

STEAM
HOLLY DENISE



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BUFFY GROANED AND LEANED her head against the bathroom door, letting the crossbow in her arms droop. This was perhaps the most colossal waste of time in the history of colossal wastes of time, as she was pretty much convinced that Spike was telling the truth about being harmless. He wasn't the sort of vampire to put himself at his enemy's mercy just for the fun of it. Since he needed her right now, he wasn't likely to jeopardize their tentative truce.

Which meant there was no reason why she should be tasked to guard the door as the defanged vampire washed the stink off his pasty skin.

She supposed she should be grateful; Spike's need to bathe provided her with a duty. A really boring, unnecessary duty, but a duty nonetheless, and one that took her mind off the other revelation of the night.

Angel. Angel had been here. In *her* town. Talking to *her* friends. Interfering with *her* siege. And insisting that everyone just keep their mouth shut about it because Buffy's too fragile to be trusted with basic information.

Honestly, the nerve. Leave her after the Ascension without so much as a goodbye, then poof!—waltz back into her life whenever the heck he felt like it. And yes, she knew a good chunk of what she was feeling at the moment was good old-fashioned hurt, but she was more in the mood to focus on anger. Anger was good. She knew what to do with it, where to aim it. And at the moment, she decided it was lucky that Angel had left town. If she saw him now while this piping mad, she might do something rash. Like kick the crap out of him.

But he had left which meant she wasn't kicking Angel's ass. Not today, at least, and probably not tomorrow. Right now, she was on guard-duty for Fangless.

As he showered.

As pelts of water sprayed down on his very naked body.

Buffy scowled at her stupid mind and shook her head. Okay, so she was mad at Angel, but unbidden images of a naked non-Angel vampire were a little over the top, even if it was perfectly understandable—both the images themselves and their existence in her head. Showering demanded nakedness and naked meant...well, naked. Meant that Spike was just a few feet away in full-dangly glory and there was just no way anyone could keep from acknowledging the fact.

You're pissed at Angel, she told herself, which was perfectly true. She was pissed at Angel. She was incredibly pissed at Angel. Pissed off Slayer, check.

Pissed-off slayers were prone to naughty thoughts.

Especially when they were practically thrown in said slayer's face.

Not that Spike had thrown anything of his in her face. Nuh uh. Nope. She was just shower-duty girl. Standing outside Giles's bathroom with a crossbow in tow, ready to shoot Spike in the—err—well, to shoot him if he did something evil.

I'm either depraved or angrier than I thought.

Perhaps it was a bit of both.

And truth be told, the sounds coming from the other side of the door did little to help. "Hey!" she shouted. "You better not be doing anything evil in there!"

Spike didn't reply. She honestly hadn't expected him to, but it annoyed her, nonetheless.

"Seriously. I have a crossbow and I'm not above barging in."

There was a long, strangled moan but still no words. And without warning, the dirty images in her mind became downright filthy. Once upon a time, Buffy might have been naïve enough to not go to the naughty place, but her one and only night with Parker had cured her of that. The thought of Spike in there, touching his...stuff...and knowing full well that she was close had her cheeks burning and her legs making with the wobbly. She could easily picture his long, black-tipped fingers slowly pumping the length of his cock, his palm sliding against his skin as he bucked his hips into his own touch, maybe rolling his head back so the spray of water from the shower nozzle rushed over his shoulders and down his chest, carving a tantalizing path down his body.

And holy cow, she was... She was *turned on*. Like not just a little turned on but *entirely* turned on. Enough that her panties were uncomfortable, all wet and clingy and he was still making those rumbly sounds that gave her imagination way too much ammunition.

Stop it. Stop it right now.

This was nothing but anger at Angel, she told herself. Blaming the explosion of Spike-lust on Angel was safe, and she preferred to stick with safe. She was angry with Angel for showing up when he'd made the decision to leave in the first place. That she had just started trying to do the whole *moving on* thing he'd been so gung-ho about. Like with Riley, whom Willow was pushing her toward without an ounce of subtlety. And Riley was...nice. He had the whole corn-blown country boy look thing going for him, as well as his and his aren't-I-helpful smile but not once had he made her knees go weak the way they were now.

Or the way they *always* did when Spike was around. Easier to ignore when he was trying to kill her or when she had a boyfriend, sure, but both times she'd seen him this year—after her disastrous one-nighter with Parker, and again for the last four hours—she'd been left feeling the same, and that might not be a pattern but it was close enough to count.

Sparring with Spike, verbally or physically, turned her on.

"Christ..."

Buffy blinked and shook her head, looking at the door again. Had he spoken at last?

"So good... Do me like that, Slayer. Just like that."

Her heart stopped. It was a miracle she managed to keep hold of the crossbow.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"What the hell does it sound like?" Spike snapped back, only it was less of a snarl and more of a long whimper. "Think you could get a little hotter, Slayer? From the smell of things, you're wet enough to drown me."

Her jaw practically hit the floor. "Excuse me?"

"You're the one bloody eavesdropping. Leave a man to wank in peace."

"You're... You said *Slayer!*"

"And you're...what? Surprised?" Spike retorted, his voice thick with arousal. "After

those fancy-dancy moves you made in front of me...”

“We were under siege!”

“Just gotta love the way your body bends.”

“You sick, sex-starved—”

He huffed, and the huff twisted itself into a moan. “Got that right.”

“Spike—”

“Kitten, you want me to think about somethin’ else while I beat the bishop, might be better to shut that trap of yours,” he said, his breathing hitched. Which was stupid because he didn’t even need to breathe, the jerk. “You’re just making me harder.”

Heat exploded across her face and the crossbow plummeted to the floor. He’d actually been...while talking with her...he’d been stroking his...

Oh. My. God.

And yeah. The situation between her legs intensified, her clit throbbing to the tempo of her heartbeat, and the images that had attacked her returned with a vengeance, now in surround sound.

“I can fucking *smell* you,” Spike growled. “Balls, Slayer, come in here an’ put us both out of our misery.”

Her eyes popped open. She hadn’t even realized she’d closed them. “W-what?”

Another growl. “Now’s not the time to be dainty, pet.”

She tried to speak, but she was frozen with shock. The only sound she could muster was a weak, “Ahhhh...”

“Oh yeah, mouth open, just like that. Just do it in here instead.”

Buffy glanced down and realized in horror that she was reaching for the doorknob. It was as though her actions were no longer her own. At some point in the last ten seconds, Rational Buffy had left the building, and there was nothing but *this* remaining. This need for something she didn’t have the courage to name. This thing that had initially sparked because of anger aimed at Angel and was now guiding her forward.

And then, just like that, she was stepping into the steam-filled air that was Giles’s bathroom. Because, well, why not? Rules were for other people. She’d tried to follow the rules and her ex-boyfriend had still decided to play by his own. Why should he have all the fun? Go date a normal guy, Buffy, except all the normal guys are boring, or they’ll just use you and cast you aside. If you’re going to be used, might as well go for it with someone who might actually get her to orgasm first.

Spike was standing in the shower, curtain pulled aside, staring at her with something more than astonishment. With heat and passion and hatred and, god, was that hope?

She didn’t know and was too chicken-shit to ask, so instead, she let her gaze fall to his cock. And her brain, still on vacation somewhere, did not jump in fast enough to keep her from saying, “Holy crap. Do you have a license for that thing?”

At that, he seemed to relax. Hell, she could practically feel his smirk—feel it, but not see it, as her eyes were glued on his dick, how it was all hard and straining, curved toward the tip in a way that couldn’t help but make a girl wonder things. And he was stroking himself, pumping his hand up and down the length, dragging that bit of extra skin over

the slick head and down again.

“Why don’t you come over here and say hello?” Spike purred. “It knows you by name now. Touch is even better.”

“It knows me by name?”

He chuckled, the sound warm, deep, and all kinds of echoey. “You really are thick, aren’t you, Slayer?”

She glanced up, which was a mistake—staring at his penis was safer. At least it didn’t stare back. When she looked at him, everything hit home. This wasn’t a part of the elaborate fantasy her rebellious mind had pieced together on the safe side of the door. This was real. She was really standing in her watcher’s bathroom with a very naked vampire and his very erect cock and she’d come in here because he’d asked her to.

“I’d be careful,” Buffy said, swallowing hard. “I... I could slay you whenever I like.”

He didn’t even have the decency to look afraid. Instead, those eyes of his sparkled with amusement. “You left your crossbow in the hall.”

“Oh.”

Spike quirked an eyebrow and wiggled his hips a little, drawing her attention to his cock again. She’d never seen one in the light before. With Angel, everything had been under the covers, as though visual confirmation of what was about to happen would make her want to stop. She’d experimented more with Parker, but things had remained dark and...well, dark.

She was sure Parker hadn’t been as large as Spike. And even though Angel had felt big, there was no way he was... Like, Spike would split her in half, she was sure of it.

And god, if she wasn’t about to melt at the thought.

“Slayer, you’re makin’ me blush.”

Buffy looked up again. “I can’t help it. You’re all naked.”

“That typically happens when you shower.”

“And you’re not...covering up.”

Spike shrugged. “Why should I? It’s bloody criminal enough covering this thing with jeans as it is.”

“You’re so full of yourself.”

“And you wish you were, too.” He dipped his hand to favor his balls with a long, seductive squeeze. “Come on, I know how much you wanna play. And you know I’m good for it. I can make you scream in ways you’ve never sodding imagined.”

The twinkle in his eyes and the lethal weapon in his hand had her agreeing. Not that she’d admit it. “P-pig,” she said. “You...unh...”

He just grinned. Or no, didn’t *just* grin. She was close enough to see that now—maybe the shock had faded to the point that she could tell there was more than just arrogance on display. A more she might call affection. Which was ridiculous. Of course it was ridiculous. Spike hated her. And she hated him. They lived in comfortable hatred of each other. It was just the way it was.

Spike having affection was completely wrong. It threw the universe out of whack.

“You want it,” he whispered, caressing the head of his cock with his fingertips. “Come

on, kitten. It's just you and me right now."

"I...I hate you," she argued feebly, even as her legs carried her forward. "I... You're gross and you've tried to eat me before."

He flicked his eyebrows and dropped his gaze to her crotch. "Before? Mmm. Can't blame a bloke, can you? Not when you smell so bloody good. Could die happy between those thighs of yours. But gotta give to get, Slayer. What do you say? Wanna give your Spike a taste?"

It was a few seconds before she understood what he was saying, and then her blood was on fire. New images bombarded her mind—not just Spike now, but Spike and her together. Spike between her spread legs, his mouth shining with her, his fingers pressing inside of her as he lapped at her clit the way that guy had in the one dirty movie she'd rented over the summer and then immediately regretted, because good girls didn't watch porn and *oh god*, if she hadn't been in need before, she was now.

"I...should close the door," she said.

The arrogant swagger in his eyes disappeared almost at once. He had expected her to back out. And why shouldn't he? *She* had expected herself to back out. Part of her still did. The rest of her knew she wouldn't. Not now. Maybe another time. Any other time. Just not this time. This time, Buffy was walking between worlds. Her heart was sore but her head was strong, and she *wanted*.

And yes, there was every chance she would regret this tomorrow, but strangely, she didn't think so. In an instant, she saw her limited future carefully mapped out, following the blueprints her ex had left her, complete with all the detours and exits and U-turns a girl could want. Spike was not a part of her plan. He wasn't even a rest-stop.

Until this moment. He was now, and because *she* had chosen to put him there.

"Water's cold," Spike said after she closed the door, his voice strained and somewhat shaken. As though he still expected her to come to her senses at any second and bolt. "It doesn't bother me, but...ahhh, maybe you'd..."

"You take cold showers?" Buffy replied matter-of-factly as she whirled around to face him again, her hands crisscrossing at the hem of her blouse. At once, she felt...powerful. Womanly. Like someone that *of course* would be masturbation fodder, that her mortal enemy would fantasize about in the shower. The awkwardness, the uncertainty, and everything she'd experienced with Parker, with Riley, were nothing but a dream.

She was a creature of the night, same as Spike.

And Spike wanted her. He wanted *her*.

"Watcher told me not to hog the warm water," he retorted, his eyes bulging as her blouse fell to the floor. "Uhhh...Slayer?"

She kicked off her shoes then turned her attention to her pants. "Mhmm?"

"Did you get zapped by something?"

"Zapped?"

"You know...spell or the like?" He was staring at her lace-clad breasts, pulling on his cock so hard now she wondered how he managed to keep from hurting himself. "You do know this is...me...right?"

Buffy shrugged with all that new bravado. Her heart was pounding, yes, but she wasn't afraid. And she wasn't second-guessing her decision. For the first time in ages, she knew exactly what she wanted. "You were the one who was making with all the innuendos," she replied. "Don't tell me the Big Bad's afraid of little ol' me."

Spike released a strangled laugh. "Well, you are the Slayer, love... And I didn't think you'd actually..."

"What? Take you up on it?"

"Well...yeah."

"But...this is something you want, right?" So much for bravado. Without warning, her confidence plummeted. God, she didn't think she could deal with rejection again. Not now. Not when her battle-scars were still fresh enough to be ripped completely open. And god, hadn't he said as much? Spike, dancing in the sunlight, taunting her about her dimpled knees and how little it took for a man to get between them.

And here she was. Inviting him to do just that. That had to be what he thought, right? That she was sex-starved and flinging herself at him because she'd heard the A-word. And how silly of her to mistake his swagger for an invitation.

No, not silly. Pathetic. There was no reason Spike would truly want her—he'd explained that he'd been turned on a bit by the high-kicking she'd done while he was tied to a chair. One accidental boner later and he was paying her back by trying to get under her skin.

Damn him.

"I...uhhh..." Heat, embarrassment, and shame shot through her like wildfire, cementing her legs to the floor. Where had that anger gone? How had she lost it, especially when she needed it most? Standing before her mortal enemy wearing nothing but her bra and the pants she'd been ready to ditch, her blouse on the floor and her shoes kicked to different corners. He'd managed to get her to humiliate herself and she should be furious, she *should* be staking him, but all she could feel at the moment was... God, it was awful. "I'll... You know what? I think I'll just pick up the tattered remains of my dignity and...make with the...gone," she said. She'd come back and stake him later, once she found her backbone.

But Spike nearly tripped over himself the next second, his eyes wide with alarm, his hand—the one not wrapped around his cock—outstretched as though to brace himself on something. "You're leaving?"

"Well, you're... I asked if you wanted it and I kinda made with the whole striptease and now I think I just need to find a rock to hide under—"

"Fuck, Slayer, forgive a bloke for being shocked. Just wagered you were... God, I don't even know." Spike shook his head and reached for her. "Just wanted to make sure the siege didn't knock something loose. Don't particularly fancy waking up with a stake in my chest for sully your virtue."

Humiliation abated. She would *not* think about how relieved she was. "This is me, Spike," Buffy retorted dryly, resuming the shuffle out of her pants.

"Yeah," Spike agreed with a snort. "It's you. And any second, you're gonna come to

your senses and remember who I am.”

“I said your name. Does that count?”

“Slayer—”

“I mean... You *are* the one who asked what it took to get between my...what was it you called them?”

It was stupid, bringing those words back to life. There was every chance he'd remember them and laugh her off. But dammit, no more waffling. No more uncertainty. If she was doing this, she'd do it her way. With all that Buffy go-for-it-ness that had defined her before Angel. If there was something that threatened her, better to put it out there than regress. She was back, dammit. Buffy, the Slayer who carpe diemmed herself silly.

And amazingly enough, it worked. Spike's eyes widened and he swallowed hard. “Dimpled knees,” he croaked, looking now to the knees in question. Making her feel bold and powerful, even when just a second ago she'd felt weak and exposed.

“You wanna know what it takes to pry them apart, Spikey?”

He nodded, his face a storm of lust.

“Well, while I have you here, there are a few things I've been wanting to try.” Buffy arched an eyebrow and pointed to his cock. “I tried that with Parker but I wanna again.”

“What's that?”

Her confidence faltered. Not entirely, but just enough that the next words out weren't sure. “The...the sucking...thing.”

“You blew that bastard?”

The outrage in his voice was oddly comforting.

“I...uhhh...well, I tried. But I think I squeezed him too hard. He kinda shrieked and jumped and his...thing shoved down my throat and I choked and it was... It was all kinds of...bad.”

There were certain stories she'd never thought she'd tell anyone, much less her mortal enemy. This was definitely in the top three.

“He said it was okay. I think he knew it was my...my first time.”

Shadows clouded Spike's eyes, and for a second, she didn't know if he was angry with her for letting Parker put his nasty in her mouth or Parker for nearly choking her with said nasty.

“But I was so nervous... 'cause you know...chance at normal and stuff. I didn't wanna blow it.” She wrinkled her nose at her unintended pun. “You're not normal, though. You're... You're Spike. And I know you.”

“And now you *do* wanna blow it?”

“I wanna try.”

His cock jumped as though it'd heard her. Spike was suddenly panting hard enough to give any dog a run for his money.

“You'll walk me through it if I do something...stupid?” More so than this, her mind added. She ignored it. Her mind was much with the lame version of the Hellmouth wherein all slayer-vampire relationships were either blood and dust or soulfully star-crossed. She was ready to live dangerously.

“There’s no way to do this stupid, love.”

“You say that, but—”

“Trust me. If the git made you think you did it wrong, he’s the one with the sodding problem. Not you.”

Her nerves calmed, a sort of warmth she hadn’t felt in a long time settling through her. And without warning, she realized she felt more at ease in Spike’s presence than she ever had in Angel’s.

With Spike, she was an equal. Not a child.

“Come here,” Spike said, turning to adjust the water heat.

“Why were the mirrors steamed when I came in?” Buffy asked nervously, her feet obeying him before her mind could keep up. “If it’s all cold water, then—”

“Had it on hot for a few just to annoy the piss outta your old man,” he replied with a grin. Then his eyes dropped to her laughably small boobs and she found herself moved when he licked his lips hungrily. After Harmony’s monstrous rack, she must look like an ironing board, but Spike didn’t seem to notice. Instead, he released a small, contented sigh and gently skimmed the length of her stomach with his fingertips until the swell of her breast was cradled against his palm. “Fuck, but you’re warm.”

The feel of his hand...*there*...sent electric shock waves through her stomach and straight to her center. Buffy seized his arm to steady herself, her wobbly legs going numb.

“You like this?” Spike asked softly, stroking her hardened nipple through the thin material of her bra. Then, he tugged the top cup down to touch her for real. “You like being touched by the Big Bad?”

“It’s...nice.”

He snorted. “Never been described as *nice*, pet. Not once.”

“First time for everything.”

Spike raised his eyes to hers again, smiling softly. “Is at that. But I want more than sodding *nice*, and so do you. Came in here for a taste, didn’t you?”

Buffy blinked, realizing he was still pulling on his cock. That she was caught between realities—the world outside this bathroom and the one where she stood in the shower as her so-called enemy masturbated while fondling her breast and asking if she wanted to put him in her mouth.

And that she had already said yes.

“How about it?”

She licked her lips, emboldened when he groaned. “You’ll walk me through it?”

Spike nodded, dropping his gaze to her mouth. “On your knees, Slayer.”

The air was electric, his words charged with awe and bravado he didn’t bother hiding. And for better or worse, Buffy was a combination of too eager and too anxious to care, itching to explore her vampire-shaped guinea pig, discover the depths of her own power. She lowered herself to the floor, her knees hitting wet porcelain as she reached for him, feeling the shift, the moment changing, and then her hand was around him, his hard length pulsing against her palm, and Spike whimpered, dropping his hands to his sides and rolling his head back as her name burst from his lips like an auditory exclamation

point.

And this was hers, her time, so she did what she'd never done the last time she'd been in this position. She looked. Took in the long curve of him, the pronounced veins, the skin that was both pale and not pale, like this was the only part of his body still alive. She tugged gently, making them both gasp, and watched the skin slide back from the head, which was slick with excitement, in sort of a dazed wonder. God, just looking at him had every part of her throbbing in ways she hadn't known she could throb. She wet her lips. "You're..."

Spike was panting hard. "I'm what?"

"Parker didn't have..." Buffy trailed a finger along the silky bit of skin that fitted around the head, then back again.

"Parker didn't have a dick? Why am I not surprised?"

She flushed. "He didn't have...this." She stroked that skin again, loving the way it felt, the way it moved. The way *he* felt and moved in response. How he seemed to arch into her. "He didn't—"

"I'm not cut," Spike said quickly. "You're seeing me whole."

She could do nothing but agree. Literally nothing, except maybe try to pick up where he'd left off. Fitting her hand around him, again feeling that odd pulse that made him seem more alive than he was, and squeezing once, gently, then again, emboldened when he whimpered. There didn't seem to be much of a science to it, just following the rhythm that seemed natural, mirrored the one he'd been using before. Only Spike wasn't reacting the way he had when he'd been touching himself—no, he was moaning aloud, the sound raw and wanton in ways that seemed to have a direct line to her clit. She was hot and wet and very aware of it, more so than she ever had been before, and she wanted more. More of that feeling, which she knew he was making, that she was making with him, and for that she needed guidance. She needed to lick his skin and trust he'd tell her if she was doing it right. She needed—

"Need you to suck me," Spike gasped voice ragged, weaving his fingers through her hair, gently stroking her scalp and tugging her forward so the head of his cock slipped along the seam of her mouth. "Open up, kitten."

Buffy obeyed, and then he was in her, sliding along her tongue, filling her with his salt and his musk and his fullness, and it was strange but it wasn't strange, this being on her knees in a shower, and Spike guiding her head, drawing her forward so that she took a bit more of his cock into her mouth with every thrust. Somehow, it felt right. Felt like power.

"Wrap your lips around me—oh god, yeah, that's it." He released a jagged moan. "Gonna need to move, sweetheart. Gonna need to fuck that pretty mouth. Every time I push in, lick me... Oh yes. Fuck, pet, just like that."

He pulled her hair back into a makeshift ponytail, holding it away from her face as he pumped his hips, allowing her to get a feel for the rhythm. Buffy willed her eyes shut and absorbed sensation—water splashing her face, Spike's guttural whimpers, the feel of his cock slipping through her lips, along her tongue, emptying her mouth before filling it

again, how he smelled, how he felt, how he tasted, how each plunge seemed to go a little deeper. Like he was testing her, taking nothing for granted, exploring her as much as she was him. Seeing how far he could push.

“You’re so hot,” he growled. “So bloody hot.”

“Am I?” she asked breathlessly, her breath coming out a hot puff of air before he stuffed her mouth full again.

“Oh yes.”

His cock popped free again, wet and slippery. “Am I doing okay?”

Spike nodded and settled his fingers over hers, pushing his hips forward as the head of his cock rubbed the outline of her wet mouth again. “Inside, baby,” he whimpered, tightening his grip on her hair and pulling her forward. “Take me in.”

She quirked an eyebrow, her confidence on the rise. There was that power again—that rush—that ran contrary to everything she’d ever thought about men and blowjobs, that seemed to exist in defiance of the fact that she had knelt in front of her enemy to give him pleasure he almost certainly didn’t deserve. But her instincts were the only things in her life that had never failed her, and she wasn’t about to question them now. Them or that rush, the tingle, the predator’s response to her prey, some innate, carnal knowledge telling her this was her show. She might be the one on her knees, but he was the one in her hands, and her grip was the strongest.

“You didn’t say ‘please,’” Buffy replied, and flicked her tongue along the underside of his cock.

His eyes widened, and god, if it wasn’t hot watching him watch her as she played with him. “Don’t think you’re in a position to refuse,” he retorted. “Now suck me.”

“Nope, don’t think so.” She licked the tip of his cock and shook her head free of his hold, bringing a hand into play to cup his balls. “You like having these touched?”

If his answering growl hadn’t been so damned sexy, she would have laughed. “Touched, licked, sucked, I’m yours to explore.”

“There we agree.”

“I thought you wanted...a taste.”

“A taste?” Buffy grinned and curled her tongue around him, squeezing his sac as she’d seen him do earlier. “I’m not done. Let me play.”

“I’m yours, baby.”

“Well, I knew that.”

Spike stared at her, his eyes blue fire. “That right?”

She nodded, pressing his erection to his stomach to plant a series of wet kisses along the underside, and yeah, that shut him up. Or at least turned the sounds he was making into whimpers rather than words—whimpers that intensified the second her tongue came out to play again. She licked a soft path up and down his length before focusing on the small patch of skin between his shaft and his testicles, which looked like it needed a nibble. One she was all too happy to provide.

A cross between a hiss and a yelp ricocheted through him. “Oh fuck.”

“Yep,” Buffy agreed before sucking his cock between her lips again, but just for a tease

before she released him again. “I’ve known for a while. There’s a reason you can’t just leave and stay gone, isn’t there?”

Suddenly, his hands were in her hair again, the grip near painful. “Slayer...”

“I think I wanna hear you say my name,” she replied before tenderly scraping his skin with her teeth. “This *Slayer* stuff is so formal.”

He made a choking sound but didn’t fight her. “Buffy.”

“That’s better.”

“All the way in, kitten. Wanna show you...”

“You don’t like my playing?”

“I don’t wanna sodding play,” he said loudly, tightening his fingers around locks of her hair and slamming into her mouth so hard the head of his cock was at the back of her throat and she was again fighting the urge to gag. And maybe he sensed it, probably he didn’t care, for the next thing he said was, “Swallow,” and though she knew she ought to fight, the rest of her was on his side, her muscles relaxing, her throat going loose and then tight, feeling him tremble and moan and curse as it closed and worked around him. And then he was pulling back again and she was chasing him, squeezing her lips around his cock as though to keep him trapped, but in this—and only this—he was stronger than her. Stronger and not in charge but maybe she’d let him think he was, for when she glanced up again, his nostrils were flared and his eyes so dark they were almost black, and in them she saw something beyond need. Something just *beyond*. Then he was teasing her mouth again, sliding the head of his cock along her swollen lips before pressing forward until she had no choice but to part for him.

“Swallow every time I thrust,” he growled, and if his voice hadn’t been rough with lust, she might have had to kick his ass, but she heard in it exactly what she already knew. The confirmation of who was in charge.

And then he was doing as he promised, rocking, bucking, working his cock in and out of her, striking the back of her throat on every thrust, his hips moving, his grip on her tight, his balls slapping her chin, first softly, then not softly, and all she could do was try to keep up. Not even realizing that she wanted to, that she was trying, until he growled again. Began talking between those gasps he didn’t need.

“You have no idea how hot you are, do you? How you look, your mouth full of me. Stuffed with me. Such a good girl. My lily-white slayer. Like it, don’t you? Like sucking off the Big Bad. Like tasting me. Want me to fill you up. Want me to shoot down that pretty little throat of yours. I can smell how wet you are. How much you love this. Nod for me if you love this, Buffy.”

She nodded before she could help herself. Damn him. His answering leer was almost embarrassing, but she got her own back by reaching to squeeze his balls, and that made him melt. Made him tremble.

“Fuck...Buffy...touch yourself.”

Her eyes widened.

“You need it. I know you need it. Touch that cunt for me. Show me how you like it.”

And god, she didn’t even realize she was doing as he said until she felt her hand on her

own breast, a charge running through her unlike anything she'd felt before. She groaned when he groaned, then grinned when she realized the vibrations rumbled across his dick, sliding her fingers down, down, down until she was cupping her pussy.

"Oh God." Spike was panting again. "Buffy..."

Her panties were ruined. There would be no salvaging them. Soaked both with her and shower water alike. They would be in the trash first thing in the morning. She didn't like the way the sodden material clung to her flesh as her fingers slipped under the crotch.

"Feel how wet you are?" he demanded.

Feel wasn't a strong enough word. Buffy had known she was turned on—it wasn't exactly something she could ignore—but the rush of fluid that greeted her sent electric shocks through her body, something deeper and more potent charging through her veins at the slightest contact. Her mouth relaxed around him with the weight of her sigh.

"Push your fingers into that delectable quim of yours."

She didn't recognize the word, but she didn't need to. She knew what he meant.

"Pretend it's me," Spike whispered, bucking his hips again. "This cock here. Imagine me sliding along you, pressing inside. I'd slide right in, wouldn't I, as hot as you are. You'd grip me so good, too. Drag me all the way in, squeeze me so tight with that sweet little pussy—"

She whimpered around him, and he growled in turn.

"Ohhh yeah, you like it, don't you?" he snarled. "You like the thought of me fucking you. Know what I could do with my cock, pet? Or better yet, what I could do with my mouth? What I *want* to do? What I'm bloody well going to do to you in this room? Get you to throw your leg over my shoulder, dig your heels into my back, and I'll eat you, little girl. I'll lick and suck and fuck you with my tongue until you're begging me to stop killing you. You'll drench my face, my mouth, and I'll have your taste there when I finally get you on my cock."

The image damn near had her cross-eyed.

"I'm gonna, Slayer. You know that, right? I'm gonna eat you up so good, lick you till your legs go numb. Till you're begging me for the death you have coming." He jerked his hips forward, stuffed her rebuttal with his dick. "And then I'll ride you out. I'll turn your head 'round so you can't remember your own name. How's that for—"

She'd been wrong. She could hold him like this—could squeeze him so tight with her lips that he couldn't pull back, and that's what she did. Sucked him in deep, hard, and held him there, the head of his cock buried at the back of her throat, and swallowed. She swallowed again and again, working muscles in ways she hadn't known they could work, and watched him dissolve as she settled her fingers over her clit.

Then finally, he exploded, shooting down her throat, and his body broke into trembles as his roar, one wrapped around her name, split the air like thunder, and before she could gasp or blink or do more than register, *holy shit, Spike just came in my mouth*, he had her jerked to her feet and was staring her down with that stormy gaze of his, dragging her deeper into unfamiliar waters—Buffy panting, Spike's chest heaving as he searched her eyes for an unnamed *something*.

“Slayer,” he growled, digging his fingers into her shoulders.

“Buffy,” she shot back.

And then he was kissing her. Hard and fast, his mouth crashing and hers gasping and all of them entangling, tongues and teeth and growls and more, more, more, until heat between her legs developed its own heartbeat, one that made her knees rattle, her skin melt, and still more. Still desperate and clawing, still seeking, searching, desperate to find her grip. Find purchase. Find the bits of herself that were truly hers and not his, because she wasn't sure she knew the difference anymore. Not with him in her mouth, her breaths, his fingers digging and his cock, hard again somehow, painting a slick line up her belly. In all her life, she'd never been kissed like this. Like she was an elixir, like she was blood, like she was life. Spike might be growling into her, might be nipping at her, but the strokes of his lips were damn near reverent. He consumed, devoured, crawled inside her and made himself at home. He sucked her tongue and drank her into him, and how in the world had this happened? How had she let it happen? An hour ago, she'd been pissed beyond words at Angel for rolling into her town and making with the secrecy. Now she was in another vampire's arms, allowing another vampire to rip her ruined panties off and shove her against the bathroom wall. Allowing another vampire something more than close, into the parts of her that she kept cordoned off from others. That were just hers and hers alone, that she could never reclaim once he tasted them. She felt exposed and seen, more so than she ever had been, and the fact that Spike couldn't seem to get enough of the raw package that was her left her something more than shaken. It had her transformed.

“Wrap your legs around me,” Spike whispered against her lips.

Buffy nodded, leaned forward, trusted her weight against him, curling one leg around his hip, then the next. The head of his cock slipped up, then down, as he positioned himself, teased himself between her folds, along her slit, coating himself with her wetness, with her, before teasing the head along her clit and grinning when she trembled. When she moaned. When her stupid traitor body threatened to dissolve.

“I'm gonna fuck you,” he told her, his voice low but almost casual, rubbing himself against her as though they did this daily. As though both of their lives weren't about to change. “I want you to come until you can't come anymore. Until you can't say anything 'cause you're raw from screaming my name. Until you don't remember what it's like to not have me inside you.”

Buffy acted on impulse, capturing his lips. “I think I'm okay with that,” she said.

The astonishment in his eyes made her feel somehow even naked-er than she already was. Pressed against the bathroom wall, dressed only in the tattered remains of her bra, Spike's cock at her opening and ready to push inside her, and he was unmade by a simple kiss and the admittance that she wasn't going to fight him.

The confession that this was something she wanted, too.

“Buffy...” His voice was a whisper as he pressed into her, filling her, burying himself deeper, deeper, spreading her so wide she thought she would rip down the middle—but a good rip. A needed rip. A separation from what had been before and what was now. That line crossed, that line inside her, that line that had always somehow belonged to

Spike. “God, yes.”

She clutched the back of his head as her own fell helplessly against the wall.

“So hot,” Spike murmured, fluttering his lips across her shoulder. “I knew you’d be warm. I knew it. Just...didn’t know...couldn’t know...you’d feel like this.”

Buffy liked to think she would have said something moderately coherent, but the next second, he was moving inside her. Pulling her apart and piecing her together again with slow, tortuous thrusts. Her jaw fell slack and a long, wordless sound fell through her lips. It didn’t help when he began peppering kisses along her collarbone, nor when he scraped his teeth against her flesh. He’d turned her body into a five-alarm fire and she was lost to the flames. To him.

In this.

“Unhhh...”

“Fight me,” Spike said, dropping a hand to her ass to angle her into his thrusts. “Every time I push inside your cunt, you push up, yeah?”

A rush of pure anxiousness raced down her spine. The sensation of having him inside her was wonderful, but now that they were actually at the part where she was supposed to move, her nerves were doing their best to break her down. Her past experience hadn’t really prepared her for anything adventurous, especially not sex in a shower. But with the way Spike was looking at her, she knew he expected something. Something wondrous. Something by which to remember her—this night—always.

Guess you’re not worth a second go.

Buffy winced. Now was so not the time to be recalling that conversation.

“Buffy?”

“I’m not gonna be any good,” she said suddenly, her eyes finding his. “I-I...with the... I’m no good. I can’t do this right...you said it yourself. Not worth a second...ahhh...”

It was bizarre watching his face contort with regret. She was so used to his hatred, his loathing. Those things that were natural to them, sworn enemies that they were. He’d never looked at her with softness before. With tenderness. And yes, while she’d glimpsed something earlier, it didn’t compare to this. That had been a shade where this was solid.

Solid and real.

“I’m a tosser,” Spike growled, drawing his cock back before sinking inside her again. “You’re glorious and anyone could see it. I did. I saw it then—that day we fought.”

Buffy sucked in a breath, pushing her hips forward to recapture his cock as he pulled back once more. “You’re just—”

“No, I’m not...just.” He kissed her hard. “That’s it, kitten. That’s it. In and out. In and out.”

He spoke slowly, methodically, the hard length of him slipping inside her pussy with such slow intent that she was certain this was the way he meant to finish her off once and for all.

“Not gonna stay slow, kitten,” he warned her. “Just get used to me.”

“Not possible.”

The grin curling his lips was one of pure masculine pride. “Then fuck me, Buffy.

Punish me. Use the masterwork of your body to whip me for being such a rude boy.”

“I don’t—”

“It’s a fight. It’s a sodding fight. I take it from you, you take it back.” He filled her with his cock again, then sucked her lip between his teeth as he drew away once more, his grip on her hips commanding her forward so that her pussy dragged with him. The wet suctioning of her flesh fighting to keep him struck a primal nerve deep within her. It was so bare, so open. He had her nailed to the wall with his dick, and he was determined to drill her so good she forgot how to walk.

“That’s it.” Spike growled as she arched against him. “That’s it. Keep me inside that delectable cunt of yours. Don’t let me get away.”

He kept it slow for a few minutes, guiding her, whispering encouraging words into her hair, allowing her to grow accustomed to the feel of him splitting her body in two. And while the animal in her chest demanded something hard and raw, his tenderness had her thrown...and not in a bad way. In a something-she’d-never-expected way. The few times she’d allowed herself to entertain the possibility of sex with him, the scenarios had been intense and aggressive, less soft and more trying to kill each other in a fun new way. There had been none of this—no patience, no murmuring how good she felt while stealing soft kisses from her lips.

“No man’s ever done this for you, have they?” he whispered. “Made you feel like this?”

She didn’t want to dignify that with an answer, so she moaned instead.

“Christ, the sounds you make.” Spike shuddered and grunted, his pace beginning to harden. “How you drench me with all that slayer juice. Wanna bathe in it. Wanna taste it. You’ll let me taste it, won’t you?”

She nodded without thinking. She just wanted to keep him moving. Wanted to keep the slick feel of him thrusting in and out of her body. Her skin was hot and clammy, her nerves buzzing so hard she felt close to overload. All she knew was she had to keep him. Had to fight. Her hips surged upward every time he dared drag his cock back. Every time he fell back.

“Love this. Like fire, you are. Gonna burn me up.” Spike sighed and pressed his brow to hers. “Can’t do this slow anymore, Slayer. Need you too bloody much.”

It was all the warning she’d get, and then he was slamming into her, pounding her into the cold tile at her back. The shower water was cold as he’d said, but every splatter seemed to make her skin sizzle, make the fire in her burn hotter. There was nothing but Spike—nothing but the naked feel of him plunging into a part of her she’d never realized she was empty. She clenched hard around him every time he speared home, kept clenched as he pulled away, trembled at his moans, at his growls, at every sound he gave her. And then he was talking again, murmuring *so good* as he teased her nipple through her bra, that she felt *so good*, better than she had any right to, best thing he’d ever experienced, so hot and wet and *god*, he never wanted to leave.

But that couldn’t be right. Leaving was what men did. “You’re lying,” she gasped before she could help herself.

Spike gave an angry snarl. “Does it *feel* like I’m lying?” he demanded, slamming her

hard into the wall. “*Buffy...*”

“Spike, please—”

“Please *what?*”

“I need. I need—”

“You need to come?” The illicit smacks of his flesh hitting hers made reality blink out again. She trembled and clenched again, the burning inside intensifying. “You need it?”

“Yes. Yes.” The words were out before her mind could catch up. “Yes, god, Spike...”

“Say pretty please.”

Buffy’s eyes flew open. “Fuck you.”

“I’ll never stop.” He sighed again, pulling back until the head of his cock was all that was left inside her. Then his fingers were moving between them, massaging her soaked flesh and opening her wider. Sinking, searching, finding...

The second the rough pad of his thumb located her clit, she squeaked and bucked against him. “Mnnnaagh!”

“Don’t think that’s a word,” he retorted, nipping at her lips.

And then her body went on instinct. Jerk vampires got what was coming to them, after all. If this was the fight he kept claiming it was, she was going to give him a hell of a battle. Starting with those hidden slayer muscles she only used for particularly hard kicks. Enough girly clenching. He wanted to fight dirty? She’d give him a fight.

His cock struck home and she squeezed. Hard.

Spike’s eyes about popped out.

“Oh. My. Fuck.”

“Yeah,” Buffy goaded, squeezing her muscles again with a delighted grin. “Like that?”

“Oh, fucking hell, Buffy! *Buffy Buffy Buffy...*do it again. Squeeze me...oh yes.” Spike growled hard and slammed her, again, again, his thrusts anxious, feverish, pushing into her with desperation she’d never experienced. And every time he plunged inside, she squeezed. She pulled out all the stops, everything she saved for the battlefield and made it into something she could give him. He pounded his cock into her, driving her into a new form of insanity, her pussy tightening and grasping him so hard the moans he gave her were almost riddled with pain. His fingers kept busy at her clit, slippery and soft and just the right amount of pressure—the type that would send her over

“You’re perfect,” he whispered. “Perfect.”

Then there was a flash of yellow and a sting at her throat, and ecstasy so raw exploded that the blackness behind the fireworks consumed her, and the world fell away.



Her back hurt. She was cold and her skin was pruny. She was also on the bathroom floor, stretched across a towel, and more exposed than she’d ever been in her life. She hadn’t a stitch on—her bra had finally bitten the dust—and she was spread, her legs stretched, her thighs sticky, Spike’s face was buried between them.

Okay. Be kind, rewind.

It took just a few seconds for the night to come roaring back to her, but it did, and fast. Buffy jolted upward, shocked, but was quickly sent back to the floor as ecstasy speared through her body. “Oh...ggnaahh!”

“Mmm,” Spike murmured in approval, his tongue doing something wicked somewhere wicked. “There she is.”

“Unh...what...ohhh...”

“You blacked out for a sec, love.” He practically oozed pride at the fact. “Thought I might get you comfy on the floor...not done with you yet...”

This point he emphasized by dipping his tongue deep inside her while gently caressing the tender skin at her inner thigh before letting his fingers wander to rest along the upper crest of her mound. Then his thumb was grazing her slippery flesh and settling over her clit, caressing her so softly, so tenderly, her body about melted into the terrycloth.

“How...how long?”

“How long am I gonna fuck you?” Spike asked. “Well...definitely for the rest of the night, though I suggest we move outta the loo at some point. Figure the witch would loan us the dorm, or should we just nick your watcher’s wallet and book us a room somewhere?”

It occurred to her like a flash of light that she was indeed lying in Giles’s bathroom. She knew they hadn’t been quiet. Hell, the whole town probably knew what the Slayer had been up to. And as mortifying as that thought was, she couldn’t summon the needed remorse to push Spike away, especially when he was exploring her pussy with his tongue.

“God, you taste good,” he purred, glancing up to catch her eyes, his own bright, his chin and cheeks wet. “There’s not a part of you that’s not delicious.”

Every inch of her suddenly blazed hot. “Really?”

Spike tsked and frowned, dipped his head to suck her clit between his lips, giving it a gentle pull before wagging his head. His eyes brightened when she crooned and whimpered, the corners of his mouth pulling upward in a predatory grin.

“Silly slayer,” he admonished, releasing with a startlingly loud wet plop. “Should know by now I don’t just say things I don’t mean.”

“You’re evil.”

“You love evil.” He nipped at her inner thigh. “Least you will before I’m through with you.”

It didn’t seem too far off, but that might have been the mind-numbing pleasure talking.

“So I guess we’re back to the start, aren’t we? How long am I gonna fuck you?” Spike left her clit with a parting lick then began a slow prowling up her body, his gaze burning hers. “Tonight. Tomorrow. Day after. Over and over again till you don’t know anything but the feel of me. Till you love me.”

“You think you can make me love you by screwing me to death?”

Spike perked an eyebrow, rubbing the head of his cock in a tantalizing path up and down her drenched slit. “You think I can’t?”

“I...I never said that.” She frowned, suddenly remembering something. “You bit me.”

He grinned. “Fuck yeah, I did.”

“But...Willow... She said you couldn’t...”

“I can’t.” He spoke as though the answer was obvious, with a smug look that would have pissed her off were she not so turned on.

Still, she needed to focus on the point. It was important. “Spike, you *bit* me.”

“And tell me, Slayer, did it hurt? Or did it make you come until you blacked out?”

Buffy opened her mouth to argue, lifted her fist to punch him, and totally would have done both of those things if he hadn’t thrust into her the next second, blanking out her mind and her objection and her sanity, she supposed, because this felt too good to give up, even if she knew it was wrong.

And it *was* wrong. It was very wrong. As long as she understood that she was doing wrong, she could keep doing it, right? Like it only became dangerous if she thought it was safe. If she thought it was more than whatever it was.

“Christ,” Spike moaned, buried to the hilt, dropping his brow to her shoulder. “I love you.”

Oh no. “You...you love me?”

He grew and pulled back, his brow furrowed. “Yeah, sounds like something I’d do,” he decided after a minute. “Some bloody fool thing...fall in love with the Slayer.” He paused and met her eyes. “Guess I’m lucky it’s you, right?”

Her breath caught, her heart jumped, and she knew. She knew it was gone, never to be hers entirely again. Bye-bye. No more Buffy-heart. How it had happened, she couldn’t say, because she was not the same Buffy she’d been at the start of the day. She was something else, something he had helped her make. Helped her discover.

It was wrong and it would keep being wrong.

And maybe, so would she.

“You’re very lucky,” she agreed, and tugged him down for a kiss.