

## Shitty Friends

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/18802228) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/18802228>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Buffy the Vampire Slayer (TV)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Spike/Reader</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Spike</a> , <a href="#">Reader</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Bullying</a> , <a href="#">Used</a> , <a href="#">annoyed</a> , <a href="#">Crying</a> , <a href="#">Body Shaming</a> , <a href="#">Chubby Reader</a> , <a href="#">Fat Shaming</a> , <a href="#">Language</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-05-12 Words: 330 Chapters: 1/1

# Shitty Friends

by [chubbyreaderchan](#)

## Summary

Damn, people suck.

The local bar was crowded. Not something that (Y/n) really liked to do but her friends, no more like people who were kind of nice to her, invited her out. More like begged her to come out. She felt good for once. Her hair was styled and she wore what she thought was a cute outfit. Of course she was the biggest among her friends but she felt like she could actually enjoy herself.

That was until she went to get another drink and over heard her “friends” talking shit about her.

“She’s such a whale” one stated while they all laughed. “But at least she makes us all look hot” the squawked in a fit of giggles. (Y/n)’s breathing hitched in her chest as she felt tears run down her face.

“Your friends are pretty shitty” an accented voice stated. A tinge of cigarette smoke filled the air around her. (Y/n) just shrugged.

“I’m honestly kind of used to it.”

The blonde man sighed noticing the tears on her cheeks. Damn it, he’s spent too much time with the Scooby gang these days. He actually felt sorry for her... And it helped that she was kind of cute, in a different sort of way.

“You can hang out with me for a bit, love. I’ll buy you a drink” he offered, taking a long drag on his cigarette. Part of her felt like she should run from him but another part told her she would be safe with him. It was a very strong part that nagged at her to go with him, so she did.

“My name is Spike, by the way”

“(Y/n)” she replied joining him at a booth in the back of the bar.

“How do you feel about those onion things they have here?”

“I think they are pretty great” she admitted with a soft laugh, brushing some stray tears away.

“I knew there was something I liked about you.”

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!