The Spikey Horror Picture Show

by purplefeen

Spike/Willow  
genre: fetish  
warning: drug use  
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    ◊ Anya Jenkins as The Capitalist running dog, a Scooby    ◊ Buffy Summers as The Slayer, a Scooby    ◊ Dawn Summers as The Shiny Key, a Scooby    ◊ Rupert Giles as The Watcher, an expert    ◊ Spike as Whatever He Wants To Be, ::sigh::    ◊ Suki Potter as Willow's Chemistry study buddy    ◊ Willow Rosenberg as Old Reliable Dog Geyser Person, a Scooby    ◊ Xander Harris as The Bad Liar, a Scooby

It was just another Friday night in October on the Hellmouth. The sun had set around six-thirty and one by one, the Scoobies had found their way to Rupert Giles apartment. There was a new Big Bad in town, and all they knew about it was that it was female, answered to the name of "Glory" and dressed like a five hundred dollar a night hooker.  
  
The first to arrive had been Dawn, right after school, followed closely by the Slayer after her last class at four-thirty. At six, when the Magic Box closed, Anya had made her way over, arriving at six-thirty on the dot. Dawn and Buffy had reluctantly picked up some really big ancient books and started researching, but Anya went instead to the kitchen and grabbed a soda and a cookie, then sat watching the door and waiting for her boyfriend to arrive.  
  
A few minutes later, Willow arrived, carrying her computer bag and a pile of books that she would have dropped if Spike hadn't been there to catch them as they fell. He lifted them in as if they weighed nothing at all and even grabbed her computer bag. He carried them inside and placed them effortlessly on the coffee table and then placed the computer bag gently on the desktop Willow often used.  
  
"Hey, Wotcher!" Spike called as he made his way to the kitchen, "Got any blood?"  
  
Giles was about to answer when Xander came running through the door, "Am I late?!"  
  
Anya, very happy to see her honey at last, threw her arms around him and assured him that he wasn't.  
  
"Sorry, I fell asleep on the couch again."   
  
"Xander, I know that job pays you lots of money, and now you can afford to buy me nice things like a boyfriend is supposed to, but they make you work too hard down there," Anya said, concern evident but not too evident, after all, Xander was now a productive member of the workforce who could afford his own apartment.  
  
"Xan, you got a new job?" from Willow who looked up from her computer, a smile on her face.  
  
"Yeah," he looked a little embarrassed.  
  
"Doing what?" Buffy asked, sitting down on the arm of Giles' couch.  
  
"Shoveling fish guts down at the docks. I work all night but the money's great."  
  
He didn't look at anyone when he said this, but Spike was the only one who noticed. He took a sniff. That was definitely *not* fish that he smelled on the boy.  
  
"You don't smell like fish guts," he stated, smug smirk in place. "You smell like-"  
  
"Soap!" Xander yiped before he could finish, then persisted more calmly. "Soap. I smell like soap. Yeah, one of the guys told me about this great soap. Takes the smell right out. Yup, soap." He glared at Spike, but he was inwardly scurrying through everything he knew about the bloodsucker for something to blackmail him with. He had forgotten about Spike's advanced olfactory abilities when he took this job. He had to find a way to keep Spike quiet.  
  
"So," Giles said, and everyone focused their attention on him, "Shall we begin?"  
  
  
  
  
  
Three hours later, Spike suddenly stood.  
  
"Well, its been great," he said and then seemed to reconsider, "That's not true. It's been boring as Angelus. I'm gone." And he quickly left.  
  
Everyone in the group who was not a retired librarian, dropped their books.  
  
"Go, Buffy!" Willow urged.  
  
"Give him a second to get out of the courtyard. If I'm too close, he'll sense me."  
  
Everyone - again who was not a retired librarian - watched the seconds tick by on the clock. After thirty seconds, Buffy headed for the door, calling out, "Wish me luck."  
  
"She'll get him this week," Dawn said, feeling confident in her sister's demon tracking abilities.  
  
"He lost her last week… and the week before. In fact every week before." Anya didn't sound quite as enthusiastic as Dawn.  
  
For the next hour, they all pretended to research, but their hearts really weren't in it. Giles considered, several times, just telling them all to go home, but he knew it was useless. They'd all stay and wait for Buffy's return.  
  
"Nope," Buffy said wearily, walking through the door and dropping her jacket on the kitchen counter. "I lost him again."  
  
The group gave a collective sigh and Giles called a halt to the night, telling them all to go home and get some sleep, but to be back tomorrow at sundown because Glory was still a threat and the sooner they found out what kind of demon she was and how to kill her, the more of an advantage they'd have.  
  
Willow offered to come over after her Saturday morning study group.  
  
"That would be very nice, Willow, thank you," Giles told her. Willow was always very nice.  
  
The group left in ones and twos over the course of the next few minutes, but, as expected, found the others waiting on the sidewalk when they exited Giles' courtyard.  
  
"Taco Bell?" Xander asked, not really sounding too happy about it.  
  
"Sounds good," Dawn said, matching Xander's lack of enthusiasm and they all turned as one and headed downtown to gossip about Spike.  
  
  
  
  
  
"We have to find out where he's going on Friday nights," Willow said while they were waiting in line.  
  
"Is there a Bloodsuckers Anonymous group around here?" Anya asked as Xander ordered two hard-shell tacos.  
  
"Only two, Xan?," Willow asked. "Not your usual two chalupa and three gordita night?"  
  
"No," he said, rubbing a hand across his much slimmer than she remembered it to be stomach. But then, she hadn't really been looking. "I'm trying to watch my weight."  
  
"I know he's up to something bad," Buffy mused. "He's an evil bloodsucking fiend."  
  
"A gorgeous evil, bloodsucking fiend," Dawn said, making sure to emphasize the 'gorgeous'. "And not so much with the bloodsucking. And evil?" she sounded skeptical. "Spike's not evil."  
  
"Yes, he is!" Buffy retaliated. "You just don't remember all the stuff he pulled back in high school."  
  
"I remember that he helped you take down Angelus," Dawn said, warming to her subject. "I remember him being really concerned about his girlfriend because he loved her so much. I remember him sitting with Mom in the living room that first time he came over and being really awkward and sweet. I was scoping him out from the steps," she said at Willow's questioning look. "Mom would have so killed me if I'd come down while there was a vampire in the house."  
  
Willow smiled, thinking Dawn's crush on Spike was so cute. She brushed Dawn's long chestnut hair over her shoulder and said, "I know, Dawnie. Spike's changed a lot since he got chipped. You're right, he's not so much with the big evil these days."  
  
Buffy stomped her foot. "Do you people not remember Saint Vigeous? Or Halloween?"  
  
Anya raised her hand. "No, I don't remember."  
  
Buffy, Willow and Dawn all rolled their eyes.  
  
"An, honey, that was before you got here. But trust me, it was Evil City and Spike was the mayor. Only, not the *mayor*  mayor, because he was a big snake, but the evil mayor… the *other* evil mayor - of Evil City."  
  
Anya looked confused.  
  
Willow patted her best bud's shoulder. "We get it, Xan. So" she said, turning back to the rest of the group, "What's our consensus this week? What's Spike doing when he leaves at nine thirty on Friday nights?"  
  
"Something evil," was Buffy's guess. Nothing new there she said that every week.  
  
"He's got a job," Anya suggested, again, not for the first time.  
  
"I still like that one," Willow said, "But its really more like wishful thinking than any real conviction."  
  
"Grave robbing," Xander said and they looked up. Here was a new possibility. One they didn't really want to think about, but still a possibility.  
  
"I'll bet he's got a girlfriend," Dawn said cheerfully and they all turned around and gaped at her.  
  
  
  
  
  
"Thanks, Robert," Willow said, taking the notes from one of the members of her study group. A week had passed since the meeting in Taco Bell and the chemistry test that Willow had been dreading had taken place that morning and Willow had done, she thought, really well. She returned the color-coded notes to the appropriately colored folder and put the folder and her notebook into her backpack.  
  
"Hey, Willow," greeted her friend Suki, coming up and walking beside her. "You ready for tonight?"  
  
Willow sighed. "I don't know…"  
  
"Oh come on, Willow - please? I need you there. This is my very first performance as a regular cast member and I'm really nervous. I need to see one friendly face in the crowd," Suki begged.  
  
"I know, its just…" she didn't know how to explain the Disappearing Spike Crusade to her friend.  
  
Suki stopped, got down on her knees and looked up at Willow with her best puppy dog eyes.  
  
Willow relented. "Okay" she sighed. "But if they find him tonight, you're toast!"  
  
"Find who?" Suki asked, curious about these Scooby meetings that Willow was always hinting about.  
  
"Never mind," Willow said and then, to get Suki's mind off the topic of Spike, she asked, "Are you nervous?"  
  
"Very!" Suki laughed. "Make that very very very. But the guy who plays Brad is really sweet, he's in my Trig class. It's Frank who's got me nervous."  
  
"Who's Frank?"  
  
"He says his name's Frank, like the part he's playing, but he sure doesn't look like a Frank. He's only been with the cast for about two months. And he never even understudied!" She seemed to be appalled by this, so Willow donned a suitably shocked expression. "He just walked in one Tuesday night, that's when the cast meetings are, went up to Mark, that's the cast leader, and said he wanted to audition for Frank! Bold as you please! Mark told him about the process: alternate to understudy to regular, but he said no, he could do it better than anyone, he'd done it before and he'd do it better than anyone else in the cast. Mikey, that's the guy who understudies Frank now, but he used to be the regular, got really offended and said he'd take that challenge. Mikey's a real asshole sometimes."  
  
Willow was sort of listening and sort of going over, in her mind, the list of websites she wanted to search this afternoon for information on a Kimben demon.  
  
"So anyway, Mikey gets up there and does his thing for the rest of the cast and the techies, and this guy just sits there smoking, which isn't even allowed in the theater! But he sits there smug as you please, doesn't even look worried. And Mikey was really on that night. Mark only ran it through Frank's first two songs. So when Mikey sits down…"  
  
Maybe I should call Cordelia and ask if she has any new demony-finding type websites in her bookmarks.  
  
"…incredible! And he had the whole costume, *exactly*! I'd almost swear it was the same one. This new guy just captures your attention and you can't even make yourself look away if you're trying!"  
  
"Sounds wonderful," Willow commented, remembering a new demon database that she found that looked really extensive, but it was in Swahili. *Where can I find someone who can read Swahili?*  
  
"But wait til you see him." Suki sighed. "He's just…" another deep sigh, "dreamy." Her eyes got a far off look and Willow brought her attention back to her friend.  
  
"So, what time should I be at your dorm room?"   
  
  
  
  
  
"I'm sorry Buffy, but I can't stay tonight. I promised Suki, she's really nervous and she needs me there!" Willow pleaded as they ate pizza on Giles sofa that evening. "She has to be at the theater at ten thirty so I have to leave here by nine thirty because I have to get changed too."  
  
"But what if I find him tonight?!" Buffy whined.  
  
"But he keeps losing you," Willow offered as backup, figuring if there was no chance she'd catch Spike doing… whatever it was he was doing, Buffy couldn't object to her leaving. She hadn't really thought that one through, obviously.  
  
"Thanks for the vote of confidence, Will." Buffy sat, dejected.  
  
Willow sat next to her, "I'm sorry, but you know what I mean. You've been tail-"  
  
The door opened and Spike walked in, in a swish of leather duster. Willow loved that smell. They all did. It was one of the reasons they kept telling him to show up. Although none of them confided their opinion to the others.  
  
Nevertheless, every Scooby meeting, there he was, because someone would always stop by his crypt and tell him when and where to be. The slightly dangerous and definitely exciting smell of leather, cigarettes, whiskey and Spike, was so much better than the musty smell of old books any day.  
  
The Kimben demons were dutifully researched, and by nine o'clock, Giles was giving Buffy the okay to go patrol. She now knew where to find them and how to kill them. Easy as pie.  
  
"But," Buffy stalled, trying to think fast, "Won't they still be there tomorrow?"  
  
She didn't want to leave now. It was nine o'clock on Friday. Spike always left at nine thirty on Friday nights. And she had to tail him, Giles knew that!  
  
Spike snickered. "What'sa matter, Slayer? Afraid of a couple of demons? Hell, I could kill 'em quick as a wink on my way to…"   
  
He didn't notice that all of them, including Giles, suddenly held their breath.  
  
"My crypt," he finished, after a pause.  
  
Buffy got an idea. "Ok, Spike, why don't you go do that?"  
  
"But…" Dawn started, but Buffy silenced her with a torturous glare.  
  
"Nevermind. Good idea." Dawn was going to suggest that Buffy go with Spike to kill the demons, that way she'd have a head start on following him afterward. But if they didn't want her opinion… Dawn sat with a thunk.  
  
"Fine." Spike said, clearly not happy. *Why did I open my fat gob? Why haven't I learned when to just shut the hell up? No, had to stick it to the slayer. Wanker.*  
  
"I'm gone. But you all have to leave me alone for the rest of the weekend, even if the apocalypse comes." Dawn pouted. He relented, "'Cept you, Nib. You can stop by tomorrow if ya want. We'll make hot chocolate."  
  
He paused on the way out the door.  
  
"I'm out of little marshmallows."  
  
"I'll bring them," Dawn offered.  
  
"Right then. Night all." And he was gone.  
  
Willow looked at her watch. "Oh" she started grabbing for her papers and pencils. "I've got to go. I have to meet Suki."  
  
"Okay, Wills, see you tomorrow."  
  
"Where ya goin'?"  
  
"With my friend Suki from Chem class," she said and then she wasn't sure how much more she should say. It was kind of a strange thing to do. "She, uh, she's in a play. And this is her first night. She's kind of nervous."  
  
Giles looked at the clock. "A play at nine thirty on a Friday night?"  
  
"Well, actually it starts at midnight. It's sort of a, uh, a goth kind of play, that's it. You know, lots of college kids in black lipstick…"  
  
"Suki doesn't look like the goth type to me," Buffy said. "You're talking about Suki from my World History class right?"  
  
"Yep, that's the one." She grabbed for her coat and practically flew to the door. "Guess ya never know what someone's like til you, uh, get to know 'em. Night."  
  
And she was gone as well.  
  
"Buff?" Xander said. "Spike's been gone four and a half minutes already - get going!"  
  
"Oh!" she exclaimed, suddenly remembering their latest pet project. "Spike, right," she headed out the door, hoping to catch him while he was still battling the Kimbens.  
  
  
  
  
  
"Do I really need all of this stuff?" Willow asked, incredulous, as she looked through the paper bag on Suki's bed.  
  
Suki was in her closet, gathering her costume. The hat was missing and she was frantically searching her closet, throwing shoes and tshirts around. There it was, in her Converse All-Stars shoebox.  
  
"Yes! Just follow along with what everyone else does. Like, in the beginning of the movie, there's a wedding, so you throw the rice, get it?"  
  
"Okay, if you say so," Willow was skeptical. "Doesn't the theater owner get upset that when you all leave, there's all this stuff," she held up a piece of toast, "All over the floor?"  
  
"No, we clean it up, or rather, the techies do. Every week we fill about 10 of those superhuge garbage bags," Suki laughed. "Don't worry so much, Willow. Just go along for the ride, okay?" She was confident that her friend would love it once she'd experienced it.  
  
"Oh, and c'mere," Suki said, walking up to her dresser and picking up a black eyeliner pencil.  
  
"What?" Willow asked, curious. She felt ridiculous enough in the outfit Suki was making her wear, didn't she have enough makeup on already? It was her Halloween costume from three years ago and she already looked like a big ol' slut, she didn't need any more makeup, thanks anyway.  
  
When she was next to her friend, Suki used the eyeliner pencil to make a mark on Willow's forehead.  
  
"Hey!" Willow turned and looked in the mirror. There was now a honkin' big letter 'V' on her face.  
  
"What's that for?"  
  
"It means you're a virgin." Suki was giggling, this did not bode well.  
  
"I am not!" She sounded a little hurt. *Okay, its been a year, but it should still count!*  
  
"No, dummie, a Rocky Horror virgin."  
  
  
  
  
  
Suki left her alone in the theater. There were a few other people milling about, all friends of the cast members. She, however, was the only one with a stupid letter on her forehead. Which, in comparison, wasn't so bad. All of these people were dressed in costumes. There was a ho-ish looking maid, a couple of creepy looking butlers with long hair, one girl in a black corset and fishnet stockings that Willow couldn't believe someone would wear out of the bedroom, let alone to a theater. There were about a dozen people in ill-fitting tuxedos with bright colored shirts and party hats. She didn't feel stupid in her working-lady-of-the-night costume anymore.   
  
Willow settled into a seat in the third row and looked in the bag once more, hoping she could figure out what all of this stuff was for. She found a little plastic baggie with uncooked rice, a Bic lighter, a newspaper, a water gun that was filled but she didn't expect it would be holy water, a pair of pink rubber gloves, toast, a party noisemaker, a roll of toilet paper, two 3x5 index cards, one saying 'Sorrow' the other, 'Pain', and paper airplanes. She'd never brought props to a movie before, she had no idea what to do with this stuff.  
  
When Suki asked her to come, she explained that at showings of the movie The Rocky Horror Picture Show, there was a cast of people who acted out the movie while it was playing - down on the floor below the screen. They dressed like the characters, got scenery and props appropriate to the movie, and acted it out simultaneously with the screen. Also, you were supposed to yell back at the movie screen. This sounded completely bizarre.  
  
But looking around at the people laughing and talking, it now seemed like it might be a lot of fun.  
  
At eleven, the theater opened its doors and let in the throng of people that had been waiting outside. They were down the block and around the corner when Willow and Suki had arrived and almost every other person was in a costume of some kind. It looked like anything and everything was accepted here. One guy was dressed like a vampire with a long black cape and plastic teeth. She thought about pointing out to him that vampires didn't dress like that and he'd overlooked the necessary bumpies, but she decided against it.  
  
When the theater was full, a cute guy holding a microphone came out and stood in the center of the short stage under the screen.  
  
"All right assholes, put your faces in your chairs and listen up, I have, as always, some announcements. One, no food other than rice or dry toast is to be thrown. When you do throw something, don't throw it *at*  the people on the stage. Two, no candles or Zippo-type lighters. Three, if you're a virgin, your ass is ours!"  
  
Everyone was laughing and the host had to yell his next command twice before everyone complied.  
  
"Everyone on your feet! One hand over your heart - your hearts on the left side asshole," he said to a guy in the front row.  
  
"Now, repeat after me."  
  
"Now repeat after me" the crowd yelled back, laughing.  
  
Willow put her right hand over her heart. So did everyone else in the theater, even the guy at the end of her row who looked way too drunk to be conscious, let alone stand.  
  
"I, state your name, pledge allegiance…"  
  
Almost the entire theater, repeated back, "I, state your name, pledge allegiance…"  
  
But Willow didn't say that and either did the girl standing next to her who also had a V on her forehead. What Willow said was, "I, Willow, pledge allegiance" The girl next to had said 'Heidi' instead of Willow. Willow was relieved to be sitting next to another virgin; she wouldn't feel completely embarrassed when she made a mistake if someone else was making one too.  
  
The host went on, "to the lips of the Rocky Horror Picture Show!"  
  
Did he just say 'lips'? There was a lot of hooting and screaming and laughing, but the audience had repeated the line back.  
  
"And to the decadence…"  
  
"And to the decadence…"  
  
"For which they stand."  
  
"For which they stand."  
  
This was getting really silly now and Willow was having an excellent time.  
  
"One movie…"  
  
"One movie…"  
  
"Under Richard O'Brien"  
  
"Under Richard O'Brien"  
  
"On top of Patricia Quinn"  
  
"On top of Patricia Quinn"  
  
"With Sexual daydreams…"  
  
"With sexual daydreams…"  
  
"And erotic nightmares…"  
  
Willow started blushing and she was really glad she was in a dimly lit theater. She was blushing because when he had said 'erotic nightmares' she thought it made a really accurate and ideal description for a certain vampire of her acquaintance. *Bad Willow.*  
  
"And sins of the flesh for all."  
  
Willow, like the rest of crowd, repeated the line as instructed and about half the audience said "Amen!" when they finished. Sins of the flesh for all? Willow thought, *I'll see that Amen and raise you a Mozel Tov!*  
  
"Now," the host yelled, "Everyone who has seen The Rocky Horror Picture show in a theater one or more times, please sit down!"  
  
All but eight people sat, and Willow felt really self-conscious about being one of those still standing.  
  
"And what do we call the people still standing up?"  
  
"VIRGINS!" the crowd screamed back.  
  
"And what do we do to virgins?" the host asked.  
  
"Fuck the shit out of them!" the crowd yelled back.  
  
Some of the cast members came out into the crowd and pulled each of the virgins out of the audience and brought them to the front of the theater to line up in front of the stage with their cast member behind them.  
  
"Assume the position!" the host yelled into the mike and Willow felt the hands of the guy who had pulled her up here grab her arms and hold them up over her head. "It's okay, darlin'" he whispered in her ear in a very sexy Cajun accent, "We're not going to damage anybody permanently." That really didn't make her feel any better.  
  
"1-2-3 grope!" the man yelled and the guy behind her with the sexy voice put his hands on her chest.  
  
"Nice tits, darlin'" he said in her ear.  
  
"Uh, thanks?"   
  
"Massage!" was the next order and Sexy Voice started feeling up her breasts.  
  
"Very nice tits," he complimented again in that honey-sweet voice.  
  
Willow was overcome with lots of emotions right then. Fear, embarrassment, anxiety. But the things she felt most were an irresistible desire and the heat collecting somewhere in her abdomen. This guy is very good with his hands! She closed her eyes and tried to pretend they were alone somewhere but all the whistling, hollering and laughter from the crowd made that impossible.  
  
"Next position!"  
  
Sexy Voice put her arms at her sides and pushed on her back saying, "Bend over, darlin' You'll love this one." She bent as instructed.  
  
"Hump away!"  
  
Sexy Voice started rubbing himself oh-so-erotically against her ass. She looked at the others and saw that they were receiving the same kind of treatment, although everyone else seemed to be receiving a wild and crazed funny kind of dry hump, while she was getting hotter and wetter as Sexy Voice rubbed his now rather large erection against her ass.  
  
*Suki'd probably be upset if I grabbed this guy and left…*  
  
"Next position!"  
  
Sexy Voice led her over to the side of the stage and she followed the others up the three steps to the stage. Once on the stage, they were finding a spot and each virgin was now face to face with his or her partner. Willow was really glad Sexy Voice picked a spot near the rear of the stage, especially once she could get a good look at him. He was about six feet tall with dark wavy hair and soft brown eyes. And shoulders that Atlas would have envied.   
  
*Lions and tiger and bears, oh my!*   
  
He also had a seven hundred megawatt smile. He put Willow's hand against his crotch and said, "That's all because of you, darlin'. What're you doin' after the show?" Willow snatched her hand back and he laughed. She didn't like being laughed at so she put it back. And squeezed. He gave a low sexy growl and kissed her cheek. She smiled. This wasn't so scary.  
  
"Positions!" the host yelled. She had forgotten he was there.  
  
"Lay down, Beautiful," Sexy Voice said, still in that growly voice and she hoped as she positioned herself on the floor that this was indeed the position she was supposed to be in and not some attempt at onstage seduction. Because she have to say no to that and she didn't think she wanted to. Not on stage anyway.  
  
*Bad Willow!*  
  
"Fuck the shit out of them!" the host and about half the audience shouted.  
  
Sexy Voice was down on her in an instant, moving in a very convincing pantomime of actual sex. And it felt super-duper good. She looked up into his eyes and he looked like he wanted to eat her up - in all the good ways, not the vampirey kind of eating.  
  
She moaned and Sexy Voice, never one to let an opportunity pass, crushed his mouth to hers and gave her a kiss that made her toes curl. He gave up the pantomime after a minute or two and instead wrapped his arms around her and kissed her breathless.  
  
After a while, she heard laughter and both she and Sexy Voice looked up to see the stage empty save the host, who was standing next to them and showing them off like Vanna White.  
  
"Hey, Mikey, we've got a movie to do here. Put the virgin back, you can eat her later!"  
  
Sexy Voice smiled down at her, stood and put a hand out and helped her up.   
  
*So that's the guy who used to play Frank? I can't believe they found a guy hotter than him!*  
  
"We're done. Take the girl back to her seat," the host told Mikey and the whole room, laughing.  
  
Willow wanted the floor to open up and swallow her.  
  
*Where's a good inter-dimensional portal when you needed one?*  
  
As soon as she got back to her seat, the lights dimmed and the crowd called out, "One two three, start the fucking movie! Three two one, forget the movie start the fucking!"  
  
Trumpets blared on screen and the crowd yelled, "Tim Curry is a -" and the screen proclaimed, 'Twentieth Century Fox'.  
  
The screen went black for a moment and the crowd said, "A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away, God said, 'Let there be lips.' And there were, and they were good."  
  
A pair of sexy red lips appeared on the screen and Willow settled back into her seat, thoroughly enjoying the wackiness of everything around her.  
  
  
  
  
  
Willow was laughing out loud as she sat back into her seat after doing the Time Warp in the aisle with everyone else. She couldn't remember the last time she'd had this much fun. Just laughing, joking, listening to the outrageous comments the audience yelled to the screen. And not a vampire in sight.  
  
A heavy backbeat started and she saw on the screen a glittery white high heel stomping in time to the rhythm. And then a long black cape, sort of like the one Dracula had worn.  
  
*Stop it Willow!* she chastised herself, *You're seeing vampires where there's just…*  
  
Her eyes popped out of her head, almost literally. The guy who played Frank had just turned around. He had a black satin cape wrapped around him, just like the guy on the screen. He sang along with the movie:  
  
"How do you do I  
See you've met my  
Faithful handyman."  
  
The crowd was still screaming things back at the screen but her mind very easily tuned them out.  
  
"He's just a little brought down because  
When you knocked  
He thought you were the candyman."  
  
The guy playing Frank looked… *wow. Perfect.* Pale makeup with dark shaded eyes and bright red lips. Dark curly hair that fell to his shoulders.  
  
"Don't get strung out  
By the way I look,  
Don't judge a book by its cover"  
  
Both Franks sang as they strutted across the screen and stage.  
  
"I'm not much of a man  
By the light of day  
But by night I'm one hell of a lover"  
  
Both Franks opened their arms with a dramatic flourish, but Willow had stopped watching the screen. The live, not-pre-recorded Frank opened his arms to reveal the hottest body Willow had ever seen. Lean frame, shoulders to die for, cheekbones that could cut glass, muscular legs and abs most people would kill their mother for. She could see all of this because of what he was wearing, or rather, what he wasn't wearing.  
  
Willow pinched herself on the arm and when it hurt, she knew she wasn't dreaming. She was really sitting here watching the hottest guy in the world prance around in a shiny black corset, black garter belt and stockings, high heels and a Speedo that left *nothing* to the imagination. She'd never seen anything hotter in her life!  
  
Suki was right, you couldn't take your eyes off of him and now Willow knew why.  
  
"I'm just a sweet transvestite From Transsexual, Transylvania"   
  
*OH. MY. GOD!*  
  
"Let me show you around  
Maybe play you a sound  
You look like you're both pretty groovy  
Or if you want something visual  
That's not too abysmal  
We could take in an old Steve Reeves movie"  
  
Frank was walking toward Suki, who was playing Janet, and Willow wanted to be in her shoes for just a few minutes. Just enough to get an up close and personal eyeful of Frank.  
  
"Well you got caught with a flat… well  
How 'bout that?  
Well, babies, don't you panic  
By the light of the night it'll all seem alright  
I'll get you a satanic mechanic  
I'm just a sweet transvestite  
From Transsexual, Transylvania  
Why don't you stay for the night?"  
  
As he sang this last line, he turned and looked right at Willow, as if he knew she was there, and he had the most amazing crystal blue eyes she'd ever seen. His gaze only stayed on her for a few seconds and then he moved and she was no longer in his direct line of sight.  
  
"I could show you my favorite obsession  
I've been making a man  
With blond hair and a tan  
And he's good for relieving my… tension  
I'm just a sweet transvestite  
From Transsexual, Transylvania  
I'm just a sweet transvestite  
From Transsexual…" Willow finally managed to take her eyes off of Frank and she looked at Suki, wanting to make sure she was faring okay in the range of that body and those eyes.   
  
*I'd have fainted by now!*  
  
"So come up to the lab  
And see what's on the slab  
I see you shiver with antici…      …pation  
But maybe the rain  
Isn't really to blame  
So I'll remove the cause  
But not the symptom"  
  
Willow spent the entire rest of the movie with her eyes glued to Hunk-o-rama. And he seemed to know it too, because those intense blue eyes kept coming back to her and holding her spellbound for a second or two.  
  
When it was over and everyone came up to take a bow, Frank stood right in front of her and his gaze never left her face as he took his bows. When the cast went through a door to the backstage area, the audience started collecting their coats and leftover props and headed out the door.  
  
*Wowwy wow wow! Why don't I ever come across guys like that? When they were handing out looks that guy must have gotten in line a hundred times.*  
  
She knew it wasn't fair to judge someone just on physical appearance, but she couldn't help herself. That's all she knew about him. And Suki hadn't said he was a jerk, just not social and a little arrogant about his performance, which, turns out, right on the money with that one. Maybe in this one area he had something to be arrogant about.  
  
*Maybe he's shy. He probably lives with his mother because he's too shy to ask girls out. Maybe-*  
  
Her musing was cut off by Suki, dressed once again in her street clothes and they headed out the door. Willow, out of habit, put her hand in her purse and clutched a stake tightly in her hand as they walked down the street and around the corner to the bus stop. As they passed the alley behind the theater, a motorcycle came roaring from within. The driver stopped before pulling out into the street and gave Willow a very thorough once over. She blushed and his eyes, the only part of his face she could see because of his helmet, smiled at her. He roared away.  
  
"That was Frank," Suki told her, unnecessarily. She had recognized the eyes. She thought she'd know those eyes anywhere. "Cool, isn't he?" Suki commented.  
  
"Oh yeah," Willow replied, fanning herself. "And he got me really hot," she joked.  
  
"You and me both," Suki said, laughing and pulling Willow along to the bus stop before the bus pulled away.  
  
  
  
She found out the next day that Spike had gotten away once again. Buffy and Xander thought for sure he was up to some no good evilness, but Willow decided to reserve judgement. There was no evidence that he was doing anything wrong and, to Buffy's intense irritation, kept pointing out that a person was innocent until proven guilty. Buffy pointed out that Spike wasn't a person. Willow said it still held true though. So Buffy promised not to stake him until she caught him in the act of whatever badness he was up to.  
  
Buffy was spending almost all her non Scooby time with Riley; and Xander and Anya were, well, embarrassing, so Willow started spending more time with Suki. Suki wanted to perfect her performance, mainly because Frank made her so nervous. Not that he was mean, he wasn't. He was very sweet when he had something to say, but for the most part, he was a little standoff-ish. Willow told Suki her theory that he was shy and lived with his mother and they spent countless minutes in between classes expounding on and detailing this theory.  
  
Willow helped Suki rehearse almost every day. The more she helped Suki, the more obsessed she got with the whole Rocky Horror phenomenon. She still hadn't told Buffy or Xander or anyone else where she was going on Friday nights. She merely said that she had a standing date with Suki and unless there was an apocalypse on the horizon, she didn't think one night off a week was that much to ask.  
  
For the next four weeks, Willow attended all of the Rocky Horror performances. Because of her time spent rehearsing with Suki, Willow knew every word of every line in the movie. As she sat riveted to Frank, her lips would mouth everybody's lines.  
  
She met Mark, the cast leader and most of the techies in the crew. She had gone out for food with some of the cast several times, most often to the diner across the street from the bus stop. Everyone would sit and talk and drink coffee and order breakfast. She heard all of their Rocky Horror virgin stories and how they came to be performers. It was fascinating.  
  
The only crew member that was still a mystery to her was Frank. But then, he was a mystery to everyone. He never came out with them after the show, even though they always made a point of inviting him. He never came to any of the cast parties at member's houses, even though he was assured that they were wild nights of debauchery and he was not only welcome, he was wanted. He'd always smile a sweet smile and turn them down politely. But he showed up every week and his performance was always dead on. Mark pointed out that socializing with the group wasn't mandatory, just encouraged.  
  
Suki came up with the idea of finding out his real name by asking Mark if she could see Frank's application. Mark said he hadn't filled one out, he just showed up and auditioned but he pulled out a file with Frank's personal injury waiver. He had signed it 'Frank' no last name.  
  
Willow started attending group rehearsals with Suki, Mark had roped her in to being an understudy Transylvanian. So she learned to do the Time Warp exactly as it was depicted on screen and went to the Goodwill store with Suki and Barb, another Transylvanian, and bought an old black tuxedo, a bright green shirt, and a pair of spats. She kept telling them that she couldn't do it, she'd be too nervous; they assured her that she'd only have to do it in an emergency and it wasn't even a feature role. So no lip-syncing. Lip-syncing was the only part that wasn't a problem, according to Willow. Because of Suki, she could do the whole movie forwards and backwards and never miss a cue.  
  
On New Year's Eve that theory was tested.  
  
Suki woke up vomiting with a hundred and one fever. As had three others from the cast; they'd gone out together two days before and evidently caught the same bug. One of the others was Janet's understudy. Another was Janet's alternate. The last was the host, but anyone who'd been there two or three times before could fill in for him.  
  
That left Janet with no one to fill the role. Mark called; he begged, he pleaded, he offered her his undying devotion and all the free movie rentals she could ever want. He was the manager of a Blockbuster video store. When Suki called, also begging, Willow relented and called and told Mark she'd do it. Suki lent her the costume and, at ten o'clock, she boarded the bus that would take her the seventeen miles to the theater.  
  
When she got off the bus, the crowd was already lined up around the block.  
  
She went down the alley and Mark was there to open the door for her. He sent her into the ladies dressing room, which was in reality, the left side of the room. He scurried back to the right side and donned his Riff costume.  
  
She kept trying to glance over and get a look at Frank, but she didn't see him and she didn't want to seem like a perv.  
  
"He's not over there, honey," Katherine whispered in her ear. "He gets changed up there." She pointed up to a loft over the backstage area. "First night he got here, he went up there after the show and started throwing stuff down. Cleaned it out for himself, and keeps his costume and makeup up there so he doesn't have to lug it back and forth."  
  
"Oh," Willow commented, a little dejected. She thought she'd finally be in a position to look her fill at the hotness that was Frank. She opened Suki's duffle and began to undress and put on her costume. She didn't see the two crystal blue eyes that followed her every move.  
  
Willow made it through the first scene fine, the others were helping her along, whispering praise in her ear as they passed. The first song was nerve-wracking, but she did it. Luckily she didn't have to actually sing, just lip-sync it.  
  
The rain scene was fun, even though she got wet and the dress was sticking to her body. She stumbled once during 'There's a Light' but she didn't think anyone noticed. She was starting to get nervous now. Only one more song and then he'd come out and she just knew she was going to be nervous in front of him.  
  
He's just a guy, she reminded herself. One guy, living peacefully with his mother except for Friday nights when he got out of the house by telling her he was down at the Community Center, knitting afghans for the homeless. Instead, he came here, to be someone else for a little while and not have to think about how lonely his life really is.  
  
*Just a guy. A Frank-type guy. I ask you, how scary can a guy named Frank really be? 'Frank' means honest and upfront. A Frank would never be mean or rude. He's just a guy. A guy named Frank.*  
  
Right on cue, she turned around and looked into his eyes.  
  
Spike's eyes.  
  
Luckily for Willow, the only thing Janet does during the Sweet Transvestite song is keep her eyes on Frank and follow Brad around. Keeping her eyes on "Frank" was the only thing she was capable of doing right now.  
  
She watched him sing, she watched him strut, she watched him throw off his cape to reveal that stunning, corseted body underneath. She closed her eyes. She shouldn't be looking at Spike that way. Steve, the guy who played Brad, sensed her nervousness and took hold of her hand, breaking her out of her stupor.  
  
Every time her part allowed her, she'd take a few deep calming breaths. And she studiously avoided looking at Spike. When she was supposed to be looking at him, she'd concentrate instead on a spot just over his head. She tried looking at his chest instead of his face, but that was even worse.  
  
She made it through the first half of the movie with no slip ups, but the real test was about to happen. Janet's seduction.  
  
She sat down on the floor and was vividly aware of her state of undress. This part of the movie called for Janet to be in only her bra and slip. "Frank" was going to come over any second now and lay down on top of her, pretending to be Brad. But he wasn't Frank and he wasn't Brad. He was Spike. She was thankful for the sheer scarf that was held up between her and the audience when Spike came into her view. It kept them from seeing how badly she was blushing. All over.  
  
She saw the look on his face when he strode over to her, but she wasn't sure if he was angry, hurt or confused. Maybe all three. He probably thought she had been following him.  
  
"Hello, Red." He said when he settled himself on top of her. The screen Frank was putting his hands all over Janet, so Spike did the same to Willow. One hand stopped between her thighs.  
  
"I didn't know, Spike, I swear." How was she going to get out of this?  
  
"Well, now you know." Two fingers slipped inside her panties and slid over the wetness that he found there. "What are you going to do about it?" They slid inside.  
  
Willow gasped, then moaned, then tried to cover it, but it didn't work. He smiled down at her and flipped his fingers around before bending them up to hit that one perfect spot inside of her.  
  
Willow knew she was supposed to be answering him, but for the life of her, she couldn't remember the question.  
  
"You gonna rat me out to the rest of your merry group?"  
  
"No," she was sweating now, the look on his face and the things he was doing inside of her were driving her crazy - a very naughty kind of crazy.  
  
Right on cue, Spike removed his hand and sat back, imitating the Frank on screen.  
  
"You're gonna keep my secret, witch?" he said and he seemed a little apprehensive, she didn't like seeing him like that. She sat up just as the onscreen Janet did.  
  
"Spike, I would never… I mean, it's none of my… And if I hadn't…"  
  
The Janet on screen was lowering herself and Willow wasn't, so Spike put a hand on her waist and gently eased her back down. Then he lay down right on top of her again. In the movie, Frank was Kissing Janet's face, neck and shoulders, so that's what Spike did to Willow. The only difference between the two sets of Frank and Janets was that Spike had moved his fingers back to the nice warm spot they'd occupied a minute ago. Inside Willow.  
  
He ground his hips into Willow's and she discovered what she'd missed up until then. Spike was hard, really really hard. For her. She was so close… Spike took his fingers out of her and she whimpered. Then she gasped as he slipped the fingers into his mouth and sucked her juices off of them. He stood up and walked away, allowing the other performers who played Riff and Magenta to take center stage. Willow scooted back on her tush and got out of their way just in time.  
  
Spike paid her no attention at all throughout the rest of their performance.  
  
When the house lights came up and everyone took their bows, Willow got the loudest applause. She knew it was because this was her first time; the crowd was always extra nice to first time performers, but it still had her so charged up that she was bouncing in her seat backstage. Mark and the others wanted to take her out for a celebratory breakfast at the diner around the corner and Willow looked up towards Spike's loft.  
  
"He's not coming," Mark said, following her gaze. "He's gone. Changed into street clothes, but he didn't even take off his makeup tonight. So," he said, eyes darting around the room, "Who's in for Willow's Devirgining Meal?"  
  
Most of the others raised their hands and laughter filled the night as Mikey lifted her onto his shoulder and made his way, with the rest of the cast in tow, to Geet's Diner around the corner.  
  
  
  
She was so tired that she not only slept all afternoon Sunday, she missed the first half of Sunday evening's Scooby meeting at the Magic Box. When she came in, she apologized for being late as her eyes scanned the room, looking for Spike. He was perched at the top of the steps, cleaning weapons.  
  
"What's the news on the latest creature feature?" she asked and Giles and Buffy filled her in on the demon that Buffy had seen while patrolling the night before. A quick search of her online sources revealed that it was a non-bitey, non-fighty kind of demon, so Buffy didn't even have to go patrol to find it and kill it. The gang wanted to go out for pizza, but Willow was still exhausted from the emotional roller coaster of her ordeal the night before, so she begged off, saying she had to study. Buffy was getting ready to walk her home - even though the pizza place was in the opposite direction from the dorms - when Spike walked by, gruffly saying, "I'll take the witch back. S'on my way anyway."  
  
Buffy was skeptical, but Willow told her it would be all right, not to worry and go have a good time. She really didn't want to be alone with Spike, but then again she did. She wanted to ask him what exactly had been going on last night, but she wasn't sure how. Her brain had settled on the conclusion, sometime during her slumber, that Spike's um, hand, uh, finger… thingy had been nothing more than another Rocky Horror initiation. Something new to embarrass first timers.  
  
That, to her, made the experience both better and worse. Better, because then it meant that he hadn't done it to be mean or make fun of her, he'd just been doing what he did to every first-time Janet. And worse, because that meant that he hadn't done… that to her because he wanted to do it to her, he'd done it because that's what he did to every first time Janet.  
  
She was trying to come up with the best way to phrase this question as she followed Spike outside. He handed her the helmet and she put it on, about to protest that his head wouldn't be protected in case of an accident, but then she remembered that it wouldn't kill him and he'd heal in a day or two anyway, so she didn't say anything.  
  
Spike got on the bike and waited for her to climb on behind him. She did and when he started the engine, she realized that in order to get home she'd have to put her arms around Spike and hold on tight. While that prospect was scary enough, she would also have to touch The Coat to do it and that seemed almost like a sacrilege. This coat was the stuff of legends, but then again, so was Spike. She put her arms around him and held on as he zoomed down the street.  
  
As Spike sped down the street, Willow couldn't get her mind around the fact that she was sitting with her arms around the notorious William the Bloody, cheek pressed against his back and snuggled up against The Coat. It felt… well, she couldn't think of a word right now, but it was up there. Way, way up.   
  
When they reached the dorm, Willow reluctantly lowered her computer bag to the ground and slid off the seat. She took off the helmet and handed it to him before she picked up her bag. As she turned to thank him, to talk to him, to try to form the questions about why he was playing Frank every weekend, he took off down the street and was gone.  
  
  
  
By Tuesday, Suki was feeling better and Willow was relieved and disappointed. She didn't know when she'd get the chance to perform again. Getting up in front of everyone, especially in the costumes she had to wear as Janet, was incredibly intimidating. But it had been wonderful and exciting and she couldn't wait to do it again.  
  
It was thrilling to be able to step outside yourself like that for a couple of hours. To not be Willow, not live on the mouth of Hell, not be a demon hunter or a college student.  
  
To just have fun and *be*  for a little while.  
  
She discussed this with Suki who understood completely and said she'd talk to Mark about Willow taking on a more permanent role within the cast. She asked if Willow would mind being a techie for a while if a part wasn't open and Willow beamed and said she'd be thrilled to do anything.  
  
Thursday night found them back at Giles, researching a prophecy for the poof, I mean Angel. It was supposedly an extremely ancient prophecy and two days on the net had uncovered nothing at all, so they were all quietly ensconced in Giles living room, reading very big, very heavy, very old books. Xander was in a chair horizontally, head resting on one arm, legs flopping over the other, with Anya on the floor in front of him. Dawn was in a stool by the kitchen counter and Giles was in his favorite armchair. Buffy was lying on the floor by the steps, butt against the bottom step and legs stretching up the stairs.  
  
Willow had been reclining on the couch until Spike decided he didn't want to sit at the desk anymore. He'd moved to the other end of the couch, picked up her feet and sat down, placing her feet in his lap. He'd held the open book with one hand and the other held onto Willow's ankle. Not tight, just resting his hand, kinda. She wasn't sure. It was nothing overt and Willow thought it was probably just her overactive imagination that was causing her to think there was something… intimate about what he was doing.  
  
Until his thumb started rubbing circles against her ankle.  
  
They'd been that way for almost two hours now. Willow's brain was fried; she couldn't think, couldn't read, could barely remember her own name.  
  
"Think I might 'ave found something", Spike said. "Is this what you're looking for, Red?" He handed her the open book.  
  
On the open page there was a Post-It Note that read: I want to taste you again.  
  
"No!" she squeaked as she covered the note with her hand, then cleared her throat and said it again, "Um, no, not, um, that's not… not what I'm looking for right now." She handed the book back to him and the note was gone.  
  
Spike smirked at her and she looked back at her book. Fifteen minutes later, Giles called a halt to the evening, telling them all to go home and get some sleep but be back here first thing tomorrow. Buffy jumped up, thrilled to no longer have to pretend to be reading and said she was going to patrol. Anya grabbed Xander and practically dragged him out the door, telling him - in explicit detail - exactly how she wanted to achieve her orgasms tonight.  
  
"Guess that leaves you and me," Spike said, coming up behind her. Willow jumped about a foot.  
  
"Don't *do*  that," she said, smacking his arm.  
  
"What'sa matter, Red? Nervous?" He smirked at her and walked out the door, saying he'd be waiting for her on the bike.  
  
She helped Giles put the books away, threw out the leftover soda cans, wiped down the counter, washed the two plates and three forks in the sink and was looking for something else to do, maybe clean out the refrigerator, when Spike walked back in, grabbed her coat and computer bag and hoisted her over his shoulder.  
  
He ignored her indignant protests, said "Night" to Giles and once again walked out the door. He didn't put her down until they reached the sidewalk. He put her down, handed her the helmet and said, "Put this on." His voice betraying every inch of his status as a master vampire. Willow put the helmet on.  
  
The ride to the dorms was identical to the last one, even the part where Spike took off before she could say anything to him.  
  
Willow, shoulders slumped and head down, walked back to her dorm room.  
  
The following night was Friday and, as usual, Spike left at nine thirty, followed a minute or two later by Willow. Buffy was still following him, even though Xander and Anya were getting tired of this game. Spike was getting so good that she rarely lasted even two minutes tailing him.  
  
Xander commented, right after Spike's departure that night, that maybe he and Willow were sneaking out together. Willow froze, but Buffy thought about it - with Willow standing *right there* - and came to the conclusion that it wasn't likely since Spike had been leaving early for two full months before Willow started leaving early.  
  
Xander said he had only been kidding, he knew Willow wouldn't be out making time with the undead. Willow forced out a small laugh, grabbed her books and made a hasty retreat.  
  
  
  
When Willow and Suki got off the bus, Spike was pulling into the alley behind the theater. Suki sighed, as she always did when they saw "Frank", and Willow was reminded of all the sexual fantasies she and Suki had come up with about the mysterious Frank. Some of them had been really…  
  
Her brain clicked on one such fantasy and suddenly Spike was in it with her, doing all the things…  
  
"Willow, earth to Willow," Suki laughed and pulled on her sleeve.  
  
"Huh?"  
  
Suki was grinning like she knew exactly what Willow was thinking about - and she was right.  
  
"Yeah, I know, major hottie, but we still have to be there on time or Mark will kill us."  
  
Willow started walking again and pushed all thoughts of Frank out of her mind.  
  
The performance went relatively well, with only one slip up. The arm on the sonic oscillator broke off when Riff touched it, but, thinking fast, Willow moved behind the prop wall and stuck her arm out the front, forming what looked to be another handle. Or at least a handle that was shaped like a human arm. It didn't matter, the crowd whistled and clapped at her ingenuity and Riff pulled down on her arm when the time came for Riff to start up the machine.  
  
"That was brilliant, Will" whispered Riff aka Mark.  
  
After the show, as Spike was heading out to take his bows, he told Willow, "Lights burned out in my loft. You're a tech, go replace it." Willow, not knowing that theater maintenance was not in her job description, quickly headed backstage and found the light bulbs. She climbed the ladder to the loft and replaced the bulb. She was holding the one that had burnt out, trying to find a trash can to throw it in, when Spike came up the ladder and into the loft.  
  
Willow stood there for a minute, getting her bearings. Spike looked… wow in that costume. And now, without the wig, she wondered how she could have not recognized him from the beginning. He was so obviously 'Spike'.  
  
He dropped the wig on the table, dropped the cape on the chair, walked over to stand in front of her and sank to his knees. Willow, mouth still open in shock, watched numbly as he lifted her long green skirt and his head disappeared below it.  
  
"Oh, oh, aaaaaaah," she said as his fingers pulled down her panties and entered her. He was smirking, she just knew it, about finding her already wet for him. When his mouth closed over her heated flesh, she grabbed onto the table as her knees buckled. His head reappeared and he pushed her backwards onto an old, and not in the least bit soft, mattress that was in the corner of the loft. Without a word, he went back to his task.  
  
His fingers pumped her as his tongue explored her. He was going at it like he was ravenous. No gentle touches, no soft caresses, he was sucking and nipping at her clit with the violent passion she would have expected from him. He was more than living up to her fantasies.  
  
What he was doing and how he was doing it were all-encompassing to her. As much as she told herself that she shouldn't be here, shouldn't be letting him do this to her - encouraging him even, with her pants, moans and sighs - Willow could sooner have stopped a tornado.  
  
His mouth pulled on her center, sucking the hell out of her clit, and she came, trying not to scream. A hand, Spike's, went over her mouth to keep this rendezvous from becoming common knowledge. He sucked her still as she bucked and spasmed, fingers still thrusting ferociously inside her.  
  
When finally she calmed, he sat back on his heels and looked down at her. He didn't look happy, or sad or smug. This was a Spike expression that she wasn't familiar with and she wasn't sure what it was.  
  
Until he leaned closer, supporting his weight with one hand, and held his dripping fingers above her mouth. She obediently opened her mouth and he placed his fingers inside, resting them on her tongue. Her hot mouth closed around them, sucking her own cum off Spike's fingers. His eyes closed for a second, then opened again and there was no mistaking the look that was there now. Want, desire, passion.  
  
He pulled his fingers away and leaned in closer, arms moving around her as his lips met hers. This kiss wasn't chaste. It was raw and obsessive. Her arms flew around him, pulling him in even closer and her hands fisted in his hair. This kiss had her wound up, the fire burning brightly within her; she wanted more, much more.  
  
When he pulled away suddenly and stood up, she mourned the loss of him against her. She was trying to figure out what was wrong, what she'd done to make him pull away, when she heard Suki calling for her from below.  
  
She looked down at her skirt wrapped around her waist and her top pulled up, uncovering one lace covered breast. She didn't have time to figure out when that had happened because Suki was still calling her and sounding more worried with every cry of her name. Willow stood and straightened her clothing. Without a word from either of them, she headed down the ladder.  
  
  
  
The following week went much as the one before had. Classes, research, pizza, donuts, making stakes and polishing weapons.  
  
Spike never said a word to her. She responded in kind.  
  
The others felt that something was off, but they didn't know what. Buffy got elected to ask her about it. Willow was embarrassed that they had noticed and she didn't know what to tell Buffy. She sure couldn't tell her the truth… or could she?  
  
"I, um, I met a guy. At… with Suki, on Fridays?"  
  
"Oh, you mean that play thing?" Buffy asked.  
  
"Yeah, that play thing. Well, there's this guy…"  
  
Buffy's eyes got wide and she sing songed, "Somebody's got a cru-ush."  
  
Willow blushed a deep scarlet. "Not… not really. It's just…" What could she say?  
  
"Maybe a little yeah," she admitted, "But he's kind of… um… he kissed me."  
  
"Oh wow, Wills, a whole kiss?" Buffy laughed. "Cause you know there's more to it than kissing, right?"  
  
Willow laughed back, Buffy sounded so sincere.  
  
"Duh"  
  
"So what's he look like?"  
  
"He's… well he's… um, blue eyes," was the first thing she thought of, cheekbones was the second but she didn't want to say that, it might give him away. "Shoulders that… oh, you just want to melt into his arms," Willow confided, hugging herself. "He's just… oh, everything!" She giggled. "His name's Frank."  
  
Buffy crinkled her nose, "Frank? Well, that's not very debonair is it? Maybe somebody should smack his mother."  
  
Willow smiled, thinking of all the silly stories her and Suki had made up about shy, momma's boy Frank and his mother.  
  
"So, when do we meet him?" Buffy asked, plunking herself down on her bed.  
  
Willow did likewise, flopped down on her stomach on the bed with her feet swishing back and forth in the air.  
  
"You don't." Willow said, and Buffy saw the far off look in her friend's eyes.  
  
"Aw, Will, don't give up. If he kissed you there's gotta be some interest there." Willow couldn't help confessing, in a very soft voice, "It wasn't that kind of a… kiss," she finished. It sounded lame and she knew it.  
  
"I saw that!" Buffy yelled, smiling. She got up off of her own bed and plunked down next to Willow. "Share and don't leave out any juicy details."  
  
"Buffy!" Willow chided, "I… I can't. It was… um… kinda… personal, ya know?"  
  
"I know," Buffy said, eyes shining, "that's why I want all the details! Who, what, when, where, why"  
  
"Well, the who is Frank, you got that." Buffy nodded.  
  
"The what was… a um… a kiss." She turned bright red and Buffy had a feeling Willow was leaving something very important out of that statement, but she didn't press. It didn't do to press Willow, she just got more anxious and upset, and she'd stop talking altogether. She'd get more on that another time.  
  
"When was last Friday, after the show." Another nod.  
  
"Where is up in the loft above the changing area."  
  
"What?!" Buffy yelled. "He got you up in a loft? For *just*  a kiss? You've got to be holding out on me, Wills." Buffy giggled and bumped her shoulder into Willow's shoulder, encouraging her to go on.  
  
"It was… well, there was kissage." She was blushing again.  
  
"That's okay," Buffy said, ending the teasing. Well, not completely stopping. "But can I borrow this loft for my daydreams later? And can there be hay involved?" She smiled and laughed and it was infectious.  
  
After a minute or two, Buffy said, "And the why?"  
  
Willow's face turned gloomy. "That's the one I don't have an answer to."  
  
"Oh, come on Wills. He just couldn't resist the hotness that is you!"  
  
Willow gave a weak smile and said, "No, I don't think that was it."  
  
Buffy brightened. "Just you wait. Friday will be here in no time and you'll go and you'll see him and he'll fall at your feet begging to be your own personal sex slave."  
  
As she said it, Willow pictured Spike walking up to her and falling to his knees in front of her, begging her for sex.  
  
"I could live with that."  
  
  
  
Willow got a call on Friday afternoon that one of the Transylvanians was sick and she'd be filling in.  
  
Yea! I get to perform again! And hey, no naughty touching this time, so…  
  
She was about to think 'so I'll be able to think this time', but her brain took a left and came up with… but I like the naughty touching!  
  
Uh oh, bad Willow!  
  
Friday's research session wasn't at all researchy because they had no new big bad's to look up. No new apocalypses, no dire prophecies. And the Watcher's Council had agreed to research Glory for them; they had come up with a great big goose egg.  
  
So they sat and watched a video, 'The Sure Thing' with her all time favorite big screen honey, John Cusack. They had all expected Spike to leave when he learned he wasn't needed, but he'd stuck around anyway. He hogged the popcorn and made rude comments back to the movie - Willow had to laugh when Xander and Dawn started talking back to the screen as well. She figured that was pretty much how the whole Rocky Horror phenom had started.  
  
When the trucker said to Gib, "You pay for the speeding tickets, I'll get you in the saddle," Willow felt Spike's hand touch her leg and go straight for her crotch. She was already wet from just sitting next to him. And the nasty vamp probably knew it. She wanted to get upset, to cry out for him to stop, but the words never made it all the way to her mouth. She knew how good those fingers felt. She suddenly wished she had worn a skirt instead of jeans today.  
  
Don't worry so much, a voice within her cried out. Nobody's looking, nobody cares. This isn't real. This is two people groping in the dark. It doesn't mean anything. If the lights were on, he wouldn't even look at you, let alone touch you.  
  
Some people can rationalize anything.  
  
She closed her eyes, forgetting about the movie. Spike's other hand grabbed her wrist and brought her hand over to cover his hard on. His enormously big hard on. Willow rubbed back.  
  
Willow heard the others laughing and talking back to the movie but only in the peripheral. All of her mental and physical energy was focused on the orgasm building within her and the one she was trying to give Spike.  
  
She won. He jerked in her hand, spilling himself inside his jeans. The knowledge that she had just made Spike cum exploded in her brain and she climaxed, grinding herself against his hand.  
  
When Ray Charles started singing, "Just because you're near…" she excused herself to clean up in the bathroom. Spike had the advantage because of the leather duster, he could just cover himself and change later. She didn't have that luxury.  
  
When she got back, she looked at the clock. It was nine thirty. Spike stood, stretched, said his usual "I'm gone," and walked out the door. On the way, he bumped into her and she felt him place something in her hand. She said her good nights and hurried out the door. Once she was in the courtyard she stopped and unfolded the note in her hand.  
  
*Loft. Right after. I'm going to fuck you into the floor.*  
  
Willowed stared and reread it several times. She kept thinking she'd read it wrong. Sweat dripped down between her breasts in the cool January air and she fanned herself.  
  
*Lions and tigers and bears, oh my…*  
  
  
  
Willow did a really good job of pretending that everything was business as usual. She went back to the dorm and got her duffle with her costume and makeup; she picked up Suki and they walked to the bus stop; Larry, the bus driver said "Good evening, ladies" to them when they boarded the bus, same as he did every week.  
  
Setups and changing and last minute instructions on where she should be standing for each scene went by without a hitch. And Willow never once looked up toward the loft. She couldn't decide if that was because she was excited or terrified.  
  
Probably both.  
  
  
  
"Hey Riff, show us your mummy!" the crowd called back to the screen as Riff Raff opened a grandfather clock to reveal a dust covered skeleton.  
  
Mark aka Riff Raff, sang:  
  
"It's astounding;  
Time is fleeting;  
Madness…"  
  
"Sucks!" Willow called out from the side of the stage. Everyone else in the theater called it out too.  
  
"takes its toll.  
But listen closely..."  
  
She was waiting for her cue. Being a Transylvanian was much easier than being Janet. There were other people there to cover for you if you messed up and there were so many of them, and all dressed alike in tuxedos and bright shirts that nobody concentrated on just her.  
  
Her cue came and they all ran on stage, singing and dancing:  
  
"Let's do the time-warp again.  
Let's do the time-warp again."  
  
Willow was in her position on the stage, right next to Frank's 'throne'.  
  
"It's just a jump to the left." Willow and the rest of the Transylvanians jumped left.  
  
"And then a step to the right." They all took a step to the right.  
  
"With your hands on your hips."  
  
Willow did as commanded as the audience screamed out, "Or somebody else's!"  
  
"You bring your knees in tight.  
But it's the pelvic thrust"   
  
The Transylvanians came together in a tight circle and thrusted as instructed while everyone in the theater chanted, "Group sex, group sex, group sex."   
  
All this thrusting just made Willow think about Spike's note.  
  
"That really drives you insa-a-a-a-a-ane.  
Let's do the time-warp again.  
Let's do the time-warp again."  
  
Willow jumped and stepped and thrusted her way through the rest of the song.  
  
The music started marking Frank's, and by extension Spike's, big entrance and once again, Willow's eyes were glued to him.  
  
She made it through 'Sweet Transvestite' without fainting, a feat she was immensely proud of. The hot lights shining down on them, the heat of the theater because of the crowd, Spike's eyes, Spike's legs, Spike's corset, Spike's black Speedo; all of these were contributing factors to the general fainty-ness of her body.  
  
When he started singing his next number, "I Can Make You A Man", Willow heard Mary, the girl next to her take a deep sighing breath. Willow knew just how she felt. She reached out and took Mary's hand and they stood there, watching Spike dance and sing and hump a pommel horse and they made it through without falling down, united in solidarity.  
  
When 'Superheroes' started to play over the end credits, Willow bolted for the back room, determined to be dressed in her street clothes before Spike even got back stage. She made it, not that it mattered.  
  
The rest of the cast wandered back after taking their bows, laughing and pulling off their clothes as they walked. Sarah, who played Magenta, walked around with a little plastic baggie and everyone was taking something out and popping it in their mouths. Suki took one and smiled, so Willow took one too. She doesn't know what made her shift her eyes up to the loft, but when she did, there was Spike, standing by the edge. He still had his makeup on but his costume had been replaced by a pair of black jeans. No shirt, no shoes, just the black jeans. He shook his head no.  
  
Why not? she thought. Everybody else is! He wasn't her mother or her father or her watcher. He had no right to tell her what to do.  
  
She looked around and saw that no one seemed to be dropping dead so it wasn't poison. She turned to Suki, who had taken off her black corset and stockings and was now sitting in her chair wearing only a pair of black panties. The others were also getting undressed, but not redressed again. She looked down at the little pill in her hands and back up at Spike. He didn't look any happier. Maybe she should just…  
  
Wait! I'm a big girl! I can do… this if I want to!  
  
She turned to Suki and asked, "What is this?"  
  
Suki gave her a deep tongue massaging kiss before answering her question. "X"  
  
"X?"  
  
"Ecstasy."  
  
Willow's eyes opened wide. She looked around again. People were getting snuggly in twos, threes and fours all over the room. Some had gotten dressed and were pairing off and leaving.  
  
Ecstasy? She'd heard of it, but never taken it . Taken it? Heck, she'd never even seen it before now. She looked down at her hand again. Something this small couldn't be all that dangerous. She looked back up toward Spike. Sarah had climbed the ladder and offered him one. He pulled her up and dumped a few out in his hand. This was the first group activity Spike had ever participated in and Sarah was thrilled. She kissed him. He kissed her back. Not with any passion, but he did return the kiss. And then sent her back down.  
  
His eyes met Willow's in a question; he held out the hand with the X and silently asked her what they were going to do.  
  
Whatever it was, whatever she decided, they'd do it together. She took some comfort in that. He had warned her, let her know this wasn't something she should just do blindly. But he wasn't stopping her either. If she decided to do this…  
  
I'm going to fuck you into the floor.  
  
As much as that idea appealed to the Willow she kept deep inside, she didn't want him this way.  
  
She picked up her purse, dropped the pill inside and told Suki to have someone drive her home. Mark came over to her. "Most newcomers don't have the nerve to say no." He looked up at Spike. "But then, I don't think you need any artificial stimulation. You've got the real thing." He looked back at her and smiled. "Don't worry about Suki. I never touch the stuff. I make sure everybody gets home in one piece, that's my job."  
  
"Thanks, Mark" she said, kissed his cheek, picked up her duffle and headed for the door.  
  
"Wait!" he called out. He motioned toward the loft and Spike. "Aren't you two… uh…"  
  
Willow gave him a shy grin and said, "Nah, he's not my type." And headed out the door.  
  
She got three steps down the alley before the door flew open and Spike ran out, still shirtless and barefoot.  
  
"Want a ride back?" he asked her as if all that had just happened inside had never taken place. As if he'd never been her enemy, never tried to kill her. As if he were just a nice guy, offering her a ride home.  
  
"Thanks," she said. "I'd like that."  
  
"Back in a tic," he said and went back inside to get his things.  
  
  
  
Willow was sitting behind him on the bike, whirring down the highway, with one thought in her mind:  
  
I'm going to fuck you into the floor.  
  
She realized, with no small amount of trepidation, that she now wanted that to happen. Spike was no longer just the hot bad boy you fantasize about. Now he was her friend, in a fashion; he had warned her about the X, looked out for her. If all he had wanted was to get her into bed, wouldn't he have tried to get her to take it?   
  
"Drive to my parents' house," she told him, so he turned right instead of left and stopped in front of what appeared to be an empty house. Willow took off the helmet and placed it on the seat. Turned to him. "I invite you in, Spike."   
  
He grabbed her wrist before she could walk away. "No." She looked hurt and he didn't want to be the one that caused it but he couldn't help it. "I can't," he tried to explain.  
  
She didn't understand. He reached into her coat pocket and pulled out a stake. "*We*  can't."  
  
Now she understood. And he was right. It was so much easier to be together when he was Frank. That was allowed. Just two regular people attracted to one another. Isn't that what she had liked about performing? The ability to be anybody you wanted - anybody other than who you really are, for a little while?  
  
The eroticism of not speaking and passing naughty messages was alluring in the extreme.  
  
She grabbed the helmet, jumped back on the bike and said, "Take me back to the theater, Frank. You promised me something and I haven't gotten it yet."  
  
He smiled and took off.  
  
  
  
Once back at the theater, they saw that everyone had left. Spike broke open the lock and they went inside. He led her through the dark and pressed her hands against the ladder. She climbed. When she reached the top, she stepped carefully in the dark, thinking that this would not be an advantageous time to fall and break her neck. Spike came up behind her and walked over to the table. He lit a candle, making it only slightly less dark.  
  
When he stepped toward her, she asked, "What does Ecstasy do anyway?"  
  
"Makes you wanna shag everything in sight, luv. For a very long time."  
  
"Yeah?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. On her it looked adorable.  
  
"Oh yeah," he said, his voice dropping down to a sexy growl.  
  
"Guess I don't need it then," she whispered. "I already wanna shag everything I see," her eyes never leaving his face. "For a very, very long time."  
  
"Yeah?" he asked, still not really believing.  
  
"Oh yeah," she said and blew out the candle.  
  
The End - - well, not the *absolute end*…  
  
  
  
  
  
Epilogue  
  
On a warm, balmy night in May, Spike walked Suki and Willow out to his car after the show. He'd traded in his bike for an ancient DeSoto, almost identical to the one he'd crashed into a tree when he first got chipped. Willow dearly missed riding the motorcycle with her arms around Spike. But since she could put her arms around him almost anytime she wanted to now, she didn't complain.  
  
The Scoobies still didn't know about them, didn't know where it was Spike went to on Friday nights and they had finally given up trying to figure it out.  
  
They drove to a new diner that the cast was trying out tonight. It was about a mile away from the theater, but Mark was mad about the food, so they were going to try it. Spike had complained, he liked the greasy stuff they served at the old place; a place he had visited many times with his fellow castmates.  
  
Once he and Willow had gotten together, she brought him out of the dark, made him less of a mystery to everyone at the theater. Her rationale had been that she didn't want to hide from anyone they didn't have to. She was with him, she wanted everyone in the world to know it. Except those few who might think he was better off as dust than with Willow.   
  
He was so pleased that she wanted to show him off instead of hiding him in the dark, that he'd laughed out loud and the whole cast had turned to see something they never thought they'd see. Broody and mysterious Frank laughing and holding Willow. He'd never been allowed to brood again since. Everybody still thought his name was Frank.  
  
Spike parked on the street and ran around the car, holding open the door for Willow and Suki. Suki was telling them a joke about a naked lady and a duck when Spike caught a familiar scent in the air. He held out his hand and stopped them.  
  
"What?" Willow asked.  
  
"Poofter" Spike answered, looking around. Willow looked around as well, so did Suki. Suki was eager to see what a 'poofter' was.  
  
"Cordy!" Willow called, seeing the ex-Scooby across the street. Since it was three in the morning, the street was nearly empty and Willow, Spike and Suki ran across the street. Willow had dropped Spike's hand on the way, she knew that Angel would be the last person Spike would want to know about them.  
  
"Cordy, what are you doing here?" Willow asked. Since the street they were on was between LA and Sunnydale, she guessed that she was probably here on a case.  
  
Cordy looked around, very nervous. "Willow, hi" she said brightly, then "You have to leave."  
  
"Leave? Why? I could help! You're working, right? Where's Angel?" she was still looking around.  
  
Spike put his hand on the shoulder of the rather large woman in the pink flowery dress that Cordy had been holding a death grip on.  
  
"Yeah, poof, what'sa matter? Got your knickers in a twist?"  
  
Angel sighed and turned around. He was wearing a red haired wig, a flowery pink dress and short heeled pumps. "Spike." Angel acknowledged, swinging his handbag onto his other arm.  
  
Spike turned to Willow and laughed, "Told ya he was a poofter but ya didn't believe me." He motioned toward Angel's get-up. "See?" Willow smiled and tried very hard not to laugh.  
  
Cordy let out the breath she'd been holding. "We're on a case."  
  
"De-" Willow stopped, looked at Suki - *can't say 'demons'*. "De-vorce case? Angel and Cordy are private investigators in LA," Willow explained to Suki. "Oh, sorry. Suki, this is Cordy, Angel. Guys, Suki" they all waved or nodded politely.  
  
"Yes, it's a divorce case," Cordy said, defensively. "And no matter what the Dark Avenger here thinks, divorce cases still help pay the rent!"  
  
"What's up? Who's the big bad?" Willow said and Spike seemed offended so she rubbed his arm affectionately, "Other than you, sweetie."  
  
Cordy would have loved to not only comment on Willow calling Spike 'sweetie' but also spent a few days pulling out all the juicy details. But just then, Spike looked up and saw the marquee poster.  
  
"I *knew*  it!" he exclaimed, jubilant. "I knew it, I knew it, I knew it!"  
  
He walked over to it, pointing. On the poster were various hunky men in various states of undress. This was a strip bar, with guy strippers! Cool!   
  
Suki, Willow and Cordy were ready to charge right in, but Spike stopped them. He was pointing to one guy in particular, a guy dressed like Zorro.  
  
"Wait a minute," Cordy said, stepping up to examine it closer. "I know that guy from somewhere…"  
  
Willow giggled, then laughed really loud. "Oh my God - it's Xander!"  
  
"NO!" Cordy yelled, then, "OH. MY. GOD!"  
  
Angel stepped up next. Yeah, it looked like Xander. Great, just great. One more person to add to the humiliation of having to wear this dress.  
  
"I thought he was working at the docks?" Willow said and Spike shook his head no.  
  
"Nah. He never smelled like fish. Soap, my ass, he always smells like ladies perfume!"  
  
"Come on, Angel," Cordy said, pulling him toward the door. "I have got to see this."  
  
"Wait for me," Spike said, not wanting to miss the looks on both Xander and the poof's faces when they got a look at each other.  
  
"Sorry, Spike, but you can't get in," Cordy told him. "That's why Angel's in the dress. Women only." She gave him a good once over, top to bottom and back again. Willow wanted to smack her for looking at her man like that. She took a step in front of him instead.   
  
Cordy finished as she pulled Angel into the club, "And sorry, there's no way you could pass for a girl, even dressed up. Face it, you just don't have what it takes to be a transvestite."  
  
Spike, Willow and Suki broke into a laughing fit that lasted most of the night.  
  
  
  
The End