

Patrolling-Schmatrolling

By Ten

RATING: NC-17

PAIRING: Spike/Buffy

DISCLAIMER: All characters are the property of the god that is Joss Whedon (all hail and bow low before him), and WB, UPN, Mutant Enemy and probably some other people. I just enjoy playing with them.

SPOILERS: Early Season 6, before the musical, no real spoilage

SUMMARY: Buffy gets distracted while patrolling, PWP



CHAPTER 1

Buffy walked through the cemetery with a less than serious concern about patrolling. It had been a slow night; no vamps, no demons, not even a passing car, which was weird but hardly alarming. It was just dull. Her attention wavered to the squish of her shoes in the recently watered grass and the distant flapping of night wings, sounds in the dark that didn't make sense unless you were she who hangs out in cemeteries. She chuckled aloud, that's what Riley used to call her, "She who hangs out in cemeteries." At the time it had annoyed her, but now it amused her because it was so true. To an outsider, that's what she was, what she did. She who hangs out in cemeteries.

Her heart tugged a little. She had loved Riley, not in the same way she loved Angel, of course, but she had loved him all the same. And they were a good team, in both fighting and loving. She felt a warm tingle at the thought of him, his muscular arms, and the muscular ... rest of him, all wrapped around her touching her in so many delicious ways. Buffy's mental filing cabinet opened up to the word "yum" and remembered the full day they had spent in bed. On bed. Under bed. Against bed. Nowhere near the bed. Okay, they were under a spell, but they hadn't known that and it was hour after hour of touching, feeling, loving, exploring, tasting, tingling, tickling, licking, ummm ... what was she thinking about? Oh yeah, patrolling.

She shook her head to clear the naked Riley image which was stuck there, sighed, and began listening to the steady squish of her boots again.

There he was again. Riley. Knocking at the door of her thoughts, trying to get in. Urg. She was spending so much time mentally trying to shove those memories in a closet that she didn't anticipate the Angel visions sneaking in the side door of her memory. Ack! There he was, foremost in her thoughts, touching her face, stroking her hair, kissing her. Oh geez, Angel kissage. The man had 240 years to practice and he hadn't wasted a moment of it. Just thinking about his lips made her knees feel a little weak and her face flush.

She stopped, stomped her foot and chided herself, "Geez, Buffy, need some much?" She sighed the obvious answer, looking desperately up toward the starlit sky, "God yes!" And she began the tromping march through wet grass again thinking about puppies and folding laundry and Giles cleaning his glasses and Giles and his mother and, oh geez, please let's not go there.

Lost in her thoughts she didn't see the tiny trail of smoke dancing in the air from amongst the thick gathering of trees and rocks. Spike watched her quietly, amazed that she hadn't noticed him, as he wasn't exactly low profile standing there in plain sight smoking. He rather enjoyed that she was distracted. It gave him a chance to do some Buffy watching without being caught, and he was tempted to give her a little surprise to remind her that she shouldn't be daydreaming on patrol. A wry smile spread across his lips as his mind turned in ways that he could ... well, in evil ways. "Hey ... evil remember?" he reminded himself. He continued to watch her as she strolled past him, completely oblivious. He got prickly that she didn't at least feel his presence. She was the bloody Slayer, how could she not feel him, an evil, blood-sucking vampire? Well, evil anyway. His smile crept back in. He could either jump her and risk getting staked or he could taunt her with their usual verbal foreplay. It always amused him that she never saw that for what it was. For a Slayer, she could be pretty dense. He licked his lips in indecision, then snubbed out his cigarette. Option two it is.

"So, little girl, what goodies are you taking to Grandmother's house?" said Spike, with a hint of wolfish intent.

Buffy whirled around. Dear God she had been so distracted that she didn't feel a vampire THIS close?? Even Spike?? She was visibly flustered and then she caught a look at him. There he stood, tall and sculptured, casually up against a tree with his arms folded, that trademark smirk on his lips, his usual black duster over black jeans and shirt. There was something different, a touch of masculine jewelry around his neck, on his fingers. It stood out starkly against his black wardrobe, as did his bleached, slightly mussed hair. He looked ... extraordinarily attractive, and she felt something inside her begin to warm. She quickly looked back down at the ground. Uh-uh. Oh no, we are so not going there. Puppies. Laundry. Spike. No! No, no Spike. Uhhhhh. Her thoughts were pierced by the persistent vampire.

He used a playful, sing-songy voice, "Slayyyyerrrr? Hello? Are you in there?" The bloody girl was sure distracted enough. Twelve vamps could have had the bloody twelve apostles for dinner in front of her and she wouldn't have noticed.

"What?!" She suddenly snapped at him, finally looking up directly into his face, her eyes both flashing and smoldering. And she knew at once her eyes had betrayed her. Damn.

Spike's grin spread even further. Oh, this was too tempting. The slayer out patrolling, all distracted, and with the heat of passion in her eyes. A glint of evil mixed with his own passion flared in his eyes. He looked deeply at her, then took a deep, intoxicating breath, not to breathe, but just to see if he could catch a scent of her arousal on the night air. He was rewarded, and his smile broadened.

Buffy flushed and looked away. Damn those vampire senses. He'd caught her and there would be no end to the jokes and snide remarks. She suddenly dreaded the rest of her natural life, well, this one anyway.

He stepped toward her casually, and pitched his voice low and almost whispered, "So, Slayer," he said, deliberately standing too close to her, letting the breeze carry his own, musky scent to tease her. She bristled uncomfortably. This was going to be fun. "Finding any action out here tonight?" It was deliberate. He knew it, and more importantly, so did she. She felt stripped and exposed and very, very caught with un-slayerlike thoughts on her mind. Damn.

She lifted her chin indignantly and opened her mouth to protest and then stopped. He looked so good tonight. Why couldn't he look all grr and fangy and dead like other vamps? It just wasn't fair that instead of looking pasty his skin shown like alabaster, almost polished and a stark contrast beneath his always-black clothing. It wasn't fair that, even beneath his duster, she could still see the definition of his arms and chest. Not fair that his soft blonde curly-ish hair begged to be tousled and touched. Not fair. Not fair. Not fair!

"Slayer!" He was insistent.

"What?!!" she snapped.

"I said, are you finding any vampires or other nasties about tonight?"

Nasties? He said nasties? He was mocking her, he knew damned well that her mind was not on her work or beasts or vampires, well, not vampires in general. He was enjoying this. Damn. Damn. Damn. "Okay, Buffy, regroup," she thought to herself. "Now, you could handle this in one of several ways. You could stake him right here, usually the first inclination anyway, but he honestly hasn't done anything to deserve it just now. You could punch him in the nose, always a good option. You could shove him up against that tree and press your lips to his, parting them slightly and letting your tongue no, no, no that is NOT one of the choices. What are you thinking???" Ack!" She shook her head to clear it and looked up at him again, a mixture of innocence and confusion, and said, "Huh?"

A soft, almost seductive chuckle rumbled from deep in Spike's throat. "Girl, whatever you have, you have it bad. Did some naughty college boy steal another piece of you?"

That was it. She clocked him. Her fist came smashing right across his well-chiseled cheekbone and took him down. He hadn't been expecting it, at least not yet anyway, so down he went onto the soggy ground. Before he could recover, she was on him, straddling his ribcage and looking like she was going to pound him into dirt. Except she didn't. She stopped, looking at him angrily. He was cool beneath her, cool against her inner thighs, her knees and every other part of her that touched him. She tried not to think about it, but her body suddenly became insufferably hot, her breathing more shallow, and she felt a tightness in her lower body which was threatening to spread.

She placed her hands on his chest, and Spike cringed, thinking, "If she has a stake up her sleeve, I'm dust."

Almost reading his thoughts, she took off her jacket, peeling it off her body slowly, too slowly, almost like she was ... Spike began to take notice and thought, "No, she wasn't doing that ... was she?" and the moment passed as she threw her jacket on the ground next to them.

Her eyes flashed down at him, and she pressed her hands onto his chest again. Then she curled her fingers into his t-shirt and without warning ripped it wide open.

CHAPTER 2

Spike involuntarily gasped. "Okay, that was unexpected," he thought.

She looked down at him, studying the highly-polished marble of his torso, the cuts and definition of his muscles. She pondered a moment, "How did he do that?" Her breathing began to quicken and she was at that moment of indecision, that moment of truth when she could either kill him, torture him, or option three it is.

She dug her nails into his skin and leaned down, planting a hungry, fiery kiss on his lips, tugging at them, tasting them, then drawing his lower lip into her mouth.

Spike's eyes flew open in surprise. "Okay, also not expected," he thought. It took him a moment to respond to her, but respond he did, parting his lips and drawing her tongue deeply into his mouth, swirling his own around hers and moaning softly. She pulled back slightly, their eyes searing into one another, desire and want glistening on them both in a silent moment that hung in the air like time standing still.

"What am I doing???" Buffy thought, her breathing still fast and her hands still digging into Spike's flesh. He didn't even feel it. He was so thrown by what was happening he hadn't even noticed she had broken the skin and tiny drops of blood had formed around her nails.

Suddenly horrified, Buffy released him and stood up, standing straddle over him, staring down in disbelief. Then, without warning, she ran. She didn't care where as long as it was away from him. Far, far, far away

from him. Her mind was screaming as she ran. Not Spike. No, absolutely NOT Spike. She'd find Parker Abrahms first. NOT SPIKE!!

Spike was stunned. Worse than that, he was aroused. Very aroused. And she was ... gone? "Bloody hell," he murmured as he tried to stand and catch his balance. He caught glimpse of her running into the woods and made a snap decision. "After her, you mindless nit, you want her, you've wanted her a good long while, now she wants you. Why are you still standing here? Go!" He headed for the woods in pursuit, gaining on her quickly, which surprised him. She was being careless, desperate, and it made catching up to her that much easier.

Spike caught her arm and pulled on her, knocking them both a little off balance, and her enough that he could get a firm grip on both her arms. He held her there, both of them staring at one another, the only sound her rapid breathing. It was as if the entire world melted away behind them. Their eyes were locked into one another, saying nothing and saying everything.

He pushed her up against the large trunk of a pine tree, pinning her there by the shoulders. He looked at her, filled with confusion, but overpowered with whatever this desire was that consumed them both. He ran his hands down her arms then pushed them up over her head, holding them there by the wrists with one hand and letting the other trail back down her arm to her shoulder. His eyes never moved from hers, not even to blink. He stepped in closer, close enough to feel the heat from her body spreading to his own.

His lips very softly brushed against hers. There was nothing urgent about it, nothing overwhelming, it was sweet and gentle and Buffy was completely thrown by it. She thought he would be rough, almost brutal. He wasn't. As he lingered there, savoring her lips, Buffy relaxed into him, softening her body and opening her mouth to him. He was cool and delicious, and she felt her hunger for him building inside her. His free hand moved past her cheek and into her hair turning her face up and into him further, and she thought to herself, "Oh my god, how could anything feel this good," and she felt her knees go weak.

Spike caught her as she faltered, pushing her wrists harder into the tree and pressing his body against hers to secure her there, his torn shirt hanging open revealing his smooth, glistening chest. A wisp of breeze sent a burst of his musky scent into her making her feel even more weak and helpless. The kiss broken, he looked at her again, drinking in the lines of her face, the fullness of her lips, and the desire that smoldered from her eyes. Nothing in this world, or any other world, could make him release her right now.

Buffy could hardly breathe, either from passion or fear, she wasn't sure, but all she could do was surrender to him. His kiss, his touch was so powerful, it was as if all her will had bled into the ground beneath her. As he steadied her, she felt the hard truth of his arousal pressing against her, urging her to surrender more of herself to him, to open to him and let him in; not just physically, but emotionally, spiritually, entirely. Spike's hand slipped from her hair and trailed tenderly down her neck, across her collar bone and very lightly brushed across her nipple, making it harden beneath it's lacey covering and sending a wave of pleasure throughout her body. He went further, down to her waist, sliding his hand beneath her blouse and around to her back, spreading and curling his fingers so that they lightly scratched her suddenly sensitive skin. Their eyes locked. Neither of them dared to look away but instead swam deeper into the reflection of their want, passion in the forefront, and amazement in the background. "This was Spike, how could he have this affect?" His knee worked its way between her thighs and pressed up into the fire burning there. She thought she was going to pass out from the pleasure of it.

Spike himself couldn't believe he was holding the Slayer, touching her, caressing her bare skin and feeling the wetness of her arousal. What she did not know was that she held him as well, in some intense, unseen, and magical way. He at once wanted to ravish her and to savor every inch of her, torn between wanting everything all at once and wanting to make it last. He leaned in to taste her lips again, finding them open and welcoming to him. His tongue slowly and gently stroked the inner edge of of her upper lip while at the same time his hand slipped up her back and easily released the clasp of her bra, allowing her breasts to relax into his bare chest. It was both exquisite and agonizing, and they were both still dressed.

He liked it this way. He knew it was beginning to torture her, and he wanted to prolong this as much as possible, but his pulsing erection was begging to be released from its black denim prison. This was going to take a lot of self-control. She squirmed, lifting one leg to wrap around his hips and pull him in closer, wishing their clothes away, and wanting him to fill her. He took her ankle in his free hand and drew it down his leg, leaning further into her and whispering across her ear so that it almost tickled, "Not yet, luv." Buffy moaned beneath him and he had to stop himself from almost coming right then. Yes, this was going to take a lot of control.

Spike lowered his knee slightly, smiling to himself as her body followed it down, not wanting to break the pleasure of him against her. Their lips met again as his hand moved between them and deftly unfastened the tiny buttons of her blouse that fell open. Her skin glistened in the moonlight, moist with perspiration and desire. For him. This was for him. And he knew it. And he wanted to reward her for it.

Her loosened bra dangled in front of him, obscuring the view he wanted, so with one swift movement, he yanked it free, snapping the straps and sending it hurling to the ground. He lowered his head to her now exposed chest, and in one long stroke licked a slow trail in the valley between her breasts. She whimpered. So he did it again, only this time continuing over to the right and darting his cool tongue around the edge of her hard and aroused nipple. She couldn't stand it and writhed beneath him wanting more, twisting her body so that his mouth could take in the darkened, aching tip. He pulled back slightly and, with a mischievous glance up at her, blew gently across it, watching it pucker even more. She moaned, loudly, and he was delighted, taking that opportunity to pull her throbbing nipple deeply into his mouth and suckling on it, teasing it with his tongue at the same time and then letting out a long, "mmmmmmmmmmmm" which vibrated against her skin sending thousands and thousands of tiny prickles through her every nerve. She lost herself to him then, to his skill at reading and playing her body in this forte of pleasure.

As his mouth engulfed hers yet again, she felt his hand at her waistband unfastening her pants, sliding them down as his skilled fingers sought the source of her passion. The Slayer was more than just wet; her juices had already soaked through her panties and covered her inner thighs. His fingertips danced in it, spreading it around and slathering in it. His hand became a skilled instrument rubbing gently but urgently over the damp, satiny fabric and pressing in at just the right spot where he could feel her hardened nub aching to be found and fondled. He pressed in again, rubbing her mound in a large, slow circle, feeling her hips move with him, silently begging for more.

Masterful fingers whisked the silky material to the side and slipped inside her depths. First one finger, then two, twisting as they entered her, the heel of his hand skillfully pressed against her clit moving in slow, deliberate circles and then replacing it with his more agile thumb, gently flicking and circling until she screamed in release as the first orgasm washed over her, throwing her head back as her body released even more of her precious juices into his hand. He pushed his digits just a little deeper into her, pressing that ultimate g-spot and prolonging her pleasure a few more seconds before withdrawing and gently closing the folds around her now shuddering and overly-sensitive sex, massaging her gently as she came back down to earth.

Gasping for breath, her heart pounding in her chest, she could hardly speak, though she did try. Spike looked into her eyes again, cooing seductively ... "What, luv?"

"More please"

He didn't need to be told again. He released her wrists, her arms falling to her sides immediately and he used both his hands now to remove her pants and thong, tossing them on the growing pile of her clothes on the ground. He pushed her blouse off her shoulders, peppering her neck and shoulders with long kisses, sucking bits of flesh into his mouth and then releasing it before moving to another, more sensitive spot. Her fingers tangled into his hair, pulling slightly and urging him on, his own desire threatening to take over and let himself spill into her. Somehow sensing that, she urgently reached for the buttons of his jeans, strong Slayer hands ripping them off rather than fooling with unfastening them. His hardened cock emerged

pulsating into her hand, droplets of precum glimmering. She spread it around the tip with her fingers, and then engulfed his cool shaft with her hand, squeezing until she felt him cringe in pain, then relaxing her grip slightly as she began to pump the full length of him. He was large by any standard, long and thick, and Buffy desperately wanted him inside her.

Throwing her arms around his neck she wrapped her legs around his waist, his duster covering them. She hovered over him for a moment, just long enough to force him to make the move. He pushed her into the side of the tree once again and plunged all the way inside her, both of them crying out as they came together with his first, powerful stroke. He stayed there, inside her, grinding his hips against her, emptying himself in long, slow spurts and feeling her come against him over and over again each time he moved. His head fell against her chest, both of them panting almost in unison. Murmured sounds and non-words passing between them as the streams of passion ran down both of their bodies in release.

They remained there a long time ... until Spike broke the silence. Still deep inside her, he looked up into Buffy's eyes and whispered, "More ... please," and they fell to the ground.

CHAPTER 3

The ground was damp with the distinct, fresh smell of pine needles. It didn't matter. They didn't notice. Groping hands and hungry lips searched and touched, caressed and tasted at a ravenous pace. They were eating forbidden fruit for which they, no doubt, would be punished one day ... but not today.

Buffy lay on top of Spike making a trail of kisses down his smooth, cool chest, stopping only to tease one of his nipples. There was a sweetness to his skin she didn't understand, but it made her hungrier for him, and she lingered at the spot just over his unbeating heart, tracing the pattern of his ribs with her tongue.

Spike's hands were lost in her hair, the golden mane that he had dreams about, quiet moans reverberating from him as she teased and tasted him. He couldn't believe this was happening. He couldn't believe it was happening AGAIN. His cock was still hard and buried deeply inside her, unmoving. It was just there, surrounded and squeezed by those strong Slayer muscles that were holding him firmly in place almost painfully. "How was she doing this, all of this? And why?" He pushed "why" out of his mind. "Don't think, Spike."

She lifted up a little, letting him slide from her stopping at the very tip where she hung on, contracted and then plunged down onto him again. He gasped, though he had no breath, and she loved that. She loved that she surprised him with what she could do. She loved that she could do these things and not feel inhibited about it. She wanted to let go, to let everything go and just feel. Feel him. Feel herself. And not feel so alone. Something about him kept her from feeling alone, having him inside her filled her with more than just the throbbing ache of passion. There was more, she just didn't understand what it was, and tonight was not the time to analyze and dissect it. Tonight was for ... him and her and them.

She laid back down, her hot, moist chest atop his, and they just remained there silently for a few moments. Neither one of them moved, as if when they did, the spell would be broken and they would have to fight again. She slid her hands down his sides causing him to shiver a little from the tickling sensation. When she felt his jeans still on him, she lifted off of him, a whimper of disappointment escaping from both of them. Slipping down between his thighs, she tugged at his jeans, him lifting a little to help. She stopped at his knees when the reluctant denim caught on his boots. She smiled up at him out of the side of her mouth and stood up, turning her back to him exposing her magnificently round and naked backside. Bending over, she lifted one of his feet and, loosening the laces around the heavy boot trying to pull it off. It didn't budge. Spike decided to help, by placing his other foot on her ass and pushing just enough that with her pulling it came flying off. She tossed it on the pile of her clothes and went for the other boot. The toes of his now bare foot traced up the back of her thigh before planting on her left cheek to help with the second boot. She looked at him over her shoulder and smiled. It was a devastating smile that would have taken Spike's breath away, if he'd had any to take.

The second boot gone, she grabbed the bottom of both legs of his jeans and with one clean jerk sent them hurling almost ten feet away. Giggling at that she slowly turned back toward him. She was magnificent, standing there between his ankles naked from the waist down and with her blouse open blowing slightly in the breeze making a peek-a-boo game with her firm, round breasts. Her hair waved in the breeze as she looked down at him and he realized they were both amazed at the beauty of the other.

On the ground with his torn shirt and no pants, Spike was striking. His skin was like moonlight against the black of his duster, his blonde hair all mussed, and those blue eyes that seemed to reflect a sunlit sky. She had never seen this in him before, the beauty of him. It took her by surprise, and it moved her, the wetness between her thighs making it's presence known to her, and from his expression, to him as well.

She knelt between his knees, her arms at her sides and watched him watch her. And still, neither one of them spoke. Her fingertips found their way to his knees, one hand on each, and with her nails she traced up the top of his thighs to his hipbones. His eyes remained focused on her face, just her face, only faltering when she reached the top and he closed them for just a moment as she reached his lower abdomen, gasping another unneeded breath. Spurred on by him, she took her nails in the opposite direction, then turning her hands over and letting her palm and fingers feel their way up his inner thighs until they reached the tuft of curls that protected his groin. She twirled her fingers there for a moment as she broke her gaze from him and admired his large, thick organ, still glistening from her own juices. It made her smile and it made her eager to touch and explore him more. She saw it twitch beneath her watchful eye and she smiled back up into his face.

He had absolutely no idea what she was going to do next. The exquisite feeling of her fingertips and nails and palms on his body were almost unbearable in the surge of want it drew from him. He could hardly stand not being inside her, wanting to throw her onto her back and plunge himself deeply into her again and again. But he also saw the need for patience here. She was curiously exploring him and he didn't want to break that spell or her focus. She could just as easily change her mind and stake him, or, in this vulnerable position, worse!

With a mischievous grin up at him, she dipped her head between his thighs and slowly, licked him from the very bottom of his sack up the shaft to the very tip of his cock, letting her tongue dance around the now exposed tip and dip inside the tiny slit there. If he had a heart, it would have stopped. She stayed there, watching him to see his reaction before taking him fully into her mouth and sliding all the way down to the hilt, swallowing just once to tighten and caress him in her throat. A guttural cry of intense pleasure reverberated throughout him, and she lifted her eyes just enough to see the expression on his face. Ultimate joy. It was unmistakable ... and she was thrilled. She took three more long, slow strokes with him in her mouth when he rose slightly and reached for her.

She wasn't quite sure what he was doing, but she could tell he did not want her to stop. She relaxed and waited for him to guide her, as he moved his hands through her hair and onto her shoulders. He pressed lightly with his left hand, urging her to move to one side, so without removing her mouth, she climbed over his right leg and felt his right hand slide down her back and over her rump, cupping it underneath. His touch felt so good, but he wasn't through, he wanted more than that, as was obvious when he cupped her on the right side and began guiding her closer to him until her knees were next to his torso. She removed her mouth from him and looked over her shoulder at him curiously. He chuckled quietly, having forgotten she didn't exactly have a wealth of intimate experiences. "It's okay, pet. Don't stop," and he punctuated it with a smile full of desire.

As she took him in her mouth once again, he took her left leg and straddled her across his chest so that she had one knee on either side of his ribcage. There before him were the velvet petals of the most beautiful rose he had ever seen, her soft folds wet and swollen and ready for him like a flower beckoning the sun to bless it with a kiss. He inhaled the scent of her arousal and could hardly contain himself. His long, thick tongue began to explore her outer folds as he gently drew them into his mouth. Buffy gave a quiet squeal at the first unexpected touch and then dissolved into whimpers of pleasure as he began to lick and suck her. She replied in kind, pulling and sucking him in a matched pace. He plunged his tongue into her depths, rolling it and pulsing into her, making her moan around his throbbing cock. It was too wonderful.

His probing hand moved up her thighs to her rear end and caressed both cheeks in slow circles before trailing up her back and then down to her sides, just feeling the swell of her breasts pressed against his stomach. His tongue never stopped teasing and tracing and circling her opening and around her clit, making her squirm in want. She began to pant, pumping her sweet mouth up and down him in time, moaning as he worked his magic on her. He felt himself about to cum, holding on as long as he could to the torture of her tongue and lips and just as he reached that edge, sucked her clit deeply into his mouth, tapping lightly it with his tongue.

They exploded together in a mass of moans, neither wanting to release the other from the ecstasy and thus prolonging them both. Wave after wave of pleasure blinded Buffy while at the same time Spike contracted and emptied himself into her throat. She swallowed each time she felt him spurt into her, pulling him further in and making each contraction another jolt of incredible pleasure. When they could take no more, they simultaneously collapsed, gently removing their mouths from the others' now overly sensitive throbs as they panted and sighed into one another. Spike noticed his chest was covered with her juices and he breathed deep her scent once more. She was delicious, even more so now.

When they had both relaxed a few moments, Spike tenderly pushed her legs to one side and pulled her face to his, covering her mouth with his kiss, each of them tasting themselves on the other.

She murmured into his mouth, "oh my god ... that was ..."

"Incredible? Indeed it was, luv," and he kissed her firmly again, drawing her tongue into his mouth and sucking it gently.

When the kiss was ended, they rested for a moment, Buffy nestling her head into Spike's neck, breathing him into her lungs and then relaxing into him again. Both of their bodies seemed to be humming with the afterglow of passion, and Spike's arms encircled her, holding her to him as they both drifted off contentedly there on the exposed floor of the woods.

CHAPTER 4

When Buffy began to stir, the moon was very high over them, shining down like a spotlight on their mostly naked bodies. A soft, satisfied moan escaped her lips as she moved about a little, turning up toward the sky and looking for the stars which were scattered further out from the moon's intense glow. Pine needles framed the heavenly portrait against the deep ebony of the night sky.

She felt Spike's arm tighten around her, trying to keep her there, a silent plea from him, "Not yet, stay a little longer, not yet." She sank back down into him, pressing her cheek to his cool, smooth chest. He relaxed back into sleep.

Buffy's eyes wandered over his body as she felt herself beginning to need him again. Fingertips traced the well-defined muscles of his stomach which led joyfully to the tiny cave of his navel and from there the soft curls which were already luring her to explore and taste him again. She sighed. Why did this feel so right? She should be horrified at what had happened and that she was still lying there naked with Spike, SPIKE, in the middle of the woods. But she wasn't horrified. She was dreamy and warm and floaty. There they lay, bathed in moonlight and a few remaining remnants of their clothing, surrounded by trees and the heavens and the distant sound of crickets and she felt strangely at peace.

She felt his lips in her hair, a whisper coming over her. "You awake, luv?" His voice was calm and subdued, two things that never described Spike. She liked it.

"Uh-huhmmm" she cooed into him, tilting her head up toward him and losing herself for just a moment in the intense blue eyes which were looking at her with adoration. He was so incredibly beautiful, sculptured like a Michelangelo statue, marble-hued skin that appeared soft and welcoming contrasting with the sharp angles

of his features. Just his appearance alone was a contradiction, like so much of the rest of Spike ... the vampire who couldn't feed and couldn't fight humans, but could beat the Hell out of any other creature. His vicious nature was legendary amongst vampires, vicious creatures themselves, yet, lying here with him under a blanket of stars and moonlight, she felt anything but threatened.

"We have a few hours before sunrise." He'd have loved to move indoors, somewhere a little less exposed, where they could sleep the rest of the night and half the day. He didn't dare mention it. He was afraid to say more, afraid that she'd come to her senses and bolt out of the woods like a frightened deer.

"Mmmmm, good," she moaned warmly and snuggled into him, wanting to be closer.

He placed a light kiss on her forehead. It was curiously affectionate, not the urgent passion that they had experienced earlier, the desperate grasping and taking of each other. It was like a seal on what had happened. A simple, gentle kiss. It made her toes tingle. Maybe he truly did love her, she thought to herself. Perhaps all those months of his obsessive, stalker-ish behavior had something real and soulful behind it. Soulful. Not exactly the right word for a vampire, but still she felt that from him, felt something within him which was gratified to be wrapped around her, not just a somewhat sinister sexual attraction. His grip tightened on her again as if he could sense her thoughts, just a tiny squeeze and he relaxed again. She suddenly spoke.

"I liked ... what you did, uh, what we did."

"What, luv?" Spike was lost in his own thoughts, reliving every moment they'd had in the last few hours, retracing the passion that passed between them.

Her voice softened as she looked up at him more earnestly. "I liked it a lot."

Finally realizing what she was saying, a broad smile spread across his lips. God, she was beautiful, the perfect mixture of hard and soft, her features smallish, almost pixyish, but the curves of her body and the soft sheen of her hair made her an incredible combination of love and strength. He could easily see himself staying with her, and her alone, for the rest of forever. This was no longer a silly, obsessive crush to him, she had become more important than some infatuation. Without even knowing it, she had been entrusted with his heart, all longing and desire, now entrusted to this sweet face with the hazel eyes.

"I didn't."

"Huh??" Buffy was stunned. She stiffened, lifting her head off his chest and looking at him incredulously.

Spike gently stroked her cheek with the back of his fingers. "It was much more than like, pet. Much more." His hand buried itself into her hair pulling her up toward his face. She softened beneath his touch and his words. He'd tricked her for only a moment and she had been ready to continue with pounding him rather than ... this. Their lips touched softly and an electrical current seemed to surge through them both, igniting their desire again.

Without parting their lips, Buffy climbed up on him again, her knees hugging his sides as her hands explored up his chest onto his shoulders and down his jacket-covered arms. He was overdressed. Urgently, with their lips still hungrily attached, they worked together to get his duster and what was left of his shirt shaken off his arms, while at the same time, Buffy slipped out of her open blouse. They lay there completely naked, an intertwined tangle of limbs, lips, and torsos, exploring and touching and kissing. Each kiss was deeper, more penetrating as their tongues caressed in a delicious slow dance.

Buffy caressed his shoulders, gently running her hands down each of his muscular arms, squeezing him so tightly he gave a cringe of rebellion which melted into a moan of pleasure. His hands gently traced the swell of her hips and lifted her slightly, shifting her down so that the fire burning inside them could touch and mingle. When his hardened shaft met her moist lips, they moaned in pleasure together. He remained outside her, shifting his hips in small circles so that the full length of his cock caressed and stroked her

sensitive and throbbing clit. She pressed against him, he pressed back, keeping up the sweet, agonizing massage that was quickly sending them both of the edge of an erotic cliff. It was slow and soft and seductive and compelling, without the urgency of the previous hours. He was dragging this out, making it last, making it more like love than sex. Part of Buffy objected, love with Spike was just not an option; but a larger part gave into it completely, reveling in his touch, his skill, and the love which hung on him like a sparkling aura wanting to engulf her.

She squirmed, trying to force him inside her. "Spike " She wanted him badly, very badly, and he was torturing her, withholding himself until she was reaching a point of frustration.

"Mmmmmm, almost, pet, almost," he cooed beneath her perpetuating his slow, circular rhythm. "Almost."

"Let me Spike ... I want to co... ohhhmmmm," she couldn't stand it. She began plotting revenge against him. He was cruel, he was deliberately keeping her balancing on the edge of ecstasy and holding her there. No fair. She wanted to come, and he wouldn't let her. He was going to be so punished.

Spike smiled up at the tortured face of the Slayer. He was having great difficulty himself. There was little else he wanted right now more than to plunge deeply inside to her very core and be surrounded and squeezed by her until he died from it. But ... he wanted her to ask for it, he wanted her to realize she how much she needed and wanted this. Wanted him. And if he gave into her now, and filled her, it would be forgotten, everything would be forgotten. He wanted her to know it, see them for what they were. Lovers.

Buffy began to whimper softly. She just couldn't stand it anymore, and he made it worse by trailing his fingertips up her sides and brushing delicately across both her nipples. She gasped and her head dropped back as a tiny cry escaped her lips. She lifted, determined to capture him inside her, and he deftly slipped slightly to the side to avoid it. It was not easy, but he managed it, and she persisted a few more times until it was obvious to her he was not going to come into her until he was good and ready. "What does he want?" she thought desperately. "Spike" she was breathless and urgent.

"What, pet?" He pressed firmly onto the hardened button of her clit, feeling it pulse on top of him.

"Let me ..." she tried to speak.

"What, pet?" he grinned a little but didn't let up on her even the tiniest bit, "What do you want, pet?"

"Want ... to ..." her mind was fuzzy, were words coming out of her mouth?

"Want to what, pet? Just ask, and it's yours." His voice was soft and seductive and washed over her like the crashing tide waiting to engulf them both.

She whimpered again, and the words began to form, "Spike ... want ... to ... " she was panting now, urgently needing him, all she had to do was tell him, to say it. "Please ..."

That was enough. Please. She'd said please. She'd asked for him. "Spike, please." His non-beating heart filled up and exploded as he arched his back and drove deeply into her. She screamed, her cry filling the air with the sounds of pleasure as the touch of him in the deepest part of her sent her sailing over that cliff like she could fly.

Spike held back for himself, he wanted to wait and bring her to climax again, perhaps several times, and at last he would let them come together. As she was just returning to him, he slipped out of her and rolled her over. She willingly went, basking in afterglow and settling onto her back, wrapping herself around him, arms, legs, her very being, panting and moaning softly at every touch and sensation. She could feel his need all over her, surrounding her, why was he holding back?

He pushed her knees up toward her shoulders, opening her up to him as he pressed the length of his torso onto her and slathered her face, lips, and neck with passion-filled kisses. She could feel his still fiercely

erect cock pressing against her bottom, rubbing against her and begging for release. Spike's hungry mouth gradually worked his way down to her chest, nipping at her knees on either side of his head and flicking his cool tongue over each of her nipples, making them pucker yet again. He grabbed her ankles, holding them against the soft cheeks of her ass, her knees immobilized at her shoulders as he delved down even further, licking and sucking her skin, leaving a little blazing trail of passion behind. He was amazing, an unspoken poet of such artistry she could think of nothing else but him. Over a hundred years of intimacy had not tarnished him in the least and had, in fact, made him a master of it. He knew exactly what he was doing and he was delighting in showing her how he could make her body absolutely sing with his tongue, his mouth, his hands, his everything.

He moved down even further, burying his mouth into her soft curls and swirling his tongue around her swollen lips, teasing her. He could taste the sweet juices of her arousal and it made him moan into her, sending tingles of pleasure through them both. He licked her, softly from just above the tiny hole of her anus up the shivering flesh of her womanhood without breaking the field, yet using just enough pressure to let the urgency inside her know what he would be bringing to her very soon.

He casually tossed her left ankle over his right shoulder, her foot dangling down his back as he let his right hand caress the back and inside of her thigh, drawing tiny circles of pleasure. Slowly, too slowly, he brought his fingers and his mouth together over her, hovering for just a moment before softly probing open her lower lips and sending his tongue into the promised land to lap and taste her, fingers pressing to her opening as his tongue circled her clit in a relentless exploration of her. He used first one finger, then two to spread her juices around, touching and teasing her flesh, but never completely entering her.

She was lost, absolutely lost to the pleasure he was giving her. Nothing on earth had ever felt so wondrous, so exciting, so right. How did he do this? How could he know just what to do to make her feel like this, so completely helpless to stop. She wanted him never to stop, not ever. His mouth, his fingers, his body, the scent of him which made her dizzy with its intoxicating mix of musk and cool breezes, everything about him devoured her now, and she never wanted to leave.

Spike himself was hanging on in agony; he had been so intent on exploring her that he had ignored his own aching need. He almost had her exactly where he wanted her. As his tongue flicked and danced around her, toying with her opening, teasing her that he might come inside, but never actually doing it, he allowed one fingertip to drop lower, and with the most gentle touch imaginable circled her anal opening.

Fire shot through Buffy as she writhed beneath him. Everything he did was exquisite as she soared off the precipice of orgasm again in the unbelievable release he brought her.

He eased up on her ever so slightly, whispers of tiny touches caressing her as she catapulted away and back in ecstasy. Once she returned again, he began again, teasing, touching, licking, nipping at her, building her up for another explosive moment. She wanted to stop him, she really did. But she couldn't. She was powerless and helpless and she didn't care at this moment if he killed her, as long as he never stopped doing what he was doing.

Her breathing speeded up again and Spike knew this was the one he wanted most of all. A final orgasm to bring them together like combined comets shooting across the sky. He felt it, he felt it coming in them both as her clit begged and begged for more attention from him and as he willingly gave it, mercilessly. As he felt her reaching the point of no return yet again, he eased off, then pressed again, and eased off again, prolonging her, making her dangle on the edge again then in one smooth movement he lifted her hips and slid his body up her full length, capturing her lips in his just as he entered her fully, feeling her squeeze and shudder around him. It was glorious. They came together, her with a whimpering cry of relief and him with a growl of ultimate ecstasy, a rapturous duet washing them both out to sea, as wave after wave of pleasure drown them into each other with each long, deep stroke, joining them in a way no two could possibly have ever been joined, both living and dying at the same time ... together.

At that moment, they became one. Entirely and completely. They both knew that nothing between them would ever be the same again. They had passed the boundaries of sexual gratification and moved into

lovmaking ... no interference from others, no consciences filling them with guilt and shame, no thoughts of duty or responsibility, of violence or or slaying or vampires or humans or demons. They were together ... and it changed what they would be to each other forever.

CHAPTER 5

Buffy awoke from her brief respite with a start, jerking almost entirely off the ground. Spike placed a kiss into her hair, cooing softly to her until he felt her relax into him again.

Buffy stirred a little, urging her mouth up to his for a quick kiss and then moving across to his ear. "I'm hungry," she whispered.

"Well, luv, it's too early for coffee, but I might be able to ..."

"Not that kind of hungry," she said with a smirk and began licking his chest in long, slow strokes. Spike purred, the sensation was so delicious, and he gave himself over to her, letting her touch and taste him at her whim with no guidance or urging from him. She was incredible at this, adventurous, eager, passionate, pushing the envelope of "acceptable" into a divine mixture of pleasure and pain. She nibbled at him, even bit him a few times, as if she were trying to devour him all at once.

Buffy continued exploring him, massaging him, gently turning him over so that she could find more delightfully sensitive areas. She nibbled at his thighs, tickled the backs of his knees and slowly worked her way up to his buttocks where she sunk her teeth in with a playful hunger that sent a wave of passion through him. God, he loved this girl. She straddled his backside and began tracing tiny circles with her tongue up his spine, stopping now and then to scrape her teeth along his shoulder blade. He moaned in approval. The slippery wetness between her thighs began to bathe him, moistening the backs of his legs as she slid her body around him. The scent of her arousal permeated the air like the enticement of fresh blood seducing him to feed. She was wonderful.

Her breath on the back of his neck heralded other delights, her nipples, hard and aching pressed against him, tiny darts of sharpened flesh teasing the muscles of his back with what he could have if he could reach them. She knew what she was doing, he could feel her amusement and excitement at his reaction to her tiny, but powerful, movements. She began to rub his back, without using her hands but damned near every other part of her body. Her soft flesh, warm and supple and wanting on him. She reached for his wrists and pushed his arms up over his head, opening up his sides where she places whisper soft kisses and tickles of eyelashes until he writhed beneath her. She caressed him with the backs of her nails, softly at first, then turning her hands over and scratched his pale skin with sharper edges, leaving pathways of tiny welts. It was an incredible mix of feather softness and unexpected pain, neither intense, but an almost impossible contrast. Hardened nails were followed by her hungry tongue, lapping the flesh of his sides, tracing each rib.

His erection throbbed against the ground, urgent and unyielding and pulsing with each new dance step her body carried out. He didn't know if he wanted her to stop or never to stop, his mind void of thought when his body was so aroused. He wanted her so badly, had to have her, had no idea it could really be like this ... especially with her. This was so free of banter and animosity and ambivalence. It was Buffy, tenderly and lovingly doing these things to him ... and allowing him to do them back.

When he could take no more, he tried to turn over, quieting urging her to let him face her, but she wasn't having it. She enjoyed the torture. She enjoyed the power it gave her over him. So did he. She turned around, perched on his buttocks, her soft arse rubbing against his and grinding his groin into the ground as she ran her fingertips down the backs of his thighs, followed by her chest, letting her nipples tickle the back of his knees. Finally, she grasped his feet and pulled them toward her, sitting on his lower back once again. She rubbed the soles of his feet, pressing deeply into the arch. Tugging at his toes, she popped the joints, then massaged them one at a time. She started on his ankles kissing them, gnawing a little at the ankle joints and licking into the soft area just behind them.

Spike decided it was already a good thing he was dead because if he weren't already, he certainly would be now. What she was doing was exquisite and the titillation of it was even more erotic by the constant presence of her wet sex pressing relentlessly into his back.

Buffy began to draw invisible tattoos on his calves with her tongue, tugging at the tiny hairs with her teeth while her hands, seemingly independent of the rest of her, began running up the outsides of his thighs. She squeezed and kneaded the muscles there, then slid around him so that her hands were now on the tops of his thighs with their combined body weight pressing down on them. Curling her fingers, her nails bit into his legs. He cringed but followed that with a sigh of pleasure as he felt tiny drops of blood begin to run down her fingers into her palms. The smell of it startled Buffy but aroused her even more and she ground her pelvis further into his back, her warm, wet juices coating him, the scent of them both mingling and complimenting each other in the air like fine wine and cheese.

Spike couldn't take any more. He straightened his legs and parted them, smiling when he felt Buffy fall between them having lost her center of balance. He rolled over and sat up, grabbing her by the shoulders and dragging her between his legs across his now painful erection and into his arms. He wrapped his arms tightly around her, pressing her roughly to his chest and holding her there with one arm while he wrapped her legs around his waist with the other. She struggled just a little, but the moment his hard prick pressed against the surging heat between her legs, she surrendered completely and instead wriggled around in an effort to get him inside her. He wouldn't allow it, staying just out to the side, making her whimper and beg for it.

"Spike please please, please, please, please, please....." she mewed at him with a pitiful, little girl voice.

"Naughty girl, you have to wait for it now. I'd like to paint a bit first." His eyes flashed as his clipped, British accent cut straight through to her heart like a stake. She even felt herself crumbling to dust around it, and she succumbed to his seduction with hardly a fight. She lowered her chin and looked into him, softening, showing the surrender in her eyes. Rather than speak, and break the still ringing sound of his voice in the air, she kissed him deeply, swirling her tongue inside his mouth first and then drawing his into hers. He released her when they were both ready yet he continued to hold her lower lip between his as he pulled away, stretching it, holding onto it as long as he could before releasing her mouth completely. She shivered.

"That's right, pet," and he began his artistry on her body. Dipping his fingertips into the blood on his thighs, he began to draw on her, eloquent patterns interwoven like Celtic symbols across her chest and over onto both her shoulders. Up her throat he placed interspersed dots and lines in a detailed pattern that seems to grow from the Celtic ones below it. He used her forehead for a bloody sun that rays beamed down onto her cheeks, at the edges of her eyes and vanished into nothing at her jaw line. Just above her breasts he painted a red sea, which undulated and moved as she breathed. Her arms were covered with more Celtic symbols and when he had finished she looked like a warrior, painted to go into battle. The blood, which was already dark, dried quickly, leaving dark patterns on her skin, and the scent of his blood on her skin nearly drove him to madness. He had kept tight control while he worked, but now, admiring her, it was all he could not to engulf her entire body at once and swallow her whole.

He started at her breasts, which were noticeably pale and white, with few traces of the blood paint on them. He licked them hungrily, taunting her nipples and sucking on her skin as if there were something on it. He worked his way up her chest to her shoulders, swathing a pathway through the symbols to her throat. That in itself was artistry, removing the blood in specific trails which left patterns within the patterns. He lingered at the hollow in her throat and she felt an involuntary guttural moan seep through her body as she let her head drop back. She wasn't sure if it had come from her or him, and at this point didn't really care. He licked a particular area of her neck completely clean and left the puncture scar from Angel and Dracula covered with his blood. He took the blood sunrays one by one with long strokes of his tongue from chin to forehead. Whenever he passed her lips, he would pause and reward her for being his canvas with deep, probing kisses which made his still hard cock twitch against her, thrilling them both. He left the detailed drawings on her arms and chest and the scarred part of her neck for her to see later. An odd remembrance

of their first time together, a picture she might see in the mirror when she got home. His heart cringed at the thought. The last thing he wanted to think about now was this ending. Ever.

His hands began to explore her body again, touching and caressing the spots he had already marked as her favorites. He learned quickly. Decades of experience. He shifted her up slightly and took her nipple into his mouth, sucking on it almost savagely until she cried out and then bringing her down onto him, filling her to the core with his cold, hard shaft. He held tight control over both of them as he pushed into her fiercely then withdrew slowly, aching until she whimpered when he would plunge in again. He suckled her, biting her lightly, suckled more until she was screaming for release. He moved to her neck, the clean spot, far away from other bite marks, this was his spot, when she was ready, this would be just for him. But she would have to ask him for it, beg him for it. When she was ready.

As he drew her flesh into his mouth once more she bucked against him, heaving and desperate to finish, to peak and rush all over him, to feel him filling her and devouring her at the same time. Once more. Twice more, and they came together in a fierce tumble of uncontrolled passion. He claimed her mouth as he spilled into her, her cream mixing with his as they convulsed in a tangle of limbs and lips and collapsed intertwined together on the leaf-strewn floor of the woods, all but unconscious.

CHAPTER 6

Spike awoke to the sound of birds. This was something he hadn't experienced in probably several years, possibly decades. You can't hear morning birds underground as a rule, and ... his eyes flew open.

"Bloody Hell!"

The sun was almost up, he probably had 5 minutes at the most. The feel of it was singing it's warning on every inch of his skin. He tried to roust the slumbering Slayer next to him.

"Slayer," he was soft at first, then more urgent, "Slayer!" He slipped from her grasp and gathered his clothes, which were impressively scattered about rather than in the neat little pile he thought he had left. They must have thrashed over them several times during the night. He couldn't help but smile at that a little. He tried one more time to wake Buffy, but she was sleeping so prettily he really hated to. Her expression was one of calm and fulfillment such as he had never seen on her face. He hadn't the heart to force her to wake up just so he could get his own arse to safety, though at this particular moment it might have been worth bursting into flames to hold her naked against him for just awhile longer.

He dressed quickly, then gathered her clothes as well, nudging them up against her body and then covered her with his duster, tucking it in tightly around her. She stirred a little, murmuring, "... don't ... go ..."

"I have to, luv." He bent down and kissed her softly on the forehead, whispering across her ear, "Come to me when you wake up." With that he broke into a dead run back to his crypt, making the entrance just as the first rays of morning sunlight hit his doorway.

Buffy dragged in just in time to get Dawn off to school with a breakfast of cold cereal and juice. She was still wearing Spike's duster. She could pretend it was because it was a chilly morning, but in actuality she enjoyed having it wrapped around her. It smelled of cigarettes and leather and Spike. It was comforting, a cozy reminder of their night together.

"Rough night?" her little sister asked.

"Sorta. Why?" replied Buffy, trying to hide any hint of defensiveness.

Dawn was matter-of-fact, "You have grass and pine needles in your hair. I'm going to the Magic Shop after school to help Tara with a project, then we're going out for pizza. Is that okay?" Buffy nodded, she liked that Dawn still spent time with Tara. "See ya after then." She grabbed her book bag and was off.

Buffy went upstairs to change and shower. She could feel him all over her, every inch of her skin, her hair, the intimate parts of her which had been touched and fondled and licked by him throughout the night. She was a little reluctant to shower him off of her, as if doing so would take away the memory of what had happened. She had no idea how she was going to "deal" with this, or even if she was. It had happened. There was no real reason for it other than she needed to feel, needed to be touched, and he had been there. "It could just as easily have been someone else," she thought to herself, and even as she thought it she knew it was a lie. He was exactly what she had wanted.

She'd spent these months, and many months before her death, belittling Spike's professed feelings for her. She couldn't bring herself to believe he could be capable of anything more than entirely self-centered interests. But since she came back, she had noticed the little things. She never commented about them, but she noticed them. He never hesitated to watch over Dawn when she asked him to. She knew he had been her almost constant companion and protector over the summer, but he had also been her friend, and that almost meant more to Buffy than his determination to keep her safe. Dawn had lost so much last year, it had to be a burden on Spike to spend so much time with her, yet apparently he never complained and was always there when he was needed.

She had also noticed how, even when she was patrolling alone, she wasn't really alone. She could feel him close by, watching over to be sure she wasn't outnumbered. Several times he "happened to be in the neighborhood" at just the right time to bail her out of a marginal mess. He never mentioned it, never brought it up to her, never considered it a debt. He kept his feelings for her to himself. He had learned that the more he spoke of them, the more annoyed she became and the more she denied it. So he had kept it to himself. She noticed. She appreciated it, too. She had too much to deal with as it was already to have to contend with a lovesick vampire stalking her.

Last night changed things. Sure, as much as she hated to admit it, she had needed a man last night. She had needed big strong arms to hold her, hands to caress her, lips to kiss away the fears and doubts. It had been so long and she had felt increasingly vulnerable and alone, but it had been more than that. At least after the first time. They hadn't just had hours and hours of mind-blowing sex, there were hours of making love, and not just once either.

She started the shower warming up and began to undress, noticing right off and remembering the paintings on her arms and chest. Blood. It was his blood. The initial thought made her cringe. Blood. But then she looked at her body in the mirror, the detailed patterns and artistry. He had done this with blood and his fingers. It was amazing; she couldn't imagine what he could have done with a brush and real paints. She hated the thought of washing it off. Somehow it was a way of keeping him with her.

She brushed off some of the dried flakes and climbed into the shower watching much of it wash away under the warm water, going down the drain in brown swirls.

She felt his hands slide around her waist, caressing her stomach, washing her with delicately scented soap. His hands were gentle and glorious on her, tracing her ribs, her belly, her hipbones and finally reaching her breasts. Her nipples hardened immediately from his cool touch, the suds coating her skin and his hands and making his fingers slide over her softly. She gasped and leaned back into him ... then startled when her back hit the cold tile of the shower wall. Damn.

She washed her hair, rinsed off and got out of the shower. As she dried off, she noticed a slight residual pattern on her skin from his painting. It was shadowy and hardly noticeable and would no doubt wash off soon enough. She wished it wouldn't. She liked that he had made a work of art from her body and his blood. Something about it made her feel a part of something important, a part of him. In the meantime, though, it would probably be best not to show it off too much. She smiled at herself in the mirror and slipped on a long-sleeved top and decided to wear her hair down to at least partially conceal the patterns on her

neck. She looked closer at it and smiled again. He had included Angel and Dracula's bite marks into the pattern to the point they were invisible unless you knew they were there. He had, in this strange way, erased their marks on her. Her lips spread into a shy, secretive smile.

Spike had found it difficult to sleep when he got back to his crypt. He had laid down upstairs, downstairs, on the bed, on the floor, in a chair, anywhere he thought he might be able to get comfortable enough to sleep for a little while. It wasn't happening. She was haunting him, the Slayer. He could smell her and feel her everywhere, all over him, all around him. It was Drusilla's prophesy all over again. "Poor Spike," she had said.

After awhile, he gave up and pulled out one of his favorite volumes, settled into the ratty, overstuffed chair next to the bed and began to read for a spell.

Buffy came in upstairs and announced herself before climbing down to his bedroom. She usually just barged in, so he noticed and appreciated the difference. She looked somewhat fresher but not nearly as contented as she had been when he left her asleep in the woods. His duster was tossed over her arm. She tried to say something, but it got caught. She rolled her eyes and cleared her throat, "G'morning. I, um, thought I'd return this." She placed his coat over a chair and stammered a little more. "Um, thank you."

"You're welcome, pet." His voice was calm and controlled and silky. "Did you get some sleep?" She started to bristle. How dare he be so coy about it. Of course she hadn't slept much, they'd humped like bunnies all night long, what on earth made him think she had slept at all, leaving her in the forest alone like that, naked and abandoned, where anyone or anything could have found her. She ought to beat him senseless ... except ... right now, she was the one with no sense.

"A little," her voice was annoyingly soft and peaceful, she hated it, but it just kept coming out like that, all girlish and happy. "I woke up when the sun hit me in the face." Okay, so he had a good reason to leave her there alone. Waking up next to a big pile of dust would have been decidedly worse than waking up alone. "Um, thanks for leaving your coat." She felt stupid. Thank you for the coat? She wanted to say, "Thank you for the incredible night, for your tenderness, your depth, your touch, your sensitivity to every breath I take, for every part of you that touched every part of me", but all she had come up with was, "Thanks for leaving your coat."

Spike nodded. He wasn't really sure what to say to her. He was trying to let her set the pace, it was just safer that way. He wanted to ravage her right there ... throw her over that chair and continue where they left off last night, discovering any parts of her he might have missed and any other lovely ways he could find to make her come over and over again for only him. But ... she was playing it cool, so he did, too. As much as it pained him. She looked and smelled good enough to eat, not in that way, well, yes, in that way, but not in a grrrr-argh kind of feeding way. Bollocks, how could he be babbling in his mind?

"You looked so peaceful, I didn't want you to get cold," he said. Inside, he taunted himself, "Way to go, Spike, could you be any more lame?"

An awkward silence hung in the air. She looked at him, then when he looked at her, she'd look away, and vice versa until Buffy finally started shuffling toward the trap door up to the main crypt.

"Um, I guess I should be coming, er, going," she stammered, then screamed inside her head, "Please, God, tell me I didn't just say that!"

Spike stifled a smirk, it wasn't easy. It was, however, very easy to see where Buffy's head was this morning. He stood and approached her, standing just a little too close, pitching his voice a little low but not really seductive. He still had this ingrown fear that she would kick his arse if he tried to seduce her. Again.

"Thanks for returning my coat, pet," he said. "You didn't have to, I could have gotten it later." The hidden meaning was there, she didn't have to bring it back, but she had, and in so doing had managed to see him again only a few hours after they were soundly sleeping naked in the forest. It was almost amusing how neither of them was saying anything about it, this vain attempt to pretend it didn't happen.

She could smell him

"Oh, well, um, it was no bother. Um, thanks." She started to leave.

"Buffy" Spike started to say something.

She stopped and turned back toward him finding herself in his arms. Her breathing became shallow and her heart quickened. Spike could hear it and feel it and it made her that much more enticing to him. His eyes closed involuntary as he let the delicious scent of her surround him, then he pressed his lips to hers, just to taste her again, just a little.

"Spike ..." she murmured his name into his mouth, "We can't. We ...," she gasped, "... shouldn't."

"As you wish, luv," he pulled back and looked into those hazel eyes. "You say 'can't' or 'shouldn't', but Buffy," he used her name again, rather than spitting out 'Slayer' as he had a million times before, "what do you want?"

Looking up into the sky that seemed to live in his eyes, she didn't know how to respond. She wanted to say she wanted him, that she wanted things to be less complicated, that she wanted to spend more time like they did last night, touching each other in such a way that connected them more than just sexually. She kept searching his eyes and finally just replied honestly, "I don't know ... that's why we shouldn't"

"I can accept that, luv," he said with a playful smile. It wasn't a rejection, she wasn't kicking his arse, it was a very murky "maybe" she was giving him. He could wait.

As she turned to go up the ladder, he followed her up. He didn't want to press things, he didn't want to make her think about it too much. He knew she'd start talking herself into believing this was wrong somehow, that it was really empty and just interlocking bodies filling a need. He knew better. She did, too. He'd give her space and let her come to him when the time was right. He had all the time in the world to wait for her.

He watched her walk toward the heavy wooden door, the heels of her boots clacking against the stone floor. If she turned back toward him, he'd say goodbye or smile at her or some other appropriate pleasantries ... even though he still really just wanted to ravage her for several hours and then sleep tangled up in her hair and limbs for about forever.

As she opened the door, she turned back toward him, a tiny smile playing on her lips. "Spike?"

"Yes, pet?" He met her eyes.

"Patrol with me tonight?" She was shameless. She could have meant really patrol with her, for him to be her back up, or she could have meant he should back her up into the nearest tree and revisit last night. It was noncommittal and safe and in the hours ahead she could make it mean whatever she wanted it to.

Spike nodded at her, pushing back the smirk that was trying to force its way onto his face. He could be noncommittal, too, dammit.

"Oh, and Spike?"

"Mmm?"

She smiled at him with a mixture of vixen and coyness. "Bring your coat."

The End