared to entertain himself by mentally filling in the vague points his girl was sure to make with the sort of commentary that would get her embarrassed, pissed off, and very wet because of it.

Instead, the Slayer had opened her mouth—having only indulged in two or three sips of the good stuff—and blurted, "I didn't know how to have good sex so I asked Spike to teach me." Then proceeded to spill the whole thing unabridged. Everything that had happened between that first day she'd stormed into the watcher's flat to right that very

second. Which had been bloody torture in itself because listening to *her* take on the way things had gone was just the sort of thing that had made him a Buffy junkie. As had been watching the way her eyes softened as she covered certain bits, or the hurt she seemed to relive when she spoke of others. That it had ended with her throwing him one of those soft *Buffy* smiles that both melted his heart and hardened his dick had him aching to drag her into some dark corner so he could give her a sample of what she had to look forward to when they were alone again. And if the color in her cheeks had been any indication, his girl had been well on board with that plan.

That was until Tara—sweet, innocent Tara, who had never once indicated she had a version of Harris’s demon girl living inside her—had asked what all Buffy had learned. When Spike had arched an eyebrow and regarded her with his bald surprise, the witch had gone a light pink before ducking her head and muttering something that he hadn’t had any trouble hearing at all. Sex with a bloke was a bit of a mystery to her and she wasn’t sure what all there was to it.

At which point, Willow, who had emptied her drink, had intervened with nothing short of a laundry list of examples, ranging from the embarrassingly tame to positions Spike was surprised she’d even heard of, and his estimation of Oz had gone up several notches. There apparently hadn’t been much the little witch hadn’t been willing to try once and the wolf had, for all his shortcomings, been very keen on satisfying her curiosity.

Buffy had been just as surprised, he’d noted, and more than a little turned on. About midway through Willow’s little speech, she’d started giving him the can-we-get-out-of-here eyes, followed by the shag-me-now eyes, and being that catering to Buffy’s every little whim was his life’s mission these days, Spike had been off the stool, his hand wrapped around Buffy’s wrist when Willow said, “But from what she told me, she and Spike stuck to the basics. You know, girl-on-top, mouth stuff, sixty-nining. And since she’s *stopped* giving me the low-down, I’m guessing it’s gotten really—”

“Sixty-nining?” Buffy had frowned, her brow wrinkling adorably. She’d turned to him. “Why haven’t we done that?”

And that, kids, had been the whole bloody ballgame.

“What?” Red had demanded—shrill enough that Spike’s ears were still ringing a half hour later—before grabbing hold of the table as though worried she might just float away in shock. “You *haven’t* sixty-nined?”

And that was how Spike had decided that perhaps the American stint of prohibition hadn’t lasted nearly as long as it should have. Not only did he miss the speakeasies of old, but he was sure goody-goods like Willow and her bird wouldn’t have been keen on the risk of being caught. Then he wouldn’t have poured candy liquor down their throats and the conversation would never have turned to just what it was he and the Slayer had gotten up to in their time together. Or, in this case, *hadn’t* gotten up to. At least not yet.

No matter. He was crossing it off the bloody list. Tonight.

Lucky for him, Buffy seemed to be on the same page, which was still a fucking heady bit of knowledge, and likely always would be. He’d known for a good long while now that she wanted him, and with that same, all-consuming hunger that defined how he felt about her. But then, with them, *want* had never been an issue. Buffy’s complete surrender to that want, both physically and emotionally, very much had. He wouldn’t have thought the difference a measurable thing until he’d experienced it, but then he *had* experienced it, and like all things Buffy, he’d fast become an addict.

It also made getting to a bed part of the foreplay. Heated looks and casual touches that were anything but casual while they were with others, interspersed with the occasional kiss that always flirted with just enough tongue to be dangerous without approaching what she’d consider indecent. Then there was the rush of trying to get home—either his crypt or her house, more often his crypt on account of privacy—which usually involved a lot of pressing one another against walls and other surfaces to kiss and grind and drive each other bloody mad with want, sometimes too much so and often not enough.

Tonight was a *too much* night, which just happened to be his favorite because, who the bloody hell was he kidding? There was no such thing as *too much* with Buffy. Feeling her hunger for him, the way she stroked and touched, how she whimpered and sighed, the taste of her in his mouth, dominating his senses, was more than he could have possibly

dreamed, and it just kept getting better. Once she'd let go of her inhibitions, of all the things she thought she was supposed to want and do, Buffy had become pure bloody hellcat. Manhandling him through the door to his crypt while shoving his duster off his shoulders, scraping her teeth along his lips and giving a wicked little grin when he growled and bucked, sliding her hand over the bulge in his jeans, pressing down with strong fingers and nipping at his tongue when he returned the gesture in kind.

"Show me," she panted, ripping at his belt as the backs of his legs hit the sofa and making him so bloody grateful for the thing he could have wept. She'd been right to insist on the homier touches above-ground—he didn't want to break away from her to negotiate their way downstairs, especially not when she was like this. Hungry and needy and asking him to give her a lesson, and *especially* especially not when that lesson involved getting her marvelous mouth around his cock.

Plus, he had to admit he was rather partial to the way he and the Slayer had broken in the new furniture, even if one of the springs had suffered a bit as a result.

"Shirt," Spike mumbled back against her lips, not sure if he was referring to hers or his at the moment and not really caring so long as clothes started coming off. Only no, that wasn't right. Hers definitely needed to go first, only she was too quick for him, tugging the fabric of his own over his head. Her hands were on him, exploring the contours of his chest, fingertips skimming over his nipples, and the way she seemed to relish the feel of his skin was enough to distract him out of his head at times. Spike had always been touch-starved, he knew—starved to feel and be felt—but he'd never really gotten it in return. Never experienced what it felt like to be someone's addiction. He thought he did now, though. Was almost sure of it.

"God, the way you touch me," Spike murmured, kissing a line up her neck. "Fucking love it."

"Me too," she said, and began tugging at his belt. "But we know that. I need a new lesson."

He chuckled in spite of himself and caught her earlobe between his teeth. "You gonna be good for teacher?"

She fed him a musical little mewl and thrust her hips hard against his. "Aren't I always?"

"No. You're a right ornery bint most of the time."

"Like you don't love it."

Spike slipped his hands under the hem of her blouse, pulled back just enough to catch her eyes. Watch the way they darkened, how they seemed to absorb him completely. Then the top was gone, over her head, pitched in some random corner, and he was admiring the perfect mounds of her breasts. She'd worn a white bra tonight, and her pink nipples teased him through a mesh of fine lace, just begging for his mouth.

"I love it," he said hoarsely, cupping one breast and stroking his thumb over her with likely more reverence than the situation called for—as hot as she was—but fuck, he couldn't help himself. No man could, if he knew what he had. And Spike very much knew what he had. "God, I love *you*."

She did what she always did when he gave her the words—released a pretty little sigh, a happy one. One that warmed him all over. The silence that followed had, not too long ago, been full of tension and expectation, Buffy uncertain about her feelings still, hesitant to put a name on them and making herself bloody miserable as a result. But they'd talked about it and she understood that he didn't say it just to have it said back. There were some things that were more than worth the wait, and Buffy's love, once she felt comfortable enough to give it, was one of them.

"And you're right," he said, reaching around her to snap her bra open. Then her pretty tits were in his hands and she was leaning into him, gasping again, her head tipped back and waiting for his mouth to seize the invitation. "You do need a new lesson."

"Uh huh." She nodded, or tried to, and resumed what she'd started at his belt, her hands shaking a bit in a way he couldn't help but cherish. But then his fly was down, his jeans open, and her fingers were dancing along his throbbing prick, and his patience snapped. Slow seductions were brilliant, but this was not a slow seduction night—he wanted his tongue in her cunt and his cock in her mouth, wanted to

feel her moan around him when he made her come. And he wanted it all right now.

Spike growled and pushed her back, losing the boots and shoving his jeans the rest of the way down his legs. His renewed urgency must have bled over, because Buffy was doing the same. Her shoes, the heels she'd chosen for that night's excursion to the Bronze, went flying in opposite directions. The skirt that had been driving him mad all night, that he knew had been chosen for that very reason, edged down her shapely hips to puddle at her feet. The straps of her bra had already started to slide down her arms, and he only had a second to admire her standing there in just her knickers before she was on him again, slamming into him with such force that the whole bloody sofa went skidding across the concrete when they landed on it. Buffy on his lap, grinding against his cock and kissing him like she wanted to devour him, with all that fire and passion that was for him and him alone now, just daring him to keep up with her.

He was more than up for the challenge. And it *was* a challenge, especially with Buffy moving the way she was, grinding into him with nothing but the soaked fabric of her knickers between her hot quim and his cock. It'd be easy to just say *sod it* and let her give him the ride she seemed keen to tempt him with, but no. *No*. His girl wanted a lesson and god knew he wanted to give her one. Anytime Buffy got enthusiastic about sucking him into her mouth was a bloody joy, one that he would not take for granted.

Particularly since, not all that long ago, she'd sworn sideways she never would.

Buffy must have sensed the trajectory of his thoughts—he wouldn't put much past her—for she pulled away with a whimper, then reached between them and wrapped that hot little hand of hers around his prick. "I want you in my mouth," she said as she began to pump, her lips curved upward in a saucy little smirk that had him groaning almost as much as the exquisite sensation of her stroking fingers did. "And I want your mouth on me. Show me how."

Yeah, this was the reason he liked slightly tipsy Buffy—it was the best way to verify her dirty talk lessons were coming along bloody aces. Spike pressed his eyes closed, panting out deep breaths, then looked at

her again. The vision on his lap. "Several different ways we could do it," he said, his mind flooding with images of her hanging over the back of the couch, her thighs cradling his head and her pussy flush against his face, his hips rising off the cushions as he pumped himself into her mouth. And that was without considering what fun they could get up to if she let him bring out the chains. But Buffy needed to warm up to certain things, he'd discovered, even if she took to them with almost manic enthusiasm once on board. Whatever her preference would be bloody perfect. "What's tonight for you?"

"Tonight's a 'less with the acrobatics, more with the let's just do it so we can do it again' night."

Sounded brilliant to him. Though everything involving her did. "Right," Spike said before cupping the back of her head to drag her down for another kiss. "Classics never go outta style, anyway."

He held onto her as he moved, falling against the cushions. For a second, he considered just staying there, them tucked into each other on their sides, but the sofa wasn't exactly broad and he didn't want to worry about one of them losing balance—though that could be fun, too, right conditions—and more to the point, he loved it when she rode his face. Something he murmured into her ear after pressing a fresh path of kisses there, and grinned when she whimpered in turn. Then she was moving, sliding down his body with liquid grace, knees off the cushions and up again. And he was on his back, staring up into one of the most gorgeous sights he'd ever laid eyes on, nudging the damp cloth that covered her slit and growling when she gasped and gave her hips a wiggle.

"Fuck, you're bloody divine," he said, and lifted his head so he could tongue her properly. Buffy gasped again, and the gasp turned into a low moan that went straight to his cock. She still hadn't touched him, though when he arched, she didn't hesitate to drag her tongue across the head of his cock as it skimmed her mouth. There wasn't much instruction to give in this particular lesson, but he knew she was waiting to be told what to do, as that was something they had learned she liked. Loved, actually, because he was the luckiest man in sodding history and she was just perfect.

"Take me in your hand, love," Spike rasped as he slid her knickers

down her legs. *Slid*, not ripped. He was such a good boy. "Squeeze me good and tight."

He trembled when she obeyed, even harder when she began to stroke, scrambling to keep hold of his control. Buffy excited, Buffy eager to learn and please, Buffy hungry for him was the most potent aphrodisiac he'd ever known. The day she let him pair that with her blood would be a world-changing revelation, and fuck, but those were not thoughts to entertain if he aimed to make this last. And he did. So Spike steeled himself and fixed his focus on her—her pink, swollen cunt slick with her excitement hovering over his face and begging for his mouth.

"Pretty straightforward from here," he rumbled, digging his fingers into her hips and dragging a hand down her ass just to get her to shudder. She didn't disappoint. "Squeeze those pretty thighs around my head. Can just follow my lead if you like." He paused then, brushed a kiss along her inner thigh and sighed when she echoed it against his own. "Or do what you want. You know how I like it."

She was breathing hard when she nodded, her hair tickling his legs. "I know you like it when I do this," she said, and trailed her tongue around the head slowly before she closed her mouth around him.

Spike hissed and let his head fall back, squeezing his eyes shut and giving himself over to sensation, because Christ, she was right. He *did* like that. He more than liked it. Hell, there was nothing comparable to the sensation of Buffy Summers sucking his dick. He didn't know what did it—he couldn't say it was technique or skill—though she was a sodding natural—but wagered it came down to the enthusiasm with which she took him in. The way he felt how much she wanted to make him feel good, how much she *felt* in general, all the things she had kept bottled up for months, the things she *still* kept bottled up—he felt it all in every sweep of her tongue. Every time she applied pressure, her hand at the base of his cock, squeezing and pumping in time with the pulls of her mouth. He could get lost in it—wanted to—but then Buffy rolled her hips again, sending a waft of her delicious scent up his nostrils and down his throat, and he went to her. Ever the moth to her flame. The very best way to burn. He let out a low growl and licked a path from her clit to her opening, his eyes

rolling back both at her taste and at her answering moan, which made her lips vibrate around his cock and fuck, he could come on that alone. Feeling her response to him like that, experiencing her pleasure through his own.

His world shrank until it was the size of the sofa, the cushions they were lying on, until nothing mattered but the way she squeezed his face with her warrior thighs, teasing him with her steel and strength. How wet she was and the sounds she made, how she pushed and squirmed and guided, how she fed back everything he gave her into her strokes and her sucks, her hair still tickling his skin with the sway of her head, her hand dipping down to cup and roll his balls with confidence he'd never take for granted because he'd taught her that. He'd taught her how to touch him, what was too much and what wasn't, and how too much could become bloody blissful because pain was life and life was pleasure—life was her. Life was delving his tongue inside her, flicking her in just the right way, feeling her drench his cheeks and his chin and wanting more. Always wanting more because there would never be enough—even if his wildest hopes about slayer lifespans proved true, even if he had her forever and ever, he could gorge himself on Buffy day and night and still want and want and *want*. And having his hunger met like this—drinking her in and swirling his tongue along the soft curves of her pussy, running teasing laps around her clit as she squirmed and mewled and met the lazy thrusts of his hips with hard, desperate pulls—was more than he knew creatures like him deserved, but he was a selfish bastard and he'd take it. Take everything she had to give him. Take and demand and still want, still need, still thirst for her and this.

It was when she brought in her teeth that Spike knew he was a goner. She was careful about it, always was, believed him a bit barmy for loving it as he did—no matter how often he used the *bello, vampire* excuse, and never mind that she was a filthy little hypocrite who got off on the same. That thrill of danger, pleasure flirting with pain, combined with her lapping tongue and the pumps of her hand, and his balls tightened and the base of his spine began to tingle, and he began spurting just as she took him in all the way. Her nose buried in his groin, the muscles of her throat working around the head of his

cock while she sucked and swallowed and rumbled her own pleasure, thrusting her pussy wildly against his face, needing and desperate and just the way he loved her most. He let her ride his tongue for a moment, soaking her in, before licking his way to her clit, and was rewarded when she clenched her thighs tight enough to suffocate a normal bloke. And as that was something that never failed to go straight to his cock, he got to feel her close her mouth over him all over again. Less intent now, less focus, more like she was trying to keep from crying out and found his dick a suitable gag, and that was more than all right with him.

Particularly since she cried out anyway.

"That's it, baby," he cooed, slipping one hand around her hip, knowing what she needed. Or hell, what *he* needed, as Buffy in orgasm was something no part of him should miss. He slipped his fingers inside her, felt her clamp down tight around him, then drew her clit between his lips and sucked hard. And that was it. Buffy seized and trembled, muffling her pleasure around the mouthful she had of him—which had him shooting off again like a schoolboy, but he couldn't be bothered to care when she was making those sounds, wiggling her cunt all over his face and drowning him in her taste. No better way to go.

For a few long minutes after, they just lay like that. Buffy's head resting at his thigh, her heart ricocheting against his abdomen as she dragged in gulps of air with a raw quality that he adored. Times like this, she was unguarded and open in ways he was still getting used to. Knowing intellectually but not always where it counted that she wasn't about to pick herself up and make for the door. That she was here, with him, because she wanted to be. Because she was his girl now and they were together.

Maybe one day that would stop shocking him. Maybe. Though he wasn't sure he wanted it to.

Buffy stirred eventually, muttered something about her legs being wobbly, and rolled her eyes at him when he favored her with a smirk. Then she resituated so she was lying over him, her head on his shoulder, and settled in for the cuddle they both wanted. The quiet before he'd kiss her or she'd kiss him and they'd roll each other right off the sofa and onto the floor, and do it all over again.

"That," she said hoarsely, "was nice."

Spike arched an eyebrow and looked down at her. "Nice?"

"Mmhmm." She grinned, tipping her head back to meet his eyes, a somewhat drunken smile on her face. "As in very very."

"Woman, nothing I do is *nice*."

The sassy little bint had the nerve to bristle. "That's a lie and you know it," she said, sitting up so she could stare down at him properly. "For an evil fiend, you are very, very nice."

It didn't matter that he was grinning, that her words touched something inside of him, that her belief remained absolute and unwavering. It was the principle of the thing. "I have a sodding reputation to keep here. Show a little respect."

"Honey," she said, drawing out the word, "don't look now, but I think your reputation is pretty much shot at this point."

And she grinned again, for she knew she was the reason and was rather pleased with herself.

But Spike didn't grin. Nor did he melt at her term of endearment. That was not something the Big Bad did. Not even a little. "You forget who you're dealin' with, Slayer."

"Have I?" she shot back, all brass defiance.

All right, maybe he melted a little. No one could blame him, because *fuck*, he loved her.

Still, that didn't mean he needed to show it right then. Not when she was being so cheeky. "Bloody right you have," he snarled, twisting into the tumble they both knew was coming. Managing, with a combination of vampire ingenuity and speed, to make sure he was the one who took the brunt of the fall when they crashed against the floor, being a gentleman and all.

Bugger. Maybe he *was* a bit too nice.

If his girl had any complaints, though, she didn't show it. Instead, Buffy grinned down at him, rubbing herself along his cock, coating him with her wetness, and in general driving him out of his bloody noggin.

"Then..." Buffy lowered her head to tease his lips with her teeth, shifting so he was notched at her opening. "I think you ought to remind me how mean you can be."

Oh ho, was that what she wanted? Well, far be it for him to deny a

lady. He smirked and thrust up, somehow biting back his groan when he speared himself inside her. Focusing instead on her wide, darkened eyes, the strands of golden hair clinging to her skin, how her tits rose and fell with each deep breath she drew in. And how she looked there, astride him, wrapped around his cock with all her silky perfection. Everything that made her Buffy. And, for however long she'd have him, his. "Careful what you wish for, Slayer. More than up for the challenge."

She grinned again—a grin that spoke of love she hadn't yet given him. Love he'd wait for until the end of bloody time. "Show me," she whispered.

And Spike was more than happy to oblige.

