

In the Garden of Evil

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Author’s notes: This short story explores Angelus’ reactions upon having suffered through the events of the episode “I Only Have Eyes For You”. It also expands on the relationship between Angelus and Drusilla, and the conflict it causes for Spike. This award-winning fanfic was written in May 2000.

Teaser: An Angelus story that takes place right after the episode “I Only Have Eyes For You”.

Prologue

Angelus stood bare-chested in front of the water fountain in the garden of his mansion. He vigorously scrubbed his face, chest, and arms with the water that trickled out of the top. His nostrils flared loudly from the intense effort he was exerting, in order to rid himself of the filth he felt and from his rage. *I feel so... violated. No matter how hard I scrub, I still feel it... inside! It's gonna make me sick. That thing made me... I felt... love... for the Slayer!* Angelus involuntarily shuddered with the thought. He began to scrub even harder.

“You might want to let up.” Spike’s amused voice came from somewhere behind him. “They say when you've drawn blood, you've exfoliated.”

He could tell by Spike’s tone that Spike was enjoying his obvious displeasure... far too much. *Right now, I don't care. Let him gloat. I gotta bigger problem to deal with. I was possessed by some friggin' thing! I couldn't fight it. I had no control! It manipulated me! I screamed inside my head and that thing just kept doin' what it wanted! I wanted to torture and kill the Slayer! I wanted her blood! Instead it made me feel love, goodness, and forgiveness!* Angelus shuddered again.

Drusilla crossed the garden and walked towards him.

“What do you know about it?” Angelus shot back with bitterness. He yanked his gray shirt off the side of the fountain. He took one look at the condition it was in and threw it at the ground. “I'm the one who was friggin' violated! You didn't have this *thing* in you!” He shouted angrily as his rage got the better of him. *I couldn't do a damn thing I wanted to! IT controlled me! IT had power over me!* Angelus fumed as he walked past Spike, who was in his wheelchair, and crossed the atrium to retrieve a crimson silk shirt he'd picked out as a backup.

“What was it? A demon?” Drusilla’s delicate voice questioned. Angelus turned towards her voice as he started to put on his shirt. He watched her as she dabbled her fingers in the water of the fountain where he had washed himself.

“LOVE!” Angelus spit the word out, his voice filled with contempt and rage. He shrugged the rest of his shirt on while he was forced to remember the feeling. *Of all things to feel for a Slayer! It’s bad enough that I’ve got these damn memories from when my soul was restored. The way she made me feel... for her... it’s revolting! I gotta get outta here. Killing makes me feel better. It always does.*

“Poor Angel.” Drusilla drawled as she seductively brought her fingertips to her lips to taste the water on them. She gazed at Angelus as he walked towards her.

He paused at the foot of the stairs and picked up his black duster. He stared at Drusilla. “Let’s get outta here. I need a real *vile* kill...” He gave a quick glance to Spike then his eyes fell back to Drusilla “...before sunup to wipe this *crap* out of my system.” He glared back at Spike who met his gaze. Spike’s dark eyes followed Angelus’ every move. *Of course, getting Spike all brassed-off makes me feel better. It’s so easy to goad him on, to get under his skin. I know his weakness.* Angelus turned his gaze to Drusilla. *I sired her.* He pulled his jacket on over his still unbuttoned shirt.

Drusilla immediately walked over to him and growled playfully. They stared at each other as she leaned in close to him.

Angelus leered at her as he growled back. *Yeah, baby, we’ll play soon enough. What Spike doesn’t know, I’ll gladly fill him in on it later. Just to watch him explode. It’s so much fun!* Angelus tilted his head slightly to see if Spike was still watching. To his delight, Spike was. He had wheeled over towards the stairs near them so that he was only a couple of feet away. And he didn’t look too happy.

“Of course.” Drusilla’s breath brushed Angelus’ ear and he couldn’t help but turn to face her. “We’ll find you a nice toddler.” Her gaze was hypnotic as she stared at him.

Angelus, still catching his breath from venting his rage, leaned in very intimately and snapped his jaw at Drusilla. He saw her face light up as she recognized their old game. He turned to give one last taunting glare to Spike then he headed up the garden stairs that led outside.

“Want to come, pet?” He heard Drusilla’s innocent voice directed at Spike.

And now my fun begins. Angelus darted back down the stairs. He turned and stood in front of Drusilla while waving a finger at her as if she were a child. He kept his back to Spike. “No can do, Dru.” *First the poke.* “I’m sure he’d be hell on wheels,” he peered over his shoulder to make sure that Spike was still watching “but we don’t have much time.” He turned now to face Spike. *And now the stab.* “Gotta travel... *light.*” Angelus walked over to Spike and rested his hands on both of Spike’s shoulders. He leaned in real close. *And then the twist.* “Sorry. Try to have fun without me.” Angelus sneered, taking a moment to enjoy the look in Spike’s eyes. They were filled with rage, jealousy, and anguish. He pushed on Spike’s shoulders and it sent him rolling back a little. *Gotcha!* Angelus smirked as he turned to face Drusilla. He headed back up the garden stairs and when he heard her follow closely behind, he smiled again in triumph. *Too bad, Roller Boy.*

As Angelus walked around the side of the mansion Drusilla came up beside him humming and twirling in a circle. He paused halfway to the street to watch her.

After a moment she stopped and stood in front of him. She looked up into his eyes. “I like to hunt and play.” Her voice was petulant and inviting. She ran her hands up his bare chest then took hold of either side of his loose shirt. She leaned in and growled at him.

Angelus couldn't help but preen. “Yeah, baby, you do. Don't I know what ya like?” He murmured as he reached a hand around the back of her neck and grabbed a handful of hair. He pulled her closer to him and turned her face to the side. He growled as he leaned down then snapped his jaw as he neared her neck. He heard her moan. *Don't know what Dru ever saw in Spike. Now that I'm back... she doesn't need him anymore. These last few months have proved that well enough.* “Come on, Dru. Time to hunt.” He whispered in her ear. He let go of her and started for the street.

“Oh, goody! I like this part.” She laughed as she fell in step beside him.

Angelus thought back to when Drusilla had received her vision of the Slayer dancing with death. He'd used the opportunity to flaunt his intimacy with Drusilla in front of Spike. The look on Spike's face had been priceless. He imagined Spike had that same look now. Angelus meant what he'd said to Spike about Drusilla after she had the vision. He wanted to focus his undivided attention on her. For one thing, it enraged Spike to realize he couldn't do a damn thing about it. For another, ever since Spike became *Special Needs Boy*, Drusilla just wasn't getting the proper attention she needed or deserved. *Of course, I'm taking care of that.* Angelus smirked. *Truth be told, ever since the night the Slayer set me free.*

Drusilla had welcomed him back with open arms. They were, after all, old lovers reunited after a century of separation. He considered her to be his other half, his sadistic evil twin. They were two sides of the same dark coin. In his eyes, she was his greatest accomplishment. *And, despite all the time that's passed between us, she's still my obsession. Our fire... it never died.* All he had to do now was to get rid of the Slayer and Spike. Then Drusilla and he would be free to roam the countryside together. They would kill and drink to their heart's content. Or at least until he was bored again. Then he would make a new toy. *I gotta figure out a way to get the Slayer and Roller Boy to kill each other off. Soon, but not too soon. I'm still having fun with them.*

Angelus grinned to himself as Drusilla and he hunted the streets of Sunnydale.

Spike watched angrily as Angelus and Drusilla walked out of the garden. He exhaled the breath he hadn't realized that he'd held. He could hear Angelus' mocking words echo in his head. *'Try to have fun without me.'* Spike glared at the stairs. “Oh, I will.” He whispered vehemently as he realized he'd had enough. Then he decided to test himself. Slowly he lifted his right foot from the footrest of his wheelchair and placed it on the ground. He did the same with his left foot. He drew in a breath and stood up. It was done. There was no pain.

Spike stood tall, reeling from the joy of his recovery. But it was short lived. The thought of Angelus and Drusilla came back to him. *The way he touches her! And she lets him! She's my girl! My sire! I took care of her when the bloke was prancing about*

with a bloody soul! I protected her when he was trying to kill us! I'm the one who bloody well cured her when she was ill! Blimey! I spent the last bloody century taking care of her! Frustrated, he turned and kicked his wheelchair, which flipped over as it was sent backwards. He turned back around and stared at the garden entryway. *Oh, I'll have my fun.* “Sooner than you think.” He uttered the threat as his gaze settled where Angelus had taunted him.

I thought I'd like having the old Angelus back. Now, I really prefer having the Slayer whipped 'Angel' version instead. At least then, Dru was mine. I bloody well refuse to share her with anyone. Especially Angelus. Those two have a history. The thirty years we ran together was a constant battle for Dru's attention. Even for the short time Darla ran with us. Angelus gave them both his affections. And now it's bloody well happening again! Who the hell does he think he is anyway?

Of course, when Angelus had gotten in his face, he'd known it then. Angelus wasn't like any ordinary vampire. In the height of his day he had been known as The Scourge of Europe. He was the culmination of all things that Spike wanted to be as a vampire. Angelus executed a level of cruelty, ruthlessness, and barbarity that Spike admired. Unless it was directed at him. Which it was, at the moment. He remembered the look in Angelus' eyes. He'd seen everything in them. *He doesn't try to hide a damn thing! The bloke flaunts it right in front of me! Me, Spike!* He walked past his wheelchair still in a rage. *Blimey! What the hell can I do? Dru's so wrapped up in him I can't hardly say two bloody words and she goes and rattles on about 'Angel'. It makes me sick to my stomach! A vampire can only take so much! I've got to figure out a way to win Dru back. I'll show Angelus. You don't mess with William the Bloody and get away with it!*

“This time, it's for keeps.” He vowed to himself. For the first time that evening, Spike smiled.

Part 1

Angelus let the body of the young child in his arms drop to the ground. The body sprawled out in an awkward position by the wall of the alley he stood in. The boy was dead. He figured the child was only two or three years old at the most. *Well... had been.* He grinned as he drew in a big breath. Though vampires didn't need to breathe, they could do so if they wanted to. And this was one of those few moments when Angelus wanted to enjoy the experience. He inhaled deeply the odor of the boy's freshly spilt blood. He could identify the bittersweet, copper aroma blindfolded. It exhilarated him. It aroused him. It was his favorite scent. *The blood of the innocent. Nothing compares to the exquisite taste.*

“No! No! My boy! Please, let me go! SOMEBODY HELP ME! Oh God, please!” A young woman's voice brought him out of his reverie. Angelus turned his head towards the voice. Drusilla stood a couple of feet from him and she held the young woman in front of her. “Please! My little boy?! Is he? No! You couldn't have! He

was just... what are you?" She muttered incoherently. Angelus watched as the realization dawned on her face. "SOMEBODY HELP ME! POLICE! Anyone!" Her broken voice cried out while her eyes darted around for an escape.

Of course there was none. Angelus had made sure of that. He studied what was to be his next kill. The young woman was dark haired and in her late teens. His best guess was that she was a runaway. There was never a shortage of them in Sunnydale as far as he knew. One thing he did know for sure was that she was the mother of the boy he just killed. Drusilla had held the woman firmly in place so she had been forced to watch the death of her child. Angelus walked toward the woman while still wearing his true face. Her eyes were wide with shock. Her face was red and streaked with tears. She trembled with grief and fear. *Blood laced with fear. Intoxicating.* He glanced at his fledgling.

Drusilla was wearing her true face as well. Her vibrant golden eyes stared eagerly at his. She smiled sadistically. "Care to share a drink, luv?" Her voice purred over the sound of the woman's choked sobs.

Angelus closed the distance between them, trapping the woman. He could feel her squirming and fighting to break free. "Don't mind if I do." His left hand grabbed the woman's chin as he stared into her eyes.

"Please, let me go! I didn't do anything! If you let me go, I... I won't tell." She pleaded desperately for her life. Her voice was strained and broken by tears that still flowed down her cheeks.

Angelus let a sly smile crease his features. *I love it when they beg! They taste so much better!*

"Of course you won't, dearie. We're going to put out the light." Drusilla whispered into the woman's ear then looked up at Angelus. "Aren't we, Angel?" She cooed in delightful anticipation.

"That's what I like about you, Dru. You can read my mind." Angelus smirked then quickly buried his teeth into the left side of the woman's neck. He heard Drusilla bite into the right side as well. Angelus relished the moment. Hunting was a great sport. Preying on the innocent was a thrill. Torturing a victim was a pleasure. Yet, the kill... was everything. Taking a life was like putting out a candle. It was easy. It was simple. It was a power that made him feel like a god. It was what made his immortal existence worth living. His sire, Darla, had taught him that. The fresh blood of a human satisfied his thirst like nothing else. The blood cleansed him. It washed away his frustrations, his rage, and the Slayer. *Nothing like innocent blood to get rid of the taste of the Slayer in my mouth.* Angelus pulled his mouth away. He took in another breath to inhale the scent of the woman's blood. *I love it! I can still smell her fear!* He watched as Drusilla lifted her mouth away from the woman's neck. Her lips were smeared with blood. He could feel the limp woman's body between them. He took hold of the woman's shoulders and shook her a little. "Jeez, I think we wore her out. Maybe she should rest?" Angelus quipped as he gazed at Drusilla. Without looking, he tossed the dead body away from them.

"The pretty woman tasted nice." Drusilla drawled as she raised her hand and caressed his face. Angelus felt the gentle touch of her fingers as they glided across his

vampiric features. He stared into her golden eyes for a moment. He could smell the blood on her lips and it beckoned him.

“Yeah, but I taste better.” Angelus murmured arrogantly as he pulled her to him. He leaned in and pressed his lips to hers. He could taste the blood of their kill as they kissed. It thrilled him.

Drusilla returned the passion in his kiss, yet after a moment she broke away. She let her face revert back to her human visage. “I want to play some more. Like we used to.” She smiled as her wide dark eyes captured his. In her eyes, he saw the fire of their past.

“I remember. How could I ever forget, hmm?” Angelus whispered with desire heavy in his voice. He let his face revert back as well. He started to lean in to kiss her.

Drusilla pushed him away with a smile. She started to slowly back away and as she did her hips swayed in a seductive dance.

Angelus found it very provocative as his eyes swept over her body. He looked up and her hypnotic eyes locked with his.

Drusilla growled at him. “Bad dog! You didn’t ask.” Her alluring voice scolded him.

Without warning, Angelus forced her backward until she hit the alley wall behind her. He grabbed her hands and held them out to either side. He pressed his body into hers to pin her to the wall. Drusilla managed to utter a sigh mixed of surprise and pleasure before he forced his lips on hers. As they kissed he felt her struggle against him. *It’s our favorite game. Control.* They always vied for dominance over the other. It was one of the many things Angelus found enjoyable about Drusilla. It was a turn-on of his. Their passionate kiss quickly grew savage. He could feel the beast within. It wanted to be released. He felt Drusilla writhe against him. His lips departed hers and traced her chin down to her neck. There he nibbled at her skin. He teased her flesh with his teeth and growled.

“Oh, Angel.” Drusilla breathed his name as she urged him on.

Angelus pressed harder into the skin of her neck and heard her moan.

To his surprise, Drusilla suddenly wrenched her hands free of his grasp and pushed him back a half step to create a space between them.

Angelus tilted his head in curiosity as he kept his hands to either side of her on the wall for support.

With one free hand Drusilla grabbed his chin so she could hold his gaze and the other hand she placed above his heart, which was still since it didn’t beat anymore. “Do you remember the pretty colors I made?” Drusilla asked as she ran her hand caressed his bare chest. She began to slowly trace invisible patterns on his skin. Her sensual touch combined with the look in her eyes brought back the old memory.

“Yeah, I do.” Angelus felt his arousal at the remembrance. He could recall quite clearly that night. long ago. The night Drusilla had tortured him with holy water. It was another game they used to play in the old days. He hated the fact that he’d had his soul that night. Had Angelus been there instead of 'Angel' he would’ve enjoyed it thoroughly. *And I would've enjoyed Dru just as well.* Angelus remembered how she’d had his arms bound to the foot of her bed. He remembered how enticing she had looked as she’d knelt between his legs. He remembered the sensual way in which her hands had touched him

in between bouts of holy water. ‘Angel’ had felt the heat of their old fire then. Angelus knew it for a fact.

Drusilla pressed her cheek to his. “You were a very *naughty* daddy.” Her voice purred into his ear. “Miss Edith and I were worried. We’d only dreamt that you’d come back to us.” She withdrew her cheek then stared up into his eyes. “This time we can take turns... painting.” Her hands took hold of either side of his loose shirt and pulled him closer to her.

“Tell you what, Dru. You can play with me later as long as I get what I want now.” Angelus took hold of her hands and pinned them above her head. He forcefully kissed her as he brought his left hand down and took hold of her chin. He pulled his lips away from hers and let his true face reveal itself. He heard Drusilla give a little gasp as he turned her face to the left exposing her throat to him. His lips briefly touched the flesh of her neck then quickly he bit down.

“Angel.” Drusilla sighed in his ear.

Angelus drew languidly on her blood. It was thicker and cooler than human blood. He savored the rich flavor of his fledgling. Her blood was his blood. He made her what she was. They shared a connection. *And nothing will ever sever that. Not my soul. Not even death.* Angelus enjoyed himself a moment longer than he withdrew his mouth. He released her hands as his lips hovered over her wound. After the holes closed he kissed her flesh clean of blood. He saw that her skin was bruised where he’d fed from her. It made him smile. *A little gift for Spike.*

“My turn.” Drusilla’s demanding voice whispered in his ear. In the next breath he felt her teeth lodge into his neck.

Angelus brought his hands down to her waist and pressed her body to his. His skin tingled where her mouth was locked on his throat. He could feel her drawing out his blood. It was painful. The sensation tore through every vein in his body. The realization sent shivers down his spine. Her lips felt hot on his cool skin. His every fiber was aroused. He felt a sudden need for her. *Right here and now.*

“Play time’s over, Dru.” Angelus whispered with desire as he slammed Drusilla back into the wall of the alley. He heard her laugh and whimper at the same time. He pulled away slightly and stared into her beautiful golden eyes. A low visceral growl escaped his lips as he watched a lustful grin spread across her true face. His lips crushed hers as his hands lifted her up. She wrapped her legs around his waist as his hands deftly unbuttoned his leather pants. As their bodies began to meld into each other, Angelus couldn’t help but preen. *You’re mine, Dru. All mine.*

Part 2

Spike was not in the best of moods. He was pacing inside the mansion and his wheelchair sat abandoned a few feet from him. He hated the thing with a passion. *Stupid metal contraption!* It only served to remind him of everything he’d lost in Sunnydale. When the Slayer injured him he lost all respect he’d had from his minions. When

Angelus returned he lost what leadership he'd managed to maintain. And now he was losing Drusilla to Angelus. Ever since the night 'Angel' lost his soul, Angelus had picked up his relationship with Drusilla where he'd left it off a century ago. *Blimey! They act as if nothing's bloody well happened in the last hundred years!*

At every opportunity, Angelus flaunted his intimacy with Drusilla in front of Spike's face. It was to a point now that Spike could hardly stand it. It was bad enough back in the old days. He'd known then what the two of them did behind his back. But, at least then, he could get in Angelus' face and fight him off. He didn't even have that much now. Especially while he was stuck in his wheelchair. Angelus had the upper hand and Spike could do little about it. *The damned bastard! They should bloody well be back by now! If anything's happened to my Dru, I'll tear his throat out! After I break every bone in his body!*

Spike was about to cross the room again when he heard Drusilla's laughter out in the garden. Quickly he ran back to his wheelchair and seated himself. He drew in a breath to collect his thoughts. *Time to play charades. Let Angelus think I'm still the "weaker" vampire. The idiot won't know what hit him when I have my coming out party!* All he needed was the right opportunity to reveal the fact he wasn't injured anymore. He knew the right moment would present itself. *It'll be the moment I can hurt Angelus the most. Maybe even put him in the ground. Then I'll have Dru all to myself again. It'll be like it used to.* That thought made him smile. He started to wheel over to the garden entrance.

"I wanted to have a try at it." Drusilla's pouting voice preceded her as she entered the mansion. Angelus followed closely behind with both of his hands hidden behind his back.

"There's always next time, Dru." As Angelus strolled in, his eyes found Spike and he smiled. "Well! What a surprise! Look who waited up for us!" He walked up to Spike and leaned down real close. "Did ya miss us much?" His face took on a serious expression. He brought his left hand forward and placed it on the armrest of Spike's wheelchair. "I guess we just missed the party, huh?" He glanced around the mansion. "Course you did tidy the place up real nice." His gaze fell back on Spike. "Though I can't imagine how you got those hard to reach places" his eyes gestured down at Spike's lap "above your *wheels*. Must've been tough." Angelus whispered then straightened up. He still kept his right arm behind him as he stared down at Spike.

"Very funny, mate." Spike mumbled under his breath as he lost his smile. "It took you long enough. Did you get lost? Have trouble finding our *lovely* new home?" His voice revealed the irritation he felt.

"Well, what can I say, hmm? I picked up a gift for ya on the way in. Just to show ya how much I still *care*." Angelus brought his right hand from behind his back into view. In his hand he held The Club. It was chrome plated with red accents and it had a key lock in the center of it. Angelus set it across Spike's lap. "It would kinda make me feel better knowin' you were safe when Dru and I go out." Angelus smirked as he turned and sauntered across the room.

Spike exhaled a breath so he could focus. He clenched his jaw in an effort to keep his temper in check. It wouldn't do any good to get into an argument just yet. He still wanted to know what took them so long. *As if I don't already know!* He took The Club

and tossed it on the ground next to his wheelchair. He then turned in the direction that Angelus had gone. "You're supposed to have her home by curfew, mate." He gritted through his teeth. "It's nearly sunrise! I was worried sick!"

"For little ol' me? Gosh, Spike, I'm flattered!" Angelus made a face as he feigned surprise. "I'll try and remember that next time. Course, you know how Dru gets when she's... hungry." Angelus casually leaned up against the wall by the fireplace and crossed his arms.

Spike turned and wheeled toward Drusilla. He decided it would be better to just ignore Angelus rather than get into yet another verbal fencing match with him. "Dru? Sweetheart?" Spike tried to get her attention as he watched her dance in the open area that was the living room. "What kept you, pet?" Spike waited for a response then sighed with impatience when he didn't get one. "This bloody town certainly doesn't lack for a bite to eat." He glared over at Angelus. "I'd hate to imagine what *took* so long." He muttered under his breath. Spike felt his anger rise as Angelus grinned at him.

"Angel and I were hunting. That's all, luv." Drusilla paused for emphasis then merrily continued. "There once was a little boy and his mum. One night the poor dears were lost and afraid. Then an *Angel* appeared and helped them find their way home." She giggled and smiled. "Mum tasted nice. Didn't she, Angel?" Drusilla stopped turning circles and stared at Angelus. Her back was to Spike so he couldn't see her expression. But he could see Angelus' face and that was enough.

"Yeah, baby. She did." Angelus leered at Drusilla as a smug grin creased his lips.

It infuriated Spike in the worst way. *If I could get out of this damn chair I'd smack that bloody grin off your face so hard your next of kin would feel it! How bloody tempting... I'd love to see the shock on your face right before I beat it to a bloody pulp!* Spike knew that now wasn't the time or place. He would have to wait. No matter how he hated it. He drew another breath to vent some of his rage. "You shouldn't stay out so late, pet. I don't *care* if you play with your food. We'll order take out if you'd like. I just wish you'd be more careful, is all." Spike reprimanded Drusilla as he watched her dance to music only she could hear. He couldn't hide the harshness in his voice and as such Drusilla danced for a moment longer before she spoke.

"It's alright, Spike. Angel brought me home before the harmful sun came out. You shouldn't worry so much, my sweet. Besides... the moon was whispering to me tonight." She made little buzzing noises. "It was sad and jealous. It was going away. It's lonely, you know." Drusilla's dance came to a halt not too far from Angelus. She had her back to him. "I can still hear it..." Her eyes dreamily gazed upward while her head tilted slightly. "Whispering... while it sleeps." She looked as if she were listening to something.

"Can you now?" Angelus asked as he walked toward Drusilla. Spike was forced to watch as Angelus came up behind her, rather intimately, and growled next to her cheek. "You never cease to amaze me, Dru." He whispered it so softly in her ear that Spike almost didn't hear it.

"Angel." Drusilla murmured as she closed her eyes.

Angel! Angel! Always bloody Angel! I swear you'd think the bloody universe revolves around the bastard as much as she says his bloody name! Spike could feel all

the muscles in his body tighten as he saw the familiar way in which Angelus moved his hands over Drusilla's body. Angelus casually ran his fingers up Drusilla's arm then pulled the left side of her long hair back. It exposed her bare throat. Spike suddenly caught a glimpse of something odd. There was a faint discoloration to her skin that was shaped in a semi-circle. He looked closer at Drusilla's neck. There, he saw it. Like a neon sign. *A bite mark! The bloke is biting on my Dru!*

"What's that on your *neck*, love?" Spike scowled. He was playing the idiot. He wanted to know how she would explain herself. "I hope it wasn't dinner. I'd *hate* to think it had *teeth*." He was trying to keep a level head in this game that Angelus insisted on playing with him, but it was a losing battle. He'd little patience for games. *At least when it comes to my Dru.*

Drusilla shook her finger at Angelus as she pulled her hair back into place. She then leaned into her Sire as she turned her gaze on Spike.

Spike felt a sudden surge of jealousy run through him. Drusilla looked *entirely* too comfortable in Angelus' arms.

"A bad dog... bit me. But don't worry, luv. I bit him back." Drusilla growled and snapped her jaw at him.

Spike saw a wicked grin spread across Angelus' face. Their eyes locked on each other.

"I'd be careful, pet. You might catch rabies. No tellin' where the mut's been lately. What, with the Slayer and all." Spike narrowed his eyes. "Might be good to put him on a leash." He wheeled closer to Drusilla. *If he knows what's good for him, he bloody well better lay off Dru... now!*

Angelus did not flinch from his glare. "Too bad you couldn't come with, Spikey." Angelus momentarily leered at Drusilla as he grabbed her waist and pressed her to him. "I'd hate to think you feel left out, buddy. But we had a lotta fun. Didn't we, Dru?" He smiled at Spike as he rested his chin on her shoulder and leaned his cheek against hers.

Drusilla cooed with delight as she closed her eyes.

Okay! That's it! I've bloody well had enough for tonight! Spike could feel the veins in his forehead stick out. "You'd do well to let me take care of Dru! You still bloody well haven't taken care of that bitch you're tramping around with. I don't suppose killing the Slayer was on your to do list tonight, mate?" Spike rolled closer to Drusilla so that he was only a couple of feet away. "I guess that's asking too much. I'm beginning to think you don't have it in you!"

Angelus' smile faded. He straightened yet kept his hands on Drusilla's waist. "I could take the Slayer any given moment. But ya know what, Spike? I don't want to. You *still* don't get it, do ya? I'm gonna make sure she pays for what she did to me! She dies when *I* say it's time! Not before!"

Spike could see the rage in Angelus' eyes from where he sat. *Well... that struck a nerve. I just need to work it now.*

Drusilla looked down at Spike and smiled. She slipped out of Angelus' embrace and walked over to him. "Don't fret, Spike. Angel will take care of the Slayer." Drusilla floated down into his lap and sat with her arm draped around his shoulder. "He's just making her suffer first. Now then, let's all play nice." Her hypnotic eyes looked deeply into his. *Those lovely dark eyes... I could lose myself in them.* Yet... Spike was not to be

deterred. Angelus was enjoying himself a little too much of late. *I refuse to let an opportunity to needle Angelus go by.* “Well that's all fine and good, pet. But Angel here just doesn't have a winning history with the ladies.” Spike stared up at Angelus. “I wouldn't spend too much time around him. He makes girlfriends out of Slayers, nearly gets you killed, and last I recall, he *staked* his own *Sire*. I just don't want anything happening to you, Dru.” Spike smirked as he watched Angelus flared up indignantly.

“Listen, *Short Bus*, you'd do well to leave Darla outta this!” Angelus sneered as he walked up to Spike. “Cause right now I don't think you want to go toe to toe,” he glanced down at Spike's wheelchair “uh, *wheel* to toe with me.” He smiled. “So, why don't you just *roll* over to your Special Needs Corner, before I put you there, and take five, hmm?” The light-heartedness was gone and his eyes were full of menace.

Oh... that got him! About damn time! “Yeah, well... aren't you one to talk, mate. ‘Scourge of Europe’ my ass. More like ‘The Fluffy Puppy of Europe’ to me.” Spike refused to let it go. “Seems that 'phase' you went through took all the bite out of your bark. Got the Slayer to thank for that.” He drawled out every word thoroughly enjoying his chance to tell off Angelus in front of Drusilla. *Now, my girl ought to be proud of me. I think I've shown her who's got the bigger pair around here.*

Angelus gazed down at Drusilla. “Dru, honey, why don't ya let Spike and I have a little chat, hmm? Go get ready for bed.” He took her hand off Spike's chest and pulled her up to him. He growled in her ear then patted her on the butt as he shoved her off in the direction of his bedroom.

Spike lost his smile and sense of humor. He wasn't having fun anymore. That'd been a little more blatant than he'd ever care to experience. His eyes followed Drusilla and watched as she stopped halfway out of the room.

She turned her head towards both of them. “You boys had better behave while mummy's gone. Or there'll be no treats later.” She eyed them both. Then she deliberately took her time leaving the room without another sound.

Spike flared his nostrils and clenched his jaw. *Right in my bloody face! And she doesn't bloody care!*

“Now then... where were we?” Angelus stared down at Spike. “Oh, yeah. Right about here.” He took hold of either side of Spike's jacket and shirt and roughly lifted him out of the chair a few inches. “I'm gonna say this once. So pay attention, Roller Boy.” Their faces were inches apart. “What my *alter ego* did with the Slayer has nothing to do with *ME*. If the damned Romani hadn't interfered with my plans a century ago, this Slayer would've been dealt with by now. But *fate*, it seems, has a sense of *humor*. So now I'm gonna pay it back in kind. I suffered, so *everyone suffers*.” He growled through his teeth. He dropped Spike back into his chair. “Now, you can either sit by, spin your wheels, and watch... or become part of the aftermath. I don't *really* care. Either way... I'll have fun.” A smug grin crossed Angelus' lips then he turned and headed to his bedroom.

Spike glared at Angelus' retreating form. “Two can play that game, mate. You'd better watch your back cuz I won't.” He mumbled under his breath, his voice full of animosity. *It's time to level the playing field.*

Part 3

Drusilla stood by the right side of the Angelus' bed and tightened the rope around his left wrist. She had it and his right wrist tied to each of the front bedposts. She glanced down at her sire. He was laid out on his back still dressed in his black leather pants and his crimson colored shirt hung open to expose his chest. She ran her fingers down his shirtsleeve then across his bare chest as she walked to the foot of the bed. Her mind was filled with memories of their distant past. In the old days, before the gypsies took her dear sire away and made him such a good *Angel*, they always played games like this with each other. They both enjoyed it, if for their own reasons. She knew his motivations were mostly to make Spike angry, but she didn't care. *I know why he does it, though he'll never admit to it.* When Angelus had let her sire Spike, after a while he got jealous of him. So it was Angelus' way of getting back at Spike. They always fought over her. She loved it when they challenged each other for her affections. It made her feel like a duchess. Yet, Drusilla had to admit there was a part of her which preferred being with her sire. They connected on a level Spike couldn't comprehend. She loved it when they played together. *The things we've done...*

"Is he asleep yet?" Angelus asked as he tugged on the ropes to make sure they were secure.

The things we're doing now. "I tucked Spike in and kissed him goodnight." Drusilla replied as her fingers trailed down his leg to his feet. She grabbed the bedpost and slowly swung around it with her other arm out as if flying. She paused at the foot of the bed and beheld her handiwork. *He's at my mercy now. I can do whatever I want. I can make him cry or scream... and he'll beg me for more.* The thought brought a smile to her lips.

"Damn. I was kinda hoping he'd get an ear full." Angelus sounded disappointed. "He might've learned a thing or two." His eyes locked with hers. Even from where she stood she could see the desire and malevolence in them.

Don't worry, it's almost time, my sweet. Drusilla turned her back to him as she walked over to the dresser. She pulled out a drawer and retrieved a clear glass bottle with a black cap on it. She smiled at the cross that was etched into the decorative label. "You shouldn't play so rough with Spike." Drusilla whispered as she walked back to the bed and climbed onto it. "He wants to be better, like you." She pulled the skirt of her crimson colored dress up so she could straddle his waist. She stared down at Angelus, delighted by the power she had over him.

"Yeah, well, I'm one of a kind, Dru." A smug grin crossed his lips as he growled and snapped his jaw at her. He tugged on his restraints again then relaxed back into the black silk bed sheets. There was a satisfied gleam to his face as he waited.

True enough. I love my dear Spike, but try as he may he never quite manages to be like my Angelus. My Angel can be so ruthless and cruel, so wonderfully evil. It makes me proud that he's my sire. Drusilla jiggled the bottle of holy water in front of his eyes. "Look what I've got." She opened the bottle and held it over his upper chest.

“I hope that's not tap water. I'd hate to be disappointed.” Angelus braced himself as Drusilla slowly tilted the bottle so that a few drops leaked out. When the water hit his skin it hissed. It ran down his side and as it did it left behind a trail of discoloration to his skin that was pale red. “Nope. It's not tap water.” He didn't seem the least fazed by it.

Not yet. But I've only just started. “Only the best for my Angel.” Drusilla let several drops rain down on his upper chest. Angelus winced and inhaled a sharp breath between clenched teeth. She felt all the muscles in his upper body tense. Some of the drops ran down his side again while others ran down the middle to form a small pool near his stomach. Drusilla stared down at the collected holy water. She gingerly dipped her finger into the pool then used her finger like a paintbrush. *I love to paint. It's so much fun, especially when it hurts.* She made broad strokes across his chest. It was painful for her at first. It felt like a white-hot fire consumed the skin of her finger. The pain slowly lessened in the wake of the pleasure she felt as she watched Angelus' face twitch with every motion.

“Are we going with the Classics... or the Impressionists?” Angelus' voice was a mixture of suffering and arousal. His face revealed the conflict of the two emotions as he glanced down at his chest. “I'm kinda thinking Impressionist. But I could be wrong.” He managed a smile as he looked up at Drusilla.

That's my brave Angel. Always a smile... no matter how much it hurts. She returned the smile by dousing him in more holy water. This time she let the bottle tilt over a little longer.

Angelus responded by yanking on his restraints. His hands grabbed the ropes as his body arched upward. He didn't scream, but instead threw back his head while he gritted his teeth. His whole upper body shook with pain, yet he didn't make a sound.

Drusilla repaid his silence with more holy water. She rained it across the center of his chest.

Angelus' body shuddered under the attack. The water hissed as it flowed over his skin. He struggled for a few moments then brought his eyes forward to meet hers. His jaw was clenched tightly and his nostrils flared with the effort he exerted to remain silent. His face was a mask of pain, yet in his eyes she saw his desire for more.

That's one of the things I love about my dear sire... his passion for pain. Of course, it's just one of many passions we share. For a moment Drusilla's mind drifted off as she recalled their time together in the alley. It'd felt as if they'd never parted a century ago. He remembered what she wanted and how she liked it. Likewise she could recall his every desire. A broad smile creased her lips. “I like it when you play hard to get.” Drusilla spread more water across his chest with her hand until it spilled over his sides. He let out a painful moan with every movement of her hand. A small vapor trail emanated off his skin as the holy water found untouched areas. When she was done she dried her hand off on the skirt of her dress. “I will get you to scream... sooner or later.” She watched as Angelus relaxed back into the bed. “Preferably later.” *Mostly since I'm having so much fun. It's rare these days.*

Angelus collected himself for the moment. “I'm... counting on it... Dru.” His voice was a little broken as he drew in a few short breaths. He rested for another moment then looked up into her eyes. “Ready when you are, babe.” His husky voice could not hide his desire.

“I don’t think you are, luv.” Drusilla teased him as she moved and sat beside him. “Not for this.” She gripped his throat and forced his head back into the pillows. “I know you’re in there.” With her free hand she poured holy water leisurely across his upper chest and trailed it downward until she crossed his waist. “Come out! Come out! It’s time to come out and play! Time to play!” She sang merrily as she turned to stare down at his face.

Angelus struggled to break out of her grasp and his restraints. He was pinned down so that the holy water remained pooled across his upper torso. He let out a vicious growl that turned into a cry of anguish. His hold on the ropes tightened until his knuckles were white. He took in short rugged breaths through his teeth as he continued to cry out.

Drusilla could read the pain and ecstasy on his features.

Angelus’ body suddenly jerked from one side to the other. He shook his head and then his true face revealed itself. He stared menacingly at her as a snarl escaped his lips.

“There you are! I’d hoped you’d make the party.” Drusilla straddled his waist again as she released his throat. She raked the nails of her left hand across his chest and they left behind tiny long trenches. Small amounts of his blood began to flow from the open wounds.

Angelus had just enough time to give her a questioning look before she doused him in more holy water. This time he tugged violently on the ropes in a desperate effort to break free. The bedposts began to creak with his efforts. He threw back his head as he let out an agonizing scream.

I knew I’d get him... one way or another. Drusilla smiled to herself as she watched the waves of pain wash over his face. His whole body writhed in torment as the holy water sought out his new wounds. He continued to cry out as she spread more holy water across his chest. As it mixed with his blood it hissed. She started to paint again, now that she had a new color to work with. She painted until his wounds healed and the effect of the holy water wore off. She smiled at him.

Angelus settled back into the bed. She felt his muscles relax again. “I’ve gotta hand it to you, Dru. I wasn’t sure if you could do it. I guess I taught you well.” Angelus murmured. From the sound of his voice she could tell he was still reeling from her recent assault.

“You did.” Drusilla bent down slowly and gazed into his golden eyes. “I’ve missed you, all these years.” She murmured just inches from his lips. She could smell his blood and it aroused her. “Spike took care of me. But not like you. Never like my *Angel*.” She transformed her face then kissed him. Just as the desire heated up between them, she poured the rest of the holy water down his chest. She felt some of it touch her skin as he arched up into her. It burned yet at the same time it exhilarated her senses. She felt his body struggle beneath hers, yet he returned the passion in her kiss. She sat up and smiled. “Now, don’t you feel better, luv?” Drusilla asked as she slowly ran her hand across his chest. Her fingers traced the temporary scars her nails and the holy water made on his skin. *What a pretty picture I made! I wish it would stay.*

“Yeah, now that you mention it, I do feel better.” Angelus growled at her again. He leaned up as far as the ropes would allow. She felt all the muscles in his body tense with the effort. His face was a few inches from hers. “But ya know what it’s time for now, don’t ya?” He whispered as his eyes locked with hers.

In those golden eyes she saw lust... and malice. It drove her mad with delight. *Spike never looks at me that way! I wish he would. He's so different from my Angel. But that's why I love them both. Spike is so sweet and protective, yet Angel... we can play and hurt each other. And that's what I like best.*

"What time is that?" Drusilla hovered just out of his reach.

Angelus grinned. "Set me free and you'll find out."

Drusilla shook her head. "You've been a bad boy tonight." She toyed with the collar of his shirt as she gave him a mischievous grin.

"Of course I have. Now release me."

"Why should I?" She teased him.

Angelus fell back into the bed sheets and relaxed. His eyes never left hers. "You know why." An arrogant smile crept up his lips.

"Yes, luv, I do." The fact was, Drusilla did know. It was another game they liked to play. Though she might have Angelus tied down so she could do whatever she wanted to him, he still had power over her. He was still in control. And that knowledge made her want to hurt him even more. *Of course, that's what he wants. Either way it's his checkmate.* He always stayed a few steps ahead of his opponents. She loved to watch him study a new victim, to get inside their head so he could do the most damage. He always took his time with them, so he could savor every moment. *He did to me, back in London... when he sired me. I remember it so well.*

Drusilla began to sing one of the songs her mother taught her as she set about freeing his left arm from the ropes. Occasionally, she glanced down at Angelus. His eyes followed her every movement.

The air between them was thick with desire. The closer Angelus got to his freedom, the more his muscles tensed. As the last of the rope fell away, his hand grasped the back of Drusilla's neck and pulled her to him. His lips went to her throat and then he bit down. As he drank from her, his right hand began to pull the fabric of her skirt up.

As Drusilla floated in the ecstasy of his bite, she smiled to herself. *My Angel always knows exactly what I want.*

Epilogue

Angelus smiled as he surveyed the nightlife of the dance floor at The Bronze. The young adults of Sunnydale were oblivious to the fact that a deadly predator walked amongst them. Even though he dressed from head to toe in black, Angelus still blended in with the young crowd while he wore his human visage.

But Angelus wasn't human. He was a demon and he reveled in it. He let his primal urges drive him. He enjoyed hunting and killing humans in order to satisfy his thirst for blood. He believed it was the sole purpose of their existence. Humans were a source for sustenance and of little use for anything else.

Yet there was another part of him that craved the destruction of the human race as

if it were a drug. He wanted nothing more than to have every living thing on the planet utterly destroyed save for the demons that populated it. Such an act would be his ultimate victory and display of power over the human race. And power was something Angelus was accustomed to having. Especially over these pathetic mortals.

As his eyes moved over the crowd, he hoped the Slayer would turn up. He wanted to torture her. After what he'd suffered through last night, he really wanted to hurt her in ways she could not begin to imagine. He could still recall the way he'd been forced to feel. The more he remembered, the greater his urge was to find her. He scanned the face of every blonde haired girl. He hadn't found her yet. Then again, he could always sense her presence. He could always tell when she was near.

I guess it's an advantage that I look like her 'Angel'. She drops her guard because of it. It'll let me get close enough to kill her. Angelus couldn't help but grin. He knew her days were numbered. Her death was inevitable. Slayers never lived long lives. Most of them never made it to the age of twenty. *I've killed my share to make sure of it.*

It went without saying that it was the ultimate sport to take one down. Slayers were naturally stronger and more resilient, yet their greatest weakness stemmed from the fact that they were still only human. They could die just the same as any mortal. *And tonight is just as good as any other for her death. She's usually here with those idiot friends of hers. Those wannabe Slayers that'd like to think they're useful.*

Angelus' eyes impatiently scanned the crowd again when he halted suddenly in his tracks. He felt himself catch a breath of air. For a brief moment he thought he caught a glimpse of... *her.*

No, not the Slayer.

It was the most significant blonde of his immortal existence that he thought he had seen. "Darla?" Her name escaped his lips in a barely audible whisper as his eyes strained to get a better look at the woman. She was darting in and out of the crowded dance floor. Deep down a part of him longed for her to be his sire. That maybe the memory he had of Darla's final death was just a nightmare. Yet, when the woman turned toward him it was obvious she was not his sire. The resemblance, however, was uncanny. At least to Angelus.

The woman's hair was pinned up and a mass of blonde shoulder length curls tumbled down around her face the same way in which he'd seen Darla wear hers back in the old days. But this girl had neither Darla's beautiful eyes nor her mischievous smile which Angelus had grown to adore.

His mind briefly reflected on the distant past. To the days in which his sire had taught him everything he knew about being a vampire. To Darla's surprise, she learned a few new tricks from him as well. The memories of being with her in addition to the death and destruction they left in their wake, brought a smile to his face. *We were quite the vicious pair.* They had been a formidable team back then. The Master had been very pleased with the two of them, especially of Angelus. When the day was to come for the Master to rise, Angelus was to have sat at his right hand. Darla had gleamed with pride the day the Master had made the announcement. Angelus could also recall quite clearly the reward she'd given him later that night. He'd felt a fire between the two of them that night that'd never before existed.

It was the moment which Angelus had marked as his new beginning. From then on he set out to be the most vicious creature he could possibly become. He wanted to be feared by both humans and demons alike. He wanted his name to be known across the continents. Of course, he did accomplish what he set out to do, at least in the beginning.

But fate intervened.

Darla and he had been traveling together through the Romany countryside. They'd decided to stay over in the town of Borsca for a few nights, to sample the taste of the locals. Darla had found him a gypsy girl and had her all tied up like a present for his birthday. He remembered how she had watched as he'd killed the girl. Yet, how was either of them to know what vengeance the gypsies would call upon Angelus for killing one of their kind? The memory of having his soul restored made him shiver inside.

But those days were long gone. And so was Darla.

He could hear Spike's voice in his head. *'Last I recall he staked his own sire.'* Angelus hated the fact that he'd lost control of himself at the mere mention of Darla's name. Yet, he couldn't help himself. The fact that he'd been the one to give Darla her final death bothered him. It was one of the greatest sins he could've committed among his kind. But what really bothered him even more than her death was the fact that he'd done it for the Slayer. *To save the Slayer's life.* When, in fact, he should've helped his sire to kill the Slayer. The two of them together would've been more than a match for the young girl. They would've taken turns drinking the Slayer's blood. Instead, he'd staked Darla... from behind.

Like a coward. It almost made Angelus laugh. 'Angel' hadn't had the nerve to kill Darla while facing her. He still had feelings for her, however remote they'd been at the time. 'Angel' had barely resisted her temptations that night. He'd almost given into their old fire. Killing her had been the hardest thing 'Angel' had ever been forced to do. Angelus could recall the look of betrayal on Darla's face when she'd turned to see who'd driven the arrow through her heart. His name was the last thing to leave her lips.

It haunted him. In more ways than one.

Darla had been many things to him. For nearly a hundred years she'd been his companion, mentor, and lover. And now... she was nothing. And he felt nothing.

Angelus flirted leisurely with the woman who resembled his sire. He bought her a few drinks, danced with her a few times, then convinced her to leave the club with him. In a dark alleyway not too far from The Bronze, he made sure to kill her slowly. He took his time with her, making sure she realized what he was and that her death was inevitable. Perhaps it was her resemblance to Darla, that he'd felt a need to take her life. That maybe she didn't deserve to walk the earth while he was on it. Then again, he was hungry and it mattered little why she died, only that she satisfied his thirst for blood.

Angelus wandered the streets of Sunnydale lost in thought until he realized he was walking down Revello Drive. He then found himself standing in front of the Slayer's house. He shrugged then silently he climbed up the tree to the second story of the house. From his perch he peered into the Slayer's bedroom. To his mild surprise, Buffy Summers was home. She was still wearing her patrolling clothes as she crossed her bedroom.

Angelus kept to the shadows as he watched the Slayer. She took a ring out of the drawer of her nightstand and stared at it for a long time. She then collapsed on her bed in

tears. Every now and then he could hear her whisper ‘Angel’ in between her sobs. She curled up in a fetal position and clutched a pillow to her chest.

An amused smile crept up the corners of Angelus’ mouth. He knew what ring she’d found. When he’d had a soul he’d given it to her as a gift the night of her birthday. The memory of what he did to her afterward made his stomach turn. Just the thought of kissing the Slayer, much less ‘making love’ to her, repulsed him. Yet, as much as he hated to admit it, he was grateful for that night. *After all, she set me free.*

He glanced down at his right hand and stared at his own claddagh ring. He still wore it, if only to remind the Slayer of who he used to be. The heart was pointed outward now. He’d changed it the night he was ‘reborn’ into the world. Angelus didn’t belong to anyone. He didn’t feel love. *My heart doesn’t beat anymore. Love is a weakness. It’s useless.*

Angelus remained in his perch and silently observed the Slayer as she cried. He felt a wave of pleasure wash over him as he bore witness to her pain. It was exhilarating to watch her cry in torment over him. Her suffering brought him a level of pleasure that was not unlike the thrill of killing.

Buffy collected herself after a while and put the ring back into her nightstand drawer. She got up and changed into her pajamas then crawled into bed. For a moment she stared directly at Angelus. He briefly thought that she could see him until he noticed the distant look in her eyes.

Probably remembering how I used to visit her up here, outside her window. God, I was pathetic! How could I ever have chosen her over Dru?

Buffy let out a deep sigh then she turned her light off to go to sleep.

Angelus edged a little closer to the window now that he’d more shadows to work with. He stared at her sleeping form for hours. He memorized the way she looked, the way she breathed, and the way she moved beneath the sheets as she slept. His every fiber desperately longed to get into her room, to sit by her on the bed, to be close to her.

So I can torture her, slowly. Make her suffer for what she did to me. I want to savor it. Drive her insane with guilt and remorse. Do to her what was done to me... only much worse. I want her to feel the weight of all the lives I’ve taken since she slept with me. Only then will I begin to have my revenge on her.

Angelus kept watch over her until he realized that the twilight hours were upon him. He forced himself to leave the Slayer’s house. It was useless for him to be there anyway. He couldn’t get inside. She’d found a way to reverse his invitation into her house. He would have to wait until they crossed paths another time. *Perhaps tomorrow night while she patrols, I’ll pay her a visit.*

As Angelus walked back to his mansion, he let his mind drift with thoughts of what he would do to Buffy Summers when they next met. The Slayer and he would have a reckoning soon. Of that he was sure. And Angelus would prevail. With Spike and Drusilla to back him up, he knew the Slayer didn’t stand a chance against him.

Her defeat will be my greatest accomplishment since Dru.

Angelus smiled to himself.