

# *Older*

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**Spike felt her presence in the doorway.** "Your mum's in the shower," he said, adjusting the sheet that exposed his naked hips.

"I know."

He looked up from his book.

Buffy took a hesitant step into the bedroom, hands interlocking behind her back. "She takes the longest showers."

"So I've noticed."

Slowly but casually, she approached the bed. "Someday she may come out of there an actual prune. Are you prepared to deal with that consequence?"

He smiled. "Guess I'd better be."

She sat on the foot of the bed, gaze sliding over his bare, muscled chest and up to his eyes. "You really don't look thirty-six at all."

"And you don't look sixteen."

She smiled coyly. "How old do I look?"

His answer changed every time. Last week it was thirty, two days ago it was twelve. Tonight's version? "Older."

Satisfied with that response, she lay back on her elbows and swung her feet off the edge of the bed, white silk negligee riding up her tan thighs. "My friend Amy's totally in lust with you."

"In lust?" He tore his eyes away from her legs. *Book, look at your book.* "You don't say."

"Totally. Just thought you should know."

*I think Buffy's a little enamored with you,* Joyce had told him on their honeymoon.

"You can tell her I'm taken. By a prune-to-be."

"Well, she *was* at the wedding. Saw the whole 'I do', 'til death do you part, blahbity blah. Didn't faze her." Buffy kept her gaze on her fingers, smoothing the shiny fabric over her flat belly. "She has not stopped talking about you since that first night at the Bronze."

"Really?" He arched a brow. "Well."

"I mean, we all know it's never gonna happen," she said. "But she's Obsesso Girl. There's nothing I can do. It's kind of tragic, really."

"I think it's adorable."

She looked at the ceiling. "God, she'd die to hear that."

"Best not tell her then."

"I mean in a good way, ya mo."

He squinted at her and put his book aside. "What'd you just call me?"

"Mo," she smiled.

"What's that mean?"

She rolled onto her side to face him, cheek propped on her palm. "Something along the lines of 'not too quick to catch on'."

He mock-gasped. "Are you sayin' I'm stupid?"

"If you're just now figuring that out, then yeah."

"You want me to exercise some fatherly authority over you? I can now, you know."

She raised an eyebrow and crawled up the bed, nestling her knees between his and placing a hand at either side of him. "You can try."

"I will." He reached up and tickled her ribs.

She squealed and rolled off of him, and he ran a feather-light touch under her arms as she quaked with laughter and tried to kick him away. "Oi! No kicking!" He shoved her onto her back, and, making sure the sheet was still covering his naked parts, he rose above her, tickling her neck, sides and hips while immobilizing her lower half with his thighs.

Heaving with the giggles, she tried to retaliate.

"Not ticklish," he called out with a wicked grin, watching her pretty face turn red as his fingers danced over her skin.

"No fair!" She pushed him on his side and billowed the sheet so she could get under too, get better access to him. "You must be ticklish somewhere!"

"I'm--" He gasped, and froze.

She was gripping his erection.

Her eyes met his, and a proud smile curled her lips. "Not even here?"

He swallowed, mouth quivering. An urgent whisper, "Buffy--"

It pulsed in her hand, and she watched his fear-tinged eyes as she slid her grip down, and up. Down, and up.

His breath was audible now. "Don't..."

*Down, and up. Down... up. Down, up.*

The sound of the shower echoed in his ears. But he couldn't stop her.

*Down, up, down, up, down, up--*

Her hand was so warm and, *fuck* -- soft...

She was moving closer and closer to him, both on their sides, facing each other.

*Up, up, up, up, up--*

Somehow, before he could even figure out what she was doing, she raised her hips, pressed her knees against his chest, and directed him in. *Inside of her.*

Incredulous, he grasped her hips, looked down and up and panted, "No! God!"

Keeping her eyes on his, she licked her lips and held onto his shoulders as she slid down to sheath his full length. "Mnah..."

*Push her off, push her off!*

But she was so wet, so warm, *so fucking tight.* "Fuck!"

It was a slurred, secret whisper; all breath. With a smile, she began to move.

Had to stop her, had to stop this, but his double-crossing hands stayed exactly where they were, assisting her, fingers digging into her soft skin. Only thing that could stop this *right now* were his words. "We can't -- can't--"

"Shhh." She swayed her hips, hot breath on his face. "I won't tell."

He shook his head compulsively, in time with his breathing, which got harder and heavier with each move she made. "Oh god! Buffy..."

"Ohh, Spike..." she groaned, low and womanly, and her slippery vaginal muscles spasmed, once, twice, thrice.

That's when he snapped.

He pushed her onto her back, and rammed into her.

"Hunh!" She wrapped her limbs around him.

Nostrils flaring, teeth clenched, Spike shelved his conscience and gave in to a single-minded desire: *Want. Girl. Now.*

"Yeah!" Sweet, hoarse cries in his ear. "Spike!"

Her heated pleas further provoked him, further set him off. Hands coasting over her body, he pounded her into the bed, making it squeak and the headboard rattle. Loudly.

The shower was still running.

Nose at the crook of his neck, she inhaled: soap and cigarettes, aftershave and his own distinctive musk. She'd smelled this scent for the first time as he'd carried her out of that frat party, cursing her all the way to the car. Now he was above her, just as angry, but in a different way. In a good way.

*This is happening, this is really happening.*

The glide of muscles under his skin, the sweat beading on his forehead, the flexing and unhinging of his jaw, the husky stifled moans he made... Buffy committed it all to memory. If she was the only one who'd ever know about this, she needed to file away every detail.

Spike tried not to look at her face. This was the biggest mistake he'd ever made, by far, and he was still in the thick of it, no sign of stopping 'til he was *done*. If he looked at her he'd be reminded of how attracted he was to *her*, not just her youth or her enthusiasm or her willingness or the forbidden fruit; he'd be reminded of how beautiful and special she was, how angelic with those open, bee-stung lips... And her body, god, her *pussy*... so... bloody... exquisite...

Him inside her, surrounding her, it was like nothing she'd ever felt. The boys she'd been with, they were just... boys. He was, oh, hitting her at just the right angle, and his rock-hard abs were rubbing against her most sensitive spot...

She clamped her eyes shut and began to tremble like an earthquake.

Concerned, he lifted his head to regard her, and slowed down.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!" she begged him, one hand on his ass.

She was coming. Violently. Just from penetration. *Fuck*.

*Fuck, fuck, fuck, I'm yours...* He wrapped his arms around her back, thrusting faster as she sputtered and moaned through a cock-strangling orgasm.

Divorce, jail, Hell... bring it on. Right then Spike decided it'd all be worth it.

Hips still curving up to meet each slam of his pelvis, Buffy spasmed intermittently in aftershock, eyes widening with each rush.

Spike recalled something her mother had said about her being on the pill. Hoped she was still on it, because he was about to--

"Come inside me."

"*Fuck!*" World splintering into a million pieces, he roared through grit teeth and erupted, inside of her, like she'd asked. He opened his eyes, opened his mouth, breath sawing out in uneven puffs as the final spurts subsided.

"Mmmn..."

Gasping for air, he searched her face. For what, he wasn't sure. Then he got fixated on that mouth.

He kissed it.

She smiled against him, teased his lips with her tongue.

They pulled apart, and kissed again, in earnest.

*What's another bloody nail in the coffin...*

They kissed again, fingers threading through soft hair.

The shower cut off.

He inhaled sharply, freeing his nibbling hold on her lower lip. She pushed him up and he pulled out of her.

The stall door rolled on its hinge.

Feeling a wet spot on the sheet beneath her, Buffy quickly reached for the box of Kleenex at his bedside table, ripped out a few sheets and handed him the box.

The sink faucet went on. She was brushing her teeth.

Buffy jumped to the floor and swabbed, legs wobbly and unstable.

Spike focused on quickly cleaning himself off and sopping up the stain on the bed. Couldn't look at her. *What the hell did I just do?*

After tossing her tissues into the garbage can, she paused at the bedside for a second, and whispered, "Night."

He nodded numbly, watching her hurry out.

Five minutes later, Joyce opened the bathroom door. Spike feigned sleep, the book splayed on his chest.

"Oh, Spikey..." She crawled in beside him and threw his book over her shoulder. "Spike..."

He opened a sleepy eye. "Hm?"

"Are you down for the count?"

Shut it. "Mm."

Disappointed, she kissed his chest. "Mental note: take shorter showers."

He rolled away from her. *Mental note: Don't fuck your wife's daughter.*

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*TWO DAYS LATER*

Buffy bounded into the kitchen just as Spike was grabbing the car keys. "Where are you going?"

"To the store," he said, avoiding her gaze.

"Can I come?"

"No."

"Why not?"

He thought fast. "Cause I'll end up with twice the groceries on this list. I know how you teenagers work."

"I don't do that!" She turned to her mother for backup. "Do I, mom."

"Oh, bring her along." Joyce waved a hand and pulled a box of mashed potato mix out of the cupboard. "Always good to have an extra pair of hands for the carrying."

He looked at her. *Had to mention her hands.*

"Yeah," Buffy nodded. "What she said."

"She can also stop you from buying cigarettes. Right, Buffy? You'll make sure he buys the patch instead?"

"I'm on it. Anti-cancer patrol."

Outvoted by the Summers women. "Fine. Be my bloody narc."

With a triumphant grin, she followed him out the door.

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Before turning the key in the ignition, he sighed. "Buffy."

"Spike."

"Look." He stared at the garage door. "What happened the other night--"

"Can't ever happen again. You think I don't know that?"

She was so... peppy about it. *Blasted cheerleaders.*

"Then why'd you insist on coming -- riding --" frustrated, he tried again, "--accompanying me to the store?"

Amused, she glanced at him, and shrugged. "Because I was dying to get out of the house. God, get over yourself."

He let out a breath. "Right then. Forget I said anything."

"Forgotten."

He backed the SUV out of the driveway.

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"Oh Spike! Oh Spike! Unh Spike, yes!"

Eyes losing focus, he groaned, grip tightening on her ass as she rose and fell on his cock.

He wasn't quite sure how this happened. In exchange for allowing him two packs of cigarettes, she insisted on driving the way back. A detour was made into a secluded wooded area, and she parked between two trees as they squabbled about who should drive the rest of the way home. And then somehow her pants came off.

She smiled, head rolling sensually, forehead touching his. "Mmmnnn...."

Smiling, god, the way she smiled, the way she loved this...

And then she contracted her interior muscles, squeezing the hell out of him. He gasped, choked, "Fuck, Buffy -- gonna kill me!"

She panted, wrenching her hips up and down, "In a... good way?"

He let out a little squeak. "Fuck, yeah..."

She kissed him, then arched back to grind into him some more.

The car horn honked, startling them both.

He exhaled a chuckle. "Christ, don't do that."

"Sorry," she laughed, and picked up the pace, hands on his chest.

"Bloody hell..." He shut his eyes, hating himself. "God, I'm a fucking monster."

"No." She frowned, and pressed her lips against his ear. "Don't think about it, Spike. Just think about how it feels. How do I feel?"

Groaning incoherently, he pitched his pelvis up and held hers down as he shot his come inside of her.

"That's it, baby..." She kissed his neck.

He shook his head against her. *Can't be her baby... All wrong, god, what the hell have I done...*

"Shhh... just stay still for a minute. I need to come." She began to hump his semi-flaccid cock, and pulled her tank top down, exposing one of her pert little breasts to him for the first time. She directed his mouth to it.

He tongued her nipple, wrapped his lips around it and sucked.

"Oh. God!"

There was that throaty, grown-woman wail he'd heard the other night. *Shit*. Made him hard all over again.

Buffy felt him elongate inside of her. "Yes!"

Her orgasm just out of reach, so close, so close, she fucked him frantically for several

minutes, and then...

"OHHHHHHHH! Fuck! YEAH!"

He'd never heard her yell like that. Primal and uninhibited and God help him, he was gonna come inside her again.

Her juices pooled onto shirt and his jeans as she rolled to and fro in his lap but he didn't care, not now anyway, just wanted to hold her one more time, one *last* time, clutching her honey-colored hair as he collided, blasted, exploded into her.

After a few moments filled only by heavy breathing, Buffy said, cheek pressed against his chest, "We'd better get back before the ice cream melts."

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"What took you two so long?" Joyce relieved Buffy of some of her haul.

"Spike gave me a driving lesson."

"Oh honey. You didn't put him through that torture, did you?"

"I did." She grinned at Spike, who looked away. "But he was a surprisingly good sport."

"As long as my car's still in one piece..."

"Not even a little-bitty scratch," Buffy said proudly.

Spike moved behind the kitchen island to hide the stain on his pants. He put down his bags and glanced at Buffy.

"I'll get the rest of the groceries," Buffy volunteered, and went outside.

"Sorry about that," Joyce said.

"Bout..." He cleared his throat. "Bout what?"

"She can be a little persuasive."

He nodded. "Little."

"If she's too much trouble, I can talk to her--"

"No trouble at all, love. She's great."

"OHHHHHHHH! *Fuck! YEAH!*"

Joyce smiled. "I'm so glad you're getting along."

Spike smiled back, wanting to be swallowed up by the linoleum floor.

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He couldn't sleep.



He sat up in the dark room, glanced at Joyce, and dropped his feet to the floor. After slipping on his boxer briefs, he crept down the steps, got a beer out of the fridge, and headed to the family room in the basement.

He didn't turn on a light, just sat on the couch and stared at the big black screen of the TV.

Maybe marrying Joyce was the real mistake.

He did... love her. Had real feelings for her, anyway. She'd come along when he'd been looking to turn around; she made him feel needed, jolted him out of an aimless, adolescent existence and put him on the straight and narrow.

That is until he thanked her by banging the socks off her hot little daughter.

He sighed, rubbing a palm across his face.

He'd met Buffy first. She must've felt a proprietary claim on him -- that could explain her remarkable lack of guilt about the whole situation.

He sat back on the couch, beer bottle resting between his legs.

This was all his fault. No doubt about that.

He was bartending at the Bronze when he first saw her. They made lingering eye contact several times across that crowded room; he even flashed her his fail-proof panty-wetting smirk. When she approached him, she ordered a Seabreeze, but he realized she didn't have a tag on her wrist. "Virgin, you must mean." "Hardly," she'd replied. She tried to convince him she was 23. Much as he wanted to believe that, he couldn't, now that she was up close. "Nineteen, I'd believe. Maybe." She and her friend Amy flirted, begged, and argued with him for nearly twenty minutes until he finally relented.

After the first drink, she kept coming back for more. He knew his job was at stake, but he didn't care. She was something else.

Then he found out she was sixteen.

That wasn't until closing time, when her mother marched in to give him a piece of her mind. Apparently, Buffy had come home past her curfew, shitfaced. Joyce threatened to haul his ass to jail for selling alcohol to a minor, oh she'd bring the whole club down with him, yes she would, it was hard enough being a single parent, yadda yadda, and he thought to himself, *You should be dating women like this. Yeah, it's time to act your age, stop thinking like a bloody teenager.* He asked in the middle of her tirade, "You free for dinner tomorrow night?"

Of course, he immediately suppressed any attraction he had for Buffy, who wasn't at all pleased when she discovered them making out in her kitchen. Later, he'd heard them arguing, Buffy saying, "Do you even know anything about this guy?" And Joyce giving her some single-mother line, to which Buffy stormed away and slammed a door.

That night, he and Joyce had sex for the first time.

In bed, Joyce needed a little coaxing. She needed to be completely comfortable, relaxed, reassured. Not like Buffy. Oh, no.

He shook his head. "Can't believe I'm comparing them."

"Comparing who?"

He spun around. Buffy was at the top of the stairs.

"No one. What are you doing up?"

"Couldn't sleep."

"Go back to your room."

"You're not the boss of me," she said, and padded down the stairs.

He sighed. *I'm not the boss of me either, apparently.*

She sat at his side. "Why are you sitting in the dark?"

"I like the dark." He took a swig of his beer.

She put her feet on the couch and wormed her toes toward him. "Me too."

He clicked on the TV.

She rolled her eyes.

Staring straight ahead, he went through the channels.

"Ooh, *Elimidate*."

"No." He moved on.

"What happened to you? You used to be cool."

"I used to be...? You knew me for all of one night."

"And you were cool that night."

"I was stupid."

"Now you're stupid." He passed *The Real World*. "Give me that."

"No!" He held the remote in the air. "I was here first."

"Gimme!" She reached up.

He stuffed it behind his back, leaving it on some Discovery Channel disaster show.

She straddled his lap, stuck a hand behind his back, and pulled it out. "Ha."

The show was called "Worst Case Scenario". *Here's one: What do you do when your wife's daughter won't stop seducing you?*

She turned off the TV and flung the remote to the floor, then did a slow hip-grind.

He emitted a ragged breath. "Buffy..."

"Yeah?"

"Why do you keep doing this?"

She pressed her lips to his ear. "Why not?"

He pushed her backward. "Reasons why not could fill a book. I'm asking you *why*."

"Isn't it obvious? I like you."

"Yeah, I like you too, but..." His hands involuntarily swept up her arched back. "I'm twenty years older than you. I could be your father."

"But you're not."

"In the eyes of the law, I sort of am."

"Then the eyes of the law," she kissed one cheekbone, then the other, "need glasses."

He couldn't help but chuckle at that.

She pulled back. "You like me?" A slow smile. "I knew it."

"Buffy--"

She kissed him.

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Panting helplessly, he grasped a fistful of her hair as she expertly sucked him off.

"Oh, fucking... hell!" His balls tightened in her hands, and he held her head down as she swallowed every little jet of his come.

"Mmm." She gave him one last leisurely suck and lifted her head, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

He could see her smile in the moonlight.

He pulled her negligee over her head and pushed her backward on the couch. Spread her thighs and nestled himself between them.

She quivered in anticipation.

He licked a line up one inner thigh, and down the other, avoiding the place he knew she wanted him most. Up each smooth juncture where her inner thighs met her pelvis.

She whimpered, but didn't press.

He licked the outline of her pussy, the soft downy hair that framed it.

And finally, he licked right up the middle. She cried out.

He looked up.

"Sorry," she said, her breathing heavy and erratic. "I've never..."

He frowned in puzzlement, and realized what she meant. "No one's ever done this to you?"

She shook her head.

*The blow job pro's never gotten the favor returned? Who do these fuckers think they are?* He paused, considering, *Should I be her first?* And then she whimpered softly again, so he descended, his mouth fully covering her wet, aching flesh.

"Oh god!"

He ran his tongue over her every fold and crevice, sucking in her juices and making her pant and shimmy against him. Tasted like fucking sweet tarts, she did, and smelled like baked pineapple. She was an orally-fixated man's fantasy come true.

She grabbed onto his ears, urging him to her clitoris. He smiled against her. *Learns fast, too.*

He pulled her skin taut, sucked that swollen nub into his mouth, and went to town. One finger inside, two... curled up and pressing against her spongy little g-spot.

She thrashed against him, squeezing his ears, biting her lip to stay quiet, but there was a scream sounding in her head.

At its crescendo, she yelped a strangled cry, upper body bucking forward and slumping back again. He pulled out his finger and stuck his tongue inside of her, sucking up every gush of tangy fluid that corresponded with her body spasms.

She pressed a palm to her forehead. "Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god..."

He licked one last time, and folded his hands across her belly, resting his chin there.

"Oh my god..."

He smiled at her.

"That was..."

"Delicious," he said.

"Wow. Oh, wow." She breathed in, out, in, out. Had another involuntary spasm. "Need water."

He pulled off his nicotine patch and stuck it on the coffee table. "And I need a smoke."

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They sat outside together, on the steps of the back porch. He took long thoughtful drags

while she sipped at her second glass of water.

"I know we have to stop," she said suddenly.

He looked at her.

"I just don't ever want to."

He nodded, and flicked his cigarette across the yard. "Know how you feel."

"Do you?"

He turned to her, tilted his head. "Don't I?"

"Probably not," she said, looking away.

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"Are we okay?"

Spike stopped combing his hair, and caught her gaze in the vanity mirror. "What?"

Clasping an earring in her ear, Joyce repeated, "Are we okay?"

"What you mean?"

"I don't know, I... Something's been different with us. You don't..." She exhaled.

He frowned at her. He'd been good -- hadn't touched Buffy in over a week, not since that night in the basement. He'd been putting all of his energy into work; into being a responsible husband... and making sure he was never, ever alone with his stepdaughter.

It just now occurred to him that he hadn't touched Joyce either.

He turned around, put on a smirk and a cocky swagger. "I don't what?"

She smiled as he approached her. "Look at me like that so much anymore."

"Looking at you like this now."

"I have to go to work."

"Me too." He stepped up, fanned his eyelashes down and up. "Wanna be late?"

She touched his chest, and nodded.

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*THE NEXT DAY*

"Honey?"

"Yeah, babe?" Spike sat back in his office chair, phone pressed to his ear.

She sighed. "I need a really big favor."

"Anything for you."

He could almost hear her smile through the phone. "I'm stuck here late tonight, and Buffy's got this parent-teacher night thing..."

He sat up, eyes darting left to right.

"...Hello?"

"Yeah. I'm here."

"Do you think... I know it's a lot to ask, but..."

"You... want me to go to be her parent."

"Yeah. Could you?"

*Fuck. Fuckity fuck fuck.* "She gonna be there?"

"Yep, she's in charge of refreshments."

"Right." He took a deep breath, let it out slow.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't be asking you to--"

"I'll do it," he said, shutting his eyes and pressing a fist to his forehead. "Of course I'll do it."

"Really?" She exhaled, relieved. "*You* are the most wonderful man in the world. And I promise I'll make it up to you."

"No need, pet." *Really.*

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Buffy frowned when she saw him. "What are *you* doing here?"

"Filling in for your mother." She was wearing a tiny little skirt. Spike trained his eyes on the buffet table -- *look, grapes* -- and rubbed the back of his neck. "She's doing inventory on a new shipment."

She laughed. "Wow. This is funny. You playing 'dad'."

He leaned forward. "Not funny, alright? And don't be giving these people any reason to think--"

"Are you Mr. Summers?"

Spike spun around to see a short balding man. "Huffman. I'm uh, Buffy's stepfather."

Buffy snorted a laugh.

"Principal Snyder," the man said, shaking Spike's hand and squinting at Buffy.

"She's only laughing because I'm sort of a recent addition to the family."

"I see. And Mrs. Huffman couldn't make it?"

"Summers. She kept her..." *Bloke doesn't care.* "Right. No. Gallery business."

"Uh huh. Want to come this way?"

Spike sent Buffy a quick glower, and she raised a saucy eyebrow.

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"Alright, we need to talk."

"Punch?"

"No thanks." He pushed the ladle down. "You know that guy's got a rap sheet on you?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"You bloody well do. Playing hooky, talking back to teachers, coming and going as you please?"

"What the hell do you care?"

"I care," he said, and she looked up at him. "I care that your mother's gonna be right brassed off when she finds out."

She rolled her eyes and walked away.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't have to hear this from you. You're not my father."

A few teachers and parents glanced their way.

Spike followed her. "I may not be, but -- Hey!" He grasped her arm and yanked her close to face him.

"Don't touch me!" She pulled out of his grip.

"Buffy--"

"I hate you!"

"No you don't."

"Yes I do!" Her eyes watered. "Who do you think you are?"

"Look, don't cry, I just --" He sighed, stuck his hands in his suit pockets, glanced at the audience that was pretending not to watch, and noticed an empty classroom behind her. "Can we... talk in here for a second?"

She looked behind her, and at their audience, then at the floor. "Yeah, okay."

He ushered her in and shut the door behind them.

"Talk," she said, arms folded, standing against the wall.

He paced for a moment, hands running through his hair. "I don't know how to do this right, okay?" He stopped pacing. "Your mum rings me out of the blue to play Dear Old Dad for a night, and I don't know what the hell to tell these people!" He approached her, voice dropping to a whisper, "He asked me if you've been having trouble at home, Buffy! About *our* relationship!"

Buffy rolled her eyes, keeping her gaze away from him.

He shook her bare shoulders. "You know this is all bollocks to me! Principals and grades and attendance sheets and all that bloody rot -- last time I gave a rat's ass about any of these things, I was your age. And you..."

She looked up at him, brow furrowed. "What?"

"You drive me crazy." He tackled her mouth with his.

"Mmmph..." Her fingers threaded through the soft hair at the nape of his neck, and up.

He pushed up her short skirt, hands moving to her ass as he lifted her up against the wall and ground into her. She wrapped a leg around his, giving him better access. He worshipped her neck, raining kisses up and down its length. "Want you so bad..."

"Take me." She pushed his suit jacket out of the way.

"Not here, not now," he said, not stopping.

"Here," she said, unzipping his pants. "Now."

"Buffy, this is insane."

She fondled his raging erection. "Stop thinking."

He pushed her thong aside and eased her down onto the tip of his cock, then rammed skyward, stars bursting behind his eyes.

"Unh!" She shivered against him.

He cupped a hand over her mouth and clenched his jaw as he pumped, up and down, faster and faster...

Trying desperately to restrain his -- and her -- heady moans, he fucked her wildly against a glossy poster that informed him that *SEX HAS CONSEQUENCES*, in bold letters over her head. *Bloody health classes*. He shut his eyes, roved a hand between her legs and rubbed, promptly rewarded with still more slippery coating. *Bugger the consequences*.

She bit into his palm as she came, as her vaginal walls rubber-banded around him, spurring on his own ferocious climax. He panted into her hair until he was spent.



As their breathing slowed, their eyes met, and he let her slide down the wall. Her heels touched the ground.

He cast a guilty glance at the door as he closed his pants.

"Wait, wait, lipstick," she said, wiping his mouth.

"Fuck. Imagine?"

She smoothed back his hair, asking, "How 'bout me?"

"Yeah, you too." He wiped her mouth with his thumb and she bit it. He smiled at her. "Vixen." Raked a hand through her hair and straightened her blouse as she readjusted his tie and jacket.

They took a deep, steadying breath.

"Ready?" he asked.

"Now or never."

He opened the door slowly. Noises, people milling about, nothing out of the ordinary. And no one was staring. Thank god.

He put on an all-business scowl. "Let's get you home. You and your mum have a lot to talk about."

"Yeah." Inner thighs sticky with mingled ejaculate, she followed him down the hall.

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"How'd it go?" Joyce climbed into bed beside him.

He closed his book and smiled. "Swimmingly. I think I pulled off the role of concerned dad pretty well."

"Oh, you're such a godsend." She scooped toward him, draped her arm and leg over his. "And Buffy's teachers?"

"Nice people. A little gone in the head, some of 'em. But that's to be expected."

"So, everything's good with her? No complaints?"

"Oh yeah. No worries." He rubbed her shoulder and kissed the top of her head. "She's a smart girl."

"She is, isn't she?" She sighed. "Sometimes it scares me."

"What you mean?"

"She's so... wise beyond her years. Every now and then she'll say or do something that reminds me she's still a kid, but the rest of the time it's like she's barrelling toward adulthood, passing go. I feel so powerless. It's like she's sixteen going on thirty-five, you

know?"

He stared over her head at the bedroom door. "Yeah. I know."

\*\*\*

When did he start listening for her footsteps padding down the hall at 2, 3am, checking Joyce's sleep-steady breathing, and slipping quietly out of bed to sneak down the stairs and find her there waiting for him?

When did he start letting her yank him into closets, bathrooms, her own frilly girly-girl bedroom to steal a few minutes, an hour, half a bloody day?

"Oh...god..."

*He was crouched between her thighs, hands gripping her ass, tongue probing her swollen pussy. She was bent over the kitchen sink, holding onto whatever she could. The basin sides, the backsplash, the fixtures... In an overzealous moment, she turned on the faucet.*

*He pulled his head away from her, startled.*

*She shut it off. "Oops."*

*Snickering quietly, he slapped her ass. She giggled, and turned around, pulling him up to her. They kissed against the counter, trying to keep their bubbling laughter low.*

And when did she start creeping into his heart?

\*\*\*

*SOME TIME LATER*

"Be right back," Joyce said, opening the kitchen door.

"See you in a bit, pet." Spike scanned the Sunday paper.

"Later, mom." Buffy swallowed her mouthful of Smart Start and turned a page in her magazine.

The door closed. Footsteps to the car, and their eyes met. As the car started, they pushed their chairs back. The moment it began to roll down the driveway, she grinned, and ran for the stairs.

Tossing his newspaper aside, he gave chase.

\*\*\*

"Shit," Buffy said, turning her head toward the window. "Already?"

Joyce had just pulled into the driveway.

Spike shut his eyes and pumped faster as he listened for the car door. Blinded with the need to finish what was started, he brought her hands to his nipples.

She smiled, and pinched them, hard.

"Uhhhh!" He surged into her, sliding her naked backside along her pink bedroom rug.

She unhooked her ankles, slid her feet down his legs as he shuddered in orgasm.

He promised, raspy-voiced, "I'll get you later."

"You better."

The kitchen door opened.

"Go," she said.

He kissed her lips and grabbed his discarded clothes, hopped into his sweatshorts.

"Honey?"

He crept out to the hallway and closed her door quietly. "Upstairs, love! 'Bout to hop in the shower!"

Buffy climbed onto her bed, smiling.

\*\*\*

*A FEW DAYS LATER*

Spike hung up his jacket. "Kitten? You here?"

He heard a series of sneezes upstairs, and followed the noise to Buffy's room.

"Ugh," she said, lying on the bed, surrounded by wadded tissues.

He smiled, loosening his tie as he approached her. "What happened to you?"

She shut off the TV, sniffled and answered in a husky voice, "There's a little bug going around school. Guess it bit me."

He sat at her bedside and pressed a hand to her forehead. "Yeah it did. What a shame. Mum's working late tonight."

"I didn't say I couldn't have crazy sex with you."

He smiled. "I think it's best you get some rest."

"I don't wanna rest." She stuck her arms out, and he climbed up the bed to meet her embrace. "I wanna get my germies all over you. Besides, I hear it's a great cure for a headache."

"Germies?"

"No, squirmies." She moved her hips.

He grinned. "I like squirmies."

"I know. So take off your pants." She was already unbuttoning his shirt. "I don't care how disgusting I look. I won't take no for an answer."

"You always look gorgeous, pet." He whipped off his tie, and unbuckled his belt. "Even with your nose runny and your eyes all red and watery..." He stopped what he was doing. "Come to think of it, you are pretty revolting."

"Shut up." She covered her mouth to cough, then said, "You know you wanna kiss me."

"Don't want your cooties," he teased.

She traced a circle on his naked chest. "Circle circle, dot dot, now you have your cootie shot."

"Good enough for me." He kissed her, cooties and all.

\* \* \*

"You're both exactly the same," Joyce said, squinting at the thermometer. "A hundred and one."

"Waah." Buffy kicked her legs out, foot grazing Spike's shin.

"Oi. Stop the kicking."

"Stop taking up so much room and I will."

"Stop hogging the covers and I will." He yanked at the throw that covered them both as they lay end-to-end on the family room couch.

"Okay, age check," Joyce said. "Yes I do believe you're both older than twelve. Why don't I get you your own blanket, Buffy?"

"Look," she held up her hands, "not hogging. I'm too hot, anyway. And my throat hurts. Can I get a icepop?"

"Ooh, me too?"

Joyce sighed, and went up the steps. "How is it that you're both sick and I'm not?"

Buffy and Spike exchanged a look. "Going 'round her school," he called out in a scratchy voice. "Must've got it at the parent-teacher meet."

"But that was almost three weeks ago. What flavor icepops?"

"Red," they said in unison.

He grinned at her, and snaked a foot between her legs. She held it tight and pushed back in response.

"Bad girl," he whispered.

"Me bad?"

"Yeah, you." He pressed his toes forward, feeling her heat through the cotton of her pajama bottoms.

"You started it." Undetectable to the above-cover eye, she tipped her pelvis slowly up and down, up and down, making his lips part in interest.

"Two icepops," Joyce announced as she came down the steps, "with that authentic red flavor."

Buffy stopped moving, but wouldn't let go of his foot. "Thanks, mom."

"Thanks, love."

She handed them out. "Anything else?"

Spike turned his head toward her. "Yeah, can you hand me the clicker? It's on top of the telly."

Joyce walked over to the TV. "Isn't putting it *on* the TV a little counterproductive?"

"Buffy did it."

"I did not!"

"Did." He took the remote control. "Ta, pet."

Joyce sat on the arm of the couch, ruffled Spike's hair and pulled up his side of the blanket. "Am I done playing nursemaid now?"

The blanket suddenly made a very nice outline of where his foot was.

He met his wife's eyes and wiggled a brow at her. "For now." He tried to discreetly extricate his foot, but Buffy was holding fast.

Joyce blushed. "That's a different kind of nursemaid, I think."

Buffy was incredulous. "Ew!" She let go of his foot.

"Same kind, different outfit," he said to Joyce, bringing his knee to his chest.

"Ew!" Buffy kicked his shin.

"Ow! Kicker!" He pointed at her.

"You guys are gross!" she said, gesturing at them with her popsicle.

"Who you calling gross?" He winked at her.

"You!" She threw a wadded tissue at him.

"Now *this* -- this is gross," he said, picking it up and throwing it back.

Joyce threw up her hands and sighed. "I didn't gain a husband, I gained a son. I officially

have two kids." She got up and walked to the stairs. "Goodnight. And Buffy, I want you back in your room before midnight. Got it?"

"Uh huh," she said, glaring at Spike.

"Night, babe." He bit into his popsicle and stared at Buffy as he crunched.

Buffy waited until she couldn't hear her mother's footsteps anymore. "You're a dick."

He took her foot and placed it over his hard-on. "You are what you eat."

"Then you're a pussy." She pulled her foot away.

"What'd I do?"

"What did you do?" Her voice dropped to a hiss. "You flirted with her right in front of me!"

"Because she was just about to notice exactly where my foot was."

She considered this. "Oh."

"Yeah, oh." He bit the last chunk off of his popsicle stick and threw it on the coffee table.

She sucked on her icepop. "I forgive you."

"Good. Now c'mere and suck on my pop."

"Not a chance, Sick Boy." She stuck her tongue out, food-coloring red.

He stuck his red tongue out and wiggled the tip.

She smiled. "You have the longest tongue."

"Most talented too." He picked up her foot, yanked her toward him, and sucked on her big toe.

"Mmm..." His mouth was soft and wet and fever-hot.

She grinned. "You need to feel this." She sat up and gave him her icepop to hold, then moved under the covers, pulled down his sweatshorts and enveloped the tip of his cock with her 101-degree mouth.

"Ah!"

"Mmm..." She made her way down.

He was sheathed in hot, heavenly bliss. "Oh...bloody...hell..."

The icepop started to drip on the blanket, and he got an idea. "Spin 'round."

She let his cock slip out of her mouth. "Huh?"

He lifted the covers to whisper, "Six-nine."

"Oh." She pulled her pajama bottoms off and maneuvered herself over his face, then got back to sucking. Until she felt something cold on her clitoris. She gasped. "What are you--"

"Shhh..." He slid it up, right up her slit, and back down again, making her shiver and squeal. Cool red liquid dripped onto his face.

Relaxing, she sucked him in again.

He inhaled sharply, and pressed the cherry-red tip through her threshold.

"Mm!" Her eyes widened.

It slid all the way in. He began to pump it in and out slowly, and spread her lips to lap at her clit.

She went crazy. Forgot about his needs for a minute. Cold, cold coldness inside, his hot tongue outside, oh god, oh god... She bucked back and fucked that popsicle stick, cooing and shaking and... "HUNHHHH!"

*Fuck.* The popsicle was melting out of her and into his mouth. He took out the half-melted stick and flung it aside, licking her all up.

She drew him in again, bobbing her head mercilessly on his cock. He came in a matter of seconds.

When she finally turned around again, she laughed. "You have fruit punch mouth."

"You know you wanna kiss me."

"No way!" She lifted his shirt and wiped it away. "Look at you, you're a mess."

"A happy mess."

"Mmm..." she kissed him.

He felt her trickle onto his shorts. "Might want to clean yourself up too."

She straddled his chest and wiped herself on his grey t-shirt.

"With a tissue!"

She chuckled. "This looks so bad."

"Tell me about it."

"I'd love to hear you explaining this to mom."

"I'll just say it's your fault."

"Meanie."

He arched a brow. "What are big brothers for?"

Her jaw dropped. "Dirty!"

He grinned. "C'mere sis. I got something to show you."

"You are so, so bad."

He curled his tongue against his teeth. "Makes you hot, though, doesn't it?"

She smiled. "Maybe."

He smoldered at her and slid his hand down her side, then ran it up her thigh. "My sexy little sister."

"Oh god..." Her eyes rolled up. "Stop it..."

The floorboards creaked above them. They quickly tore apart and got back to their previous positions.

Spike flipped the channel on the TV, and turned the volume up slightly.

They heard a clinking noise. Joyce was at the fridge.

Buffy saw her pajama bottoms on the floor, and grabbed them, quickly pulling them on.

"Still alive down there?"

"He won't let me watch *Street Smarts*!" Buffy called out, shrugging at Spike.

He smiled at her.

"Then you go up to your room and watch it there."

"But this is bigger," she pouted.

"Too bad," Joyce said, and walked away.

Eyes rolling, they exhaled.

\*\*\*

"Buffy!"

She blinked awake. Her mother was standing over her.

"What did I tell you last night?"

"Huh?"

"Sorry, love," Spike said, sitting up on the opposite side of the couch and rubbing the sleep from his eyes. "My fault. She fell asleep and I didn't want to wake her." He made sure the blanket covered his shirt.

Joyce sighed. "How are you feeling?"

"Better," he said, cricking his sore neck. "I'll go get ready for work."



She touched his forehead and tsked. "You're still burning up. Sorry honey, but you're staying home. I'll call the office." She moved over to Buffy. "Yep, you too. Now I want you both to drink lots of fluids, and get lots of -- Oh, honestly." Something on the floor had caught her eye.

She bent down to peel the popsicle stick off the beige Berber carpet.

Buffy's eyes widened.

She wagged it at Spike. "And try not to ruin my rug?"

"Yeah," he said slowly. "Sorry. I'll clean it up."

She took a deep breath, and threw the stick on the coffee table. "Good."

Buffy grimaced at the display.

"I'll see you at six." She kissed them both on their heads and made for the stairs.

When Joyce was finally out of earshot, laughter burst through Buffy's nose.

"Thought I'd have a bloody heart attack."

She laughed out loud, and started coughing. As he moved up to rub her back he chuckled at her, and was consumed by a coughing fit too.

"We're so attractive," Buffy said.

\* \* \*

*A WEEK LATER*

Buffy opened her door and walked across the hallway to the bathroom.

She heard her mother moan, and froze.

"Spike..."

She made a face. They were having sex.

She knew he had to do it every now and then. She just didn't ever want to know about it. Ever.

So, she padded quietly to their door. Heard him breathing. The bed squeaking.

She felt sick to her stomach, but she had to know. She had to hear it.

"Oh..."

*Ew.* She didn't want to hear *her*.

He breathed, and breathed, and breathed.

Didn't say her name, didn't tell her he loved her, didn't say "bloody hell" or anything at all, just breathed, and held his breath, made a strangled little noise, and then the bed stopped squeaking.

Buffy smiled, reassured. *So there.*

\*\*\*

*COUPLE DAYS LATER*

"Buffy? Are you ready yet?"

Spike and Joyce were standing by the door.

"Coming!"

She hurried down the staircase wearing a short taupe shift that swished around her curves like mercury. Spike had to suppress an impulse to bend her over the banister. "How long's it bloody take to put your face on? At this rate, we'll miss the show."

"Shut up."

"Buffy, don't talk to him that way."

"He doesn't mind." She brushed past them and out the door.

Joyce shook her head, and sighed.

Spike smiled at her. "It's alright."

\*\*\*

At the theater, Spike sat between his two lovers, feeling an incredible magnetic pull toward Buffy. He kept turning to her without realizing it. Kept checking out her supple, naked thighs. When he had a comment, he felt the urge to whisper it to Buffy's ear, not Joyce's. He chose not to say anything at all.

\*\*\*

"You really should order something a little more substantial," Joyce said to Buffy. "You're getting a little thin. Don't you think so, Spike?"

"Uh..." He glanced at Buffy, and back at Joyce. "I don't think I'll get involved in this one."

"Good," Buffy said, eyes on her menu.

"Although the Filet of Sole here? Bloody magnificent."

She eyeballed him. "Fine. I'll get that." She closed her menu.

Joyce blinked at Spike. "How did you do that?"

He grinned and shrugged.

\*\*\*

"Mmm," Buffy said, spooning into his creme brulee. "This is so, so good."

"Innit?" He watched her lick her spoon. *Fucking hell.*

"Mmhmm." As she dipped into his dish again, she squeezed his thigh under the table. *Oh no. No no no.* He tried to brush her hand away. It wouldn't budge.

Her foot was wrapped around his ankle, her toes moving up and down his pantleg.

Tone measured and matter-of-fact, her mother asked from the opposite side of the table, "Why don't you order your own, Buffy?"

Buffy pulled her spoon out of her mouth. "I like his."

The waiter walked by and Joyce lifted a finger. "Can we get the check please? Thanks." She turned to Buffy and said irately, "So, Buffy. How's school been?"

"Fine," she said, eyes on the dish, hand on Spike's hard-on.

*Fuck.*

"That's it? Just fine? I imagine the eleventh grade isn't always fine." She emphasized the *eleventh grade*.

Spike cleared his throat. "Pay attention to your mother, Buffy."

She gave him a hard squeeze, and removed her hand, put her elbows on the table. "Everything's great, mom. My teachers, my friends, cheerleading practice. Life is perfect."

"What about boys?"

"What about them?"

"Are you seeing anyone?"

She slid her eyes to the side, got shy. "There is someone."

Spike held his breath.

"Really? What's his name?"

She grinned. "Xander Harris. You remember Xander, don't you?"

Spike glanced at Buffy.

"Sure, I remember Xander," Joyce said skeptically.

"Well, he *finally* got up the nerve to ask me out last week, and I said yes." She smiled dreamily. "He's so incredibly sweet and funny, and... that's all I'm gonna say. I don't wanna jinx it."

Joyce smiled, relieved. "That's great, Buffy. I'm glad to hear it."

The bill was placed on the table.

"Let me get this," Spike said.

\* \* \*

"Not here for that," he said, pushing her away from him.

"What else is there to be here for?"

They kept their voices down in the dark basement.

"Buffy, you've got to stop doing that in front of your mother."

"Doing what?"

"You know what."

"Feeling you up?" Her hands slid up his chest. "She didn't see."

He stopped them in their tracks. "It's what she saw *above* the table. You were making love to my dessert! Had me drooling all over you."

She smiled. "Were you drooling?"

"Buffy."

"Relax. She doesn't suspect you. She just thinks *I'm* being inappropriate."

"Well, you are! Rubbing up against me and fellating my spoon like that and who the hell is Xander Harris?"

Mouth agape, she chuckled. "Are you jealous?"

"That depends. Are you fucking him?"

"No!" she laughed. "He's *just* a friend. He did ask me out last week, but I said no." She turned his chin toward her. "I'm an incredibly good liar, Spike. Haven't you figured that out?"

His eyes narrowed. "How do I know you're not lying now?"

"Because I don't lie to you." She kissed his lips. "And hello, don't I spend every spare second I have with you?"

"Yeah..."

"So believe me when I say..." she kissed his neck, and ran her hand up his leg, "All I want is you."

His eyes rolled back, and he spun her around to pin her to the wall and kiss her possessively.

\*\*\*

"Lower, lower," Joyce heard, and frowned. Quietly, she walked through the dining room and saw them in the kitchen, backs turned to her.

Spike had his t-shirt pulled halfway up his back. Buffy was standing at the island beside him, reading the paper, one hand scratching at his command. "Left... No, your other left."

She turned the page, still scratching.

"Oh, yeah. That's it. Oh...yeah." He let go of his shirt.

She smoothed it down, rubbed circles on his back and withdrew her hand, focus never leaving the article she read. "Ooh, I wanna see this."

"What you wanna see?"

As they talked, Joyce stood there, unable to announce her presence; wondering why she felt like she'd walked in on something when it was so clearly nothing.

But it was so casual. So comfortable.

So... intimate.

\*\*\*

Buffy listened for the car, waited impatiently at the door for him. Seemed like that trip to the airport took *forever*.

"Hi honey, I'm home," he grinned, shutting the front door behind him and peeling off his jacket.

He kissed her smiling mouth and pushed her up against the door, hands sliding up her legs.

She squealed, ecstatic. "I can't believe we have a week!"

He hoisted her knees up around his hips and narrowed his eyes at her. "No school for you, missy. You're staying right here."

She hooked her ankles behind him. "Will you write me a note?"

"I'll send a bloody singing telegram." He walked her to the couch and sang peppily, "Sorry, but Buffy can't make it this week. She's busy shagging her. old. man."

She giggled as he dropped her down, and dove on top of her.

"We can be as loud as we want," she said.

"Mind the neighbors, pet." He lifted her leg over her head. "I know how loud you can get."

"Mmmm," she moaned as their tongues met.

*A whole week.*

\*\*\*

Buffy was straddling him in his bed, oohing and aahing and fucking him within an inch of his life.

The phone rang. She reached for it.

"No!" He grabbed her hand.

She broke free and picked it up, voice raspy and breathless. "Hello?"

He prayed it was a telemarketer.

She casually swiveled her hips. "Hi, mom. How was your flight?"

Eyes wide, Spike shook his head.

"Yeah-huh. He's right here."

He gaped at her for a moment, and reluctantly took the phone she held at his face. "Joycie!"

"Spike?"

"None other." He sneered as Buffy circled her evil little hips.

"Were you... exercising or something?"

"Fighting over the remote control," he managed to say.

"Oh... Isn't that cute."

He rolled his eyes shut. *There's a word for it.*

Buffy swooped down and began to suck at his sweat-sheened nipple. He pushed her up.

"Anyway, I wanted to give you my number here."

"Right. Good." He gestured and mouthed, *Pen.*

She rolled her eyes and opened the bedside drawer, finding a Pilot marker.

"Got a pen and paper?"

"Just a sec--"

"No paper," Buffy said, closing the drawer.

"Go on," Spike said, and proceeded to transcribe the hotel number onto Buffy's inner thigh.

She giggled. "That's gonna sweat right off."

"What'd she say?" Joyce asked.

"Lord knows. She's watching some crappy reality show."

"Oh."

Buffy smiled down at him and clenched her inner muscles.

He almost squeaked. Joyce was saying something. "What's that, love?"

"I said everything's fine, thanks for not asking."

He shut his eyes and flung the pen aside. "I'm sorry, babe. Buffy's bein' a handful right now."

Buffy chuckled, and brought his free hand to her breast.

"Well you can always walk away from her." She sounded increasingly ticked off.

He dropped his hand, knit his brow. "Course love. I know that."

"Can you do that right now?"

"Uh, yeah." He spun Buffy onto her back and pulled out of her.

"Hey!"

He held up his index finger, and went into the bathroom. Shut the door. "I'm alone, love. Sorry 'bout that."

Something hit the door and he heard, "Stupid."

"That's okay. You've just been spending an awful lot of time with her... "

He sat down on the closed toilet seat. His dick was still hard and shining with her juices.

"You wanted us to get along, remember?"

"I know. I guess... I guess I'm just a little jealous."

"Jealous?" He forced a chuckle.

"I know. It's crazy." She sighed. "But I've been so busy, I haven't had the chance to enjoy you like she does."

He cleared his throat. "How about you and I..." he stuck his legs out in front of him, "go away together for a weekend? Just the two of us."

"That would be nice..."

"I'll make the arrangements, then."

"Spike?"

"Yeah, pet?"

"I love you."

He knit his brow. "Yeah, me too."

\*\*\*

"Baby..."

She was in her bed, face down in the pillows. "No."

"What the hell was I s'posed to do? Bust a bloody nut while your mother listens in?"

"I don't care."

"She's not stupid, you know. She'll suspect something sooner or later. If she hasn't already."

"I don't. care."

"Buffy..." He sat down at her bedside. "C'mon, sweetheart. Lemme make it up to you. Take you out to dinner."

She turned her head. "Where?"

He moved her hair out of her face. "Anywhere you want."

"Someplace romantic?"

"Sure. Long as it's not within a thirty mile radius."

She grinned. "I know just the place."

\*\*\*

They sat at a cozy candlelit table next to picture windows that overlooked the Pacific.

"Good choice," he said. "Bring all your boyfriends here?"

Buffy smiled. "Mom and dad took me here once when they were trying to 'reconcile'? It was such a joke." She hooked her arm into his. "I made a pact with myself that night that I'd come here with someone who'd never ever fight with me in a nice restaurant."

"And you brought me?"

She narrowed her eyes at him. "Don't start."

"I'll be good, I promise." He tapped the menu. "What you in the mood for?"

She shrugged. "Pick something out for me."

He opened it up, looked over the entrees. "Anything you don't like?"

"Surprise me."

The waiter approached, introducing himself and the specials with a thick accent. Spike then



opened his mouth and replied to him in fluent, effortless Italian. Buffy watched in awe as it turned into a boisterous conversation.

When the waiter walked away, Buffy gawked at Spike. "Okay, I think I just came."

He chuckled. "Then I guess my work here is done."

"Talk about surprising." She leaned in toward him, biting her smiling lip. "You speak Italian?"

"Lived in Rome for three years. Had to pick it up sooner or later."

"Oh god. I can't believe you never told me this. Say something. Anything."

He took her hand, gazed at it as he ran his fingers over it. "*Ogni volta che ti bacio, dimentico dove sono.*"

She gasped, shuddered, and whispered, "What's that mean? Other than 'Buffy is now my bitch.'"

He smiled warmly. "Everytime I kiss you," he pressed his lips against her hand, "I forget where I am."

"Ohh..." *I love you.* She tilted her ear toward him. "Say it again."

"*Vieni qui e baciami,*" he said into her ear.

"Translation?"

"C'mere and kiss me."

They kissed, light and teasing.

"*Le tue labbra sono dolci come il miele.*" He feathered his lips against hers. "Your lips are sweet as honey."

She whimpered. "Do we have to stay for dinner?"

"You can wait 'til we get home, can't you?"

"No."

"Well, you'll have to. I just ordered you a hundred-fifty dollar meal."

Furtively, she slipped a hand into her panties and brought a glistening finger to his mouth, rubbed it on his lips.

He was suddenly short of breath. "Right then. We'll make it quick."

\*\*\*

*"La tua pelle e' come seta..."*<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Your skin is like silk.

"Unh!"

*"Tu mi fai squagliare come neve al sole."*<sup>2</sup> He shut his eyes, god she was so wet...

"Don't stop! Please don't stop!"

He panted against her ear. *"Io ho occhi solo per te, mio angelo...tu sei bellissima..."*<sup>3</sup>

After rushing through dinner, he'd pulled into a small vacant beach lot on Pacific Coast Highway. Doggy style in the back seat, panties rolled down to her knees, skirt up, strong arms around her waist, hot Italian lovetalk in her ear.

Now Buffy was approaching orgasm number four, and he knew he wouldn't be able to hold on much longer...

*"Il mio amore per te e' piu' profondo dell'oceano..."*<sup>4</sup>

"Hunh!"

Spike grit his teeth, and roared out a climax, SUV rocking along.

"Keep going, keep talking..."

He snaked a hand between her legs and kissed her hair, her exposed neck, *"Ti amo... ti amo..."*<sup>5</sup>

A guttural cry, and she collapsed, forehead hitting the soft carseat. "Oh. God."

He said into her back, *"Vorrei trascorrere tutta la mia vita con te."*<sup>6</sup>

"Stop it. You're gonna make me come again."

"And that's a--?"

A bright light flickered on them, and there was a knock at the driver's side window.

They shot up.

He looked out the back window. A fucking cop car, with its colored lights spinning. "Shit."

He stuffed himself inside his pants. She righted herself, pulled up her thong, straightened her skirt.

Another knock. "Can you please open this window?"

He climbed into the driver's seat, cleared his throat, turned the key in the ignition and rolled down the window.

---

<sup>2</sup> My life without you is like day without sun.

<sup>3</sup> I only have eyes for you, my angel...you are so beautiful.

<sup>4</sup> My love for you is deeper than the ocean.

<sup>5</sup> I love you...I love you.

<sup>6</sup> I want to spend all my life with you.

"Evening, officer. There a problem?"

The cop just looked at him blankly. "License and registration, please."

"Yeah. Sure." He opened his wallet, handed him his license, and reached over Buffy, who now sat quietly in the passenger seat, to open the glove compartment.

The cop scanned the documents for a moment, periodically glancing back up at Spike. "Who's Joyce Summers?"

Spike opened his mouth, looked out at the twinkling lights on the ocean. "Uh, that's my wife. Her car."

He gestured at Buffy, knowing the answer. "Is that your wife?"

"No. She's not." *Pillock*. "She's my girlfriend."

Buffy couldn't help but smile. *I'm his girlfriend*. The flashlight shone in her eyes.

"How old are you, miss?"

"Nineteen," she said.

"Do you have any ID to verify that?"

Spike held his breath.

"Yeah. Just a second." She reached down to her purse, sifted through it. "Shoot, I left my wallet at home, on my desk. I'm sorry, I didn't think I'd be needing it." She turned toward him. "But... I promise you I'm nineteen. My name is Debbie Madison, born February 12th, 1984. I graduated from Torrance High last year and now I go to Pepperdine. English major."

Spike lifted his brow.

"Who's that Dean at Pepperdine again?" the cop quizzed. "Winston?"

She shook her head. "Baird."

Spike suppressed a smile. She *was* good.

The cop nodded, and looked at Spike. "Where are you from originally, sir?"

"The U.K. London."

"I see. Well, I don't know what you people do in London, but here in California, public fornication is a crime."

"Right. Sorry. Won't do it again."

The cop handed the documents back. "Get your girlfriend home, and buy something nice for your wife."

"Yes sir, officer. I will. Thank you."

As the cop ambled away, Spike and Buffy exhaled.

He looked at her. "Debbie Madison?"

She grinned. "Amy's sister. I've got an identity for every age."

"You little criminal." He shook his head with a smile, and started the engine. "Well, Debbie. Let's do what the man says and get you home."

*TO BE CONTINUED*