

BLACK WIDOW

by Bogwitch



Warnings: Sex. Violence. *Sexual violence*. Strong language, including the 'c' word. Almost everything in other words.

Summary: Dark futurefic. Buffy has been missing for several years. When Spike goes to find her, he's in for a very deep shock.

Timeline: Post-Chosen, Post Not Fade Away. Near future.

Pairing: Spike/Buffy. Buffy/Other

Rating: NC-17

Disclaimer: No characters were harmed in the making of this fic (okay, maybe a bit). They do not belong to me, but are the property of Fox Entertainment and Mutant Enemy.

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Sweat gleams in harsh lamplight. Glistens on bare skin. The bunk protests. Springs shriek in time with ragged breaths and the rise and fall of Buffy's hips. Standard Army issue mattress. Rough blanket beneath her knees. Light metal frame that shakes as she fucks the vampire beneath her. A bed made for discipline and loneliness. Not for hours of this.

She's close.

Just a little more.

She quickens the pace. Grinds her clit against the pubic bone of her undead lover. Needs the friction. Needs his cock. The Army lets her bring them back. They don't give a damn as long as she dusts them when she's done. Stops the incidents the base personnel will only gossip quietly about. Keeps her occupied.

But this one is almost spent. Can't do much now but lie there while she takes what she wants. She's had a couple of hours, tops. Not nearly enough.

The camera whirs above her. Tracks in detail across her body. Doesn't miss a thing. Zooms in for close up where the vamp slips inside her. She smiles into the lens. Knows it's up there. Gives them a show. Knows the DVD will be all over the base by tomorrow. Doesn't care. Let them see. Let them find out what makes a Slayer tick. She could tell them if she wanted. Fighting and fucking. That's all there is. But it's more fun this way. Let them work it out.

A couple more thrusts...

She's there. Gasps loudly. Stretches back. Spine tight as a bow as she comes. Small round breasts strain upwards into hard points. Lean athletic limbs taut in ecstasy. Wave after wave. Rides them out. Heart thumping. Throws herself forward as she shudders. Her hips keep a languid rhythm to draw out the pleasure to its max. The last ripples of delight pulsing within her. Slowly diminishing to a delicious ache.

She leans in close to the vamp's face. Tempting him with her young hot blood. Just out of reach. Yellow eyes burn with hate, with wickedness. He growls. Been in game face the whole time. He's starving. Ravenous. He pulls weakly against the chains that secure him to the bed. Fails to get free. Just like every other time he's tried this week. He strains desperately towards any part of her he can get at. Her neck, her chin, her breasts. Pointless. Yesterday, she stuffed a rag in his mouth and pulled out his fangs.

Her hand reaches under the pillow. Searches for a moment, patting the mattress until she finds what she's looking for.

Got it.

Leans back again. Pelvic muscles squeeze him until his eyes roll back. Stakes him as he comes. Leaves her kneeling naked in greasy dust. Sly smile. All done. The kill feels as good as the climax.

She gets up. Stretches. Grabs a towel. Washes away the sweat and the semen from between her thighs. She's adjusted well to life bunker bound. Her quarters are private. She has her own shower, her own privileges. But they don't like her mixing with the soldiers on base. She's dangerous and some of the lunkheads have the scars to prove it. She's an experiment, not personnel.

She remembers only a little of her past life before the Government wiped it away. A few stray images that leak through her programming now and then. Faces she doesn't recognise, places she doesn't know. They don't make sense.

But all that really remains are impressions of disconnected emotions she can no longer feel. A bitter turmoil of grief, fear, love... loss. They make her cry in her sleep and when she wakes she doesn't understand what she's seen. So she pushes them away out of thought.

That stuff isn't important. Doesn't want to know what they mean.

She's all fixed now. Her mind feels cleaner. Uncluttered. Unburdened. The turbulence of all that emotion has gone. Life's simple. She lives to fight and to kill and to fuck. Doesn't want anything else.

She dries herself. Pulls on a set of loose black fatigues. Formless on her tiny body. Anonymous. Makes her way to the Mess Hall. Sex always makes her hungry. She sits and eats alone. Doesn't speak. Doesn't try. Eats as the Army boys leer. They talk about her. About what they've seen her do. About what they'd like her to do to them. They all want her. But they do not touch. Too scared of her. Scared of her power. Scared of her strength. Scared of what she is capable of. She's been ordered not to touch them and she doesn't anymore. They're not hers to play with.

That's fine with her. They're too fragile anyway. The human boys can't compare. Can't give a Slayer what she needs.

She ignores them. Checks the clock. Nearly time. She has her appointment with the docs. Medical check. Make sure she's functional, that all her enhancements still work. This is the new improved Buffy. The one with 100% more of everything. They made her faster, better, sharper. Made her into a real Killer.

They scan her. Give her the pills she needs to take. Measure her blood pressure, heart rate, brain activity. Note it all carefully down. The retina check is a little off. Reactions a little slow. Something's not quite right, but the stats still fall within parameters. Not gonna be a problem.

They want to add some updates to the chip in her head, just to make sure. Wire her up. Start the download.

It's gonna take awhile.

The Colonel wants to talk. Okay. She's going nowhere. Hands her a bunch of photographs. Ragbag bunch of youths hunting in a pack. Ten or twelve of them. Normal Saturday night kids if the game faces didn't give them away. They're new at this. Someone's been turning them wholesale. They look pretty dumb too.

"HSTs," the Colonel says. "Gang of vamps. Hang out by the Central Station. Lots of clubs round there. Been feeding on kids out having fun. This one," he adds another photo to the wad. Some guy. Punk type. White hair anti-camouflage.

Kinda hot despite that.

"Bit different. Loner. Average height. Slim build. Blond hair. Blue eyes. Designated Hostile 17 by the Sunnydale Initiative operation before it escaped, but known normally as Spike. It was I.D'd for us by an Agent Riley Finn, a Special Operative formerly attached to that unit. Rumours are that it has a soul, but we can't risk it. Too many innocent lives at..."

She's not listening anymore. Stares at the photographs instead. She doesn't care about the innocent. It's a distracting abstract she doesn't need. She needs something to kill. That's all.

The picture of Spike captivates her. Can't take her eyes off him. There's something about this one that draws her in. The others are stake fodder. They won't survive long even without her. This Spike looks powerful. A real fighter.

Spike.

Stupid to name them when they disappear so quick, but this is the one she wants to remember.

The docs let her go. She's done. Goes back to her quarters and gets ready. She hasn't been down near the Station for a while, but she still knows all the good clubs. The dark ones the vamps like best. So she dresses for dancing. Saturday night urban battle wear. Chooses clothes she thinks he'll like. All black. She's done with colours. A tight-fitted corset top with bondage-style chrome clips. Tiny tight-fitting hot pants. Sheer hose. High-heeled boots laced over her calves. Not made for running or fighting these boots. Made for bait. Lure him out of the shadows. Teach him a lesson he'll never forget.

Her mirror catches a harsh bob of dark hair, cut straight to her chin. Covers the surgery scars under her hairline. It's a short and practical style. She means business. Her skin is pale. City skin now. California tan and summer blonde a faded memory she can't quite catch. Over it goes a mask of heavy cosmetics. Red venomous lips. Dark dusky eyes full of Black Widow secrets. Long twilight lashes to seduce him into her web.

She grabs the stake from the rumped, dusty bed. Holsters it in the back of her hot pants like a six-shooter.

She's ready for him.

II

The club is stifling hot.

The air chokes. Dry ice, sweat and the acrid bite of cigarette smoke. Music pounds through it with fast thumping beats. Primal rhythms like sex and heartbeats and breath.

The dancefloor is packed with a press of bodies. Youth throwing off the worries of the week for a damn good time. Buffy hears their hearts beating as surely as she feels the pulsing techno.

Joins the dancers. Lets the music take her just for kicks. Loses herself for a while in the confusion of the swirling light show. Fantastic colours. Red to green to pink to blue. Stop start strobe. Strike a pose.

Nothing to it.

Doesn't let her guard drop too much. Always on the lookout. Enhanced hearing surveys the crowd for the dead. Slayer senses honed. Hopes to catch her bleached blond bad guy if she can. Counts off the pulses one by one. They all check out. But they're out there. She knows. Just needs to find them.

A few of the boys move in. Ever hopeful. She plays with them. Allows them a dirty little bump and grind, a few wandering hands, and she moves on. They're living. No good. Not what she's looking for.

Spots the first in the shadows near the DJ booth. He's standing at the edge of the dancefloor. Watching. Knocks back his beer and scans the crowd. Just like the other young men not drunk or brave enough to dance yet. There's a hunger in this one's eyes that sets him apart from the rest. Not looking for his friends or an easy lay. Wants a victim.

Allows the tide of the dancers to drift her over towards him. Gets his attention with a fuck-me glance and a cute little smile.

Oh yeah, he's hooked.

Swings his way. Takes his arm. Reels him in. Pulls him out into the dancers. He's just a boy really. Probably underage if he'd lived. Good-looking. Fresh-faced. Definitely dead. His hand is cold and citrine sparks glitter in his eyes when the spotlight catches them. He's newly risen. A couple of weeks at best. Can't quite pass as human. He's not very convincing.

Nice try, vamp, but it's all in the details.

He moves with her. She gets in close. Presses herself against him. Puts her arms around his neck. Lets him think she's just drunk and horny. A girl looking for a dance with a hot guy and maybe a bit more. He puts his hands possessively on her ass. Tonight she's just what he's looking for.

The song changes. They switch tempo to match. She dances with him for a while.

Don't make him suspicious.

Lets him feel her up as if they were doing this dance for real.

She leans in when she thinks he's ready. Whispers. "Let's go somewhere."

He smiles in reply. No warmth there.

She leads him to the restrooms. The quieter ones near the back. Bounces up onto the counter. Hooks him in with a leg. He moves in and kisses her. He's not very good, but he's enthusiastic at least. Teaches him a trick or two with her tongue. He's a quick learner.

When they break it off she looks straight into his game face. He's grinning. Thinks he's got her. But he's puzzled by the lack of screaming. Doesn't see the stake she has against his heart until she jabs him gently with it. Doesn't break the skin. She isn't finished with him yet.

"Get down," she snaps. "Get busy."

She slips off the hot pants and sets him to work. Back against the mirror. Bare ass on cold tile. Legs clamped around the vamp's broad shoulders. Closes her eyes and pushes herself against his fang-filled mouth. Winds her fingers round his hair. Digs into his scalp. She could twist his head off if he doesn't obey.

Might do it anyway.

She tries to get into the moment, but it doesn't work. He licks like a kitten. Laps at her cluelessly. Doesn't know what he's doing.

Useless.

Almost doesn't see the girl watching them by the door. She giggles uncomfortably, but doesn't interrupt.

Buffy turns and scowls at her. "Fuck off."

"I just..." the girl starts.

The glare Buffy gives her is lethal. The girl retreats back out into the club. The crash of the door makes the vamp beneath her look up. Wants to know what's going on. Doesn't get that privilege. She pushes his head back down.

Didn't tell him to stop.

She's getting bored though. Cuts her losses. The stake lands true. The vamp disintegrates into a peppery cloud. She pulls her pants back on and leaves his dust for the cleaners to puzzle over.

One down. Start again. Find the rest.

Grabs a drink from the bar. Just water. Drinks as she stalks the fringes of the crowd. Finds nothing. Just a bunch of kids. Starts checking the darker corners. Finishes the drink. Stops beside a booth where two women are necking entwined. One white. One black. Ying. Yang. Not a heartbeat between them.

One looks up. Auburn hair flicks over a slim shoulder. Reaches out. "Join us."

Buffy dumps the plastic glass on a table. Takes the cold hand. Settles between them. The black girl smiles at her partner. They think they've found someone to share.

Lips seek hers. Soft. Supple. They taste of lip-gloss and terror. Fingers behind stroke her hair, her arms. An eager tongue slips into her mouth as she runs a hand down the vampire's exposed spine. Over the criss-cross ties of the backless dress. There are lips on her neck too. Hands cupping her breasts. Running along her thighs. Sliding between her legs. Turns to meet another mouth, another tongue. Brasher. Hungrier. Fiercer.

A hand disappears into her top. A mouth kisses between her breasts. Someone finds her clit under the silky fabric. Rubs to the beat of the music.

Throws her head back. Closes her eyes. Invites them in.

Feels them change. Feels the bones shift against her skin. One is on her neck already. The hand over her clit rubs harder. Feels the prick of fangs over her pulse. Ready to bite. Sinks the stake in. The other gasps as her friend crumbles away. Pulls back. Angry. Never gets to realise it's her turn to be staked.

Stands. Doesn't see the new vamp before he grabs her. Struggles. But she's in an awkward position and all she can do is thrash. She's thrown into a back room, a store where the drinks are kept. It's dark and dirty. A little dank. Lands heavily against a crate. Slides to the cold concrete floor. Bottles rattle with anxious clinks.

Looks up. Four sets of amber eyes stare down at her. Three guys and the girl from the restroom. Looks like she's found them. Seems the girl's been telling tales. Should have spotted her for a vamp.

Careless.

Gets to her feet. Slowly. They don't know what they're dealing with. She won't give them reason to suspect. Let them think she's just some girl who got clued in.

"You killed Chrissie and Rena!" the vamp that grabbed her shouts. "You do Nico too? What about the others? Ryan? Quinn? Him too? What are we going to do without Quinn?"

Glares at him. Blank. She doesn't care who dusted the rest of his pals. Wasn't her. Should have been. Wasn't.

The vamp stares down at her. He's a big stocky guy. Probably a football player in life. He's expecting her to cower. Doesn't predict the smack to the jaw he gets. Returns her kick with a punch. All he knows how to do. Has a mallet of a fist. But the swing is slow. Predictable. She dodges. The vamp punches the wall.

He roars with rage. The girl flees. Runs into the stake before she even realises Buffy is there. Turns to get the others. But Stocky Guy is charging towards her. She throws the stake. Gets one.

Perfect.

Meets the charge. His superior bulk is overwhelms her despite her strength. He's irate now, running on instinct and fury. Bowls her over. Slams her against the crates again. Pins her. Vodka pools at her feet.

"I'll teach you little bitch a lesson you'll remember."

He grabs at the waistband of her hot pants. Tugs at them. His other hand tries to clasp her wrists. He can't do everything at once. The two other vamps step in to restrain her. One covers her mouth. Stocky Guy grins. But he doesn't get to strip her. Knee strikes his crotch. Hard. He drops. Rolls away. Howls.

She pushes from the floor. Breaks free. Flips onto the crates. Over and up. Lands on her toes. Bounces, jumps off. Jabs with her leg. Her heel punctures an eye. He screams. She lands. Grabs his friend by the collar and smashes his head into the wall.

When he falls he leaves a mark on the brick.

Turns back to Stocky Guy. He's recovering. Climbing onto his feet. He's sore and winded. She kicks him in the head. Follows it up with a disabling jab with her heel that doubles him over again.

She strolls over to the dropped stake. Picks it up. Puts Stocky's friends out of their misery. Goes back. Hauls Stocky Guy up onto his knees. No effort. The stake hovers close to his breastbone. Just a little to the left. Draws out the suspense.

He whimpers.

Pathetic.

She drinks in his fear. His eyes are watering but they track each circle the stake makes. She smiles. Tucks the stake back into her waistband. She twists off his head for the fun of it. Wipes off his dust.

Eight kills. All easy. Not enough. Needs more than that. Wants a real fight.

She needs to find this Spike.

III

Nothing here.

Buffy glances at the station clock. 01:22:36 AM. Still early for her.

There's no one here now all the travellers have left. Hours yet before the commuters wake up. Looks like the vamps have moved on too. Sometimes she'll catch the stupid ones here, even this late, hoping for one last easy picking. But the station closed hours ago and is all locked up. It's a bust tonight.

She gives up. Follows the platform out into the torrential rain. Down the dip to where there's only a chain link fence. It's high. Tall enough to keep the kids out, but she springs over it, landing in the yard behind. Out of habit, she makes a quick check to make sure nothing's nested here again. All clear this time. Nothing to fight here either. Slips out the back gate into the shabby backlot.

The rain drives hard into her face. Runs in torrents down her neck. Stings a little. Hair sticks to her cheek in wet kiss-curl curlicues. The rain never stops these days. She's soaked through to her skin. She barely notices.

Her heels hit the street *click click*. Wet sticky ground. Glossy tarmac. Streetlights shimmer in the gutter water. Sharp neons on fuzzy shop fronts. Crosses the road and ducks into an alley. Puddles are oily mirrors under her feet. Mirrors seeking deep into the soul she thinks lost.

What they see they do not say.

The alley is just dirt and junk and broken glass. Whatever had been here is long gone now. She follows it round behind the back of the shuttered shops. Picks her way through the mess of rusty dumpsters, past the overflowing piles of black plastic sacks. Finds a patch of fine dust and a cigarette butt behind some Chinese Take Out place that stinks of greasy cooking oil. The rain hasn't washed them away. They're fresh. Someone else is out hunting too.

She stops and listens.

The night is alive with sound. She hears heartbeats. Several. One has an irregularity that needs checking out. A wok clashes against a gas ring. Meat sizzles as it's flash fried. There's a chatter of Chinese she can't understand. A truck passes down the street she's just crossed, splashing through the surface water. A cat is purring. Someone is watching an action movie on an old TV.

It's all ambient noise.

She's tries to pick out the sounds that don't belong. Tuning all the rubbish out. Stretches her powerful hearing to its max. Finds what she's looking for. The angry shouts of a scuffle. A small splash as something heavy falls to the street. Follows the sounds to an old gas station. But the fight is over by the time she gets there. Only finds more dust turning to an ashy paste on the sidewalk. Looks about. Can't see anyone. Tries the narrow side street behind the disused car wash.

Finds him prowling the rainy streets like a shadow. Almost misses him at first, but the smoky ghosts of his cigarette give him away.

"You okay?" he asks. English. *Interesting*. "Shouldn't be out in this. Too many nasties about."

He's right and she's one of them. He won't meet anything nastier tonight.

"C'mon, Spike will see you safe."

The white knight routine doesn't fool her. He thinks she's some lost party girl who'll swoon into his arms at the promise of protection. Expects she won't fight as he sinks in his fangs. Might work for some, but it doesn't go with this one's bad boy look. Who does he think he's fooling?

He shrugs off the shadows as he steps closer. Pitches the cigarette into a drain. She sees a face of sharp scimitars, delicate bones, milky skin. He makes a welcome change from all the jarhead Army boys. Too vain for vamp face she notes. This one wants to be seen. Cocky son of a bitch too, judging by the way he struts. Yeah, he's the one she's looking for alright. He's alone though. Dead meat. He'll be dust in half a minute.

She lures him closer. Makes herself look frightened, vulnerable. Lets him think she's tasty. He's grinning, and she bets he thinks she's a sweet treat.

He's close now and she strikes. Fingernails, sharp as blades, cold as steel, curl round rough wood, aiming right for his heart. She's faster than before they fixed her, faster than a blink.

But he's quicker than she expects. Cunning. Not some dumbass fledge. There's a bit of age in those blue eyes. She was right. This one came for the fight. Explains all the dust. He has a sword under that long black coat, a wire thin Samurai blade that flashes through the air like an extension of his arm, slicing the rain into slithers. But it's the pommel that hits her. A hard strike to her solar plexus. Knocks the wind out of her.

She wheezes and drops the stake. It rolls under a dumpster out of reach. But she stays on her feet, still in the game.

"Bastard," she spits.

"A Slayer, eh?" He throws the sword aside.

Suicide.

“C’mon then. Spike will take you on. Be like old times.” His brow wrinkles as he thinks that over. “Just with less blood, I suppose.”

She doesn’t know what he’s talking about. She decides he’s crazy as well as hot. Spike. Good name for him. He’s all sharp edges and swagger.

She’ll get the sword later and cut off his pretty head.

She pounces, using a dumpster to get height, puts a curve into her flight, a bit more power. Gets him in the shoulder with the kick. The leather turns her sharp heel as he reels back.

No pause. Her sights are locked onto him. She punches, going for his face, one, two, one, two. He doesn’t pull back. He’s not broken yet.

Won’t take long.

He blocks her next blow. And the next. He’s good. She’s better. She grins. She’s winning.

Vaults over him. A somersault Catherine Wheel over his head. He whips around to meet her, the leather curling around his body like smoke. He doesn’t wear the leather; it’s part of him. Body. Coat. Sword. All one. She kicks. He grabs her leg and twists. She jumps, turning in mid-air. Catches his white head with her other foot. Lands neatly on her stilettos as he staggers back into the brick.

He pushes off. A blaze of fury now, fuelled by frustration and a need for destruction. He’s angry but he’s enjoying this.

Stupid nihilist vampo.

Lust glitters in his eyes as he catches hers. Something sparks between them. Fighting turns him on just like her.

Good boy.

He grunts as she hits him again. Takes it. Gives it back. She gets in close. Taps him. Uses the distraction to hook her leg around his and take him down. He crashes to the floor. He wasn’t expecting that.

While he’s down she snatches his sword.

Clumsy. Serves him right.

He bounces back onto his feet, but the dance is darker now. Still not playing this game for the kill, but he’s more serious now.

She slashes with the sword. He dodges. She twirls the weapon back into a fighting stance. She couldn't be happier to draw this out. She likes fighting this one. Swings again. He goes low, sweeps out a leg and takes hers from under her. Fallen for her own trick. Her ass hits the wet concrete with a bruising skid. She scrambles back up but she's too slow. He has her. Hand on her wrist. His other arm around her throat. He rams her into the wall.

Holds her there. Squeezes her tendons until the sword drops. Presses close. Mouth against her ear. "Is that all you've got?"

She catches her breath, doesn't reply. Doesn't know what to say. She pushes back instead, grinds her ass to his groin, trying to distract him a little. Tests his resolve. Too much just now. Will change that. She has needs. Knows he does too.

His voice is husky, raspy, deliciously rough. "Okay then. You wanna play?"

She laughs. Rubs herself against him more forcefully. Feels his swelling erection tighten in his jeans.

Yeah, that's it.

Wouldn't be the first time she'd let a hot one fuck her out on the street. She's just getting off, after all.

"Bitch," he curses.

He pulls her round to face him. Still close. Still tense. She feels his frustration through his hands as they hold her shoulders. He's searching her face for something, frowning when he doesn't find what he seeks.

So she kisses him. Stops him looking too closely. He takes a moment to respond. He's a little surprised, but he closes his eyes and surrenders when she rubs a hand across his crotch. He's not quite angry enough to resist.

His kiss is gentle, a little hesitant. He tastes of rainwater and old heartache. She doesn't want gentle. She wants him rough and fast, and to fuck as hard as he fights. She smashes her mouth against his. Demanding. Dictates to him exactly what she expects. Her blistering kisses sweep him up as they devour any of his doubts. He understands quickly enough what she's after and gives as good he gets.

He's keener now, much keener. Almost desperate. His hands tighten around her arms as he pulls her to him. Slow dance close. Tongues tangle. Fucks her mouth as her legs start to tremble. She clutches at his face. Tiny hands against his cold, damp skin, tracing all the sharp angles she finds. Her heart is thumping. This feels oddly right. Not like any of the others. She shouldn't want this; she could break. Makes her wary. But someone, sometime, taught her to take. So she does.

No one is watching. Doesn't care. Wouldn't stop in this weather to notice anyway. His long coat covers them both. Keeps off the pelting rain just a bit.

Large hands move down to her breasts. Kneading them through the soaked cups of the corset top. Feels good. Wants more. Soft lips slide along her neck. Blunt teeth nip at the skin. She melts. Just the right place. He seems to know all her good spots.

Jesus...

Nimble fingers get her top open. Pops the clips. Frees her swollen tits. Bends to get a taste. Fills his mouth with her soft round flesh. Water cascades over their curves as he bites the cherries on top. She grips his wet hair tight. Downy curls brushing between her fingers. Pulls him to where she wants him for more.

Need him.

Can't wait. Unzips the hot pants. His hands are in her secret places as soon as she peels the shorts and the hose down her damp legs. Her head falls back against the wall, gasping. The rain runs into her open mouth. Needs, needs, needs him.

Fuck, this is taking too long.

Turns around. Offers him the sweetness of her cunt. Knows he'll take it. Two long fingers inside her first. Three. She grips the wall. Fingers clench and they crumble the brick. In. Out. Again. Thumb against her clit. She's nearly there.

"Don't stop!"

No reply. *Bastard.*

C'mon.

He's got something better for her. Long and smooth and hard. Rubs it against her. Across the peach of her ass. Along the soaked furrow of her spine. Between her shaking legs. Against the throb of her clit. A soaking slip and slide. All for her.

Oh god.

Tease.

Presses back towards him. Eager.

Now.

Please.

No, no, no.

Taking his time. Lets her know just what she's going to get. She pushes her thong aside. Waits. He slips in just as she thinks of begging for it. Takes his time. Shudders. Tight fit. Perfect and more.

Feels so, so good.

He's taking it slow. Drawing it out. Making it last. Kissing away the water on her neck like a lover.

Squeeze him. Drive him crazy.

Makes him as helpless as she is. Smiles as he gasps and breaks his rhythm. Can't stop panting herself.

Faster.

Her hips in his broad hands. His cock filling her pussy. Her breasts rubbing sore against the rough wall. Hurts, but it's a sweet pain. She loves this. Being fucked in a dirty alley like a bitch. Fast and filthy. Eyes shut. Teeth clench. More. More. More.

Don't stop.

Never stop.

Who's who? She's forgotten. Doesn't care as long as he keeps fucking her like this.

Needs to pop.

Gonna come.

Uh huh. That's it. There.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Harder. Please...

Bites lip.

Please. Please. Oh god...

Coming feels like freefall. Doesn't want to stop.

Time to make him feel good. Come again if she's lucky. Keep the pressure on.

Keep going. Just like that.

He's hitting all the right places. Rides the crest until it breaks. Spreads like warm tequila. Squeezes him. Again. Again. Wrings him dry.

Pause.

Take a moment to breathe again.

She pushes him away, pulling up her hot pants and straightening her top. One clip will have to do for now. He's slow. Post-fuck dopey. She wobbles a little herself, but the sword is back in her hand before he realises what's happening. Shame. She'd like to take him back with her and spend the night riding him long and fast, but there's no time tonight. He's been a good opponent and a great fuck, but she hasn't forgotten what she was made for. Knows her job. She needs to find the rest of the gang.

Raises the sword to his chest. Arm straight and strong, the long graceful weapon touching him lightly above his heart. Coloured neon and streetlight slide along the cold blade as raindrops drip from its tip. Laughs at his confusion, muddled as it is with hurt and frustration and more than a little arousal still.

Tosses her hair back. "Do we really need weapons for this?"

Slowly, he raises his eyes from the sword to meet hers. "Slayer? *Buffy*?"

The sword starts to dance in little dervish circles as she wavers. She doesn't remember why, but the name makes her angry. She kicks first, swings the sword as a follow up. He jerks back, more alert now. So close, but she doesn't draw blood. The sword swoops again. He dances out of range, only to bounce back under her guard. He grabs her around the waist and pushes her back into the side of the dumpster.

"Will you stop a minute?" he growls, wrenches the sword out of her hand. "What is wrong with you? It's *me*! Spike!"

She struggles, glares at him. Wiggles in his grip. Touching time is *so* over now, but he has her like a vice. Damn vamp shouldn't be so strong.

"Forgotten me already? Stop playing games with me," he hisses. "Tired of it."

But she doesn't remember him, and she would remember *this* hottie. "I don't..."

"Buffy, it's *me* damn it! What's wrong with you?"

Grits her teeth. "I don't know you."

"You really don't remember me?" He looks defeated. "I know I couldn't tell it was you with your new look and everything, love, but I'm still me."

She shakes her head. She wonders if...

No. They should have wiped all that.

They promised.

"Buffy, this is wrong," he finally chokes. His eyes are pleading with her, but it's not for his own life.

She doesn't see the fear she wants to see in him, just despair, and oh my god, pity. Pity for her. She wants anything but that. She'll go with him again, if he wants, just to stop him looking at her that way. They...

Who?

...looked at her like this, after...

After what?

...before the soldiers made it right again.

She doesn't want to remember. The Army promised her she wouldn't remember. They made her stronger. She's fixed. But the memories are leaking into her conscious thought like a small breach in a dam. She knows him. Can't place where. There's a town too, but it no longer exists. Sucked into the dry earth and reclaimed by the sea. She doesn't know how.

"What happened to you?" he asks gently.

"They fixed me." Her lip quivers.

Had she been dead?

"Who?" His head tilts.

"They fixed me," she repeats, softer, quieter this time. He'd died. *Couldn't have.* "Made me better. Made me forget."

"Pet, you didn't need fixing!" He's horrified.

He'd... "... gone," mutters to herself.

He had gone. *Him.* Spike.

"What's that? Gone? Gone where?"

"I don't remember." She hopes the rain will mask her tears. She's lost, broken by her lack of memory.

He draws her into his arms and holds her. "They didn't fix you! They took you. Evil men. Made you theirs. Controlled you."

She believes him. Doesn't know why, but she does. She clings on to him tight. She wants to remember him now.

IV

Buffy's vision swims. Her eyelids flicker open. Rising from the black to a swirling sea of clinical white. Weak. Numb. A buzzing headache makes her wince. She stares out into this new world and waits for order to return.

"Buffy?" a male voice asks softly. A hand brushes her brow. Avoids the dressing on her head.

She tries to move. Sit up. She wants to see the face. Needs to see *him*. Needs to know he's real. The room tilts and shifts. She feels sick. Her head hurts. Gives up.

"Stay still," the voice says. Places a box with a button into her hand. "There's morphine if you need it."

She presses it. The pain recedes a little.

"Spike?" her voice is feeble. Doesn't sound like her own.

He leans in close. That's better, even if the harsh hospital lighting draws the life from his skin. She's pleased to see him.

"How are you feeling?" he asks, concerned.

"Crappy," she manages.

His mouth sinks into a worried frown. "You in pain?"

"A little."

"Soon be over." He adds a quick reassuring squeeze to her hand.

He looks tired. Worn out. It can't have been long since he found her. Maybe. She can't add the days up anymore.

"How... How long have you been here?"

"All night," he replies. "And yesterday. Not leaving you."

He'd brought her home to sea of faces she hadn't remembered. Friends she didn't think she had. A sister she didn't know, and isn't even sure about now. But, robbed of her memories of them, she'd only wanted to be with him, the one who'd slipped through her programming. Now she knows why.

"I dreamt you were dead."

He looks away. "Don't think about it."

But she does. It matters. She remembers why she's here now. The Government put a chip in her head. Like him. Suppressed her humanity. Made her forget her past, her friends, her family... and Spike. They made her into a lab rat. Used her as a subject of study not a human being.

What makes a Slayer tick?

Oh god.

The queasy feeling returns. The Slayer was a predator, violent and sexual, with tremendous appetites, now reined in only by her human morality. Sex and blood and the kill. She's not so different from those she hunts after all.

Spike knows what she's thinking. "Don't try to remember."

No, no. She must! That's what they took from her. She needs everything. Even the memories of what they made her do. Of what she chose to do. It makes her sick to think of it all. But she mustn't lose it. She'll lock them away with the death and heartbreak, the struggle and regret. But she'll keep the key.

"You're here," she says with wonder as she realises why his presence is so remarkable. "You survived. The Hellmouth."

"Yeah."

She thinks he looks a little guilty. *What for?*

"Funny thing that."

"Tell me."

"Long story. Best leave it for later. You're tired."

And she is, but she's not ready to sleep just yet. "Is it gone?"

His eyes drift a moment to the bandage on her head. "The chip? Yeah, it's gone. 'Nother thing we have in common, eh?"

She smiles. He catches it. She likes his smiles. She wants to see more of them. For a moment all is good.

He's full of sympathy. "Nasty business. Messin' with people's heads. Isn't right."

Can't argue with that. "I did... *things*. Things that disgust me."

He listens. Lets her speak. Doesn't judge. She thinks she'll tell him everything in time. She'll let the others get by on the edited highlights.

"I... *liked* vampires. I *needed* them."

He nods. He knew that. Always did. "Slayer needs some monster in her man. Needs that edge, that strength."

"Wicked energy," she says dreamily.

He's puzzled by that phrase but he doesn't push her.

"I'm not like that you know," she tells him finally.

He looks doubtful. Tries to cover it. Maybe he *was* right. He's seen that side of her more than anyone. "No, you're not, but it's in you. Part of the Slayer. Nothing wrong with it."

"You would say that."

A small frown spoils his good humour again, but this time there's more to it. He's really serious. "I'm still proud of you."

She'll never stop being amazed by him. He isn't ashamed of her. She needs that. "Thank you."

"No one knew where you'd gone. I looked for you. We all did. Two years."

Two years?

Must have been. She'd been moved around a lot. Different cities, different countries, different bases. Always demons to fight. Everywhere she'd gone she'd been observed, studied, until it felt so normal that she hadn't thought to question it.

Why hadn't she run away? She can't say.

"How did this happen?" he asks.

She thinks for a while, unsure of where it had all begun. Remembers a dark time without him. The colours of Italy washed out and faded by a grief she couldn't express. "I think I volunteered."

He looks appalled. "*Volunteered?*"

A vampire appalled, she should find that funny, she thinks, but she doesn't. Not now. "It wasn't like that. I didn't think..." she pauses, trying to recapture a memory that doesn't seem real. "They wanted to study a Slayer. Do a few strength tests, speed tests, psychometric things stuff like that. I thought it might take my mind off..." She studies him, she still can't believe he's here, "...what happened. I never thought it would be like that."

"Know how that feels," He nods.

"I didn't trust them," she reassures him, "not after they tried to kill me, anyway. But I knew I couldn't let one of the other girls do it. They wouldn't know. I couldn't do that."

"Yeah, I get that."

He understands. She's relieved, but there's one more thing she wants to know before she rests. "Why did you... in that alley?"

"Been a long time, pet." He looks a little shamefaced. His eyes drop to his feet. Tries to make light of it. Avoids all those things he wants to say but she knows he won't. "Not one these days for the whole dating scene."

It's not really funny, but she laughs anyway. It's summery and carefree; or would be given time.

"You... She... reminded me of you."

His words cut her laugh short. They're honest. Brutal. This is the heavy stuff. Best talk about this later when she's better and they can work out the future together. They have all the time in the world; maybe they can figure something out. She lets him know with a look that they will come back to this.

She decides to change the subject. She wants to talk about him. "You're really strong now."

He smirks. "Got some lessons from a goddess, love."

A goddess? She has a lot to catch up on. "She's a good teacher."

"Yeah. Got the bruises to prove it."

She tries to sit up again. She's stronger now, but still woozy. She flails weakly and Spike's firm hand pushes her back into the pillows. She snuggles down under the covers. Curles into the pillow. Reaches out for his hand again. Pulls it close. Holds it. "I missed you."

He smiles. "Me too."

"I love you," she whispers. Her eyelids are getting so heavy. "Do you still...?"

“Never stopped.” He looks touched beyond words. After all this time he still didn’t know. Not really.

Her thumb caresses his hand in lazy circles. Slower and slower as she sinks into sleep. “You won’t leave me again?”

He leans in and kisses her brow softly. It’s a vow. “Never, love. Never again.”

The End