Twist Of The Knife

by purplefeen

Spike/Willow
genre: romance
rating: Adult
time frame: during s6's Older and Far Away
disclaimer: The Fabulaous Thunderbirds own the song
summary: during Buffy's birthday party, Spike finds something interesting in Willow's closet

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It's a shame when you got no where you want meBut you want me somewhere elseIt's a shame the way you take my lovin', babyOn and off the shelfIt's a shame, shame, shame,The way you run my lifeBut you always insist on another littleTwist of the knifeYour lips, I can't resistYour eyes, they hypnotiseWith an endless supplyOf bullets to biteSo every day I can take another littleTwist of the knifeWell a man takes an ounce of dignityAnd a pound of foolish prideAnd he gives it up for a woman like youTo keep her satisfiedIt's a shame, shame, shame,The way you run my lifeBut you always insist on another littleTwist of the knife

He couldn't get the song out of his mind; it was on a loop, playing over and over and over. He didn't know why he was even here, it wasn't like she wanted him here, she hadn't invited him; it had been Red who said he should come.

And now they were stuck and couldn't leave. The one time his resolve had him ready to walk out on Buffy, and he couldn't. Yet he couldn't get the bloody song out of his head. He needed something else to think about.

He wandered around, picking things up, looking them over and then putting them back; not really taking notice of anything in particular, just needing something to do. He had inspected the den and the dining room, Buffy's in the kitchen - avoid the kitchen, where then? Upstairs. The bathroom was boring, lots of antiseptic and gauze pads, nothing new or interesting. He'd seen everything in Dawn's room, spent a good bit of time in there last summer and boy bands and bubble gum didn't keep his attention. Buffy's room - another place to avoid, looks like its Red's room by default.

He started with the bottom drawer of her dresser, isn't that where chits keep all their naughty bits? But no, only her cd collection. He was neither surprised nor amused to find the Fabulous Thunderbirds cd with the song that had attached itself to his brain, it seemed like fate, so he found her cd player and put it on while he searched some more.

'Tuff Enuff' was the first song to play and boy, didn't that one fit right in as well. The dreaded 'Twist of the Knife' was the next up and he sat outside of her closet and started pulling things off the floor to see what she'd tossed down here. When 'Why Get Up' started to play he had to agree and dove even further into the closet.

Still nothing interesting, lots of shoes, some notebooks, a few hundred books - girl should really take better care of these - just as 'Got Love if You Want It' came on, he found a pair of leopard print panties. *'Now isn't this fun?'*

A matching leopard print bra followed and he examined the set for a minute absently fingering the satin material. Who would have guessed? Red was full of surprises. He pulled out a bag from Fredericks of Hollywood and couldn't help but notice that it held similar sets of matching panties and bras. All with the tags still on. Who was she saving these for?

Zebra stripes, blue checks, purple flowers, green paisley - Red'll look smashing in that I'll bet - eight pairs all together. Now why would she go and buy all of these and not wear them? He searched for the receipt and found it under a sandal, dated last week. So she hadn't bought them to wear for Glinda. Upon further inspection, the receipt was for nine panty and bra sets - and there were only eight here. Where was the last? He looked in her drawers, but didn't find anything that looked promising. Maybe she's already worn it? The laundry hamper held only a pair of jeans and a pair of white cotton bikini briefs. That still held her scent. She must have had these on earlier today.

A new song began, 'You Can't Judge A Book By Looking at the Cover'. *Wasn't that the soddin' truth?*

White cotton panties that smelled like heaven and a missing set from the bag. Which meant that there was a good chance that the missing set was exactly where it should be - on Red. He decided he had to know what it looked like and decided to find Red and have her show him.

As he closed her door behind him and set out down the stairs, he didn't realise that he hadn't thought of Buffy once since sitting down in Willow's closet.

This time he didn't fidget, didn't wander; he zeroed in on his object and made a beeline for it. He heard her laughing with the moron, sounded like they were in the kitchen. He heard Slutty, *I mean Buffy, I'm in love with the girl, I really should remember her name*, laugh at something the idiot human said - the grating sound of her laughter had come from the general direction of the dining room - so the kitchen was now safe.

He found her standing by the sink, beer in hand, smiling over at the whelp, who was making shadow puppets on the wall. A crowd had gathered: Dawn, demon girl, Clem and the bint from the Doublemeat. In the darkness, he snuck up behind Red and ran a cool hand up her back, under her blouse. It showed just how far gone she was that she merely turned and smiled at him but didn't protest.

"Hey Red."

"Mmm, yeah Spike." He ran his fingers up her back again and she shivered under his touch. "Feels good." *Now wasn't that an interesting thing to say?* This game of show and tell might be easier than he had anticipated. "I was bored."

"That's nothing new, Spike."

"Yeah, well, I was looking for something to do and I came across something interesting."

"Goody for you."

"Don't cha wanna know what I found?" His fingers were still running up and down he length of her spine and she had yet to protest, so he hadn't thought to stop.

She turned around to look into his face, and noticed the teasing expression and hint of mischief in his eyes.

"You found eight pairs of panty and bra sets in a Frederick's of Hollywood bag?"

That *almost* took all the fun out of his game.

"You -" he wasn't sure what he was about to say, but he never got the chance to finish because she turned her back on him once again and concentrated on the moron and his shadow puppets. Or she seemed to anyway.

What she really did was turn around, back into him and grind her delectable arse into his crotch.

*Instant hard-on, just add Willow.

Did I fall asleep and wake up in another dimension?* He wasn't sure, but this one seems so much more pleasant than the one he usually lived in, so he decided to go with it.

When he couldn't hold back his moans any longer, she leaned back and whispered, "Something wrong, Spike?"

"Nope. Life's just fine back here." She giggled and, not used to having a girl in his arms who was happy about it, he wasn't sure what to do. Best to follow her lead. He wound his arms around her waist and pretended intense fascination with the shadow puppets. His hands skimmed her skin, across the waistband of her pants and up her stomach. He found what he was hoping for, soft satin covered breasts.

"I was wondering," he asks as his fingers grazed her satin covered nipples, "What colour are the set I couldn't find?"

"Say please."

He couldn't believe he was doing this. "Please?"

"What's your favorite color?"

"Red."

"Yes."

"No, my favourite colour's red."

"And I said yes."

He got it. "Oh yeah? Care to show me?"

"Showing you is the reason I bought them."

Now he *knew* he had landed in Oz. This certainly wasn't Sunnydale. In Sunnydale, Spike the neutered vampire was in love with Slutty the vampire layer and Red the witch-on-the-wagon was a lesbian. In this world, Buffy was flirting with some idiot and he didn't give a flying fuck and Red the hot witch was soft and willing and squirming in his arms and telling him she wanted to show him her knickers. Guess which one he picked?

Her hand was in his and she was being pulled up the stairs behind him before she had time to exhale.

He pulled her into her bedroom and locked the door behind them.

The room was suddenly very quiet, as if everything on the other side of that door had simply vanished. The only two people in the world that mattered were here in this room and he could hear nothing but her breath and her blood. He looked into her eyes and suddenly it mattered to him very much why she was here.

"Are you drunk?" he asked hesitantly.

She laughed and shook her head no, so he kissed her. A light peck on the lips, just to be sure he wasn't dreaming. She was here, in this room, with him. She wasn't yelling or complaining, she wasn't hitting him or belittling him. He pressed his luck and wrapped his arms around her, pulling her to him and relishing the feel of her, her warmth and her softness. He settled his head into the crook of her neck and inhaled her scent. His mind flashed back to William's life, of days in the sun and picnics in the forest.

This was just too good, it can't be real. He pulled back.

"Stoned?"

Once again, she answered in the negative and this time, she kissed him. Her hands went up the black cotton covered planes of his chest, feeling him twitch beneath her fingers; feeling him quiver at her touch. Her hands wound round his neck and twined through the pale softness of his hair.

"Bespelled?" He asked to be sure.

"No."

"Am I?" This is just too good to be true. His unlife doesn't work out this well, not of late anyhow. He sounded so afraid as he asked, as if an answer of yes or maybe would break him into a thousand pieces and all the kings horses and all the kings men would never be able to mend him again.

As she unbuttoned her blouse and let it flutter to the floor, she asked, "Do you care?"

His eyes followed her every movement, took in every detail, ingrained every nuance nto his memory so that when he woke up he would remember all of it and hopefully the memory would help him to remember who he was, who he could be - not the thing he had become since...

"Not right now, no."

She pulled off her jeans and threw them in the corner. "You like?" Lots of warm pale skin, perfect in every way, showcasing the delights hidden beneath two very small pieces of dark red satin. What's not to like?

"God, yes."

She smiled the most beautiful smile he had ever seen and he was amazed to find that it was directed at him. He didn't want it to be a dream, or a spell, or a hallucination. He wanted it to be real.

"Red, what's gotten into you?"

She reached out and unhooked the button over the zipper on his jeans.

"In about two minutes - you."

She pushed him down onto the bed and his mind went blank of everything but her. e watched her take off his boots; he watched her crawl up the bed and straddle his stomach, lift his arms and pull off his t-shirt. She got off the bed and pulled off his jeans. He became fascinated with the back of her shoulder when she turned to throw his jeans onto a chair and he stood and pressed his lips to that spot; opened his mouth and let his tongue taste the skin there.

She moaned and shivered and the confidence he thought he had lost in the last three months returned.

"You want me, Red?" he asked in a husky whisper.

"Goddess, yes."

"When?"

"When I first saw you," she confided. His mouth on her - finally - was making her nervous and confused and she went on babbling. "When you told Buffy you'd kill her on Saturday. When you attacked the school. When you kidnapped me. When you tried to bite me and couldn't." She was panting now, she couldn't be believe he was here, he was holding her, he was kissing her, he wanted her.

"How long?"

"Always. Forever."

He turned her around and studied her face; she was telling the truth, at least, she thought so. If it was a spell, it was a good spell. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Buffy -"

He kissed the word from her mouth. "Don't say her name."

"Never," she promised.

He explored her, learned every curve, every freckle. She had a birthmark in the shape of a sideways figure eight on the inside of her thigh and he licked his way to it, thinking it a good omen that she had the symbol for eternity in his new favourite place to be. Maybe the gods were trying to tell him something.

He should have stopped to consider the bad decisions he seemed to be making lately, examine their cause and evaluate his unlife from this point on; but her heat and her scent overcame his thought processes and he focused instead on her body and her moans.

He lay her on the quilt-covered bed and took a moment to marvel at her before laying down beside her. He remembered a time when she was all he thought about; she consumed his every spare moment when he returned to Brazil after kidnapping her. He'd wanted more than anything to turn her when he found her alone in her dorm room, but fate had stepped in and royally fucked with his life - taking away everything he had ever known when it took away his bite. Something had happened to him since then, it was like he was no longer in charge of his own actions, like some bad screenwriter somewhere had decided to play God and took away his will and turned him into the wacky vampire sidekick.

Seeing her like this, he remembered himself, who he was and what he wanted. The slayer-cloud was gone, the Big Bad was back in control.

He lay beside her and rained kisses on her skin, after each one was a whispered promise never to overlook what was right in front of him, never again to try to attain something just because he couldn't have it. From now on, he would spend every moment seeing what was real, appreciating the beauty in his arms, giving her everything she had given him with those words - 'always, forever'.

Their lips met and the heat between them blazed to amazing new heights. She tasted like he had imagined she would, like apple butter and innocence. Everything about her made him want her, there was nothing there he didn't want to experience, even the darkness that was bubbling just below the surface.

Their mouths opened to each other and their tongues fought for control of the kiss.

A tiny whimper escaped from Willow and it had an effect like an avalanche on Spike. The import of this moment came crashing down on him. Willow isn't a quick fuck or a one night stand. Willow is a lifetime commitment; there could be no half-way with her. He couldn't \*love\* the slayer and \*fuck\* the witch; she didn't work that way. Any connection he had with Buffy would be over the second he entered her.

That thought didn't bother him like he thought it should. In fact, it didn't bother him at all.

Red was the reason he was here in Sunnydale, the reason he kept coming back. The slayer was only a momentary distraction in the great scheme of things; Red was his past and would be his future.

One finger slipped under the fabric of her bra, the softness of her skin was an aphrodisiac to him. He watched her eyes as his fingertip grazed the surface of one nipple; the sharp intake of her breath was even more spellbinding than he thought it would be.

His tongue licked at the nub through the red satin and her hands fisted in his hair, pulling him closer. When he sucked the nipple into his mouth through the shiny fabric, her back arched and the slow "Mmmmmm" that came from somewhere deep inside her throat made the rest of his hesitation disappear. He moved back up to her mouth and kissed her again, only this time she knew something had changed. In less than two minutes, everything was different.

The kiss was soft and tender, but it jolted her like nothing ever had before. She could *feel* Spike; could actually feel his essence pouring into her, washing over her. The air was thick with this moment, with this kiss. She felt as if everything - \*everything\* - she had ever done had led to \*right now\*.

It was destiny. Or fate. Or love.

Spike was giving himself to her. Completely.

She took him.

Willow took control of the kiss, finally allowing all the daydreams, night dreams, fantasies and random wicked images that had been consuming her take over her will. She used her hands to touch every part of him that she could reach. The position became too restrictive and she flipped them over, settling herself atop Spike's thighs.

She looked down into brilliant blue eyes that amazed her every time she saw him. When he was gone, she would chide herself, there was no way they could be as blue, as stunning, as her imagination remembered. But now, looking down on him, those same eyes focused solely on her, the intensity of their colour branded itself on her memory. They were everything she had always imagined them to be. She smiled down at him and a sound unlike any she'd ever heard him make before came from somewhere deep in his throat.

"Did you just \*growl\* at me?" she asked in a voice she didn't recognize as her own, it was much more sensual than she would have thought herself capable of.

His eyes, those brilliant blue eyes that she had been obsessing over, raked over her slowly. She watched him look her over with an intensity that made her sweat and then he nodded.

The hell with taking it slow.

Slow would come later.

Her bra and panties disappeared in a flash that even his vampire senses almost missed. Her hands splayed across his chest to balance her weight as she sank down onto the silky hard length of his erection and his hands on her hips dug into her skin as she enveloped him. She looked at his face again, wanting to make this moment real; she'd never expected to ever really be \*here\*.

He was looking up at her as if he was having the same thought. His eyes caught hers and she felt his sharp intake of breath when she had sheathed him completely and it was so... perfect.

Well, almost.

"Red-" she heard him say and her eyes went to his mouth and she saw as well as heard what he said next. "I - I love you. I don't know how, I don't know why. I know you have no reason to believe me, not now. But I do, I swear. I have things to tell you - later. But this is real. This is more real than anything I've done or felt in a bloody long time. But I do. I love you, Willow."

\*Now\* it was perfect.

His hands, hands that felt strong and sure, pulled her down into a kiss that once again became heavy and thick and filled the air with its intensity.

His fingers twined in her hair and then traced the curve of her neck and shoulders; ran down the line of her backbone. He turned them over once again and his hands found hers, fingers interweaving and holding on as he began a slow, steady rhythm of sliding into her sweet warmth and then pulling out with unhurried ease.

It was incredible.

Her legs wrapped around his waist and she tried to pull him closer; tried to quicken his pace, but he resisted.

"No, Red, I've waited too long for this to rush through it."

Her fingers turned white from the lack of circulation as her fingers held his even tighter.

For forty-five minutes he tortured her, occasionally changing his angle or depth, but always going at a maddeningly slow tempo. They kissed - and touched. They icked and bit. They told each other in words too private for anyone else to hear how much they wanted each other; had always wanted each other it seemed.

It was when Willow whispered to him, "You're everything," that his control snapped and his body quickened. With deep breaths that he didn't understand why he was taking, he pounded his body into hers. He knew she would have bruises tomorrow, but he couldn't stop, couldn't make himself ease up. She didn't seem to mind.

She gasped and came with a muffled scream. Muffled because his mouth was on hers, lips and tongue mating with her as well.

She thought he was going to break her fingers off when he came, but still she didn't pull away.

She was gasping for breath and so was he, which she suddenly found rather funny and started to giggle. When his breathing calmed enough for him to speak, he smiled and asked her what was so funny.

"You're breathing."

"I am?"

She nodded and he noticed for the first time that he was indeed inhaling and exhaling. "Whaddaya know? I am." And he began to chuckle as well.

He didn't pull out of her, but he lifted his weight onto his elbows and looked down onto her delightful face. She was gorgeous when she laughed. Or smiled. Or came.

"I love you," he said again.

"I love you too, Spike," she answered, the sincerity stopping her laughter. "I have for a really long time."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

She started to say something and then stopped. "I promised not to say her name."

"Yeah," he said and kissed her with exquisite gentleness. "I have so much to tell you. And I have to tell you," he said as he rolled to the side and pulled her into his arms.

It took a few hours, but everything, every secret, every desire, every everything that they had kept hidden from each other was brought out into the open and discussed. And in the end, it was all disregarded as no longer important. What mattered was how they felt now, and how this feeling was so different from all the others that had only \*seemed\* real.

They talked and made love and talked some more. They said things that they would never have dreamed they'd \*ever\* say; it would all seem so silly and lame to someone who wasn't there, who wasn't in the moment with them.

Philosophy and baby talk. Relationships and making funny faces. Insecurities and Ferris Bueller.

They slept. They laughed. They fucked. He ate her, she blew him. They touched. They talked. They showered. They listened to CDs. They never got dressed.

About ten hours later, they heard an enormous \*whoop\* drift up from downstairs and Willow said that the "can't leave" spell must have been lifted.

Neither made to get up. In fact, Spike settled further under the comforter and pulled Willow into the crook of his arm, settling her head on his chest and began finger combing her hair.

She was telling him about Xander and the praying mantis teacher when Buffy walked in.

Buffy walked in and started to say, "Will, is Spike here? I want -"

But she caught sight of the two naked bodies laying together so comfortably on the bed and didn't finish.

Spike looked up and met her eyes.

"Maybe you do, but I don't - not anymore." He gazed down at the beautiful woman in his arms. His unlife had changed so dramatically in just a couple of hours. "I've got everything I'll ever want right here in my arms."

Buffy closed her mouth and closed the door.

Willow giggled and Spike smiled.

"No more twist of the knife," he said and they made love - again. For three days…

The End