

# POSSESSION

*A Spike/Buffy Romance*



HOLLY DENISE





THE AUDACITY OF SHOWING UP AT A FRAT PARTY THROWN BY THE commandos was perhaps the dumbest thing he'd done in recent memory. She honestly couldn't believe he would be so stupid. Well, okay, that was a lie. It was Spike. Of *course* he was that stupid. Incredulity was on hold—Buffy just supposed that she was disappointed. Or amused. She wasn't sure which. Despite all evidence to the contrary, a part of her had always assumed that he had more smarts than this.

It didn't matter. It wasn't like she gave a crap what happened to the bleached wonder. He could pretend to be an undead college student if he wanted. She had better things to do. Better things to worry about. Better things like her not-at-all dull boyfriend, who was currently making eyes at her. Giving her *that* look. The *can-we-sneak-upstairs-for-a-quickie* look.

*Emphasis on quickie*, she thought dryly, plastering on a smile and shooting him her best come-hither face. He was so sweet. So wholesome in a really boring way. But the boring thing was nice. It was so... dull. And uneventful. And there wasn't any sobbing over his evil counterpart, because to have an evil counterpart, Regular Riley would have to have a personality.

Regular Riley seemed to be in the mood for a round of naked wrestling. Only not so much with the wrestling as the robotic push-ups, a few grunts, and passing out next to her. He'd tell her he loved her, and she'd repeat it, and she'd be happy because he was Joe Normal and that was so what she wanted. Mr. Normal. Mr. Mediocre Sex. Mr. Happy-To-Bring-Her-Breakfast-In-Bed.

Was she a complete freak for not making with the swooning? Probably. Buffy the Freak. It wasn't like she wasn't used to this. She'd been Freak Buffy ever since high school. Why should college be any different?

It didn't help that Riley was like communism. Good on paper. Not so much in real life.

"Bloody hell!"

Buffy shook her head, shaken out of her thoughts. She caught sight of a familiar leather-clad platinum Brit stumbling away from a group of meat-headed frat boys, wiping his duster and glaring a glare that would bite if glares could.

"Watch where you're going!" he growled. "This duster's an antique!"

She rolled her eyes and set her drink down. Oh great. More Spike. Just the thing she needed to distract her from her only mildly interesting boyfriend. Spike in the Lowell House, around the same commandos that had defanged him. Obviously, the vamp had a dust-wish. And hey, she was the Slayer. She was bored. Two birds, one stake. Maybe tonight wouldn't be a bust after all.

Besides, that duster an antique? Yeah, in what universe?

Spike was shaking his head when he stalked in her direction, furious and obviously wanting to sink his fangs into something fleshy and human. She'd feel bad for him if he wasn't the bane of her existence. He was so focused on being pissed off that he didn't notice her until he bumped into her—very literally—and stumbled over his feet with an irritated growl.

"Oi! Shove off you—" The fire in his eyes calmed a bit when he realized who she was, then flared again when he remembered that he hated her. "Oh, it's you. Here with your enormous Ken doll?" He turned and scoured the room, grinning when his gaze landed on Riley. Riley, who was now not so much with the quickie-look and more with

the where's-the-nearest-stake look. "Ah. There he is. All the way on the other side of the room. What's the matter? You two on the outs?"

Buffy planted her hands on her hips and tried very hard to ignore the not-a-tingly that raced down her spine. If she started analyzing why the hatred and loathing in Spike's eyes did more to turn her on than the compassion and love in Riley's, she'd end up as loopy as Drusilla. She was only excited because fighting with Spike kept her from being bored.

Well, it kept Riley from giving her the looks, which meant it kept her from sneaking off for the obligatory quickie. That's what the girlfriend did, of course. Avoid oh-so-boring-but-wonderfully-normal quickies with a sweet, attentive, dull boyfriend. She was being normal girl. She was Josephine Normal.

And Spike, as unwanted as he always was, made for the perfect no-nookie excuse. She had some not-so empty threats to make.

Okay, so there would be no actual stakeage. That didn't make the threats any less threatening.

"Spike. Just the vamp I've been meaning to stake." She smiled sweetly. "What happened? Did not-eating-people get a little dull for you?"

He huffed, his eyes blazing. "One day, Slayer," he growled. "I'll—"

"Make with the verbal intimidations? I'm trembling in my incredibly stylish shoes." The sweet smile turned into a nasty smirk. "Or wait, no. That's not trembling. That's a lot more like laughing. You know, on the inside?"

Spike snarled but didn't take the bait. Instead, he rocked back on his heels, a strange light filling his eyes. "What is this? Oh, wait. Lemme take a poke. I'm guessin' you're on your monthlies, and I'm getting yet another glimpse of the Slayer when she's sexually frustrated. Well..." He glanced over to Riley and sneered. "More so than usual, anyhow."

Okay, so it wasn't as much fun when he was making fun of her. No, she much preferred it the other way around. "You are this close," she hissed through her teeth, "to fitting in an ashtray."

"Y'know, Slayer..." He paused, then shook his head. "No, I can't even feign fear."

“What the hell does that mean?”

“It means you’re all talk. All balls and swagger without any follow through.” He shrugged, his lips pulling up in that damn irritating smirk. He so deserved to have his ass utilized as a mop. “Face it. There’s just not enough monster in you to do in—”

“The impotent?” she interjected. “The useless? The formerly scary? The—”

His eyes blazed amber, and for a fleeting second, Buffy was overwhelmed by the beauty of his restraint. He didn’t allow himself to lose so much control that he blew his cover—even though he wasn’t exactly being discreet with the shouting—but she had never thought of Spike as having *any* self-control. Especially when his monster wanted loose. Watching him allow the demon to peek out but not make with the *grrr* was an oddly arousing sight.

Buffy blinked. *Okay. Be kind, rewind.*

*Arousing?*

Okay, so maybe she *was* in need of some unsatisfying sex. If Spike was arousing, she was obviously deprived. Or just really horny.

So horny that bad sex made up for no sex at all.

“Watch who you’re calling impotent, pet,” he said in a low snarl.

“Or you’ll what? Scold me?” She smirked again, linking her hands behind her and taking a slow step forward. “It’s not like you can vamp out, now is it, Spikey? These soldier boys get a look at your bumpies, and it’s back to the lab with your incredibly flaccid self.”

Spike narrowed his eyes. “Why, kitten,” he purred, “with all the jabs you keep taking at my manhood, one would think you’re looking for a quick demo. And love, it’s not that I’m not interested. It’s...” He paused and pretended to think. “Oh, wait. No, it’s *exactly* that I’m not interested.”

Oh, that was so far below the belt, it was in a different hemisphere. Buffy glared at him and fought to bite back a demon-like snarl, even if Spike *so* deserved to be snarled at. She balled her hand into a fist and would have smashed him across the room had he not clucked his tongue like a disappointed schoolmarm and caught her by the wrist before she could send him flying.

“Ah, ah, ah. None of that.”

She was seething with anger, panting. Her boobs were doing the heaving thing. And those were *so* not sparks of lust that jolted through her.

*Eww. Spike lust.*

So, yes. She was depraved. Very depraved. Very much in need of bad sex. Buffy hazarded a glance at the provider of said bad sex. He'd gone from wanting-some-loving to wanting-a-stake to asking her, with a look, if she needed any assistance in dealing with her problem.

"Ohhh, I saw that," Spike cooed, releasing her the second she thought to jerk herself free. "Your boy stepping on your toes? It's gotta smart not to have a super-honey to cuddle up with at night. Bet that bloody heartbeat gets in the way, too. You like your men...what? Room temperature?"

"Get bent."

Okay, so as far as slayer jabs went, that pretty much sucked. Buffy's cheeks seared with heat. Why was it that Spike always brought out the worst in her?

He mock-gasped and placed a hand over his heart. "Watch it. You'll wound me with your limited vocabulary."

That was it. That was so completely it. He was going to get his ass kicked. His ass *so* needed to be kicked. But not down here. Not where the commandos were. If they caught on that Spike was a vamp, they'd cart him off. And as much fun as that would be for about two minutes, she would definitely miss having a residential vamp at her disposal. One she could use as a punching bag whenever local baddies weren't being giving with the showing-up-to-get-slain thing.

"That's it," Buffy spat, grabbing him by the ear. "You're coming with me."

"Ow!" Spike yelped and jerked hard, only prompting her to strengthen her hold. "Bleeding hell! What kind of ninny are you? Dragging a bloke by his—ow!"

She rolled her eyes, marching intently toward the stairs. "Yeah. That's right. I'm the ninny. You're such a baby, you know that?"

"Let a fella gain his footing, would you? Didn't know you liked it *this* rough."

Her skin flushed with another wave of heat, and she ignored

Forrest's rich laugh. She'd know Forrest's laugh anywhere. It was so boomy and...Forresty. He really had something against her, and undoubtedly, he'd do his best to make Riley feel like the cast-off. Stupid Forrest. After she was done kicking Spike's pale ass, it was so his turn.

In her dream-world, at least. Forrest was so breakable and human. And, as Giles loved to remind her, there were rules for humans. Rather, rules protecting humans. Even the annoying ones.

Buffy led Spike directly to the only room she'd ever visited at the Lowell House, shoving him over the threshold violently and slamming the door behind her.

Spike stumbled inelegantly. "Christ. You'd think..." He paused, straightened, then sniffed at the air and his face contorted like he was about to gag. "Bleeding hell, haven't you and Soldier Boy ever heard of sodding air freshener? It's gonna take a biblical flood of booze to get this smell outta my head."

"You're disgusting."

"Me? You're the one that dragged me up to your love nest!"

"It's not my—" She paused, willed her eyes closed, and held up a hand. "What the hell are you doing here, anyway? Not that I care if you find yourself recaptured or dusted or—hey—both, if it's a really good day, but *what the hell are you doing here?*"

Spike shrugged. "It's a free country."

"And in the category of 'excuses most used by five-year-olds,' Spike the Impotent takes a staggering leap forward." Buffy smiled, planting her hands on her hips. "I'm beginning to think that you *want* to be captured again."

"And I'm beginning to think that you actually care," he retorted. "Why else would you be dragging me away from the very blokes that are looking to make me a sodding lab rat again? If I didn't know better, I'd say the Slayer has a soft spot for yours truly."

"But that's just the thing, Spike. You *don't* know better."

He perked his eyebrows. "So you're saying it's true, then?"

"What?"

"You just—"

Buffy held up a hand. "You know what? I've had it."

“That song gets duller and duller the more you sing it.”

“I doubt Riley would mind if I broke off a piece of his headboard.” Okay, so with the heaving bosom? She didn’t know that women who technically had no bosoms to heave could make with the heaving, but she was having definite heaving. Plus, her skin was all hot and tight and she was pretty sure that wasn’t only adrenaline rushing through her veins. “Especially if he learns that I used it to make you a bunch of dusty particles.”

Spike shrugged again. “If I have to dust to keep that god-awful stench from rotting up the air,” he drawled, waving generally at the bed, “then it’s a bloody good cause.”

Heat crashed over her. “You are *so* beyond dust.”

“Oh, yeah, Slayer? Do your worst.”

So she did. She totally did. That is, she did if her worst consisted of leaping into his arms, wrapping her legs around his waist, and tugging his mouth up to hers. If her worst meant rubbing herself wantonly against his denim-clad erection and sucking his tongue into her mouth. Spike growled and seized her shoulders, pulling her flush against him and nipping at her lips.

“Stop,” she gasped, trying futilely to pull away from him. “Stop!” She tugged him up for another kiss and thrust her pelvis against his. “God, Spike, let me go!”

“I’m trying,” he snarled, and he sounded so bewildered and furious that she believed him. Well, bewildered, furious, and turned-on beyond turned-on. “Get your grubby paws off me, you cock-sick bint!”

He concluded his tirade by fisting the loose material of her blouse and ripping it clean off her body, breaking his mouth from hers to kiss a wet path down her throat.

“Spike...” Her stomach was tightening in ways that it should *not* tighten around Spike. And god, she was wet. She was on fire. Every nerve in her body was ablaze, and Spike couldn’t touch her enough. “Stop touching me!”

“Are you deaf?” he growled, nipping at her breasts before ripping her bra away. “I’m *trying*.”

Buffy’s insides trembled. The thing was, she was trying to stop, as well. She was trying to shove him off, but every effort she made was

countered by treacherous hands that tugged him closer and a mouth that was hexed to want nothing more than his kisses. She was trying to kick him off her so she could stake him for daring to touch her the way he was, but her body wasn't listening.

*I can't stop. Oh god, I can't stop.*

And from the way he was making quick work of her clothing, it didn't take much to guess where this was headed.

Now was definitely a time for panic.

“YOU MAKE ME SICK.”

Spike snorted, wrapping his lips around her nipple, slipping his left hand under the waistband of her slacks. “Yeah,” he growled, rubbing her cotton-clad pussy. “And this is all so bloody fun for me.”

“Do you have any idea how incredibly *dead* you are after this is over?” Buffy ground out, determined to keep her body from reacting from the sinful goodness of his oh-so-wrong touches. Didn’t exactly bode well for her when he coaxed her legs back to the floor easily enough, his fingers immediately occupied with the clasp of her pants. “I swear, Spike, once I’m through with you, there won’t be enough of you to fill a dust-buster.”

He smirked, nipping at her breast and dragging her slacks down her legs. “Kinky,” he commented, his smirk widening when she raised her hand to smack him, only the damn thing didn’t obey and instead wove through his hair to hold him to her. “Mmm, Slayer. Gotta say, for a bint that has no bloody interest in me at all, your scent is—”

“Don’t you *dare* say anything nasty.”

“So I shouldn’t comment on how warm and...gooey you are?” He leered, bunching the crotch of her panties aside. “Naughty little minx. Don’t tell me...the monster turns you on? You need your men cold.”

“You’re *disgusting*.”

“And yet,” he drawled, sliding a finger along her slit. “You’re dripping with honey, honey.”

Spike tapped her clit before she could grind her teeth and attempt to kick him across the room. He laughed when she moaned, and the chime of his humor was so condescending she would stake him right now if she could...stake him right now. It was more than obvious that some bizarre-o spell had claimed her better senses. Like she wanted to be panting and moaning and writhing under Spike’s touch? *Spike’s* touch. Eww. How wrong was *that*?

“It’s Riley’s room,” she ground out, her treacherous hips thrusting forward and a long moan peeling from her lips as he rubbed her clit. “You know? My hunky, demon-fighting boyfriend?”

Spike just laughed.

“Stop that!”

“Stop what?” He arched a brow. “Finding your lack of a sex life amusing? Don’t think so, love.”

“I hate you.”

“Mutual.” Spike flashed another insolent smirk. “But oddly, that doesn’t make you any less wet for me. The Slayer doth protest too much, methinks.”

Something was wrong. Something was very wrong. Spike wasn’t so much with the protesty now as he was with the going-along-with-it. Oh god. What if this was some sick way to get into her pants? What if he’d orchestrated this whole thing? He’d tricked her into luring him up into Riley’s room, and he’d put some spell on her to make her willingly submissive in his sick fantasies.

Yes. Yes. That was the *only* explanation. The only thing that made a bit of sense in her incredibly fogged-with-wrong-Spike-lust head. “You did this,” she hissed, her head rolling back as she stepped out of the pool of fabric that had wrapped around her ankles. *Goodbye pants, hello panic*. “You...*freak*.”

“I did this?” Spike’s surprised outrage was punctuated with a particularly jerky thrust of his fingers, spearing into her and making her feel fuller than fingers had any right. Buffy mewled and grabbed a hold of

his shoulders, squeezing tight to maintain balance. "You're off your nut."

"You and your...sick...slayer...fixation."

"Sorry to burst your bubble, pet, but I'd rather have my innards turned inside out than toss you a pity shag." He paused, easing his fingers out of her pussy and drawing them to his mouth. "Though, I gotta say, it'll be a bloody hoot to boldly go where only one vamp has gone before."

Buffy wanted to kick him. She really did. And she tried. She tried to lift her leg and send him across the room and hopefully out the nearest window. Instead, she found her rebellious calf wrapping around his waist, her non-punching hands sliding up his arms. God, this was wrong.

"Stop touching me!" she squealed, jumping when he pinched her nipples as he nibbled at her throat. "I swear, Spike—"

"I'm bloody *trying*, aren't I?"

"It doesn't feel like you're *trying* very hard."

"Yeah, and I'm sure this is *you* giving it your all." Spike pulled his head back, narrowing his eyes when she suddenly fisted his tee and ripped the garment away without a blink. "And hold on a bleeding second. How is it that I don't know that this isn't all *your* doing?"

"*My* doing?" Okay, so her mouth wasn't supposed to dive for his chest to shower his skin with kisses. And yet, there it went with the diving. And the showering with kisses. And—ohh, god, this so wasn't good. Both her feet were suddenly on the ground again and her lips were moving southward. Toward the denim-clad brick in Spike's pants.

There was no spell on *earth* that would ever persuade her to stick *anything* of his into her mouth.

Unfortunately, as she realized after dropping to her knees, her body hadn't received that memo. Her hands ripped at his belt in bold defiance of what she was screaming internally.

"Yeah," Spike said finally, his voice strained. She pressed her right hand fully against his length, rubbing him gently as her other hand pulled at his zipper. "You're the one with the...bloody witch for a friend."

"And your point is?" Buffy's eyes boggled as Spike's incredibly,

umm, *erect* cock sprang out at her. “Hey! Watch it! You nearly got my eye!”

“Well, then don’t lean in so close, you moron! What’d you think would happen?”

“I’m not *trying* to lean in!”

Spike smirked and wrapped a hand around his erection. “Yeah. And that’s not drool leakin’ out the corner of your mouth.”

“Ugh.”

“Admit it, pet. You’re stunned speechless. Bet you never saw one that could poke *anything* out before, yeah?”

“You’re disgusting.”

“And you’re on your knees in front of me. What does that make you?”

Buffy threw him her best if-looks-could-stake glare, the effect of which was lost as her mouth neared his cock, her lips parting to accommodate him. “Hexed,” she gritted before taking a long lap of his velvety head with her tongue. “And pissed off.”

Spike gasped shortly, his eyes rolling back and his hands flying to her face. “Oh, Christ,” he panted, hips surging forward and forcing his cock deeper into her mouth. “More. God, more. Take me in deeper.”

“I your ‘reamsph’,” she attempted to snap, only to incite another long moan.

“Fine. Talk,” he snarled, fisting a handful of her hair. “I don’t care what you say.”

Buffy growled—or rather, tried to. It just earned more cock down her throat.

“Fuck, yeah.”

“I ha’e you,” she spat, boiling with fury when he closed his eyes and thrust so hard that his balls slapped her chin. This was so degrading. And worst of all, her body was reacting to it in all the wrong ways. Every nerve was on fire, and the liquid heat between her legs was beginning to burn her skin. She wanted to be on the bed and under him. She wanted his cool hands to quench the fire blazing through her veins. Only, no, she *didn’t* want that. She wanted Spike’s dick out of her mouth and a stake through his chest. She wanted to be covered in his dust, not in his undead man juice.

“Know why...you’re such a hothead,” Spike said, his voice caught between a growl and a purr. “Oh, *god*.”

And the more he talked, the more unraveled she became. Perhaps it was hearing that Spike didn’t hate this—that he was being so verbose about enjoying himself. There wasn’t a need for him to pretend. There wasn’t a need for him to make as though this was the most degrading, humiliating experience of his entire life. He had no ties—no steady vamp ho who demanded his fidelity. It wasn’t *his* skanky girlfriend’s bedroom that they were currently christening in the very, very bad sense. His mouth wasn’t on any of her girl parts.

This was just wrong. It was icky and wrong. Buffy didn’t care what her body told her; she didn’t care that her heart was racing in the purely have-to-have-you-now way or that her skin was tight with anticipation. And the fact that her pussy was drenched and throbbing? Purely the spell. The spell that, for whatever reason, demanded that Spike get some serious servicing.

“Phhsop!”

Spike had lost himself to a series of guttural grunts and purrs, and his hips had found a steady rhythm. With every other gasp of unneeded breath, he rumbled what sounded like a dirty compliment about how hot she was or how good she felt. And for an instant—for an insane blink of lost rationality—Buffy could imagine that he meant it.

“Buffy—”

“Gmphh!”

He wasn’t going to stop; Buffy realized with a start that he wasn’t going to stop. That he likely *couldn’t* stop, even if he wanted to. No more than she could evidently let him. Every time she tried to shove him away, her grip on his hips tightened. She wanted to chomp down on the intrusive appendage being shoved down her throat—just to get him away from her mouth, but every time the thought even fluttered across her mind, all she could do was suck him in deeper. There was nothing she could do. Absolutely nothing. Spike’s cock was thrusting steadily into her mouth, between her lips, along her tongue, the sharp jerks of his hips becoming more pronounced as his muscles grew tight beneath her hands.

*Oh god. Oh god.*

He wasn't going to—

"Oh *fuck*. Buffy!" The bones in his face shifted and his fangs descended. And everything stopped. For a blink, for a fraction of a second, Buffy found herself stunned by just how pretty he was, demon and all.

Then he trembled and roared and came, tightening his fingers around her hair, the head of his cock stabbing the back of her throat as he emptied himself into her. Buffy choked in surprise, but found herself swallowing him down all the same, the taste of him salty, somewhat tangy, and not nearly as unpleasant as it should have been. And then he was tugging her to her feet, looking at her as he never had, as she'd never wanted him to, before he blinked back any tenderness in favor of the much-more-comfortable hatred and loathing.

"Don't," Buffy barked, commanding her knees to not tremble when he growled and leaned toward her, his mouth finding her throat. "Say. A. Word."

"Not like there's anything to say, anyway," he spat, and the venom in his voice made the insecure woman in her shrivel into a ball. "What is it, Slayer? Too much for you?"

"I—"

"Gotta say, didn't expect you to drink me down so willingly. Taste something you like?"

"Ugh!" It was useless. She knew it was useless. Every time she tried to hit him, her hands decided to do something stupid like grab his ass or squeeze his cock—or collaborate to do both. "I'm going to have to swim in mouthwash to get that taste out of my mouth."

"No real men for the Slayer, is that it?"

"Oh. A *real* man. Is that what you are?"

"You tell me. You're the one that couldn't handle the—"

Buffy growled—or rather tried, but it came out rather pathetic. Especially when Spike's wandering fingers dove between her legs again and slid easily into her dripping pussy. "Don't...ohhh...don't even."

"Can't help it if your other blokes didn't *educate* you properly. Think that's why we're doing this?" His thumb settled over her clit as he wrapped his lips around one of her nipples and gave it a good suck.

“Think Soldier Boy wanted to make things more interesting? Figured I was a bloke who had enough experience to—”

“Angel’s bigger than you!” she squealed, digging her nails into his upper arms when he pinched her sensitive clit. It was the first thing she could think of, the Angel card. The thing she knew would piss him off, maybe even hurt a little if she were lucky, and dammit, she wanted to hurt him. Hurt him the way he’d hurt her just now. “Sooo much bigger.”

Spike snarled angrily around her breast. “Nice try.”

“He—he is. He’s so...” Buffy’s anger melted on a whimper. God, his fingers felt so good inside her, stroking, thrusting, touching her like he lived for her pleasure. More than that—he touched her like he liked her, like he loved the way she felt, even if he continued to glower and glare. He reached places with his fingers that no man had ever reached before. “He’s...so...”

“You forget, love...” He bit lightly at her throat, growling into her skin when she gasped and jerked against his hand. “Known the berk a minute or two longer than you have. Even if he hadn’t rogered me to keep me in line, he also never *covered up* between sessions of fucking what’s left of Dru’s brains out. You’re not gonna get me on issues of *size*, sweets.”

“You pervert.”

Spike shrugged, wrangling a kiss from her lips. “You’re the one who brought it up,” he replied, rubbing her slippery flesh with cool expertise. “Guess it’s only fair to assume you’re the one hung up on *size* issues, yeah? What’s the matter? Soldier Boy not fill you up in all the right places?”

“Get bent!”

Okay. So she said that a lot. It *so* didn’t mean anything. No Freudian-slips for Buffy.

“Ah ha. So that’s it. He doesn’t *bend* where you want him to?”

“You are *this* close—” She wrapped her left arm around his waist, rubbing herself wantonly against him as she caught him by the neck with her other hand to anchor him into her kisses. “To fitting—in an... an ash...tray.”

Another line on permanent repeat. Lust plus spell equaled not-so-punny Buffy.

"Yeah, got me right terrified, you do," Spike retorted, curling his fingers inside her. "You're burning me up."

"If only."

He snarled, slipping his thumb over her clit again. "Tell me that now," he barked, rubbing circles into her flesh. "Tell me you're not about to come in my hand for what I do to you."

Buffy choked a gasp and tossed her head back. It wasn't fair. It wasn't fair that her body was humming with need and Spike was there to quench it. It wasn't fair that she had no control over what she was doing, especially when she was so conditioned to mediocre sex. It wasn't fair that she was under a spell and caught upstairs in her boyfriend's bedroom with a vampire she hated. It wasn't fair that she was more aroused than she'd ever been in the whole of her life. It wasn't fair that she was experiencing this with Spike. *Spike*. Spike, who, at best, should be nothing more than an illicit wet dream. A guilty pleasure to entertain her thoughts when things became too tedious in her never-tedious life. He was something off limits to her. Something totally forbidden. In no way should the sick, shady fantasies she'd entertained *ever* become reality. She felt dirty enough having them in the first place. Playing them out, with or without a spell? There wasn't a big enough rock to climb under.

There had to be a way to fight this. There had to be a way to overcome her treacherous body before things fell even more out of control.

"Stop touching me," she said lamely. "I swear, Spike, if you don't stop touching me—"

"You'll what? Suck me off, again?"

"You're disgusting."

He wagged his brows. "And you drank every drop."

That was it. She was going to shove him onto the nearest wooden point. Only not, because she knew, even as she grabbed his shoulders, that her body was not her own and she'd just end up kissing his lips off again. So when she *actually* managed to toss him away from her, it came as a shock. A welcome one—even if he took his fingers with him when he went sailing through the air. No matter how good he'd felt, no

sensation was worth this humiliation. The farther away from Spike she was, the better.

Only her body had a different agenda. Rather than turn on her heel, collect her clothing and the shattered remains of her dignity and march out, she watched as he flopped on the bed.

She licked her lips, her gaze traveling to his cock.

“Bloody hell!”

Yeah. Just looking at him, even—and especially when—he was all angry, made her hot. And only a part of it had to do with the stupid spell, or whatever had them all hands. She was completely insane. She needed her head examined and possibly rebooted.

That forgetting spell that she’d never actually made Willow do? Yeah, that was so happening once this was over. Not only would Buffy never remember what happened here, but she’d make sure Spike had no memories of it, either. The last thing she needed was a vampire who hated her following her around, making puns at how terrible she was in bed.

Which was why she was going to make with the clothes-collecting and the reputation salvaging and bolt while he wasn’t touching her.

At least, that’s what she told herself. Reality wasn’t quite as giving. Before she could blink, Buffy found herself racing across the room and jumping onto the bed with an enthusiastic bounce.

Spike’s eyes flashed and he licked his lips, thrusting his hips against her when she straddled his waist. “Ohhh, baby,” he growled. “Like I said, should’ve known you liked it rough.”

Buffy sucked in a deep breath. The way his cock caressed her backside felt too good for him to be such a heartless bastard. Life was, in so many ways, the least fair thing ever.

“Shut up,” she spat. “And let me go!”

He blinked rapidly. “Umm, pet, in case you didn’t notice, you’re the one on top.” His lips peeled back in an unpleasant sneer. “Now give me your tits if you’re gonna do nothing but wave them in my face.”

“I hate you.”

Spike’s smirk broadened and he blew her an insolent kiss. “Mutual.” He reached between them and wrapped his hand around his erection, rubbing himself against her sodden folds as she rotated her hips.

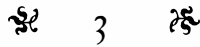
Oh god. *Oh god.* This was really happening. This was really, really happening. Kissing she could handle. Groping she was familiar with. A blowjob? Well, she'd need Willow to erase that memory, but she could come back from it. But this? Actual insertion-of-penis sex? There wasn't a spell big enough to make this okay.

"If you even *think* of putting that thing inside me, I'll—" Buffy seized his wrists and forced his arms to the mattress beside his head, sinking down on his cock with a whimper. "Oh god."

Okay. She needed a new plan.

"Buffy," Spike growled, his eyes shining. He rolled his hips again, trying to seat himself deeper within her. "Oh, *Christ.*"

Right now.



THE LOOK IN HIS EYES WOULD REMAIN WITH HER FOR AS LONG AS she lived. It was so singular—so completely *Spike* in a way that left her completely rattled. The awe that filled his eyes was so open, so vulnerable and naked that she couldn't keep herself from trembling. She'd only seen that look once before. Only once.

Once, when wiggling in his lap and under a very different spell, she'd tugged on his earlobe with her teeth and whispered how much she loved him.

He'd looked at her like she was a goddess. Like she was everything. No one had ever looked at her like that, and in a blink, she'd known why she was marrying him. Spike loved her like no one else ever could.

When the spell was over, they'd gone back to hating each other. And every time that he'd looked at her thereafter, a part of her had wept that there was no love. There was no awe. There was only bitterness and loathing.

Now Spike was looking at her like that again. Her hands were on his chest, her boobs were once more doing the heaving thing, and his cock was buried inside her.

"Buffy?" he asked softly, panting.

This was so wrong. So unbelievably wrong. Spike's skin was

beneath her fingers. And he was looking at her like she was made of gold.

"Oh my god," she squeaked, her treacherous hips rising in a rhythm that, by now, her body knew well. Granted, with Riley, she never steered. He'd never given her the opportunity to steer. It was always girl-on-bottom with him, and she'd been happy with that. Riley was her Joe Normal, after all. And she did like him. Quite a bit. She wanted to keep him happy. She wanted to keep him with her and not running off to start up his own detective agency in LA. She was totally a fool-me-twice-shame-on-me girl.

Riley was comfortable. He was dependable. He was...

So not for her.

"Buffy," Spike whispered again, sliding his fingers up her sides until he had two handfuls of Buffy-breasts. "You..."

If he said something about how she felt, she was going to die. The look in Spike's eyes notwithstanding, she knew anything that came from his mouth would in no way be complimentary. So she slapped a hand over his mouth and moved to get off him—to hobble to the door, make a second attempt to gather her shredded dignity and head for the proverbial hills—and instead, quite predictably, found herself leaning over until her breasts were pressed against his chest.

"Don't say anything," she gritted out. "Just...don't."

That was it. The awed look vanished in a blink, as though he suddenly remembered who he was dealing with. He dropped his hands and dug his fingers into her hips as he bounced his pelvis upward, a nasty leer tickling his lips. "Well, are you gonna move or what? Honestly, you're the Slayer. Don't tell me you make the bloody *boy* do all the work. Thought you were dizzy with the girl power."

Yeah. That was exactly the sort of thing she hadn't wanted to hear.

"What can I say?" she spat back, choking back a gasp at the feel of his length sliding out of her. She sucked in a breath and hovered over him, just the tip of him inside her now, but still managing to do more for her than her cumulative experience with Riley ever had. "You just don't do it for me."

Not exactly the most convincing thing she could have said, given how loud she moaned when she sank back onto his cock. But for the

look on his face—the spark of insecurity that flashed across his eyes—a shiver of satisfaction raced down her spine.

It only lasted for a second. Spike's uncertainty melted into a smirk, and he slipped a hand between them, his thumb rubbing her roughly where they were joined. "Oh, I dunno," he growled. "Feels like a job good and done to me."

"You're sick," she panted.

"Can't disagree. Buried balls-deep within the Slayer and she's not even wiggling properly. I do have the urge to heave."

Buffy raised her hand to smack him—she really did. Only instead she found herself again seizing his shoulders and dragging his mouth upward until she was tearing kisses away from his sinful lips. And then her body couldn't stand it. She had him inside her. She had Spike buried deep within her pussy, and she couldn't fight her need anymore, if she ever had.

She swirled her hips and moaned into his kiss. "Oh god."

"You're telling me," he murmured, the fire in his eyes fading again. "Knew you'd be tight. God, squeeze me, pet. Show me what those delicious muscles of yours can do."

She flushed with a confusing combination of outrage and heat. "Do I need to remind you yet again how incredibly dusty you're gonna be once this spell is over?" she barked, tossing her head back, her thrusts becoming harder and more demanding. This on-top thing was definitely worth exploring. Later. With her boyfriend. After she had her mind scrubbed of the nastiness that was Spike.

Yeah, she was trembling because having his cock inside her was nasty. Much with the nasty. That was her story, and she was sticking to it.

"Good," he spat, though again his eyes curtained with hurt. "You're not as warm as some other nice perky humans I've shagged. Guess Angel cooled you up all over." His lips drew back into a cruel grin. "Is that the reason you had the Red Witch hex us?"

"Shut up!"

"Ohhh. Hit a little close to the mark, there?" He nipped at her shoulder with his blunt teeth, pressing his palm against her ass in time with the rolls of his hips, so it felt like his cock went even deeper

inside her. It wasn't fair. It wasn't fair how good he felt. How his skin dragged along her inner walls in a way that she'd only read about in magazines. There was a burning in her belly that she'd only experienced three times. Once with Angel—a lifetime ago, and twice with Riley, though she was almost certain that her Rileygasms had been a mistake. He never really did anything different to ensure that she got off—though to be fair, she never told him that she didn't. Sure, he'd made her scream in satisfaction a couple of times, but only a couple. Enough to give her a good idea of how to fake it, and fake it convincingly.

Though, in retrospect, he'd taught her nothing she couldn't have learned from Meg Ryan.

What she felt now, though, paled in comparison to anything she'd felt before. It had to be the spell. It *had* to be. There was simply no other explanation she would accept.

"You wish," she hissed.

"Yeah," he agreed dryly, pinching her clit and pressing her harder against his cock. "I stay awake at night, dreaming of your cunt. If this is all you had to offer, no wonder Soul Boy didn't stick around."

She growled. Honest to god, Buffy growled, and smashed her pussy against him with such anger that her skin burned. She wanted to fuck him so hard that he ached. That his cock broke and he never found satisfaction in any woman ever again. She wanted him alive if it meant he suffered and ashes-to-ashes dead if he had something to live for.

"You're—"

"Dust?" Spike flicked his brows. "Not soon enough."

Okay, words were just words, but the way Spike felt inside her? If she was going to be completely honest, there weren't words enough. The cool, slippery slide of his flesh against hers made every nerve in her body hum. She was suddenly aware of everything. The air that crashed against her skin, the springs that squeaked every time she slammed back onto him, the steady rock of the headboard against the wall that grew louder with every thrust. Every part of her was screaming. Spike was inside her, and she felt like screaming.

And, god help her, not in a bad way.

"You're close, aren't you?" he growled with interest, his eyes shin-

ing. “You’re tightening around me. You’re about to come until you can’t walk.”

Yes, she totally was. Spike was about to make her come and it was, perhaps, the most humiliating moment of her life. Spike should *not* possess the ability to make her come. “You...wish.”

“And evidently I’ve melted the few functioning bits of your brain.”

“Figured...that was...something...you’d...be used to.”

“Gotta, say, pet, I never pegged...you as the...sort that...could be fucked dizzy.” He grinned and, before she could blink, flipped her onto her back, pounding her brutally into the mattress. “Let me...know...if you...see stars.”

He was panting. Buffy’s eyes bulged. God, he was panting. Spike was bruising her body with his, smashing into her so hard that her bones shook, and he was panting. He was close, too. He was close to losing himself. He was close to getting lost in her. Angel had never panted in her ear. He had never given her any indication, even the night that he’d taken her virginity, that he’d ever been or ever wanted to be anything but a vampire. Spike was a vampire—that much was obvious. He was much with the dead and the pale and the lack of a beating heart and a liquid-only diet, but right now, he looked more alive than anyone she’d ever known.

And then the world detonated and everything melted away. She trembled and spasmed violently, and came so hard that she brought the stars he gave her back to earth. Every cell in her body exploded. She dug her nails into his biceps and sank her teeth into his shoulder, muffling her scream around his skin and shivering when he snarled and vamped.

“Buffy. Buffy!” The mask of hate was gone again, and his voice trembled. “Oh *fuck*. You feel...” He thrust wildly into her, but his movements were no longer guided by anger. Then he shook hard, buried his head in the crook of her neck, and she felt him. Stiffening and then spilling jet after jet inside her. Oh god, Spike had come inside her. And for a second—a split second of utter insanity—she felt something close to completion.

A long whimper tore off her lips.

“Buffy..”

God, he sounded so helpless. So lost. She'd made him do that. She'd made him whimper and mewl. She'd knocked Spike to his knees without even trying. And, without warning, she realized that she didn't hate him. Not right now, at least. Not like this. Where hate should be was a rush of something else. A rush of something not-hatred-like for Spike. And it took her by such surprise that the whole of her went numb.

"Buffy," he whispered again, kissing her throat. "God, Buffy..."

The way he said her name made her tremble.

“GET OFF.”

Spike lifted his head drowsily, smacking his lips. “Buffy?”

Buffy had never seen a vamp in game face when they weren’t snarling or making lame threats before she dusted their even lamer selves. It was quite unnerving. Spike was very much in game face. He’d vamped uncontrollably when he’d emptied himself inside her, and he didn’t look to be rectifying that anytime soon. No matter that seeing him look at her like a woman, rather than the Slayer, wiggled her out. Spike clearly didn’t care about wiggling her out.

“It’s over. Let me up.”

She knew it was coming. Of course she knew it was coming. The thing she could have mistaken for tenderness evaporated from his eyes, and then he was leering at her again. “What’s the hurry, love?” he asked, wiggling his hips. And—okay—wow. That had to be a vampire thing. Angel hadn’t remained inside her long enough for her to have any basis for comparison, but that Spike could get his cock to swell that fast after coming as hard as he had struck her as something only a guy with super-strength could pull off.

“Ugh! You perv!”

Spike just chuckled and thrust into her, his fangs receding and his

eyes shifting back into the ocean blue that she so often admired against her will. "You shouldn't throw stones." The softness of his tone offset the scold in his words, but that didn't matter the next second when he dropped his lips to her throat. "Oh yeah," he purred around a mouthful of Slayer-skin, moving inside her in slow, agonizing strokes. "Squeeze me tight. Just like that."

"I don't *want* to squeeze your..." Buffy's mouth fell slack when he wrapped his lips around one of her breasts, lifting her traitorous to clash with his every time he tried to drag his cock away from her aching pussy. "Unh..."

"Admit it," Spike drawled with a grin before teasing her nipple with his teeth. "You're just eating this up."

"Get *over* yourself."

"Well, you were earlier, anyway." He bit lightly at her flesh. "That was your first time, wasn't it, Slayer? Taking it down the throat like that?"

She flushed hot. No, it actually hadn't been her first time...trying. Parker had been her first and, up until tonight, her last. And because of that, she'd always associated blowjobs with the nastiness that was frat boys and one-night stands. Parker had been...well, a jerk, but he'd been a horny jerk at the time, so he'd refrained from commenting on her rather laughable attempt to bring him off with her mouth. She'd been so robotic. So jerky. And at one point, she'd squeezed him too hard and he'd yelped. Loudly.

She'd been working up the courage to try again with her oh-so-normal-and-proper-and-do-you-want-breakfast-in-bed boyfriend. Only Riley was very understanding and almost reluctant to have her try. Though that might have been due to her admitting that she'd squeezed the last boy with a bit too much enthusiasm. He'd made some offhanded comment about how blowjobs were degrading anyway and how he didn't expect her to do it for him. And admittedly, that had been a relief.

That was until she'd seen the look on Spike's face when she'd sucked his cock between her lips and realized that though she was on her knees, she'd still held all the power. He'd babbled too much about how hot and perfect she was, and in doing so, shown her just how

easily she could conquer him. Despite everything, it had been exhilarating.

But not the first time.

"No," she hissed, enjoying the way his eyes widened in shock and... jealousy? Spike was jealous? That he hadn't been her first? God, her life just couldn't be any stranger. "No...you...uhhh..."

"You let another bloke into your mouth?" he demanded, his eyes burning, his thrusts driving to frenzy without warning. Buffy squeaked and squeezed his shoulders, dropping her head and rolling her hips in a desperate effort to keep up with him. Every time he pulled his cock away, he took a part of her with him.

This wasn't the spell anymore, was it? Shouldn't she have kicked him across the room? God, why *hadn't* she kicked him across the room?

He was growling something into her skin, cadencing against her with sharp, jerky thrusts that punctuated every breath that escaped his body. It wasn't until his mouth was at her ear that she made any sense of what he was saying at all.

"Mine mine mine mine mine..."

The headboard was crashing against the wall again. Spike was pounding into her pussy. His mouth was at her ear. His hands were everywhere—*he* was everywhere, marking her. God, he was marking her all over. And she was shaking and clenching and needing, holding onto him as he plunged and plundered. As he made her his.

"Mine!" he snarled, and she felt his ridges nudge her cheek. He'd vamped again. A dangerous vampire was at her throat, and all she could do was pant and moan and hope he didn't kill her when his fangs slid inside.

And why didn't that worry her? She knew it was coming. She saw what would happen as though it had happened already, and she couldn't focus on it. She couldn't, preoccupied as she was with the wicked strokes of his cock. With the way she felt like dying every time he slid from her pussy, no matter how much her body sang.

Spike growled and fisted a handful of her hair, jerking her head back and fixing his gaze on the pulse point of her neck. "You're mine!" he snarled, his thrusts hard, his eyes feral. "You're *mine*."

A sliver of fear raced down her spine. Fear laced with defiance. She

belonged to no one, least of all Spike. And hey, if she wanted to blow Riley, she'd blow Riley. That was absolutely none of his business. It didn't matter that he was currently screwing her into oblivion in said boyfriend's bed. A spell was a spell—nothing more. She had no control over herself, *and* she owed Spike diddly squat. Well, diddly aside from a nice, pointy stake through the heart. Just who did he think he was?

"Mine!" he barked again, smashing inside her. "*Mine!*"

"No!"

The feel of his ivory fangs slicing into her throat triggered an explosion of pure euphoria. She fought to latch onto something—anything—to stifle her elated cry, but Spike's incisors were buried in her neck, he was pounding her into a Buffy-shaped hole in the mattress, and there was nothing to prevent the scream of his name from flying off her lips.

"*Mine!*" he snarled again, snapping his head back, his yellow eyes swallowing her whole. His lips were red with her blood, and she felt a rush of pure lust shoot straight to her core. "You're *mine*, Buffy!"

"Oh god. Oh god."

"Say it! Tell me you're mine!"

A warning bell went off. It was wrong. She knew it was wrong. She knew the second that she said yes that she would regret it. But right then, in the moment, there was no other truth. She *was* Spike's. She was completely his.

He dipped his head, sucking on the bite he'd given her. "*Mine!*"

"Oh yes. Yes. Yes!"

She raked her nails down his back as her muscles clenched around him, and when he growled against her throat and spilled himself inside her, she'd never known a sweeter homecoming. She felt, for once in her life, that she was exactly where she belonged. She felt complete, whole, swallowed in pure freaking bliss.

"Mine," Spike murmured into her throat, thrusting his hardening cock shallowly into her pussy. "You're mine."

Buffy sighed and curled her arms under his shoulders, trembling when he began to purr.

Perfection. *This* was perfection.

"Mine," he growled again, pillowing his cheek against her breast. "Buffy..."

Then the world stopped.

"Oh my god." Buffy gasped, shoving him hard. She sat up with a start, ignoring the sharp pang that shot through her the second that he left her body, and pressed her hand to her neck. *Okay. Panicking hard.* "Did you just... What did you just do?"

Spike scowled and bounced at the foot of the bed. She really hadn't intended to shove him that far but...well, then again, yes she had. She couldn't shove him far *enough* away.

It really didn't help that he was still close enough to touch her. If he touched her, her anger would dissipate, and she wanted to hold onto her anger. She deserved it. He'd just done something monumentally stupid that not only took away her future but linked to *him* forever. The last thing she needed to consider was that she missed his touch.

"Slayer—"

"You *claimed* me, you sonofabitch!"

To his credit, Spike didn't look any more thrilled at the prospect than she was, now that the fog in his eyes was dissipating. "I didn't mean to!" he shot back, though from how he was shaken, pointing out how very little that mattered likely wouldn't do either of them any good. "I just..." He froze and shuddered. "Oh fuck."

Trembling, Buffy scooted over and smacked his arm. Hard. "You *claimed* me? What the hell were you thinking?"

"I obviously wasn't, you miserable tart!" He scowled, wrapping his hand around his erection. And—okay. Spike was beating off right in front of her. He was sitting on his legs, looking at her, and beating off. *As in right in front of her.* There was something seriously wrong with this picture.

Only that had pretty much been the motto for the night, so it lacked the shock that Buffy would have liked. And why in the world was he beating off when she was very much with the naked and right in front of him? Was she not good enough for him now that he'd claimed her?

"No," Spike growled irritably, pumping himself harder. "You shoved me out of your cunt, remember?"

Buffy blinked. "I...I don't give you permission to read my thoughts! As soon as Giles finds out about this—"

"I *can't* read your thoughts."

"Then how—"

"Ears, love. They're called ears. And mine are particularly sensitive, even if you are muttering under your breath." He smirked, palming his balls and giving them a good squeeze. "You want me back inside?"

Yes. She was aching all over. She was wet and aching and very much in need of him. She needed that cock inside her and not in his hand... no matter how hot watching him masturbate made her. Especially when his gaze flickered alternately from her breasts to her pussy. Especially when he licked his lips like that, and snarled all predatorily.

She was certifiable. Absolutely certifiable.

"The spell's over," she said slowly. "We...we've done—"

"I don't know about *you*, Slayer," Spike barked. Then he paused and sniffed at the air, stretching his lips into an obnoxious sneer. "Well, actually, I *do* know about you. You're dripping for me."

"Ugh!" Buffy shot out a leg in his direction, only to have him seize her by the ankle with his unoccupied hand. She tried hard not to acknowledge how his fingers made her skin sing. "Get over yourself."

"We're not done," he replied softly.

Then he tugged on her leg and dragged her down the mattress, ignoring her surprised yelp and positioning himself at her opening yet again. She was certain that any second now her heart would leap out of her chest. She was on her back, stretched out before him, and he had her pelvis lifted as an offering for his cock. He wasn't touching her at all. His body wasn't stretched above hers. His chest wasn't pressed to her breasts. He held her only where he needed to, rubbing his length across her slit.

"You're mine, Buffy," he said again. Slowly. Intently. He refused to look at her—his eyes were glued to her pussy. "For better or bloody worse."

"I am *not* yours."

"I claimed you."

"Not *my* problem."

Spike's brows flickered, but he didn't look at her. "You accepted."

"You *forced* me."

"Yeah. I've never seen anyone react to *force* so enthusiastically."

"It'll go away." The head of his cock brushed against her clit, and she trembled hard. Her body was reacting in all the wrong ways. If she was going to have sex with Spike, she wanted body-on-body contact. She wanted him with *her* and not using her only for what was between her legs. He wasn't touching her. She needed him to touch her. She needed to feel him against her. "It'll go—"

Spike tsked and shook his head, slipping his cock inside her again and tugging on her hard until her legs were wrapped around his waist. "Doesn't go away," he replied, his voice distant. "Not after you accept."

"You *made* me—"

"Slayer, that point's bloody moot. You're stuck with me." Finally, he blinked and trailed his eyes up her body until their gazes clashed. Only it wasn't Spike that was looking at her. Not the Spike that had been with her all night. This was a different Spike. A Spike that was guarding himself against her. "You're *mine*."

Buffy shook her head and wiggled, earning little more than a sharp thrust and an enthusiastic gasp. "No!" she protested. "No!"

"Buffy—"

"You can't...*please*."

She choked out a sob and reached for him, feeling idle and stupid. She needed him to be with her if he was going to be with her. This emotional-distancing crap would only kill them both. She wasn't conditioned for sex without feelings; hatred and anger were preferable over nothing. She needed Spike to feel *something*. She needed him to touch her. She needed *him*.

*Oh god.*

Spike stared at her. It took only seconds for the façade to melt. "Oh, Buffy."

"Please?"

The next thing she knew, he'd slid his hands under her shoulders and lifted her into his embrace. Buffy linked her arms around his neck and swallowed him in a kiss.

Spike whimpered, his hands dropping to her ass, squeezing her as

she began to bounce on his cock with renewed enthusiasm. “Buffy,” he whispered, nipping at her lips. “God...”

“Keep touching me.” She kissed him again, wiggling her hips. “Spike...keep touching me.”

He smiled, wrapping his arms around her to hold her to his chest, and her heart melted. “I’ll never stop.”

Buffy cupped his cheeks and pressed her mouth to his once more, banishing her thoughts away.

She wasn’t going anywhere, and she was so tired of fighting. The rest didn’t matter—not right now.

Not so long as Spike was holding her.



IT HADN'T HAPPENED UNTIL AFTER GRADUATION. GILES HAD SAT her down in his living room, dropped his glasses into the hem of his shirt, and told her how utterly foolish she'd been to allow Angel's fangs anywhere near her throat. That although it wasn't common anymore, some vampires were known to claim those they cared about. It was often a mistake. It was often just another word in a litany of words, spilled out in the heat of a moment. But it was binding, and if accepted, it was forever.

He'd told her that she was lucky Angel had maintained enough of himself to keep from claiming her, and absolutely forbade her from offering her neck to another dying vampire. Not that such a warning was needed. It wasn't like getting her throat torn out was something she wanted to pencil in during uneventful weekends.

Spike had claimed her, and she'd accepted.

She was tied for eternity to a vampire she didn't even like.

"Lay back, pet," he murmured, his cock slipping out of her. He just smirked when she mewled in complaint, nipping at her lips before dropping a kiss across her shoulder. "You're gonna love this."

Okay, so maybe she liked him a little bit.

“Fuck, but you’re pretty.” Spike grinned, licking at one of her nipples. “Gotta say, Slayer, when you’re not yapping, you’re just lovely.”

Buffy scowled. “Hey!”

And maybe she didn’t like him at all.

“Could be mated to someone much worse for all eternity, I suppose.”

“Damn right, you could,” she grumbled, trying futilely to keep from moaning when he cupped her pussy. “N-not that it matters.”

“Cause I’m one dusted vamp once this spell is over. Are we back to this song and dance already?”

She nodded, ignoring the pang that rushed through her. Stupid claim. Stupid Spike for initiating the stupid claim. Stupid Buffy for being dumb enough to accept it. “Uh huh.”

“You know that if you dust me, you’ll just wither away and rot, right?”

“Liar.” Buffy scrunched her face up and shivered. “There has to be some spell that undoes it. This is the twentieth century. You’d think that some warlock or sorcerer or whatever would’ve come up with an antidote to stupid-vamps-who-claim-before-they-think by now.”

Spike chuckled, dropping kisses along her stomach as his mouth migrated south. “Possibly,” he said. “Then again, vamps don’t exactly do much claiming nowadays. It’s outta practice. Reckon any sane person would figure it for an old wives’ tale or some rot. Face it, kitten. You could be stuck with me.” He pinched her clit and grinned when she moaned and arched off the mattress. “Forever.”

“I’d sooner dive off a cliff,” Buffy ground out without nearly as much venom as she would have liked.

“Yeah, but you’re the Slayer. That’s the sort of thing you could probably survive.”

“There isn’t anything about you that I don’t hate.”

Spike just chuckled again, settling between her legs. “And yet, you’re mysteriously drawn to me,” he replied, running a finger between the folds of her pussy and grinning madly when she whimpered in approval. “Aren’t you, kitten?”

She blinked stupidly. How in god’s name did he expect her to

converse when he was all...down there and touching her in naughty places? "Huh?"

"Mysteriously drawn to me."

"I am...*not*."

"You have such a pretty little pussy," Spike purred, spreading her open and favoring her with a long, sultry lick. And Buffy about bounced off the bed in shock. "My Slayer..."

Guh. As long as he kept that up, she'd be his anything.

"*This* is a first for you, isn't it?" He slid two fingers inside her, his eyes flashing dangerously. "No one's ever tasted you here."

Buffy shivered. "I have a boyfriend, Spike."

He growled and shoved his fingers deeper within her. "The enormous hall monitor's too bloody white-bread to ever try anything this... spicy." He solidified his point with a long lap of her clit before sucking it into his mouth. "Mmm. No. This part of you. This is mine."

"Unh..."

"Tell me," Spike whispered, his fingers finding a steady rhythm. He dropped a kiss across her inner thigh, nibbling at her skin with his blunt teeth. "Tell me this is mine."

It was really hard to focus on telling him to go to hell when all she wanted to do was grab his head and rub herself against his mouth.

"Tell me, Buffy." He nipped at her with a wink and drew her clit between his lips again. "Tell me this delectable cunt belongs to me."

Buffy's eyes fluttered shut, a strangled mewl tearing through her throat. If she started talking, she wouldn't stop. She'd tell Spike enough to make her a slayer laughing-stock. How good he felt. How he awakened emotions within her that she was certain Angel had destroyed when he'd ripped her heart out. How, for the first time since returning from Los Angeles, she surged with something other than cold. The eggs she'd walked on with her first vampire lover were gone, and she had no idea why.

It wasn't that Spike wasn't intense. God, if anything, Spike had probably taught Angel a few lessons in intensity.

Only when Spike looked at her, there wasn't a touch of hopelessness. Not at all. Not like what she was used to. Hell, there was every chance that she was tied to Spike for the rest of forever, and even then,

she didn't feel the hint of disaster that had always dogged her relationship with Angel.

Spike didn't regard her as a burden. He seemed confused by everything that had happened, but strangely also not bothered by that confusion. He'd thrown his entire existence into question—he'd tied himself to a slayer forever, and he was currently perched between her thighs, sucking on her pussy, and demanding that she promise that all of her belonged to him.

All of her.

*The spell.* It had to be the spell. Only the spell hadn't affected their minds—just their bodies. The claim? No. No, claims didn't do anything but play on emotions that already existed. Giles had reassured her of that after her massive wig that any faceless vamp might waltz up to her and make her an eternal love-bitch.

Spike hated her, though. He hated her and now they were linked together forever. Well, unless she could find a way to reverse it.

Would Spike even want to reverse it?

"I've lost you," Spike murmured with a pout, pulling his fingers out of her and resting his cheek against her thigh. "I'm down here trying to give you the stars and you're somewhere else."

The loss of his touch was a physical pain. Buffy whimpered and rolled her hips, trying to entice his mouth back into action. "No. No! More. Need you. *Please.*"

He perked his brows with interest. "Need me?" he echoed, sliding a finger inside her. "You weren't even paying attention."

"I was thinking!"

"See? That's my point exactly. You shouldn't be able to *think* while I'm eating your pussy."

His words made her skin blaze. "I was thinking about you if that makes any difference."

"Yeah, but it definitely went beyond 'Spike good. Want more Spike now.' You looked far too pensive."

He shouldn't be saying words like *pensive* when his mouth was slick with her. It was turning her on, and that in itself was somewhat wigsome. Since when did hotties with big vocabularies turn her on?

Since when did Spike have a big vocabulary? And, more importantly, since when was Spike a hottie?

Buffy groaned inwardly. *Since forever.*

"Spike good," she replied, stretching a leg over his shoulder. "Want more Spike now."

"Now you're just being ornery."

Okay, first she was pensive; now ornery? Buffy whimpered and trembled hard, sliding her hands down her body to frame her pussy. "Please!" she moaned, arching beneath him. "I need you. Please!"

"You need me?" Spike smirked and ran his finger up and down her damp slit, missing her clit by millimeters, and driving her out of her mind. "Where do you need me, baby?"

"Spike, please!"

"You gonna pay attention this time?"

"I was before!"

He tilted his head and tsked. And damn if the disgruntled schoolmaster thing didn't turn her on more. "You were thinking before," he scolded.

"About you, you peroxidized moron!"

"Manners, Slayer. After all, you're asking me to eat you out. Wouldn't bloody kill you to be a mite nicer about it."

How could he say it like that? How could he make with the casual while massaging her well into her next life with his fingers, dipping shallowly inside her every few strokes? How could he be so calm when all she wanted to do was scream?

Buffy whimpered helplessly. "What do you want from me?"

"Your undivided attention, for starters." He smirked at her and leaned forward, tapped her clit quickly with his tongue, and wrangling a sharp jerk from her for his efforts. "And you gotta tell me."

"My attention is yours!" She fisted lockfuls of his hair and attempted to drag his avoidy mouth back to her clit. "Spike!"

"Ah, ah, ah."

"Spike!"

"You *sure* you're gonna pay attention?"

Buffy all but gnashed her teeth together, still swaying her hips at him in offering. "I was! I was thinking about you!" Which she would

most assuredly never, ever do again. Not after they left this room, anyway. But until the spell was over, she was completely at his mercy. "I was thinking h-how...how..."

Spike domed a brow. "Yes?"

"How..." How much she was going to invest in a vibrator. After tonight, after experiencing so many orgasms, there was no way she was going through another drought. "How much..."

*How much I love what you're doing to me.*

Those words wouldn't come.

"How much what, baby?" Spike asked softly, nipping at her wet folds with a playful, however soft grin. It amazed her that he could pull that off in the same look. How he could be smoldering and arrogant, but kind and gentle all at once. It was really wiggling her out. Was this another effect of the spell or did Spike just really keep himself guarded?

Though come to think of it, it wasn't like she couldn't imagine why he'd want to keep the fact that he was a softie a secret, especially with the recent blows to his reputation and self-image.

"How..." Buffy willed her eyes shut and sucked in a deep breath. "What you do to... I've never... Spike, please!" She thrust her hips toward his mouth again and fought the ever-tempting urge to die when he didn't dive in. "I need...this."

Her pleas were turning him on. Well, on-ner. That was *definitely* evident. His eyes were doing the smoldering thing and his unneeded breaths were coming quicker, as though his long-dead lungs were actually fighting for air. As though his vampire-self depended on it. "Yes, well," he replied, clearing his throat, "you still gotta tell me."

"Tell you?" Her brain was surrounded by fog. "Tell..."

"Tell me whose this is." Spike tossed her a wicked grin before lowering his mouth to her throbbing clit, and she melted on the spot. Oh god. This was what she needed. His lips around her, his fingers teasing her opening, then running a wet trail up her body until he had a breast in each hand. "I'm the only man who's been here, yeah? Tell me."

God, Spike should stake a flag on her parts. She was so completely his.

"Yes, yes!" she agreed breathlessly, her eyes flying open.

"Your pussy is mine?"

If she nodded any harder, her head was going to pop off. "Yes!"

"Only mine? I don't want anyone else touching it. I'm a very possessive vamp, you know." Then, as though threatened by the mere suggestion, Spike unearthed the most predatory growl she'd ever heard and vamped. His ridges caressed her thighs, the length of his fangs sliding along her clit before he drew back and plunged his tongue deep inside her.

Buffy positively howled. Her back arched off the bed, her legs closed around his face, and she drowned in a sea of pure bliss. He kept a steady rhythm, thrusting his tongue in and out of her as one of his hands abandoned her breast to give her clit some much-needed attention. He pinched her nipple with his other hand, and she felt his lips stretch into a grin when his name peeled through the air and vibrated off the walls.

His fangs never touched her. Not once. He was tonguing her into oblivion, doing things to her clit that should be illegal in forty-nine states, but his fangs never touched her. She didn't know how. Maybe he was one of those guys who could tie a cherry stem into a knot with his tongue. It was certainly fitting. That beautiful organ inside his mouth deserved the Nobel Prize.

He stroked her like he cared. He loved her with his mouth like he loved *her*.

And when she met the cool, haunting amber of his demon eyes, the world around her dissolved into nothing. In that second, something changed. Something monumental changed. It reverberated through her every nerve, submerging in pure white. God, she was on fire, and he was the only thing keeping the burn from doing her in completely.

In that second, he'd broken through the wall she'd built around her heart.

And it terrified her.

“THIS IS GOING TO KILL ME.”

Spike grinned and flipped her beneath him, the move driving his cock deeper inside her. “What?” he whispered, nipping at her shoulder. “This?” He showered a trail of kisses back to the proud bite on her throat before closing his mouth around it and sucking hard. “Or this?” He slid his hands under her thighs, buried his face in the crook of her neck, swirled his hips, and slammed her with thrusts hard enough she was surprised when he didn’t send the bed crashing through the floors beneath them.

“Ohhh!” By the time the spell ended, Spike was going to look like he’d lost a nasty fight with a rake for all the scratching at his back that she was doing. “Oh yes! Spike!”

The words sounded strange colored in her own voice, but she didn’t know what else to say. Moreover, she couldn’t help herself. Every time he drove his cock inside her, a slew of monosyllabic nothings sputtered through her lips.

“Just want...to know...” He lifted his head to smile at her, and the sight made her heart clench. “Stretch your arms above you, baby. Grab hold of the post.”

“Huh?”

Spike nipped at her throat before pulling back to meet her gaze, flicking his eyebrows and nodding at the head of the bed. "Trust me."

Trust him? Did she even have the wiring for that?

He brushed his lips against hers in a sweet, almost loving kiss, and her world melted. God, she totally did. She had that wiring plus some. Buffy shuddered and obeyed, curling each hand around a post that ribbed the headboard.

Spike grinned and kissed her again. "Good girl," he murmured. "My sweet, hot, tight little slayer."

"I don't..." Buffy clenched her teeth, tightening her grip around the bedpost as his thrusts grew harder. She was still trembling from the last orgasm he'd given her, and the feel of him sliding in and out of her was rubbing her nerves raw. Her skin was tender. Her body ached. But god, it felt so good that she couldn't object. If he left her now, she was certain she would wake the dead with her scream of protest. "I don't...I can't..."

"You can't what, baby? Come again?" The leer stretching his lips sent shivers across her skin. "I beg to differ." His thrusts grew sharper with every drive, his cock striking places she hadn't known existed. And even as pleasure danced closer to that shady area of pain, it was too sweet to relinquish. She was holding him to her, battling his hips with hers, wrestling to bruise him just as much as he was bruising her. She wanted him cross-eyed with pleasure. She wanted him so covered with her that he wanted nothing else. She wanted him so addicted to her that he'd be pained if he stopped touching her.

"Uhhh...I—"

"I love the way you feel around me. Squeezing me into bloody oblivion. I love feeling you come around me. You're so wet and tight. Christ, Slayer, you feel so bloody good." He brushed his lips along her jawline. "How's it that I went so many years without this? Without you around me? Without your warmth?"

There was a note in his voice that she'd never heard before. Something naked and vulnerable. Something pure. And the emotion swirling behind his eyes was enough to move continents.

"Is that...a question...you expect...answer?"

Spike chuckled. "Forgot...your...pronouns there, love."

She absolutely adored the way he only became breathless when she did. The way his eyes became glossy. The way he swallowed her with wonder. She was growing really attached to the man that had her in bed right now. The man behind the mask that Spike wore to guard himself. The man that had peeked through the monster all night. The man that had only truly emerged when she reached for him.

She'd reached for him, and something had changed. And for everything in the world, Buffy didn't want it to go back to the way it was. Not now. Not after she'd experienced this.

Not after she'd experienced *Spike*.

"You're so warm," he whispered again, his thrusts going from hard and fast to slow and decadent. He smiled and nipped at her mouth, running his hands up the tender undersides of her arms until his fingers were curled around each wrist. "Gimme."

It was a soft demand, but a demand nonetheless.

"You wanted my hands here," she argued, sliding her left foot down the length of his leg. "I was just doing what you asked."

"And I appreciate it, pet. But I want your arms around my neck now." His lips fell over hers in a soft kiss, and what little was left of her resistance vanished. There was no way she was walking out of this room unscathed. No way would she survive this with her heart intact.

And the more time she spent with Spike, the more determined she became to keep her memories. This time—right now—this was hers. And no one could ever take it away from her.

"Ahhh," Spike purred, rolling them over again so that they were on their sides, facing each other. "I never want to leave here."

Never was a long time, but somehow, she thought she could deal. "Uhhh..."

He smiled, finding her lips again, hooking a hand under her knee and lifting her leg over his thigh. "Never wanna leave you," he whispered. "Once that door opens, this ends, doesn't it? You'll leave, and you'll never wanna see me again."

The very thought made her stomach twist. "No," she argued. "No."

"You've said so, sweets."

"That...was before." *Before I saw you.* "Before..."

Spike pressed his brow to hers, panting hard. "Before what, baby?"

he asked, his eyes fluttering shut as he pumped his cock into her. She never wanted him to leave, either. She could stay here forever, happily, if not a little tender. After all, if he was going to render her unable to walk, she might as well remain in bed forever.

She didn't know.

"I don't...I don't know." Buffy whimpered and caught her lower lip between her teeth. The wet slide of his cock from her pussy was driving her mad, and she couldn't imagine a sweeter descent. "I don't... I just...I need. I need. I need you."

Spike gasped and jerked to a stop, his widening eyes swallowing her whole. It wasn't the first time she'd said it, but things had changed now. Things were different. There was no anger. Not anymore. There was only Spike, and she needed him.

"You need me?" The way he spoke made her tremble. "You..."

"Spike..."

"You're not gonna leave once this..." He rolled her over again, engulfing one of her breasts with his mouth. The sudden movement plunged his cock deeper within her, and she tossed her head back with a loud yelp. Spike just purred and smiled around her flesh. "You're not gonna leave," he whispered again before brushing a kiss against her nipple and raising his head to meet her eyes. "Once this is over?"

She couldn't see herself going anywhere but right back to his arms. "No."

"No?"

"I...you...you claimed...me."

Spike glanced up, freezing, his hand falling to clutch her thigh as though to prevent himself from falling out of her in astonishment. The fact that he needed balance when he was the one in control made her shiver. And realize how *little* control he truly had. "Is that why?" he demanded, urgent and hoarse. "Is that why you're...why you *need* me? Because I sodding *claimed* you?"

"No." The word was off her lips before she could consider the implications, but god, she didn't care anymore. It would be easy to blame everything on the claim. On the fact that he'd whispered words that linked them together forever. She could blame it on that. She could do it so easily.

But it wasn't because of the claim. At least, she wasn't feeling anything *new* because of what he'd done. Giles had promised her that. Whatever she felt now was entirely her. Things she'd suppressed. Things she'd shut down. Things she'd denied herself following the end of Willow's stupid Will Be Done spell. Hell, things she'd denied since the moment he'd stepped out of the shadows two years earlier and threatened to end her life on Saturday.

She wasn't going to leave. Not when Spike had done more to make her feel like a woman than any man before him.

"No," Buffy said again, her voice stronger. She inhaled sharply and raised her hand to his astonished face, smiling as his cheek fell into her waiting palm. He was so gorgeous. Too gorgeous for an evil thing. For something that would kill her just as soon as look at her. And while his bedside manner could definitely be categorized as *evil*—especially knowing what his wicked tongue and wicked body were capable of—the whole of him was surprisingly gentle. She knew that now. She knew that just from the way he looked at her. The way he talked to her. The way he stroked her. He was absolutely gorgeous.

"No?" Spike whispered, rolling his hips. "It's not because of the claim?"

"No." She smiled and raised her lips to his. It was difficult fighting back a moan at his taste. She'd never taken the time, even when they were under the previous spell, to truly revel in the sensual flavor of his mouth. The way his tongue caressed her lips before becoming entangled in hers. The way he whimpered against her skin. The way his kiss made her melt.

"Do you like me, Buffy?" he asked once their lips parted, his mouth tugging into a smirk at the shattered moan that ripped through her. "You like what I do to you?"

"Oh god, yes," she moaned, moving frantically beneath him, desperate to recapture his cock every time he slid away from her pussy. She needed him inside her. Always inside her. He made her warm. How was it that he made her warm? His body was cold—his skin chilled beneath her fingers. Every time he drove into her, he quenched the heat splitting her apart but similarly provided more warmth than she'd

ever known. Soft warmth. Warmth that didn't burn. Warmth that cushioned what she felt had to be the inevitable fall.

Spike grinned and nipped at her throat. "You like the way I feel, baby? You like the feel of me driving inside that hot, tight little cunny of yours?"

"Oh *god!*"

He grunted, his thrusts growing harder once more. "That's not an answer...love."

"Oh!" She blinked sweat out of her eyes, digging her nails into his skin. "Yes. Yes!"

The eager smile that stretched his lips was as infuriating as it was sexy. She wanted to kiss it right off that sinful mouth of his. "You just love this, don't you?" he growled. He was slamming into her now, harsh breaths bouncing off her flesh as he strained closer to orgasm. "Wanna feel you come around me, sweet. Wanna feel you."

"Spike—"

"Come for me, Buffy."

The scream that ripped through her throat could have shattered glass. She trembled hard around him, her muscles clenching and the whole of her spasming as her vision failed and she was taken over by the brightest darkness she'd ever known. Spike growled and mauled her into the mattress, his fangs bursting through his gums and quickly finding the soft roundness of her breast.

The sensual, dangerous thrill of his bite sent her spiraling all over again.

"Mine!"

She loved that word. Maybe she'd get it tattooed somewhere.

"Yes. Yours." She wove her fingers through Spike's hair, and trembled when he trembled, her pussy clenching and squeezing as he shuddered and came. She absolutely loved the feel of him spilling inside her, and she wanted to revel in the sensation as long as possible. "Yours, Spike."

Spike glanced up dazedly, his mouth smeared with her blood for the second time that night. "Buffy?"

She offered a watery smile, her vision blurring. Just another erratic emotion to catalog in this increasingly bizarre night. She'd gone from

loathing his touch to crying when he came inside her, all in a matter of hours. It was a bit much to digest.

“Yours,” she whispered again, kissing his lips. “Yours.”

A strange look filled his eyes. For a fleeting instant, she thought he might cry. Instead, he gasped and kissed her, then buried his face in her throat and lost himself in her embrace. “Buffy,” he whimpered. “Oh, Buffy.”

She shook, curling an arm under his shoulder, her other hand still clutching his platinum locks. He just whispered her name and peppered her skin with soft, reverent kisses.

She’d shaken him. Somehow, she’d touched him where no one ever had.

That knowledge left her lost, but somehow, she didn’t mind.

BUFFY RAN HER HAND DOWN SPIKE'S ARM UNTIL HER FINGERS WERE laced through his. "More," she whispered, her eyes fluttering shut as he angled his thrusts to strike deeper within her. "Oh...yes. Like that."

"Like what? This?" He dropped his mouth to her shoulder, tightening his grip around her middle and pulling her back flush against his chest. "Your skin tastes so sweet."

"Uhhh...Spike, more."

She felt him grin against her shoulder. "You're close, aren't you?"

"I..."

"I wish I could see your eyes," he murmured. "I love watching your eyes while you come."

She trembled, squeezing his hand. "I...love...*whaaaa*...you, too."

Spike went rigid, his breaths crashing against her. "What?" he demanded, his mouth at her ear. "What did you—"

"Watching," she choked out. The significance of her near-confession rolled off her, unnoticed. It wasn't like she possessed the ability to think and experience mind-numbing, cell-splitting ecstasy simultaneously. "Watching you...your...your eyes. You... Spike, please!"

"What?" he demanded, then seemed to realize he'd stopped moving. "Oh. Right."

Buffy whimpered and clenched her muscles around him. "Touch me," she begged. "I need...oh, please—"

Spike rolled his hips against her, the arm around her middle tightening. "Where do you need me?" he asked, the thrusts of his cock resuming a steady rhythm. "Your clit? You need me to rub your sweet little clit, baby?"

She choked a sob and nodded furiously. "Yes. Yes. Please!"

She lamented the loss of his touch the second his hand slipped away from hers. Her pussy instinctively tightened around his cock as she thrust her ass back against him and stretched her thighs farther apart when he slid his fingers over her slippery flesh. Then he was massaging her, softly at first, then alternating between gentle and pinchy, knowing what was too much and what wasn't enough and keeping her delicately balanced between the two like the fiend he was.

"Oh *god!*"

"There's my girl," Spike murmured, his thrusts becoming hard and fast in a matter of seconds. He peppered her skin with kisses, rumbling sharp, hoarse grunts as the bed rocked and his balls slapped noisily against her wet flesh. "Fuck, you're so gorgeous. You feel so bloody good."

"Spike!"

"Scream it, kitten," he purred. Buffy shivered and clamped her teeth down on the inside of her cheek. "Scream it. Scream for the whole bloody house to hear. I wanna hear you scream my name like you mean it." Then, with a soft growl, he sank his fangs into her shoulder and drank.

Buffy quite simply exploded. His name roared through her throat so hard it actually hurt. Stars veiled over her again, and for an eternity, the world blinked into blackness.

Spike was nuzzling her back when she was finally able to convince her eyes to open. "You still with me, pet?" he murmured, stroking her stomach. "Not getting tired, are you?"

Tired? Buffy bit back a laugh. If the spell actually let her sleep, she could snooze until February. But then again, if the spell decided that she needed another couple dozen orgasms, she wasn't about to complain. "Not even close," she replied.

"Liar."

"Nuh uh."

"My cute little lying slayer." Spike chuckled and slipped out of her, twisting her in his arms so that they were face to face. "You're about to pass out."

"Am not!" She pouted and swung her leg over his hip, sliding a hand between them and wrapping her fingers around his cock. "And get that thing back inside me."

Spike arched an eyebrow, his eyes dancing. "That thing?"

"Yes. That very big, very..." She threw her head back and whimpered when he pushed into her again. "Oh. That's better."

A grin stretched across his lips. "I'll say," he agreed, rubbing soothing circles into her hip. "My warm, sweet girl."

"How long?"

"Forever, if I get my say."

Buffy smiled and kissed him, a thrill racing down her spine when he whimpered into her, pistoning his cock deeper inside her. "I meant," she gasped when their lips parted, "how long...do you think...the spell?"

"How long will the spell keep us shagging nonstop?"

She nodded.

Spike pretended to mull it over, then blinked and shrugged. "Bugger if I know or care. Now...to much more important matters..." He pulled back until only the head of his cock was wrapped around her slick flesh. "Do you wanna be on top or on bottom? Or do you wanna try something new?"

"We...need...to talk..." Talking was the last thing she wanted to do, but she knew they had to get it out of the way before he numbed her brain even more. "About...spell."

"Best bloody spell in the bloody world," Spike growled, rolling onto his back, and driving himself deep within her once more. "Throw your leg over my waist, baby. Ohh, yeah. Just like that."

A trembling breath rushed through her lips. Buffy pressed her hands to his chest, doing her best to stifle her whimper when he bucked his hips. "Wait. Wait."

Spike froze and pouted. He actually poked out his lower lip and

pouted. God, he wasn't supposed to look that good. Not pouting. Not ever. She wasn't supposed to be feeling a rush of affection for him. The softness that had enveloped her over the past few hours—the thing that had originally been hate and revulsion had somehow transformed into tenderness and warmth—was growing to be a bigger part of her, the voice that liked him becoming steadily louder than the one that was repulsed. And the longer he was with her, the longer she wanted to keep him.

And it wasn't only her, though a part of it had been with Spike from the beginning. The awed look that he had favored her with when she'd first sunk on his cock. The way he'd caressed her. The way the wonder hadn't abandoned him until she said something snide. Until she'd done something to ruin the moment. His sarcasm and nastiness had disappeared the second hers had, and she knew that wasn't a coincidence.

"Don't wanna talk," he replied, slipping his thumb over her clit. "Wanna dance."

Buffy worried a lip between her teeth and shook her head. "What's...making us...do this?"

"Brilliant luck?"

"Spike—"

"Buffy, please." He gasped and thrust upward. "Need to come."

She quirked an eyebrow, clenching her muscles around him on instinct. "Again? That's how many times tonight?"

"Not enough." He offered a petulant whimper and wiggled his hips. "Buffy, please."

"You're not gonna talk, are you?"

Spike pinched her clit and smacked his lips together. "Do you really wanna talk?"

Not at all. What she wanted to do was grab his wrists and ride him to a gallop. She wanted him filling every inch of her. She wanted him all over. "Okay," she replied, her voice unsteady. Then, with a deep breath, she lifted herself off his cock and winced at the wet suctioning sound that filled the air when he left her body. As her pussy attempted to keep him where she truly wanted him. "Then I'll try another way."

Spike moaned, his hands flying to her hips. "Buffy, please."

"Nope. You were being Mr. Stubborn."

"You coming up here, then?" He licked his lips and flashed her a grin. "Want me to tongue you till you can't walk?"

Buffy snorted, shaking her head. "I'm not sure if I can walk *now*," she replied, sliding down his body. "Walking isn't exactly something we've tried."

A very still beat settled through the room. Spike sat up with a start, propping himself up on his elbows. "Are you..." he breathed. "Buffy, are you...?"

She flashed him his own wicked smirk. "Gonna try again?" she replied, wrapping her fingers around his cock. She waited until his unnecessary gasps escalated to the point of what would be hyperventilation on a normal guy, then dipped to caress his silky head with her lips. "I might be moved to."

The loud moan that tore through his lips made her blood burn. "Buffy—"

"I wonder if this is the way we were supposed to kill each other," she mused before pressing a series of wet kisses along the underside of his cock. "We hated each other just a little while ago, you know."

Spike blinked rapidly. "You don't hate me anymore?"

She rolled her eyes. "No, I'm down here kissing your penis because I can't stand you."

He blinked again and barked a laugh. "You're something else, Slayer."

"I keep telling people this, and they don't seem to get it."

"People?" He cupped her cheek and shuddered when their eyes met. "You mean men. The blokes you've..."

"I was speaking figuratively," she replied, though not with confidence. Stupid brain making with the stupid comments. She didn't want to think of other men when she was with Spike, much less talk about them. "Let me get back to—"

"They're fools, Buffy. All of them. Your precious Angel. The stupid prat that you jumped the second grand-pap packed his bags. And now Captain America." He wove his fingers through her hair. "They didn't know what they had, or what they have."

"And you do, now? Just because we've been cosmically whammied

to...cosmically whammy?” She giggled, but it was forced and sounded fake, even to her ears. If she was going to be honest, the notion that he would even broach the subject had her nerves on fire. Before he could offer another Buffy-melty-into-goo statement, she drew his cock into her mouth and sucked hard, resting her left hand on his inner thigh, the other hand cupping his balls. Maybe if she distracted him with her mouth enough, he’d forget what he was saying.

*I was the one who wanted to talk.*

“Oh, fuck, pet.” Spike grunted, his elbows wobbling as he fought to remain upright. “God, your mouth is so perfect. So hot.” He sighed his pleasure, wove his fingers through her hair, and began to massage her scalp. “Slayer, if this is the way we were supposed to kill each other, I wouldn’t want it any other way.”

She slid her mouth up his length until only his head remained between her lips. “Me, either,” she whispered. “But I don’t want to kill you.”

“No?”

“Nope. Found other things to do with you.” She grinned, running her tongue up and down his skin she continued rolling his balls against her palm. “Things that are much more fun than killing you into dusty bits.”

“Dusty bits?”

“I like your bits...not so bitty and a lot more with the big.” She scaled her teeth ever so lightly across the silky head of his cock and she grinned when he whimpered. “And the hard.”

Spike tightened his grip on her hair. “I know what I have,” he gasped, pulling her head back so that her eyes found his again. “I know it, Buffy. Better than any sodding boy you were with. Any vamp that might’ve sweet-talked—”

“Spike—”

“I know what I have. Right here. With you.”

She was going to cry. Dammit, he was going to make her cry. “Spike, don’t—”

“I love you.”

The world froze. It froze, and her heart thundered. Her blood ran hot and cold at the same time. Her head was light and heavy. And in a

blink, everything changed—changed in a way that it couldn't have changed before.

*I love you.*

Buffy blinked back tears. "Spike..." But that was all she said. What else *was* there to say?

He reached for her. "Come up here," he murmured. "Need to be inside you."

"Spike, I—"

He shook his head, giving her a soft smile. "Don't need to say anything," he said. "It's okay. I know you can't say it. I'm not expecting anything from you. I just wanted you to know that I *do* know what I have. What you've given me in here is more than I've *ever* had."

*He loves me.*

It didn't surprise her. Somehow, it didn't surprise her. Buffy trembled hard, prowling up his body, every nerve in hers singing with need. And he loved her. When she'd dragged him in here, he'd been ready to rip her throat out. He'd objected the second that the spell made with the whammy, just as she had. He'd been nasty, and crude and he'd called her some unflattering names.

But he loved her. And that was the way it was between them. They fought and they fucked and somehow, they loved.

Only with Spike, she thought they actually had a chance of being friends as well.

"Spike," she whispered against his mouth, sinking onto his cock with a blissful moan. "Spike..."

"Don't say anything, pet." He took her face in his hands and kissed her. And the world that had frozen around her melted away. His kisses could make the stars fall down and weep. He explored her mouth thoroughly, nibbling on her lips, stroking her tongue with his as his hips undulated beneath hers. As he mapped her body with his hands, touching her everywhere, until finally, he had the soft weight of her breasts cupped against his palms, his fingers rolling her nipples. He did that long enough to drive her just short of insane, then slid his hands back down her arms, then lower, lower, until he was brushing against her clit. Only then did he break his mouth from hers and bury his face in her throat. "Don't say anything."

Then she was under him, her breasts pressed to his chest. Spike was covering every inch of her flesh with his lips and tongue. And in all her life, she'd never felt more loved than she did at that moment. More complete. She'd never belonged before. Not until now.

"Spike," she whispered, nipping at his ear with her teeth. "You..."

"Shhh..." He licked at the pulse point on her throat, then gently ran his fangs over her skin. Buffy hadn't even felt his bones shift—or maybe she had, but hadn't noticed. She never noticed when her men were in game face. "I want you to remember this," he murmured, hissing when she clenched and squeezed his cock. "I want you to remember right now. When this is over, I want you to remember everything you're feeling right now. How good I make you feel."

That was the understatement of the year. "Can't forget," she murmured, hugging him close to her. "Never."

"Promise me."

Hadn't she told him that this wasn't going to be over? Had she? The past few hours were such a blur. She'd had so many conversations with him—both in her head and aloud—but she was sure she'd made that point clear. He'd done things to her mind and body that she'd only read about. And if he thought that he could walk away once the guise of a spell was no longer protecting them, he had another think coming.

Spike was splitting her in two. Every drive into her pussy, every stroke of his mouth against her skin, every gentle caress. She was divided and burning, and she didn't want to be anywhere else.

"Tell me again." Buffy arched as her orgasm washed over her. "Tell me."

He didn't even hesitate. "I love you," he whispered, trembling hard as he came. "I love you, Buffy. I love you so much."

Now. Now was when she should tell him. Tell him that he wasn't alone. That the night had changed her, too. She needed him to know.

"Spike," she gasped as he collapsed against her, panting. "Spike, I—"

She would have said it. She really would have. It was there on the tip of her tongue. She was going to tell him everything.

Only the door flew open before the words could leave her, and then the room was filled with too many voices. Too many.

“Buffy!”

“Oh my god!”

“Ahh! My eyes!”

Spike blinked and looked up wearily, the love and tenderness on his face fading into something she knew well. Something she’d been on the receiving end of on more than one occasion.

“Bloody hell,” he grumbled. “Doesn’t any of your lot ever knock?”

"I JUST HAD NO IDEA. IT'S SO CREEPY!" BUFFY LOOKED AROUND THE table. "He was really singing?"

"I'd say it was more like crooning," Xander replied before turning to his attentive girlfriend. "If we grow old together, remind me to skip the midlife crisis."

Anya gave him a dippy, affectionate smile. "Okay."

"Come on, you have to admit," Willow ventured, "it was kinda sexy."

Xander tossed her a pleading glance. "Please stop saying that. I'm willing to offer cash incentives."

"The important thing is no one got injured."

The sound of Riley's voice made her shiver. He'd barely said three words to her all day, and it wasn't like she could blame him. After all, she'd given him much more than the third degree after his sex-having with Buffy-dressed-Faith. She'd had a lot of sex with someone she *knew* wasn't her boyfriend. Granted, the sex-having had been spell-induced, but somehow, Buffy figured that she'd only be able to get so far with that defense.

Especially since she wasn't sure how much she wanted to defend herself. All day, she'd been fighting the urge to drop everything she was

doing and run until she was buried in Spike's arms. She missed him so much. She felt gutted, or like a part of her had been severed. She missed him, and while she knew this was one problem with a simple solution, she didn't know how to go about doing it.

God, she'd made such a mess.

"Is there a limit on how many times I can say, 'I'm sorry?'" Buffy asked weakly, her heart not in it.

Her heart was across town.

"It wasn't your fault," Willow rushed to assure her. "You were under the influence of powerful magicks."

"We were like zombies. I had no control over myself at all."

Not that she'd wanted control. Not at the end.

Her friend offered a solemn, commiserative nod. "Must have been horrible."

*"I love you. I love you, Buffy. I love you so much."*

Buffy blinked, swallowed. "Yeah. Horrible."

"Are you kidding?" Xander repeated, making a face. "She was forced into hours of endless sex with Captain Peroxide."

"Vampires have excellent stamina," Anya offered. "I'm sure Buffy enjoyed many orgasms. Not that that excuses her from endangering our lives by copulating with him in her boyfriend's bedroom, but I would guess that once they realized they couldn't resist the spell, they had a mutually enjoyable time."

Riley tossed Anya a look that all but screamed that she was fortunate she was human. "It was a spell," he said sternly. "Just a spell. Buffy was overcome—*overtaken*. Like...like everyone else. It was crazy everywhere else, too. She was just caught in the crossfire."

"With her pants down," Anya added unhelpfully. "And with Spike's penis inside her vagina."

"Anya!" Xander jerked. "Really, with the imagery."

"All I'm saying is, at least she got orgasms out of the deal."

Buffy barely flinched. It didn't matter. Her mind was far away.

*I miss him so much.*

And yet, despite what her body told her to do, she sat still. She sat with her friends. She sat at a table in the sunlight, next to the

boyfriend she knew she needed to cut loose, all the while the man she wanted was asleep in a tomb.

She missed him.

But for some reason, she didn't budge.



SHE COULDN'T SLEEP, no matter how much she wanted to. She was all kinds of tender between the thighs and she knew she needed rest. A lot of it. The horny ghosts that had made them screw for hours on end hadn't bothered to with trifling things like breaks or power naps. Still, the second she managed to fend off the endless questions fired at her by concerned-but-well-meaning Scoobies, sleep was the furthest thing from her mind.

Her bed didn't look right without Spike in it.

It didn't help that Willow kept hovering. Or that Buffy had unplugged the phone because Riley refused to take a hint.

The haze that had enveloped her in the Lowell House had faded a bit. She remembered shoving Spike off her in a fleeting bout of panic. She remembered clutching a sheet to her naked breasts to hide both her nudity and the bite marks on her skin. She remembered the horror and betrayal on Riley's face. How Xander had looked a combination of disgusted and darkly curious, and Willow just plain sympathetic,

And then Spike. Spike had risen to his feet, trembling and nude and covered with love bites, panting for air he didn't need. He'd looked at them in anger, then at her. He'd looked at her with love and expectation. He needed her to say something. To tell them to scoot so they could get back with the monkey love. So she could tell him all those things that had been so ready to leave her lips just before her friends decided to rain on her parade.

Then with the shouting. Riley hurling threats in Spike's direction with Xander oh-so willingly chipping in. Willow screaming over them, demanding to know if Buffy was all right.

Before the shock could wear off, Spike had snarled something vicious, grabbed his pants, and rushed out of the room without once looking back.

It wasn't like she could blame him. She'd dropped the ball. She should have screamed at him to stay. She should have tugged him back to bed, wrapped her arms around him, and told her pals to get lost. Instead, she'd allowed reality to chase her bravado away and that had cost her everything.

The look on Riley's face...

Not that it mattered. Buffy shivered and moaned, pulling the covers over her head. She wanted so badly just to sleep.

She couldn't keep from groaning her frustration when the dorm-room door swung open. No chance of sleep. Time for another round of the inquisition.

"Buffy?"

Well, at least it was Willow. Better Willow than the boyfriend she was avoiding.

"Are you sleeping?"

Buffy snorted and threw the blankets back. "No," she retorted, sitting up on her elbows. "What gives you that idea?"

Willow flashed an awkward smile and shrugged. "Sorry. I... I just thought... I thought you might wanna know," she said softly. "About the claim? Last night, you mentioned something about Spike...with the claimage."

Had she? Buffy stretched and avoided her friend's eyes. "Oh."

"Yeah. I talked to Giles—"

She forced a laugh. "Giles knows? More good news."

"I had to. A-and there *is* good news. He found something in one of his books. Something that'll reverse the claim. Or erase it. Or something." The helpful expression on Willow's face just made the pain worse. "It's complicated. And an itty bit dangerous. And, from the way Giles put it, really painful."

"Complicated danger wrapped in pain." Buffy forced a nod and wrapped her arms around her legs. "Sounds like fun."

Willow shrugged. "From what Giles said, he'd had it researched since Angel made with the drinking-to-near-death last year."

"Man with a plan."

"It's not easy. It requires cleansing your soul of Spike. The bits of him that he engrained on you when...with the bitey and the claim."

Willow wet her lips and sat on the edge of her bed, folding her hands in her lap. "I think Giles had to buy it. The anti-claim spell, I mean. The manuscript I looked at looked way authentic. Like *only copy* authentic. It might even be from another dimension."

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Because that's what Giles prepared for." Willow offered an unhelpful shrug and smiled weakly. "He's been worried about this. So worried that he might have bartered with an otherworldly hell-beastie to be prepared to reverse the badness. In every book that I've ever looked in, claims are not so much with the reversible as they are with the permanent."

Buffy arched an eyebrow. "How many books have you looked in?"

"Between ever since you and Spike started with the horizontal tango and ten minutes ago?" Willow shrugged again. "You'd be surprised how many books I can go through when I have something important to study."

"So you hit the books after you guys made the rounds and found... Giles singing?"

"I had to know what Spike could do to you."

Buffy rubbed her arms, shivering. God, what *couldn't* Spike do to her? What *hadn't* he done?

"So you learned all about vampire mating rituals," she observed, trying for a smile that felt like a grimace when Willow nodded. Great. Her best friend had read up on vamp sex while Buffy had lived it. Lovely. There were no secrets to be had anymore.

"Just the ones I found in all of Giles's books."

"All of them?"

Another nod. "He has his books indexed, based on theme and content. I just had to pull out the right cards."

Buffy snickered. "Giles has an index?"

"I helped him alphabetize it the summer that you were all MIA." Willow paused. "The point is...he's all dead-set to try this. As in now. And we need Spike's blood to do it. Spike's and yours. Blood is what brought you together, so blood is what's needed to undo the mojo. Only..." She wet her lips. "Only I'm not convinced that's what you want."

There was a long beat, then the words sank in and Buffy swung her head up, her eyes going wide. "You're not," she repeated, though there was no question in her voice. "Why?"

"Because I saw the way you looked at him when he left. A-and the way you were today...with the missing and not with the revulsion."

Oh. That. Well, that would have done it. Buffy sighed. "I don't know," she said softly. "Is that nuts? When we were alone, everything changed. He hated me and I hated him, and then he didn't anymore. He claimed me and, yeah, I hit the panic button. But somehow..." She reached up, instinctively finding the bite mark with her fingers and giving it a good, soothing rub—the sort that made all of her tremble. "The more time we were together, the more time I wanted with him. I know it was only a few...hours at best, but it felt longer than that."

Willow was quiet for a long minute. "So...what do you wanna do? You're all with the mixed signals. I mean, yeah, Giles is gonna pull a massive wig if you decide to remain all mate-of-vampire, but the big picture? Your life. Not his. He's just the Watcher guy. You're the Slayer. If Spike's who does it for you, well, then that's just the way it is."

"Wow. That's...progressive."

She gave a sheepish grin. "I'm all progressive girl these days."

There was more that she wasn't saying, Buffy knew, but she didn't have the mileage to chase down anything cryptic at the moment. Willow being on board with Spike as Buffy's boyfriend was of the huge and since it was the first time anyone had said anything about Spike that hadn't involved the words *stake* and *pile of dust* since the spell ended, Buffy decided to chase it.

"It is Spike," Buffy said, as though Willow might have mistaken him for someone else. "It's me and Spike. Spike...as in that guy who's tried to kill us God-knows-how-many-times. The bloodsucking fiend guy?"

Willow shrugged again. "Well, Xander's dating Anya. Not seeing much of a difference, except I'm not convinced that Anya's less evil than a bloodsucking fiend."

Buffy cracked a smile. "Thanks."

"Hey. Best friend. It's a contractual obligation to be with the

supportive.” She made a face. “Besides...I was beginning to see Riley as a...nice guy, but kinda—”

“Dullsville?”

Willow winced but nodded. “Putting it mildly.”

A long sigh hissed through Buffy’s lips and she rolled her shoulders back. “I dunno,” she said softly. “Everything was so clear when I was with Spike. I knew exactly what I wanted. And yeah, it helped that I was trapped in a spell and reality was kind of on hold. I just wanted the spell to be over.”

“Trust me, and so said all of us. It was wacky downstairs.”

“Wacky as falling for yet *another* vampire?” Buffy moaned and buried her face in her hands. “A-and I don’t know...how much of it can be blamed on the claim. How much I should... I just don’t know.”

“Claims can’t make feelings.”

“So say the books. I went from hating him to wanting him to keep on with the...” She lifted her head, heat flooding her cheeks. “And that didn’t start until after the claim. How do I know that we can trust anything the book says?”

Willow frowned. “We can’t. But I dunno, Buffy. It kinda sounds to me like you’re...trying to talk yourself out of something you want based on really silly stuff. Like the validity of claims, which Giles has *assured* you—”

“If Giles was that positive, why would he have some mystic book of unclaimy wonder?”

“Umm, let’s think. There was that year and a half you spent dating Angel. You know? The guy that not only ripped your throat out, but also murdered Giles’s girlfriend? Oh, and then you sent him some Gem of Whatever. So what if Angelus came back? What if he came back, all invincible, and made you his?” Willow crossed her arms. “I don’t think it was *Spike* that Giles was thinking about when he started researching claims and how to undo them. Besides, you’ve been the Slayer for how long? If a vamp was gonna do it, he would’ve done it. The Master, for instance. Had you at his fangs and let you die instead.”

“The Master wouldn’t have wanted me forever.”

“Yeah, because you’re prepared to judge the inner workings of a psychotic madman.”

“Hey—”

“Buffy, I know Angel wanted normal for you.” Willow heaved a deep breath, looking blindly around the room before meeting her eyes again. “I know he did. Hello, you ranted with me all summer about it. About how he was all with the magnanimous walking away so you could be Normal Girl. News flash: Angel’s not you. It’s not his place to make judgment calls on your life, especially if he’s not even a part of it anymore. What he wants for you and what you want for you are two different things. If Spike’s what you want—what it takes to make you happy—I say go for it.” She offered another helpless shrug. “It’s not like any of us have room to judge. Xander with his Bug Lady and Mummy Girl and Anya and, well, Cordelia. And me with Oz and...now I’m kind of gay, so—”

“What?”

“Now’s really not the time for *that* conversation.”

“You’re—”

Willow was blushing so hard that her skin was remarkably close to matching her hair. “I’m not driving stick anymore, as Faith loved pointing out. It’s Tara. We’re...we’re kind of...girlfriends.”

“And this happened when?”

“I dunno, it just happened. And again with not the point! Xander’s with a former demon and my relationship isn’t exactly socially acceptable, either.” Willow was now staring at the carpet. “I’m not saying I understand it, but I don’t want you pretending to be something because you’re scared of what’ll happen if the truth comes out. I’ve been doing that for weeks now, and it’s so much not with the fun.”

Buffy sighed. “You should have come to me, Will. I would’ve—”

“I know.”

“I—”

“It was one of those things that I had to figure out for myself,” she said softly. “But I know. I know you would’ve been...well, wigged, but supportive. I know.”

A beat.

“So,” Buffy said, rubbing her legs. “You and...Tara.”

“Yeah.”

“That’s new.”

“Buffy, you need to go talk to Riley.”

She sighed again, deflating. “What am I even gonna say to him? He was *so* with the random understanding and I still don’t know what to do about the claim. I mean, even if I do have feelings for Spike, I don’t know if I want to be of the claimed. I don’t know if being with *him* is the answer. Maybe this was just a big cosmic wakeup from the PTB that I was with Mr. Wrong.”

“I still say you’re making excuses out of fear,” Willow replied dryly. “But if that’s the case then you owe Riley a decent breakup, at the very least. Don’t keep stringing him along out of guilt or obligation.”

That was very much the truth. If nothing else, Buffy knew now that she couldn’t be with Riley. The rush she’d felt regarding their budding relationship was gone, which verified what she’d feared. That what she had with Riley was fake. It couldn’t lead anywhere. She would never be happy as long as she was with him—not truly happy.

Right now, she owed him her honesty.

Then she had a decision to make. A decision to make about Spike. A decision that was going to change her life forever.

One way or another.

IT FELT WEIRD KNOCKING ON A CRYPT DOOR. TOO WEIRD TO actually do it. Buffy worried her bottom lip between her teeth and stared at the stone barrier. Normal Buffy would just kick the door open and storm in like she owned the place. How much *normal* did she want to put into her entrance? If she knocked, he'd think she was coming to let him down gently. If she kicked the door open, he'd think she was coming by to beat the living hell out of him. If she just stood outside looking at the door, she'd never get to the other side, and that was where she wanted to be.

Buffy laughed and rolled her shoulders. This was ridiculous. She drew in a deep breath and pressed her hands against the stone, and pushed.

"There," she murmured to herself, wiping her hands on her hips. "Hard part dealt with."

Then she glanced up and gasped. "Oh!"

Spike was staring at her as though he thought blinking would cause her to disappear. There was nothing for a long minute. Nothing but the burn of his azure eyes and the heavy, chest-crunching breaths that rocked needlessly through his otherwise still body. "Buffy..."

Hearing her name roll off his tongue shoved every word that she

had rehearsed to the very back of her mind. It'd been too long since he'd touched her. Too long since she'd gotten to kiss those sinful lips of his. Too long since she'd heard him whisper that he loved her.

It took standing there and looking at him to realize why she'd had such trouble sleeping. She'd needed him beside her. She'd needed him holding her. She'd needed *him*, plain and simple. She never wanted to return to a Spikeless bed again. She needed him with her.

"I'm sorry," Buffy blurted before launching herself into his arms. Her legs went around his waist, her hands to cheeks to pull him into a kiss that melted her skin right off her bones. And when he growled and pushed his tongue inside her mouth, it was all she could do to keep herself from shoving him against the wall and skipping the conversation part. "God, Spike," she whimpered, nipping at his lips when she pulled away for air. "I'm so sorry."

He growled again but didn't reply, too busy ripping off her blouse. Good. Clothes were evil. She'd been far too clothed in the past twenty-four hours.

"Pretty," Spike growled, fingering the strap of her lace-bra. It wasn't really pretty. Her underwear was typically courtesy of Walmart or whatever was convenient and cheap. Similarly, the underwire had a nasty habit of snapping after one-time wear, and the return policy at all her local hangs totally sucked. Evidently, *broken-during-world-savveage* wasn't an acceptable reason to give her any money back. But if Spike thought her bra was sexy, she'd buy a dozen more. Something told her that her delicates weren't going to last long around him, anyway, so it was likely wiser not to invest. As it was, she'd much rather have Spike breaking her bras than some fledgling wanna-vamp.

"Break it," Buffy hissed, her feet hitting the ground. She ripped at his belt before turning her all-too-eager fingers to his fly. "Tear it off."

Spike blinked and looked up, his eyes dancing in amusement. "I can work a clasp, love," he replied teasingly, his mouth dropping to her shoulder. "No need to hurt your frilly things."

"It's cheap and made for tearing. Have at it!"

"Mmm, but then these lovelies will be all bare." He cupped and lifted her breasts, his mouth dipping down until he had a lace-clad

nipple sucked between his lips. "I rather like the way they look like this."

Buffy whimpered and thrust her hips against his. "Spike, please!"

"You kept me waiting," he growled, sliding a hand between them to assist her scrabbling fingers in freeing his cock from his jeans. "You kept me waiting for thirty-two hours."

"Y-you...you counted?"

"Every sodding second."

Buffy cried out in delight when his cock was finally in her hand. Now she could make him do that thing where he moaned and babbled and told her how much he loved her again. The helpless whimper that spilled through his lips set her blood on fire. "I told you," she replied, releasing him just long enough to rip his tee off his chest so all that marble-like goodness was bare to her eyes. "I told you that it wouldn't be over."

"Yeah, and then the spell was over and your boy was there."

"You didn't give me time," she protested weakly. "I was going to—"

"You *shoved* me away from you." He nipped at her breast before pulling back to fist the sliver of material between the cups. With a quick jerk, he'd rendered her bra destroyed, and she couldn't conceal her squeal of delight. So much for working a clasp. "You shoved me away from you, Buffy. How was I supposed to react to that?"

"Calm understanding?"

Spike snorted and stepped back, pushing her away from him gently. When she whimpered and cried out, his eyes flashed and a knowing leer tickled his lips. "Yeah," he drawled, regaining the step between them and slipping his fingers beneath the waistline of her slacks. "See how you like it."

"It was a part of my master plan!"

"To, what, panic and blame the spooks?"

Buffy blinked. "Y-you heard about the ghosts?"

"Town this size, kitten, and some cosmic force makes a whole bloody frat house reenact Rome's better days? News travels." He used his hold on her slacks to drag her back to him, then dropped to his knees to drag the offending material down her legs. "Lift," he

murmured, making quick work of her footwear. "Christ, you smell so good."

"Mmm..."

"I've missed you," he murmured, then buried his face between her legs. "Oh fuck, yes."

"Spike..."

"These hours without you have bloody well been the death of me." He trailed his gaze up her body, his eyes flashing amber. "This lovely cunt still mine?" he asked, rubbing her through her panties. "You haven't let anyone else touch it, have you?"

"No!" Buffy barked, shuddering. "Ugh. Can't you, like, smell that I'm all Buffy-of-the-non-touched?"

"I didn't think you'd fancy me sniffing you."

"Yeah, like that matters."

Spike rumbled in amusement. "Thought you might've wanted the enormous hall-monitor to purge me out," he said, then tongued her through the thin cotton. "You promise no one's touched you here?"

"Couldn't...uhhh. Spike, please...need your...need..."

"Couldn't?" The bones in his face shifted without warning, his fangs making quick work of her panties. Then she was standing naked before him. She was finally naked with Spike again. Naked was infinitely better than clothed, as long as her vampire was with her. And hey, if he was on his knees, she definitely wasn't going to complain. "You *couldn't* be with anyone else?"

"I didn't *want* to."

He arched an eyebrow and met her eyes, his fangs receding as he melted back into his gorgeous human face. "Didn't want to?" he echoed, his tone heavy with hope. "Because of the claim?"

"What?"

"You tried to snog your—"

"Ugh! No, you sicko!" Buffy pouted and wiggled. "I couldn't because... God, Spike, please!"

He glanced up mischievously. "Please what?"

"Touch me!"

"Been dying to," he replied, dipping his fingers between her slick folds with a wicked grin. He slid his hand up her right thigh, then

lifted her leg and draped it casually over his shoulder. "Waited here thirty-two hours, dying to touch you. Dying to feel you touch me. You made me wait."

"I was..." She started to tremble, worried briefly that she'd fall over. But then, he'd catch her. He always would. "Oh god. I was... I was thinking."

Spike chuckled. "You do that a lot when I'm down here, don't you?"

"I was thinking about you!"

"And where have I heard that before?"

Buffy whimpered and wove a hand through his platinum locks. "I was thinking. I needed..."

"You said in the room that I had nothing to worry about," Spike said before licking up her slit with an approving coo. "You said that you were going to be mine. And then—"

"Then I got stupid."

He nipped at her clit. "And I'm supposed to take it on faith that you're not gonna get stupid again?" he asked. "What if you came here to break it off and just got distracted by my hot, tight little body? What if this is the pity fuck before you turn and race home, fluttering virtue and all?"

Buffy's eyes shot open. "No!" she squeaked, rolling her head back when he plunged his tongue inside her. "Oh my god. Ohhh!"

"Mmm, yeah." He lapped at her soaked flesh, growling his enthusiasm. "That's my girl's honey."

"Spike!"

"Love hearing you scream." He winked and bit lightly on her inner thigh, slipping his finger inside her pussy, then sucked her clit between his teeth again. "Scream for me, Buffy. Lemme know how sorry you are for making me wait."

"S-so sorry."

"Yeah." He latched his mouth onto her again before she could complain that he'd let go of her at all, thrusting his fingers thrust deeper inside her, running circles over her clit with his tongue. And when he growled his encouragement, her legs wobbled and she teetered closer to the edge. "Mmm..."

"So...so sorry!" God, words could not express how sorry she was.

Spike smirked, smacking his lips together. "You've been dying for this ever since you left me, haven't you?"

She shivered. "You. Left. Me."

It was important that she remember that. It had been Spike that had seized his pants and made with the speedy getaway. She'd stayed on the bed. Naked, horrified, uncomfortable, but very much on the bed.

"Ah, ah, ah." He flicked his tongue over her clit. "None of that."

"But I...aaaunh!"

"You're close, aren't you?" he murmured, sliding his fingers out of her pussy to fist his cock. "Mmmm, yeah. I can taste how close you are."

The knowledge that he was tasting her as he stroked himself was what pushed her over the edge. Pleasure wracked every nerve. Her skin melted. Her heart exploded. Her cells split. Buffy trembled hard and cried out in ecstasy, his name chorusing off her lips. And the world blacked out.

When she convinced her eyes to open again, she was in bed. In a very foreign bed. And Spike was next to her. He was propped on his side, his cheek resting against his closed fist, his other hand playing lazily with one of her nipples. He was grinning, and he was naked.

"Mmm, there she is," he murmured, flashing a particularly seductive grin. "Was beginning to think you were gonna sleep the night away."

Guh. She was still trembling from the last orgasm he'd given her, and he was making her do the quivery thing all over again. "Where are we?" she asked.

"Downstairs."

"Of your crypt?"

Spike nodded and leaned over to curl his tongue around her nipple as he parted her legs with his knee. "Yeah," he replied hoarsely, curling a hand around his cock again. "Had Harm help me lift this right before I kicked her out. Figured when you came crawling back to me, you'd want me to fuck you silly on something nice and comfy."

Buffy jerked upright—or rather tried. "Harmony?"

He had the audacity to laugh at her. "She's gone, baby. Long gone."

"Dusty gone?"

He only laughed harder. That asshole. "Now why would I dust her?" he replied teasingly. "She was a decent shag."

"Hey!" Buffy frowned and tried to wiggle away. Really. Okay, so her version of wiggling away was wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing his lips off as he positioned his cock right where she wanted it, but she trusted he understood the sentiment all the same. "No!"

"And how would you know? Unless..." He sucked her tongue into his mouth, growling when he sank inside her. The sensuality of his kiss set her skin aflame. She could kiss him forever. Well, at least until he pulled away and opened his mouth again. "*You've* shagged Harmony?"

She blinked and wrinkled her nose. "Okay. Ew."

"Just saying."

"Don't be talking about other women when you're with me!" She squirmed, eliciting little more than a strangled whimper. "You ass! I broke up with Riley. I made Giles throw that stupid de-claiming spell into his fireplace, fire included. And I told all my friends that I'm in love with you. And what do you do? Start comparing me to your skanky ex. Not the best way to win a girl over."

Spike froze, blanketing her with that awe that had stolen her heart back at the Lowell House. "What?" he demanded. "You what?"

"I *love* you. And you're—"

"You love me," he repeated, his breaths coming harshly. "Oh, Buffy. God, I love you."

"Well, I loved you a lot more before you started comparing me to Harmony."

He laughed and shook his head, his eyes dancing. "Christ, baby, there is no comparison. What you do to me...no one's ever done to me what you do to me. No one, you hear? You bloody well blow me away." He buried his face in the crook of her neck, trembling, then withdrew slowly, took his cock in one hand and brushing the silky head against her clit. "I love you. I love you."

She tunneled her nails into his shoulders. "A-and," she asked. God, she hated the uncertainty in her voice. "I'm better than Harmony?"

Spike laughed again and raised his head. "There's not a woman in the world," he replied softly, his lips brushing hers as he spoke, "living

or dead that could ever hope to hold a candle to you. Not a woman in the whole sodding world. And you're mine." A hard tremor shook his body. "You're all mine."

"Yes." She nodded. "All yours."

"You're not going anywhere."

"No."

"And you're not having the claim revoked?" He nibbled on the bite mark as he sank inside her pussy again. "You're staying mine? You're staying mine forever?"

She scratched at his back, rocking her hips against his. "Yes."

"Will you claim me back?"

Buffy smiled, clenching around his cock. And when he pulled back to look into her eyes, every broken piece of her world fell into place. This was hers. Completely hers. And she wasn't going to risk losing it again. Not for thirty-two hours. Not for thirty-two seconds. Spike belonged to her, and it was time the world knew it. "Yes," she whispered. "You're mine. All mine."

"Oh fuck, yes."

"I love you, Spike."

His eyes filled with tears. "Love you," he whispered, and kissed her. "I love you. God, I think I always have." He shivered. "Buffy...please. Make me yours."

She buried her face in his neck and bit him. And that was that. It was so simple. So beautifully simple. Such a small thing linked them together, and she wouldn't trade it for anything. Spike jerked deeper within her, moaning hard when she whispered who he belonged to. And when he said, "Yours," the part of her that had been lost in darkness finally stepped into the light.

*Yours.*

She had never known a sweeter word.