

Just Visiting

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Just Visiting

by [terryreviews](#)

Summary

You arrive on Mars for the first time in your life, excited and nervous to have pushed passed your fear of space flight and finally be on the first planet humanity ever colonized. Truly it was the start of a wonderful visit with your pen pal who promised to show you around. And yet, you arrived at night, you didn't know the way, you were hungry, best find a place with a phone and a bite to eat so you could let your friend know you arrived. While things got tense, you did end up leaving the bar with a rather handsome stranger named Spike whom, while you knew very little, did help you out with those jerks.

Notes

I just really love Spike and wanted a fic about the possibility of the reader maybe meeting Spike BEFORE the incident with Julia. Hell, Julia might not even be with Spike at this particular time, just Vicious's girlfriend. Spike is still apart of the mob but you kind of went don't ask don't tell in the story. I just wanted to write a fun, sexy story that helps place 'us' into the bed of this tragic bastard.

How to Break a Bottle

It had been through your pen pal that you'd decided to come. They insisted you'd love it, that the rumors would fall short of the actual expanse. They argued the trip would give you fresh material and perspective on the text book you were writing about cultural growth and exchange and you'd finally be able to hang out in the flesh. How could you pass up such an opportunity?

Granted you were terrified of space travel, as irrational and laughable as that was. There hadn't been any significant accidents in decades, piracy had gone down with the increase in bounty hunters, and even the cheapest of commercial flights were put through rigid safety standards to ensure the slimiest of chances for failure.

So here you were, on Mars. You had to white knuckle it through the flight, and made half the passengers laugh when you yelped during entrance turbulence, but you made it. The man next to you even helped take down your bag and place it into your trembling hands. The first planet to be colonized by human beings, an important milestone in history that started with a tiny base and thirty volunteers, and here you were inside the habitat, surrounded by massive buildings and pavement. Remarkable what humans accomplished. It would have been cool to have lived back then and be on the cusp of discovery, but modern conveniences made it difficult to want to for different. Now, if only you hadn't damaged your phone.

Evidently, the way cabs worked on Mars was that they simply didn't exist. You'd walked up several streets and waited in dozens. Not once, in the hour and half that you'd been here, had you seen a little TAXI sign. All the while your suitcase tugged at your arm like dead weight causing a terrible burn in your shoulder and it was bruising your thigh where it inevitably bumped. Already night was closing in and many shops were closing in favor of clubs and bars to fill the darkness with their drunken joy and sex. Shame you hadn't really looked around after you landed. You'd have to get Fee to show you around tomorrow. If you ever found a way to get to his place. At the very least a payphone to let him know you'd arrived and maybe get him to come get you. Hell, even if he just came on his bicycle at least you could walk together and you wouldn't have to feel uneasy about the darkness and lack of folks.

At first you'd been reluctant to step inside any of the shops or restaurants along the main streets you'd been walking given you were too afraid of missing any passing cab that could bring you right where you needed. The next street was vacant. At least on some of the bigger streets you traversed had the odd person wobbling to their next bar stool or carrying glow sticks to the massive club you'd seen a while back. It felt odd, how strangely quiet Mars got after night. Then again, you were only in one tiny corner, of one city, in the entire habitat. Maybe it was due to the vast amounts of establishments offering some variation of a night life that kept so many off the streets? Maybe people here just preferred to go home and stay there for the night? Granted, your pen pal did tell you some rumors that the night was ruled by different *groups*, but he'd never actually seen anything that made him think that *you*

weren't perfectly safe walking around at night. At least, not back at the station area. You'd already traveled a ways from there.

Shivering in your sweaty t-shirt and shorts as the climate control dropped the temperature to make it closer to the autumn nights back home they were mimicking, arms hurting, and a growling in your belly made up your mind to just enter the next place you came to and get a bit to eat. It just so happened to come in the form of a mildly out of place, almost antique looking bar down a small ally with a few motorcycles in front of it. Unlike the club and a few bars back behind you, there was no thrumming bass pounding through the walls or loud chatter that echoed out each time the doors opened.

You walked over, more smacking against your thigh and tug in your muscles (despite having taken breaks along the way and switching arms at least twice) that made you cringe, with hobbled steps. The door alone looked like something out of a photograph back in the archives you worked at with its beautiful dark wood, brass bars running vertical, painted gold letters with "Finnegan's" on the glass, back home a lot of places just had open walls that they pulled a door down in front of, or more high tech automatic doors, or cheep little plywood things. It had taken a while for Earth to recover from the devastation of an exploding moon and that meant cosmetic changes to the structures that came after. More or less hobbled together or made more advanced as if to conquer the trauma. Historical things, like this door, were often protected and stored in underground museums where there were a number of cities or used on remaining historical buildings of course.

You pushed on the heavy door and caught it with your butt as you brought in your suitcase after you. Turning, you rushed through and the door shut with a jingle of the bell at the top. The place was a very simple place. The front was a beautiful wood bar with gold metal bars running along the bottom of it for people's feet and a polished black counter top. The stools were plush and red with wood bases and behind the plump bartender (who had raised his eyes at you when you stepped in) were many elegant bottles of various shapes, hues, and with frayed paper labels. Expensive things by the looks of it. To the left, there was an archway that led into, from what you could see through an archway, a small pool room with dim greenish gray lighting and neon jukebox in the corner that remained silent. At least four people were in there.

"Can I help you?" The sudden bark of the bartender brought you back from your musings and you went to the counter that went just above your chest.

Trying your best to smile through your chilled lips you put on a cheery tone hinging on pleading, "Well I was wondering if I could use your phone? Mine got damaged and I've been wandering around trying to catch a cab and..."

"Two drink minimum to use anything here." He cut you off, his eyes and lips giving you a sneer as if you were some scummy mooch trying to steal from him.

"Uh...sure. Do you have any soda?"

Giving you one last once over before ducking under the counter, two stunted and round bottles came up and landed with a gentle clink against the counter top and a strange label of a woman juggling the same bottles smiled at you as he popped back up.

"Twenty each."

"Twe..." you caught yourself with a smile, "sure." you kneeled down and opened your suitcase where you'd stashed your wallet after getting off the train trying not to gripe at the inflation. For all you knew, this was normal pricing at a Martian bar. Taking out your card, you handed it over allowing him to scan it before placing it back into your wallet and shutting your case.

You reached up and took your bottles and there was an uncomfortable silence as you two looked at each other.

"What?" He finally asked at your unwavering gaze and over polite smile.

"The phone? May I please use your phone?"

"Thing got busted last week." he said unrepentant and nonchalantly. Before you could blow up, "bar fight. But if you go through there," he pointed at the arch, "there are a few people who might be able to help you. Know a few of them, someone has got to have one. Tell 'em Steve sent you over."

That was not something you were keen on. Talking to an employee of the place was different than asking favors from random strangers, even if it was a simple 'can I just borrow your phone'. You felt your skin prickle and you clenched the brown bottles in your hand before grabbing the handle of your suitcase in the other.

"*Okay*. Uh, thanks. Uh, do you happen to have a menu?"

"Sorry kid, kitchen closed already." He reached under the bar again and handed you a handful of peanuts packs. "All I got." *That* he actual seemed a bit sorry about when your stomach growled.

"Thanks again." You gave him a little nod before taking a breath and heading into the greenish gray room.

While the scent of smoke had been there when you'd stepped in, it nearly choked you walking into this space enough for you to begin coughing erratically and having to hastily bring the bottle hand to your mouth to cover it. Your eyes watered and your throat began to sting, the smell would linger on your clothes for sure. A few giggles confirmed that you had been notice and you tried to ignore them as you surveyed the room. At one wiry table sat three men dressed in unkept suits with their jackets undone and their shirts unbuttoned half way down their chests, one of them had a cap, one had a chain around his waist for a belt, one had shining gold teeth. None of them looked particularly keen for chatting as they drank and smoked around a game of cards, and you could see their scarred skins, sneers, and leers once they caught you looking. Now you were not unattractive but to be *leered* at in the way their eyes roved over you, of of the men licking his lips, one clearly staring towards your crotch, the other focused on your nipples that had become taunt in the cold air.

Not wanting to draw conclusions about a person (or persons), you gave them a curt but polite nod, but promptly turned your body away from them to see who else was in the room. There

was a half circle booth with a man sitting at it, he had long white hair and seemed to be watching the pool game taking place with four people, three of whom were moderately well dressed middle aged men and a rather beautiful blonde woman wearing a leather jacket.

Having decided to ask the only other woman in the room, you went to take a step forward when an arm caught around your waist.

"Hey honey, having a good night?"

Instantly your heart began to race and your skin began to heat up as you were pulled more fully against a clearly male body.

"Yeah, doing fine." In your fear you realized you couldn't move your limbs, you were paralyzed aside from the tremors that began to move throughout your body.

"Caught you looking. Wanted something?" His beer breath fanned against your neck as he leaned into you, your nose wrinkling and your hands tightening on your bottles, peanuts, and case.

"No." your voice weak, "Just...Steve said...said that I could ask someone for a phone. I...need to get to my friend's house." barely squeaking now as the tears began prickling your eyes.

There were some chortles and you could feel his body against your vibrate as he snorted, "Awe honey, don't fret, you can be our friend. My place is right around the corner." You felt him begin to shift his weight, carrying you with him and you instantly lost it.

You screamed, you swung your suitcase at the pervert's head despite the angle being strange and clipping the side of your head in the process, you kicked and squirmed as hard as you could as the tears began falling from your eyes. Your peanuts slipped from your grip as your hands became sweaty and they fell with light thumps below.

"Let me go! Let me go! Stop it!" you're outburst clearly caught him, and his friends, off guard as you were promptly dropped hard onto the floor and you scrambled back up so you could face them, bracing yourself with your impromptu weapons. The leader, the one with the chain belt, now sported a glare and a bloody nose.

"Stay away from me!" You shouted as you lifted the two bottles above your head as he stepped forward, his lackeys just behind him.

"I fucking mean it!" You brought your arm down as hard as you could and...dink. Dink. Dink! The damn bottles that you had tried to smash against the pool table to create a sharp thing between you and them would not break.

As realization dawned on all your faces, the men smirked at you as they began to advance once more.

That's when, once again, you found a male form pressed into your back, but as you went to lurch around and take a swing at him, he caught you with both hands and turned you back around to face the men who'd suddenly gone white.

"If you're going to break a bottle, its better if you only use one." He said calmly as he took one of the bottles from your trembling, sweaty, hand. "Like this, hold the neck, angle it down, give it force. Let it flow." And the sharp crack of the thick glass broke and the fizzy brown cola splattered onto your bare arm and leg. "You do it like that, you'll be fine." his voice deep and soothing. You craned your neck back to catch a glimpse of him but he was looking over your head at the perverts and you let your face turn back to them as well.

The leader suddenly looked as scared as you had felt only a moment ago as he tried to put on a friendly, playful voice "Uh hey, Spike. We were only goofing around."

"Sure." Spike replied. He eyed them, "you know...its unwanted attention they are trying to avoid. And you know the boss doesn't like mixing up civilians and making a scene if he can help it." He closed his eyes as he pulled a cigarette from his pocket and the blond woman, who was a lot closer now, offered him a light. Taking a puff he looked at them once more, "you should apologize and make yourselves scarce for now." while his voice was calm, unassuming, it held a note of authority that had the three suddenly looking at you pleadingly as if by apologizing they'd save themselves.

"Sorry!"

"Sorry!"

"Won't happen again!"

And they promptly beat it out of there, the door bell jingling behind them.

Once assured they were gone, you felt your knees give out as you fell onto the ground, dropping both your suitcase and bottle that rolled off, and began shaking.

"Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god." You muttered over and over as your arms wrapped around yourself, ignoring the pain in your legs from your fall.

You weren't sure how long you were on the ground for before you became aware of *something* in front of your face. You glanced up and Spike was crouching in front of you.

"Hey."

"H...hey." The tears fully running down your face, and you could feel your nose beginning to fill.

"You're okay." He said, a small smile on his face.

You paused, "Thank you."

"Come sit with me." He offered his hand.

After eyeing it, you swallowed and took it.

A Little Faith

Chapter Summary

Spike takes you back to his hotel room.

Chapter Notes

This is hopefully a nice bit of exposition to get us to the next point. Please let me know what you think :)

Spike led you by the hand to the U shaped booth where the white haired man sat and gestured that you should sit. The vinyl coated seat felt cool under your over heated skin and clung to the back of your thighs making you wince as you adjusted. Spike followed behind you and you found yourself between two pretty tall men that you didn't know, tears continued to fall down your face.

The white haired man turned his head to watch you climb in, expression of perhaps amusement as he took stock of your shaking body and tearful face. You caught his eyes on you and did your best to force a smile that promptly withered away as you wrapped your arms around yourself and chose to focus on the table mounted into the floor in front of you. Trying to catch your breath led to forcing yourself not to hack as smoke burned at your throat.

A light thump at your feet caused you to look down. You hadn't realized you'd dropped your suitcase until Spike placed it under the table. Using your feet, you moved it closer until it rested between your calves.

"Thanks." You didn't look at Spike.

There was a beat before there was a voice from off to the right, "Bleeding." It was as deep as Spike's, yet gruffer, colder.

The press of gentle fingertips under your chin caused you to jump, but in testament to just how tired you were (the aches and hunger now throbbing in your body in dull pulses with your heart) that you relaxed into it and let him tilt your face to his.

Spike leaned his head one way while coaxing your's to the opposite, lids half down in lazy examination, cigarette dangling from the corner of his mouth. It was only now that you were able to actually get a look at the man who'd saved you, who was helping you now. He was,

for lack of a better word, handsome. He was handsome with his angular features that were rounded enough to not appear blocky. He had a cute charm in those fairly large lips and eyes, along with the bushy green hair atop his head.

"Not bad," he said after a while, "just needs to be cleaned." Absently he got up and went round the corner of the wall, you heard his steps carry him down a shallow hall and the creak of a door. Thirty or so seconds later, he came out with some paper towels. Some wet, others dry.

"You'll have to disinfect it." the white haired man said, though you kept your eyes on Spike as he sat back down in front of you and brought a wet paper towel to the cut on your head.

"Yeah I know. Go to Steve for me will ya? Pick out something cheap and small." Spike did not cease in his gentle pats, nor take his eyes off of the cut as the other man got up with an almost fond annoyance (if the small huff was anything to go on) and walked slowly to, and then through, the archway.

You let Spike pat the wound, feeling the water tug at your hair and rub the blood away, eyes fixated on his chest as he absently continued his work. Each brush against your head hurt, a mild sting with each swipe, but it was tolerable. Your shaking had begun to subside, and now the tightness in your stomach and the bruise on your thigh, the gentle work of Spike, were all on your mind now.

The white haired man came back just as Spike finished dabbing at your head. Spike took the tiny bottle offered and proceeded to twist the cap off with a snap. As he tipped the clear liquid onto one of the dry towels, he asked,

"What's your name?" His brown eyes darted from your cut, to your eyes, then back to the cut.

Your eyes watered at the hot sting of the alcohol and your answer came in a hiss,

"I'm y/n."

"Hm. Very Earthling." He smiled and finished cleaning the cut, placing the crumpled towel on the table with the rest.

"And Spike is very Martian." You kept your tone neutral and quirked your eyebrow at him trying to ascertain whether *Earthling* held a patronizing, insulting, connotation. From how you understood it, the saying went '*nothing good comes from Earth anymore*'.

The two men let out subdued laughs, picking up on your prickling tone, white hair sitting back in his original spot. Spike was quick to soothe, lifting his hands in a sign of submission.

"No offense. Its just not a common name here." Between his quiet words and looking into his rather cute, smiling face, you let out a huff.

Running a hand through your hair, you let yourself fall back into the cushion. "Its alright. Its...its been a long day."

Offering nothing more than a once over, Spike in turn straightened himself to lean back in the seat, crossing his legs and let his head lean back. He was tall enough that it rested on the top of the cushion's seat and his mop of hair touched against the wall.

A strange quiet over came you guys as the pool game resumed, white haired man (whom you still had no idea what his name was) continued his observations of the game, and you were left to wonder where to go from here.

As the silence continued on, you took stock of the situation at hand. You were on a foreign planet that you'd only arrived at a few hours ago. It was cold now, both bruises and hunger gnawed at you more persistently in dull throbbing aches. Fee had no idea where you were and was probably in a state of panic.

"Shit!" you bolted straight up.

"Something wrong?" Spike asked, not moving from his comfortable pose.

"My friend. I've got to call Fee and let him know what happened!" Your eyes wide as you scrambled down towards your case before remembering your phone was broken. Snorting, unamused at yourself, you looked to Spike once again. The man had already done so much for you and it felt almost *selfish* to continue to rely on his generosity, but still you needed to let Fee know you were alive and hadn't blown up in the flight over here.

"I hate to ask, but can I please use your phone if you have one?"

Spike glanced from the corner of his eye before bringing up one of his hands to dig inside his suit jacket near his chest. For a moment he seemed to struggle with it, getting this grumpy frown on his face before finding what he'd been looking for. He lifted it out from the breast pocket and handed you the small flat device.

"Thank you so much. Thank you." If Spike didn't look so comfortable, you'd have tried to work passed him to take the call privately. Considering though that there wasn't much in what you had to say aside from you were alright, there wasn't much harm in them overhearing.

Flipping open the protection case, you entered the number. The dull ringing in your ear lasted only a moment before you heard a hesitant,

"Hello?"

"Fee! Its y/n."

"Where the hell have you been I've been worried sick. Was going to give it another hour before I called the cops!"

"Well maybe if you had come and got me? Or if you had told me there were no taxis?"

"What are you talking about? There should've been several taxis at the station." Fee sounded confused, considering the option that perhaps he might have been mistaken.

"You sure? I walked up and down these roads for at least an hour and a half. I didn't see one damn taxi Fee!" The frustration that had been bubbling started to leak out as you let go of at least a bit on your friend who should have made sure you had a direct means to their house.

"That's...that's not right." An apologetic, confused Fee answered softly.

"Taxi drivers went on strike yesterday." You heard from the right as white hair kept his eyes on the game. Spike gave a healthy stretch of his body, uncrossing his legs and leaning forward into a proper sitting position. He rested his head on his hand, elbow on the table as he eyed you curiously.

"Oh...uh, Fee, the taxi drivers went on strike yesterday." You wanted to be angry still of course, but white haired man's sudden voice threw you off that track for a moment.

"Oh god y/n, I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry love I had no idea!" Fee's voice went up in pitch and his voice quivered as if he were about to cry.

You sighed heavily and were quick to placate. This was not how you wanted your first conversation with your friend to go while you were here, "Fee, hey man, its okay. Don't worry. I'm fine. Everything's fine. You can make it up to me tomorrow. Bring me out to breakfast or prove what a good cook you claim to be. I'm sure I can find a place to crash. A hotel or something."

"I'll pay you back for the cost of the room y/n. I should've known, should've paid attention. Now your trip is off onto a bad start."

"Listen, don't worry about it. Just, I'll find a place tonight, I'll find a payphone and call you tomorrow okay? No worries Fee, I'm not mad. We're cool."

"Okay. Okay. Where are you anyway?"

"Uh..." you looked to Spike, "where am I anyway?"

"Caliber borough, east side of the city. Finnegan's bar." He answered, unmoved from his observational pose.

"Caliber borough, east side. Finnegan's bar." you repeated for Fee.

"Jesus. Rough patch, especially after night."

"I thought I'd be perfectly safe at night Fee?" You kept the bite out of the tone, not wanting to incite any further *difficulties* with your friend. You really didn't want to be angry at him. It wasn't his fault, simple mistake after all.

"*Well* let's just say that you need to head out of there soon." You didn't bother telling him about the earlier assault.

"I'll do my best." You felt your stomach clench at the idea that another attack could be in store, if you were in the *rough* patch. "I'll be fine. I'll call you in the morning, and find a way

to your house. If the taxis are working, maybe I can hitch a lift or walk or something. I'll figure it out Fee."

"Alright. I'm just glad you're alright."

"Me too." You heaved a sigh, "night Fee."

"Night y/n." You slid the case back into place effectively ceasing the call. Handing back the phone, you ran a hand through your hair.

"Do you know any hotels that I could walk to?" you asked.

"Safer to drive." Spike pointed out.

"Clearly I don't have a car." you replied, weary and flat.

Spike smiled at you, "No, but I have a motorcycle. And I've got a room at the hotel fifteen minutes drive from here."

Just before you could answer your stomach gave a large, lurching growl. You put a hand to your stomach and tried not to look embarrassed. He merely kept that easy amusement and kindness on his face. He really was cute.

"Could order dinner." After a beat he added, "my treat."

Spike shrugged, lifted his chin up of his hand and began pulling out his cigarettes.

You turned your face away, cheeks red, "I don't want to take advantage. You've already done so much for me."

Spike popped in his cigarette and accepted the lighter tossed passed your face (causing you to jump and you could swear you heard a small chuckle from both men). "Maybe I like being taken advantage of." that smooth and easy voice answered just as he lit the tip of the cigarette, inhaling deep. You tried not to cough at the increased flux of smoke directly next to your face.

You mulled it over, took him in, what was he after inviting you to his hotel room? Dinner? Was he trustworthy? Your gut said yes. He gave you no reason not to trust him. He'd saved you with no alternative motive from what you could tell. He tended to your wound without being asked. Were you willing to take that risk?

Another lurch in your stomach and you had your answer. "Alright. Thank you. I really appreciate it." It would be fine. Everything would be fine. You could take a shower, get something to eat. If the room had a couch you could take that and leave Spike in his bed. In the morning you'd leave. Simple.

"Sure."

To The Hotel

Chapter Summary

Spike brings you back to the hotel.

Chapter Notes

Hope you like it.

The night air clenched your skin as its damp chill circled your body. You wrapped your arms around yourself, thankful Spike had grabbed your suitcase for you so that your muscles could rest and it wouldn't agitate the bruises on your thighs where it'd smacked. You tried and failed to suppress the shivers as you followed Spike to his bike. A retro style, red with wheels, a tall backseat and a rack on the back where he began tying your case with some cable he kept in the mini trunk under the backseat. He turned back to you after he had it secured and took you in.

"Cold?"

"I'm alright," you lied, giving an affirming smile, hugging your arms in tighter. After a beat, he tilted his head and that same casual, small smile came onto his lips before he lowered his eyes to the buttons of his jacket and began undoing them.

"You don't have to do that." You put up a hand quickly, if he took off his jacket he'd freeze too.

"I know." He shrugged out of his coat and held it open for you, raising an eyebrow when you hesitated. You held his gaze for a moment longer before feeling his grin spread to you. Sighing, you turned around so you could slip your arms through and let him drop it onto your shoulders. It was warm from his heat and at least two sizes larger than you so that you could wrap it around your middle rather than button it, giving extra layers against the cold.

"Thanks." You tried to keep the relief in your voice low, imitating his non-nonchalance as best as you could.

"No problem." He then flipped his legs up and over onto the bike and looked to you to do the same.

"I've never been on a motorcycle before."

"Don't worry, I'm good."

You glanced from the back seat to his easy going expression, "there aren't any helmets?"

"Never needed one," he answered, lips twitching as he resisted teasing you.

"Ok." you shifted from foot to foot, hands toying with the long sleeves of his coat, bunching the extra fabric in your fingers and taking a moment to enjoy that the sleeves covered your hands completely. Catching his eyes you became aware that he watched you, patiently, confidently, as if knowing that you would climb on the back of the bike.

"In for a penny, in for a pound I guess," you took a breath before moving closer, using his shoulders and back as leverage, and climbed onto the back of the bike.

Spike looked over his shoulder and gave you a thumbs up and a second later the engine roared to life. You wrapped your arms around his slender middle, holding tight and mashed your face into his back, even feeling your thighs tightening against the seat and him. Your hand brushed against something near his hip, but you were too scared to roll the sleeves up to feel it properly. It felt connected to a strap and you could kind of feel it against your shoulder and chest. The observation was forgotten however when you felt the bike begin to move backward, Spike using his legs to roll it out. Then a small turn, and with no warning you felt a lurch and off you were speeding down the road.

After a few minutes you felt Spike's hand reach to where your's were wrapped around his middle and gently pry at them until you loosened your grip a bit.

"Sorry." You shouted into his shoulder blades, not really thinking he could hear you but perhaps he understood all the same. He seemed to have a vague understanding about him. The air whipped at your exposed legs, sharp and cold, and at your neck and top of your head where your hair rested messy and damp. Your face would've been colder but you had at least your nose and forehead against Spike's warmth. He was quite muscled, lithe more properly, and it was this, and concentrating on the promised meal and shower, that kept your mind off the high speed and turns Spike was taking.

When he stopped at a red light he called over his shoulder, "not much further. Five more minutes. You alright?"

"Fine." Your heart had managed to stop pounding as you kept your mind not on the ride and focused on Spike's warmth, thought on his smile, his kindness thus far. It also helped that you'd kept your eyes closed and your face against his back the whole time so you couldn't watch.

As he promised, it only took about five more minutes before he slowed and stopped completely, though he kept the bike running. He reached down to your arms and loosened them and began slipping away. You lifted your head and watched as he slid off and turned around to begin untying your suitcase, his shirt was damp. He must've been so cold when you were driving. You at least had his jacket and were pressed against him the whole time.

"Excuse me miss? I've got to take Mr.Spiegel's bike to the garage now." You looked away from Spike to see a young man in a black shirt and pants with slicked back short hair.

"Oh, right. Sorry." You hopped off, the leather of the seat pulling at the small portions of your thigh that you had exposed to it. If you stumbled a fraction, no one commented.

"Thanks Jim." Spike said, he held your case in one hand, "one sec." He gestured for you to come closer and then with one hand he reached inside the jacket, passed the collar, to an inside pocket near your chest. Fingers brushing passed your left nipple for a moment as he grabbed something, ignoring the mild jolt your body gave at the contact (though you suspected he carried that same amusement he had back in the bar none the less). He pulled out a few woolongs and handed Jim a fairly decent tip.

"Thanks Mr.Spiegel." Jim gave him a grateful nod and proceeded to hop onto the bike and drive it away.

The hotel stood proud and short next to the other buildings with clean beige stone to cover the front with a matching wide staircase with rounded steps. Grand Martian Hotel in Roman styled letters were carved towards the top and lit but curved black lights. Silently Spike began going up the stairs and you were quick to follow, the pain in your legs and arms easier after having a bit of a rest. Though your stomach gave a sudden painful silent gurgle as you moved passed the glass doors and into the lobby.

Golden chandeliers, polished marble, dark wooden front desk that curved along a large wall allowing for multiple receptionists to greet and assist multiple guests at a time. Fine vases on metal tables with glass tops framing an old fashioned sitting area with oil paintings above a fake fireplace and floral patterned sofas, a side door to a private bar/restaurant off to the right, and even the elevators had lavishly twisted golden frames around them. Which is where Spike walked to. Though he was walking at a, for him, moderate pace, you had to rush to keep up with his longer legs.

He stopped at the elevator and pressed the button.

"I'm on the top floor." the bell dinged and you both stepped on. Once the doors closed, the gravity of your thoughts from the bar hit you. You would be alone, with a stranger, in his hotel room all night. A handsome stranger who genuinely seemed like all he wanted to do was help you. He, thus far, had yet to make an indication that he wanted more from you than to be generous. Your mother would certainly not be happy with you taking off with him. You grinned at the notion that you were thinking of your mom and all her paranoia and how, at this moment, you were thinking just like she did.

The elevator rose, you and Spike standing quietly. Discretely you snuck glances at him, his handsome, yet adorable, face watching the numbers above the door.

"You're cute too by the way."

"I didn't say anything."

"Saw you peeking at me. Unless I have something on my face?" Spike teased, looking from the corner of his eye at you, amused naturally, but playful.

You looked at the floor, bashfully smiling at your shoes, gripping those sleeves more, "you're fairly...perceptive."

"Have to be." He replied.

The doors opened and you both stepped out with you following him down the very small hall.

"Only about three rooms on this floor. Mine is behind that big door."

It certainly was a big door. The symbol of an Asian type dragon on the front of it puzzled you. The rest of the doors didn't have a symbol, nor did the hotel seem to have any theme related to dragons. Maybe Spike had it put there?

"I'll need the key." He reached out and pulled you closer, hand on your lower back and you felt your breath stop as he once again reached into a pocket, though this one was near your thigh. With a wink he pulled it out and slide it in the card lock next to the door.

"Welcome to my home."

Getting Comfortable

Chapter Summary

Spike wants you nice and comfortable.

Chapter Notes

This isn't the greatest but it is a place holder.

The room was an elegant, simple space. A small sitting area with two old fashioned sofas around a coffee table made the center of the room. A large television hung up on the wall left of the door across from the bed which was up in an alcove. There were large windows looking over the city, and there was a separate room on the same wall as the tv that seemed like a little kitchen (all you could see was the fridge). In the alcove where the bed was, there was a stand up dresser, a night table on either side of the bed with ornate, glass shade, lamps on top.

Everything was colored in cremes and beige. The space was sparsely decorated save for oil paintings of flowers that came with the hotel's decor, the polished wooden furniture of the sofa, dresser, night tables. Any personal effects of Spikes were either hidden away, or the man simply didn't have any. Strange, and you felt your stomach clench a bit at the oddness of it. You had to stop yourself from jumping when you felt his hands on your shoulders.

"Easy." his tone quiet as he slipped his jacket from your shoulders. "Bathroom is on the right when you go up near the bed. Take a shower, get warm. Robe is hanging up on the door so you don't have to worry about opening your suitcase. I'll order something to eat. Chicken alright?"

You rubbed your arms and coughed out a small, "Yeah, yeah that'd be...that'd be great." you only just noticed the harness around his shoulders that led to a holster at his hip. How did you not notice a gun?

"Don't worry." He interrupted your train of thought with pulling the gun from his holster, opening the barrel, removing the bullets. Making sure you could see, he put the gun on the night side table, empty, and the bullets he put into a little drawer in the coffee table, "I don't need it right now. Its for work."

"You a cop or something?"

"Or something yeah. Bodyguard, work for a company and have to protect the higher ups." Okay, that seemed reasonable. Or at least, you wanted it to seem so. He didn't seem to have any motive to hurt you. If he wanted to, he could have done it already right? "Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you if that's what you're worried about. If I wanted to, I could have done it already. Besides, already told you, my bosses don't like mixing up civilians in our business." He gently turned you around and pushed onto your shoulders towards the bathroom when you were too stunned at his seeming ability to read your mind, yet also somewhat comforted by the logic in his words, his calm mannerisms. Besides, you were gross and cold.

"Alright, I shouldn't be more than twenty minutes." You answered and moved.

The heat of the water burned your skin and it took a few minutes to adjust. Once you did though, the warm was so delicious. The grim and chill were slowly replaced as you used Spike's bottle of body wash. It was a bit cologne like as opposed to your more milk and honey washes, but it wasn't terrible, it got you clean and it smelled better than the tiny bar soap the hotel supplied. And hey, Spike had Strawberry shampoo and conditioner.

You let yourself relax, tension melting away, pain fading away, worries gone. Nothing but you and the soothing sensation of water and bubbles on your skin. Spike wasn't going to hurt you and the panic you felt washed away down the drain.

Once you turned off the water, muscles far less aching and body less sweaty, the in general fatigue weighed on your body and you wanted to eat and crawl into bed as soon as you had the chance. The robe was plush, fluffy even, and you wrapped it around yourself. Now inside, away from the rain and October air, it felt a bit warm on your skin but it was nice.

Bracing yourself, you opened the door to face Spike.

"Food came. Seasoned chicken in a cream sauce with green beans and potatoes. I didn't think you drank so they sent up some cola." Spike said from his spot on one of the sofas where he'd set up two plates of food for you both. A small bottle of that martian cola from back at the bar sat unopened next to a glass with ice. He hadn't touched his food. He was waiting for you and you couldn't help but return his smile as you let yourself settle on the sofa across from him.

"Thank you. Seriously Spike. I'm very grateful."

He waved you off and began to cut into his meat.

"Don't mention it. No worries."

For a while, you both sat in silence and then Spike asked you,

"So why'd you choose to come to Mars?"

You swallowed and answered, "I work in a museum. Anthropologist. I'm writing some cultural and historical based books that involve Mars so I came to do some research," you took another bite and added, "not to mention my pen pal Fee and I, met online and have been

buddies ever since. Seemed like a good chance to meet him in person, spend some time with him. Never been off Earth so, good opportunity for work and personal."

"That's really cool. Never really paid attention to history myself. I was very *lazy* in school. Usually go with the flow. Like water. I was good at physical work." Spike answered, making eye contact.

"And do you like it?"

"Pays well, I have stability and some good friends."

"The white haired guy?"

Spike smirked, "yeah, that guy."

The chatter went on simple and straightforward for the rest of the time as the food depleted and you learned a little about Spike as you told him a little bit about yourself. It was simple, fun, and as your belly filled everything felt better.

Go With The Flow Part One

Chapter Summary

Spike moves to your side of the room and isn't it startling erotic how he goes on his knees on his own?

Chapter Notes

So it has been a while. And a number of you awesomely loyal readers keep telling me how you wanted more without being mean about it which helped keep me motivated into writing the next chapter. I start with paper drafts and then work towards typing it out. Now, it is a long process, in addition to the riggers of everyday life, it culminates in not getting much done. Not to mention other on going projects I have. So I am sorry that this has taken so long to update, I'm very grateful for you lovely peeps who have taken the time to read/comment/kudos and check back. That all being said, I hope that this was worth the wait.

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

With the plates emptied and sitting on the table, the idle chat over dinner died down and you two were left looking at one another in silence. With a tilt of his head, Spike seemed to make up his mind and you watched with held breath as he moved from his sofa, to come sit next to you on your's. You felt yourself bounce as he fell back into the seat, the creeping heat from your cheeks, neck and chest rising, the warmth from the arm that he had now draped over the back of the chair.

"Hey, you're alright you know." He said, turning his face to study your's more closely. Cool and composed, yet the air had changed around him. Anticipation. Etched into he mildly tightened jaw and faint red across his cheeks, down his neck, down, down your eyes warned until you caught yourself and snapped back up.

"You too." Your mouth felt dry and you swallowed, trying to conjure some moisture as you met and held his gaze. His eyes unabashedly moved from your's and down over your chest, middle, and rested at the space between your legs for a moment before bringing them back to your's.

There was a beat before you saw him move closer, felt his body lean into your's, and then his lips touched your's. Warm, moist, gentle. A chaste caress if anything. You didn't even mind the lingering of smoke that clung onto him. When he pulled away, your chest deflated and inflated almost in one action as you looked forward, trembling, clutching at the front part of

your robe and staring straight forward at nothing in particular. The shine from one of your cola bottles twinkled in your eye but other than that, you sat there absorbing what had happened.

Childishly you felt your lips pull and tug into a large grin as if you were a teen on their first date.

From the corner of your eye you saw Spike, less cool now, almost eager and playful as he watched you, "You kissed me." It came out near a giggle and prompted Spike to do the same.

"If you want, I can do more than that." He leaned in and kissed you, a quick smack against your lips, just as chaste as the last one before he began kissing at your neck. No sucking, biting, claiming, just gentle, affectionate, safe kisses which were over too soon as he moved off the couch to stand in front of you.

Fast, so fast. He wanted you badly enough *now* apparently. But as you reached out for his belt, he took both your hands and kissed them before lowering himself to his knees and putting them around his neck.

"Like water, go with the flow. Let me." He wasn't asking, but the hushed way it was said comforted you, knowing that you could break free if you wanted, but it was okay to let go. You wanted to know where Spike would lead you.

He brought his lips back to your's and lingered. Pressed fully and deeply against your's and the light tingles this caused, the way he maneuvered you so that your legs opened and he rested between them, pressing his chest and stomach against your's, all started to create a wonderful, hot, tingling ache between your legs. You grew more slick as he moved his hips in a very subtle roll against you, as his lips continued to kiss as if he had all the time in the world.

When he broke away you said, "this is so fast Spike. I've never just...done this before." No, all previous relationships (not many but a couple) had a build up around it before anything physical happened. And while you weren't *against* the idea, there were levels of apprehension, self consciousness, to this sleeping with a stranger thing.

Spike took both his hands and rubbed both your hips as he looked into your eyes. "Don't think on it. Let yourself get carried away and I promise that it'll work out in the end." He waited, just as he did with the bike. Knowingly. The ache, the want in your body wasn't unbearable, you could break it off. But with Spike against you, his solid warm, the comfort he offered, the promise of pleasure, you nodded and closed your eyes, letting yourself relax into the couch. Letting yourself melt and flow and truly letting go of suspicions, shyness, fear.

With that, your wrapped your arms tighter around his neck, letting one hand wander into that bushy mop on top of his head and leaned in for a nice, long kiss.

"Mmm. Nice." Spike's hands moved from your hips to the belt on your robe and untied it, teasingly slow. That was alright, no rush. No need to rush. Just the two of you here for the

night. When that was done, he pulled it from the loops with a jerky tug that required you to sit up for a moment so he could pull it from behind and you giggled as you had before.

"Don't be shy." His hand went to your shoulders, and dipped inside the folds of your robe causing you to jump at the contact of skin against skin. Such large hands. With a swiping motion he pushed the robe open and your breast hit the cooled air. The confines of the robe had been growing uncomfortably hot and now you wanted it all off to the point where you were only mildly concerned that suddenly a man was staring at your bare chest.

"Beautiful." He whispered in a quiet awe. His large hands encompassed your breasts as he began cupping them, kneading them, running his finger tips along your nipples and you let out a small gasp. Soon his lips joined his fingers and he licked and suckled at your nipples and between your breast, enjoying the way they felt against his face and you ran both your hands through his hair as he nuzzled and worked at you. So good.

After a moment he sat back again and pulled your robe open the rest of the way. Before you could think about it however, your knees were on his shoulder and his mouth was buried into your pussy. The jolts of unexpected pleasure, his speed, had you yelp in shock before your body barely caught up.

Spike *knew* what he was doing. Full laps of his tongue, sucking at the right points, moving his mouth and head to get at better angles. He did this as if it was the most delicious, most enjoyable thing to be doing and that was so damn sexy as you felt your body clench and unclench, your breath growing more ragid.

His tongue worked serpentine between all the little creases, jolts and shocks radiating from your clit as he gave a particularly sharp suck before pulling back to blow on you, the sudden coolness against something so hot and wet bringing down the pleasure for a moment before he started again.

Never were you so close, so soon. And Spike ate up each gasp and groan, let you tug at his hair and angle your hips so that you got him where you wanted. He might've been leading and you might've been water, but he took any cues you gave openly.

On and on it seemed that his mouth and tongue worked on undoing you, the pleasure distinct and sharp as you were barely allowed to catch up to his enthusiasm. What touched you more was how uninhibited he was at doing this. How he *wanted* to make you feel amazing and you didn't even have to ask him for this.

"Mmm." He hummed around your clit making your curl tighter inwards so that your chest was pressed against his head (the hair tickled and scratched at your skin), legs trembling from trying not to bring them in and crush his head.

"Spike." You managed before the rush, the orgasm crashed upon you and all you could do was hold your breath and shake through how strong it was.

There were at least three small after shocks as your body calmed down and you felt the air against your damp skin, the energized tingle through your body leaving you both alert and boneless.

Chapter End Notes

I don't know how good this holds up both to the previous chapters, let alone as something titillating on it's own. I felt clumsy coming back to this and the eroticism feels...lackluster. Maybe that's just me as the writer so I suppose I'll have to leave that for you to decide.

Feel Like Making Love Part ONE

Chapter Summary

I know that you guys want more and I promise, promise, that I will get to it. For now have a place holder.

Spike eyed you for a moment, a boyishly large grin on his face as he used the back of his hand to wipe at his mouth. When you regained your breath and looked down at him, you felt your face sweaty and warm, but in light of his excitement and that smile, there was no shame and you gave him one of the biggest grins you've given anyone and giggled.

"Wow."

He laughed and then said, "Would you like to do more?"

"Hell yeah!" You sat up and shrugged out of the rest of the robe and reached for his shirt buttons. He was content to kneel and let you work at them slowly, pressing kisses to your mouth and neck which distracted you from time to time in your efforts. It grew hard to reach all the buttons so you tugged his shirt out from his pants and brought the bottom of it closer to you, making Spikes arms jerk at an awkward frontal angle (though he didn't mind).

Spike was a beautifully built man. Muscular and yet slender. He wasn't too scrawny or brawny, just a handsomely lithe athlete with traceable abs that you began running your hands along. He sighed and leaned forward so that his face was pressed between your breasts. You couldn't *see* what you were doing, but you could feel his body under your hands and it was amazing to feel it.

After a moment, Spike rose from his knees, pulling you up with him. With fluid motion he had you over his shoulder.

"Spike!" You chided halfheartedly when you looked around him to see the bed coming closer.

"Y/n" he replied playfully before gently dropping you onto the bed. It was cool under your hot skin and you gasped when Spike brought himself down on top of you. The fabric of his pants brushed against your clit and the rest of your pussy in a both slightly painful and yet oddly satisfying way. His bare chest pressed against your's and you loved the feeling of your breasts being mushed, your nipples pointed against him.

"Give me one moment." He whispered and kissed your cheek before quickly hopping off you, "Stay just like that". Your legs hung off the edge of the bed and you swayed them back and forth, your toes brushing the carpet. You reclined and kept your gaze upward at the ceiling. You could hear him rustle around and eventually the soft click of what you assumed was a

cap. Sure enough your suspicions were confirmed when Spike returned with glistening fingers. With a raised eyebrow he posed his question and you spread your legs a bit for him.

"Going with the flow," you answered, and relished his presence when he climbed on the bed next to you.

Final Chapter

Chapter Summary

The final bang

Chapter Notes

Thank you for sticking with this story and for all your comments. I hope that it lived up to the hype. I had fun trying something different than what I typically write and I hope all that works.

The lube was cold despite the heat from Spike's fingers and your body and it took a few minutes to adjust. At first the probing hurt a bit. Stretched and almost sharp with his long fingers pushing inside of you, even with the added benefits of lubricant and cum. But, after a few minutes, Spike leaned over you and began kissing your lips and neck, playing with your breasts with his freehand, and occasionally rubbing your stomach, and further you body relaxed, the warm glow of pleasure beginning to rise again as he began scissoring his fingers gently inside to tickle the inner walls and make them pliant. Slowly the tingling grew and Spike continued to touch you, keep you warm, aroused,

"Breathe for me." He whispered and suddenly his fingers were removed, before you could whine though, he returned them upside down and began crooking them upward into you G-spot.

"AH!"

He snickered and gave a kiss to your cheek, "told you to breath." Your pussy clenched around him as he moved his fingers in and out, rubbing along the roof and hitting that spongy spot that made you begin to pant as trickling lightning bolts worked from your core and through your thighs, pooling in your belly.

Spike never seemed to cramp, or get tired and worked at you until you felt the beginning of another climax coming.

"Spike," you panted, tossing your head to the side and clenching your teeth as the pleasure nearly rose to the crest. And then it was gone as he once again pulled his fingers from your body.

You turned your head back to him and you made eye contact as he gave himself a few solid strokes before rolling on a condom. He gestured with a wave for you to scootch backward onto the bed and so you climbed back until you rested against the plush pillows and spread yourself to him as you unabashedly took in his hard, red cock, twitching in anticipation.

"Ready?" He asked as he slotted himself between your thighs, pressing his form into your's. Your heart was beating a steady rhythm, your body aflame and tingling, and you nodded, wrapping your arms around his neck as you felt him rub the tip of his cock against your clit back and forth before sliding down to your entrance.

Smooth, flowing, Spike brought his hips back and then with a fluid motion pushed forward. The girth of him was not so much to hurt and the stretching gave a satisfying, warm, fullness.

Putting body hands on either side of your head, Spike lifted himself up so he could look down at you, and smiled.

"You are very cute." He began to pull out and his smile turned that more fond as he watched your eyes widen and the shallow gasp escaped your lips. "Don't get shy now." He teased before pushing back slowly. You giggled and shook your head, and lifted your legs to wrap around his waist. Spike took this as a sign and slowly, surely began to increase his thrust speed and pressure.

"Oh! Oh Spike!" You closed your eyes again and began to relish the slick thrusting pleasure that the man inflicted over and over again, never faltering in his rhythm.

"You," you let out a small groan when he angled his hips and began hitting more sensitive areas inside, "are in shape."

He snorted and brought his head down to kiss and lick at your nipples.

The speed and pressure increased, and you felt your body arching into him of its own accord, instinctually meeting his near punishing pace. The quiet squishing noises that would have bothered you before, the obvious thumping you two were making, nothing interfered with the fact that you were being made love to by a beautiful man, and it was liberating, amazing. He was gentle yet purposeful, your body jolting with each thrust, your heart pounding in your chest and throat.

Your bodies pressed against one another in a sleek mess of limbs and your moans and groans came in choked breaths as you rose higher and higher.

"Sp..." you tried and failed to say his name before your muscles clenched around him and your body twisted into a shaking arc off the bed. Wave after wave of climax washed over you and in the distance you could feel the heat of Spike spilling into the condom.

Slowly you fell back to the bed, spasming, panting, tingling, and sweaty.

Regaining your breath, you opened your eyes to see Spike trembling, a look of strained bliss on his face as he milked his own release. When he finally came down he opened his

eyes and gave you a deep, unexpected kiss before pulling himself from you and disposing of the condom in the bathroom.

You laid there, feeling your body trembling and basked in the afterglow, unwilling to move and break the spell.

A short moment later Spike returned with a renewed energy and plopped down next to you.

"That was fun."

"Yeah, it was." You answered sincerely and reaching out you took his chin in your palm and led him down for another kiss, tender and slow.

"Thank you."

"Thank me?" you laughed, "Thank *you*! You really know what you're doing. I'm glad you convinced me to spend the night with you."

"Pleasure was all mine." He paused, "want to go again?"

In the morning Spike had arranged for food service and you two shared a quiet breakfast. You refused to be bashful after last night and you two talked of some of your favorite things. Though around noon, you called Fee to let him know you would be at his place in a half hour. Spike had arranged a ride for you in a rather fancy limo because he had to go to work soon.

"Glad you took the robe. Help you remember me." He said as he hugged you tight before opening the door to the limo.

You giggled and pushed his shoulder, "I'm lucky I can *walk* right now mister. And forget you? Never. If I'm ever back on Mars after this trip is it okay to look you up?"

He gave your hand a kiss to the back, winked, and said, "Sure." Before closing the door.

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