Willow Badness

by purplefeen

Spike/Willow
genre: romantic comedy
rating: mature adults
time frame: S4 of BtVS
summary: Willow makes a drunken, anonymous phone call that‘s not as anonymous as she thought.

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banner by Carla



Chapter 1: Gimme Me One More Tequila

"Can I speak to Mr. Blackhead?" the slurred voice asked.

"I‘m sorry," came the clipped, annoyed tone through the handset, "This is the Whitehead residence."

"Oh, sorry," the slurred voice said, beginning to giggle, "Wrong pimple!"

The receiver was slammed down and the room full of drunken young women erupted in fits of laughter. Buffy laughed so hard she slid off her stool. She landed on Willow, who was laying on a sleeping bag on the floor, and both girls started laughing even harder. The rest of the girls saw it and the laughter got even more robust.

The common room of the fourth floor of Stephenson Hall looked like it had been hit by a girly tornado. Pink and purple and turquoise and lemon yellow were strewn throughout the room in the form of sleeping bags and nighties, stuffed animals and pillow cases.

Mid-terms had been stressful and almost all of the residents of every dorm at UC Sunnydale had been filled for the past two weeks with snipping and name-calling. The RA had suggested, when the exams were through, a night of re-bonding for the students. A night to let their hair down and get drunk and have fun.

Even though all of the girls had rolled their eyes and sworn they were too old for such nonsense, here they were. All bonding, all drinking, all blissfully stress-free and all having way too good a time. Even the slayer had been unable to resist the allure of a girls night.

A couple of bottles of Jose Cuervo, a container of salt, a dozen limes and thirteen cases of Corona had been sacrificed to the cause and now the festivities had boiled down to making prank phone calls.

"Buffy!" Sandra called out, "Your turn!"

Buffy dutifully walked over to the telephone and put her hand on the receiver, visibly thinking.

"I don‘t know what to say!" she whined to Patricia from her American Culture class.

Patricia rolled her eyes, "Just think of something funny you‘ve always wanted to say to someone, open the phone book, pick out a random number, dial and then say it!" Patricia yelled, much too loudly, but she was way too drunk to notice.

Buffy thought, then smiled. Foregoing the phone book, she picked up the phone, dialed a number, waited for the "Yes?" and then said, "Giles, I quit. I‘m moving to Santa Monica and taking up surfing!" She slammed the phone down with a resounding thwack and started giggling uncontrollably. The rest of the girls all fell silent, except for the shy, usually quiet redhead in the corner who was laughing, gasping for air and smacking her hand down on the floor crying out, "Good one, Buff!"

Luckily, the alcohol was like a magic elixir that made them all forget that Buffy Summers was some kind of weirdo who no one understood and they all began laughing with her and Willow.

Some of the girls, after the giggling had subsided, asked Buffy for an explanation, but Buffy forstalled them with, "Wills! Your turn! Get your sweet ass over here and call someone!"

Willow dutifully rose and made her way to Buffy‘s side, landing with a plop in Patricia‘s lap.

"Oh, sorry."

"No problem, Sweet Ass," Patricia said, eyes wandering down Willow‘s body. Buffy giggled and Willow glared at her before a smile broke through and she chuckled as well. She squirmed off of Patricia‘s lap, a feat more difficult than it seemed because Patricia didn‘t seem to want her to leave. Finally she settled herself on the floor and said, "Okay, who do I call?"

"Anybody," Buffy said, before crawling away to find another bottle and a lime.

"What do I say?" she turned and asked... well, Patricia, because that‘s all that was left. Everyone else was taking up their own conversations.

"You can call me anytime and say anything you like," Patricia offered suggestively and Willow grabbed the phone and pushed a button. What she didn‘t realize is that the button she pushed was ‘redial‘.

"Yello?" an accented voice answered on the other end of the line, "S‘your nickel. Whaddya want?"

"Um, hello?" Willow said tentatively. Patricia‘s eyes were raking over her and she was getting very uncomfortable. Time to nip this thing in the bud. "I wanna suck your cock," Willow whispered into the phone. Patricia‘s eyes widened, unable to believe that the mousy little friend of Buffy‘s had just said that to a complete stranger. She also realized that this was the girl‘s way of telling her that she wasn‘t interested in girls, so she turned to the blonde on her other side and asked for another shot of Jose.

"Well, you‘re in luck then," the nearly-forgotten voice on the other end of the phone purred back, "‘Cuz I got a cock that wants suckin‘."

"Huh?" Willow answered back lamely, her words forgotten now that the immediate Patricia-threat was gone.

"Oh, come now, Luv, you started this, can‘t back out now," the honeyed voice purred and Willow suddenly remembered the phone in her hand.

"OH! Um, yeah," she began, eager to end this fiasco as soon as possible. Patricia swallowed her shot and turned back toward Willow.

Willow closed her eyes and let the alcohol infuse her nervous system with courage. She opened and closed her fist a few times then continued under Patricia‘s watchful gaze, "Yeah, I uh, I wanna lick you *all* over," she said, with a defiant eye in Patricia‘s direction, "All up and down your big fat cock!"

Patricia lifted an eyebrow and raised another shot glass in salute to Willow; she didn‘t think the girl had it in her.

Willow preened as the voice said, "Then I‘m your va- uh, man. Got a big fat cock in hand just waitin‘ for ya."

Spike looked to make sure Giles was well and truly settled upstairs for the night. He didn‘t hear any more sounds since the old boy had harrumphed over Buffy‘s drunken pronouncement over the phone and said he was retiring to contemplate his retirement.

And now he had another live one on the phone. On his first day out of the tub. Unlife was just lookin‘ up. He unbuttoned his button fly and settled in for the long haul.

"Luv?" he prompted.

"Um, uh, yeah?" came the girl‘s voice on the other end of the phone.

"You gonna - oh wait, guess it‘s my turn, innit?" He closed his eyes and took a long, slow breath in through his nose. Breathed it out again. He got a good picture in his head and said, "Wanna feel your hot bod pressed against me, Luv. Wanna slip my hands down your back and cup yer bum in me hands and pull you in tight; let ya feel how much I want ya."

Willow‘s eyes widened as she gasped, but Patricia‘s eyes were questioning her and she pressed on. Probably tomorrow she‘ll have forgotten about this once she sobered up. She hoped.

"O - okay," Willow started and she heard the voice moan into the phone.

"Got myself in hand, Luv," the voice said, "Pretendin‘ its you here with me."

Patricia had wriggled her way over to the phone, wanting to hear the guy Willow was talking to. "He sounds really hot," she whispered to Willow and Willow smiled and nodded.

Willow closed her eyes, pressed her lips together and wet them, letting the sexy voice of the stranger - and the Jose Cuervo - flow through her.

"Feel you in my hands," she said into the phone, in a voice she wouldn‘t have recognized as her own, had she been sober enough to think about it. "In my... mouth. Feel so good, so big and hard," she continued and an image came unbidden to her mind of pale, soft skin like velvet under her hands, touching her lips.

"Yeah, Luv," the voice hissed, "Want you so bad, baby. Wanna feel you touching me, sucking me off. Touch yerself, Luv. Touch your neck and your face; know its my hands there, touching you, feeling you squirm beneath me."

Both she and Patricia sighed into the phone and Willow‘s eyes wrenched open, she had forgotten the other girl was there. She‘d forgotten everything, really, except the sound of Spike‘s voice on the phone...

*Wait. Spike‘s voice?*

*!!!*

He was going on, "Gonna touch ya everywhere, Luv. Gonna make love to ya with my hands and my mouth; gonna make ya feel me in every part of yer body."

Her eyes closed again. Even if it was Spike, he didn‘t know it was *her*.

"Mmm, yeah," she sighed, telling herself it was the alcohol talking. "Wanna feel you too. I want to touch you, run my hands down that muscled chest and across those lickable shoulders. Do you feel me? Feel me touching you? I want to..." she took another breath and pictured Spike there with her; pretended it was him snuggled up to her side, not Patricia.

"I want to feel those six-pack abs under my fingers. Feel you, see if you‘re as big as I dream about, as hard as I-" she broke off, realizing what she‘d said.

"Fuck, Pet! Yeah, Luv," he breathed into the phone and she could tell her words were exciting him - he was, *Spike* was actually getting off on what she was saying and it was suddenly all too real.

She hung up the phone.

Patricia looked at her in shock. She squashed down her rising panic and with false bravado, she shrugged her shoulders and said, "I wanted another beer." She rose and on legs that were none too steady, she walked back over to her sleeping bag, grabbed a bottle of Jose Cuervo out of Buffy‘s fingers and took a hard guzzle.

After tonight, no more drinking for her. It just led to badness.

Chapter 2: Getting Even... Maybe

      Soft snores were the only sound on the fourth floor. That is, until someone in what sounded like combat boots came clomping down the hall.

*Show her to just leave me sittin‘ there, rock hard, leavin‘ me with only my left hand. Had enough o‘ that bloody hand, thank you so very much! Girl started a game she ain‘t old enough to play, but Spike‘s the one‘s gonna make ‘er -*

He broke off because he turned a corner and hit a sea of girly-girl hell. Which one was the witch?

He saw several redheads from where he stood. He closed his eyes and pictured her in his mind. Clear and vivid and warm and willing and writhing and...

"Red, luv," he whispered into the room. "I‘m here for ya baby. Show me which way to go."

He opened his eyes and over in the far corner he saw one lone body squirm in its sleep. One female who had become so hot at the sound of his voice and sight of his thoughts that she needed to kick the covers off.

Spike smiled, took off his shoes and coat and made his way over to the redhead in the far corner. Of course, she was sleeping next to that stuck up twat of a slayer. He closed his eyes again and pictured Angel. Angel sleeping, cuddling up to a woman lying in bed with him. A woman with a soft smile on her face who wanted nothing more than to sleep in her lover‘s embrace.

"You can have him, slayer. Have him all you want, but only in your sleep."

Buffy pulled the covers tighter around herself and settled into her pillow, holding on with desperation to her dream.

Smiling with more than a little evil glee, Spike lay down next to the woman at his feet.

She was beautiful. Why had he never seen that before? He‘d craved her sweetness, her innocence. Her passion. He‘d wanted to corrupt it, turn it into something dark and ugly and cruel.

But her beauty? He‘d overlooked it. Until now. When she was warm and asleep and dreaming about him. And he wondered if that beauty would hold up to the plans he‘d had for her that night in her room. If he‘d been able to keep that promise and make his first real childe, would the innocent wonder of her face remain?

He shook his head. Retrospection and regret were not what he came here for. He came here to teach the witch a lesson about lighting fires you didn‘t intend to let burn. He reached out a finger and traced a strand of hair from her brow to its end near her shoulder.

She woke up smiling. "Spike?"

"Yeah, luv, its me," he whispered.

She smiled again. "Am I dreaming?"

He looked in her eyes, "Do ya want to be?"

Willow shrugged. "Kinda. But kinda not."

Spike smiled as well. "Then how ‘bout we say that you‘re still dreamin‘ right now. But anytime you wanna wake up, you go right ahead."

She smiled, closed her eyes, snuggled into her pillow, "M‘kay."

He shook his head again and smiled. He‘d never get over this girl. Every time he saw her, something new enchanted him.

He moved his hand to cup her cheek and she opened her eyes again. Smiled - again, on seeing him lying next to her.

"Can I kiss you?" her dream asked. She‘d been about to nod when he was there, pressing his lips against hers. It was as if someone had lit a match at her lips that burned a path down her body.

He moved closer, pulling her against him, wrapping an arm around her body that would have made it impossible for her to pull away - had she wanted to. This dream seemed so much more real than the other ones she‘d had about him. She was going to savor every moment of it.

"God, baby, been wantin‘ you so bad," he said when she pulled away so she could catch her breath.

"Me too," she confessed to her dream.

"Since when," he asked, knowing these were things she‘d never tell him if she were fully awake.

"You first," she said as a fingertip ran down her throat and across one breast. She moaned.

"Since that night in the warehouse," he told her.

She gave him a flirtatious glance, "Been wantin‘ you longer," she said.

"Since when?"

"Since I first saw you. That night in the Bronze. You were walking around and I thought you were looking for somebody. I was wishing I was that somebody."

He smiled and ran a hand through her hair, "You were. I just didn‘t know it yet."

"Yeah?" she asked.

He took her hand and placed it on the pronounced bulge in his jeans. "You tell me."

He kissed her again, pulling her in tight, keeping her hand trapped against his cock.

He kissed his way across her cheek and jaw and down her throat. "You called me tonight. Did you mean what you said?"

Willow, drunk on alcohol and on his kisses, nodded her head.

He slipped a hand under her nightgown and pulled it over hear head. Ducked his head down and licked across one breast. Took her nipple into his mouth and sucked, drew her blood to the surface, drew her heat to his mouth.

Her leg wound around his waist as her hands pulled at his clothes. His button down was gone in no time as was his t-shirt. He stopped her after she‘d gotten the first button undone on his jeans. His hand went to her crotch, slid over her knickers, feeling her heat and her wetness through the cotton. Four fingers crawled through a leg hole and when his skin came in contact with her slick curls, wet from arousal for him, he groaned.

He looked back up to her lust-filled eyes.

"Red, luv, I need you to wake up now." Fingers still moving through her curls to stroke her folds.

Her eyes were closed and she was moaning. He slipped a finger inside her, then two. Pushed up hard.

"Uurgh!" Willow groaned/moaned.

Keeping his fingers pumping inside her, he moved up her body.

"Willow! Need you to wake up. Now."

She didn‘t seem to want to. He pulled his hand away. She opened her eyes and looked at him. He took her hand and put it on his bulge again. "You want this, Luv?"

"Mmm, yes please." She smiled.

He kissed her lips. She was just too cute.

"Then you need to wake up, because I am about to make love to you in a room full of soddin‘ teenage girls and I want you to damn well know its me and remember it!" He‘d gotten a little louder than he intended there but no one woke up. Thank hell for alcohol.

His words, however, got through to Willow and she sat up, wide awake, to find she was almost naked, in one of the common rooms in Stephenson Hall, with about seventy other girls and a shirtless Spike.

*Spike!*

"Why are you here?" she asked him. It was the first question that occurred to her.

He pulled her back down to lay next to him, against him, to feel her skin pressed against him.

"You called me, Luv? Remember?" All the while running hands on her; face, throat, shoulders, chest, stomach, hips.

She turned toward him, folded her arms over her chest and asked, "I did?"

"Uh huh," he confirmed, pulling her arms away and taking a nipple into his mouth.

"When? Why?" she asked, hoping to be able to catch him in his lie.

"Couple hours ago," he told her, licking up her chest to her neck and giving it a soft love bite.

Willow‘s body was squirming.

"Said you wanted to suck m‘ cock," he reminded her.

*Wait, wait, wait!* This sounded vaguely familiar. Her brain was still very fuzzy though.

"And you came here to make me do it?" she asked, sounding a little frightened.

"No baby," he told her as he kissed his way back up to her lips. "I came here b‘cause I‘ve been waitin‘ for a sign, any sign, that you wanted me too."

He kissed her then, slow and deep and he felt her resistance melt like snow. Not letting up on the kiss, he unbuttoned his jeans and then slid them down and off.

Willow finally pulled away, "No, Spike, we can‘t!" she said in a panic.

His jaw set and he was about to show her exactly why he was a master vampire when she clarified, "Not here!"

*Oh. Well... that was different.*

"Shhh," he said, closing his eyes. He pictured the Sandman, or the image humans had of that particular demon. He pictured the Sandman walking among all the girls in the room. He whispered, "Sleep time for good little college students. Time to sleep and dream of happy things until my Red falls asleep and wakes up again in the morning. No one‘s to wake, or talk, or mumble, or make any other noise that‘ll disturb Red, until she wakes in the morning." He pushed the images and the words out in the room and all of the girls stopped moving and fell into a deep sleep.

Willow watched with awe.

"How... how?" She faced Spike, "How‘d you do that?"

Spike shrugged, "‘S called thrall. ‘S no big deal. Not for a vamp." He smiled, "‘Cept for Paingel. He can‘t do it." He seemed delighted about that. Willow thought it was pretty funny too.

"Can you do it to me?"

"Already did."

Willow was flabbergasted. "What? What did you do to me? Am I all thralled up now?"

Spike smiled, "Luv, if you were under my thrall, we‘d sure as hell be doin‘ somethin‘ a lot more fun than arguing."

She couldn‘t fault this logic, but she didn‘t remember ever doing anything that might be considered as anything but her own actions.

"When?" she asked, calmer.

"Earlier tonight," he told her. "Needed to find you in the room so I pictured you and then told you to think about me."

"And what did I do?" she asked, curiosity overcoming her.

"Show you."

He closed his eyes and repeated the thrall he‘d placed on her earlier, only this time he had a little more detailed pictures of her to conjur to his mind. When he opened his eyes, she was squirming and rubbing her thighs together. Suddenly, it stopped.

"That‘s all?" she asked, a little skeptical.

"Well, made the slayer dream about the Grand Poofter to keep ‘er sleepin‘."

Willow turned and looked at Buffy‘s peacefully sleeping face. "That was sweet, Spike."

He looked affronted, "Didn‘t do it to be sweet! Did it so I could ravage you without gettin‘ staked."

"Do it to me again," she ordered.

"What?"

"Do it again, only this time, just give me a little courage here because I‘m beginning to remember all the reasons why we shouldn‘t do this."

He saw her point, but, "Luv, I‘m not gonna take advantage of ya. Want you here with me. Want *you*, not just yer quim."

Willow leaned over and kissed him, more bold than she‘d ever thought she‘d be in this particular vampire‘s presence. "And now I‘m sure I want you to. Give me some courage, Spike, please. I don‘t want to disappoint you."

Spike thought for a few minutes, then he closed his eyes. This time he pictured a bed, a big, warm, comfortable, cozy bed. In a room he thought Red might like. Lots of antiques and soft colors. He whispered, "Show me what you want, Luv. Show me what‘s really inside you. Don‘t hold anything back. Give me everything you‘ve got. Don‘t go further than you want to, but what do you want from *me*. I‘ll give you anything you want, Luv. But you have to show it to me first."

She closed her eyes and she was in the room with him. A hundred images flashed through both their minds. What Spike hadn‘t expected was several of his own fantasies involving Red were there along with hers. He hadn‘t been projecting his thoughts on her, he‘d been trying to gain hers. What had she done to him? Could witches do thrall?

They both opened their eyes, a little vulnerable because of what they‘d shown each other. All of it hot, passionate, needy. The only sound in the room now was the ragged panting of their breath and the harsh beating of Willow‘s heart.

They both leaned in and their lips met. Hands on each other‘s bodies, legs tangling together. Spike rolled them until he was on top and Willow‘s legs wrapped themselves around his waist. One tear, one pull and her knickers were gone and he was there, inside her. Inside her body, inside her skin, inside her mind, inside her soul.

Her hands moved from his back to the floor over her head and his fingers grabbed hers, snaked between them, and they held on to each other with white-knuckled desperation. They moved together, easing in and out, giving each other every sensation they could.

And a single thought floated across both their minds.

*‘So this is what I‘ve been missing.‘*

Some hours later, before the sun rose, Spike, once again dressed, walked across the floor of Stephenson Hall toward the stairs. He looked odd though, out of place. Not because he was a vampire in the midst of human academia. But because the symbol of his badness, his near floor length black leather duster that resided perpetually on his shoulders, was missing. It was wrapped around an eighteen year old redheaded college student who had stolen his heart with just her smile.

They had plans to meet at sunset, but in order for that to happen he had to get back to the watcher‘s couch before Rupes woke up.

*Oh, wait.* He stopped at the door, turned back to face the far corner. He closed his eyes, pictured Angel. Pictured Angel walking away as he‘d done so often to them all. "He‘s not yours, slayer," he whispered to her. "He‘s not yours as he was never mine. Not even in dreams. It‘s time to move on, Pet. Find someone who‘ll love you and let him go."

He opened his eyes and walked away.

The End