The Gamble

by purplefeen

Spike/Willow  
genre: bdsm romance  
rating: mature adults  
warning: bdsm

time frame: s2 Of BtVS | note: forget the wheelchair  
date: May 2003  
summary: Spike and Angel make an impossible bet.  
dedicated to Dreamy (Bethany) who bet me I wouldn't write this.

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"I'll raise you two."  
  
Now I'm not tryin' to be rude,But hey pretty girl I'm feelin' youThe way you do the things you do...  
  
The music playing in the background wasn't what Angelus normally listened to, but it made his childe happy, and when he was happy he got sloppy.  
  
The two sat in the main room of the factory, across the table from each other. A bottle was being passed back and forth between the two master vampires; both were very relaxed. The night was just starting; they had awoken only an hour or so before.  
  
Neither had really even bothered to get dressed. Angelus sat in black leather pants and an open shirt. He wore his shoes; Angelus couldn't stand to walk anywhere, not even to pull Dru into his bed, without shoes on. But he *had* foregone socks.  
  
Spike had only taken the time to pull on a pair of black jeans. No shirt, no shoes, didn't even comb his hair, didn't even bother to fasten his pants. Spike's quirk was brushing his teeth. First thing, as soon as he rose, brush the teeth. And last thing before bed. Spike figured that with his diet, dental hygiene was very important. Plus, human chits like a nice white smile when he lured them to their death.  
  
...remind me of my Lexus coupThat's why I'm all up in yo' grill tryin' ta get you to a hotelYou must be a football coach the way you got me playin' the field...  
  
"Sure of yourself, aren't you?" Angelus said as he pulled the bottle of Drambuie out of Spike's fingers. "Fine, I'll see your two. What have you got?"  
  
"Full house, queens high." Spike answered with a smirk. "Speaking of high queens -" he started, before Angelus interrupted. Spike started singing softly, along with the music.  
  
...hot and fresh out the kitchenMama rollin' that body got every man in here wishin'Sippin' on coke and rum...  
  
"Sorry Spike, my boy, but I have a royal flush." Angelus laid his cards carelessly on the table. "I want those three." He said, pointing at a dark-haired boy of about twenty, a strawberry-blonde teenager and a buxom redhead who was cowering in the back.  
  
...I'm like so what I'm drunkIt's the freakin' weekend baby I'm about to have me some fun...  
  
"Oi, not the redheads! You never let me keep the redheads. Just smell that fear, she was gonna be so sweet," Spike whined as he motioned for a minion to grab the three meals he had just lost and drag them over to Angelus' side of the room. At least he was still winning, it was just that Angelus kept taking all of his redheads.  
  
"And yes, boy, I remember those high queens. London 1883, if I remember correctly." Angelus sat back, relaxed, reminiscing about their glory days.  
  
...now it's like murder she wrote, once I get you out them clothes'privacy' is on the door, still they can hear you screamin' more...  
  
Angelus was starting to like this song.  
  
"You remember incorrectly," Spike said, more than happy to point out Angelus' faulty memory. "It was Paris, New Years Eve, 1882. Hadn't turned to '83 yet. Lovely party at some duchess or other's estate and Darla and Dru got it into their heads to seduce the two handsomest men at the party."  
  
"Second handsomest. We were there, after all," Angelus felt the need to add.  
  
...no more hopin' and wishin'I'm bout to take my key and stick it in the ignition...  
  
"Too true, too true. But we were on the outs with the ladies over that wanton ballet dancer, remember?"  
  
"Fauna." Angelus said wistfully. "Who could forget? Perfect body, the sweetest blood. She fed us every night for over a month. Such a willing chit. Shame she died."  
  
"And red hair," Spike added with a raised eyebrow and a smirk in the direction of the twelve humans cringing in the corner of his sire's side of the room, and noting that eight of them had red hair. Five of the ginger-haired ones *had* been his. He had hunted and captured them. But after their game of poker, he was left with three brunettes and thirteen blondes. Bloody hell, how he hated blondes.  
  
"But the two Darla and Dru had their eyes on that New Year's Eve didn't want *them* at all," the sire remarked, completely ignoring Spike's rather obvious reference to his preferences.  
  
Spike started laughing. "They wanted *us*. Thought Darla would kill 'em right there in front of everyone."  
  
Angelus was holding his sides, he was laughing so hard. "If you hadn't stop - st - stopped her -"  
  
"There were about a hundred and eighty people at that bash. No way we could've broken *all* their necks. Even the mighty Angelus wasn't *that* good." He doubled up, almost falling out of his seat.  
  
"Would have been fun to try."  
  
"Oh, yeah. Right up until the point someone broke off a chair leg and you turned into a big pile of dust," Spike retorted.  
  
"Those were the days. I think we've seen just about everything there is to see, my boy."  
  
"Not everything, surely. There must be some sight we've missed."  
  
An evil glint formed in the elder's eye. "Wanna bet?"  
  
The younger's eye formed an identical aspect. "Bet what?"  
  
"Anything you like. Next time you get all the redheads," he offered.  
  
"I get all the redheads for a month!" Spike countered.  
  
"Deal. What are you going to give me when I win?"  
  
"What do you want?" Spike asked with a knowing look, stretching and running a hand through his deliciously pale hair. "Stop it," he said in answer to his sire's lust filled eyes. "You get that sometimes anyway. Something new. How about I bring you Bluffy or Busty or whatever her name is - I'll bring you her head on a silver platter."  
  
"Unfortunately, she's not."  
  
"Not what?" Spike was confused.  
  
"Busty. Besides, I want to slaughter her myself."  
  
"The watcher then." An idea formed - a terrible, wonderful, awful idea. "Or the witch." He added with a smile.  
  
"What would I want with that hag? Better to just kill her and leave her body somewhere as a gift. Maybe for that poncy librarian that drools after her." He was beginning to like that idea.  
  
"Not *that* witch, you sod. The little one. The one who doesn't know she's a witch yet." He added his ace in the hole. "The redhead."  
  
"Now there's an idea with some style," Angelus said with a smile. "But it's not her head I want."  
  
He was lost, gone into his fantasies of exactly what he would like from the timid little one. Her fear alone had drawn him to her, back when he had that ridiculous soul. And he had watched her. Constantly. Buffy had the body that he knew would satisfy him, but the witch? The witch had the spirit - and the brain - and the imagination - and, he later discovered from all that watching, a pretty decent little body. The redhead was the one his demon wanted. "Deal."  
  
"What are the conditions?" Spike asked.  
  
"Conditions?" he replied innocently.  
  
"You always have conditions, Angelus. It's just that you usually wait until near the end of the game to tell me what they are. Give. All of them, no adding or altering later."  
  
"Conditions, hmm. What would be fair? A sight capable of shocking the other. Sounds so simple, doesn't it? Okay, here are the conditions: 1. No use of any supernatural powers. No vamp strength or abilities. 2. No bloodshed, we've seen so much of it that's its old hat."  
  
"However will you control yourself?" Spike said with a knowing smirk.  
  
"Shut up, boy, and listen. 3. No magicks of any kind. No potions, spells or herbs."  
  
"You only added that because I'm better at it than you."  
  
"You are not!"  
  
"I am too!"  
  
"You are n- STOP IT! 4. No thrall."  
  
"Another thing I'm better at than you. Oh, that's right," Spike faked a distressed look and said as if just recalling the memory, "You can't do thrall. Poor little Ange-"  
  
"THAT'S ENOUGH, BOY! You understand the terms?" He ticked them off one by one on his fingers. "No vamp abilities, no blood, no magicks and no thrall. GOT IT?" Angelus roared, anger pulling him up from his seat.  
  
Spike gave his sire an innocent smile, only shifting his head so that he looked up at the other through the fringe of his lashes. He spoke very softly, enunciating each word. "Oh, I've got it, Angelus. I've definitely got it." Then he stood also and walked toward his occasional lover until their faces were almost touching. "The question is - do you?" And then he ran. Ran out of the room, out of the factory, out into the darkness that swallowed him.  
  
...hot and fresh out the kitchenMama rollin' that body got every man in here wishin'Sippin' on coke and rumI'm like so what I'm drunk, its the freakin' weekend babyI'm about to have me some fun...  
  
  
  
Spike watched Willow storm out of the high school. It was almost midnight. What was it Angelus said they did in there? Research? Research what? Not that it wouldn't be nice to be in a library full of books again, but he sure wouldn't want to read about demons everyday. What about Homer? Dickens? Plato? Maybe even a little Jane Austen. What a waste of an education.  
  
He followed her to the park, listening to her mutterings the entire way. "Fine. Just peachy. They think they're so gosh-darn smart, let them do it themselves. See if I care. ‘Oh, can't let Willow do anything dangerous. She might get hurt.' And ‘She's afraid of everything, she might faint.' ‘Poor little Willow. She's so *delicate*.' Delicate-schmelicate! I'll show them. I can do dangerous. I can do adventure. They think they know me! They know NOTHING! I'm so much more than that, but nobody will give me a chance."  
  
Now, Spike had survived for over two hundred years by knowing a good thing when he saw it. He never passed up an opportunity when it presented itself. And one had just been presented like he was the bloody king of England.  
  
"You want a chance to show what you are?" he asked as he stepped out of the darkness, taking a long drag on his cigarette.  
  
Willow wasn't sure whether to be afraid or not. She knew this was Sunnydale and all sorts of baddies roamed the night. But the man walking toward her, he was - magnificent. Black jeans, but nothing else that she could see. Just beautiful pale skin. The muscles rippled in his chest as he strode toward her. Long, beautiful fingers. Even his feet were perfect. Mussed pale gold hair that she wanted to run her fingers through so badly that her hands ached and she had to curl her fingernails into her palms to keep from doing just that. No human had cheekbones like that, it just wasn't possible. This must be some sort of Pygmalion dream. But when had she fallen asleep?  
  
Then finally he was close enough for her to see his eyes. She could see all the way down inside him in those eyes. There was *Danger*. And *Passion*. And *Brutality*. And *Tenderness*. And *Ice*. And *Fire*. And *Blood*. And *Intelligence*. And *Hatred*. And *Love*.  
  
This was the closest Spike had ever gotten to the little redhead that filled Angelus' dreams. He looked at her, *really* looked at her, for the first time. He finally understood his sire's penchant for red hair. Spike felt like he could live in that hair. Or die in it.  
  
She was a tiny thing; barely seventeen, he guessed. But she carried herself as if she were an old woman. Life hadn't been kind to her, he could tell. And he felt his unbeating heart reach out to her. And then he caught her eyes. Not the eyes of an old woman. The bright green eyes of a woman full of *passion*. And *danger*. And *tenderness*. And *brutality*. And *fire*. And *ice*. And *intelligence*. And *blood*. And *love*. And *hatred*.  
  
He still can't explain why he did it. And she can't explain why she let him. But it happened - and it couldn't be forgotten.  
  
His eyes never lost hers as he advanced upon her. When he was close enough to touch her, his hand moved of its own volition and stroked her hair, then cupped her cheek. She melted into his hand, and he melted into her. Reaching around to grip her neck and guide her movements, he pulled her to him, but it wasn't necessary. She was already moving toward him. Their lips met, and instantly their mouths opened, each trying to learn the taste of the other. Willow felt herself being lifted, but this was a secondary sensation; every cell in her body was attuned to his mouth. And his eyes; for their eyes still held the other's. Their heads would turn, trying to get closer, trying to get deeper inside the other; but their eyes never closed. It hadn't occurred to either of them to want to.  
  
When Willow felt her bottom landing on the flat surface of a picnic table, she finally released the hold she had on his shoulders and let her hands slide down his back. His did the same. At the same moment. The *exact* same moment. Each wanting to absorb the other, through osmosis maybe, they seemed to move as one. Spike's hands drifted to her ass and pulled her center into him as her legs opened as if on cue. Her legs twined around his waist and her saddle shoe-clad feet crossed to hold onto him even more.  
  
His hands fisted in the back pockets of her rolled up jeans; Willow's hands did the same, pulling him closer. Her fingers curled into the fabric of his jeans, holding on for dear life, never wanting to let him go. Their fingers were turning white, the hold - and the need - wasn't letting up.  
  
Finally, after minutes - hours - days maybe, someone clearing his throat broke through the reverie. They didn't let go of each other, didn't move even a millimeter apart. But their lips lost contact. It felt like death. As their foreheads rested against each other's, eyes still locked, Giles voice reached their consciousnesses.  
  
"Spike, get away from Willow."  
  
*SPIKE!* Willow's brain panicked and she pulled away. But Spike wouldn't let her go. She heard him growl, low and feral, and she knew it wasn't directed at her, but rather at the man who had interrupted them. Giles! Giles had walked up and caught her kissing - kissing? - devouring SPIKE! Spike the vampire. The one who had broke into the school, the one who wanted to kill Buffy. Spike, the slayer of slayers.  
  
He heard her heart race. He heard her breathing speed up, then even out. He felt her go tense. She hadn't realized who he was. And now she was afraid. NO! Not afraid, he smelled no fear there. She was apprehensive, startled, confused - but not afraid. There was hope. Hope was something he had never believed in.  
  
He kissed her again, taking his time, holding her as tightly as before. Then he let go. And he left, back into the darkness. He stopped just out of sight, wanting - needing - to know.  
  
He heard her tears, felt her gut wrenching sobs. He smiled and whistled as he walked away.  
  
  
  
While Spike was waiting for Willow outside Sunnydale High School, Angelus searched for Dru. "Drusilla darlin', I need you to help me."  
  
Dru looked up from the jasmine she was admiring. "Yes, Daddy?" she replied tenderly.  
  
"I've got a bet going with Spike," he told her.  
  
She rolled her eyes. "Not *another* bet? You always win, Daddy. Why do you keep teasing him like this?" She rubbed the index finger of one hand across the top of its twin on the other hand. "Shame, shame. You're a *very* naughty daddy," she admonished but her broad smile was contrary to her words.  
  
"Of course I always win, darlin'. Nobody's better than your daddy, you know that, " he said, pulling her into his embrace. He whispered, "But William insisted."  
  
She believed him, after all, daddies never lie, so she asked, "What is it this time? Plagues, bloodshed, terrorizing the townsfolk, flashing your derriere at the opera?" she asked with glee.  
  
"More difficult than any of those, I'm afraid. I have to shock him."  
  
Drusilla pulled away in fear, almost curling her body inside itself. "No, Daddy, not the blue light! That light is a mean, mean thing." Her voice was shaky.  
  
Angelus stared at her for several minutes before he understood. William was really much better at Dru-speak than he was. "No, baby," he said, getting aggravated. "Not electric shock. A shocking sight. Something he's never seen before, would never expect to see," he clarified.  
  
"Oh," she said thoughtfully, then, "That's easy. You should stand up to grandmama and turn her to dust." She replied happily.  
  
"No, Dru, " he said wearily, "I've already done that." He rolled his eyes, what had he been thinking when he turned her *after* driving her mad? He should have just drained her.  
  
"Oh," she said. "Does Spike know?"  
  
"Yes, Dru, Spike knows. I need something else."  
  
"Well then, let's see. You could fall in love with your mortal enemy and make her fall in love with you," she suggested.  
  
"Been there, done that, got rid of the soul. Come on, Dru. Think of something I *haven't* done yet." This was getting frustrating but nobody knew Spike better than Drusilla. "He's your plaything, Dru. I turned him for you to play with and you've been with him for over a century. What will shock him?"  
  
Dru looked up at stars in the night sky and turned slowly, murmuring something incoherent even to his ears. "He's not mine anymore," she said finally.  
  
"What?"  
  
"My beautiful William isn't mine anymore. His heart belongs to someone else now."  
  
"Dru, Spike doesn't *have* a heart. At least, not a working one."  
  
"Oh, but he does," she corrected. "He has a heart bigger than that funny man up there who lives in the pretty circle."  
  
He stopped trying to interpret her madness. He sat down on a bench and sighed, resigned to figuring this out for himself.  
  
Suddenly, his raven-haired childe was in front of him. "Spike knows everything about blood. He knows everything about death. Those things won't shock him."  
  
Angelus didn't point out that bloodshed was against the rules of the game. Rules were something Drusilla had lost the comprehension of a long time ago.  
  
Very sweetly, Dru continued, "William also knows all about love and poetry and pleasure and tenderness. Those things won't shock him either, Daddy." He knew this side of Spike as well.  
  
"Unless its from you."  
  
Now he was *really* confused. "Unless *what* is from me?"  
  
Dru stood up very straight and looked down into Angelus' beautiful brown eyes. "Angelus is cold and ruthless," she said in a voice flat and monotone. "He's never tender, he doesn't love. He doesn't have caring or tenderness. He doesn't know poetry or sacrifice. He has only cruelty and brutality." Her sire studied her closely; she seemed almost sane as she said these things.  
  
"Angelus is a bastard and a murderer. Nothing else," she literally spit out, the only emotion she had shown since she started talking. The she turned and picked a jasmine from the vine she had been admiring. She held it to her nose and inhaled the sweet perfume. She held it out, offering it to him and in her normal, childlike singsong voice she asked, "Would you like a flower, Daddy?" as if the last few minutes had never taken place.  
  
Angelus took it without a word and then reached out to tenderly stroke Drusilla's hair.  
  
  
  
Chapter 2  
  
Giles walked Willow home, both of them lost in their own thoughts, neither uttering even a solitary word until they reached the steps in front of Willow's house. There was, as usual, no car in the driveway, so Giles asked, "Will you be all right here alone?"  
  
"I'll be fine", she reassured him. "I'm always alone here."  
  
"Goodnight, Willow."  
  
"'Night, Giles" she said and walked into the security of her parents' house.  
  
Here she felt safe and sure, not plagued by doubt and confusion. Here none of the evil that wandered the dark Sunnydale streets could hurt her. She walked listlessly through the foyer and up the stairs to her bedroom - her sanctuary. The only place in this whole house - the whole world - that was truly hers.  
  
As she reached for the doorknob, she felt that something was *off*. Not wrong exactly, just not as it had been before. She tremulously opened the door and switched on the light. She had been right. Something was definitely *off*.  
  
  
  
Angelus walked the night in Sunnydale, thinking about the bet and hoping for inspiration. He heard the whimpers and the screams of the humans dim-witted enough to be out after dark; the ones who were now making their first or last encounter with the vampires and demons that were so naturally drawn to the Hellmouth. He heard the whining of a hungry cat, the mating of a pair of dogs, the music of the Bronze across town, and the scampers of the mice digging through the leftovers in the alley behind the café.  
  
He felt things too. The loneliness and despair of the populace. Their excitement, anticipation and fear. Angelus lived for the fear.  
  
He could smell it; it was ambrosia to him. He could smell even the tiniest fear miles before any other vamp could. It was the radar he used to find those whose blood would taste the sweetest.  
  
  
  
Spike sat on Willow's bed, still shirt and shoe less, leaning against the headboard, a small grey kitten in his lap. Willow's shock loosened its hold enough for her to stutter, "H - ho - how did - did you get - get in here?"  
  
"I was invited in," he said without looking up.  
  
"I - I - I never... You mean the kiss? That - that wasn't -" but Spike cut her off.  
  
"Not by you, luv. I was invited in by Lord Byron here," he said, indicating the kitten that was snuggling against his chest and purring as he scratched its ears.  
  
"But he's a cat," she reasoned. "And how did you know his name? And besides, a cat can't invite you in," she ended, logically.  
  
"Ah now, that's where you're wrong, pet. An invite can come from any resident of the house. And Lord Byron," he said, now rubbing its tummy as the soft ball of fur rolled onto its back, "is most assuredly a resident."  
  
Willow was still trying to punch, or maybe just tap, a hole in his theory. "But he can't invite you in. He can't talk."  
  
"I speak forty-three demon languages, luv. What makes you think speaking cat would be all that difficult? It's easy, really. No real lip movement to speak of, its more in the throat," he said with a smile and a glint in his eye.  
  
She wasn't sure if he was serious or not. What if he was? "Y - you m - mean any vamp could get in, in here, just, just by talking to my cat?"  
  
"Well, not anymore. I've explained to Lord Byron, *after* he invited me in, that he should never invite in anyone else, excepting me of course. Rest assured he'll not let anyone in, no matter how much they rub his tummy or promise him salmon. He loves you, ya know. Wants to protect you. I've given him a few lessons."  
  
"Lessons? In pro - protecting me?" she was beginning to think she had accidentally stepped into an alternate reality.  
  
"Course, he's only a kitten. But he'll practice, get better. Give ‘im time."  
  
"I believe you, I just -. I'm so confused. This is ridiculous. Spike, you have to leave." She hoped she sounded authoritative.  
  
"I'm not leaving." I guess not authoritative enough. Maybe he thought, oh, goddess, no...  
  
"Look. I know what you must think after the - thing - that happened - in the park. But I'm not like that *really*. Ask anybody. I don't know why - why I - I let you - I mean, I've never, not even -"  
  
"Was new for me too, pet. Confused me terribly for a while, so I just stopped thinking about it. Try it, you'll feel better. But that's not why I'm here."  
  
"It's not?" Willow said, slowly backing away from him, her hand reflexively covering her throat.  
  
He could feel the beginning of her fear, it would never work if she was afraid. "I'm not here for that either. Not going to hurt you. Got a proposition for you actually," he said and his smile calmed her somewhat.  
  
She lowered her hand and took a few hesitant steps forward. "Well, if you want me to sleep with Robert Redford for a million dollars, the answer is most definitely yes. He's kinda old, but he's still cute," she giggled.  
  
Spike arched a brow and smiled. "Not quite what I had in mind, but you're gettin' the idea."  
  
Willow said the first thing that popped into her head, "Do I still get a million dollars?" she asked, not even trying to hide her grin.  
  
"No, sorry," he apologized. "Haven't got a million dollars, not here in the colonies anyway."  
  
Willow tried to process that information as he continued. "But you wanted an adventure, remember? You get to help me win a bet."  
  
She was looking less happy now and a lot more skeptical. "And why would I want to do that?"  
  
"Because, luv," he said with a smirk, "You'd be helping me win a bet against Angelus."  
  
He had her; he knew it. He had said the magic word.  
  
"What do you need me to do?"  
  
  
  
Willow and Spike decided to carry out the plan that Saturday night, giving them four days to prepare.  
  
Spike took great care teaching Willow technique, she even added her own unique style. Spike was amazed, yet thrilled, that she seemed to have a flair for this. If they were going to pull it off, it had to be convincing. *'Not just convincing'*, Spike thought, *'it had to be real. If its not real, Angelus will know it in half a mo'.'* Which mean that Willow had to shed all remnants of who she was; or rather, Spike realized, of who they all *thought* she was. He was beginning to consider turning her after this was all over.  
  
They were easy in each other's company, talking about exactly how they wanted it to go. They also discussed demon languages, how to speak cat, Plato, the Revolutionary War - from England's perspective, Yoyo Ma, The Cubs, Churchill, Jane Austen, Aristotle, vampire rituals and traditions, the Muppets (Willow's favorite is Fozzy Bear, Spike's is Animal), Rex Stout, and any other topic that took their fancy.  
  
Friday afternoon, Spike sent Willow out to find an appropriate wardrobe. He realized his mistake an hour later when she returned empty-handed. "How am I supposed to know what to wear for this, I can't even bring myself to say it," she moaned.  
  
Spike took her right back out, the sun had set while she was gone, and they headed for a shop about twenty miles from Sunnydale. "Now I know where I went wrong," Willow said, as if just waking up from a dream, "I started out at the mall."  
  
Spike laughed so hard he almost ran the DeSoto into a telephone pole.  
  
Willow tried on outfit after outfit, modeling each one for Spike. She made him come into the dressing room with her after she arranged herself after each new change; she was too embarrassed to walk out into the store.  
  
After they had settled on an outfit that Willow didn't think she'd ever be able to bring herself to wear, they headed back to Sunnydale. After a few comfortably quiet minutes, Willow asked, "What about the other stuff, the - you know." She couldn't bring herself to say that either.  
  
"No worries there, pet. I have all the ‘other stuff' we'll need." he laughed.  
  
"Of course you do, " she giggled, rolling her eyes at him.  
  
Spike took out his flask and took a sip, then handed it to her saying, "For courage."  
  
She took it, took a sip, then another, then another, and by the time they pulled up in front of Willow's house, it was empty.  
  
Spike took back the flask. "Why don't we go for a walk," he said pulling her from the car and heading off down the street. He didn't think an empty house with a tipsy Willow was the best place to be right now.  
  
They walked and Spike listened to Willow's rambling, funny stories about life in Sunnydale. He was even gentlemanly enough not to point out the large pieces of stories she left out while she was having fits of the giggles.  
  
The entered the park and Willow realized that she was out of stories, so they walked along, hand in hand, Willow swinging their arms in big arcs. When they reached the spot where they had first felt the undeniable urge to crawl under each other's skin, Willow stopped, halting Spike. He looked around, realizing where they were.  
  
"Willow," he said, wanting to explain that she should feel no obligation to him. He wasn't after sex, the bet had nothing to do with sex, not really, not for her anyway.  
  
But she reached for him, encircling his neck and pulling his lips to hers to finish what they had started. Then she stopped. Just pulled away.  
  
She took his hand once again and he followed her lead. Pulling him behind her, she led him out of the park, into the streets of Sunnydale, into her house and into her bedroom. Neither had said a single word the entire way.  
  
As she closed the door, a small doubt started forming, so she turned on her cd player to buy her a few seconds time. Spike felt her doubt and turned to leave.  
  
The first line of the song she had put on started.  
  
No I'm no angelNo I'm no stranger to the street  
  
He stopped, smiling. She grinned back.  
  
I've got my label, So I won't crumble at your feet  
  
He was on his knees in front of her.  
  
And I know baby, So I've got scars upon my cheek  
  
She traced the scar on his eyebrow with a fingertip.  
  
And I'm half crazy, Come on and love me baby.  
  
She was with him on the floor, pulling at his shirt, his pants, anything to get him undressed faster.  
  
So you find me hard to handle, well I'm easier to hold  
  
He was more impatient and just ripped hers off, then did the same to his own.  
  
So you like my spurs that jingle and I never leave you coldSo I might steal your diamonds I'll bring you back some goldI'm no angel  
  
"Darn right," she said.  
  
They were frantic, everywhere at once, kissing, touching, licking, sucking. The only thing she wanted was to be inside his skin with him. He kissed her everywhere, not taking the time to do it right, just wanting to taste her, all of her. She used every position she was in to her advantage, grabbing every drop of salty goodness she could find on his skin.  
  
No I'm no angel, No I'm no stranger to the darkLet me rock your cradle, Let me start a fire with your spark  
  
He didn't wait to see if she was ready for him. He *needed* to be in her. He turned her to best advantage and plunged, hoping he wouldn't hurt her. She screamed.  
  
'*She's a virgin!*' He should have realized, should have considered.  
  
Oh come on baby, Come and let me show you my tattooLet me drive you crazy, Come on and love me baby  
  
"Don't stop" she said and she moved like she knew what she was doing, but he knew she had to be making it up, just going with her feelings. He wanted to slow down for her, wanted to make it right for her first time, but her reflexes took over and her internal muscles contracted naturally and he was gone, lost in Willow, as she was in him.  
  
So you don't give a darn about me, I'll never treat you badI won't ever lift a hand to hurt you & I'll always leave you gladSo I might steal your diamonds I'll bring you back some goldI'm no angel  
  
He was going to spontaneously combust, he knew it. This girl was so fucking hot inside; she was going to burn him alive. He felt himself start to sweat. Cor, he hadn't done that in - he didn't think he'd *ever* done that. He stopped thinking. He moved their bodies slightly, getting better leverage for himself and determined that if he was going to burn from the inside out, so was she.  
  
No I'm no angel, No I'm no stranger to the darkLet me rock your cradle, Let me start a fire in your heartOh come on baby, Come and let me show you my tattooLet me drive you crazy, Come on love me babyCome on baby, drive me crazy  
  
She didn't think she could stay conscious much longer. So that's what an orgasm was. She had tried to do it herself, but had never managed anything like *that*. And none of the books she read had ever mentioned that you could have so many of them. She thought it was pop! and that was it. Spike was making her feel like a jumbo size pan of Jiffy Pop. And she knew that guys could only have one or two at a time, both Xander and Jesse had told her that. But Spike was, oh yeah, Spike wasn't a *guy*, she realized with a smile.  
  
Spike felt her distraction and decided to give her a break, sort of. He flipped them over so that Willow was on top, letting her ride him for a while. She went slower than he had, but it was exquisite torture. When he looked up and saw her flushed face with that glorious flame colored hair spilling onto her face, down her shoulders and over her breasts, he suddenly changed his mind about the existence of Heaven. He had proof it existed, it was right here.  
  
  
  
Chapter 3  
  
Willow stood before her full-length mirror and looked at herself in horror. "I can't do this. I'll die if Angelus sees me like this."  
  
Spike saw the reflection of her face in the mirror and without a thought he pulled his duster off the chair where he had laid it earlier that afternoon when they had made love for the third - or was it the fourth? - time. He wrapped it around her shoulders and she slipped her arms into the sleeves as if it was the most natural thing in the world, for her to be wearing Spike's coat. When she saw herself in it, she smiled. That was better. Much more of her skin was covered now.  
  
When she turned to face him and he got the full effect, Spike had to immediately undo his jeans. He pulled Willow to the floor as she laughed and without preamble, he plowed into her mercilessly for over an hour.  
  
On the walk back to the factory, he wondered why it hadn't occurred to him earlier that she should wear his duster. Could've saved them a lot of time.  
  
When he arrived at the lair, he was stopped in his tracks by an enormous stone slab sitting in the middle of the room. Angelus walked in, smirking. "So, what do you think?" he asked smugly.  
  
Spike didn't take the bait. "It's a rock. I can't wait to tell all my friends. They don't have a rock this big." He wasn't impressed.  
  
"It's *not* just a rock, boy," Angelus informed him angrily. "It's Acathla."  
  
"You're planning on sucking the world into hell?" Spike asked as blandly as possible.  
  
"Yes," Angelus beamed. "Now there's something I *know* you've never seen!"  
  
"True," Spike offered, lighting a cigarette. He needed time to come up with a way to talk Angelus down. Even Angelus wasn't *that* stupid, was he? When the glowing tip was almost burning his fingers, he dropped the butt and toed out the remaining embers.  
  
He turned to his sire and asked, as sweetly as he could, given the fact that this lunatic was about to end the whole fucking *world*, "How'm I going to get you your precious little redhead if you've ended the world, Angelus? Won't give you much time to play with your new toy."  
  
He left to prepare his room and hoped the older vamp would be able to see the error of his ways. If Angelus sucked the world into Hell, there'd be no more dog racing, no more Manchester United, goodbye Piccadilly, goodbye Leicester Bloody Square. Goodbye Willow. Angelus had better change his mind or Spike would put him in the bloody ground.  
  
It wasn't until Spike had retreated to his bedroom that it occurred to Angelus to wonder where Spike's coat was.  
  
  
  
And so it was that around midnight, Angelus was alone, staring at his big rock, wondering what to do, when he heard music. His brain was tired from all that contemplation on the fate of the Earth, so he followed the sound, hoping for a distraction at the very least.  
  
He followed the music to Spike's room and the first thing he saw, when he peered in through a crack in the not-quite-closed door, was Spike, chained spread eagle in the middle of the room.  
  
*'This could be fun'* he thought with a leer. But then the music stopped and he turned toward where Spike's stereo was kept. He saw the back of a petite redhead, who appeared to be wearing Spike's leather duster, but that was impossible. Spike didn't let anyone touch his precious coat, not even Drusilla. But it was his; the elder vamp recognized the smell. The coat was drenched in a fragrance that was unmistakably his childe's. Then he caught another smell that he thought he recognized, but again, that was impossible.  
  
Until she turned.  
  
Spike knew the moment his sire recognized Willow. He had felt him at the door, but the jealousy and hatred radiating from Angelus now was intoxicating. He almost laughed. He looked at Willow again and knew how Angelus felt. The same way he had felt when he saw her standing in front of that mirror. She radiated both innocence and sex in the blue velvet merry widow, black stockings and over-the-ankle lace up boots they had purchased.  
  
Willow had insisted on the boots, laughing and calling them, "witchy shoes". Spike had considered telling her what she was, but decided against it; she'd find out eventually.  
  
The coat just made her look that much more *his*. And that was the way Spike wanted her to look.  
  
He was glad he had thought to weld a quick release into the shackles. If Angelus touched willow, Spike planned on cheerfully killing the bastard.  
  
When he had thought of this plan, it had seemed like such a good idea. Shock Angelus. Easy. Angelus had gotten very, very drunk a month or so back and poured his heart out to one of the minions about the redheaded friend of the slayer's and all of the deliciously wicked things he would get her to do to him once he had turned her. He seemed to think the witch had a bad side and the dark vampire meant to put it to use.  
  
"‘Wicked Willow' all for me," he had said. "That girl could make me beg. She could chain me up, whip me, make me bleed and I'd still be begging her for more." Angelus had then broken the minion's neck and went upstairs to jerk off. He hadn't seen Spike, mainly because Spike had been hiding from him. Best way to know everybody's dirty little secrets - or ultimate fantasies.  
  
Now Spike was going to give Angelus his fantasy, but not the way his sire had planned. Willow was going to do everything, just as Angelus had imagined it, except that Spike was the star of the show.  
  
Willow was unaware that Angelus had joined them, so Spike gave her the signal. He hung his head, as if in submission, bowing to his mistress. She turned and pushed the button on the stereo and music started. This part had been her idea. She had needed another flask of Spike's whiskey to carry it through, but she decided that if she was going to do this, she was going to show Angelus everything she's got.  
  
She walked over to the bed and looked at the implements displayed there. She chose the riding crop as Spike had instructed her to. As she slowly prowled toward him, she sang.  
  
*"I hate the world today  
You're so good to me I know but I can't change  
Tried to tell you but you look at me like maybe  
I'm an angel underneath, innocent and sweet"*  
  
She smiled at Spike and looked into his eyes. That was the only way she could get through this. She thought of the first time she had whipped him, three days ago. She had shook and cried, he had laughed. When the bloody mark she had made was gone only an hour or so later, she felt better, but she couldn't work up the nerve to do it again until the next day.  
  
Spike had taught how to do it and only leave a mark, without drawing blood. Blood was against the rules of the bet. Over the last two days she'd gotten *very* good at whipping - and pleasuring - Spike. She had been shocked and scared the first time he came as she was beating him. The second time she was just amazed. The third time she was proud and the fourth time, she was intrigued.  
  
Last night, she had asked him to use the crop on her. His ministrations had been much lighter, he hadn't even left a mark, but a couple had stung, yet she still felt herself getting aroused. When he touched her to ease away the sting, she had cum - hard.  
  
She continued to walk toward and around Spike, head tilted as if considering her next move.  
  
*"Yesterday I cried  
You must have been relieved to see the softer side"  
  
'Such a beautiful sculpted back'* she thought before *whack!* went the crop across Spike's back. *'What a pretty stripe!'* she thought as she sang.  
  
*"I can understand how you'd be so confused  
I don't envy you  
I'm a little bit of everything all rolled into one"*  
  
Her hand reached out as if to caress his back, instead, she spanked his fanny. And then laughed. Angelus was on his knees outside the door.  
  
*"I'm a bitch, I'm a lover  
I'm a child, I'm a mother  
I'm a sinner, I'm a saint  
I do not feel ashamed"*  
  
*"I'm your hell, I'm your dream  
I'm nothing in between  
You know you wouldn't want it any other way"*  
  
She strutted around behind her partner-in-crime once again. He felt ecstasy as the crop went *smack!* across the ass of the jeans he wore. When she saw his posterior muscles contract, she knew he was getting excited. *Whack!* again across his back, this time in a criss-cross to the first one. She wanted to make a pretty design. She smiled at the results so far.  
  
*"So take me as I am  
This may mean you'll have to be a stronger man  
Rest assured that when I start to make you nervous  
And I'm going to extremes, tomorrow I will change  
And today won't mean a thing"*  
  
Her hand trailed across his shoulder blades as she danced around him. She had learned that the longer she drew it out, the more excited he got and he came that much harder. It was the little things that counted in a relationship. If that's what you'd call this.  
  
*"I'm a bitch, I'm a lover  
I'm a child, I'm a mother  
I'm a sinner, I'm a saint  
I do not feel ashamed  
  
I'm your hell, I'm your dream  
I'm nothing in between  
You know you wouldn't want it any other way"*  
  
She hazarded a glance at the door, but didn't see Angelus. Just as she was turning back to Spike, she saw the dark vampire's gelled hair peeking out from the doorframe. *'Good, let him hide from me.'* She decided that a chest as finely defined as her Spike's deserved some attention all its own, so she lightly ran the end of the crop across his chest, careful not to miss his nipples, before she brought it down with a *thwap!*, leaving another beautiful red stripe. And still no blood. *'God, I'm good! '*  
  
*"Just when you think you've got me figured out  
The season's already changing  
I think it's cool you do what you do  
And don't try to save me"*  
  
Around back again and she placed another mark across his shoulder blades. *'It's starting to look like a star! '* she thought happily.  
  
*"I'm a bitch, I'm a lover  
I'm a child, I'm a mother  
I'm a sinner, I'm a saint  
I do not feel ashamed  
  
I'm your hell, I'm your dream  
I'm nothing in between  
You know you wouldn't want it any other way"*  
  
She wanted - needed - to taste him, so she ran her tongue across the latest welt she had made on his back. She felt a drop of blood on her tongue when she came to the end of the mark and she knew blood wasn't allowed, so she sucked on his skin, trying to hide the wound until it stopped bleeding. Spike's head shot up, this wasn't part of the program.  
  
She finished her song.  
  
*"I'm a bitch, I'm a tease  
I'm a goddess on my knees  
When you hurt, when you suffer  
I'm your angel undercover  
I've been numbed, I'm revived  
Can't say I'm not alive  
You know I wouldn't want it any other way"*  
  
She licked at his skin again. His blood tasted metallic, but what surprised her was the temperature. His skin was cool to the touch, but his blood was hot - really hot, like coffee, or soup. It felt wonderful on her tongue. She sucked harder as she reached around and felt his fully formed erection. *'I did that! '* she thought proudly, womanly satisfaction flowing through her, or was it just the effects of Spike's blood?  
  
She walked away, skimming the edges of his bedroom, opening drawers and examining every surface. She saw Angelus at the door, still on his knees, out of the corner of her eye, but she ignored him.  
  
Finally she found what she was looking for and walked back to Spike as the music was fading away. She knew Spike was confused, this wasn't part of the plan, but she didn't care. She wanted to do this, it felt right.  
  
She hid the scissors behind her back until she was standing directly in front of him, then she lowered herself to her knees and proceeded to cut the black denim jeans off his body. Her fingertips ran quickly over the tip of his cock as she stood. She took a step back and with a harsh *crack!* brought the crop down across his chest. She stepped up once again and licked across the length of the new mark.  
  
Lifting his chin, she made him look her in the eyes as she unlocked the chains that bound him. She turned, her back to his front and with her right hand she reached behind her to lift her hair away, baring her neck and her left shoulder. With her left hand, she pulled his coat off her shoulders and leaned back into him. When he didn't move, she slipped her left arm out of the duster and reached back to pull his head into the crook of her neck.  
  
Angelus watched as Spike's arms enveloped Willow and his childe's face turned, bringing out the demon. The older vampire didn't move, didn't blink as Spike bared his fangs and drank from the beautiful redhead that *should* have been his. His gaze moved to Willow's face as her eyes closed and her knees went weak, losing herself in the rapture of feeding her lover.  
  
Spike drank only enough to know he wanted more, wanted to be the only one to ever taste her. He lifted her into his arms and licked the wound closed before laying her on his bed.  
  
He walked over to the door and said, "Bet's off. I forfeit. You can have anything you want - *anything* - except her. You win, but she's mine." And then he closed the door in his sire's face and locked it. He went back to the bed to pleasure his witch.  
  
The next morning, when Willow left Spike's bedroom, she was shocked to find exactly thirty red-haired humans lining the hall leading to Spike's room. When she went to ask what it was all about, Spike smiled, kissed her again and said, "Let them go home," before falling back to sleep.  
  
  
  
The End