

Salty

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Salty

by [henriettaholden](#)

Summary

A mysterious older Slayer and Buffy ache to find Buffy's lost love. This is a post-NFA and Chosen fic set in the Buffy Season 8 Long Way From Home and The Chain Issues (#1 - #5) as well as Angel: ATF #1 comics.

Notes

Please be warned, there is problematic talk when the characters are discussing the sex change, particularly in Chapter 6. Gender and sex is confused by the characters. Characters question sexuality in throw-away lines.

I wrote this at the time I was learning about Queer Theory at university but well before I understood what cisgender and transgender meant. I was writing this at a time when I was discovering my sexuality and my comfort levels in my prescribed gender. I wanted to explore gender and gender roles, but I don't believe I was mature or informed enough at the time to understand my language choices. I want to be upfront about how, skimming over the story, I can see issues in how the characters talk to each other. Please forgive me the mistakes of my past and let me know if I need to add any further warnings.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Chapter One

Buffy trudged up the cold dark stairwell in her castle perched above the Scottish moors. Her haunted face was knitted in frustration, just having gone another bout with her giant sister. Literal giant fe-fi-fo-fum sister.

Buffy pondered how it happened, how they always reverted back to children with their petty arguing. Although, nothing was petty with Dawn being as big as she was. It seemed like just yesterday when Buffy was in the cold arms of her now dead...er demon ex-lover ally. She really needed to find an adjective that would sum him up distinctly. But anomaly Spike was gone, she couldn't ever spar, snark and snerk, seek solace or have sex with Spike ever again.

Buffy heard a large thump and a loud 'Damnit!' as she reached the highest turret.

'How does that happen? How do we turn into twelve-year-olds all of a sudden every time we talk? Face it, we haven't really gotten along since...since we changed the world.'

Buffy looked out over the beautiful moors, a soulful longing tinged her eyes, the age of experience flooding from her thoughts into her faraway glances.

'I miss my home. I miss my mom I miss the gang. And Churros. And sex. Great Muppetty Odin I miss that sex.' Buffy grasped the old stone wall, watching the car that held the latest recruit amble through the Scottish country towards the castle. 'Suck it up, Summers. You're a big girl now.'

Giles had given Vi strict instructions to get the latest Slayer up to Buffy in all haste. Vi was happy to comply, this girl was weird. The tiny European car had arrived outside of Heathrow Airport to meet the oldest slayer alive. The woman was lean, blonde and

gorgeous. Vi knew Buffy would instantly see her as competition despite Giles' insistence that Buffy had to take on the newest Slayer.

"You okay Sally?" She asked timidly.

"Yeah. How long till we're at this place?"

"It's just on top of that hill."

Sally didn't know who she was. Six months ago she found herself lying in the war torn streets of LA with no memory of who she was or how she got there. A dragon had flown over the top of her head and she squealed.

Her voluptuous curves of delicious hips and upstanding c-cup breasts aching to begin child rearing covered her incredibly sharpened muscles. As a monster of indescribable horror swept along the rubble to devour her angelic golden curls, unknown speed, agility, strength and an innate feeling of rightness coursed through her body. She picked up the tire iron that had been left in the debris of a smashed up car and skewered the demon through its heart.

And then a man with poofy hair, who she immediately felt a feeling of dislike towards, dropped from the dragon to come to her rescue.

"What's your name? What are you doing out?"

"I...ahh, I don't know. Where am I? Wait, who am I?" Sally frowned at her strange voice.

"Good questions, let's get you to safety." He whistled and a dragon-talon marked Porche landed next to them. When Sally ripped off the door upon searching for the handle, the man with funny gelled hair decided to re-evaluate the seemingly innocent human. With a little help from a ghostly ex-watcher, she was declared a slayer and called herself Sally.

Sally had been flow out from San Fran the next day.

Buffy sighed. Again. She kept doing that.

Buffy couldn't believe Giles had roped her with an inexperienced Slayer when she was already looking after three squads to five squads at any one time. At least one hundred and fifty slayers running beneath her feet...and Dawn's. This 80s-reject-first-name-only-amnesic Slayer hadn't had one iota of training and Buffy had to deal with her. Giles had a whole freaking Academy to train the Slayers but no, Buffy had to have this one anomaly Slayers.

She had thought over the last few days what was so special about this one girl. This one, blonde, perky, funny, strong as a demonic ox, memory-less girl. Buffy couldn't come up with anything.

Mumbling all the way down to the welcoming courtyard, Buffy was only shaken from her reverie when she crashed into the suitcases of an unknown blonde.

"Hi, I'm Sally, could you show me up to Buffy Summers?" She wringed her hands nervously in their woollen gloves, an anxiety attack a breath away.

"*I'm* Buffy, and you'd better watch where you're leaving your stuff." She snapped. "Follow me."

Buffy almost didn't catch Sally's mumble, "I thought you'd be taller."

Sally wanted to glare at the cute little tank top, tight leather pants and army boots her commander sported but instead turned an admiring eye on the younger woman.

“How old are you?” Buffy asked, seemingly reading Sally’s mind.

“Truthfully, I don’t know anything but what I’ve been told since being found by that pointy haired man.”

As Buffy climbed the stairs, she hid a look of sympathy to her greenie slayer.

“I’m sorry for being harsh. I’m under a lot of pressure. I didn’t mean to take it out on you. It’s just...you aren’t alone here, okay? While some girls don’t have amnesia, we’ve all got pasts.”

Sally stayed silent as Buffy led her to her room and instructed her to put her name on the cleaning rosters. Her tour ended with Dawn introductions.

“Wow, you’re the oldest yet!”

“Dawn!”

“Well, I feel older than I look. And you’re the biggest girl I’ve ever seen.” Sally said timorously.

Sally still didn’t know how or what to feel. She was informed she as a Slayer and the whole demonic timeline, sent out of the country, met a giant and became intensely attracted and connected to a short blonde woman. A woman! The woman who was legend and her Commander in Chief, now that Sally was in an army. Sally was lost beyond repair and desperately wished she felt herself, even though she didn’t know what that felt like. All Sally knew was that in this point of time, she was wrong. Her body was at wrong with the world.

And somehow, she intrinsically knew that the short blonde woman whose ass switched to and fro in front of her was the answer.

Chapter 2

Chapter Two

“Come on, push it Sally. Let it go. Let it out. You’re like a freaking mouse. Hit her.”

Sally flinched as Rowena’s kick came towards her head. She ducked and cowered, quickly backing away from the blonde tomboy slayer.

“Jesus, how are you ever going to get any better? You’re never going to get out on the field if you can’t fight.” Buffy dusted the crumbs of her sandwich off her hands and sent her most scathing look towards the older blonde bombshell.

“I can fight! I just don’t want to hurt her.” Sally whispered to her feet.

The castle practice courts were hemmed with freshly mown grass, the damp grainy sand of the arena flicked up as the Slayers’ feet slapped down. The Scottish moor was heavy with fog, each sucking in of air an effort and a half. Somewhere, a Golden Eagle sounded as the sweaty sheens of the Slayers’ skin slapped together.

“She’s stronger than you! She’s been training for longer.” Buffy menacingly stalked towards Sally, ire in every step.

Buffy couldn’t see the desire or the fear of rejection or the abject terror that covered Sally’s eyes in a glazy film.

“You are delusional if you think that your age will grant you respect when you are out there, killing monsters. It’s not just instinct. If you don’t learn technique, you’re going to die. Just like--”

Buffy’s face almost touched Sally’s, her body taut and ready to slap her hands together at Sally’s nose, reminiscent of a night long past with a defanged vampire. But before Buffy

could say 'Lesson, the first', Xander walked into the castle training courts.

"Haggis is up!" From the looks of disgust on the three women's faces, Xander lifted his hands in the air and back up. "Just kidding. Buffy, a message from G-man just came in."

"Start again, from the left kick drills."

Buffy walked up the cold draughty stairwells to the private workroom she shared with Xander. The phone blinked and Buffy sighed. She just knew she didn't want to take this phone call.

"Hi Giles. What's the what?" Absently twirling the stake she'd taken from out of her pocket, Buffy sat down on her squeaking chair and leaned back to place her grubby boots on the smooth wooden desk.

"Sally, how is she coming along?"

"Why, is there some mystical prophecy pertaining to the training of an annoying slayer?" The stake flipped up into the air and a deft small hand caught it.

At the bottom end of the UK, Giles removed his glasses, polishing furiously.

"How is she annoying, Buffy?"

"She's with the blonderness and the shyness and the sexiness. And her shoes! Jesus, what did Angel do? Go and loot the nearest D&G?"

Giles rolled his eyes and huffed from behind the safety of the telephone line.

“Is there anything wrong with the way she is training? Has she shown the potential Wesley saw?”

Buffy looked at the CCTV camera that showed the practise courts and sighed. The woman was really, really beautiful and she had finally lost her temper. Buffy watched as Sally threw kick and punch at the shorter slayer, limbs speeding through the air in a blur.

“Jesus.”

“What?” Giles asked, fearing the worst and polishing harder.

“She’s got more than potential Giles. She’s...good.”

Giles’ voice was a distant buzz as Buffy’s senses focused on the little television screen. The salty slick sweat shined on Sally’s body. Buffy was panting as the jabs and kicks flew towards Rowena.

“Sorry Giles, gotta go. In the middle of Sally’s training session.”

By the time Buffy got back to the training court, Sally’s anger had subsided and she was breathing heavily, her body bent in half with her hands on her knees, head tucked between her arms. Rowena was looking at Sally with a tinge of fear and a large helping of apprehension.

“What did it? What did Rowena say that finally pushed you over the edge?” Buffy asked the buxom blonde.

Sally flicked the golden curls away from her face, a small smile tickling her lips and blush covering her cheeks. She looked up at Buffy.

“She insulted my hair.”

Buffy's heart ripped out of chest, again. The hand, the fire, the smoke, the dust, the sun. All of the aspects of a horrible whole that had come together to release Spike out of her life. God, she just wanted to...

Her sobs echoed from the turret, down the secluded stairwell that led straight to Dawn's room. Buffy could have won the blue ribbon in 'wracks of the upper torso' if only the Olympics had a sporting category for grief. Maybe javelin.

The salty tears flowed down the smooth expanses of skin that hid behind her tiny hands. Dawn could hear her, but couldn't do anything, stuck inside the biggest room as her sister's soul screamed in pain just up the staircase.

"Are you okay?" Sally stood, looking up at her cautiously from the bottom step.

Buffy did not want her newest, strangest recruit to see her vulnerable. But Willow was off dealing with Kennedy and Xander didn't know or approve of Buffy's feelings for Spike. There was no one, beside Giantess, she could talk too. And conversations with said Big Girl never went well. So Buffy told the newest blonde pest in her life about the old one.

"No. The guy...the man, the man I was in love with. He died eighteen months ago today. Did you know that's five hundred and forty-seven days?" Buffy wiped away the tears from her face and threw her hands up in the air.

"He was stupid! Told me I didn't love him. Thanked me for it. Then burnt to a bloody crisp! He didn't have to die. We could have gotten out of there. It was a shitty ending. I want it rewritten. It's not fair." New salty droplets burst forth suddenly. Sally didn't move from the bottom of the steep corridor.

"He needn't have died. I could have him here now. I need him here now. Oh God, I miss him. Stupid vampire, I loved him."

Buffy looked down at the woman before her. Through the haze of tears she could clearly see that Sally had been crying. Crying for her. A sob choked in Buffy's throat.

Sally stepped up to comfort her with soothing words and soft touches but Buffy saw the older blonde's body move and immediately hunched her shoulders and leaned away from Sally's outstretched hand. Disappointment crinkled Sally's face.

"I'm sorry. It's just...he was the last person to touch me."

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

The second part of this chapter is based almost solely on the Buffy Season 8 comics 'Long Way Home Part Two and Part Three'. I'm not sure it will make sense unless you've read them.

Chapter Three

Sally smiled to herself as she thought how close she and Buffy had become. Though, not physically close. She ached to touch her commander but she knew she couldn't. Buffy would spar, but only with weapons and her feet. Skin would never come into contact with skin. And Sally watched. She knew she was almost as good, if not equal, to her commander's fighting skills but she hadn't the faintest idea how or why.

Slowly, after that day on the staircase, Buffy would find Sally alone and they'd share a secret.

In the dark of the night, Sally was now perched on the end of Buffy's bed, her commander in a deep, fretful sleep.

"I don't like peas. I just found out at lunch."

Sally sighed quietly and sipped her coke. Slayers didn't need to worry about diet anything.

Buffy was breathing so quietly, occasionally the sinister hiccup and moan of 'no'. She looked so innocent, so young, and so vulnerable.

It was one of the few times Sally got to see the woman, Buffy, and not the Slayer. And Sally was the only person, of late, that had seen the woman who was in such great pain and utterly exhausted from keeping up the chipper and commanding persona in front of her troops. But she was. Commanding that is. A true general. For some reason, though, Buffy seemed to find

the woman within, the girl that was lost when her General voice was turned on, when she was around the amnesic blonde.

Even in her sleep.

Sally fingered the lips of the soda can and brought it up to her mouth, all the time looking down at the sleeping form of a delicious woman. Buffy's curves were so delicate beneath the beautiful night dress, hugging her pert breasts that ached to be loved. Sally wanted to run her hand along Buffy's bare leg and up beneath the side slit of the nightie. Tongue the skin that had to be salty as goose pimples flickered along the gold expanse in the cold breeze that galloped through the draughty castle.

Sally's hands clenched as the desperate need to nibble and suck on Buffy's exposed neck and down along her collarbone to the taunting top of Buffy's breasts rocked through Sally's body. Her eyes widened in shock at the wrong thoughts and she tried to cover her horrified pupils with her hands.

She had to get control of herself. She came to see Buffy for a reason, came to tell Buffy something, came to get it off her chest and ask it of the only woman who actively engaged in an interest in her.

"I need to ask you a question. I know you can't hear me, but I have to ask anyway.

"Do you ever feel like a monster? Like you are a monster because of the thing inside us that makes Slayers...I know the girls said you were offered the power source of the beast that merged with the First Slayer. That you turned down the pure power, wanted to stay human. But are you? Are any of us? What exactly are we and where do we fit?"

Sally's voice was so fragile and vulnerable. Pleading. Sally was pleading Buffy to placate and reassure her there wasn't any way they were part of the darkness.

Instinctively, Sally reached out to smooth down Buffy's hair and thumb her forehead, halting just before she made contact.

Sally looked up and blinked. God if only she had no heart and could make that last inch disappear.

But she couldn't and Buffy couldn't touch her.

"God, I'm sorry." With that, Sally fled.

Sally rushed through the castle; the command centre alarms pealing through the corridors as Buffy's private suite of rooms were breached and the shields had fallen into place. In horror, Sally watched from behind the rubber ducked pyjamaed Xander as a brunette witch tried to plunge a knife into Buffy's chest.

Sally didn't hesitate. She threw herself at the witch as another Slayer went for the brunette's legs.

"That is the crappiest sacrificial dagger I've ever seen." Xander held up the spliced knife as the witch, Amy, threw Sally and the other Slayer over her shoulders with bolts of blue magic, swirling in their air like the trails of Elton John's party hats.

Amy cackled as the deathly still Buffy slumbered through the noise of the scuffle and Sally brushed herself off. She dared to take a look out of the castle window and she almost fainted with shock. Zombies in freaking kilts were scaling the castle's palisade.

"...And the only thing that can wake her up is the kiss of true love." Said the witch.

Sally looked back as Xander groaned and Slayers came running in, screaming about the zombies. Xander began delegating the troops. And Sally just stared down at Buffy, a mist covering her eyes as she took in the little Slayer's body in the sweet white night gown and Sally had to force the bile rising up her throat to back the hell down. Sally knew what she had

to do and she just hoped everyone just buggared off out of Buffy's room so she could finally touch her commander.

The next few hours flew by and Xander had a heap of slayers corralled in Buffy's bedroom.

Within five minutes of the zombie fight and an escape attempt from Amy, half the slayers sighed in relief as they saw a green thing hovering over the battlefield, red hair blowing softly in the non-existent moor winds.

Suddenly, the fight had stopped as zombies began valiantly bowing and asking Slayers 'may I have this dance?'

A magical battle in the sky with the green thing, Willow, and then Giant Dawn stomping on Amy signalled that the fight was over. Willow had Amy wrapped up in a magical tank, guiding her into the castle's interior as the zombies began dancing ring-a-ring-a-rosie around Dawn's giant sneakers.

And now, Willow was looking over her old friend trapped in Love's Lost Sleep.

"Buffy needs to be kissed by someone who's in love with her. And someone in this room is. So everybody's gonna shut their eyes – and keep 'em shut if they wanna keep 'em – and that person will step forward and give Buffy a kiss."

Sally gulped. The scary red head's tirade had ended with a pointed glance in Sally's direction.

Sally wiped the sweat off her brow and licked the perspiration from the top of her lips.

She hated betraying Buffy's trust like this but the dancing Scottish zombie hoard wasn't going away and the evil witch was healing in the basement after being trodden on by Dawn

and Buffy was needed. And Sally needed Buffy.

And now the red head was currently staring right into Sally's soul so Sally did as she ought to and leant over Buffy's prone body. Her lips hovered over Buffy's still face and with great uncertainty, the buxom blonde pressed forward to touch her salt laced lips to Buffy's.

And with that one touch, Sally remembered exactly how important she really was.

Buffy's eyes fluttered open and Sally stepped back in line with the shut-eye slayers as Buffy sat up and shouted, "Fish and chips!"

Sally discreetly wiped the streaming tears away from her eyes as her memories finally flooded back. Angel was going to bloody freak.

Chapter 4

Chapter Four

“I’M A BLEEDIN’ GIRL!” The Slayers were startled and looked quizzically towards the fuming Sally. “I’m going to KILL Angel! That fucking twatty ponce of a buggaring...when I get my hands...my stupid girly hands on him...”

“Has he got something to do with Amy?”

Buffy’s voice broke Sally’s rant as the two blonde Slayers’ eyes locked and the rest of the room grew quiet. Sally slumped to the floor with a pathetic, “Oh Buffy,” and her tears formed a steady stream down to pool on her heaving chest.

“Could we have a minute?”

Xander nodded, puzzled, and ushered the Slayers and a smirking Willow out of the bedroom.

“What are you smiling at, Will?”

“Nothing...nothing. Just good, old fashion, smoking hot lesbian fantasies.”

Xander choked and Willow chuckled as they headed to the infirmary to check on the injured slayers.

“I felt your lips.”

“Oh god, Buffy, I’m so sorry. I’m sorry I didn’t believe you. I’m sorry I didn’t come to you after. Oh please, please forgive me. I knew I had to touch you, kiss you, love you. I just couldn’t remember. Oh Buffy, baby.”

The woman’s scattered words broke Buffy’s heart as she lifted her hand to her tingling lips. She could taste Sally. Salty Sally. Salty, rambling Sally.

“Wait, backtrack and stop. Question time. You know who you are?”

Sally raised her head, those blue eyes glittering with tears and she nodded once, curtly.

“And you kissed me...why?” Buffy traced her lips with an inquisitive finger.

“There was a sleeping spell...and you needed...and...baby, I didn’t mean to...”

“Baby?” Buffy swung her legs off her bed and looked down at the pitiful bawling woman on her floor. Buffy’s emotions were like a rollicking toll of rollickness and Buffy didn’t know whether she was still reeling from the kiss or the fact that Spike’s touch was now forever

gone from her skin. Her voice broke as she thought about him and tears began to well in the back of her eyes as she croaked out, “Who are you?”

But Sally choked up. Buffy watched as the woman gulped as much air in her body as she could and then clamped up. Like a clam. Like a big womanish clam.

“WHO ARE YOU?” Tears were freely flowing and they wouldn’t stop. The blondes cried together but apart. Held apart by the distance of space and time and emotions and all they really wanted was to be in the other’s arms.

“It’s me. I’m...a girl but it’s me.”

“WHO?”

“William Jamison Pritchard III.”

And Buffy promptly fainted.

“Buffy, wake up. It’s not like you to faint. Come on, love. Come back to me. Why’d you go do something silly like loose consciousness? It’s not like the vampire you said you love while he was dying in the pits of hell who proceeded to reject you then die, only to be resurrected as a ghost a few weeks later in our ex’s office and continued to annoy the fuck out of him, before they banded together after your stupid watcher didn’t help out a good lady before Angel went and tried to destroy the vilest circle on this plane with the help of said gorgeous dying-in-hellmouth-pit vampire, somehow got turned into a woman and a slayer and fell in

love with you again. I'm a fucking prat. Just springing that on her. God, I'm so stupid. And I'm a chit. Shit. I'm a female. Its hormones. I'm not crying. God, Buffy, wake up."

"Did you breathe once then or do you still not need to?"

"Oh Buffy...are you okay? Can I get you a glass of water?"

Spike helped Buffy sit up. Buffy could help but stare. Right in her face were the big juicy breasts of the woman-previously-known-as-Sally-who-is-now-claiming-to-be-Spike-trapped-in-a-woman's-body. Spike looked down at her with those gorgeous blue eyes that had ached to be remembered.

"No, I'm fine. Are you going to answer my question?" Buffy hastily tried to brush her awkward bed hair down from its ratty mess before looking back into his...her...his eyes.

"I'm human, baby. And a woman."

"I can see that, boobs-in-face guy."

That familiar smirk itched at the corners of his beautiful luscious red lips. Buffy was not looking at his...her, *oh damn it*, lips of Spike. She WAS NOT looking at lips of Sallike. Of female Spike. No lips of female Spike.

But Spike didn't answer her illogical ramblings, just took her hands in his dainty girl ones and sank to his girly knees.

“Buffy. I am so, *so*, very sorry that I didn’t believe you and didn’t tell you I’d returned. I love you.”

Buffy hiccuped.

“Um.”

“UM? THAT’S ALL YOU’VE GOT TO BLOODY SAY?”

“I was going to ask you to prove you are Spike but that probably just did the trick.” A hesitant giggle and she looked at the blonde curls framing Spike’s feminine face. Her other hand lay gently on Spike’s breast, feeling the sprinting heart beat beneath the plush skin. Her fingers ached to finally touch someone. She needed human touch. She needed to touch someone. She ached with want of Sally and now she could touch all she wanted. She wouldn’t be betraying her love for Spike. Cause Sally was Spike. *Okay, wiggling now.*

“HOW THE HELL DID YOU GET TURNED INTO A WOMAN?”

Spike licked his lips and inhaled to begin an epic tale but their privacy was rudely invaded by a giant eye looking in through Buffy’s window.

“What’s with all the yelling?” Dawn asked; her tone curious. But very quickly her voice turned to shock and anger.

“You’re touching!”

The moors shook as the giant began to stomp away from the castle.

The sounds of the giant echoed across the whistling grass as it swayed to and fro in the vacuum of air created by the passing giant and Buffy heard her sister's sobs and not-so-silent cries of 'why her?' and 'she won't even hug me'.

Buffy looked at the placement of her hands. She was still tangled in the beautiful blonde locks and her fingers were curling around Spike's full left breast.

Spike realised at the same moment and just muttered, "Oh bollocks," before he pulled away from Buffy's embrace to look out the window at the retreating giant and the dancing zombies.

"So...why's Dawn a giant?"

But Buffy was gone.

Chapter 5

Chapter Five

“Dawn! Dawn, wait!” Buffy ran out of the Great Hall and into the courtyard that still teemed with the Bizarro World’s version of Sense and Sensibility. Slayers were sorting the zombie pieces and piling behind the fencing that now contained the waltzing rotten flesh.

On route to Dawn’s special cave, a place where Xander had found Dawn curled up one day after a particularly vicious fight with the Slayer general, Buffy hazarded a look back at the window of her bedroom, up amongst the medieval turrets.

A flutter of blonde curls quickly disappeared from view. As she jogged out to the edges of the property, Buffy contemplated how her hand had felt on Spike’s breast.

Oh God.does this mean I’m...lesbian? OH! Willow ! Willow can change him back, after she deals with the Scot Zombies and Amy and the injured slayers and...Scot Zombie...sounds like a song....hmmm...oh! Rock Lobster. Oh those weird dolphin sounds! Were they dolphin sounds? I bet that keyboardist was a demon. Rock Zombie! Scot Lobster!

Buffy had reached the cave without even noticing, her legs travelling faster in the anticipation that she’d soon be seeing Spike as soon as she let her sister in on that little detail that Spike was back. Or maybe it was just ‘cause she was singing an eclectic 70s pop song.

Spike stayed in Buffy’s room, not wanting the others to know he was Sally. Or that Sally was

him. Or that he'd got his memories back. Whatever situation was brought up first. And he was already sick of the pronoun disaster before it really begun, knowing the Whelp and Red.

Now all he had to remember was how he became a girl. He was going to shove a stake so far up Angel's ass for that stupid crap in LA. Spike just *knew* Angel's stint as the Black Thorn groupie had something to do with his current feminine state. God, thinking about the shit Angel had brought down upon his crew, thinking about Fred made Spike's brain skip a cognitive function and go straight to pure, unadulterated fury.

Spike slammed a fist into the stonemasonry.

Spike looked at his barely bloody fist.

Spike gulped at the dent in the grey stone.

Why the bleeding hell am I at full strength? I'm all with the humanity thanks very much to the Shanshuing the poofia missed out on. Ta for that Black Thorn Poofs. Shit, it's not like I can vamp any more so what, I'm a hybrid or something? I've got a heart beat. There's no demon in here. Fucking Peaches. I'm going to wring his bloody neck.

So Spike made rash decision #96. He decided to go to his ex-grandsire to find out what the hell had happened during the big last fight they weren't meant to survive. And what exactly happened to make him female. Even if Angel teased the hell out of Spike. On impulse, Spike began rummaging around Buffy's drawers to find some unmentionables. He'd need something to sustain him on this trip.

“What? No. Huh? No. What?”

“Sally. Is. Spike.”

“What?”

“DAWN! I’ve said it four times. Sally is Spike. Spike is Sally. Spike Sally. Sallike. Spikally. SPIKE!”

Buffy began pacing in front of the giant toe she’d instantly hugged on arrival to Dawn’s hidey hole.

“Are you sure you’re okay? Not mentally damaged or anything from that love spell? ‘Cause you were humming about lobsters when you walked in.”

Buffy sighed, running a hand through her hair before climbing up to sit on Dawn’s ankle.

Dawn pulled her long hair out from her face and shuffled gently so as not to disturb her sister.

“Okay, so Spike was Sally, lost his memory. I don’t know how he got turned to a girl but whatever, he’s back. Alive. With Angel apparently. Angel wouldn’t turn him into a girl would he? I know they had a past...My god that would be ho—I think I’m a lesbian now. Anyway, Spike had no memory and then he kissed me for the spell ‘cause Sally and I were getting really close. Like I we were talking a lot and I was feeling stuff for her and feeling guilty

because it was like I was betraying Spike but I wasn't because Sally remembered she was he when he kissed me. Woah, I'm pretty sure at least one part of that made sense."

Dawn's giant eyelids blinked. "You're a lesbian."

"Umm, no, not that part."

Dawn really looked at her sister. Her very happy, overenthusiastic smiling sister. She hadn't really seen this Buffy for a long time. If ever, cause she was all key-ly the last time Buffy was actually happy. Even if that happiness came with ignorance of childhood.

"Buffy, I really hate to say this, but how do you really know it is Spike?"

Buffy's eyes widened in shock as she looked up at her little sister. Wasn't that an oxymoron. Not even the smallest of Dawn's pores were little anymore.

"I thought you'd be happy he's back."

Buffy tried to hold the upset from seeping into her words but Dawn caught it. And as gently as she could, Dawn forged on.

"But he isn't. A blonde slayer is in your bedroom claiming she is Spike. What if she knew him back in LA? Did you know he was in LA with Angel all last year? Spike came back as a ghost two weeks after Sunnydale. What if Sally is Spike's girl...a friend...and she has a vendetta against you for continuously breaking his heart?"

“How can you say that? I know she’s Spike!”

“See reason, Buffy. There is every possibility that Sally is not Spike. You shouldn’t let your guard down.”

“No,” she refused to let Dawn sway her and stoutly said, “It is Spike and as soon as you hear Sally talk *now* you’ll know.”

“Fine, I’ll take you back.” Buffy eagerly climbed into Dawn’s giant palm and braced herself for the windy few giant steps back to the castle.

Chapter 6

Chapter Six

As soon as Buffy climbed off the giant palm and dove through the window, Spike's pacing quickened. He stopped to look at the big iris staring at him.

"Hey Tiger Petal, how'd you get so big? Bone a thricevice?"

"I take it back. It's Spike."

Buffy sighed and muttered, "I told you so," before running over to encase Spike in a fierce hug.

"Willow's here. She'll make it better." She whispered in Spike's blonde ringlets before the day finally caught up to her. Silent sobs slipped into the space between Spike's curls until he gently pushed her away to wipe the tears from her face.

"It's okay, love."

But it wasn't. Buffy lifted her head out of Spike's beautiful shoulder length hair and looked around the room.

"Why is my panties drawer open?" She had a little smirk tucked behind her chastising.

“I..uh..um.” Spike had the decency to look a little sheepish. “I’m leaving.”

“What?” Buffy took a step out of Spike’s booby embrace. The disbelief was written so firmly across her face that Spike would have sworn she looked like he’d just told her that Angel was joining the Russian Circus as a stripper who the ex-USSR troupe were sending to the International Space Station.

But he didn’t. He told her he was doing the one thing he vowed never to do.

“Just for a little while. Going to see Granddad. Find out what happened.”

“But you said you remembered.”

“I remembered I’m me.”

“You just got here. I...I get to feel again. Touch.”

“Oh, love.”

Spike couldn’t help himself. He lowered his full lips down to sweep Buffy away in a sensual kiss as their breasts pushed against each other and hands roamed the unfamiliar curves that made Spike so incredibly voluptuous she wanted to pull out the toys from their hiding places and make him scream for her once again.

“WOAH! Okay, now I need my lil’ helper.”

Spike and Buffy sprang apart as Willow walked further into the room.

“Umm...Willow. This might come as a shock but...this is Spike.”

Willow blinked. Twice. Just before a tendril of purple magic flew from her hands to envelop Spike’s body.

“What did you do for me the summer after Buffy died?”

“I threatened some eejits who were causing a ruckus while you were out on a date with Glinda. Then I taught you how to defend yourself physically against Big Bads. And you saw into my head and threatened to tell Xander I was...Hey, what lil’ helper? Can I see?”

“It’s Spike.”

He sighed and ran a hand through the ringlets. But then instantly stopped when he caught Willow’s appraising looks run from his toes right up to his lips. She closed her gaping mouth and swallowed.

“Have I done enough proving myself now?”

“He called me Tiger Petal. He only called me that in private.” Boomed from the outside moor.

“Thank you, Nibblet.”

And then the situation only got worse.

“Why is Buffy’s underwear in Sally’s hand?”

Xander walked in through the door with a bunch of files. His sole eye zeroed in on the lacy nothings Spike gripped firmly.

“I’m going back to Angel.”

“What?” Simultaneous Scooby indignation with a hint of incredulity from within the room and the moors.

“So, you and Angel were a thing?” Xander tried not to imagine but he really was running low on the having of the sex and internal image of Sally twisting and bouncing her curvy body caused his parts to yearn for some womanly warmth rather than the perpetual cold showers he had to take after being surrounded by Slayers everyday.

Buffy caught the looks of lust from her best friends and snapped.

“Okay, enough with the hormones! He’s mine. Sally is Spike. He got her memories back. Willow, lay off with the looks and figure out how to make him back into a man. Xander, stop looking so freaked out. Spike, you are not leaving. And Dawn, go to your room.”

A very loud sigh and some petulant stomping signalled Dawn’s dubious obedience.

Willow tore her eyes away from Spike’s c-cups and released the purple magic.

“Okay, so her body is definitely—”

“Hey! I’m a him! I’m a bleedin’ MAN!” Three looks of ‘are you really that stupid’ were quickly sent his way.

“No you’re not honey, not until we figure out a way to turn you back.”

“Yeah, she’ll just have to—” Xander finally began to see the funny side as he started sniggering like a little schoolgirl who just saw her first picture of a penis. That was until Spike took a look at Xander’s tenting pants.

“Shut it, Whelp. So I’m a girl then.”

“A hot girl too. A woman.” Willow confirmed.

“My woman.” Spike’s eyes widened. Buffy voice was so husky, so ready for bed that he needed Willow to work her magic pronto.

“Come on, Red! You did it when you turned into that Warren bloke! Just give me a bloody Y chromosome and get out.”

“You know that might actually...No, it’d revert you back to an infant...unless you want to... And aww I bet you would be the cutest little boy and...”

Buffy laid a hand on an agitated Spike’s arm but she couldn’t help him.

“I want to be a MAN again, Red. With my manly parts fully grown and ready to use in a manly fashion. I want my grip stick. I want my frigid member. I want my pulsating baby making pencil back.”

“Your *pencil* doesn’t make babies, Spike.” Xander seethingly said.

“Yeah, well it can try.” He began pacing, his long legs lapping the bedroom in the short shorts Sally had worn to bed before the zombie alarm. Willow watched his legs tread the track along the rugs, her face drawn in concentration. Xander tried to keep his thoughts away from bouncy Spike-in-girls-body riding his—

“Oh my god! It can! I think it can!” Willow’s eyes bulged in excitement.

“I think I can, I think I can...Can we get on with the sex change?”

“I need to research first.”

“Wait, Sally, I mean Spike...He’s human?” Xander’s eyes couldn’t get any bulgier.

Chapter 7

Chapter Seven

“Yes, I’m human. All body parts working, though in a very feminine way.”

Xander narrowed his eyelid over his one eye in unveiled unamused ire.

Before the Xander smackdown could begin, Buffy grabbed hold of Spike’s soft biceps and pulled him towards her to plant a kiss on his lips.

Breaking away from Spike's lips, Buffy said, “Everyone get out of my room. I need to convince Spike he doesn’t need to run off to Angel.”

Willow tugged a gaping Xander out of the door with a wistful smile playing across her face.

“So...it’s just us...alone.” She closed the door behind her friends and leant against the flawless mahogany. She watched as her love tentatively tiptoed towards her.

“And you haven’t had any second thoughts ‘bout loving a woman?” Spike asked before the smirk was firmly implanted on his female face.

Buffy took a step closer and grabbed the night shirt the amnesic Spike had ironically put on earlier that evening. It proudly stated across his impressive bust: I only date bad boys. Though, all too soon the breast message was torn in two and Buffy’s little hands sought purchase on his round, biteable tits.

“God, Buffy, please. Please lean your cheek against my chest. Can you hear it love?”

“Spike,” she breathed in awe. “I can hear your heart! I can feel it pumping.”

She looked up from her position against his bouncy chest to see those clear eyes intently staring past her irises and into her soul. “But it’s not the first time I’ve *seen* your heart,” she whispered.

Buffy reached up to drag her fingernails through his ringlets and draw his mouth into the sweetest kiss imaginable.

He was panting. Soft, short breaths taken in so quickly between kisses that his beautiful plush lips were permanently parted. He ghosted his hands along her arms, trying to find where he could hold her so he’d never be able to let go.

She breathed ‘touch me’ into his mouth before he let his fingers glide against her skin.

He was so soft, just like his old vampire hands. Hands that had been perfectly smooth from the Victorian bookworm having done naught a day’s labour before he was turned. And now, as a breathing female, his tiny delicate fingers were so similar to the softness she’d felt so long ago; those gentle caresses he’d bestowed upon her during times of war.

She dropped away from the kiss when she realised he needed to breath. She would happily pass out if only she was allowed to never leave his embrace. His bare chest pressed against her nightgown, insistent nipples from both bodies brushing against each other through the sheer cloth.

With a hungry look staining her twinkling emeralds, Buffy gently pressed her nail to the tight bud of Spike's left nipple.

His high pitched gasp was the most orgasmic thing Buffy had ever heard. She almost wanted a recorder just to have that gorgeous sound frozen in history forever.

Tentatively, she bent her head down to lick a path between and beneath his breasts.

"Why do you always taste of salt?"

"I like dousing my food in crystalline preservatives. That a problem?"

"God no, you taste so good. I want to lick the salt off every inch of your body."

Spike's breath was sharp as he realised Buffy was preparing to do just that.

That eye hungriness had only intensified and spread. It was like a contagion, grabbing onto the blue waters of Spike's oasis eyes as he watched Buffy step out of her nightie and turn on her come-hither ray.

"Men are lucky they can only have one orgasm. Did you know that women can have an hour long orgasm? Sex *could* kill you. Your body's reaction is so intense and messy it's like the shaking of an apartment next to the train tracks when a freight train goes past."

And all the while her hands played with the tiny shorts his memory-less self had thrown back on in haste when the alarms had gone off during his masturbation time.

Buffy flung the shorts towards her door and stepped back to admire his body. God she missed his seamless sinewy structure of sculpted muscles that defined him as all man, all the time, but she couldn't help but love this beauty in front of her. This beauty that made an attempt to cover up the good bits. She couldn't help but find him endearingly gorgeous.

“How are we going to do this then?”

But the niceties could be nice some other time. Buffy needed something fast and she had a trunk full of toys to use in her experimentation and exploration of Spike's unconquered territory.

She walked over to the trunk of goodies she'd bought for self gratification in order to release the pain and tension for but a few minutes and held up something the same shade of ruby red Spike's lips currently sported. The ruby red Lips of Spike opened with a perfect gasp.

“Ahh, pet, I...um. Who? Ahh...Um...Well...Ahh...Um...Why do you have a strap on?”

“Spike, we're in a castle with hundreds of slayers who go out nightly to slay...and what does a good slaying make a slayer want to do?”

Spike's beautiful feminine lips curled up into smirk.

“A big castle full of horny slayers. I cannot wait to bloody well be male again.”

Buffy slapped his jiggling chest, sending a glare that clearly told him he was hers and hers only. But the slapping gave Buffy another chance to run her hands across his nipples and feel the shocking effect she had to his system.

He reluctantly peeled her hands away and prompted, “So back to the strap on.”

She smiled that cheeky smile he’d rarely seen in Sunnydale outside of their sparring and answered.

“Let’s just say that this castle has a direct debit line to a manufacturer of sex toys and the castle’s budget has a special section for the massive amount of batteries that we go through every month.”

He had no witty comeback, no snark, no answer so he just crawled up onto the bed and looked tried not to look as vulnerable as all hell.

Chapter 8

Chapter Eight

“Spike? What’s wrong?” He looked terrified, tiny and utterly gorgeous. But the vulnerability was written all over his body. It was as if he was covered beneath a stitch of the sheets that slung over his slender legs.

“Why are you so confident about this? What if I stay female?”

Buffy took a deep breath before crawling in under the sheets.

“Spike, I’m terrified. I’m so scared you’re not going to stay with me. Or that we won’t be able to get past our past. But I’m just so ecstatic you’re alive. I thought you were gone forever.”

Spike saw the unsteady confidence that hesitated behind her words as a sheen glazed over her blinking emeralds.

His shaky chuckle suddenly caused an indignant “What?” and a wipe of her streaming eyes.

“Boy, have our roles reversed.”

Buffy looked, really looked, at her female Spike with his blonde waves spreading out on the pillow. He was so curvy. It amazed her. He had only been a woman for a few months and already he looked more woman than she did. Buffy’s muscles were hardened and any slip of

padding on her body had disappeared during her training as she disappeared into her work. Suddenly she joined in his laughter.

As their soft giggles wrapped around the room, their bodies slowly migrated closer, feminine curves fitting together like opposing sides of a broken heart. The silence was soft like the sheets as they stared into one another's eyes.

“So...how are we going to do this?”

“Umm...there's actually something I wanted to try. I've, like, done it to myself 'cause I've been needing something to release the...when you weren't...but I mean that, I did it and every second it was in there, I was thinking of you and how I'd never have *you* again...I'm rambling.”

The tears in her eyes came back at full force, dripping down her face like a faulty tap.

She really needed to get that washer in her tear ducts replaced if it kept up.

“Buffy, it's okay. It really is. I didn't expect you to wait. In fact I thought you hadn't. Angel and I saw you with the poncy Immortal. We went to Rome and reminisced throughout that stint of travel. We probably performed a hilarious episode in the Spike-and-Angel-are-Buffy-struck-idiot's show.”

“That wasn't me. Spike, enough talk. I really need you. Now.”

Buffy's leg had twined around Spike's as she tickled her clit against his, the coiled hairs of his sex brushing Buffy's bare mons.

"Harder. I can take it Buffy."

A devious smile commandeered Buffy's mouth and her index finger pressed the button on the little remote pressed into her hand.

Spike's voice had gotten higher as a woman, but the shriek that came out of his mouth as the vibrations began inside his womb, making his inner walls convulse, was so high Buffy wasn't sure he was human anymore.

It was the vibrating egg inside his vagina that made him go off like a soda pop top after mixing the fizzy drink with actual baking soda. The first gush of come seeped down onto the sheets.

"Fuckin' hell, Buffy. Why wasn't I turned into a girl sooner?"

Buffy would have laughed if she wasn't so busy pressing her pussy into Spike's.

Spike's left leg was perpendicular to his horizontal body, flushed up against the delicious curve of Buffy's right breast and her shoulder as she ground into him.

As he thrust up onto Buffy, porn moan included, Spike couldn't help but think that sex really was like good bridge. Thank god he had a good partner in Buffy or else he'd be hoping he knew how to use his hand.

“Vibrating eggs. God, I love the sex industry.” He had said as she held them up for his inspection before teasing the newly formed soft folds that invited Buffy’s inquisitive finger to play. She had slipped the egg up and down along Spike’s sex until finding the spring of saltiness that leaked his lubricative juices and pushing the egg up into his body.

Buffy flicked the switch on the egg remote, the setting higher and the green light flashing.

“Again?” Spike breathed, his hands running up along Buffy’s body, settling on Buffy’s breast before he flicked the button on his remote.

“Oh! Shit!” The eggs vibrated and their strong vaginal walls crushed against the plastic as their skin slipped against the others, clits blazing and nipples aching.

Soft lips found each other and Spike brushed the hair out of Buffy’s face as she desperately moved against him, their nipples occasionally scraping pleasurably. Buffy panted; a glint in her eye that told him she was working hard to bring them over again. That determined look was coupled with something so amazing that he fell over the edge again when the pressure of her body pressed against his clit. Buffy really was in love.

Seven orgasms between the two and a mattress half off the bed, Buffy looked over at her beautiful blonde fallen cherub.

“So...you still want you *frigid* member back?”

“What?” Spike made an attempt to sit up but Buffy pushed him back down onto her soft bed. Their soft bed.

“You dorkus, don’t you remember what you said to Xander and Willow before?”

Spike looked down at her, body slicked in a salty sheen and his nostalgia blue eyes glazing over at the peaking out of her nipples.

“Multiple orgasms makes memory go bye-bye.”

“You’re such a child.” He stopped her hand from slapping him, kissing along each finger before sucking her thumb into his mouth. It popped out with a smack of the lips and he moved her arm down so they could both play with his breasts.

“Hmmm...a sexy womanish child that you love. Ever single curve.”

“Shut up and go to sleep.” But her thumb wouldn’t stop rolling over his standy-up nipples. He looked down expectantly. Buffy sighed and settled herself against his body, arm flung over his waist.

“Yes ma’am.” He cuddled beneath Buffy’s lax body. After rearranging the pillows around him, he paused in thought. Then Spike sat up. “I said *FRIGID?*”

Buffy giggled and pulled him back down onto the bed.

“I love you.” She whispered into his breasts.

“I love you too.”

“I love you no matter what; no matter what body or sex you are in.”

“Even as a slug?”

“Shhh. Sleep.” He began to drift off, vaguely hearing her whispered, “I’d love you even as a worm.”

They fell into a sated sleep as, many levels below, the crafty Amy sucked Willow through a portal to a place where no one could hear her scream. Morning broke and not a soul knew the witches had gone because Spike was girlishly screaming at the top of his lungs at the man with which Spike’s willowy limbs were intimately entangled.

Salty: A Sexytimes Interlude

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A quick glance between the couple, and they saw each other's nervousness.

"Let's just both relax and—," Buffy started, her hand hovering above Spike's buxom body.

"We shouldn't bloody well be nervous. We just shagged. We can do it again!" He rolled over and their breasts brushed and they both blushed.

"Um...why are you...?" Buffy looked out from the hair she let fall in her face, her hand still hovering above his beautiful hips.

Spike swallowed and answered truthfully. "Cause I don't know whether...why are you?"

"Well, what else can we do? Cause I don't think I'd be good with the lesbian sex."

Spike choked and stared at her, blue eyes wide and unguarded.

"Um, Buffy...what do you think we just did?"

Buffy just whacked him on his wobbly chest.

"Shut up. I meant the tongue on the places."

"What places?" Now he was just being cheeky, running his hand down her naked body and resting for just a few seconds in the interesting places before moving up again.

"Spike."

"What?"

"Don't even try to be innocent."

"Come on Buffy. You know you wanna try again."

His sly smile said it all. With a nod, he was sliding down her body, tweaking his nipples on the way.

Her hairlessness amazed him, his fingertips running across the smooth skin with gravitas.

His fingers held her open, a sight that always stopped him dead...well, stopped his habit of breathing.

His breasts hovered over her, pointed nipple dipping into her wetness. He moved back up her body, their hands wandering down each other's bodies. Buffy clenched her muscles rapidly, and then clamped down on his finger.

"Come on Spike, do something." Her fingers were rapidly finding all the pleasure spots on his body.

He murmured, "Oh I'll do something."

She beat him to it.

Chapter End Notes

This was a gift for ssddgr's birthday

Chapter 10

Chapter Nine

"Holy Batman."

Spike's screaming had stopped after he took a deep breath and a long look at the man on top of him.

A groggy muffled "What?" spoke beneath Spike's set of lush puppies. A dark haired, masculine muscled arm gripped his tiny little waist, squeezing the life out of him, again.

"What the fuck happened?"

"Grbk schlep Schpike," the lips moved along his breast, the whispers pumping blood into his swelling heart. And something was swelling against his bare thigh.

"Buffy! Willow's been taken. Amy set a trap."

Xander burst into the room, half hoping to walk in on some girl on girl action.

"What the fuck, cockless wonder? Cheating on Buffy already? And who the hell is this guy? How'd he get past my security?"

The naked man draped across Spike's body sat up and roughly tested his sleep-filled baritone voice by saying, "What guy? Did you say something about Will, Xander?"

"Holy Batman."

"That's what I said."

"Shut up Spike."

"What is going on here?" The Buffy!man asked.

"Love, go have a look in your mirror."

Buffy touched the mirror with great trepidation. All she could see was Orlando Bloom. A sandy blonde, hazel eyed Orlando Bloom with her nose. He was pretty hot, she thought until realising she wasn't watching the flat screen in the Slayer Rumpus room but looking at her REFLECTION in her MIRROR.

"What the HELLBALLS did you do, Spike?" She whirled around away from the creepy but incredibly good-looking picture she made to glare at her man...woman.

“What? Nothing. I mean I rubbed up against your clit—,”

“No, I mean what happened to you in LA?” She stalked closer with her largish hands attached to her hips, looking incredibly cavalier.

“I don’t know. ‘S why I was going back to Angel.”

“Not in that body. He’ll get a happy just looking at you.”

Xander decided he didn’t need those images in his head so he quickly reminded Buffy why he had run into the room in the first place.

“Buffy! Willow’s been taken!”

“Oh balls.”

Spike glanced over at the strange man-previously-known-as-girl-Buffy he’d fallen for all those many years ago.

“This is bloody bizarre.”

“You’re saying this to the Chosen Slayer who’s been through mental institutions, deaths, resurrections, vampirism, pro-magumnism, invisibility and that time we were accidentally turned into ferrets. Surely a little gender swappage was due.”

“The portal will be open in 10...9...”

“Are you ready for this?” Spike asked as his eyes caught hers. The love in his pretty blues was heart stopping which was totally inappropriate as it wasn’t the time for her to go into cardiac arrest.

“As long as I still have my powers.” Before Buffy could test her strength, Xander rushed up and pointed to the apparatus facing the working witches.

“Buffy! If that thing’s any use it’ll be right away. You’ll jump after and land fighting.

”The witches opening the portal were chanting louder as the ball of energy grew between their fingers.

“I bet your balls are massive. Are they hairy?”

Buffy’s eyes bugged and clamped her hand over Spike’s lips. The soft kisses along her big fingers made her pull away. She needed to concentrate, which was hard when she was...hard.

“Can we please focus on the mission and not my genitals?”

“Get in place! You got zero seconds!” Xander shouted as a strange whirring radiated from the opening portal.

“Do you need to go to the loo first, love? I can show you what to do if you do need to go to the loo.”

“Spike, that’s kinda disturbing and incredibly sweet at the same time.” She pulled his little tank towards her to peck him on the lips. “Now please concentrate on the sitch.”

“Portal is open! Stand back!”

“Fire!”

THOOM.

The mirror on the Slayer’s end shot the intense electrical blast right back at the army base.

“Sound off! Who’s hurt? Stay calm damnit!”

Through the swirly mass of baby poo yellow, green algae green, uncooked chicken pink and festering flesh red emerged two fighting figures, cutting their way through the laser beams, bullets, active soldiers, and groaning bodies.

“No.” The man said.

“Panic.” Sneered the woman.

The Major watched as the duo danced around his soldiers like his men were marks on a stage, indicating cues in the deathly tango of scythe and Samurai sword.

They disappeared out of view for a few minutes, reappearing with the Green Witch that the psycho Amy and her deformity of a boyfriend lusted after. The Green Witch stood amongst the bodies and emerald streaked out of her fingers into all of the Major’s broken soldiers.

The man and woman apexed a pile of stiff, splitting up to lithely swing up the metal staircases to the second storey ledge. Right to the exact spot where the Major stood.

Right in front of him was the man holding the infamous Slayer Scythe. His blonde female companion acrobatically landed next to the Major.

“Who *are* you?”

“Buffy, the government installation killer.” Said the man.

“No you aren’t. We have intel on Miss Summers.” The Major spoke to the blonde woman whose sword edged closer to his neck. The female smirked.

“Yeah, mate, you’re right. Well, we’re here on behalf of Miss Summers as her representatives. You got a message for her?”

“For all you monstrous spawn it all ends very soon.”

“Are you talking about the girls who are protecting the world from—,” Buffy started.

“Evil? Demons? Where do you think Slayer power comes from? Oh, wait: *you already know*.” The Major looked over at the red headed witch. “You’ve upset the balance, girl. Do you really think we were going to sit by and let you create a master race?”

“This isn’t about demons at all, is it? It’s about women. It’s about power and it’s about women and you just hate those two words in the same sentence, don’t you?”

The Major sneered at the feminist man before turning his gaze back to Spike.

“You’re not human. You’ve been to war with the demons, with the First, but believe me you picked the wrong side. ’Cause God help us, if you win then you’ll decide the world still isn’t the way you want it and the demon in you will say just one thing. ***Slay***. We’re not waiting for that to happen. We will wipe you out. Not just monsters anymore. It’s you,” his eyes bored into Spike’s. “Against the world. You’re at war with the human race.”

“Oh.” Spike said, his perfect lips opening in the lovely vowel shape.

“Kay.” Buffy finished off for him before swooping down and swinging the scythe at the Major, knocking him unconscious with the red butt.

“Let’s stop patting ourselves on the back till we have extraction. And someone ask Dawn to stop jumping up and down?” Came shakily ordered by Xander through the piece in Buffy’s ear.

Chapter 11

Chapter Ten

The shit-eth hath hit-eth the fan.

“You think?”

Stunned silence. They just landed through the return portal with an exhausted Willow slumped between them and then made their way back to their bedroom.

Spike didn't realise he'd said that aloud.

“I'm a Slayer. And I have a PENIS! Of course the crap's rotating on the ceiling!”

“There's nothing wrong with being a man. Don't worry, love. We'll get this all sorted and we'll be back to our original genders as quick as a whip. We're fine.”

“WE. ARE.” Her voiced dropped to a whisper. “Not fine. Spike, I can't be male.”

“Well you are, sweets, until we find out what really happened in LA and how we can rewrite this error.”

The laugh that scratched up out of her choked airways was beyond self-depreciating.

“At least we fit together now.”

“Hey! I resent that! We fit together fine when you were girly!”

Buffy looked at Spike, studying his readiness to defend their lesbian relationship to a tee. And that was when Buffy *really* broke.

“Spike...I...” Her hands clutched her muscular chest, groping desperately for jigglies.

“I want my boobs!” She wailed.

“Baby, you’re Buffy, inside and out, no matter what sex. And if you want some nibblies so much, I’ll fill you full of Krispy Kremes until you get some.”

“I don’t want *man*-boobs, Spike.”

“Sure you do.”

She chuckled, which turned into hysteric laughter, which became hysteric sobbing, then finally, manly, silent tears falling against Spike’s salty skin as her big hands clung to his shoulders.

“Spike, I think we should have sex.”

Spike wasn’t too sure exactly how he’d got into this situation. The man that was Buffy was naked in the aeroplane toilet, cautiously rubbing her penis.

Buffy said those magic words and he rebutted them because he was a pansy.

They were on their way to LA, and Spike had refused to acknowledge Buffy's scary declaration until she cornered him on the plane.

He wasn't entirely ready for American to invade British soil. He needed a few hundred drinks first.

"What?" He asked incredulously.

"Well, we kissed and you got your memory back. Then we had hot, all night lesbian sex and I turned into a man. Maybe if we do that backwards I'll change back."

Spike was in love with a deluded manwoman.

And now she was watching him shimmy out of his blouse and mini in-flight. And oh god. Buffy had a snake on the plane. In her pants.

"Come on Spike, since when have you had delicate sensibilities?" Her voice quavered.

"Since I grew a hymen." He snapped. He was way too nervous for her quippage.

But then something caught his eye. Spike's whole face softened as he saw how shaky Buffy's hand was as she stroked her penis.

The rest of the passengers probably knew exactly what was about to happen in the toilet and Spike's normal exhibitionist kink disappeared without a trace.

"We don't have to do this, if you don't want." Buffy's voice was more quavery than a Mozart score.

“It’s okay, baby, I know it will ease your fears and I’ll do anything to keep you happy.

Even if it is popping my cherry.” He gently grasped her stubbly chin and wiped away the tears pooling in her eyeball receptacles.

“Well, if you’re good, I might propose.” A strained chuckle but it got a pretty smile out of Spike, even if he did try to cover it.

“Ha, hardy ha ha, Slayer. At least you had an advantage when the old poof took your lady-wall away. I’m just a girl.”

“Ah, no you’re not Spike. You’re a Slayer.”

“Oh, yeah, right.”

Spike looked at her closely. She really did look like the pretty boy pirate. God, his Buffy was male. It was like a dream come true, especially if she figured out she could deliberately switch between the genders. All his kinks fulfilled by the one he loved.

Though, the way things were going, they’d return back to Scotland and the whelp would suddenly be Whelpette the Governor’s daughter, fainting in his pretty brocade corset.

“Spike?”

“Yeah?”

“Do you want me to...um...*prepare* you?” Her voice was smaller than a whisper.

He leant in and licked the nervous salt from her neck.

“No, baby. I’m all ready.”

She could do this. Okay. She had always been the aggressor in their sexual relations. And now she had even more reason. Wasn’t that a man’s job? No. That wasn’t very feminist of her. But the penis objective she could go by, right?

Spike pushed her up against the sink and devoured her mouth.

“Just cause you got a schlong, doesn’t mean you got to be the instigator.”

Buffy pushed him away, hedging him against the door. She kissed him furiously, unfamiliar tongue battling against his. The war raging in his mouth had him soaking his thighs.

Buffy grabbed his slender hips and began the ascent into his pussy.

The seriousness in his gaze as he pushed her away shocked her. The back of her knees touched the edge of the toilet seat and Spike was on her, sitting her down and settling his walls around her stiffness. The pain flashed across his face and then it was gone.

“Don’t assume superiority just ’cause you’re male, love. I’m just as strong of a slayer as you.”

And Buffy felt right again. Buffy felt whole again. She was joined with Spike and she knew who she was.

And she was so incredibly hot right now, her whole body boiled.

“Oh god Buffy. I can taste it. All over. You’re so salty. So much. Tastes so good. So brackish. God.”

His tongue lathered every spot of bare skin it could find.

Desperate and awkward humping had them howling and coming so loud and so powerful, an airhostess knocked on the door.

Smiling while tucking herself in and tucking the pretty hair behind his ears, Buffy felt strangely relieved.

“We’ll have slow sex when we find a bed.”

And then she remembered the purpose behind their joining of the Mile High club. She looked down. Yep, penis was still there.

“Well that was hot but useless.”

Spike looked around at the absence of the protection they’d forgotten to use and his wide eyes blinked at Buffy’s unaware gaze.

“Oh, there was a use.”

Chapter 12

Chapter Eleven

“How you going, Sally? And who the hell are you?”

Spike had forgotten about the appraising glances Angel had sent his way during Amnesia 05'. And now the stupid git was jealous of Buffy. Everything in the world was topsy-turvy and Spike lost his tiny amount of composure.

“Bwahaha...Angel...bwhahahaha...this is...hehehe...oh my god you stupid...it's...hahahahahahaha...oh I can't breathe!”

Buffy pushed the laughing hyena aside and faced Angel, willing him to look into her eyes. Surely he'd know it was her.

“Angel, it's me.”

“Who?” Buffy's palm went to her forehead. She had forgotten how stupid Angel could be.

“It's Buffy.” Her exasperated sigh seemed to be infused within those two words.

“What?” Could she slap him yet?

“And Sally is Spike.”

Spike hadn't stopped cackling and now he had even more reason to laugh. Angel hit the dirty airport floor with a thud.

“And the geezer is OUT!” Spike swished his delicate arms through the air in a mock umpire’s signal.

Angel woke up with a slap.

“What happened?” He was thoroughly sickened. The first thing he smelt as the pair had stepped off the plane was their activities emanating from their private regions.

“You passed out. Spike needs to visit a doctor tomorrow. Can we swing that? Will the doctor be able to take urine samples?”

Angel did not like this one bit.

And Spike began to snigger. Again.

“What’s so funny now?”

“Didn’t your dog start medical school after art collage? Wanted to help the helpless like her big hero? Can she take my urine sample or she still giving hers free out to the neighbourhood on those big moon nights?”

Did Spike really have to talk about Nina in front of Buffy? Oh, God. Conner was back at the motel. Why didn’t he think of that when Xander called to say he’d have two visitors?

Would anything ever go right for Angel?

“Oi, poofter, get your lard ass over here and help a girl out.”

Obviously not. Spike was struggling with his luggage because Buffy’s fingers had crept their way into the waistband of Spike’s mini skirt.

And Angel’s pants tightened.

There was noway this was real. He was having a nightmare.

“Oi! Slayer.”

Angel winced. Spike’s voice could break glass he was so screechy.

“What? I’m just doing what you did to me when I was with the wombiness.”

“Gotta let me have a lil’ bit of girly dignity or else people’ll think I’m a slut.”

Buffy’s hand grabbed Spike’s ass. Angel groaned huskily. And then watched in shocking fascination as the absurd argument unfolded in front of his gelled and styled fringe.

“BUFFY!” Spike yelped and dropped his luggage. “What the bleedin’ fuck did you do that for you horny woman?”

“What? Like you aren’t up for it? Please, you’re hornier than a moose.”

“They don’t got *horns*, Buffy.”

“Yeah, neither do you anymore.”

“I have no problem being in this body.”

“It wasn’t like that when we were HUMPING!”

“Buffy, can you please just pick up my luggage?”

“But I thought you were all, ‘oo I’m a Slayer now and I can be as strong as you because I’m so sexy and ooo Buffy you are so big!’. What happened to that, huh?”

“You bitch! I didn’t say those things. If anything that was you when you were all ‘I died and got brought back from heaven and then proceeded to fuck the life back into me by using Spike as my big dildo that’s bigger than anything the sex company my school of girls runs direct lines to can manufacture’. Take that!”

“Oh, for god’s sake, Spike. Just tell everyone in bleeding San Francisco that I’m a paedophile, why don’t you? Do you want me in jail?”

“With all those horny men, heaven no. They’d buggar you faster than a bleedin’ cattle train.”

“Cattle...what the hell, Spike? ARE YOU CALLING *ME* A COW?”

“Buggar.”

“Not tonight, I won’t.”

“Oh, pet, don’t be like that. I didn’t mean to insinuate anything. I love you.”

“Oh, Spike.”

They met in a fierce embrace that had Angel saluting the mounted security cameras. Mounted. His mind did not need to lead to that place.

“Okay, break it up. Hey! I said...get your tongue out of...Spike!”

They broke for air and Angel latched onto their biceps.

“Come on, we’re going back to the hotel.”

He needed to get the pair out of public and demon eye pronto.

Buffy muttered something beneath her breath, Angel barely able to pick up the words.

“What was that?”

“I said, I should have dragged Spike into the restrooms and finished the freakin’ job. I’m so horny I could bust a hole in this corduroy.”

And now Angel was thinking about Buffy’s penis.

And he needed some gaffa tape for the faulty switch in his brain. Maybe the brain continued to deteriorate as it aged even when you’re undead.

Angel had stared in disbelief as the duo related a PG version of their tale. He honestly couldn't believe the garbled cockney that was extruding on the blonde bombshell's vocal chords.

"Sally, are you sure you aren't playing a trick on me? Xander didn't, perchance, send you, did he?" His eyes didn't stray once to the pretty blondish man in front of him.

"No, for the last time, Angel, I'm Buffy."

He sighed in defeat. Angel really loved the look of Sally. She had been just his type: hot, powerful, damsel in distress.

"Look, do you have a room for us? I'm really tired from the flight and we'd really appreciate if you tell us what happened last June in the morning."

If that didn't sound like Buffy to a tee, he was Moses. As long as he didn't get too close to that tree on fire, he'd be fine. He'd just take deep, unneeded breaths and he'd be fine. Hopefully. At least the meeting with Conner went okay.

"Oh, um sure, umm...Buffy. I'll go see if there is a doctor to see Sally...Spike. Right, um, goodnight."

As he made his sway out of the door, Angel heard Spike softly exclaim, "I hope Peachbum doesn't start brooding while we're here."

Damn, definitely Spike.

The next morning, Buffy woke in Angel's Hyperion hotel room cuddled against a form she hadn't felt in almost two years.

“Spike, wake up.”

And he was out of the bed and into the bathroom like a stream of Mentos and Coke spurting out of a cola bottle.

Spike’s insides erupted up and out of his oesophagus.

Spike looked into the toilet bowl.

“Oh bollocks.”

Spike looked up into the mirror.

“BUFFY!”

He knew he felt something strange in his pants.

Chapter 13

Chapter Twelve

“Spike?” The gruff voice of Buffy’s manly vocal chords echoed sleepily through to the rooms.

She opened the bathroom door and rushed inside when she saw Spike hunched over the toilet bowl.

“Where is my baby?” Spike looked up, surprised at her panicky tone.

“Umm, dunno know. In here somewhere. In my Derby Kelly.”

“What?” Buffy blocked the bathroom door, her boyface dangerously darkening to the deepest purple Spike had ever seen, richer than the royals and scarier than a drag queen in a bar brawl.

“In my stomach.”

“Oh my God! She’ll die instantly from the acid. Quick, throw up again.”

Buffy rushed inside, gripping Spike’s shoulders in one hand while trying to force open his mouth and work on making him gag.

“Jesus Slayer, you’re more insane than I thought.”

“What have you **done** to my baby?”

“*Your* baby! I’m the one carrying the runt.”

“Runt? RUNT! Spike, that’s our *child*!”

“Stop screaming at me in exclamation points!”

Buffy took a breath to begin her freak-out-yelling fest when she noticed Spike’s attire. He’d gone to bed in the cutest little bra and panty set, covered in juicy strawberries after they’d had a bit of nookie just to freak out Angel with their crazy lust bunny scents.

Which were acting up again, Buffy’s boxers began a mutiny against flaccidity. Spike’s newly manned body was straining the tiny panties.

“What’s happen -- Spike's a man.”

The froofy hair preceded Angel’s entrance into the room, looking over at shock at the blonde men standing in the bathroom, two seconds away from lip lock.

“You guys want to hear my story?”

Staring into each others eyes, the blondes mutually sighed and turned to Angel.

“Lead the way, Brood Man!”

Buffy sorta wishing she had some form of recording device to witness the absurdity of situation: three men, two who have recently been women, two who have recently been dead and one whose dead status is un and they're all attracted to each other. Yep, absurd.

“So then I was dreaming of the nuns again, but with Darla in the habit and I felt this thing all over my physical body—”

“Does this pointless anecdote of your religion kink have a point?”

The pointed glares from the other two males in the room did nothing to halt the snark from its escape route via Spike's mouth. He needed a little extra incentive. It came from a raised Buffy eyebrow and one word that secretly held a whole bunch.

“Spike.” A.k.a. Spike, if you don't keep quiet we'll not get to find out how high you squeal when your boy button is pressed.

Angel's chest rumbled in an attempt of menace. The nonplussed Spike and Buffy just had another heated glance.

“Angel, your growling hasn't intimidated me since the 17th Century.”

“I'm going to overlook your inability of simple mathematics and resume telling *Buffy* how Conner was born, so maybe we can figure out how you two are pregnant.”

Spike huffed barely beneath his breath and turned his gorgeously man face away, not wanting Buffy to see the murder written across his forehead arrowing in the direction of the captain of all upper head regions.

“If something is wrong with my child, I'm blaming you Mr ‘Speed limits aren't applicable in demon run hovels especially when your ex-squeeze knocked up your other ex-squeeze and you want some squeezey action’.”

The warnings about speaking had obviously gone through one of Spike's ears and out the other. Although, this time, he warranted a point. Buffy's glare in Angel's direction and a soothing hand rubbing Spike's stomach proved as much.

"That bend came out of nowhere, I swear! I didn't know we'd veer off road."

"Angel, we didn't need to get to LA so quickly. Especially if it's because of evil Wolfram and Hart sports car technology. And I like Frisco, we would have fit in." Buffy said.

"Hey, no dissing on the Viper." Angel's face scrunched up, hating the memory of Spike's abuse of the poor machine.

"Can we please get back to my story?"

Buffy and Spike exchanged a cheeky glance. If Angel hadn't seen the erecting of the pants at the sound of his anxious exasperation, he needed his cataracts cheeks. Getting Angel angry got both of the blondes hot.

A match made in Sunnyhell.

As soon as Angel had finished telling the length story of Conner's conception, birth and abduction—with additional snipes at Spike—the blondes exchanged ideas, via eyeballs, to get away from Angel as soon as possible in order to get their hands all over each other.

But Angel wouldn't have it.

Unless he could join in.

Buffy was thinking of oil and different words for absurdity.

“So, LA. Umm, I found Sally and yeah. Didn’t know it was Spike. I watched him...you die by those giant naked mole rat demons and then I jumped on the dragon to divert the rest of the army. But I still don’t see how Spike would be able to have children.”

“Are you that much of a ninny? You stick Stick B into Slot SPIKE. I’m human you stupid git. I can feel the sun. I can make the babies. I can get rashes and pee and get pregnant. I got the Shanhsu.”

“No, no way. It wasn’t meant for you. Just cause you got that Mountain Mist cup—”

“It was Mountain Dew, you ignorant dick. Count the heartbeats in the room. There’s three and you ain’t one.”

Angel and Buffy watched as Spike flew out the doors of the Hyperion, shedding his clothes and looking back at Angel through the glass doors.

Furiously butt naked, Spike was in the sun, with his arms wide open and yelling to the skies, “I can feel the sun on my tallywacker! I’m ALIVE!”

But Spike had failed to remember LA was a demons’ playground and was immediately tackled to the ground by a bulbous Fahunghai demon.

“Spike, oh my god, Spike are you okay? Baby, please be okay.”

Buffy was bent over her love’s body, tears dripping down her chiselled face: the picture of a man in agony. Angel hovered, trying to access the damage but all he could see was blood. Spike’s abdomen was obviously an open wound, Buffy desperately trying to stop the blood flow.

“Buffy, let me take a look.”

“Fuck off Angel. You’re the fucking reason why those demons have killed our baby! Find a doctor, NOW!”

Chapter 14

Chapter Thirteen

The glass was thrown off its hinges as the three super-males burst through the door; Spike held between Buffy and Angel, dripping blood onto the private practice's floor.

Angel, in his broody glory, roughly demanded an immediate appointment to the demon receptionist.

Spike, in Buffy's arms, was taken into a surgery room and a thing with six arms appeared, taking tests before fixing and stitching the wounds. Spike yelped when he was injected with a serum. He shot a look at Buffy to make sure no quip left her delectable manlips.

Angel was quarantined away from the couple, who found themselves greeted by Mr T.

"Salutations. I'm your doctor, Lethlemparger. Feel free to call me Dr Lem."

Even in Spike's sleepy Demerol glaze, Buffy could pick up the amusement in his eyes.

"Congratulations, you're the parents of two rows of human cells."

That woke Spike right up.

"I'm having TWINS? Can we see it on the machine?"

"No silly. Baby's don't appear in the womb fully formed."

“Your mate is right. It is one embryo.”

“So no A Team?” Buffy couldn’t help it. Her sniggers confused the good demon doctor.

“So I do got a womb? And the baby’s alright?”

“Yes, for the rest of your puny human existence. And yes.”

“You mean to say I’m going to have a womb the rest of my life? Will I still be able to get a stiffy?”

“Yes. Yes. The baby has exceeded its expected gestational growth. This is because of your tripping gender functions.”

“So what you’re saying is that our baby has advanced in growth because of Spike’s return to penishood?”

“Are all slayers this dense? Are either of you unable to understand what I say without additional reinforcement?”

“So you mean to say...” Trust Spike to still crack jokes under immense pain. Buffy added some more when she slapped his arm, causing Doctor A-Team to throw her a grateful glance.

“It’s a mutated demon virus.”

“WHAT? Our baby is a WHAT?” Mr T or not, she wasn’t having him tell her her child was dysfunctional...yet.

“Oh, no. Baby’s all ugly and human. I mean your gender change is a strain of the Alkaline Copulalus Changerus evolved from the fields of demon dead here in Los Angelus.”

“I’ve got Ebola of the penis? Why doesn’t Spike have Ebola of the boobs anymore?”

“No. Because Ebola needs something that’s animated to—,”

“What do you mean animated?” Spike was pushed back down to the bed by an assistant Buffy hand.

“To catch this strain of virus, the receiver had to be dead.”

“Oh. My. I’m dead?” Buffy’s ass hit the half-comfortable chair perched next to the doctor’s desk. Her hand scrambled to feel for her pulse. She poked her neck a few times until Spike caught her hand. She looked into his pretty eyes that washed her with calm and sexiness. She liked being washed by him. Hmm...Spike in shower.

“No, pet. I was. In the big LA battle.” Right, back to the topic.

“He caught the virus. He changed. He passed it on to you.”

“So why is Spike all back to his mansexiness?”

“The baby.” Mr T said.

“What about it?” She unconsciously leant over her love’s body and rubbed his rapidly healing stomach.

“It’s absorbing the salt from his body.”

“Huh?”

“Do you know anything about pregnancy?”

Buffy shook her head. Last time she had anything to do with one, she was being pushed out of the birth canal.

“The birther needs an increased salt intake to sustain the offspring during the gestation period.”

“Why salt?”

“It is what is the catalyst of the virus.”

Buffy slapped Spike’s arm again.

“What?”

“If you didn’t love those stupid, salty onion things...”

“So how is Buffy cured?”

Spike’s hand had crept into Buffy’s and squeezed lightly. His wound was almost closed. If only he hadn’t yelped during that injection. He knew Buffy was waiting to call him on that.

“She shall have to consume a great amount of sugar.”

“HELL NO! I don’t want to be fat!”

“Do you want to be female?” Spike asked gently.

Buffy looked down at her manly body. She liked being a man. It felt as natural as being a woman. She felt herself, regardless of gender. And that was what truly felt right. Being herself. It was time to be the one girl in all the world again, fatness aside.

“Yes, baby. I’ll be your girl.”

“I suggest you return to your habitat and consume tonnes of sugar products. Return in two days, once you are female. I shall preform the spawn transfer.”

He ripped off a sparkly chain around his neck and handed it to Buffy before walking out of the door.

She had no idea to do with it, until Spike noticed it was a prescription for sugar. She peeled back the golden wrapping and took a bite, grinning at the chocolate.

Buffy helped Spike stand once the nurse had checked on the healing progress and roughly plastered a bandaged over the once gaping hole.

They were walking out of the surgery, Angel trailing silently behind when Spike turned and said, “Well wasn’t that exposition hour?”

“Meh. Wanna have sex now?”

“Buffy!”

“What? I have an erection!”

“Don’t you want to digest everything the doc told us?”

“I did. Got me horny. And, aren’t you still the girl? Digest everything.” She made that noise that Spike would forever claim was a scoff.

“I am the one carrying our child.”

“Yeah, only till tomorrow.”

“Oh god, you’re going to look so good with a big gorgeous belly, Slayer.”

“Yeah well, I still think we should actually get me knocked up next time.”

A dream smile flitted across Spike’s face. Too bad it was quickly wiped off by a pissed off manslayer.

“I hate you! I’m going to have to eat Xander’s weight in Butterfingers.”

Spike decided sniggering wasn’t and the kid’s best option, so he ran his hand down Buffy’s back until clasping her hip and drawing her to him in order for Spike to tickle her lips in a cheeky kiss.

“Can we hold off the mood swings until you got the kid?”

She smiled. She’d be pregnant tomorrow, with her and Spike’s child. It was weird that that made her insanely happy.

“Nope!”

Chapter 15

Chapter Fourteen

“Come on, Sugar Daddy, fill me up.”

Spike chuckled as he delicately fed her the Krispe Kremes. He had about two minutes of rubbing the suspicious looking glaze on her lips until the deep fried Mars bars were done.

The only thing that appeared to have changed was her fingers. Less and fairer hair between the knuckles.

They hadn't touched on the truck yet.

Buffy and Angel had knocked over a candy courier, the truck scattering Hershey's bars across the road as the two-supermales scrambled into the cabin, throwing the demon driver out onto the road.

If Spike would have been with them, Buffy would have quipped about the three musketeers. 'Cause she had 150,000 of them in the truck's trailer to consume.

When Spike had come up with the ingenious idea of stealing from a candy factory, Buffy and Angel immediately shot him down.

“We loot it in transit.”

“Bloody hell, now this is getting exciting. What am I gonna do? Rig the bomb charge?”

Buffy's eyebrows shot up. Her lips did, under no circumstances, divert from her thin lipped glare into a cheeky curvy smile.

"No, you and bub stay home. Let Daddy and Angel take care of it."

Angel turned from his perch on the stairs of the Hyperion and asked Buffy if she wanted to tag along for the illegalities.

"I am there like a chicken is in parmigiana."

And now the stolen truck full of 3 Musketeers, Twinkies and Hershey's was pulled up outside of the Hyperion's door, candy spilling from the open trailer into the Hyperion foyer.

Meanwhile, Spike had been busy while the two were pulling an Italian job on the candy truck. He'd called the distributors of Butterfingers and Reese's Peanut Buttercups and M'n'ms and had them deliver crates of candy.

He charged it to Angel's credit card.

Angel never should have given 'Sally' a hug at the airport.

Spike was now squeezing cookie dough out of its tubular packaging and into Buffy's mouth. Her lips were still manlippy but her face and hair had changed back into what he'd initially fallen in love with.

"God, love. Every way possible, you are so beautiful."

“Spike, I still have a penis.”

“I know, and you are beautiful.”

“Okay.”

She slowly gobbled down the cookie dough, ready to take another crack at the stolen van’s goods.

“I’m going to turn into a cow.”

“No, baby, that’s a jersey, not a Hershey.”

“Hahaha, stupid. Not literally. I’m going to be fat.”

“Beautiful, remember?”

“I’m so throwing up when I’m boobish again.”

Buffy thought she’d never hate Reese’s Peanut Buttercups. She was wrong.

After fifteen hours of stuffing her face with sugar and water and sleeping it off in naps of fifteen minutes every hour and a half, she couldn’t stomach one more thing.

Even though all that was left of her maleness was the reproductive organs.

“I don’t need to be gender specific, do I? Really?”

“What about the baby? We gonna cut her out of me when she needs to be born?”

“Oh, I forgot about...I mean, I know my little sugar baby’s in my sugar daddy, but I mean, I forgot, I was going to be...when I was complaining about fat...and—,”

“You’re babbling, sweetheart. It’s okay. You were concentrating on gorging yourself. Or me gorging you. All night long.”

He smiled so brightly, devoid of all smirks despite the bad joke that she couldn’t help but smile back.

“Come on, let’s get those peanut, chocolatey goodnesses into my stomach so I can carry our child—Hey! You called her a her!”

“We can have a boy next time.”

He was so sweet. Sweeter than anything she’d consumed. So she slathered him in Hershey’s chocolate icecream topping and stuck the Reese’s goodies to parts of his anatomy and devoured him until her penis was gone.

They were still at it when Angel yelled that their appointment with Dr Lem was in half an hour.

Spike loved her pussy. He had loved his pussy too but being in Buffy's was like being in England. Home. Even though home was considerably different from what he remembered but even Harrod's was still around. Then Spike began to wonder if Harrod was still around. Some big shot master Tranny vampire had turned him on a trip to London from Transylvania after escaping a tribe of gypsies. He was an alright type of vampire, even if he had a kink for sucking on shopkeepers. He did turn Oscar Wilde.

"Hey, mista! We're having our first sex experience back in our original genders and you're off in la la land."

"Sorry love, was thinking about Oscar Wilde."

She didn't say any words. Spike could see her frustration and amusement in movements as she flipped him over and used her wiles to make sure his attention was firmly on her.

This was the only position she never made him look her in the eyes. He had boob thing.

"Did you fondle yours when you were alone?"

"Yep."

"Gonna fondle mine now?" His hands instantly rose.

She pushed back down on him, thanking the lord for his penis.

"Yep. 'M gonna suck on these pretties that'll soon be full of Mamma milk. I'm going drink it all up till Baby comes and then I'll have to share. You're going to taste so sweet."

"That's only 'cause I just inhaled the world's supply of sugar."

“You gonna be so big and round and gorgeous. I’m gonna give you so many babies, Slayer.”

His hands were on her hips, bringing her down to his pelvis with force greater than Luke’s. She pushed up with her knees, letting his head just breach her renewed opening and then dropped.

“Oh GOD! Spike, you’re going to be the Sire of Slayers. My manly Slayer. We won’t stop.”

“Not stopping, ever baby.”

“Thanks Dr T...Lem Dr Lem. Thank you so much.”

“You do not need ratification that Mr Bloody is a slayer?”

The A-Team doctor was scribbling on a chart as Buffy and Spike—all gendered up and pregnant in the womb of Buff—were holding hands in the space between the armchairs next to the doctor’s desk.

“No. Spike died. Caught the virus. Turned into a girl. Made human by the Powers. And returned to me. Everything is right.”

“You do not need approval of the spawn transfer?”

“You said everything was fine, first time Doc. We’re good.”

“Make appointments with human doctors. I do not need your offspring in my offices.”

Buffy and Spike shared their smile and stood to leave.

“It’s been good, Mr T.”

Spike just couldn’t resist.

Chapter 16

Chapter Fifteen

Buffy and Spike stepped onto the plane and blushed profusely. The perky flight attendant tilted her head, trying to work out where she'd seen the couple before. Buffy ushered Spike away from the confused woman and into his seat before he could explain.

Bored and cramped, Spike managed to persuade Buffy into another round of gentle mile high membership. The club was about to call them and give them honorary doctorates.

They held sweaty palms the entire time they were in the air. Anyone who cared to look could see they were in love. Angel had gagged at the airport. He managed not to throw up all over Buffy's back when she gave him a quick, one-armed hug. Spike had held her other hand the entire time.

At the end of the long flight, the air hostess waved them off with a bright, sincere smile. The smile dropped when she went back to see the mess in the bathroom.

But Spike and Buffy didn't care. They were going home and starting their family.

If she heard one more squeal from Dawn, the whole castle would come down around her ears. And she didn't want her baby to suffer.

"For the LOVE of cheese, Dawn, STOP IT!" Buffy yelled out her window as she watched Spike tell her sister everything that went down in LA from the palm of Dawn's hand. Buffy hoped Spike had tried to keep it PG.

The castle bounced one more time with the glee of the giantess.

“Willow, please tell me you are working on resizing her?”

Willow smiled and began to answer in a long rambling sentence that would not, for one second, include Dawn and sex and giant sticks of red licorice in the cure but she was happily interrupted when Spike slid in next to Buffy, his curls ruffled and smile sickly sweet and bright and beaming at his love.

“Can’t cheat at cards ’gainst her no more. She’ll flatten me with her pinkie.”

Buffy would have answered if Andrew hadn’t run in to wrap Spike in a quick hug and run out again.

Andrew and the Southern Italian squad had returned to Slayer castle, which was almost at full capacity. The Slayers were everywhere for the fated couple’s homecoming and Andrew was the first (and only) one to go up and hug Spike upon their arrival.

“Am I going to catch it? Will I catch it?” There was a strange, hopeful note in his voice.

Giles had informed the curious castle of Spike and Buffy’s story in a bid to give them rest from the inquisitive Slayers. His ploy did not work.

Giles had ventured up to Scotland to pass on information to Willow in her search for a cure for Giant Dawn as well as anticipation for seeing a happy Buffy once more.

Dr Lem had sent a profile of the virus to Giles, per request, so Willow could study the virus in the vial of Sally’s blood that had been originally taken when Spike as Sally had first arrived.

In the chaotic day of Buffy's return, Andrew had snuck into the laboratory and stolen a quart of the blood of the virus and would begin cultivating it at night when Willow was out with Vi. Vi didn't know it but she'd soon be giving into the powerful allure of all things Willowness.

Andrew knew he could get a few of the Slayers to play. They were always complaining there weren't enough men around.

The moonlight sparkled through their window. The cot Xander had lovingly made rocked in the draught of the old stony fortress.

Xander was watching as always, Willow was still out with Vi and Giles was back on the road to London. Dawn had quietened an hour ago and the Slayers were all in their barracks, entertaining themselves. Andrew was in the lab. Angel was brooding half a world away. He'd run into Werewolfe Nina in two days and start making with the demon love again. Though this time they would add a strap-on to their repertoire.

Spike and Buffy and Baby were wrapped up in the blankets of love. While the baby swam around in the Womb of Buff, Spike casually slid his hand down Buffy's body, searching for his child.

The little tyke was barely in recognisable baby form but still, Spike could feel part of himself within the body of his beautiful (surprisingly slim) love.

"God, I love you."

Buffy brought her hand up to his face, softly caressing his cheek and drawing the lines of his cheekbones with her pinkie.

"And we love you too, William."

Their kiss was sweet, passionate and tender and they fell to sleep in each other's arms, lips still touching.

Giles had pulled up on the middle of the M6, late night cars honking their disapproval.

"Dear Lord," he had said to his dashboard, which only responded with a ticking sound. His blinkers were on.

"The Tenterhall Prophecy. Dear Lord. Why didn't I think of this before?"

His fandangle mobile phone was dashingy whipped out of his inner tweed pocket and ferocious dialled in order to connect to Buffy.

"Buffy, wake up!"

Buffy sat up in bed, searched the nightstand for her cell.

"God damnit. Who is calling at—FOUR IN THE MORNING!" The flip was flipped and she barked into the line. "Don't you know pregnant ladies need their sleep?" She asked irately.

"Thank goodness you're up, Buffy. There's something—,"

“Hold on, you have apocalypse voice on. Need to wake up Spike. Hey, NoDoze, wake the hell up.”

Buffy poked him in the shoulder. Nothing happened. She poked again.

“The fish are swimming in flip flops. Hmmm, fishy.”

With a punch as mighty as Thor’s Hammer, Spike woke with a yelp and his hand flew to his knee.

“What the hell did you do that for, Slayer?”

“Shut it and listen to Giles, Slayer.”

Which got him horny. She couldn’t call him that and not expect instant hard-on. It was rubbed into her hip until she shoved his lower body half off the bed.

“Concentrate. Apocalypse.” She whispered as she half heard Giles running through the details of the latest personal-time interloper.

“What? What about my baby?” Spike’s hand instantly stopped roaming and tightened on her hips. He listened in as Giles did a quick recap of what he’d just spent the last ten minutes explaining.

“I said, and please listen this time...are you listening?”

“Yes, Giles. We both are.”

“I said the Tenterhall Prophecy states that The Birth of the Child of the Two Slayers Will End the Half-breed Race for Eternity. The Child Must Be Born or the World Will Suffer an Imbalance That Will Throw the Earthly Plains Into Hell.”

Spike and Buffy looked into one another’s eyes once more and they said in unison:

“Oh Balls.”

The End...for now

End Notes

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