

SUCH PRETTY COLOR
A Buffy Fanfiction by AmandaK

"All right, pet, that's it. Right there. Yes... yes! That's my girl!"

A pleased grunt was his only reply.

"Drink, baby," Spike urged. "Take a deep, long draft!"

And she did. The soft suckling noises that her lips made were music to his ears.

Spike pressed against the invisible barrier, fists clenching and unclenching, yellow eyes gleaming feverishly and a goofy grin around his mouth. His fangs were itching to join in; he could almost taste the fear-sweetened blood on his tongue but the invitation to enter had not included him. He was forced to watch while his beautiful girl had all the fun.

She hitched up the limp form of the young man and renewed her assault on his jugular. Spike cheered her on. "Good girl. Teach the sod about bloody one-night-stands."

The barrier disappeared without warning when the life force deserted the inhabitant of the dorm room. Spike tumbled forward, catching himself just in time. With a growl he joined his mate, sucking the final drops of blood from the dead boy.

Bloody wanker. Got what he deserved. Boy didn't know a good thing when he bleedin' had it in his hands. Well, perhaps he finally recognized it when she bit down on him. Of course, Spike mused while he straightened and wiped a hand across his lips, it was too late. She belonged to him. Forever and ever.

"Had fun, pet?" he asked.

She turned around to face him. God, if he had thought she was beautiful before -- she was even more gorgeous now. Yellow eyes, bright with barely concealed lust. Sharp, white fangs, her lips smeared pink with the boy's blood. Spike leaned forward to kiss those lips and licked the corpuscles from her tongue.

"Oh yeah," she replied as she pulled away, gasping a breath she no longer needed. "Lots. Lots of fun. Definitely. Much more fun than I imagined."

Spike grinned. "Wanna do the Slayer's mates next?"

She contemplated this for a moment, then shook her head. "Nah. I want to get out of Sunnydale. Hate this town." She wrapped her slim fingers around his wrist and caught his gaze with an imploring look. "Spike? You'll take me places, right? You won't leave me? Ever?"

Spike swelled with a sudden burst of affection and he ran his fingers along her brow ridges. "Never, kitten. I'm yours. Have been ever since I first laid eyes on you."

"Really?" She wrapped herself sinuously around his body and it was all he could do to keep in control. A dead wimp's dorm room was neither the time nor the place. Although there would be a certain poetic justice in taking her on the boy's bed with his dead shell as their only witness.

Noises in the hallway -someone walking by, muted voices- decided Spike. Shagging her, as much fun as it would be, was going to have to wait.

He disentangled himself from her limbs, gently, and admired the disappointed pout that appeared on her lips. Oh, those lips... He could lose himself in those lips, so full and--

He shook his head to clear it. "So, where's you want t' go, luv?"

"Los Angeles first!" she cried. "Visit Angel, and my dad. Show 'em about leaving me. Then, New York. London, France, Rome..."

"Looks like you got it all planned out, eh? Well, then, we should get a bleedin' move on!"

He laughed at her eagerness when she ran ahead out of the room without a further glance at her maiden kill. Spike followed her quickly, admiring her lithe form as she bounded down the stairs ahead of him. Coming back to Sunnydale when his black rose dumped him had definitely been the best idea he'd had in decades. She couldn't be more different from Drusilla. Where Dru was all Cimmerian, she was dazzling and effulgent and radiant. Blonde, petite, fearless, and full of life. Okay, unlife, Spike amended.

Absently he twirled the red-gemmed ring around on his finger while his mind replayed the events of the previous afternoon.

The slayer at his feet. "Birds singing, squirrels making lots of rotten little squirrels." The sunlight on his face. "It's very exciting, I can't wait to see if I freckle."

And then they fought, dancing together in an intricate swirl of movement, fists, and fangs, and feet. Until that one good moment came. That one instant where her guard was down and he managed to get the upper hand. He was holding her tight against his chest,

his fangs at her throat, about to write history with her blood when it suddenly struck him. He didn't want to kill her. He wanted to make her his. And there was only one way he knew how. Without a second thought, his teeth sank into her flesh, opening the vein that ran so close to the surface.

It was over in minutes. Spike had carved a third notch onto his yardstick, done something that no vampire had done before. He took his third slayer. And he would never be alone again.

Her voice interrupted his memories. "C'mon Spike!" she yelled, hopping up and down on the balls of her feet beside the black DeSoto.

He gallantly opened the door for her, eliciting a giggle, before he jumped across the hood and slid behind the wheel. "Let's go, baby," he growled. "We got some towns t' paint red."

"Oh, yes," Buffy sighed. She licked her lips in anticipation. "Red...Such pretty color."

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