Animal Nature

by purplefeen

Spike/Vamp!Willow

rating: Mature, for language and mild torture
warning: character death (as in the episode), mild torture – these two are vampires, not cute and fluffy bunnies

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time frame: S3 of BtVS during "The Wish"

summary: During "The Wish", Spike comes back to Sunnydale and decides to have Vamp!Willow for his own. Sorry for the lack of detailed sex, but this one was written for my son (who’s a hopeless romantic) and it’s just ookey to write sex your son is going to read.
dedicated to: Number One Son, who wanted a Spike/Willow fic based on the song Animal by Neon Trees. I’m not sure this is exactly what he was looking for.

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Part One

"That's right, Puppy... Willow's gonna make you bark."

Willow ripped open Angel’s shirt and admired her handiwork from last time. Some nicely blooming bruises and more than a few deep wounds still remained. She ran the scissors down his chest, deciding where to make the first incision.

The dungeon was cold and dark, the perfect setting for the dissection of a sorry excuse for a once-great vampire, according to The Master. She’d never heard of Angelus herself and really didn’t care about his illustrious history. In the here and now, he was a whiney, brooding do-gooder who betrayed his family and tried to kill The Master. Not that she minded hurting for sport, but playing with Puppy was especially exciting because he *deserved* the punishments she brought upon him.

If only Xander would give in and play. He preferred to watch. What Willow really wanted was a playmate, someone just as bloodthirsty as herself to spend her nights and days with. But she had loved Xander as a human and that pathetic emotion had morphed into something akin to deep loyalty when they’d been turned that night so long ago in the cemetery.

If only…

But wishing wouldn’t change things. Xander was who he was, and what he was was an observer.

Her musings were disturbed by a heavy footfall on the stairs.

"All right kiddies, the Grand Poobah is calling a meeting upstairs."

A new voice interrupted her thoughts and she looked up, ready to take the new boy to task for his disruption.

Xander turned too as a vampire they’d never seen before came into the light of the basement. The newcomer had a commanding presence; even Xander could admit that, with his long black coat, platinum blond hair and chiseled cheekbones.

"Who are you?" Willow demanded, absentmindedly sinking the scissors into Puppy’s chest as she glared at the interloper.

"Well, looky at this," said the new vamp. "A red-haired goddess with my sire on his back being tortured. I may just pull up a seat and tell the old bat upstairs he’ll have to wait. This is a sight to be savoured."

"Your sire?" Willow looked down at the wretched puppy below her. "This…thing…sired you?"

"Him and Dru, yeah. Used to be the biggest, baddest mother-fucker on the planet, next to the Bat-man upstairs. Was a long time ago, though." He noticed that she had stopped the torture so he pulled up a chair and sat. "Please, don’t let me interrupt. Continue whatever you were doing when I came in."

Xander looked worried. "But you said The Master wanted us upstairs."

"Run along then, kiddie, and tell him for me that this goddess and I are busy, will you?"

Xander growled. "Her name’s Willow and she’s mine."

Spike looked from him to her and back again. He sized up the competition and found it amazingly lacking. This wouldn’t even be challenging enough to be fun. "That so, Red? This whelp own you?"

"Nobody owns me." She didn’t like the thought of being possessed, like an…object. She was strong, stronger than she’d ever been as a human and she didn’t need Xander or anyone else to look after her.

Spike turned back to Xander with a smile. "Looks like you don’t have the proper ownership papers, mate. Run along now and let a real man show the lady a good time."

Xander stood his ground. "Willow and me – we’re together."

"You are, are you?" Spike asked, noticing again that she had stopped torturing Angel. He wanted to get her back to that without delay.

She really did look like a goddess, sitting there with her skintight leather and flaming red hair, straddling the despicable sire that left him alone with loony Drusilla and the queen bitch almost a century ago. He’d like to wonder how the old man got here, but right now he really didn’t care; he was just enjoying seeing him at the goddess’s mercy. Hopefully she won’t show him any. Maybe Dru leaving him for that chaos demon won’t turn out to be such a mistake after all.

Willow was looking confused. She and Xander were together, yes, and had been since they’d been turned. But this newcomer was far too interesting to pass up and she had a feeling that if she declared loyalty to Xander, he’d stop trying so hard to impress her. Having such a fine specimen trying to woo her was nice indeed.

"We’re companions," she hedged, hoping that would placate Xander and not run off the new guy. She changed the subject. "You got a name?"

Spike smiled, recognizing the interest in her voice. He’d have this one all right and soon, if the look in her eyes was any indication. "Spike," he told her, letting her take him in. Her eyes were running up and down his form and he could feel the whelp beside him fuming about it.

"Mine’s Willow," the goddess answered. "And that’s Xander."

Spike turned his gaze back to the whelp. "Xander huh? Why don’t you run along, Xander, and tell his majesty that Red and I will be up as soon as we’re finished down here. He can start the meeting without us." At the apprehension in Xander’s eyes, Spike put him at ease. "Don’t worry, old Bat-face is used to insubordination from me. He’ll be just as glad I’m not there. Didn’t he send me down here after you two less than three seconds after our less than tearful reunion?"

Xander wanted to stay and make sure this cocky bastard stayed away from Willow, but he knew better than to disobey an order from The Master.

"I’ll be back." With that, he left.

"Famous last words. Now," Spike said, turning back to Willow, "what did I interrupt?"

Part Two

Willow stood just as Xander came back down the stairs.

"We going to feed?" he asked her, purposely avoiding looking at Spike. Willow now looked like the goddess Spike had proclaimed her to be. She had obviously had fun tormenting the puppy. Her skin was radiant and her eyes were doing that thing they used to do only for him, where they looked like real sparkling emeralds.

She was turned on; he could feel it, he could smell it. And no doubt the new guy could too. He had to get them separated and fast.

"Let’s feed on the playthings upstairs and go to bed, Willow." A suggestion she would readily have taken before when she was in this state, but no, the new guy – this Spike – had to interrupt.

"Feed on caged food? Where’s the sport in that? I’m going out to hunt. Want to come along, Red?" He noticed her look sideways at the whelp. "Bring the boy if you must."

Spike took off up the stairs, knowing she was too keyed up not to follow. But would the boy do the smart thing and stay behind?

His instincts told him no, that Xander wouldn’t leave Red alone for a moment with anyone he believed was competition. Not that Xander could ever be competition for William the Bloody, but the boy didn’t know that – yet.

They took to the streets, following the few citizens who were stupid enough to be out this late at night. Poor sods going to work early or coming home late. Xander’s first kill was a drunk too inebriated to even try to fight for his life, and Spike rolled his eyes at the easy kill, letting Willow see him do it.

He spotted the white van he’d seen on the way into town tonight. Do-gooders out patrolling the streets, trying to save the town folk from the big, bad vampires. Now *they* would be sport to catch and kill.

"Come on."

Willow followed him readily and Xander brought up the rear, after he’d drained his drunk.

Spike grabbed a rock and, when the van turned a corner and headed toward them, he stepped out onto the sidewalk and aimed it at the windshield, hitting it hard enough to break the glass and take out the driver. As he stepped back into the darkness of the alley, the others foolishly fled the vehicle, stakes and crossbows at the ready.

"They’re off their game tonight. Giles isn’t with them," Willow proclaimed as the three of them stepped out of their hiding place.

"Giles?" Spike asked.

"School librarian - their leader."

"A librarian is their leader?"

She didn’t have time to answer as one of them swung a stake at her but she sidestepped it easily enough.

Xander was having trouble with a girl with a crossbow, but Willow supposed he was a bit slow on the draw because of the alcohol in the blood of the drunk he’d fed on.

Her stalker swung again and she ducked under his arm and came up at his back, grabbing his arm and twisting it behind him. He dropped the stake and it was easy to sink her fangs into his neck now. That first delicious drop of blood hitting her tongue always excited her. The rush she got when the liquid ran onto her mouth and down her throat was almost as good as sex – sometimes better.

As her prey finally fell dead from loss of blood, she saw Xander finally conquer the girl by tripping her. He fell on top of her and sank his teeth in for the bite.

She looked around and saw Spike playing with his food. He ran down the block and back again, laughing all the while as the boy chasing him got winded and had to stop for breath. Spike jumped onto the hood of a parked car and beckoned the boy forward.

"Come on. Can’t give up now. You’ve nearly caught me."

Anger shone brightly in the boy’s eyes and he took another lunge at Spike, who ducked and kicked out, hitting the boy in the chest and sending him backward into the alley. Spike followed the boy and Willow followed Spike.

Spike was brilliant. He hunted like no one she’d ever seen before. He really seemed to enjoy the experience – it wasn’t just food for him. He backed the boy into a corner and she saw the boy’s eyes lose focus. This must be the thrall she’d heard The Master talk about but neither she nor Xander had ever quite gotten the hang of it.

The boy actually turned his head and offered his throat to Spike and she watched Spike reach up and caress the boy’s cheek before finally giving in and taking his bite. The boy gasped in ecstasy and it was the most erotic thing Willow had ever witnessed.

She stood watching as Spike rubbed his body against the boy as he drained him, then stepped away and let the body fall. He turned and with a cocky smirk, came strutting back down the alley.

"Enjoy the show, Red?"

She couldn’t even nod; she was so filled with awe at what a powerful and enticing being Spike was. She had found him alluring before; now he would be positively impossible to resist should he decide he wanted her.

Temptation, thy name is Spike.

She had a feeling that Spike would also be the name of Satisfaction.

Part Three

Spike yawned, too weary to stay awake, but too excited to go to sleep. This one was special, he could feel it in his bones. Special like Dru, but better. She was psychotic and homicidal and delightfully imaginative but she was also blessedly *sane*. No "burning fishes", not a single utterance about "the stars". Just hour after hour of wicked torture doled out to his favourite subject, his wayward sire. And she’d even invited him to join in.

Angelus now had a few extra holes in his flesh thanks to his unwanted childe, William the Bloody. About time that sadistic bastard got some of his own back and Red seemed just the vamp to do it. No hesitation, no seeming remnants of human guilt.

And the way she joined him for the takedown of those White Hats! She needed no coaching, just jumped right into the fray. How she had endured Xander with his laissez faire attitude to unlife, he had no idea. This one was born for the hunt!

She was a wonder, this one. She’d be his before the week was out.

Hopefully she wouldn’t rip his heart to pieces the way Drusilla had done. That was always the danger, wasn’t it?

*Here we go again. Say good bye to my heart.*

He’d never get to sleep now.

*So, what to do about Xander…*

Willow slept peacefully, dreaming of sky blue eyes and hands made of soft steel.

Spike knew a trick or two himself and he had impressed the novice vampire with his intelligence and knowledge of human physiology. He knew where all the nerve centers were and how to make them react quickly and strong. He knew when to be gentle and how to make Puppy relax well enough that the next thrust would not only be painful, but hurtful as well. Spike was a master and Willow wanted to learn all she could from him.

Plus, his looks were a decided plus. Xander had always been her ideal; had been, that is, until she got a look at Spike. When he finally took off the coat, there were muscles under there that Xander would only dream of.

*Xander…* If she wanted Spike, what would she do about Xander…

The Master’s meeting turned out to be an announcement about the plant – a new human-killing, blood-collecting machine that would make biting obsolete.

*That’s all the old fart knows*, thought Spike. *The bite is what makes it exciting. The bite is what makes the hunt and kill worth getting your adrenaline up for. Why bother to feed if you didn’t get to experience that first delicious, draining bite?*

So here they were tonight, awoken at sunset by The Master’s minions, crowded into a factory on the edge of Sunnydale, watching The Master display his new toy. Xander looked excited, but Willow looked as bored as he felt. His instincts told him that his goddess wasn’t going to let this thing stop *her* from hunting. A woman after his own heart.

He’d felt it last night – that first rush of new love and the more he saw of her, the harder he fell. Drusilla was history. If she wanted to cavort around with demons of every stripe, let her. Spike had better fish to fry. He took his time, maneuvering around so that Willow stood directly in front of him and as The Master held almost everyone’s attention with his verbose opening speech, Spike moved in close and ran one lone fingertip from the top of Willow’s fine derriere up her spine to her neck and he saw her shiver. He was getting to her. And in all the good ways.

As the others stood enraptured, Spike put one finger inside of the waistband of her leather pants and oh-so-slowly drew her back until they were at the back of the stage. His arm wrapped around her shoulders and he drew her back into his embrace, letting his real face come forward. He nipped at her neck from behind and she rubbed her sweet arse into his groin.

"We don’t need any machine, luv. Why don’t we see what else the world has to offer?"

Before she could answer, a commotion started and Spike could sense the new presence – a Slayer. He wanted to set out to kill his third Slayer, but Willow held him back. He turned to see her face then turned back again quickly at the horror in it. Angelus was dead, falling to ash in front of their eyes as the Slayer took out Xander with a well placed stake and he too was consumed in fire.

Spike jumped from the stage and grabbed the Slayer just as The Master reached for her, but Spike was quicker and got to her first. His bite sank deep and she was drained and gone as The Master looked on in stunned rage.

"She was mine. She was destined to be mine," the old bat screamed.

Willow grabbed Spike and pulled him away from the fray, out a back door of the factory. They ran to his Desoto to make their escape. Willow thought they were leaving Sunnydale but Spike parked only a few blocks away and pulled her into his arms.

"Can’t wait for this. Been wanting you from the first moment I saw you." As if by magic, Willow’s clothes are gone, in a heap on the seat as Spike pulled her over and into the expansive back seat. He took his time, listening for sounds that the do-gooders had tracked them down but heard nothing but her sighs and moans as he took her from one height to the next.

They made love slowly, relishing this first joining and the moon was high and bright when they finally pull apart, each gasping for breath their instincts tell them they need even though they don’t.

They dressed, stopping to kiss and fondle and relish that they’re still here, not ash, not cold and dead, not being blown around in the air in a dark and dismal factory a few miles away.

As Spike drove, Willow watched as the Welcome to Sunnydale sign disappeared in the distance; her world forever changed, her future now wrapped up in the vampire beside her.

The End