



Vampire SeasonsTM

there is a story behind every seasons

*a collection of post-episode fictions based on
Buffy the Vampire Slayer season six*

written by
The Resident Vampyr[®]



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PREFACE

Did a BtVS episode leave you hanging and still can't get enough? Ever wonder what happens next after each episode and are dying to know? What about missing scenes? Bet you have your own theory about the plot. Yes?

Well, here's my take...

The Vampire Seasons is a collection of post-episode fan fictions based on Buffy, the Vampire Slayer season 6 episodes.

I write immediately after each episode, I don't read spoilers nor early bird reviews, therefore, all my fan fictions are pure speculations.

Buffy the Vampire Slayer characters are properties of its creator
Joss Whedon and the powers that be.
Buffy & Spike are played by actors Sarah Michelle Gellar and James Marsters, respectively.

Thank you for inspiring even the more twisted & tortured of soul, that made this site possible.

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Title: Bargain

Synopsis: Buffy lives! Spike visits Buffy after her return. A post-"Bargaining 1 & 2" episode.

Rating: G

Date Written: Wednesday, 3 October, 2001

Note: Bargain is the first of a series of post-episode fanfictions based on Buffy, the Vampire Slayer season 6 episode. I will try to write a short, mostly Spike/Buffy story every week for the entire season (here's keepin' my fingers crossed!). Again, these are pure speculations. I don't read spoilers nor early bird review. Let me know what you think.

Lyrics: Until I find you again by Richard Marx

Characters: Buffy † Spike

"Live, for me"

Dawn to Buffy, Bargaining Part 2

*Lately I've been trying, to fill up my days since you're gone
The speed of love is blinding, and I didn't know how to hold on
My mind won't clear, I'm out of tears
My heart's got no room left inside*

She had been awake for more than 18 hours, but somehow sleep escaped her. It may be because she was afraid that if she closed her eyes, she won't be able to open them again. She sat on her bed, partly laying on her back against the pillows.

Traces of red smear were visible on the bandages wrapped around her hands. She can still feel the burning sensation from the cuts made from clawing her way out the grave a few hours earlier.

She heard someone talking to Dawn outside her bedroom. She remembered that voice; it was someone familiar to her, someone she knew; a friend. The door opened and a nocturnal creature quietly entered her room, flowers on his hand. Taking one step at a time, he slowly approached the foot of the bed where Buffy was and stopped abruptly.

"Hello, luv", he said softly, making sure that he did not disturbed the resting Slayer.

She instantly recognized him although her faculties were still weak. Buffy didn't utter any words. Instead she glimpsed at the vampire hiding in the shadows.

*How many dreams will end?
How long can I pretend?
How many times will love pass me by?
Until I find you again*

Spike couldn't believe his eyes when they discovered Buffy and Dawn at the tower ruins. Willow briefly explained about the resurrection spell but never mentioned how it was nearly foiled by the demon bikers. Then there she was, in flesh and blood, back from the dead.

It was merely three months ago that he felt total devastation when Buffy died and literally left him with nothing else to live for. Spike frowned as he tried to remember. He constantly blamed himself with what happened and even considered taking his own life because of the fact. He would have done so, except that he made a promise to a lady--that he will protect Dawn. A promise that he kept until this very day.

Spike stood there watching the fragile Slayer, too vulnerable, so lost. He wanted to tell her that he was sorry. Sorry for failing her. If he could take away all the pain, all the fear, he would. But it was too late now. All had been said and done. All they need to do was wait--wait for Buffy to break down the walls that separated her from them.

"Spike..." she said almost like a whisper. Her voice was distant and detached.

A smile flashed across Spike's face. Buffy remembered who he was, despite the discouraging reality of her oblivion. He moved closer and sat tentatively at her bedside.

"I got you flowers," he said half smiled and handed it to her, but got a cold stare instead. Spike figured it was too soon for gifts, "I suppose you don't need to see flowers at this time..." and got rid of them.

*Will the arms of hope surround me? Will time be a fairweather friend?
Should I call out to angels? Or just drink myself sober again?
I can't hide it's true, I still burn for you
Your memory just won't let me go*

Spike felt something was troubling her. It was not a case of finding out that she were once dead and had to dig her way up. It was more than that. He knew Buffy was afraid. He could tell how distraught and confused she was about her newly found existence.

"Everything will be all right Buffy," Spike looked at her longingly. He too, was confused when he was reborn as a vampire. There was an initial shock but it only lasted for a few hours. After that, it was never been the same for him.

"Trust me," he said.

Buffy looked at him. He was the one person that understood what she was going through. Buffy knew she couldn't fool Spike. He knew what she was most afraid of-- living.

"I'm cold..."

Spike pulled the bedcovers and enveloped her completely. But that was not enough; he wanted to do more. Saying nothing, each implicitly understood what the other wanted, Spike sat beside her and wrapped his arms around her, not to provide warmth, but to provide comfort.

*I'd hold you tighter, closer than ever before
No flame would burn brighter, if I could touch you once more
Hold you once more*

*How many dreams will end? How long can I pretend?
How many times will love pass me by?
Until I find you again*

Unopposed, Buffy moved closer and lay her head on his shoulders. After a few moments, Buffy closed her eyes and for the first time, she was afraid no more.

Title: The Life After

Synopsis: Buffy revisits her grave. A post-"After Life" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Wednesday, 10 October, 2001

Characters: Buffy † Willow † Tara † Spike

"Every night, I save you..."

Spike to Buffy, After Life

Spike watched her as she walked away from him. Buffy could never be more open to him than she was right now. Nobody trusted him enough to share their innermost secrets like what she did; not even Buffy's friends, who didn't seem to care to inform him about their plans of bringing her back. Spike knew they could never be as close to him like Buffy or Dawn, even if they joined forces time and again.

Even the aftermath of Buffy's resurrection, Xander warned him not to rekindle his obsession towards the Slayer and made him admit his true feelings, which he took as an offense. But *yes, he admitted*, Spike thought. He cannot deny that fact that it was the happiest moment in his life when he heard about Buffy's return. In fact, he didn't have to say a word, his tears alone proved that point.

But that was far from his mind. What's important was that Buffy shared a part of her with him that her friends would never know. It would remain theirs and theirs alone.

147... Buffy thought, "147 days..." she whispered as she remembered Spike recounting the days. He knew every day, every night, every second, she thought.

She was standing in front of her grave reflecting the final moments before she was ripped from her peaceful sanctum. Buffy hardly recognized Sunnydale the day before. It was like a nightmare, ruled by demons and monsters, and death. It was her personal hell and yet... she's home.

"We must tell him," said Tara.

"I-I know," said Willow apprehensive to take the next step. She knew it was the right thing to do, but given the circumstances, she was quite unsure whether the time was right. Buffy had been through a lot and she doesn't want to add to her worries. Willow reckoned it was better to take one step at a time and not rush into things.

"He should know, he and Buffy were..." Tara paused.

Someone was standing outside Joyce's bedroom, now their temporary bedroom. "Who should know what?" Buffy asked, puzzled on what they were talking about.

Willow was the first to speak, "It's nothing Buffy... really."

"I heard my name... so I guess it concerns me." Buffy entered the bedroom and noticed the changes made. Pictures of Willow and Tara hanged on the wall, frames placed on the side tables. Buffy smiled. In as much as it was her mother's room, she very much welcomed her two friends staying with them. Buffy waited for either of them to answer her question.

"Baby steps," said Willow.

"Huh?"

"Baby steps, we're only doing baby steps, remember?" said Willow half-smiled. "You need to take one step at a time since y-you just got back."

"We don't want to worry you with s-small, insignificant matter," added Tara.

"What insignificant matter?" Buffy said with interest.

Finally, Willow decided to tell her about it. She started slowly. "W-When you d-died," she said carefully, "I visited Angel..."

Buffy abnormally still, remembered his name--Angel, the vampire with the angelic face; the vampire who captured her heart; the vampire she loved. Theirs was a love of a lifetime. But somehow, it was all a memory. A far distant memory.

"Angel..."

Title: **Flood** (Misery loves company)

Synopsis: Buffy's basement is flooded. Spike offers a hand. What happened during their conversation at the back porch. A post-"Flooded" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Wednesday, 17 October, 2001

Characters: Buffy † Angel † Spike

"Hello Spike..."
Buffy to Spike, Flooded

Spike laughed at her question.

"What's so funny?" asked Buffy.

"Nothing," he said and cleared his throat. "Finance?" getting back to what they were talking about.

"Yes. What do you know about it?" said Buffy, interested in what he has to say.

"Well luv, considering I make a living out of scaring people for a few dough's, I'm currently challenged in that area, so I don't have much to say about it. Why?" he said curiously.

"It's just that, with everything that happened for the past months, I'm practically eligible for bankruptcy." She sighed and paused momentarily. Spike watched her intently, figuring out what he might do help.

"I don't have a job. I have tons of debt," she continued, "My basement is flooded..."

"But you do have a job," Spike qualified. "You're the Slayer."

Buffy chuckled. "A job with no financial reward, what so ever," she trailed. "I guess being a Vampire Slayer doesn't mean anything at all. Just kill... or be killed." She got back to her previous miserable state.

"Unless..."

Somehow she knew what he was going to say but looked at him unconvincingly. "It won't work. Anya thought of it too. But it won't work," she said with finality. "It's not as if I'll do the investigating thing like Angel." Buffy stopped abruptly.

Spike looked at her intently, noticing that her thoughts suddenly captured by his grandsire. Spike turned away. He knew their momentary connection was severed the moment she mentioned his name. Spike felt from the beginning that he was jealous of Angel--the vampire who seemed to have everything; an angelic face; the Slayer's heart; a human soul.

His heart was bleeding for he knew that the Slayer will never love him the way she loved Angel. Spike understood and was willing to overlook that fact just to be with her.

There was a long pause in their conversation as silence overtook them. Buffy noticed his sudden detachment and felt uneasy. Just a moment ago they were sharing laughs. He even made her smile. Everytime she was miserable, Spike was there. He could be the closest figure there was for her.

Spike stood up and said, "Uhm, you know what? I forgot that I still have to rearrange some furniture back in the crypt." His back turned away from her; there was an evident pain his voice. "I'll see you later," he said started to walk away, never looking back.

All of a sudden, they heard a scream. It was Dawn.

Buffy walked to the cemetery. She had been thinking and even considering charging a fee for her slayage. A suggestion made by her friends. Not really a feasible idea, but nevertheless an idea. Slaying was her power. It was the only thing she knew best.

She had been pre-occupied with the thought that somehow she became oblivious of the real purpose of her being there, to meet Angel.

Again, sadness overcame her. Afraid to tell Angel what happened, but at the same time needing to tell him about it. *Why not? It's Angel right?* she mulled. She told Spike, why shouldn't she tell Angel?

"Buffy?"

"Huh?" she replied, still examining the dead demon that lay in her basement. Water kept pouring in from the cracked pipes.

"I'll help fix your basement," said Spike. A feat he swore would never do ever since he stayed at Xander's basement; *it takes away his manliness*--he previously argued.

"I'll take the flood away," he continued.

"You will?" asked Buffy, surprised beyond reason.

He chuckled. "It's not really my idea of a good day," he paused, but after much consideration he said, "Hell, no! I'll find somebody to fix your bloody plumbing."

Buffy smirked. She knew it was too good to be true. Spike noticed her disappointment and offered again.

"But if you really need help, I can..."

"No, Spike. You've done enough."

"Spike?" he asked quizzically.

She stared at him blankly as she retraced her thoughts.

"You mentioned Spike."

Buffy realized she was now talking with Angel. Yes, she did mention Spike out of nowhere. She wasn't thinking clearly. Perhaps his name just became second nature to her that she said it without really trying.

"Angel," was all she could say. She doesn't know how and where to begin. Words somehow escaped her. "I'm b-back," said Buffy as tears filled her eyes.

Title: Life's Cereal

Synopsis: Buffy's got a hangover from her drinking spree with Spike, while JAW prepares yet another scheme to test the Slayer. A post-"Life Serial" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Wednesday, 24 October, 2001

Characters: Buffy † Willow † Xander † Dawn † Tara † JAW:Jonathan/Andrew/Warren † Giles † Spike

"Bleggh..!!!"

Buffy after drinking bourbon, Life Serial

"Not a demon?" Dawn asked.

"That's what I thought," said Xander playing with his breakfast cereal. He always believed that Buffy was telling the truth about the demons that attacked her at the construction site. He never doubted her for a second. But the parked black van... that was something else.

Xander, Willow, Tara, and Dawn circled the Summer's kitchen eating breakfast. Giles, on the other hand was busy preparing another cup of coffee.

"What about the black van?" It was Willow's turn to ask.

"Well, she said it played a Star Wars theme, can I have more milk please?" replied Xander, his mind drifted away from the topic to the Weetabix that's in front of him. He could not seem to start with his cereals unless he had a good amount of milk on it. "Buffy thinks it was odd and she was sure the van had something to do with what happened to her yesterday," he continued.

"That was... lame," Dawn rolled her eyes thinking why would somebody with evil deeds play a movie theme in his car.

"You see, some people think it's cool," interrupted Tara. "Sort of a-a signature, you know..." she immediately took a bite at her French toast.

"So, we're dealing with a non-supernatural entity," asked Willow.

"More or less," Giles said implicitly. He used up all his time yesterday researching for demon or demon-like characteristics of the new evil in town but could not find anything. Therefore, he concluded that it must be something that's not a demon.

Buffy did mention to him about the black van, what happened at school, at the construction site, and the deja vu thing at the magic shop. Not to mention the M'Farshnik demon, a known assassin for hire. Something was watching her actions, testing her every move. It was all pointing to something or someone he wasn't sure about just yet.

"If it's not a demon, then Buffy can easily stop it, right?" asked Dawn. "It's not as if he or she is a genius. Probably just some boobybrained loser."

"Right," agreed Xander. He frowned after realizing what Dawn said.

"By the way, where's Buffy?" Giles asked.

She closed the faucet one at a time, her right hand pressed near her temple. Water dripped on her face as she grabbed the towel beside her. Buffy carefully closed the bathroom door as she went out so as not to make any noise. She could not handle any of it right now; her head was simply spinning at a slightest sound.

Buffy remembered hopping behind Spike's newly acquired motorcycle to find connections about the mysterious evil in town. However, nothing came out of it, except for a few furry tabbies, a badly mimicked red demon that suddenly disappeared, and a suspicious black van.

*

"Are you sure, you don't want me to accompany you inside?" asked Spike, feeling obliged after dropping her off in front of her house.

"I'm sure," said Buffy steadily and handed him back a red helmet. "I'll be fine. Go..." She opened the front gate.

"All right then," unsure if he wanted to leave her drunk in the middle of the street.

Spike watched her as she slowly walked towards her house. Buffy reached the front porch but she almost fell on the step; Spike hurriedly ran to help her.

"Careful now," said Spike and held her by the shoulders and carefully walked with her until they reached the front door.

As she was about to enter her house, Buffy paused and looked back, "Thanks," she smiled. A pink tinged appeared in her cheeks, "...for being there."

Spike nodded his head, and went back to his bike. He smiled inwardly at the memory that he and Buffy practically spent the evening together-- a few drinks here and there, a ride on his bike, a game of poker on the side. He can get used to this kind of arrangement.

Now, if only he can get back his kittens.

*

Buffy can still hear the roaring sound of the motorcycle's engine as it sped away-- a sound that made her head ached. She was sitting in her bed getting herself ready for the day.

"Bourbon, bad idea..." she whispered. *How can Spike handle heavy drinking and not suffer a hangover?* she mulled. *Yeah right, he's dead.* Buffy could not believe that she actually shared the night drinking with him at his crypt. She guessed it was her way of dealing with her problems. Everything she does failed. She could not concentrate at school, nobody wants to hire her, and then there was this debt. What else could she do except feel miserable and perhaps... drink.

Buffy knew she could not achieve anything over a bottle of liquor, but she was glad though that there was somebody whom she can share life's miseries, even if it was a neutered vampire.

"Got it!" said Andrew excitedly. "Am I a genius or what?"

"You mean, we --you and I," protested Jonathan. Andrew was the one who came up with the idea, but he was the one who suggested to get it on E-Bay.

Andrew cleared the table where they were eating breakfast cereals and placed the newly delivered parcel. He opened the box and unfolded a mystical instrument before his associates. It was a long white ivory pipe, gilded with gold, and had an imprint that read PPH.

Warren peered sternly at the object. "A flute?" he asked irritably.

"Not just any flute. It's a magic flute!" snapped Andrew.

"What?! We wasted all these time for a flute?!"

"Shut up, you great prune!" said Jonathan, "Have you heard about The Pied Piper of Hamelin?"

Warren nodded.

"Well, this my boy is the exact replica of the flute used by The Pied Piper to hypnotized rats and children," explained Jonathan. "I just have to alter the spell so that only Buffy will be under its power."

"Cool," said Warren, his eyes glittered wickedly.

Title: One Way

Synopsis: After a vampiric Halloween, Spike decided to track down his poker winnings. A post-"All the Way" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Wednesday, 31 October, 2001

Credits: Partial script from "All the Way".

Lyrics: Pop Goes the Weasle † Northern Lad by Tori Amos

Characters: Buffy † Dawn † Giles † Dave † Kaltenbach † Spike

"So much easier to talk to when he wanted to kill me." - Buffy about Spike

Buffy closed her bedroom door. She closed her eyes for a second and inhaled deeply. She was glad that Giles was there to take care of things for her. She felt she cannot handle anymore problems. Not right now, and not about her kid sister dating a vampire. She was just terribly tired, tired of fighting, tired of living.

I thought we'd be OK...

Me and my molasses...

But I feel something is wrong...

Don't say that you don't...

Buffy walked across the room and towards the window. She looked at the stalker tree in front of her house and hoped to find someone, but there was no sign of him. Buffy frowned.

He don't show much these days...

It's gets so cold...

And if you could see me now...

Said if you could see me now...

"Good fight..." a smile formed on her face. There he was, always beside her, ever loyal. Ready to fight for her and her family. Buffy admitted that she never really treated him with respect he deserved. He was a mere source of information, someone she can turn to when she needed something. Although she dismissed the thought of her using him, she cannot deny the fact that that was their situation.

But after tonight, looking back at Xander and Anya engagement, Dawn dating, and Willow and Tara's devotion to each other, Buffy thought perhaps it was time for her to find her own happiness. Still, she had her doubts. How can she begin to think about her happiness, when everything in this world is not real?

Spike parked his motorcycle in front of a familiar seedy bar he and Buffy went into a few days ago. It was here where that he won the kitten poker, only he was missing his winnings. He walked towards the bartender and ordered the usual.

"Dave, did you see a couple of demons around?" he asked. "One was green, the other one has his skin all over the place, and--" he added describing the demons.

"Loose a bet, Spike?" asked Dave.

"Bloody ran off with my kittens! that's what," he explained.

Dave chuckled and pointed towards a dark-lit corner of the bar. Spike approached the table and found the Green Demon, Scaly Demon, and Loose-skinned Demon feasting on a barbecued feline dinner, hardly noticing him.

"Pray tell, those sumptuous paws aren't supposed to be mine?" Spike began.

"Spike!" The scaly one was the first to speak. "W-we were waiting for you! You didn't return our c-call?"

"Cut the bullocks, I'm here to retrieve my kittens," Spike demanded then suddenly realized he was too late, "uhm, a-and I prefer live ones!" He looked disgusted.

"If I remember correctly Spike," the demon with many eyes spoke, "you cheated the game!". "You're the one that owes us!"

"Sod off," he paused. "Me? I c-cheated? You're the one with multiple eyes mate!" he said defensively.

"Say it's true Spike. But hiding out from a certain loan shark is also considered cheating, doesn't it?" a bloated scaly demon added.

"Are you threatening me?" Spike snapped.

"We're only suggesting that Mr. Shark would be delighted to find out where you are." The demons smiled wickedly.

"I didn't mean to get into trouble," Dawn said slowly. "I promise never to do it again," she said unconvincingly.

Giles placed a ice pack back to his mouth. He was certain Dawn tried very hard to stay safe but he guessed it was her nature to explore darkness. She became what she was now because of darkness. Giles understood, but he could not comprehend why she would even consider wanting a vampire. Not that he had witnessed it with his Slayer, but he trusted that Dawn would never follow her sister's footsteps. Buffy fell in love with a vampire--true, but it was a one time thing in her past, never to happen again.

"Buffy's in a lot of stress right now Dawn," said Giles quietly. "We should at least be supportive of her and never add to her problems."

Da da da da da-da da da...
Da da da da da-da da da...

"I'm sorry," Dawn closed a small box hidden in her drawers. It contained lipsticks, earrings, and an assortment of jewelries. Her mind went back inside the old man's house she and her friends visited that night.

"Time for the treats! Who wants to help Daddy in the kitchen?" asked Kaltenbach cheerfully. He turned towards Dawn, "How 'bout you, Sally?"

"Sally?" Dawn sensed trouble.

All around the cobbler's bench, The monkey chased the weasel
The monkey thought 'twas all in fun
Pop -- goes the weasel!

When his sweetheart she did laugh, His temper got so lethal
He tore the painting up in half
Pop -- goes the weasel!

I went to the grocery store, I thought a little cheese'll
Be good to catch a mouse on the floor
Pop -- goes the weasel!

But the mouse was very bright, He wasn't a mouse to wheedle
He took the cheese and said "Good night"
Pop -- goes the weasel!

Da da da da da-da da da...
Da da da da da-da da da...

The tune continued to fill the room.

Title: tab·u·lae ra·sae

Synopsis: What happened after Spike walked away from Buffy at the Bronze. A post-"Tabula Rasa" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Wednesday, 15 November, 2001

Lyrics: Goodbye to you by Michelle Branch

Characters: Buffy † Willow † Spike

"I kill your kind," - Buffy
"And I bite yours," - Spike

Buffy,

By the time you read this letter, I will be on a plane back to England. Leaving you at this point is the hardest thing I've ever done, and believe me when I tell you that this is for your own good. I have always believed in you, and I trust that you believe in it too. I only wish that I could be there when you finally discover that life is worth living.

Giles

Buffy folded the letter and slipped it back to her pocket. She was at the Bronze trying to figure things out. Earlier that night, Dawn handed the letter together with the news that Giles had gone. Buffy couldn't believe what was happening. She pleaded with him to stay, but it wasn't enough; he had to leave.

Life wasn't supposed to be this way, Buffy argued with her own thoughts. Life had to move on, it had to make sense, but it wasn't. At least not to her. She was too preoccupied with her own thoughts that she hardly noticed Spike beside her.

*I've been searching
Deep down in my soul
Words that I'm hearing
Are starting to get old*

Buffy narrowed her eyes, sensing the vampire next to her, but she never looked at his direction. Instead, she turned the other way, deliberately avoiding him. The idea of dealing with Spike tonight was her least concern. She couldn't handle another one of his amorous advances. Not tonight, not tomorrow, and most definitely not now.

Spike persisted and waited like a willing slave, but his patience was short and decided to leave without saying anything. He proceeded to the bar and ordered himself a bottle of beer. Spike asked himself why was he doing this to himself. Falling in love with the Slayer was wrong, so how come he was still in her shadow?

It was here at the Bronze that he first laid eyes on her. Buffy was dancing with her friends. It was here when he saw her the second time he went back to Sunnydale. She was with some college kid, and he, with Harmony. It was here when Buffy first approached him and made him think of the possibilities.

Spike grabbed his beer and headed out to the door. He walked under the stairway when he accidentally bumped into Buffy, who was searching for him.

*I still get lost in your eyes
And it seems that
I can't live a day without you
Closing my eyes and
You chase my thoughts away*

Both of them faced each other, not saying a word. It was he, who was there at the lowest point in her life. He was not there to judge but to provide comfort and strength. When everybody else failed her, Spike was the one who saved her. As much as Buffy wanted to deny it, **he** was her constant.

After a few moments, Spike began to speak.

"Don't tell me you're keeping tabs on me now," he said sarcastically.

"Huh?" said Buffy, confused with what he meant.

Spike chuckled, "That was your exact reaction two years ago," he paused trying to recollect the memories, "You called me William, the Bloody...with a chip on his head."

"What are you talking about?"

"Why are you so good of **not** remembering?" he asked, confused. "You told me the reasons why I hated you so much. You said you can have anything, anyone. Even--" Spike closed his eyes and tried to remember. "You said it was wrong. Maybe you're right. Maybe this is wrong..."

*And it hurts to want everything
And nothing at the same time
I want what's yours
And I want what's mine
I want you
But I'm not giving in this time*

She too, was confused. Buffy tried to avoid him but the path always led her back to him, whether they were themselves or whether they were *Randy and Joan*. Her mind told her to stay away, but his presence overpowered her. It was too late when she realized that she was walking steadily towards him.

"Spike..."

He looked deeply into her eyes and she into his. Buffy recognized that her feelings for Spike may not be real, but her attraction was. He kissed her. She kissed back. Theirs was of longing, needing, wanting.

*Goodbye to you
Goodbye to everything
I thought I knew
You were the one I loved
The one thing that
I tried to hold on to*

*And when the stars fall
I will lie awake
You're my shooting star*

She locked herself in the bathroom for several hours now. Willow stared at the wall in front of her, wanting to cry but her own tears betrayed her. *What have I done?* she kept repeating over and over again in her head. She buried her face on her palm let out a whimper. *What have I done?* She convinced herself that maybe Tara will understand and that maybe she will give her yet another chance.

Maybe if she showed her that her magic was only intended to do good, maybe Tara will come back. Slowly she raised her head, tears finally rolled in her cheeks. Willow pursed her lips and uttered something. She was speaking Rumanian. Her words suddenly became louder and louder. Her nostrils flared, her eyes became black as marble.

Title: SMASH

Synopsis: Finally! Spike and Buffy! A post-"Smashed" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Wednesday, 21 November, 2001

Note: **Smash** is the 8th of a series of post-episode fanfictions based on Buffy, the Vampire Slayer season 6 episodes. Who else were shocked with what happened between Spike and Buffy? I know I have. Until now, I can't seem to get that final scene out of my mind... hehehe!

Lyrics: Wonderful by Stone Temple Pilots

Characters: Buffy † Willow † Amy † Spike

"Poor Spikey! Can't be a human, can't be a vampire.
All you can do is follow me around making moon eyes." - Buffy
"I'm in love with you!" - Spike

*If I were to die this morning
Would you tell me things that you wouldn't have?
Would you be my navigator?
Would you take me to a place we could hide?*

Buffy breathe heavily as she rested her back on the cold concrete floor where she and Spike lay. They were both staring at what used to be the ceiling of the abandoned building where they spent the night. Buffy thought she could fight the attraction that led her to do what she did. Fighting the dark side was harder than she thought. The seduction was real and she was afraid that she couldn't get enough of it.

*As I'm falling out
I wonder what I lost
Must be moving on
Know I'll be waiting here alone*

Spike rolled his eyes as he relaxed from yet another sexual encounter with the Slayer. If he were to count how many times in the past 8 hours that he and Buffy were engaged in what seemed to be a marathon, then his hands would not be enough to count them all. Spike still couldn't believe that he and Buffy did it. What happened last night was the last thing he expected, considering he only planned to prove to Buffy, once and for all, that he was not a neutered vampire. That he was still dangerous, an evil, and capable of killing again.

But, Spike knew that he was lying to himself. After last night, he realized that there was no way that he could hurt Buffy, even if she was now--less human. It was too late for him now. He was no longer free. He was, and will be forever be, under her power.

"Oh God..." sighed Spike.

"You can say that again," gushed Buffy.

"It was..." trailed Spike.

"...like a warm champagne."

"Amazing."

They both looked at each other, realizing what they said in unison.

Spike was the first to speak. "More than amazing luv. It was the best," Spike turned to look at her. "You were the best." There was a momentarily silence. He felt that Buffy was once more drifting away from him.

Buffy moved her hand on her neck trying to feel something, but failed. Spike noticed it and asked, "What?"

"Nothing," she immediately removed her hands. Buffy glanced at Spike but never looked at him long enough. She was afraid that he could see what she was thinking. After a few seconds, Spike glanced at her.

"You didn't..." she started to say.

"Bite you?" Spike chuckled. "Would it excite you more if I did?"

Buffy didn't say anything. She presumed that he would, especially now that they both have a revelation about her existence. What could be stopping him now? she asked herself.

You're everything that led me to believe

"Hold on, Hold on"

You're the wonder in everything

That's wonderful

You're the wonder in everything

That's wonderful

Title: WRECK

Synopsis: Buffy fights her attraction towards Spike. A post-"Wrecked" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Wednesday, 21 December, 2001

Lyrics: In My Keeping by Jann Arden

Characters: Buffy † Spike

"You felt something last night ..." - Spike to Buffy

...Tell me I will never die...

...Take away my pain...

...Rock me gently in your arms...

...Say that I'll remain in your keeping...

"It will keep me safe. It will keep me safe," Buffy recited over and over again trying to psyche herself. With knees drawn up her chest, she looked around her bedroom checking for any sign of an intruder. Nothing.

"It will keep me safe..."

Buffy tentatively closed her eyes, still gripping a cross nervously. Her mind traveled back earlier that night when she visited Spike in his crypt, looking for answers about a certain warlock.

"Spike!" she yelled, "I need your help," she continued with a familiar greeting.

Buffy paused. Spike was sleeping. She slowly approached his bed, careful not to disturb him. Spike drew a deep breath and occasionally murmured something, a sure sign that he was dreaming.

...And I know this much is true...

...I have lived inside of you...

...You have always seen me through...

...While I am peacefully sleeping...

...While I am peacefully sleeping...

Buffy moved in closer, unconsciously staring at the half naked vampire; only a thin sheet covered his body. Still, she can see the tense muscles underneath it.

"Ughn..." Spike reflexed, "...can't bite... Buffy," he involuntarily said.

Even in his dreams, Buffy reflected a minute or two, *even if he had the chance*. Buffy extended her hand towards his face and attempted to soothe him. Yet, she found herself unable to do so. *This was a mistake. Going here was a mistake.*

It dawned upon her that no matter what happened, she cannot bring herself to admit that she felt something that night. *Spike was just convenient*, she kept telling herself. *What happened wasn't real. She was just acting on impulse. It didn't mean anything.* Her heart beat faster, afraid that he would wake up and see her trembling.

Buffy began to step back away from him. *There can never be any future for them. None.*

Spike was right. He did get his stones back, more than he'll ever know, Buffy thought. She continued to step backwards until she bumped into a table near the bed, which was filled with candles. One pillar candle fell to the floor. Buffy picked it up, looked at it for a few seconds and threw it at Spike.

"God, do you sleep through anything? I was like yelling, and nothing," Buffy said trying to mask her feelings. Spike came to his senses and leered at her. That same attitude made her to become attracted to him. She knew it was dark, but its darkness made her vulnerable. It made her feel alive. It made her want to live again.

"I love you," Spike glanced at her, "You know it."

"No!" Buffy found herself alone in her bedroom, still gripping a cross. "No..." she continued shaking her head. "I can't... love you..."

...And I know this much is true...

...I have lived inside of you...

...You have always seen me through...

...While I am peacefully sleeping...

...While I am peacefully sleeping...

Title: GONE TOO SOON

Synopsis: Spike makes a decision about his relationship with Buffy. A post-"Gone" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Saturday, 12 January, 2002

Lyrics: No Longer Mine by The Watchmen

Characters: Buffy † Willow † Dawn † Tara † Spike

"My little... Goldilocks..." - Spike to Buffy

Spike entered the Summer's house through back door, in his usual unannounced manner. He was looking for Buffy to have a word with her but found Dawn instead, eating alone in the kitchen. Dawn said Buffy was not around, ditto with Willow. In fact, she was all alone, a trend that she had gotten used to.

"You don't have to do this, you know," Dawn frowned across at the pale creature sitting on the chair. "I can manage by myself. Besides, Tara will be here any minute now." Dawn was holding the TV remote and absent-mindedly changed channels. She doesn't mind Spike hanging out with her, but she knew he was just waiting for her sister.

"I'm doing this because you're my responsibility," Spike answered back.

"No you're not," she assessed. "You're doing this because you want to get inside Buffy's pants."

Spike chuckled. *Yeah right, I already made it inside Buffy's pants*, Spike mused.

"Well, Buffy doesn't care about you. She doesn't care about anything," Dawn said in a detached voice.

"Is that right?" he asked curiously. Spike wanted to know how the little bit thought about him and Buffy. But before he could ask for more, there was a knock on the door. It was Tara.

She was worried that something might have happened to Dawn. A thought that immediately ended once she found out that Spike was there, looking out for Dawn.

Soon afterwards, Buffy and Willow arrived. Willow, who was carrying the invisibility ray that they sequestered from the self-proclaimed nemeses of Buffy, was surprised to find that Tara was there. "Hey," she said.

Tara, in return, smiled at her awkwardly. "I j-just came here to check on Dawn."

"Me, too!" snapped Spike.

All eyes turned to him, including the Slayer's, who was not happy to see him. Spike, on the other hand, looked approvingly at Buffy and her new hair.

"What's with the gun?" asked Dawn.

"Oh! This is the thing that they used on Buffy," proclaimed Willow. "You know, now you see her, now you don't?"

"Who's they?"

"Remember Jonathan? Our high school trigger-happy classmate turned wizard-wannabe?" asked Buffy.

Dawn, Tara, and Spike nodded.

"He's one of them. Then there's Warren, the bot-maker. And Andrew, " Buffy enumerated.

"Who's Andrew?" Dawn and Tara asked in unison.

Buffy chuckled. "Nevermind..."

Spike winked at Buffy. She glared at him. He, then, signalled her to the back porch by jerking his head. Buffy, looking a bit uncomfortable, finally agreed.

"Uhm, Spike, can I talk to you for a sec?" said Buffy, her eyes narrowed.

"I thought you wouldn't ask," replied Spike nastily.

Dawn, Willow, and Tara remained in the living room after Buffy and Spike left. After a few seconds of complete silence, Dawn excused herself and went straight to her room. Willow and Tara was left alone.

"I like Buffy's hair." It was Tara who spoke first, her eyes never looked at her direction. "It's becoming."

"Yeah, I thought so too," Willow agreed.

"She gave me back the c-crystals..."

"S-She did?"

"I heard about what you're doing... about being magic-free..." Tara continued, "I'm proud of you."

Willow smiled nervously at her. Tara gave a glimpsed back, but soon turned away.

Buffy angrily grabbed Spike's arm and dragged him outside the back porch. How many times did she mention to Spike that he shouldn't act that way in front of Dawn, and of her friends? What if they found out about what was going on with them? Then what? Buffy cannot risk it. Not now. Not in the near future. Not ever.

"Your hair. It's..." an enthralled Spike said.

"Adorable?" mocked Buffy.

"I was going to say, *faire l'aimable*."

"Is there anything else?" said Buffy irritably.

Buffy wanted to make it clear that *this* has got to stop. It's different now. Before, she doesn't have the care in the world what happened. But now, Buffy realized that she wanted to live. Now, she wanted a fresh start. No more trysts, no more clandestine affair, especially with a vampire. Besides, she can't still get over the fact that Spike threw her out earlier that day.

"I just wanted to say I'm sorry for throwing you out. But it doesn't mean I love you less," Spike apologized.

"Wrong Spike. You should thought about that before you threw me out," Buffy said coldly. She turned her back, ready to go back inside her house.

"Fine! If that's what it takes."

"W-What do you mean?" said Buffy, only this time, she carefully chose her words.

Spike resented that Buffy felt ashamed of their relationship. He wanted the world to know that he was in love with the Slayer. He wanted Buffy's friends to know that they were no longer enemies, no longer friends, but they were lovers. He wanted more than a being the Slayer's boy toy.

"I want us to be more than a passing thing Buffy," he said sincerely. "I love you, more than anybody I ever loved before. But," said Spike, despite himself.

Buffy fell silent. She slowly turned around to face the vampire, but didn't utter any words. She was confused as to what Spike was telling him. Love... a feeling that she, herself, never dared to even think about in terms of her relationship with Spike. *But why now, why tonight? What was he trying to say?*

"I don't wanna pretend anymore," he continued, his heart sinking horribly, "Not to myself, not to Dawn, not to your friends."

Both of them knew this wasn't real. But sometimes, even if it's not reality, it hurts.

"And as much I want to spend the rest of my life, here, with you," his voice was breaking, "I think it's time to just let me be."

"What are you saying?" she finally spoke.

"I'm saying," he paused, "...you're free."

Buffy looked at him heavily. There it was. Buffy realized that this was the turning point in their relationship. Spike no longer wanted to be *nobody*. He wanted to be a part of her life. Something that, if she caved in this time, would go against the very nature of her being.

Slowly, Spike turned away from her. He closed his eyes. Dreaming. Waiting. Wishing he could remain. Finally, with his head bowed, Spike reluctantly left.

*I sat on the table, saw the coffee stains...
The ghosts sits says nothing...
Nothing could be the same, you say...
Why you bother coming?
What you hoped to find?
And it was hard, and it took time...
So just go on your way and I'll go mine...
I made up my mind, you're no longer mine...
You're no longer mine...*

Title: DEAD BEINGS

Synopsis: Buffy visits a recuperating Spike. A post-"Dead Things" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Saturday, 09 February, 2002

Lyrics: I Love You by Sarah McLachlan

Characters: Buffy † Spike

"He's everything I hate. He's everything that I'm supposed to be against." - Buffy about Spike

Buffy walked across the cemetery path leading to Spike's crypt. It was a damp February afternoon. The northeast winds blew chills around her body that made her quiver. It was the same day that she openly wept in front of Tara, baring her relationship with Spike, admitting what she was feeling, and begging Tara not to forgive her for what Buffy deemed, her wrongful actions as of late.

Buffy paused at the sight of Spike's crypt, justifying her presence amidst this solitary confinement. She was in the same situation a day before--standing outside the vampire's door, telling herself not to go inside; wanting to be with a vampire but at the same time walking away from him.

Buffy remembered the good times they had together in his crypt. Spike not only made her realize the power of the dark side, but he made sure she tasted it. He might be her willing slave, but she cannot deny that she, too, was a slave to *love*. It was something that Buffy tried to fight, but always, willingly failed.

*(I) See you walking down the road
And I realized, I stare for a while
World around us disappears
It's just you and me, on my island of hope
A breathe between us could be miles*

With eyes half-closed, Spike managed to sit up from his bed, after he heard footsteps leading to his underground lair. The crypt was dimly lighted, only a few candles were lit, for he could barely walk himself back to his haven. He could feel that it was the Slayer, although mere sight from his weak eye could tell otherwise. His right eye was completely shut; clotted blood in his temple was visible. His face had the same condition, as last year's when Glory tortured him. It was also for the same reason; he was trying to protect Buffy.

"Spike..." Buffy whispered.

He looked at the direction of her voice. He sensed Buffy's hesitation. "I see that the police didn't made any arrest, yes?"

At first, Buffy hesitated to answer back. "I-uhm," she wasn't sure if her presence there could make up for what she did. Finally, she said, "it was Warren."

"Warren?" the confused vampire asked.

"He has something to do with Katrina's death, t-the dead girl," Buffy replied "she was his ex-lover."

"Heh, the foolish toad has blood in his hands after all," Spike smiled wryly. "What's happens next?"

"Well, Willow and Xander will find something to tie him up with her death. And then..." she continued.

Spike listened patiently. He watched Buffy with pride, finally getting through with another one of those life's test. Coming out as a winner. *That's my girl*, he said to himself, as his smile stretched from ear to ear.

"Thanks," Buffy suddenly blurted out, "for protecting me..."

She knew she should have said it many times before, but she never did. She never saw him as a person who could feel. She knew he will always be evil, and the piece of humanity in him could be something temporary, perhaps a side effects of a chip that could malfunction anytime. However, Buffy realized he was trying to become more human, in his own special way. Spike had proven himself once again this week. How could she deny him of that?

Nervously, Buffy went to where Spike was and seated next to him. She watched him closely in deep concern. *It was happening again*. Her heart beat faster. She fought hard to resist it, but now it was too late.

*Let me surround you, a sea to your shore
Let me be the girl you see
And everytime, I'm close to you
There's too much I can't say
And you just walk away*

Spike smile turned serious. He never saw her like this before, his new love full of guilt. He promised himself to make her happy, dedicated his entire existence to protect her. Save her. Spike never asked to get anything in return, especially not a verbal thank you from the Slayer. Her presence was enough for him.

"Your face," Buffy touched Spike's temple. She looked at the vampire and examined the wounds that she inflicted. *You always hurt the one you loved...* Buffy remembered what Spike said to her at the alley.

"I didn't mean t---"

"Sh..." Spike interrupted her, his palm closed to her lips.

He doesn't want her to say the words. Spike could tell from the way she touched him, that she was sorry for what she had done. It was more than words can say. It wasn't Buffy's fault. He knew what he had gotten himself into. He lived to serve her. It was his duty to save her.

"You don't have to say anything," Spike said as he slipped his hand to cover Buffy's hand in his temple.

"But I shouldn't have," Buffy persisted.

"You have to do what you have to do," Spike reassured her, moving their clasped hands away from his face and placing them down in the space between them.

"Besides, these *sexy wounds* will heal in no time." He tried to wink, but couldn't. Instead he smiled, trying to cheer Buffy up. He succeeded.

A smile started to build around Buffy's lips. It was she who first coined '*sexy wounds*'. Her smile turned into a quiet chuckle.

Spike slowly leaned over for a kiss. Buffy wondered if it was the right thing to do. She wanted a fresh start with Spike. She wanted to sort out her true feelings first before anything else, thus she pulled away.

"I have to go now," Buffy said. She stood from the bed and told Spike she promised Dawn that she would spend more time with her. She added that she would stay at their house everynight and spend more time with her friends.

Spike nodded. His hand still clasped with Buffy's, both never wanting to let go. Buffy began to let go of his hand and walked towards the stairs. His hand outstretched, reaching for her.

And I forgot, to tell you I love you...

And nights too long, I'm cold here without you...

I grieve in my condition...

For I cannot find the words to say I need you so.

"Will I see you again?" he asked, realizing she was not staying.

Buffy stopped before she could reach the stairs and candidly said, "There's uhm, a-a celebration at my house next week."

She was talking about her 21st birthday. Spike knew even if she didn't say it. In fact, he already prepared for a gift. Buffy turned and faced him.

"I'd like you to be there."

She reconsidered.

"I...want you, to be there."

It was happening again. Her heart beat faster. Whatever it was, it was too late to fight it.

Title: FAR AND AWAY

Synopsis: Spike returns to give Buffy a birthday present. A post-"Older and Far Away" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Saturday, 15 February, 2002

Characters: Buffy † Victor † Spike

"Oh, what, you worried about Richard? You don't wanna make your new boyfriend jealous, huh?" - Spike
"Maybe he's not the jealous one." - Buffy

"Sleep tight," she kissed Dawn, "Don't let the bed bugs bite," she whispered. Dawn smiled at her big sister. She was happy that for the first time, Buffy will stay for the night. Maybe now, she can concentrate more on her studies rather than always thinking of ways to attract attention to her. Maybe now, she could stop taking things that doesn't belong to her. Dawn closed her eyes and slowly dozed into dreamland.

Buffy closed Dawn's bedroom door behind her and walked quietly along the hallway. She was about to enter her own bedroom when, *CREAK!* Buffy turned, she thought she heard something. *CREAK!* There it was again. It came from downstairs. It sounded like somebody was forcing her kitchen door to open.

"Bloody hell..." Spike was cursing under his breath. He was trying to open the Summer's backdoor but it seemed stucked for some reason. Holding a flower bouquet on his right hand and a white feline on the other, didn't help either. Here he was back from an earlier birthday party, which lasted for days, still hoping to get these gifts to his girl. Spike didn't bring them earlier because he didn't want to humiliate Buffy in front of her friends. He just thought of bringing a six pack, and Clement, instead.

"Hey!" hissed Buffy, "What are you doing with my door? And w-what are you doing here in the middle of the night?"

Spike stopped and dropped everything, including the kitty inside his pocket. "Well, hullo my sweet birthday girl," he said. "Just wanted to ask you if you are interested seeing me in my birthday suit," Spike insinuated.

"What?" Buffy tried to keep her voice down. She doesn't want to wake up certain people in her house and find Spike's *spike* all over the place. Besides, doing it in her kitchen floor was definitely out of the question.

"I'm only kidding luv," he smiled evilly. "Here, these are for you."

Spike gave her the flowers and a small note. He then reached in his pocket and produced a small tabby.

"His name is Victor. I won him tonight."

Finally, he handed her a small envelope. "You might find it very useful."

Buffy couldn't believe what she was seeing. Gifts from Spike? Flowers, a note, a cat, and a mysterious envelop? she thought. Buffy looked at him questioningly.

"Look, you don't have to do this," she said nervously. "Besides, I-I c-can't accept these."

Spike didn't say a word. He just looked at her intently.

"OK, the flowers, fine. But Victor? I can't take care of a cat? I can't even take care of my sister. And what about this?"

Buffy picked up the note and read-- "*My Sweet...*"

There was a pause. It was a love poem. It was about how Spike felt about her. It was about how wonderful his unlife was ever since the day he fell in love with her and how he couldn't imagine eternity without his beloved. Just being her was a gift in itself.

Buffy looked up at Spike and felt guilty about everything. Guilty pleasure. '*If you are to be guilty, you might as well enjoy the pleasure.*' she said to herself when she entangled herself with Spike. But as they spent more time together, Buffy found herself in the deep end.

She nervously placed the poem on the kitchen counter and quickly opened the envelope beside it. Buffy gasped. It was full of money. Money that she needed.

"I thought you could use it," Spike finally spoke. "I could get more if you want."

"No," Buffy interrupted him. She cannot accept anything from her vampire lover. '*Accepting it makes her a--*', Buffy shook off what she was thinking. Spike was just sex. No attachments, no nothing. She doesn't even want to know where he got the money. "I cant," she said and left it at that.

"Thanks anyway," she said quietly.

Spike nodded. He didn't pursue any longer. He knew that Buffy could be so hardheaded. Instead, he mentioned getting out of her house was a relief, not that he didn't want to stay. He also added that Clement said it was fun and asked if she could give Clement, her co-worker's number.

"Sophie?" Buffy asked.

"Yeah, she and Clement made a connection," Spike chuckled.

"And what about you?" Buffy changed the subject. "What was that all about between you and Halfrek?" she asked with curiosity.

"Halfrek? Why? Are you jealous?" teased Spike.

"Me?" Buffy looked away from him and laughed. "Jealous?"

Spike eyed Buffy curiously, still not getting any straight answer from her. "Well?" he asked and tilted his head indicating that he was interested with what she has to say.

Buffy looked back at him. "Don't be silly," she quipped. She was not exactly lying through her teeth but Buffy wanted to know more about Spike, err--William's past life.

"If you must know," started Spike, sensing what Buffy was thinking. "Halfrek, was a lady in the court during my time. She was--" Spike stopped and frowned, trying to remember about Halfrek.

Buffy waited for him to continue but he never did.

"I can't remember," Spike said. He realized it was not that important anymore. Halfrek was a thing of the past. The person most important to him right now was standing in front of him. Buffy was *the one* for him.

Now, if only he could get Buffy in her birthday suit...

Title: AS I AM

Synopsis: Spike goes drinking at a bar and meets a former 'mate'. A post-"As You Were" episode fanfic.

Rating: PG

Date Written: Thursday, 28 February, 2002

Music/Lyrics: Don't you forget about me performed by Billy Idol.

Characters: Spike † Clement † Halfrek

"I do want you. Being with you makes things simpler. " - Buffy to Spike

"Hey Spike," greeted Clement, "Haven't seen you at the back room lately, what's up?"

Clement climbed onto a chair next to his vampire buddy. It was the same watering hole Spike and Buffy went to a few months back. Spike was slowly finishing a bottle of whiskey, pouring out the remaining quarter in his glass. He figured he wanted to stay sober for his next stop-- The Bronze, then drown himself in more booze, have fun, and maybe bumped into Buffy.

"You mean, how's *The Doctor*," replied Spike, feeling the effect of the whiskey. "Some stupid bastard blew up my basement, now I'm screwed!"

"Including the eggs?" asked Clement. He chuckled when Spike nodded, "Man, you're really screwed!"

"It's not funny," Spike glanced at him irritably.

"Don't worry, your slayer 'friend' will help you out against--" Clement quoted "slayer friend" with his fingers.

Spike stopped him and said apathetically, "Not bleeding likely. No more dally for Spikey."

Clement never understood Spike's relationship with the Slayer therefore he didn't say anything. He tapped the vampire's shoulder and wished him luck.

"How could she?" Spike continued to feel sorry for himself. He stared blankly at the glass of whiskey that was in front of him, searching for his reflection.

Nothing.

It was as if time flew for everybody except him. Spike was now at The Bronze, sitting at the bar, drinking bourbon. People laughing next to him, others playing billiards, and some dancing at a familiar music played in the background.

*Tell me your trouble and doubts,
Given me everything inside and out
Love strange, so really not dark
Think of the tender things that we will be working on
Slow change may pull us apart*

*I'll get us back together at heart
Don't you forget about me...*

Billy Idol. The punk rock, English bloke. Spike chuckled as he reminisced.

*Will you stand above me?
Look my way and never love me
Rain keeps falling, rain keeps falling, down...
Will you recognize me?
Call my name or walk on by
Rain keeps falling, rain keeps falling, down...*

*As you walk on by, will you look my way...
Will you walk on by, will you walk away...
As you walk on by, will you call my name...*

Billy Idol, a.k.a. William Broad.

William...

Everything stood still for Spike. *William...* the name Buffy called him when she severed their relationship.

William...

"William," she repeated herself.

Buried in his own thoughts, Spike failed to notice the person beside him. He looked sideways to see who was calling him.

"It's you."

"Glad you remembered," said Halfrek, relieved that she wouldn't have to introduce herself again. "Wish you could remember more."

"Very unlikely," he rolled his eyes.

Halfrek can sense the trouble that was in Spike. She's a vengeance demon. It was her duty to know so.

"So, is there something you want to tell me? Any frustrations, heartaches, what have you, that needed resolution?"

Spike looked at her amazed. "You are unbelievable. I'm a demon. You're a demon. Yet, you're hoping that I'll say something? You can't trick me."

"Well, is there anything?" she insisted.

'Hell yes, there is something!' Spike thought. *'I want her back; more than anything in this bleeding world! I want her to suffer like I do. Make that thick skull of hers realized that I am the one for her! That bitch!'*

"You have to say it, William."

There was a momentary pause.

"I love her," Spike said quietly, staring solely at his drink.

Spike wanted Buffy back. He wanted her back not because of some curse, or love spell, but because she wanted to. When that time comes, Spike mused, it will be for real. Buffy will love him, *'As I am...'*

Spike covered his eyes, not letting the other see what he was feeling.

But it was too late, Halfrek knew exactly what he wanted. He only had to wish it to happen. But he didn't. Instead he drank his bourbon.

"You are such a *fool for love*, William."

"Okay," Halfrek realized she wasn't getting any vengeance wish from Spike, "Tell me, would you want to be my date at Anyanka's wedding?"

Spike didn't answer her, instead he chuckled. His time here at The Bronze was done. He needed to go back to the crypt and drown himself with more self-pity and more thoughts about Buffy.

Title: HELL'S YELLS

Synopsis: Buffy reflects at her own wedding. A post-"Hell's Bells" episode fanfic.

Rating: PG

Date Written: Thursday, 25 April, 2002

Credits: Partial script from Something Blue.

Characters: Buffy † Willow † Tara † Riley † Spike

"She seems like a ... very nice attempt at making me jealous." - Buffy to Spike

Anya was gone. She was nowhere to be found. The last time they saw her was at her wedding. Those closest to her said she left Sunnydale for good, others said she just went to a place where she can think things over. Halfrek, who was Anyanka's friend, would not dare speak where Anyanka was; she merely shook her head.

Buffy, Willow, and Tara were at the magic shop deciding what to do about the store since Anya left. Willow was talking to Giles on the other end of the phone about what happened. They had a long, serious talk and after a few minutes, Willow handed the phone to Buffy.

"He wants to talk to you," Willow gestured towards Buffy.

Buffy reluctantly answered the phone. She didn't exactly know what to do in this kind of situation since her life was also in a mess.

Willow went back to the table where Tara was. She was glad that everything seemed to be going well to both of them. They somehow outgrew their differences. She was no longer doing any magic, a promise she made to herself and to Tara, who was beginning to trust her again. Willow could only hope that they could rebuild what was once lost.

Willow smiled.

Tara was proud of her former lover. Amidst all the tests and temptations of doing magic again, Willow was able to resist them all. Willow earned her trust once more. Tara considered that probably, someday, she and Willow could get back together.

Tara smiled.

"Giles would be coming back as soon as possible," said Buffy, after hanging up the phone.

"Really?" asked Willow.

"That's great," beamed Tara, "at least Giles know what's the best thing to do with the shop."

Buffy noticed both of her friends were unexpectedly happy. She guessed that Willow and Tara finally come to terms about their feelings for each other. She was glad that at least two of her best friends would have a happy ending after all.

After a minute or two, the three of them went back to a worried state. Buffy can't seemed to get Xander and Anya out of her mind, and surprisingly, Spike too.

"I wonder what happened to Anya?" asked Tara.

"I hate weddings," said Willow glumly.

Tara looked at her confused, "Why?"

"It's supposed to be a happy occasion, right? But there's something that always goes wrong," Willow said absent-mindedly.

"Like what?" asked Tara.

Willow realized that she was talking about a spell that she made for Buffy and Spike. She hesitated for a moment, "Uhm, it was a long time ago, you know, a-about 2 years ago?"

Buffy remembered. It was her own wedding. It was supposed to be the happiest day of her life, being married to the man she loved for the rest of her life. The man, being Spike.

"It's just so sudden. I don't know what to say," said Buffy nervously, almost teary-eyed.

Spike was on his knees, holding her hand. He slowly slipped a ring on her finger. "Just say yes, and make me the happiest man on earth," he said, equally nervous.

Without hesitation, Buffy was on her feet, excitedly and lovingly exclaimed, "Oh, Spike! Of course it's yes!"

It was only a spell. A spell that made her accepts Spike's marriage proposal. He wasn't exactly the man she wanted to marry, but she couldn't help herself. She loved him.

"Me and Spike were betrothed," Buffy finally spoken.

Tara raised her eyebrow.

"It was a spell that I made," said Willow quietly.

"It wasn't her fault," Buffy added immediately. She didn't want any tension to build up again between her two friends. Besides, she was relieved that it was only a spell, then. "It was an accident, really."

"It went well, I mean, the spell was broken a-and Buffy didn't have to go through the wedding," explained Willow, "Thank God."

Buffy, half-smiled, agreed. Tara glanced her way, thinking otherwise.

"I know! It's crazy! I mean, we fought for all these years, and then.. Sometimes you just look at someone, and you know... You know?"

Buffy was trying to break the news to Riley as calmly as possible but she can't help but feel ecstatic. She hoped that what she said made sense to him considering it was absolutely senseless to her.

"No..." said Riley, somewhat disappointed. Buffy was sending him mixed signals. One day, she was interested with him, and now, she's telling him that she's engaged. Riley can't help but notice the sparkle in Buffy's eyes as she continued her explanation.

"I think maybe we fought because we couldn't admit how we really felt about each other," Buffy mused.

"Can we start again?"

"You'll really like him. Well, nobody really likes him...I don't even really like him..." said Buffy, sort of confused herself.

"Buffy"

"But, I love him. I do!"

There it was again, that sparkle in Buffy's eyes. She was no longer a free woman, Riley thought.

"Buffy," called Willow, "Are you okay?"

Buffy was in a momentarily pause, her thoughts was buried on that eventful day. She was engaged to Spike. It was "Her Day". It was "Their Day". How ironic, she mused.

Title: ABNORMAL AGAIN

Synopsis: Buffy reveals her secret to Dawn. A post-"Normal Again" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Thursday, 25 April 2002

Characters: Buffy † Dawn † Spike

**"You're addicted to the misery. It's why you won't tell your pals about us.
Might actually have to be happy if you did..." - Spike to Buffy**

Dawn watched as Buffy drank the antidote that Willow made for her. It was a long night for everybody. Buffy went into deep hallucinations that prompted her to act violently against her friends and against her kid sister. Dawn could only imagine how serious Buffy's emotional dilemma was that she desperately wanted everything to just disappear. Buffy told her hurtful things such as her not being real, that she was put on this universe as a cloak. Dawn wondered if Buffy really meant everything that she said, including sleeping with the vampire she hated.

Buffy finished her antidote and prepared to get some sleep, Dawn still at her side making sure that everything was okay.

"Are you okay?" asked Dawn.

Buffy nodded.

Dawn sensed there was something else bothering her sister. Unconvinced, she asked her again, "Are you sure?"

Buffy couldn't hide from the fact that there was indeed something that she wanted to explain to Dawn. "Dawn," unsure of herself, "I m-may have said something, some things tonight that I probably s-shouldn't have."

"I understand. You're not yourself."

Buffy smiled tentatively. "None of it were real."

"I believe you," Dawn nodded as she prepared to leave.

Buffy stopped her. Tonight's revelation not only made things clearer for Buffy, she wanted to reclaim the lost time with her sister, to build the trust again between them.

Buffy realized she wanted to come clean with what's happening to her lately. She knew that trust was the issue between them from the very beginning-- Dawn's stealing, her late night trysts with Spike. Buffy wanted to start all over again.

"Dawn," she held her sister's hand, and looked at her intently, "I have to tell you something."

Dawn looked very concerned, yet nervous at the same time. Her sister never looked so determined.

"What is it?"

"A-about what I said when I was under the spell..." Buffy paused. "None of it were real, except..."

Dawn remembered every word that Buffy said, especially about one particular thing. "Except what?"

"Me, s-sleeping with a, a vampire that I... hate. That was real..."

One particular thing that Dawn couldn't help to wonder ever since Buffy mentioned it, until now. Dawn simply stared blankly at her, unable to comprehend in disbelief.

"What? Since when?" Dawn started to get upset, "Why?"

"It doesn't matter when, or why. It's all over now," Buffy tried to pacify her sister.

"Buffy, h-he's your mortal enemy, remember?! How could you sleep with him?"

"I know. It was a mistake."

"You didn't answer my question. How could you?"

"I don't know...I--I guess I needed someone. He was there for me," Buffy felt guilty again. "I used him."

There was silence. Buffy was afraid that this would happen. She was never the one who expresses her feelings well. She was always the one who knew how to keep things to herself. Dawn couldn't understand why Buffy did what she did. Buffy was supposed to set examples, not to break the rules. But, she did by sleeping with the enemy. Yes, Spike was there for Buffy and for them through the past year and even before, but it never erased the fact that Spike was once a mortal enemy.

"Does Willow know? Giles?" Dawn asked, still in disbelief.

"Tara," she replied quietly. "I didn't tell you because I was afraid." Buffy bowed her head.

Dawn studied her sister. Dawn couldn't help but be concerned for her sister. She doesn't want to see Buffy suffer again like what happened with Angel.

Angel was the first and only vampire her sister loved. He was good, and yet...

Now, Spike. A vampire, whose much of his unlife, was dedicated on killing slayers. What would become of them?

"Are you in love with him?" asked Dawn.

Buffy lifted her head and searched for an answer to a simple question, but she couldn't find any.

Dawn woke up early in order to come to school ahead of time. It was almost the end of the school year and it was getting pretty busy because of the finals and everything. Xander volunteered to pick her up again but she declined since it was early spring and she wanted to walk to school with her friend next door. Dawn was about to leave the house when Buffy called her from the kitchen.

"Dawn, is that you?" she called.

Dawn hurriedly went to the kitchen and to her surprise, Buffy was preparing breakfast. Fresh orange juice in the glass, pancakes with blueberries on the plate, maple syrup and butter on the side.

"Want some pancakes?" asked Buffy cheerfully.

"You made these?"

"Yep," Buffy placed Dawn's packed lunch on the table. "Starting today, you will see more of the new me," Buffy removed the apron that she was wearing and reveals the Doublemeat Palace uniform underneath it.

"No more missing Buffy, no more late night patrolling..." she continued.

"No more messing around with vampires?" Dawn asked jokingly.

"Right," Buffy smiled.

Dawn slowly pushed the thick door of the crypt. No matter how quietly she entered, it made those creepy, creaking sound. It was dark; a smoky stench can be smelled from underneath. It was as if somebody had burned something.

Dawn walked towards the television. '*Passions*' was on.

"Eiww," Dawn whispered to herself.

"What are you doing here little bit?" Spike sneaked up from behind her.

"Spike!" Dawn was startled.

"I-I was just on my way home, and I was just passing by, and," she reasoned out. This place always gave her the creeps even before she was hiding out in here a year ago.

"Is everything okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," she turned their conversation elsewhere.

"I haven't been here since...Glory," Dawn remembered. "You still watch this show? How's Timmy?"

Spike sensed confusion and fear. "You didn't come all the way here to talk about Timmy, are you? Are you sure everything's all right?"

"Everything's back to normal, except,"

Spike was curious. He approached her slowly.

"Buffy told me everything," Dawn cleared her throat, "About y-you and her."

"She did?" Spike smiled in surprise. This was unexpected, he thought. Buffy was being honest with her family? "She told you about, what?" he asked again just to make sure that they were thinking of the same thing.

"I want you to stay away from her."

Spike chuckled. "I think you got your story all wrong," he said, half-amused. "She was the one coming here to me," he paused and corrected himself, "Well, I mean, not anymore, but--"

"It doesn't matter!" Dawn began to raise her voice. "She's been through enough already. I don't want to see her get hurt again!"

Spike was confused, but at the same time was able to understand how Dawn felt about all these. "I won't hurt her," he guaranteed her.

"You will! she argued. "You are!"

"J-just, leave her alone," she said, now calmly.

Dawn walked towards the door. Before she left, she looked seriously at Spike, "I mean it."

Title: **ENTROPIC**

Synopsis: Buffy confronts Spike about his affair. A post-"Entropy" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Wednesday, 02 May, 2002

Music/Lyrics: That particular time by Alanis Morissette

Characters: Buffy † Xander † Spike

"I can't love you" - Buffy to Spike

Buffy found herself at Xander's apartment; the reason behind her presence was still foggy to her. Perhaps she was there to validate their friendship? Perhaps she wanted to explain herself to her Xander? Whatever it was, Buffy was now ready to face her demons.

"I don't know what's worse," Xander was the first to speak. "Me, not being able to forgive Anya? Or you sleeping with Spike."

Buffy was taken aback with what Xander said. It was the least thing she expected him to say, especially with what had happened. She expected support and understanding. She expected her friends would be able to "deal" with her secret.

"Are you judging me?" said Buffy, questioningly. "You don't even know why I did it? What I've been through."

"I'm your best friend! You could have told me!" That was what bothered him, Buffy not being honest with her friends. He figured that if only she told them about her relationship with Spike, then probably this would've been prevented. Anya could have known. He could easily keep an eye on Spike, o-or drive him out of Sunnydale. He could have done something, anything.

"This isn't about me, Xander."

"The hell it's not!" Xander raised the tone of his voice. "If it hadn't for you, I could've killed Spike a long time ago! Then, t-this would never have happened!"

"You're blaming me?"

Xander was confused. He was so blinded by the fact that the woman he planned to marry slept with an evil, disgusting vampire, and he blamed even Buffy with what had happened. He wanted for Anya and him to get back together. How he wished for her. He wished hard. But nothing could bring her back now.

Finally, Xander was able to control his emotion. It was, after all, his friend, Buffy.

"No..." he said calmly, "I'm blaming me...I'm blaming Anya. I'm blaming Spike."

"You're not the only one hurting, Xander," Buffy tried to explain herself.

"Are you saying you have feelings for this... that f-filthy garbage?" Xander began to raise his voice again.

Buffy just looked at him without saying anything.

"I won't hurt you..." Spike's words were still echoing in Buffy's mind.

She was on patrol that night as she strolled at a familiar path of the cemetery, aimless and distraught. Buffy kept having random thoughts about how Spike religiously declared his love for her, how Spike will always be there for her, how Spike will not hurt her.

"I won't hurt you," she mimicked him. "Well, you're doing a good job at it," said Buffy out loud, unawares of her surroundings.

Buffy wanted to know why he did it. Why did he sleep with her friend? Does he hate her that much? Buffy kept walking towards the east end. She finally reached Spike's crypt and decided to confront him.

"Why Spike?"

"Why?" He chuckled. "You're asking me why?" he repeated himself. He was not particularly in the mood to talk about what had happened between him and Anya.

"Does the words 'moving on' mean anything to you?" he continued.

Buffy didn't want to be reminded of what she said earlier. As much as she didn't want to admit it, she was the one who pushed him away. It was her, who ended whatever that was going on between them. Despite this self-acknowledgment, she defended her actions.

"Yes. It means never looking back, not getting back at your friends, and especially not sleeping with a friend's fiancée!" she said indignantly.

"Friends?" he chuckled. "You never were my friends. None of you were!" Spike looked directly at her, no longer doubting his feelings. "To you, I'm just a-a piece of garbage, some filthy dirt!"

"Well, you definitely made that clear last night," said Buffy defiantly.

Her mind was made up. It was the last time that she was going to visit him again. Buffy headed towards the crypt's entrance, paused for a second or two, then said her piece.

"I can't believe I trusted you."

Buffy walked out, never looking back.

*...my foundation was rocked
...my tried and true way to deal was to vanish
...at that particular time love had challenged me to stay
...at that particular moment I knew not to run away again

...at that particular time love encouraged me to leave
...at that particular moment I knew staying with you meant deserting me
...at that particular month was harder than you'd believe
...but still I left
...at that particular time*

Spike was left all alone in his crypt. It did not turn out the way he planned it. Right before Buffy stepped inside his crypt, he pictured himself falling down on his knees and begging Buffy for forgiveness.

*...I've always wanted for you
...what you've wanted for yourself
...and yet I wanted to save us high water or hell
...and I kept ignoring the ambivalence you felt
...and in the meantime I lost myself
...in the meantime I lost myself
...I'm sorry I lost myself... I am*

He wanted so much to tell Buffy how sorry he was. He wanted to tell Buffy that what happened last night meant nothing to him. Buffy was the one he loved. His only love. But now it was too late.

Buffy's words kept coming back to him... *I can't believe I trusted you...*

"You never did, luv..." he cried softly.

Title: **VILLAIN**

Synopsis: A post-"Villains" episode fanfic. Dawn asks Clem about Spike's plans.

Rating: PG

Date Written: Saturday, May, 2002

Characters: Buffy † Dawn † Clem † Xander † Anya † Spike

**"She feels safe with him. We don't have a choice, Xander.
Right now - he's all we've got." - Buffy**

Xander hanged up the phone and walked slowly towards the table where Buffy and Anya were seated. They were at the Magic Shop.

"That was Tara's dad," he said glumly. "They're be coming by tomorrow."

All eyes were fixed at the center of the table, they were regrouping themselves. Anya looked back at Xander, considering what he just said; a thought brewing in her mind.

Buffy couldn't believe what Willow did to Warren. It was so cruel and inhumane. The Willow she knew was kind, levelheaded, forgiving. She would not harm another human being, much less kill one. What has happened to her best friend?

Willow stared at them, her voice unattached. "One down..."

"What do we do next?" asked Xander.

"I think it's obvious that Willow will go after Jonathan and--" replied Anya.

"...Andrew," added Buffy.

Willow needed to quench her thirst for revenge, Buffy knew that. She also knew how it felt to lose someone you love, but it doesn't give anyone the right to kill for revenge. It doesn't work that way. One must not open their hearts to the dark side, no matter what the reasons were. Buffy feared that Willow would ultimately destroy everybody responsible for Tara's death and whoever comes between her and her quest for vengeance, a thought Buffy wanted to dismiss.

Thoughts raced across Buffy's mind: a bullet running through her chest, experiencing death once again, a vampire forcing himself to her, her mother comforting her, a baby sister crying.

"Dawn," she remembered.

"I love happy endings," a misty-eyed Clem spoke. He and Dawn rented The Wedding Planner video; boy meets girl under an unusual circumstance. Dawn didn't really liked it that much, she felt that it was the same boring stuff told over and over again; she even slept through half of the movie, that's how dull it was.

Dawn wished Buffy would come back for her soon. As much as she enjoyed Clem's company, considering he was a demon, Dawn was worried sick for her sister, and for Willow. She wished everything were okay with them especially with Willow. It must have been devastating for her after losing Tara.

Tara, poor Tara. Why did it have to happen? Tara and Willow just got back together. They deserve to live happily ever after. Why did it have to end? It was so unfair! Dawn couldn't understand why.

If only she could talk to someone about it. If only Spike was there.

"You love happy endings too?" asked Clem after noticing that Dawn was also fighting back her tears. "It gets to you, doesn't it?"

"N-no..." she spoke quietly, "I mean, it's not about the movie. It's something else."

"Oh," said Clem. He doesn't have a clue what Dawn was talking about. He had been in Spike's crypt watching The Knight Rider marathon for the last 24 hours or so and never bothered to go out.

Dawn wasn't particularly comfortable talking about what happened about Tara with a stranger, instead she asked about the missing vampire.

"Where did he go? S-Spike, I mean."

"Honestly? I don't know. He didn't say much, except," he paused.

"Except what?" Dawn asked with curiosity.

Clem didn't want to say exactly the real reason behind Spike's absence to the Slayer's sister. He just wanted to give Dawn a hint or two, and let her figure it out for herself. It was Spike's business after all, not his.

"Well, he mentioned about getting his life back. I mean, n-not becoming human again. I-I mean, becoming what he was, before the---," said Clem trying to clarify what he said.

"Before what?"

Clem did not say anything anymore. He never wanted to mix himself with the nasty business of revealing secrets anyhow. Spike was his friend. He saw how the chip was torturing Spike. Getting rid of it was something that had to happen.

Clem went over the television and changed the channel to MTV and handed Dawn a bag of chips. "I still have 1 bag left!" he reached out the chips to Dawn. "You like The Osbournes?"

Dawn refused to change the subject, "What do you mean, before?"

Clem was stunned. He never thought that the Slayer's sister could be this persistent. He couldn't tell this kid about Spike's quest for the removal of the chip. It would be the end of his TV marathon stint, his poker-winning lifestyle, and it could be his end, too.

"Before?" he chuckled. "Did I say b-before?" Clem avoided Dawn's quizzical stare. "I did! I did say it. What I meant was, before the--the break-up." Clem's face suddenly lighted up. "The break-up, that's what I meant. Spike wanted to get back his life with Buffy before they broke up!" he smiled. "He's just crazy about your sister."

Dawn was concerned about what Clem meant about Spike's plans. She sensed something was not right. Clem was seemingly friendly and trustworthy enough, although those weren't exactly the correct words to describe a demon. Nevertheless, she just weren't sure if what Clem was saying were true.

"I wish he'll come back soon," whispered Dawn, feeling nostalgic about the vampire.

Clem sighed. Spike will come back soon, and when he does, everything will be different, he mused. He looked sideways at Dawn and felt sorry for her.

If only the kid knew.

Title: CRAVE

Synopsis: Buffy found a new appreciation of life, while Spike woke up as a different man. A post-"Grave" episode fanfic.

Rating: G

Date Written: Saturday, May, 2002

Credits: Partial script from BtVS S4 'Fool For Love'

Characters: Buffy † Drusilla † Dawn † Spike

Note: **Crave** is the 22th and the wrap-up of a series of post-episode fanfictions based on Buffy, the Vampire Slayer season 6 episodes. The season finale has left me speechless! What an amazing season this has been. I can't wait for season 7!

Summary: Crave is composed of 3 parts beginning with **The Bloody, and The Slayer**. It will continue (time permitting) to cover The Key, The Watcher, The Witch, The Loyal, and The Demon.

Although the gang suffered from a loss of a dear friend, Buffy's new appreciation of life led her to a blissful relationship with her sister Dawn. Buffy openly shared her experiences as a Slayer to her younger sister. She taught Dawn the value of family and friends, and instilled in her the importance of keeping relationships together.

It was a summer of rebuilding. Giles stayed in Sunnydale to rebuild the magic shop. Willow committed herself to getting rid of her dark powers. Anya contemplates about giving her relationship with Xander, a second chance.

And, well, Spike woke up as a different man.

"...Give me what I want. Make me what I was... so Buffy can get what she deserves." - Spike

THE BLOODY

LONDON, 1880

It was a foggy evening when William finally decided to join his colleagues for a night of dinner and merry-making. Although quite hesitant and apprehensive, William was nevertheless getting ready to go to the ball. His mother, who was particular about her son's social standing, also urged him to go and encouraged him to spend time with his friends instead of burying himself with his poetry.

William was standing in front of a mirror fixing his bow tie when he started composing a piece. "My h-heart..." William muttered in a low voice, he paused and searched for the next word.

"My h-heart... uhm...e--expands," he said excitedly upon getting the word that he was looking for. After a momentarily paused, he sighed and said to himself, *'Oh dear, I am not going to finish this poem in time. What will I do?'*

William understood that he was not exactly blessed with words of a true poet, however, poetry was his passion. It was the one thing that he valued the most, other than his mother. He promised himself that he would be a good poet and be able to make a name for himself. But under the circumstances, his future as a poet looked bleak.

And then came Cicely, the object of his affection, which made his dreams even more challenging. From the moment he saw her, William was unable to express himself without groping for words. Cicely was the one who opened his eyes to matters of the heart. His new found affection was supposed to inspire him, however, Cicely's presence made him feel less secure of himself, brought about by the differences in their social status.

She was a lady in the court, a daughter of a wealthy merchant, while he was just a student in literature, who paid his way to school by handling stables and occasionally assisting in the local press. It was there where he met Cicely.

"My h-heart expands," he repeated again from the beginning, "'tis g-grown a-a..."

William finally gave up, he could not think of the right words for his love poem. Instead, he quickly pulled out a piece of notepad from his desk and briskly wrote down the words.

"Will, dear," it was his mother calling from downstairs.

William in his tweed suit, his tie still undone, descended from the stairs, his mother waiting for him excitedly.

"William, you looked so handsome," said his mother. She realized that his son was becoming to look a lot like her late husband.

William smiled shyly, embarrassed of the way he looked in his tweed suit and his soft coif falling across his face. Here he was, a pathetic 26-year old English lad still living with his mother, and was no better than a long lost lamb.

'Sweet mum,' he said to himself, *'if you only knew how people are treating me.'* William did not want her mother to worry about him. She had been through enough already ever since his father died. His mother suffered gravely at their loss, which left her bed-ridden most of the time, and with frequent memory lapses. William made a promise to himself to take care of his mother and never to leave her alone.

"I don't see why I have to go to the ball," he said reluctantly.

"It's good for you William. Once in a while you need to mingle with your friends, not just locked up in your room and write your--". She was going to say his poetry, but stopped abruptly. She doesn't want to hurt her young Will. Instead she focused on the unmade tie he was wearing. "Here, let me help you with that."

"So, tell me dear, have you finally told Elizabeth about how you feel? She's a lovely girl, that Elizabeth...and she belongs to a very prominent family too," his mom beamed at the thought of his son finding a love to call his own.

"N-Not yet, mum. But I will, tonight," he said awkwardly.

"Have you prepared for what you are going to say to her?" she asked, finishing his bow.

"Indeed, I have," said William, coping his pocket for the piece of love note he scribbled earlier.

"Any girl would be lucky to have you, luv," she smiled as she noticed Will's grim nod. "What's the matter William?"

"Nothing, mum," said William sadly for he knew Cicely would only laugh at him. '*William, the Bloody*', that was what they called him. Nevertheless, he must at least give his feelings a chance.

"She is indeed a sweet lady, mum," he began, "But she doesn't even noticed me."

His mother saw how hurt William was, but could not do anything but to encourage him. She remembered when William was a young boy, the only thing that cheered him up when he was sad, was a cup of warm cocoa topped with marshmallows. How he craved for such delights. However, things have changed. William is no longer a boy, but a man with a good heart.

"She will my son. She will," she said. "Elizabeth will realize how good a soul you truly are. Just remember to trust your heart."

William nodded. He never felt more confident than ever.

His mother kissed him goodnight and reminded him to go home early. "You don't want to encounter any unscrupulous pickpockets on the streets at night," she warned him.

"I will, mum," he said and bade her goodbye. "And mum, her name is not Elizabeth," he paused.

"It's Cicely."

AFRICA, PRESENT DAY

Dawn broke in the horizon. Spike felt a sting. A tiny ray of sunlight peaked from a makeshift tent and started to burn his cheeks.

Spike woke up. Frightened. Aching. Disoriented.

"Mum?"

Everything was bright and harsh. Spike examined his surroundings and found out that he was lying in a vast open space. He must have been unconscious for a day or so. He slowly got up and peered outside, the sun has started to come up. Remnants of a nomad tribe were still visible from the day before.

Spike held his chest, pain evident from the previous night.

"This is not happening..." both his hands grabbed his head, "Ahhh! Seering... pain...!"

Years and years of memories came rushing forward, "The d-demon... he gave," he cried once again, "Ahhhhh! My s-soul..."

"Do you want it?" asked a serene yet insightful vampire.

Spike had never wanted anything more. "Oh, yes!" he exclaimed as he touches her chest. "God, yes."

Drusilla looked down at an inviting neck, her face changed and her fangs descended quickly. Spike trembled a little when he felt the sharp teeth burrowing his neck. "Ou-ouch!" he yelped in pain, "Ou-oh-ohhh..." His cries of pain was quickly replaced with moans of pleasure as Drusilla ended his human existence.

Although unable to comprehend, Spike knew that he must leave this place quickly and head back home. There was no time to lose, soon the sun would be up and the tent that was giving him protection would no longer be useful. He grabbed the only item of clothing that he could find, his black shirt.

He stopped momentarily and reflected, for his heart was heavy and his soul was in torment. For the first time in over a century, Spike felt blood in his hands. Blood of every men, women, and children that he had killed. All of them cried out for mercy.

"Oh God, what have I done?"

THE SLAYER

SUNNYDALE

Two vampires approached Buffy simultaneous with a couple more at her back. Buffy readied herself to attack. Not far from where she was, Dawn was preparing to assist her sister.

"Well, lookey here," said the leader of the gang, "The Slayer brought her sister to die!"

The vampires laughed with anticipation of killing the Slayer and her family. Buffy and Dawn looked at each other, and without further notice, they faced their enemies and started to fight. "Dawn, stay close," Buffy warned her sister.

Buffy kicked the first vampire from her back and sent it flying. Another one rushed to her and threw in a punch but missed. Dawn held on to the sword that her sister gave her for protection. Buffy had trained her how to use it properly since Dawn showed her prowess a couple of weeks ago.

Buffy grabbed the two vampires closed to him and slammed their heads together. Dawn then pulled out her sword and decapitated both of them in a single swift.

One last vampire confronted them. He was the biggest of them all. He grabbed Buffy on her throat and threw her against the cemetery wall. Dawn tried to swing her sword against the vampire but was pushed right where Buffy fell.

"Are you okay?" she asked, obviously concerned. Buffy got up and grabbed her stake. She delivered a massive kick in the stomach to the big bad and grabbed its head and slammed it against the wall leaving it no chance to block the incoming stake through the heart.

Buffy helped Dawn to get up after the last dust fell to the ground.

"That was amazing!" said Dawn. "You and I are unbeatable."

"More like never again would I let you--", said Buffy worried. "I shouldn't have let you come with me."

"But Buffy..!" Dawn protested.

"I k-know, I said that I will no longer held you back. Still, I can't help but worry about your safety, that's all," Buffy said with reservations.

Dawn, however, remained positive with the whole situation. She knew everything was going so fast and Buffy was only protecting her. She reckoned that Buffy would someday be 100% supportive of this whole Buffy-showing-the-wonderful-things-in-life thing.

Dawn, who was trying to keep the spirits up, noticed that they were in the familiar part of the cemetery. "Hey, isn't that Spike's crypt?"

Buffy, too, realized that they were in fact a few meters away from his crypt. "Uhm, so it is," she said quietly.

"I wonder if he's back?" said Dawn as she straddle towards the abode.

Much to her surprise, Buffy followed her kid sister. She had to admit that she missed her ex-vampire lover. She missed his regular visitations at her back porch, his seemingly annoying obsession, and even his persistent advances. She smiled inwardly at the thought. There were a lot of things that she wanted to tell him. She wanted to let him know how she had changed for the better and how she appreciated life as never before. Things were going great for them, well, at least civil enough for two former enemies. Spike showed that he cared enough for her, and then there was Dawn trusting him.

But Spike had to turn back to his old selfish, evil ways. Buffy shook her head. She still does not understand what happened. She guessed a vampire without a soul can never change for good. It was wrong for her to think otherwise.

If only Spike could be more human.

If only he could have his soul back.

It could have been better for them.

If only.
