

Well Met by Moonlight 1

Summary Spike muses on an earlier romantic encounter with one of Willow's ancestors.

The square was quiet; the night threw out its dark chest and screeched like a night owl on the wing. Spike shrugged lower into his duster and shuddered as an uncompromising wind howled round his ears. It was an ill begotten night for southern California! He glanced up at the scudding clouds and cursed the moonless sky. It was too brightly lit by shops and street lamps for proper hunting here.

He remembered a time when gaslight threw its warm glow over cobbled fog-wet streets and he could stalk his prey as silently as he wished.

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As usual the vampires split up after the opera, his sire and Angel chose to roll off towards their rented rooms, whilst Spike preferred to walk down well-remembered paths to his former home.

The house was crumbling but the door held against his efforts to open it. He heard from within the homely scuffling's of the new occupants. He glanced through the window and saw a Rabbi and his red-headed daughter sharing their repast.

He remained at the window watching in the rain until the oil lamps were extinguished and bedtime candles lit. The domestic bliss haunted him reminding him of his own past now blurred in blood and violence. At last, the urgent press of his own hunger forced him away to the hunt.

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The next night the Rabbi was taken ill and his daughter went for the physician. She hurried on silent feet across the cobbled streets, Spike followed and noted her head was covered against the night air but her arms were pale and bare.

His involuntary gasp at her perfect skin caused his fangs to lengthen and she stopped to cast a glance over her shoulder. Nothing but deep shadows and the mist pillowed street met her gaze.

She hurried on and Spike deftly scrambled up a wall and ran silently along the top to overtake her. He dropped quietly then leant nonchalantly against a doorway as she approached the intersecting pathways.

The young woman jumped at his sudden appearance and her hand shot to the silver stiletto that hung from her waist.

"Evening." Spike's eyes slid over her lithe form; even in drab worsted, this young woman was delectable. He breathed in her scent and savoured each thunderous heartbeat and rapid breath, would she take flight or fight?

"One side, if you please Sir and let me pass..." Her voice was strong as though she were used to defending her honour on the lonely midnight streets.

"I don't think so my luscious Jewess," Spike trailed a pale finger over the hand that held the knife so tightly. "I've a yen for the blood of God's chosen."

With an angry cry, the woman plunged the knife into his abdomen and fled with Spike close on her heels.

Her flight was blind in headlong haste, she hitched up her dress and sped as a frightened deer ducking into unknown alleys and deserted garrets in the hope of shaking off her attacker. Her shawl fell from her shoulders as she raced.

Finally, she took a path that ended in a boat landing her exit was cut off by the oily blackness of the Thames. Her hair whipped around as she frantically turned her head searching for a boat or a way down the bank.

Her body chilled as she heard the heavy footfalls of her pursuer on the quay, tears sprung to her eyes and she knew there was no other way; she looked at the dark water beneath the boards and prayed.

Spike saw her body tense at his approach and smiled; he could almost taste her hot blood, spiced with fear and despair. He quickened his pace when she paced backwards making ready to leap into the water and deny him his prize.

He caught her in mid-flight and held her to his chest, her quivering heart and pallid skin reminded him of his mother in death; how it had felt to end her suffering. He cradled the girl in his arms and walked to a warehouse nearby where he laid her down on some cotton bales.

He pulled the knife from his side and held the blade above her lips and as the ruby blood dripped from the tip, his deep hypnotic voice bade her drink.

She licked the blade clean and moaned as he lay beside her stroking her flame red hair. Spike's demon demanded his meat and he bit her shoulder just beyond the cover of her dress.

Her blood tasted like the finest wine, ruby red, hot, strong and sweet. Spike's eyes turned golden and closed on the images of future encounters with this woman. No need to drain her now, he could wait for the next few generations.

He closed the wound and left his beautiful Red in the cotton warehouse as the dawn approached.

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Spike took the last drag of his cigarette and exhaled the blue hazy smoke. There she was; Willow the Slayer's friend and his prey for the evening. He cocked his head to one side and smiled. Willow lifted her hand to her shoulder as if someone had touched her there. The time between them had not lessened the bond of blood.

He matched her pace and soon was level with her shoulder. He jostled her and she dropped the books and spell ingredients she was taking to Giles.

"Oh, Spike! It's you!" She smiled easily in his presence even blushing a little as he

stooped to retrieve her books, he took his time because he wanted to take in her short skirt and delicious thighs.

"Yes, it's only me, Red. Not exactly the Big Bad anymore, am I? " He pouted and then smiled as she impulsively threw her arms round him in comfort.

"No, you're the Big Cuddly, c'mon Spike. Let's get to Giles' I'm sure he'll have hot chocolate. Isn't it a wicked night? " Willow continued to babble all the way to the Watcher's house. Spike grinned and sauntered alongside her. Each time they passed under a lamp it illuminated the fresh wound in his head where an unfortunate demon had spiked him before he killed it.

Spikes' chip no longer functioned.

End.