Sunnydale Does Spike

by purplefeen

Spike/Willow/Tara
genre: porn
rating: mature adults
warning: threesome
time frame: sometime during s5 of BtVS

my part of an unfinished round robin - all you have to know is that a monster pink spider sprayed Spike with something and now he's even more irresistible than before

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As soon as the sun set the next day, Spike set out to find the witches, hoping they could shed some light on the problem. 'Maybe the whelp and the demon had eaten some bad sushi or somethin', makin' 'em act like - well, like they acted.'

It wasn't that he minded the sex, hell, he'd been lacking in that department for quite some time now, and for a vampire such as himself that was used to daily - sometimes hourly - romps, the dry spell he'd been having had left him with a deepening affection for his left hand and that just wasn't normal. Not for him anyway; before the chip, the last time he's had to get himself off had been while he was human.

He noticed the people following him when he was some two blocks from the witches' dormitory. He'd heard the footsteps, but more people seemed to walk around Sunnyhell than drive, so he hadn't realized at first they were following \*him\*. It was a bloody parade. When he finally turned around to ask what their problem was, the look he'd seen in the face of the grey-haired old lady with the cane had sent him running.

He ran to the dorms and quickly up the steps to Willow and Tara's room.

"Red? Glinda? Hurry up, let me in." He was banging furiously and it occurred to him that even if he knocked it down, he still couldn't get in without an invite. But there were no invisible barriers to keep lust-crazed humans from entering, so he'd need the door intact.

His knocking was less frantic, but his voice upped the urgency factor.

"Red, you better open this door right now or you're gonna have –"

He didn't get a chance to finish as Tara opened the door.

"Invite me in" he growled.

"Um, uh, I - I - I d-don't -"

"INVITE ME IN NOW!"

"C-c-come in." and he bolted through the doorway, closing the door with a bang just in time. Someone had almost grabbed the tail of his duster as he came through the door.

He had the door closed with his back holding it and locked the door. Tara looked like she was getting upset about all the banging and screaming coming from the other side of her door, so Spike asked, "You got anythin' heavy: chair, filing cabinet, metal safe?"

This earned him a grin, but Tara dutifully went into her closet and pulled out a large traveling trunk. She motioned for him to move and placed it against the door.

"That's not heavy enough, luv," he said, still a little tired from all the running he'd done.

"Don't worry," she said in her calm, soft voice as she took a handful of herbs from a jar on a shelf and lay them atop the trunk. She lit a match and said a short incantation before dropping the match on the herbs. It flashed and flared for a moment like a mini firecracker.

"Move it now," Tara said, smiling. He pulled, he pushed, he couldn't get it to budge even with his extra strength. He grinned.

"I'm impressed, pet," he told her, "Didn't think you had it in you." He knew she had gotten into magick when she was a kid, but he didn't think she did more than cleansing spells and the occasional healing ritual.

"I've got all kinds of moves you've never seen," she purred, sliding her hands up his chest.

'Oh, holy fuck, not her too', was his first thought. He grabbed her arms and held her away from him.

"That's what I need to talk to you about. There's a spell or somethin', everyone's gone loco, shagging all over the place. I don't know if it's just me or-"

"Oh, it's just you," she said, her voice low and husky. When she licked her suddenly dry lips, Spike couldn't take his eyes off her tongue. He blinked to refocus his mind; it was then that he noticed for the first time what she was wearing. Short - very short - tight black miniskirt, with a slightly see through white button-down, tailored to hug every curve. It was unbuttoned most of the way, giving a very stimulating view of the black satin bra she had on underneath. His jeans got a little tighter.

'She's a lesbian, ya stupid git', he mentally reminded himself.

"You and Red got plans?" he asked, already knowing the answer. Her hair was styled and soft, combed just so to frame her face. A face that was, for the first time in *his* memory, wearing makeup. Makeup that drew attention to her sensual lips and wide seductive eyes that were right now communicating to him that she might not be quite as partial to girls as he had been led to believe.

*'It's a spell'*, he reminded himself, *'It's not really her, well, it's her, but it's not you she wants, she belongs to Red. Listen to your pants and you'll lose one of the few people in this town you actually like once this spell is done.'*

"Um, Glinda, where's Red?" is what he said out loud.

"Do we really need her?" was her answer and he had to strain to hold her away from him once more as visions of laying naked with the two witches curled around him filled his brain.

He shook himself. "Yeah, yeah, we do, we need Red. Where is she?"

"She'll be right back, she went to take a shower. Her class ran late."

*'Right'*, he thought, '*Good. Red's here, she'll be back in a minute. She'll get this sorted out.'* Just as he wondered how she was going to get in the room with that magickally heavy trunk in front of the door, he realized that there was no more banging coming from the other side.

"Check outside," he told the woman who was eyeing him like he was her favorite dessert. "See if it's safe for Red to get back in."

"We don't *need* Willow," she pouted, caressing his face with the backs of her fingers. "I've got just what you need, right here." Her right hand slid down her body, caressing and molding itself to all of her curves and coming to rest under her skirt, at the juncture of her thighs.

His eyes followed her hand with intense concentration. "That you do, luv, that you do," he whispered, pulling her to him and descended on her lips as his hands ran across her back and under her skirt to cup her ass and pull her closer to his now painful erection.

He heard a breathy sigh as her arms wrapped around him, but a jangling of the doorknob and then a small knock brought him back to reality.

"Tara? Tara, honey, why won't the door open?" Willow asked from the other side.

"Fuck. Just a sec', Red" Spike answered when Tara didn't. "Come on, luv, let Red in," he pleaded with Tara when she wouldn't let him go."

"We don't need her," Tara replied softly, grazing her teeth across his neck.

"Spike?" came the reply from the other side of the door. "Spike what are you doing in there? Is everything okay?"

"'S fine, pet, just give me a sec." He turned his attention to Tara once again. "Let her in, luv, I want you to, please?"

Deciding that making Spike happy made her happy too, she said a few words in Latin, wiped the herbs off the trunk and into her hand before walking over to the waste basket and dropping them in. The second she was out of the way, Spike hauled the trunk out of the way and pulled Willow into the room, slamming the door shut behind her and locking it once again.

"What's wrong?" concern filled Willow's voice as she looked back and forth between Spike and her girlfriend who was snuggling up to Spike's side.

"It's a spell, I think," Spike said, rolling his eyes and trying very hard - wrong word, definitely the wrong word - trying with all his might - that's better - not to touch Tara in any way, going so far as to hold his arms straight out to the sides, trying to make it perfectly clear to the powerful wicca that he was not participating in the snogfest Tara was trying to initiate.

Willow's eyes got bright and Spike was afraid she'd be attacking him next, but instead she giggled and said, "I can see that. What happened?" Her giggles became loud and uncontrollable laughter.

"'S not *that* funny," he growled.

" I - I - I -" but she couldn't get it out, she was laughing too hard as she watched Tara's hand slide underneath Spike's t-shirt.

"RED!" he roared, and she did her best to calm down, taking deep breaths. Every breath brought more of Spike's scent to her and her laughter died abruptly as she stood and sauntered toward him.

"Oh, bloody hell, not you too," he sighed. He had every intention of stopping her, but that was before he realized that the only thing she was wearing was an emerald green terry cloth bath robe. She lifted her hands to get her wet hair off her face and he couldn't take his eyes off her fingers as they wove their way through the strands of dark red.

He shook himself hard enough to clear his head and get Tara away from her task of trying to attach herself to his left hip.

"Wait!" he yelled, then calmed slightly. "Okay, we'll all have ourselves a right a good time, I promise," he held up his hands keep them away from him, "But - but - I need you girls to do something for me first."

"Can't we do it afterward?," Tara purred and Spike thought that was the best idea he'd heard in a long, long time. '*You actually* like *these two*' he reminded himself. '*They're the only ones 'sides Niblet and Joyce that treat me decent but neither of the Summers' women - that I can stand - are much fun to go to the Bronze with and Joyce always knows when I cheat at poker.*'

Resigned, he said, "No, we've got to do this *first*. Sit down." They dutifully obeyed him and for a brief moment he remembered what it was like to be a master vampire and have minions. 'Damn this fucking chip' he swore in his head.

He pulled up a folding chair across from them. "Somethin's goin' on," he began, "I think it was a spell, maybe a curse or - - wait, that spider! Big pink monster kind of spider, it sprayed me with somethin'. Ring any bells?" The girls were squirming in their seats and hadn't really been paying attention. Spike saw the blank looks on their faces and tried again.

"Can you, I don't know, do a spell to see if I've been bespelled or somethin'?"

"Later, baby - *after*" Willow purred seductively.

Spike drew a deep unneeded breath and willed his penis to mind its own business. "*First*," he said forcefully, "Then after, if you're still willin', I'm in," he offered, knowing that once they knew for sure there was a spell on him, they'd be able to do something about it and he could get back to his unsatisfying, but undusty real unlife and leave this lovely fantasy world. At least he's still be all in one piece, he kept reminding himself.

Tara started to say something, but Spike stopped her. "Spell first, shagging later." Gods below, being a gentleman was gonna kill him.

The two witches, resigned that this is what they had to do to get Spike in bed, set about the task. Tara went for a spell book and Willow pulled out candles, salt, a metal bowl, matches and a few herbs they were likely to need. He noticed Willow chanting something under her breath as she lit the candles. She sprinkled something orange into the bowl and lay her hand flat inside, crushing the orange crumbly stuff into powder. Suddenly her eyes opened wide and she stared at Spike. He thought she was going to say something, but she just closed her mouth and looked at him with a questioning expression on her face.

"What!?" he finally yelled. The suspense was killing him.

"Oh," she said, breaking out of her thoughtful haze, "It's just - nothing. Clarifying spell, nothing about you - not, not really," she stated cryptically before going back to her internal thoughts.

"I've got it," Tara squeaked, "I've got it, we have everything we need. It'll just take a minute to set up and then we can -" she let the sentence hang as she eyed Spike from behind her lashes.

Willow used the salt and poured a circle big enough for the three of them to stand in and then poured the ingredients needed for the spell as Tara gave praise to the Goddess before asking to see any magicks lingering around Spike.

"Yes," she said with a wide smile, "You're - well, you're usually a deep, dark red with a magenta band around the outside, but now you're all red - bright red."

"Huh?" was all he could say.

"Your aura," Willow explained. "Usually it's a mixture of colors. Magenta means you like to live dangerously, red means you're sensual. I think whatever you got sprayed with just made your red kick in to work overtime."

He stared first at Willow, then at Tara. He decided to stick with Willow. "And what is all that when it's at home?"

"It means you're a walking pheromone machine. It means that everyone who sees you, wants you," she said with a sly smile as Tara pulled off his t-shirt and curled herself around him once again.

"What do I do about it?"

"I can think of a couple of things," Willow whispered in his ear as she pushed him backward onto the bed and dropped her robe, revealing herself to him.

"Oh, hell." Was his thought as he felt Tara's hands massaging him through the denim of his jeans.

Willow caught his mouth with hers and used her tongue to coax his lips open. Once she was inside, she fought for and won dominance, exploring the regions of his mouth. Spike was no longer concerned about what had made this happen, he was just thankful it was happening.

As Willow moved her warm mouth to kiss and suck her way down his throat, he closed his eyes and thanked all that was unholy for big pink spiders.

As Willow worked her way down, Tara worked her way up. Her hands found the soft nubs of his nipples. She ran her fingernails across them and Spike jumped, his hips lifting off the bed. Willow used that opportunity to pull the jeans that Tara had undone down over his hips. She moved down to pull them the rest of the way off.

Tara was kissing him into exquisite torture, and he ran his fingers through her hair to hold onto the warmth and sweetness that was her mouth.

"Tara, luv," he asked when she pulled away for breath, "Have you ever been with a man?" He knew this new aspect of their relationship wasn't going to last and he didn't want to let her go too fast if she didn't know what she was getting into. Plus, if he hurt her, he'd be dust as soon as the spell was gone. Her answer was a shy shake of her head. The thought that he was her first impassioned him more than he would have thought possible. He smiled and pulled her mouth to him once again.

Willow had gotten rid of the offending jeans and boots and was licking her way up his legs. Her warm hands skimmed over his cool skin making him burn in ways he had forgotten about. Neither Anya nor Xander had bothered much with foreplay. Gods below, he had to remember to fuck lesbians more often. He loved foreplay, it was his second favorite part of shagging.

He moved Tara so that she sat astride his chest and noticed that her skirt and panties were gone. He didn't know when they had disappeared, but it was one less thing getting in his way. Plus, the view was brilliant.

He watched her as she unbuttoned her shirt and threw it to the floor. If this pheromone thing wore off in the next couple of hours, he was gonna be in deep shit. His hands roamed over the sizzling skin of her stomach and back. When he cupped her breasts, she moaned low in her throat and leaned into his touch.

He pulled her down and took her satin covered nipple into his mouth just before Willow slid her lips down his engorged shaft, engulfing him with her hot, moist mouth. The sensation made him bite down and when Tara gasped, he thought he was done for, but she used his hesitation to pull the satin down, exposing her nipple to him and pulled him closer. He didn't need to be told twice.

He let Red do as she liked, licking and sucking him into a frenzy, as he took his time enjoying Tara's oh-so-appealing curves. He lay back and watched her as he ran his fingers up her stomach and across her chest. He unhooked her bra and let it fall down her arms, exposing her creamy peach skin to gaze. His nails grazed her coral colored nipples and she moaned and leaned into his touch once again. He brought her down to his mouth and gave her a searing kiss before moving down her body to suckle her. She tasted like fresh air and rich burgundy.

Willow's attentions got more arduous and he was groaning and trying not to buck her off the bed. He felt Tara pull away and started to protest until he saw where she was going. He pulled himself up on his elbows and watched as Willow and Tara used their tongues to stroke him from base to tip. When they reached the top, their tongues would touch and the second time he watched it, it sent him over the top. He saw and felt Willow's hot mouth envelop him as he came, sucking every drop out of him. As he lay spent, he watched Willow share his essence with her girlfriend. When Tara moaned at the taste of him from Willow's mouth, he felt himself getting hard again.

Willow felt him tense, but he wouldn't let her touch him yet. He moved them around so that they were laying on the bed next to each other and he was kneeling above them.

"This is Tara's first time with a man, luv," he said to Willow, "You've gotta help me ease her into it." Willow winked at him and pulled herself up onto her side so that she could have better access to her girlfriend. Willow and Spike both worked their hands over Tara's body, relaxing and exciting her at the same time. When Willow leaned over to take a puckered nipple into her mouth, Spike slipped a finger through Tara's wet folds and slipped a finger inside of her. Then he inserted two. Her hips were grinding against his fingers and he put in a third and stretched her as much as he could.

He pulled Willow up for a kiss before slipping his wet fingers into her mouth one at a time, letting her suck Tara's juices off of him. When she was finished, he leaned down close to Tara's ear and whispered, "Ready, luv?"

At her nod, he oh-so-slowly pushed himself into her. There was no barrier, he hadn't expected there to be, he wasn't completely oblivious to what two women did in bed together, but there was the possibility and he didn't want to hurt her. Not to mention the government-induced headache he'd get if he did.

She stretched to accommodate his size and he thrust a little harder. Her back arched off the bed.

"Oh, luv, so good," Spike groaned, pumping into her. "So bloody tight, I can't stand it. Hot, so hot."

It was as he said this last that Willow caught his eye. "Tara, luv, how'd you like to ride for a while?" he asked while Willow held his eyes. He turned them until Tara was astride him. When she was saddled comfortably, he pulled Willow down for the kiss he'd been wanting to give her ever since he'd kidnapped her to that spell for him. Right now, he was very glad *that* hadn't worked out.

"Red," he groaned into her mouth.

Her hands explored the contours of his chest, shoulders, and neck, finally settling in his soft blonde curls. He positioned her sitting on his stomach, right in front of Tara and Tara's hands came forward to help him drive Willow crazy. Her girlfriend's hands were cupping her breasts as Spike pinched and plucked at her nipples. Against her backside, she felt Tara sliding up and down Spike's cock and she thought the sounds of passion made by her two companions might just drive her over the edge.

But Spike had other plans. "Grab the headboard," he ordered as he pulled her hips forward, positioning her dripping pussy right above his mouth.

"Sit down," he said in a whisper and she gasped when she felt his cool tongue touch her hot center. He used his fingers to open her up so that he could wrap his mouth around her swollen clit before moving his hands to Tara's hips, helping her set up a rhythm he could match to thrust deeper into her. He knew when he had the right spot because Tara let out a delightful scream, "Oh, goddess, Spike. Oh, Spike, right - right there. D - d - don't s - s - stop, please." He thrust harder.

Red was just as enthusiastic, he flicked the tip of his tongue over her sensitive clit. She was now riding his mouth and he could feel her legs start to tremble as her orgasm started. He pushed into her with his tongue and pulled Tara's hips down for deeper penetration as he twisted her clit. Both women screamed his name and the same time and Spike's seed erupted inside Tara.

Tara pulled herself off of him, collapsing in an exhausted heap at his side. As she closed her eyes and snuggled into him, Willow asked with a smirk, "You got one more, Big Bad?"

"For you, Red, I've got another thousand."

He turned them over so that Willow lay next to a very sleepy Tara. He took his time, savoring the moment. Or - at least, he wanted to. But when she grabbed him with her inner muscles, he couldn't control himself and started pistoning in and out with abandon. With each, "Harder" and "Faster" she murmured, he gave her harder and faster until they both came in a Technicolor explosion.

It was almost dawn and they had just settled in for a much needed rest. Willow lay in Spike's arms and Tara, who had fallen asleep about an hour before, snuggled up against his back.

"It's gonna be a shame when I find a cure for this spell," he muttered to himself.

"I'm not under a spell, Spike," an almost asleep Willow whispered.

"What'd ya say, pet?" he asked.

"I did a clarifying spell, just before Tara did the aura spell. I'm not under the spell anymore, now shh," she whispered and snuggled into his chest and fell asleep.

'*If that don't bugger all*' he thought with a smile and relaxed into the mattress and the two witches. '*Where do I go for help now?*' he wondered right before he fell asleep.

The End