

ANONYM
A Buffy Fanfiction by AmandaK

Spike tried to pay attention to the voice that prattled in a monotone about how unfair it was that life wasn't fair, before it droned on about the difficulties of unlife.

Bollocks! Nobody ever said life was fair. And unlife wasn't that hard, once you got the hang of it. Death, glory and sod all else, right?

The voice reminded him of that bint, Harmony. What the hell was he doing here?

He closed his eyes, shutting out the bright glare of the fluorescent lights, which buzzed overhead. Occasionally, a fly came too close to the glass tubes and sizzled to its death in a quick hiss. Around him, people and vampires alike, shuffled their feet on the vinyl floor or shifted in their seats.

The chairs were hard and uncomfortable. He desperately needed a shot of nicotine, but, it being a public building, smoking was prohibited. He longed for the days of yore when cigarettes didn't "kill ya", and when rooms like this were so thickly filled with nicotined mist that you could cut it with a knife.

Of course, rooms like this didn't exist back then.

Unconsciously, his hand snuck into the pocket of his duster and closed around the crumpled package of Marlboros hidden there. Waiting for him to take it out, shake up a fag and light it. He wondered what the gits in charge would do if he simply went ahead and lit up? Kick him out? He'd like to see them try. But he knew he wouldn't.

For long minutes he contemplated the less violent alternative of simply getting up and leaving. This room, these people. He didn't belong here.

A sideways glance at the blond girl on the next chair made him decide to stick it out despite his misgivings. Inwardly, he groaned at his decision. Talk about being whipped.

He had withstood painful torture at the hand of a hell goddess. Been beaten to a pulp, stabbed, thrown of a tower. He'd even been staked with a plastic stake once, for fuck's sake. And worse, much worse than that, he had grown soft. Turning his back on his own kind, spending his nights patrolling with the watcher or babysitting a teenaged girl. All out of love for the bloody slayer.

And was it enough?

Noooooh, of course it wasn't! Miss Holier-Than-Thou-Chosen-One couldn't get past the fact that he didn't possess a soul.

So, he'd gone and gotten himself one. Not much difference between him and Soulboy now, was there?

It still wasn't enough. Would she ever let herself forget that he was a vampire, an evil bloodsucker, whether he was souled and in love or not?

Admittedly, he didn't make it easy on her. He reminded her of his violent nature every chance he got, getting a secret kick out of raising her hackles. Being caught stealing bags of O-neg and A-positive for breakfast from the hospital's bloodbank hadn't scored him any points either.

She'd threatened to de-invite him if he didn't "take care of his problem".

Thus, he found himself here, beneath the buzzing fluorescents, in a room full of pitiful wankers like himself.

The voice had finally stopped its ceaseless babble and the room grew silent. It was a heavy silence, filled with a mixture of doom and anticipation. Spike shrank further into a slouch in an attempt to avoid the eyes searching the room for the next speaker. Look elsewhere, you sods!

As if she could hear his thoughts, Buffy's hand found his and pulled it from the duster. Her warm fingers tangled with his cold ones and she offered him a silent smile. That smile was enough to swell his undead heart with love and make up his mind. For Buffy, he would go to hell and back. He could do this.

He gulped unnecessarily and she gave him a nod of encouragement. A proud grin lit up her face when he pushed himself to his feet and cleared his throat. Heads swiveled in his direction and Spike, a.k.a. William the Bloody, slayer of slayers, found himself faint with dread. He almost wished he were back in Glory's claws. Nothing that bitch had done to him could be more painful than this.

Buffy again squeezed his fingers, and without thinking further he took a deep, unneeded breath and opened his mouth.

"My name is Sp--I mean William, and I'm a bloodaholic."

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