Dream Lover

by purplefeen

Spike/Willow  
genre: romance  
rating: mature adults  
time frame: s4 BtVS

summary: Willow daydreams during a research session.

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Chapter 1: The Reply  
  
Research was becoming intolerable. There was no information anywhere on the commandos; no one even had any idea where to start looking. Xander and Buffy had questioned the demon population but the only one talking was Spike and he didn't have much to say. He was still miffed about being held captive in the bathtub, but really, what else were they to do until they knew for sure that it wasn't a trick? Willow had told them, frequently, that it was no act, she had seen the real pain on his face and in his eyes that night in her dorm room, but they didn't seem to want to take her word for it. But finally, they had relented and he was roaming free around Giles' apartment. Not really helping, but not hindering either.  
  
So here they sat, all listening, kind of, to Giles monotonous droning on about exactly what they did and did not know about the commandos. Willow, for the first time since becoming a Scooby, dearly wished she were somewhere else. Anywhere else. Well, not anywhere. In the company of, oh, say Oz for example, would be very bad. *'The no good, son of a bitch, mangy, double-crossing...* But he was gone. She missed him, but he wasn't what she wanted anymore. She wanted someone who could make her forget about all of this, even for just a little while. Some nameless, faceless stranger with the face of an angel and the body of a god to touch her and take her mind far away from the realities of life in Sunnydale. Away from the pressures and stress of college life and demon hunting. Someone to...  
  
Without really realizing what she was doing, Willow's hand began to write on the blank notepaper in front of her.  
  
**I can feel your presence even before I see you. Every time you're near, my skin feels electric and my insides hum. The way you look at me, the way you see me, makes me feel alive in a way I never felt before. In your eyes, in your presence, I am beautiful. You see in me things I never knew I could be.  
  
Everything about you tells me that the gods made you just for me. Your skin is perfect and smooth and your eyes are warm and loving whenever you look at me. Bright, calm, sky blue turns to the color of a storm tossed sea when you take me in your arms. You tell me that only I do that to you. You've had many lovers but none of them ever made you as hungry as you are for me.  
  
It's too dark to see, but I know you're there. My skin prickles and my insides squirm. I say a tentative hello, but you don't answer and I become just a little afraid. That's a lie. I am very afraid. Everything about you is dangerous and I know I shouldn't be here, shouldn't be with you, but I've never been able to stop myself. I can't even hear your footsteps but I know you're there, know you're getting closer because my body can feel you. A touch on my wrist makes me jump, but I know its you and I calm immediately. One lone strong fingertip travels up my arm and across my shoulders to my neck. Your hand caresses me there and I close my eyes at the sensations overwhelming me.  
  
Your hand cups my cheek and I feel your breath on my face. As soon as your lips touch mine, my knees become weak and you seem to know because your arms encircle me and hold me tightly. I feel so safe in your arms, like nothing in the world can touch me when you hold me. Your mouth moves on mine and I feel the world fall away. There is nothing anywhere in the universe that could mean more to me than the way I feel when you kiss me.**  
  
"...see you all on Thursday." Giles concludes, and Willow awakens from her daydream. The rest of the gang are talking, gathering coats, grabbing their book bags and saying goodnight. Willow does the same, trying to remember where she is and what she was doing before the dream took her over. She rushes through, trying to make it seem as if she's flustered because of her hurry, not because of the romantic thoughts that were occupying her mind only moments before.  
  
When she gets back to the dorm and goes to sleep, she dreams of a nameless, faceless lover who makes her feel sensual and sexy, makes her feel like the woman she knows is just under the surface, but somehow can't seem to break through the skin.  
  
  
  
"Can I borrow your Psych notes?"  
  
"Huh?" Willow opens her eyes to see Buffy's face staring down at her and for some reason, there seems to be light emanating from Buffy's skull.  
  
"Can I borrow your Psych notes?" Buffy asks again and steps back to allow Willow to sit up. The light that Buffy seemed to be radiating turns out to be another bright, sunny California morning; the light coming through the open curtains illuminating the highlights in Buffy's hair.  
  
"We have that quiz today, remember?" Buffy continues and Willow numbly nods her ascent and Buffy squeals a very happy "Thank you" and runs to Willow's desk and begins rummaging through her backpack.  
  
Willow's dreams are clearing from her head and she smiles as she sees Buffy pulling all of the books from her backpack like she always does when searching for something - -  
  
"No!" Willow screams and dives for the bag, pulling it forcefully from Buffy's grasp. She suddenly remembered the paper she was scribbling during her daydream at Giles yesterday and through Buffy's hurt protests, produces the requested Psychology notes and hands them to Buffy, telling her she'll see her at lunch as usual.  
  
As soon as Buffy leaves, Willow grabs for her backpack, pulling out books and papers, searching for the paper she wrote about her stranger.  
  
"Well, it just has to be here," she's mumbling out loud, "I know I put it in here!" She's rifling through and trying to remember the exact moment last night when she stuffed the paper into the bag.  
  
"Spike was laying down on the couch, Buffy was going, and Xander was waiting and Giles was walking into the kitchen and Anya was putting on her coat..."  
  
She closes her eyes and pictures the scene perfectly in her mind. Buffy is putting on her coat and going through the door, blonde hair flying out behind her. "See ya at home, Wills" she says, and Willow remembers thinking that she hoped it would be a short patrol, she didn't feel like being by herself tonight, even if all she was going to do was go to sleep. Spike was staring down at her and saying, "Witch, you're sittin' on m' bed. Get up unless ya wanna sleep with me." He smiled in that lecherous way he does and Willow remembers her thoughts at that moment - and the blush that must have covered her whole body - as she quickly stood up. She saw Xander grab Anya's coat and hand it to her as Willow walked over to the table and closed her computer.  
  
*Was the paper in my hand then?*  
  
As much as she tries, she can't remember. "Oh please please please no!" she screams as her bag is emptied and no paper with writing about a faceless stranger in the dark who makes her feel beautiful and desired appears. "Please tell me I dropped it on the way back to the dorm!" she pleads to no one in particular, since no one is there. She hopes that Giles has picked this one morning out of his life to sleep late. Or become a slob and not pick up - or look at - any stray papers that may be lying around on the floor of his apartment.  
  
A quick glance at the clock tells her that she is already late for her first class, so missing it entirely would really be a good thing, because if she comes in late, she'll just disrupt the professor, right? *Right.* And then everyone would turn and look at her and that would be really embarrassing, right? *Right.* And really, it would just be so much easier to get the notes from Suki later today, right? *Right!* So with a big smile that she's doing the right thing, she heads out the door to run to Giles' and retrieve her paper.  
  
About two and a half minutes later, the door to her dorm room opens again and Willow reappears, heading for her closet, thinking it would be a really good idea if she got dressed before she went running out into the streets of Sunnydale, and why hadn't she thought of that before Alex Punchello laughed at her as she was running out of the dorm. The only thing that makes her feel better is that in addition to being funny and cute, Alex is a good guy and not a blabbermouth, so she doesn't have to worry about coming back this afternoon and the entire UC Sunnydale campus knowing about her goof up.  
  
  
  
"Giles?" Willow calls out as she enters his apartment, already scanning the tables and floor for a sign of her paper.  
  
"Gone out," says Spike as he walks out of the kitchen, 'Kiss the Librarian' mug in hand. "Wot's up?"  
  
"Oh, nothing," Willow whispers, not wanting to admit why she is here, especially not to Spike. She's on her knees now, looking under the desk her computer had sat on last night. No sign of it.  
  
"Then why're you -" Spike starts, but he doesn't get a chance to finish as Willow quickly lunges under the couch and then springs to her feet, smiling triumphantly.  
  
"Bye, Spike", she calls with a little wave of her fingers as she practically skips out the door.  
  
Spike stands for a full minute, looking at the closed door, smiling gleefully.  
  
  
  
Willow runs into her dorm room and opens her closet door, pulling out the small cauldron that she uses for her magick. Just as she has applied match to paper, she notices some writing on the crumpled up ball of paper that she didn't recognize. Quickly blowing out the flame and hoping and praying that she hasn't grabbed one of Giles' papers by mistake - *'But that's impossible, because I saw my writing at the top!'* - she opens it up and gasps as she notices for the first time that there is writing underneath her own. Someone has read her story and written something underneath! *'Commentary, critique? It's mortifying enough that someone else has read this, but to then have the nerve to -'*  
  
Her eyes catch the first words of the added paragraphs:  
  
I feel you quiver and I do not know if it is the air - or me - that makes you tremble. I pray that it is me. I do not aspire for you to be frightened of me, ever, but I would like you to desire me even half as much as I crave you.  
  
I observe you, every day, and I feel myself yearn to reach out and come into contact with you - feel the warmth of your skin or the silken softness of your titian locks. But I can't, not in front of all and sundry. I can only draw closer to you like this - in the obscurity of the shadows.  
  
Now that I have you here, all to myself, I want to caress you everywhere at once. I kiss your lips, willing them to open for me and they do. My tongue pushes inside you, savoring your sweet flavour. I have dreamt of this and I vow to myself that I will take my time and build the desire for me inside of you.  
  
My hands tremble, wanting to touch you in places I know they shouldn't. Instead, I let them mold themselves to your back, memorizing every line. I feel you quiver again and this time I know it is me that has made you react so. I feel your bosoms tense and harden against my chest and I cannot stop the wicked smile that forms on my lips.  
  
My mouth releases yours and I trail kisses across your cheek. I whisper, "I need you" in your ear and then trace the curve of that appendage with my tongue. I want to lick and taste every part of you that I can see. I suck the skin just below your ear into my mouth and I can feel your blood rushing beneath the skin. It is dark, but my eyesight is well enough and I can see that my action has left a slight bruising on your skin and I cannot help but feel pride in having marked you. I am hopeful that one day you will wish for me to mark you more permanently as mine own.  
  
  
Willow is sweating and shaking slightly as she finishes reading. She doesn't know what to think, what to feel. *'It's just so... hot.'* It's got her so turned on she's squirming in her seat. But who could have written it? *'Giles? No, there is absolutely no way that Giles would have written this. That's just... yucky. And Spike? Yeah, right! Like he even notices I exist! Except when he wants to bite someone - or needs magick done. It doesn't even begin to sound like him for one thing.'* In fact, it doesn't sound like anybody that she knows. Maybe it's a spell. No, that isn't likely either. *'Who would bespell a piece of notebook paper?'* It has to be a joke. But who would do such a thing? Buffy wouldn't be that cruel and Xander wouldn't be that sweet. '*Then who?*' *'Anya!'* It has to be Anya. She's been around for a thousand years. She's seen all the cruelty that men can do and maybe she thinks Willow would be better off with a fictional dream lover than a real man. Maybe this is her way of making Willow feel better about Oz leaving. Anya is always so curt and direct, but every once in a while she says or does something really thoughtful, something Willow would never have believed the ex-demon capable of if she hadn't seen it for herself. *'That has to be it!'* This was Anya, in some misguided but really kind of sweet way of helping Willow get over Oz.  
  
'*Plus, Anya is always thinking about sex.*' In fact, she must think that what Willow wrote was quite tame. But then, Anya's response had been really more romantic and tender than the no-holds-barred sexathons that she always figured were Anya's forte. Anya really is rather sweet, writing something more like what she thinks would turn Willow on than the hardcore Penthouse Letters type stuff she would have expected from the girl.  
  
Willow thought about calling her and thanking her but what would she say? Maybe just send some flowers with a thank you on the card? No, that wasn't right either. What could she do to thank Anya for her thoughtfulness? She decided to think about it while in class today and then she'd carry out whatever it was after class and before research at Giles'. '*More commandoes, I guess.*'  
  
Willow read over what she had written last night. It really was exceptionally tame. '*Anya must think I'm a boring, plain, good little girl with no naughty imagination at all...*'  
  
  
  
Chapter 2: William Revisited  
  
That night, as everyone gathers their things and looks everywhere but at her, Willow bends down to tie her sneaker and slips a piece of paper under the couch.  
  
Only one person sees her do it.  
  
Later that night, when Giles is asleep, a hand reaches under and pulls out the paper. He doesn't need the light on to see it, his vision is perfect, even in the dark. He had been waiting patiently, making absolutely certain that the watcher was deeply asleep before the curiosity overcame him and he just had to know what she had written in return.  
  
**I hear you whisper "I need you" and I can't help but shake. That a man as wonderful as you are would want me is unbelievable. I can feel myself get wet when you give me a love bite below my ear. I want you to touch me.  
  
I reach out a hand and touch your chest, feeling the hard muscles beneath the shirt beneath my fingers. I have to touch you, your skin, feel it next to me. I unbutton your shirt, slowly at first and then more quickly because the anticipation just might kill me. I tear the shirt off of you and I hear the last couple of buttons, that I neglected in my haste, hit the floor somewhere behind me. I push the shirt over your broad shoulders and pull it down your arms, letting it fall to the floor. At last.  
  
My lips kiss your neck, chest and shoulders and the electricity that I feel coming from you makes my insides melt. I love that I can affect you as much as you affect me. My lips rain kisses across your skin and when I finally come across your nipple, my tongue can't resist peeking out and licking it. You taste so wonderful that I become bolder and suck it into my mouth, biting on it lightly. When your hands fist in my hair and I hear a moan escape your lips, I smile to myself and wrap my arms around you. After a few moments, I switch to your other nipple and run my nails down your back. You moan again, louder this time and I feel you get longer and harder against my belly.  
  
I want you now, inside of me, but I know the foreplay will only make the mating more sweet, so I take my time, building in you, I hope, the same fire that you lit in me.**   
  
*'So the little girl wants to play, does she? Fine. Obviously she doesn't know who she's dealing with.'* That thought permeates his brain and keeps going round and round. '*Does she know who she's dealing with? Does she know it's me? That I wrote what she read? Who does she think... Not Giles, that's just... too weird to even think about.*' The watcher and the witch. The images are making him nauseous. He reads her paper again and can't help it when his hand moves to his chest, up under his t-shirt and across his nipples. He closes his eyes and imagines her mouth there. His hand starts to move lower, he has to relieve this pent-up passion he's feeling...  
  
He stops himself, deciding to put it all into his words instead. The next time he gets off, it will be Willow's hands, Willow's body...  
  
He sits for a while, trying to decide what to write. He imagines himself kissing her with ferocity, ripping her clothes off and lying her down under the full moon and pounding inside her...  
  
  
  
Willow's impatient after class, doesn't know what to do. There's no research session tonight, no reason at all for her to go to Giles, but she's curious to know what Anya has written in return. And she really isn't comfortable knowing that paper is just sitting there, under Giles' couch, for anyone with a vacuum or a dropped book to find...  
  
Relief washes over her in a wave when she picks up the phone and hears Giles' voice say, "Willow? Oh, good, I finally got someone. I've left several messages. Is Buffy there, I need her to do something for me."  
  
Giles' voice sounds very off and Willow thinks for a moment that someone is playing a joke and imitating Giles' voice. Then she asks, "Giles, do you have a cold?"  
  
"Just hay fever, I think. But in either case, I need Buffy to stop by the butcher's and pick up some blood for Spike. He's driving me insane with his grumbling that he's hungry, he keeps insisting that he must have something before he withers away to nothing and every time I open the apartment door, I can barely breathe. Could you ask Buffy to -"  
  
At last, a plausible excuse to go to Giles' and get her paper! "She's not here, Giles, but I'll do it. My last class on Fridays ends at 12:15, so I'm done for the day. I'll be there in about an hour." She hangs up before he can answer and, humming very happily to herself, leaves to go to the butcher's to buy some blood for Spike.  
  
  
  
Buffy drops Willow off at the dorm that night before leaving for patrol. Willow had had to wait until almost six thirty before she could retrieve the paper without anyone seeing. She'd sat and talked to Giles and made him tea and insisted he go up to bed with some allergy pills. That had effectively taken care of Giles, but then Spike just wouldn't leave the room. She's heated him three mugs of blood before she remembered that no matter how much he drank, he'd never have to pee.  
  
She decided she'd have to wait until nightfall and then try to convince him to leave the apartment for something. She sat and talked to him about all kinds of things, and realized for the first time what an interesting life Spike must have led. To be alive during such important times of civil unrest around the globe and leaps in science and technology that completely changed the way people had lived for a thousand years.  
  
He remembered everything and they talked about history and life and what they each thought of different events that had shaped the world. She was amazingly surprised at how intelligent and astute Spike was, and after hearing his opinions - which almost mirrored her own, the glaring exception being the treatment of the indigenous people of the Americas - had to comment on how empathetic toward humans he was, considering he was a vampire. Spike's position was that he had once been human and remembered what it was like, vaguely. Willow asked what he had been like as a human, but he avoided the question and returned to talking about civil unrest. He had just gotten to the Boxer Rebellion in China when he saw her give a little yawn and asked if she'd like some coffee. '*Spike doesn't know I shouldn't have coffee!*' she thought with joy and said that yes, she'd love some. It wasn't until after he went into the kitchen to make it that Willow remembered the paper and realized that she was alone.  
  
Spike turned hurriedly back to the sink after Willow had seized the paper and turned back toward her when she seemed to suddenly remember a test she had to study for and ran out the door. She ran right into Buffy who insisted that they go out for pizza and it was after ten when she made it back to the dorm and Buffy headed out to patrol.  
  
Willow wonders briefly as she unfolds the paper what excuse Anya had used to get back into Giles' apartment last night, but then that unique handwriting catches her eye and she completely forgets about Anya.  
  
I am undone. The way you touch me is making me feel animalistic. I had hoped to keep up a gentlemanly façade for as long as possible, not wanting to ravage you, to take my time and worship you as you should be worshipped.  
  
I gaze into your incredible emerald eyes and I can see right through you, I see who you are underneath, I know you. I know your essence. You have the purest heart of anyone I've ever met. I used to be like that. I know that someone who wears his heart on his sleeve frequently gets it ripped open, stomped on, or torn out. I vow that I will never do that to you. You are a goddess, my love and I promise myself that you will know that every minute of every day that I am with you.  
  
As your hands and mouth travel my body, I come alive under your touch. As my body burns for you, I long to explore your every curve. Shaking hands cup your face as I kiss you. Nervous fingers caress your neck. Anxious fingertips cross your collarbone as I wonder what you could possibly see in me. I stare in wonder as my hand glides lower, waiting for you to stop me because I know you will. You must.  
  
I have longed for this moment, the moment when I can really touch you. I have dreamt of a time when I could tell you how magnificent you are without fear of retribution. For a time when I could put my hands on you, put my mouth on you, feel you quiver and moan beneath me and know that I alone do this to you.  
  
Do you really want me or is this just a game to you?  
  
As this is all I have of you, I will not let my one opening slip past without taking a chance.  
  
I watch my fingers travel down your chest and watch as goosebumps appear on your flesh. Your skin is a delight, just as you are. As my hand closes over one heaving bosom, my mouth cannot resist tasting your skin. My lips kiss their way down your neck and I can feel the warmth of your blood just below the surface. Your heart pounds for me.  
  
You press your breast more firmly into my hand and I cannot resist squeezing it just a little. When a moan escapes your lips, I feel it on my neck and my body swells and hardens, anticipating the moment when we become one. One being, one love.  
  
My mouth opens as I lower my head to your bosom, my tongue tasting the natural sweetness of your skin as it travels up the swell of your breast. I avoid the area where you are most sensitive, and instead take my time tasting the bounties of your femininity. Blunt teeth skim the surface of your skin, never biting, never hurting, just bringing a rough edge to your pleasure.  
  
Breathy sighs work their way to my ears and I can remain a gentleman no longer. As my unworthy face descends upon the swell of your breast, I feel, for the first time, the sinfully decadent experience of your nipple in mouth. I don't know how I endured my life for so long without this singular pleasure.  
  
I feel I may unman myself, but I cannot help taking my time. I lay you down on a bed of soft down and feathers covered in the softest of silk sheets. I have pictured this moment so many times in my fantasies, your skin pale and effulgent against dark green sheets. Your hair flows out in a fan, and you are truly a goddess as I lay down beside you, an unworthy slave to your beauty.  
  
My mouth again finds the perfect bud of your nipple and I suckle first at one breast and then the other, hoping that I am giving your body the same exquisite pleasure that I am receiving in turn. I cannot get enough of you. I worship your breasts with my hands, lips and tongue; licking and kissing, touching and suckling. I am grateful that, should you stay with me, you would never be able to conceive a child because I know that I am too possessive to share this part of you. (Although the thought of sucking your nipples and drawing out your milk is almost more exciting than the thought of tasting your blood.)  
  
I feel you squirm beneath me and you ask for more, but I have waited so long for you and I know I can never get enough. I grab your wrists and pull them above your head and move my leg so that your legs can no longer twist and turn. You are mine, at last, and I will not be hurried. The feel of your soft breasts, of your tight hard nipples under my hands and in my mouth is intoxicating and although I want more than anything to be inside you, making love to you, I know that it will happen, in time, and so I will not be rushed.  
  
Your nipples are hard and extended and with exceptional gentleness, I run my teeth over one from base to tip and then suck it once again into my mouth. The point of my tongue licks the tip and my lips close around just the swollen bud. I can tell you enjoy this, that you want what I can give to you; that you crave what I want to do to you.   
  
As Willow read, her nameless faceless stranger began to take form. By the time he had vowed to treat her like a goddess every minute of every day, bleached blond hair and blue eyes appeared on her dream lover and she knew without a doubt that it was, in fact, not Anya who had answered her.  
  
She was mortified and humiliated beyond belief but she was also so turned on that she reached in her bedside drawer for her silver bullet vibrator. She read his words over and over as she undressed and got into bed. By the time she had pulled the covers over her head and began to move the vibrator over her labia, she could close her eyes and see Spike in her head, holding her wrists and sucking her nipples with abandon. She came harder than she ever had before in her life, even harder than she had when having *actual* sex with Oz. As she hit the off switch and fell asleep, she knew she could never again set foot in Giles' apartment - at least not while Spike was there.  
  
Tomorrow she'd convince Giles to let Spike move out.  
  
  
  
Chapter 3: Setting the Record Straight  
  
By the time Willow leaves the computer lab the next morning, she is convinced that she's insane - or that she had a mild breakdown last night. *There is no way on earth that Spike wants me! It even sounds ridiculous in my* ***head****!* She remembers once when Buffy was having a hard time chaining Spike back into the bathtub, Anya made a comment about the bite-ableness of Spike's, um... posterior, and Willow had unconsciously nodded her agreement. Only Anya's smile had convinced her that she had actually nodded and not just screamed "Yum!" in her head. *That explains it. Anya is purposely feeding me Spike thoughts because she knows I think he's... bite-able. Fine. I can go along with that.* As she turns left to head for the library, Willow's trying to decide what to write to Anya next.  
  
A little harmless Spike fantasy won't hurt anybody, right? *Right.* Especially if she never mentions a name. *Or a hair color.* She's pretty sure blue eyes are fairly common. Not blue like Spike Blue, though. *True, but I just wrote 'blue'; I didn't write 'Spike Blue', even if maybe - just maybe, mind you - I did think it.* As she gets the History text she needs to complete her report, all thoughts of blond hair and blue eyes leave her head. Well, almost.  
  
It isn't until she's at Giles' apartment that night, while everyone is looking for a reference to Salpeyr demons that Willow remembers that it was just last night when she had the crazy idea that it was Spike who was writing to her. She glances up at Spike, who's searching for his cigarettes in his duster pockets. She shakes her head at her own stupidity, but the images come flooding back to her and she squirms slightly, trying to get more comfortable in her suddenly too stiff chair.  
  
Spike looks up, trying to place the alluring new smell in the air and sees Willow smile at Anya and give her a friendly little wave. *What the fuck? Since when did those two get friendly? And what the hell is that wonderful smell?!* He goes out in the courtyard to smoke his cigarette and has to fight against his natural impulses to have a wank. *The slayer'd stake me!* Ah, there ya go. *Thought of the slayer and presto! no more hard on.* He wants to go back in; not that he intends to help research, but he just wants to sulk around the kitchen and sneak a glance or two or a thousand at Red when no one's lookin'. Instead he goes for a walk, promising himself that he won't return until the kiddies are all gone.  
  
He returns just in time to hear the awkward conversation that happens after they call it quits for the night. Willow being very happy and seemingly eager to be friends with Anya, and Anya's confusion on why the 'no-good hussy who once seduced Xander away from his first girlfriend' wants to be buddies all of the sudden. For Xander's sake, though, Anya makes nice and doesn't say that. Not really for Xander's sake; she figures it's wise to keep your enemies close. Buffy asks about Willow's sudden interest in Anya on the walk back to the dorm, and Willow tells Buffy that since Xander seems serious about her, Willow's willing to offer an olive branch. Anya probably has hidden warmth that all, except Xander apparently, have missed so far. Buffy silently disagrees but agrees to try to be nice to Anya for Xander's sake.  
  
  
  
It's near to three am before Giles tells Spike good night and heads upstairs. Almost before his head hits the pillow, he is asleep and Spike's hand reaches eagerly under the sofa to pull out Willow's latest missive.  
  
**Your words and your actions have me shaking. I can't form a coherent thought when you touch me; the intensity of your words and your actions has left me breathless. I want to touch you, hold you, kiss you, but you hold my hands and body captive and I can't seem to free myself. After reading your words, I'm not sure I want to...  
  
How I wish that you were real and not just a friend being nice to me...  
  
This has to stop. Your words are too intense, my heart is still too fragile. Xander is a very lucky man to have found you. Someone with your imagination must be - um, well, you know - in bed.  
  
Thank you, Anya, for a very sweet gift. This will be my last reply.  
  
Forever your friend,  
Willow**  
Spike jumps up, screaming, "She thinks I'm ANYA!" It takes him two and a half packs of cigarettes and a third of Giles' bourbon to calm down. He wants to scream, yell, rip things into pieces, kill half the human race - starting with Anya - and then go out and do some real damage.  
  
Instead he walks downtown and jimmies the lock at Sunnydale's magick store. He steals three things - valerian root, kava kava and powdered korjean weed - before walking to Stephenson Hall at UC Sunnydale. Outside of room 214, he mixes the three herbs he has stolen together and recites an incantation then blows the herb mixture under the door and waits for it to take effect. While he waits, he realizes that if Willow has done the disinvite spell since he came here to turn her, his whole plan is toast.  
  
He turns the knob and pushes one hand through the doorway. Good, not uninvited. He calls Buffy's name in a very bad fake American accent and hopes his magick has worked. It has, the slayer is sound asleep, dead to the world. *How I wish that were true!*  
  
He cautiously makes his way over to Willow's side and kneels on the floor next to her. He has an almost uncontrollable urge to lift the covers and see if she has anything on other than the t-shirt that he can see, but he stops himself. He's here for a purpose and he only has about half an hour before daylight.  
  
"Red," he whispers in her ear and she smiles in her sleep. This looks promising.  
  
"Red, Luv - Willow, it's me, Spike. Can you hear me, Luv?" he whispers and she smiles again and nods as she moves, tries to snuggle closer to his voice.  
  
"Good. It's me, Luv, writing to you. Not Anya." He can't help reaching a hand up and moving a strand of wayward hair off of her face as he talks to her. For some reason, his fingers twirl the strand through his fingers over and over as he continues.  
  
"I meant every word, Red. I dream about you - about... touching you and, and, and kissing you." He feels like he's channeling William because the only words that are coming to him are sappy and sentimental and really kind of ridiculous if you aren't from Victorian England. But then, even when he had been in Victorian England, everyone there thought they were ridiculous too. He tries again.  
  
"Let me keep writing to you, luv. I'm much better on paper. And I'm NOT Anya, so stop thinking that! You are perfect and glorious and if I accomplish nothing else, I want you to realize that - to believe it." She was moving closer to him again and suddenly the air was perfumed with that same scent he had first smelled earlier tonight at Giles'. *It's her! When she's - Oh, yeah! I think this is workin'!*  
  
When her head was almost off the bed and snuggling against his face, he couldn't help smelling her hair. Or kissing her cheek.  
  
"Please, Luv, let me keep writing. I didn't know how much I missed it until... But that's beside the point. I want you, you have to believe me. I know you're too good for me, I know I'm beneath you, but please, luv, let me make you feel good, if only with my words."  
  
She's smiling and moaning and Spike is hoping that its him she's dreaming about, even though he knows that's impossible.  
  
"I love you, Red. Please let me show you." He lifts her hand and raises it to his lips before he remembers that that's a poofy thing to do, so he puts it back on the bed and stands up. But William can't resist and kisses her hand before he leaves.  
  
Spike walks to a twenty-four hour minimart and buys more cigarettes and some paper before running back to Giles' apartment.  
  
  
  
Chapter 4: When All Is Said and Done  
  
It's Sunday night, a night Willow normally reserves for studying - *unless there's an apocalypse* - but Giles has called her and asked her help in scanning some very old manuscripts into 'that infernal machine' so that they won't become lost should someone 'who shall remain nameless' accidentally set fire to his apartment 'again' with his careless smoking.  
  
Spike can't tell him that they only reason he was smoking indoors was because he was nervous about the wording on the latest note to Willow. Can he help it if he accidentally put his fag down on a piece of paper instead of the ashtray? *And it's not like I burned anything of his. Set fire to my own paper, didn't I?* Instead, he just sits there, saying nothing, while Willow scans and Giles curses under his breath. It's so much easier to write with Willow here, where he can see her as he tries to put his thoughts and feelings on paper. And if Willow catches him staring once or twice, that's not such a big deal, right? The spell keeps all of his words in her subconscious, so she has no memory of his visit to her room or of anything he said.  
  
He sees the longing in her eyes, the wistful glances she gives to the floor near the couch and hopes that when he finishes and puts this communication in their hiding place, she'll be ready to hear from her dream lover again.  
  
  
  
It's two nights later, Tuesday night, before Willow comes to Giles' apartment again. Research is slow, there's a new prophecy and a new demon but its hours before Giles finds the reference. By then, Anya and Willow are both asleep at opposite ends of the couch. Buffy leaves to patrol and Giles suggests that Spike accompany her, a suggestion both parties heartily object to; but as Giles is not only Buffy's Watcher, but Spike's landlord, their objections are overruled.  
  
Xander lifts Anya and takes her home and Buffy says she'll get Willow after patrol, but Giles assures her that Willow will be fine and he promises to wake her in time for her to make her first class in the morning. Spike is too shocked by the thought that Willow will be spending the night in what is essentially his bed to think about where he might sleep when he returns. There's always the tub.  
  
Giles hands Spike a key and locks the door behind them, then turns out the lights and heads up to bed. As with most people who are sleeping peacefully, any change in their environment - sudden introduction of lights or sound, or the sudden absence of the same - will usually wake them. That's how Willow awoke - to the sudden still, peaceful darkness of Giles' usually busy living room.  
  
After she regains her composure, and realizes where she is and how she came to be there, she stretches and sits up, telling herself to leave Giles a note that she has gone home to her dorm room. Thoughts of a note make her absently reach a hand under the couch and her eyes widen with surprise and excitement when her hand does not come up empty.  
  
In the darkness, she tells herself that this cannot possibly be what she thinks it is. Her rational mind tells her that Anya has left her a note telling her she understands why Willow called a stop to their note-writing, but the feel of two pages folded together tells her that such is not the case. *Spike*, some far recess of her mind shouts, *Spike wrote you another note!*  
  
*No, Spike did not write me another note, because Spike hasn't written any previous notes,* she tells herself rationally. *You know that's not true. You know he wrote them. You know he told you that. He came to you, to your room, while you were asleep and he told you that he wrote them. He told you that he loves you!* *No*, she tells herself, but images of last week when she and Spike sat and talked about history and life and politics and science fill her imagination. He's so intelligent, *and so open and warm*; he notices things, *little things* and he understands how you feel about almost everything because he feels almost exactly the same way. Even when he didn't agree with her, she had to admit that his points were well-thought out and valid. He's almost perfect, really.  
  
*Except that he's not alive.  
  
He's more alive than any man or boy that you've ever crushed on before.  
  
Is that what this is? A crush? Because I can recover from a crush, I think.*  
  
*What do you think? Think of what he writes to you, how he makes you feel. Think about your conversation with him and how he smiled when he agreed with you and scowled and argued when he didn't. Think about how he looked when Drusilla left him and how you tried to comfort him when he lost his bite. He seemed so sad, like he wanted more than anything to turn you...*  
  
*That's right! He wanted to turn me, not just bite me. Does Spike have any childer? Angel practically bragged about having made three, he loves them, it tore him up inside to not be with them, even if they were evil. Wouldn't Spike brag as well? Spike's been around for almost two hundred years, he must have turned someone before...*  
  
"I can bring you back, to be like me." It hadn't really been a choice. He was going to turn her. "...to be like me" *and not just a minion*.  
  
*Why would he do that?*  
  
She lit a candle, opened the folded pages and read.  
  
Your moans and sighs do not go unnoticed, but it is the scent of your arousal now perfuming the air that wills my hand to travel down your stomach, unbelieving that I get to touch you like this. That within a very few frightening seconds, my fingers will be coated in the one substance that has haunted my dreams, my fantasies and my nightmares since that night so long ago when I first knew I wanted you.  
  
You are laid out before me on my bed, naked and beautiful and flushed from my touches. I touch your face and see you catch your breath.  
  
My hands caress your neck and your eyes close for a second at the sensation. I tell you to open them and look at me and you do. I want you to know who wants you. I want you to know who it is that is touching you, needs you, craves you more than he craves blood.  
  
My palms skim your breasts and your nipples are still tight from when I tasted them. I take one perfect mound in my hand and squeeze it gently and you gasp and moistures drips between your thighs. "I know you want me" I say to you, "I can feel it and smell it and taste it in the air."  
  
My hands continue to stroke your body, stoking the fire within you. When my hand reaches your quim, you try to look away but I won't let you. One finger moves inside your pussy, wet and dripping for me. I can't wait any longer, I have to be inside you in any way I can. That one lucky finger finds your entrance and pushes its way inside your tight channel. I guess I've teased you too long because this one small action makes you cum around my finger. You envelope my finger and squeeze it tightly as you cum and I can't wait until my... other parts, get a similar pleasure.  
  
When your orgasm stops, I remove my finger and bring it to my lips, tasting you. You are Heaven and Hell wrapped up in one. I have to have more.  
  
I move down your body and position myself between your legs. I open my mouth wide and surround your still dripping pussy. With gentle strokes of my tongue, I clean every drop of sweet liquid from you. When you are calmed, I begin my next round. I kiss the lips with closed mouth kisses until your clit is swelling again and straining for my touch. My mouth opens slightly and I begin light licking kisses. French kissing your pussy is driving me insane with the desire to make love to you. You moan and quiver beneath my lips. My hands open your delicious quim to me and I send light quick licks across your clit. Your taste and smell is driving me mad and I want to have you, want to fuck you so badly.  
  
After one long suck on your clit, my tongue enters you. By the way you're mewling and gasping, I don't think you've ever been tongue-fucked before and I am more than pleased that I'm your first. I make my tongue as long as possible and push it as deeply inside of you as it will go. When its reached its goal, I lick you, deep inside, then slowly withdrawl. Again I push inside and lick and taste the inside of you. When I start to withdrawal again, I feel you start to cum and so I push back in and let you cum on my tongue. It's unlike anything I've ever felt before. To be inside you, feeling you flutter and squeeze around me, to feel and taste your cum as it erupts in my mouth -  
  
"Inside me," you scream, "Spike, need you inside me." My name on your lips is more than I ever hoped for and in no time at all, my last remaining clothing is gone and I am finally - at last - naked and alone with you. Body to body. Skin on skin. You take my straining cock in your hand and position it at your entrance and whisper, "Please."  
  
All I've wanted to do for the last four months is please you and pleasure you, so your request is a simple one.  
  
When, at last, I feel myself buried in you, warm and welcomed in the place I've dreamed of being, the one thing I promised myself I wouldn't say to you - yet - escapes my lips.  
  
"I love you."  
  
I try to cover my faux pas by moving within you and the feeling of you wrapped around me takes my breath away. So to speak.  
  
I can't seem to get close enough to you. I begin thrusting in and out with all the pent up passion I've been holding inside of me. Wanting you, needing you, craving you, loving you. The more I knew you, the more I wanted of you. Your body matches my passion and I can feel that even if your heart isn't feeling the same as mine, at least your body is every bit as passionate about me as mine is about you.  
  
I change the angle and with every thrust, I can feel my cock hit that perfect spongey spot inside of you that drives you wild. You scream my name as you cum for the third time and when your insides grab hold of me, I'm done for and I slam into you as I send my release deep inside your womb. A little part of me, deep inside you - where I want to always be.  
  
You gasp and pant and try to catch your breath and I'm afraid I'm too heavy and try to pull to the side but you won't let me. "Stay," you command me and I acquiesce. I push the damp strands of your hair off your face as you recover and I thank a god I no longer believe in that I am where I am right now.  
  
I kiss your lips and your cheeks; I lick the sweat from your neck. Before long, you are squirming and moaning below me and my cock stirs within your body. You seem startled that I could recover so easily.  
  
"Vampires, luv," I tell you, "We're always ready."  
  
You begin to move below me and this time, we make love slowly. Touching and kissing, whispering endearments and sweet nothings. And when I cum inside you, I tell you that I'll never let you go.   
  
She didn't hear him come in, but she knew as soon as he was there. He let her finish reading and when the pages dropped from her fingers, he could smell her tears.  
  
"I'm sorry, luv," he says and he sounds heartbroken, like he's about to cry as well. "I never meant to hurt you."  
  
Before she can say anything, he is turning to go. "I'll leave Sunnyhell, I'll never come back. You can forget -"  
  
"Spike" she whispers and he hears her and stops.  
  
She continues, still whispering, still not looking at him. "I can feel your presence even before I see you. Every time you're near, my skin feels electric and my insides hum. The way you look at me, the way you see me, makes me feel alive in a way I never felt before. In your eyes, in your presence, I am beautiful. You see in me things I never knew I could be."  
  
He's at her side as soon as she stops talking and he's almost beyond hoping, but William is still inside him and he can't help it.  
  
"Did you mean it?" she asks, "Everything you wrote, did you mean it?"  
  
"Every syllable."  
  
"Why? Why didn't you tell me?" But before he can answer, she says, "I knew it was you, almost from the beginning, but I couldn't believe it. Why would you want me?"  
  
Not believing what she just said, Spike stares at her, mouth and eyes wide open in shock. "What?" he finally gets out.  
  
Her tears have dried but her voice still shakes when she asks, "What could you, Spike aka William the Bloody aka the one vamp in the world who feels and loves without a soul aka the most beautiful man I've ever seen in my life - what could you ever want with plain, boring old *me*?"  
  
His laughter is so loud and long that Willow is almost in tears again and Giles is yelling from upstairs but he pulls her onto his lap and wraps his arms around her, determined to never let her go, he doesn't care what the Scooby gang has to say about it. "You my love, are the most perfect woman in the history of time. You are unbelievably beautiful but you claim not to know it. You are kind and wise and compassionate and did I mention beautiful? You are the peacemaker, calmer than the Pacific, but when someone or something you care about is wronged - you... you radiate fire and passion. You'll do anything for someone you love. You have more passion inside of you than Angelus in a convent!" He laughs and Willow assumes correctly that this is a great compliment. She hopes.  
  
"Everything about you is just so -" he is at a loss for words, but fumbles on, "The computers and the fighting evil and settling everyone's arguments and making sure everyone's happy and... and..." he looks into her eyes. "Did I mention that you're beautiful?"  
  
Willow reaches out and unbuttons the top buttons of his red button down shirt but then gets impatient and just pulls it off of him, the last couple of buttons hitting the floor behind her somewhere...

The End