

Summary: A dream is a wish your heart makes. So what happens when a Witch meddles with things she doesn't understand? Redo on certain aspects of Season 2. Most of season 3 is a night mare perpetrated by some sick people and I refuse to believe it. DOWN WITH CORDI! I have a strict no Angel/Cordi policy.

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Story Notes:

I own Nata beaver Dam Thing.

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Chapter 1 by lopaka tanu

Sometimes I watch you while you're sleeping baby.

When he arrived, they said nothing. He walked up the steps to the front porch with a suit case in one hand and a Guitar in the other. The front door was partially open so he took it as an invitation and walked in to the deserted house. House, for it was no longer a home. Death had touched the heart of this place far too often. He gave a knowing half smile as he walked to the back of the house and the never used spare room. A day bed with a bureau were the only furnishings and a small bathroom with a claw footed tub. This would do nicely.

After putting away his meager belongings and setting the guitar on the hand made stand he gave a wistful strum with his recently acquired hand and sighed. That could wait. He had other important things to do at the moment. For starters the house was a mess and trash needed to be taken out.

Quickly he set about cleaning and dusting the living room. He never noticed as the others came in one at a time. They never noticed he was not supposed to be there. He simply was. As they sat around looking at nothing unparticular he served drinks. No one spoke, no one needed too. He knew what they needed, when they needed it.

When she came in he smiled for her yet still refused to speak. She sat with her Willow and stared off at space with her eyes filled with tears. They still could not believe Buffy was gone, sacrificed herself for them all. Her body was taken by the nice gentlemen in white suits. Taken to a better place. She had to be strong, they needed her. She could not be strong, she needed them to be strong for her.

He noticed her tears and handed her a tissue. As he passed out the tissues he placed a comforting hand here, a smile there. He knew they would need time, for that is all any one could give them. Well not all, he could take care of them until they were strong enough to be on their own. So he made up his mind, he was going to be a deaf and mute Mary Poppins.

He checked the time and rushed to the Kitchen. They would need a meal, and soon. No time to cook he ordered out and arranged for them to sit at the table. He doubted they would eat very much but he still had to try. As they gathered in the dining room to eat he encouraged them to sit.

When the little one came in he noticed her vacant look. He held her close as she cried on his shoulder. He was slightly taller than her and had long blond hair so she felt a sort of comfort in the familiarity. His sky blue eyes were not so she avoided looking at them. She knew not who he was, but if he was willing to help she would not disappoint him.

When Spike arrived the others were sitting around the fire place watching the flames play on the gas logs. He took in the sight of the stranger and started to growl.

Lindsey merely shrugged and went back to cleaning the house. He had better things to do than to baby sit a platinum blond Vampire. Especially one that was the spawn of him. Running the vacuum cleaner over the dining room carpet he missed the conversation going on in the other room about him.

"Does any body know who that wanker is?" When no one answered he growled at them. "Then what the hell is going on? Why have you let a complete stranger in this house?"

Tara awoke from her crying induced sleep at his yells. "Wha... what are you going on about?"

"The dude with the hair an sweeper, who is he?" Spike pointed to Lindsey who was busy doing the drapes.

"He's my cousin."

"Well what the bloody hell is he doing here?"

"Apparently he is cleaning." Giles' observation brought tear filled laughter from the girls and Xander.

Spike gave him a victory sign and told him to shag off as he went to sit by Dawn. "Com' 'ere lil' bit." He pulled her close as she laid her head against his chest. "I know it hurts, but in time you'll get used to it. We all do. If living for a century has taught me any thing, it's life may be hard at times but you just have to get on with your life. Sure it may take a while, but you'll have good times in the bad, you'll see. Now you don't worry about a thing, Spike will be here to take care of you."

Dawn nodded her head against his chest and soon cried herself to sleep. She would deal with it in the morning, for now all she had to do was sleep. A few hours later Willow, Tara, Anya, Xander, and Giles had joined her.

Lindsey came out of the Kitchen drying his hands on a cloth sticking out of his apron. He smirked at the Vampire covered by witches and a little girl. Spike grunted as the stranger stood there watching with weird look in his eye.

"You gonna help me mate?"

Lindsey ignored him and proceeded to lift Willow in his arms. He carried her haggard form up the stairs and to the master bedroom. He soon returned for his cousin, and followed by Dawn. He came back with a pillow and a blanket for the Vampire then woke the remaining three. He pointed at the clock and they nodded. Anya and Xander took Buffy's room, Giles the spare room, and Spike the couch. Lindsey sat holding a drink watching the fire as he remembered months prior when he too lost some one special. As the fire burned down Lindsey fell in to a fitful sleep about a certain man in black with a pale completion and too much hair gel.

And that is how the first day ended. The reason this is so important is because it was to play a pivotal role in the life of our main character. But that is another part of the story reserved for

another night. For tonight just be content with the beginning, for it is just that, a beginning. Why we haven't even begun the real story yet...

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Chapter 2 by lopaka tanu

Some times I see you hold your pillow tight.

Three weeks. It was three weeks now since that horrible night and that blessed day when he arrived. They finally started to take stock in their lives and see the world again. That's when it hit them. They were not alone. They had each other. But who did he have. One by one the three female occupants of the Summers house wondered that same question.

Lindsey ignored their conversation as he went about fixing their lunches and cleaning the kitchen. He smiled at the thought of him dressed in like a fifties housewife packing lunches and home work to send her brood off to school. He shook it off and went back to wiping off the counter. When he saw his reflection in the counter top he smiled, at least it was not the face of a demon staring at him. He ran a hand through his shoulder length hair and puzzled over whether he should cut it again or let it grow some more.

He had liked the curls.

Definitely going to schedule a trip to the barber shop. Six months of growth ago he had decided that he was going to keep it long. Try and be good again. And then what happens, Moron goes insane and fires his crew. Then he takes a personal vendetta against all that was evil. No that's not right, it started before he let those two psychos loose on the rest of them, on him. He had planned on being a good boy and apologize to tall dark and spiky. But no he had to ruin it all by setting the two bitches on him. Said he didn't care. Didn't love him.

Lindsey looked down at the cracked glass in his hand as the blood ran openly from the cuts. With a clinical outlook he studied the mess. The almost black blood ran in to the water as he merely watched. A scream from behind him broke his concentration.

Dawn cried out as she noticed his glowing eyes. The blue irises glowed around the black pits of his pupils. She stopped as she watched him clean up the glass and blood with the rag and go back to cleaning the dishes as if nothing happened.

Tara and Willow had come running at the beginning of the scream and watched as Lindsey cleaned up the mess. Willow didn't know what to make of this scene but Tara was instantly at his side helping remove the glass shards. When she tried to take them from him he prevented her with a gentle push to the side. She watched with tears as he held a bleeding hand over the pieces and they reformed to a cup in a ball of light. He smiled at her as his eyes returned to normal and he went back to cleaning up the blood with a rag.

They watched in silence as he went about his business cleaning the kitchen. With a glance at the clock again he turned to them and presented them with their lunches. He sighed as they just stared at him. Cocking his head to the side he turned back and pointed at the clock.

Willow was the first one to speak. "Who are you?"

Lindsey gave her a knowing look, like she already knew the answer. When she crossed her arms he turned back to the counter and wrote on a pad of paper marked things to do. He handed it to her and went back to cleaning the kitchen.

Willow read it aloud. "Lindsey. Now go to school or you will be late!" She stopped him again handing him the pen and paper. "What are you?" She ignored Tara's attempts to distract her.

Lindsey sighed, he knew this would happen. His next note took a few minutes as he scribbled as

fast as he could. He handed it to her with her lunch and pushed all three out the door.

Willow stood stunned on the back stoop with the others. Tara shrugged and started off to walk Dawn to school then to go to her classes. Willow read aloud as they went.

"I am Lindsey. What I am is a mistake, a punishment for leaving my job. When you work for demons, they tend to frown upon people who try to leave their employment. I am not one to complain about my life, I know it sucks, so I figure why make other people miserable over it. You wanna know what I am. Simple, I'm a Brachy demon, that's pronounced Brat-Key.

"Bet you are wondering how I ended up this way. Well that is not so simple. It started back in L.A. with this really stupid vampire. He just didn't know when to leave well enough alone. Always had to make my life a living hell. I worked for a Law firm controlled by demons so he figured if he screwed me over the lawfirm would suffer. Errr wrong, the firm would sooner kill me then let them be affected by some ass hole Vampire.

"Well one thing led to another and I was facing either death at his hands, death at the hands of the firm, or death at the hands of his psychotic sire. I was really not in to having my heart ripped out for the firm to enjoy so I decided to end it myself. That is when they surprise me by offering something I couldn't refuse. Well like any thing from them it had a price that was too high. By the time I discovered the price it was already too late. So I made good by the offended and made it up to Fang face.

"I sent in my resignation and did one last good deed before I left. Well no good deed goes unpunished. He placed a sign on the back of my truck that said Cops Suck. You can guess what happened next. It was during my incarceration I got the confirmation notice from my bosses that I was fired. A demon named D'Hoffryn paid me a visit one night saying that as a part of my severance package for my years of good work, I was to be promoted one last time. He said a few words, waved his hand at me and in a ball of energy I was transformed in to something from a porn film.

"Five ten, eyes of blue, Blond, and with a hypnotic voice. Did you know they have a sick sense of humor in hell? I can't say a single word with out having everyone around me falling over themselves to get to me. I learned that the hard way in jail. I can fix things, heal things, and cause men to cum in their pants with the sound of my voice. I can't speak with out having men trying to drill me in to the wall with their cocks. See what I mean, sick, a layer who can't speak. But my voice has the exact opposite affect on women. They basically try to kill me every chance they get. So you will forgive me if I don't speak to you Tara or basically anybody for the rest of my life. Which, if this is like the other curses I have heard about from this D'Hoffryn guy, then I am basically immortal until the source of my powers is destroyed. Then I am back to being a good old human. There is more to this story but my hand hurts so have a good day at school. Lindsey."

Willow folded the note and placed it in her book. They walked in silence as they digested the information. Once they reached Dawn's school they told her by and walked off to catch the bus to college. On the bus Willow finally spoke to Tara. "So is it true, your cousin is really a demon?"

Tara nodded. "Yes, I received a letter from him a couple months ago which was just about a week after it happened. He was kinda upset but he could learn to live with it. I mean he has to. Don't worry about it Willow sweetie, he will be fine. Besides if he was a danger to us I would cast a binding spell and have him sent away. He just needs someone to care for, and to be cared for in return."

Willow smiled and laid back in to Tara's arms. "Do you think we could do something for him? You know, a little something to brighten up his life."

"Yeah I think he would like that."

"You think so?"

"Definitely. Well check the magic shop on the way home to see if we can find a spell to help." She smiled as Willow pulled her close and hugged her tight. This was not a good idea, this was a great idea. Paying Lindsey back for all that he has done to help them would make them all feel better.

Another part of town outside of Willies.

A figure in black with a coat around his head walked in to the bar. Inside he lowered it to reveal his platinum hair. "So what's this about mate?"

The figure at the bar turned to him and smiled. "Hello Spike."

"Well if it aint the Big Poof's Poof? What you want this far from yur territory?"

"Can't I visit an old friend?"

"No."

"What do you know about Lindsey McDonald?"

Spike raised his scared eyebrow. "Why do you ask?"

Darla smiled at him. "Let's just say him and I have some unfinished business." She smiled as she ordered a drink for her great grand childe and offered him a stool.

Now is where we must end our story for this night. Do not be sad for there is still much to come. But that is for another night. Good Night.

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Chapter 3 by lopaka tanu

Am I the one you're holding on to honey?

Sitting in the middle of his bed Lindsey strummed the first cord on his guitar. Feeling the thrum fill the instrument made his heart leap with joy. To be able to play again after nearly a year was a godsend. Forgetting for a moment about what he was he began to sing to the melody of his song. Suddenly a loud crashing came in the kitchen.

Lindsey standing quickly, cursing himself for his stupidity, went in search of the intruder with a battle ax he found upstairs in a trunk filled with weapons. Quietly he wondered in to the main rooms of the house with the ax at the ready. What he saw there shocked him in to action.

Darla was glaring at the house from the dark tinted vehicle. She hated not being able to go out in the sun directly but the price you pay for immortality. Sighing again she wondering why she had even bothered to come here when sending demons to do her work would be so much easier. Oh yeah, demons don't kill each other, much less Sirens. Sorry Brachy Demons. What better punishment for that little whore than to be turned in to the demon equivalent.

When the singing started a dark rage filled her, and mindless of the sun she took off for the house at a dead run. She slammed the back door down cursing slightly at the damned barrier. This was impossible, Spike said the blond bitch was dead. At least the back was shaded from the midday sun.

When she saw the streak of long blond hair she almost started to curse again. That was when she saw the head attached to it and started to laugh. "Well if it isn't the little whore. I told you I would be back to finish what I started. Now invite me in so I can kill you. If you don't I will just wait for the others to come home and kill them one by one until you do."

Lindsey sneered at Darla as he charged after her with the battle ax. Too late he saw the spear gun. "Bitch!" He grunted as he fell to his knees just inside the door way with a spear sticking through his heart.

"Damn it, you never do things the easy way Lindsey. Always got to make it harder on yourself and everyone around you." She growls as she looks around for something which to drag him across the barrier with. Spotting a garden claw she smirks in full vamp mode. Quickly bringing it down in to the back of his hand she drags it across the threshold. She knew she had to hurry, Brachy demons healed faster than vampires and he would soon be waking up. Grabbing his hand she yanked with all her strength and pulled his body through the door way like a snapping rubber band.

Bodily bowling her over and landing on top of her in the middle of the sun drenched yard Lindsey would never know where the last bit of strength came from. Using him as a shield Darla flew back to the car tossing him over the back seat. Inside the car Spike smiled at her.

"Have a lil bit a trouble with the baby human, luv?"

Darla growled at him. "You idiot," Tossing her hair over her shoulder as she cocked her head to the side she glared at the younger vampire. "We are more human than he is. He's a Brachy Demon."

Taking a hit from his cigarette he smirks at her. "Never heard of 'em."

Snorting. "Not surprising considering that you are the fledgling of that half-wit Drusilla."

"Hey, you leave Dru out of this." Spike turns on her with burning eyes as he tosses out the cigarette.

"Gladly. Doesn't matter, she is next after Angelus anyways."

"Fine. Now what do you want with this sodding idiot any ways?"

"It's personal!"

"All right, don't get your panties in a twist. I just wanted to know what my role in all of this was."

"Your part is done with. I no longer need your services." She turned to him smiling. "So get out."

"What, in the middle of this god forsaken place? You have to be mad."

Vamping out Darla's smile got even bigger. "Get. Out."

Spike scowled pulling up his coat. "Oh all right then. Fine. Just answer me one question I deserve that. What is so special about this damn demon anyways?"

"Simple, he is the last of his kind, with good reason. Ever hear of a Siren?"

"Yeah some chicks that could mesmerize people with their voices right?"

"Yes, well that legend came from the Brachy demons. Only they were not female, but male,

everyone of them. Don't ask why they are pictured as female. Probably some monk who couldn't get over that he was gay so he changed the legends to fit his narrow view of the world." She waved a dismissive hand in the air.

"So you are saying he drives men nuts with lust with the sound of his voice?" He started to laugh. "That has got to be the most ridiculous thing I hav..." Spike stopped talking as the moans started in the back seat. As he was about to turn around to investigate he was shoved out the passenger door in to broad day light. "Shit! Fucking Bitch!" He screamed as he ran for shade covering his body with his coat.

Darla smiled as she looked down on the figure of the moaning Lindsey. She had to fight the urge to kill him again. It doesn't work that way. There were rituals and ceremonies you had to perform, gods to appease and a special dagger laced with the blood of an immortal demon for cutting out his heart. Well there was discovering the source of his power but that would take the fun out of it. Driving off she laughed as she thought of the power his death would bring. Finally she would get her revenge and power back. Then nothing would stop her, not even Angelus and his merry little band of morons.

Tara and Willow took in the scene of destruction in front of them and immediately summoned a protection spell. Quickly they searched the house for more damage but found nothing beyond the glass of the backdoor window and a battle ax near it. There was almost a half gallon of demon blood on the floor in the middle of the glass. To them it was evident Lindsey was seriously hurt and taken by who ever did this. When Tara found the small garden rake covered in blood she guessed a vampire used it to pull him out of the door with it.

Two hours later the Scooby's were assembled and frightened for the life of their friend. Together they sat in silence after Anya asked if they had a plan.

"So are we just going to sit around and wish everything was okay? Do we even know what took him?" Anya rolled her eyes. "This is helpful. Can't you lesbians like cast a spell or something to find out?"

Xander turned to her trying to silence her once more but she quickly shot him down with a pout level three. "Anya honey what have I told you about being considerate?"

"Xander don't 'Anya honey' me. I know that you think I am being stupid but I have a perfectly valid point."

"No body said you were stupid. It's just that you lack tact when it comes to saying things to people."

"Can we focus on the problem at hand? Does any body know where we can find out about any new vampires in town?" Giles slaps his hand against his head. "Stupid..."

"See even Giles thinks I am stupid."

"Not you, I meant me. Spike would know, even if he has become an outcast he is still a vampire." Taking the earpiece of his glasses out of his mouth he looks around. "Speaking of Spike, does any body know where he is?"

One by one they look at each other. Dawn speaks up above the rest. "I called him but only got his machine. Said he was out with some old friend."

"Spike doesn't have any old friends."

"Except Darla and Drusilla." Willow started to panic. "Do you think that one of them has Lindsey?"

"I don't know, but there is a chance." The old man rubbed his head. "I just wish Buffy were here."

"How about some one better?"

"Angel?"

That's all for tonight dears. Next time we will find out what makes a bad boy tick or is that trick.
Good Night.

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Chapter 4 by lopaka tanu

Author's Notes:

This part contains Character Death, Violence, Language, Vampire Biting, and Rape. The Rape scene is clearly marked so that you may skip over it. Please do not skip this entire story or part because of that one scene. I do not condone rape, nor do I write it because I need to insult people. No, I was not raped, but molestation is almost as bad. I find writing stories as a way to vent my problems. Just because you ignore something, does not mean it is not there. So if you want to flame me because of this, send it to me personally, I will share it with my friends and we will laugh at your problems. Cause that is what it is, your problem. You have been warned!

For my friend, you know who you are. You inspire me to make myself better, and through this I am.

Am I the one who's in your dreams at night.

Nos and Nahs rang out through the room. Tara turned to Willow with a questioning look. Willow placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. "We may need him."

"No!" Xander sat forward as he looked at Tara. "He is not worth the trouble. Besides he is in L.A. at the moment and there is no time."

"But he is the only one we can get on such a short notice." She tried to make them listen. "He is the only one that can help!"

Xander was about to say more when Anya stood. "Anya, honey, where are you going?"

"I can't just sit around arguing with you over whether or not we should contact Angel. This constant bickering is not getting him back any faster. We need move now before it is too late." That got the attention of the others.

"What do you mean Anya?" Tara watched her with wide eyes filled with dread.

"Brachy Demons were often sacrificed to gain the favor of gods and goddesses. Higher level demons, demons like Glory." The room went deathly quiet as realization sunk in. "There is a way to locate the sacrifice before it takes place. Only one problem, I have to go alone."

"No, I will not let you!"

Anya's eyes flashed dangerously at Xander. "You won't let me? I have you know, I have been doing this since your ancestors thought the world was flat. Judging by your relatives, that wasn't that long ago." He started to sputter but she silenced him with a chopping motion made by her hand. "Besides have any of you seen the summoning of a demon? I mean a true demon? This will make the Mayor's ascension look like a day in the park by comparison. I have to do this alone, they won't trust any one else."

They were about to protest, but Tara silenced their words by saying, "do it. We will check out Spike." She looked to the others, daring them to defy her as Anya left.

Groaning, Lindsey awoke to the sound of liquid dripping. Life seemed to kick him no matter where he went. He knew something was wrong when his arms wouldn't move. Infact there was no feeling in them at all. Just as well, hanging by his ankle he was sure he could piece together what was happening. He sniffed the air, sandal wood, rose oil, mur, and a faint metallic smell. Blood. Not just any blood, his.

"Ritual sacrifice is a not really your style, Darla."

An enraged snarl was followed by a blow to the head. "Shut up! Gods you can be so annoying, whore. Did you think that I would not figure out what you did to me?" She smashed her fist in to his face again. "When I am through here, this little hell spawn will be gone and I will be more powerful than the Master ever was."

Lindsey laughed through the pain. "That's if you can find a demon powerful enough to give you what you want. As it stands, nothing short of a true demon could do that, and I don't hear any, do you."

"Is that a hint for me to remove the blindfold? Gladly." Candle light filtered through the darkness to his eyes. As he squinted her fist contacted with his head again. "And didn't I say shut up you stupid whore!"

"Fuck you Darla." He coughed as he spat in her face.

The moment his blood touched her, she screamed as she wiped it off. "Fucking regenerative little whore. You even think about trying that again and I will rip your fucking throat out. Did you think you were the only one to read the file on the Mohra Demon and Angelus?" She laughed as he began to swing. "I wish I could have seen the look on his face the first time he saw his reflection after two hundred and fifty years."

Lindsey suddenly stopped swinging and his body turned to face her. Eyes glowing bright as a blue star he smiled. "As you wish."

Darla looked at him with a questioning gaze. "What?"

With a smug tone, he whispered his answer. "Judging by all the ingredients and the talismans on the walls, you are summoning a Klari or wish demon. You really should learn to watch what you say while in a circle of power." Slowly he saw enlightenment dawn across her face. "When you see Angel on the other side that mirror, tell the bastard I said hi."

She clutched her stomach as the first wave of pain hit her. "What's happening?"

"Your body is dying, with out you there to keep it intact, it will simply turn to dust."

"Good, at least the little parasite will be dead too."

He smiled as his body still did the hanging man pose from a Tarot card. "Sorry, afraid not. Guess you didn't read the fine print. You see, the baby is Angel's reward for saving the world time after time. He will be born, just not from you." He winked and blew her a kiss as she started to turn to ash.

As Darla dusted, she screamed one last word. "Favrella!"

Laughing, Lindsey tried to get his arms to working again. "Ahh. Hell that hurts!" He stopped all movement when he heard the shrill whine of something in the room. "Hello?" The screech came again. As his body slowly turned around from his movements he came face to face with a vengeance demon, or was that demoness?

She slinked out a hand to cup his face. "You are the sacrifice."

"Or so she thought..."

"That wasn't a question." A hard slap sent him swinging again. "You will be silent or else."

"Or else what? Your powers have no dominion over my kind." He smirked through the pain of his swelling jaw. "In fact, you are lower in the demon hierarchy than I am. You are not much higher than a Vampire."

"And you are a Concubine. Now be silent."

"Go to hell."

"We will be there soon enough. First I have to see who might be interested in trading for a Brachy Demon." She turned her demonic face towards the shadows. "What do you think, sister?"

"A Brachy Demon: Looks: average height, blond, blue eyes, and muscular. Abilities: Healing, regenerative capabilities, negotiation skills, transmogrifying skills, mesmerism, mind control, pleasure skills, singing, teleportation, portal jumping, seduction skills. Disadvantages: His voice causes females of the non D'Hoffryn class demon to become enraged. The same can be said for all other species including humans. Breeding: ready and able. Rarity: last of its kind. Uses: sacrifice, healer, concubine, mate, slave, etc. Demand," She smiled as she came out of the shadows. "Demand for a Brachy demon is extremely high."

"So what do you think he is worth?"

"That depends on what you want for him?"

"I see your time as a Mortal has made you even more shrewd." She laughed as her sister hissed at her. "Well there is almost nothing I could want, but one of the higher ups owing me a favor would be nice."

"Yes," a flash, and the Vengeance Demon flew in to the wall of the factory and exploded in to black pulp and blood. "Yes it would." Anya walked over smiling as Lindsey groaned.

"Anya..." He stopped when she held up a hand with a raged look on her face.

They found Spike in his crypt trying to get over the sunburns from his brief exposure. Dawn was the first to confront him after they had staked him out like a tent. He screamed as the cross touched his chest as he lay bound to the burial slab. "Where is he?" The hurt in her eyes was matched by the hatred.

"What in bloody hell, poppit?"

She pressed the cross to his skin again as the others tightened the ropes holding him down. "Where in hell is he?"

"I don't know what yur talkin about!" He was about to say more when the blood shot eyes of Tara came in to view of his face.

"Answer her, now."

"I don't... Ahhh god, stop!" Her hands hovered on either side of his face as lightening bolts passed between them and his head. She threw back her head as he screamed out in pain again. "The factory on the other side of town where I killed the chosen one and his guys. Please, stop, please stop. It hurts, no more, I beg you."

The lightening increased as his screams grew louder. Tara's head looked down on his face with black eyes. "Mortum Finium Relasta..."

"No!" Willow pulled her back as Spike exploded in to dust. "What have you done?"

Tara turned in her arms as the others looked at her in horror. "He wouldn't tell me. He was going to let him die because Darla promised to remove the chip. I couldn't let him do that."

"Why would he do that? I thought he changed."

"He did, he loved Buffy, but couldn't handle it." She was openly sobbing now as she collapsed in to Willow's arms. "It's too late. He's already dead. We're too late. When I found out, I couldn't handle it. He let her kill him. Was on his way there when we got here."

"Oh Tara, I'm so sorry, baby." Willow sat rocking Tara as she cried.

Giles took off his glasses as he held Dawn, who was in shock. She couldn't believe what just happened. All this because he couldn't face the pain of losing Buffy? He paid the ultimate price for his betrayal. A cold welled up inside her as she knocked the ashes off her shirt. No one was going to hurt her family ever again, she promised herself this.

"Silence! Do you know how annoying you are? The longer you stay quiet the longer you will live. If I let you die, the others wouldn't be happy." She laughed as she looked at his nude, upside down body and the scowl on his face. "This reminds me of when Xander is not happy, he isn't in the mood for sex. When I don't get sex, I'm not happy, and I like being happy, really happy. So it is a big vicious cycle of not happy all around. Now be silent while I get you down."

As she walked towards the wall where the chains that held him were bound he started to groan again. She stopped and shuddered, then continued until she reached the chains. Slowly, she undid them and let them cycle through the pulley. When the chains started to shake he released a short yelp. An evil glint filled her eyes as she released the chains completely letting him fall to the floor.

"Sorry!" She held up her hands. "Butter fingers."

Lindsey groaned as he sat up rubbing his head. He eyed her with a knowing look and was about to confront her about it when she clamped a hand over his mouth.

"I suggest you keep it to yourself unless you want more."

He nodded as he nipped at her fingers. This was not over, she was going to pay for that bump to the head. Now all he had to do was figure out what was going on here. He was about to ask her when she slapped her hand over his mouth again.

"We have to get out of here now. There will be more coming soon." They moved quickly as the factory shook. When he looked at her questioningly, she smiled. "That would be the wish demon. He is not going to be happy that you are gone." As if in answer, the factory shook and ceiling beams fell around them. A loud roar filled the air as they limped out.

Lindsey turned back in time to see a large portal open around the factory and suck it through. "You know, I think I will..." He never finished as Anya's fist connected with the side of his face knocking him unconscious.

"Don't you ever shut up?" As she shook her hand out, she pressed the speed dial on her cell phone with the other. "Yeah, Anya here. I need a ride. I'm at a factory, or what used to be a factory. No I am not joking Xander." She sighed. "Yes Xander I am just fine. Lindsey?" She looked down at his groaning figure and kicked him in the side to shut him up. "He's in pain. Yeah get the lesbians and Dawn and come down here. Oh and Giles too."

Lindsey tossed in his sleep as he dreamt of a time with less pain. He moaned at the imagined hands that caressed his body. Silent sighs escaped his lips. This was his favorite dream. An unconscious hand snaked down between his legs rubbing himself through the sheet.

Tara turned red as she turned away from his sleeping form. From the tent in the sheet, it was obvious he was having a very good dream. She smiled at the amusement clearly written on her partner's face. Reaching out a hand she drew Willow closer to her.

"Tara, do you think this is a good idea?"

"Yes, Willow. This is the only thing I can think of to repay him for all the things he has done for us in his time here. It is the only way to make sure this doesn't happen." She released Willow, and held up her hand which the other girl accepted. "It is too late for us, at least this way he can prevent it from ever happening.

"I know, I just wish that he could stop Buffy too."

"You know that it was her destiny, like this is his. We have to stop this from happening, and the only way is to send him back before he came here."

Willow smiled through the tears. "You're right, lets do this."

Together their voices chanted the spell to send him back. "Elonda Velon Sun." Send him back. "Gaylegh Weshon Vaht." With memory to guide. "Tyellono Belon." To the time before the ultimate pain. "Hadre Meso Tannte, Fates." Here my plea and respond, Fates.

Lindsey rose off the bed as his body started to sparkle with light. A wave of brilliant white light flowed over his body and before he disappeared.

The room started to shake as Willow grabbed Tara holding on for dear life. Parts of the ceiling started to collapse as the house was swallowed in darkness. Their dying screams echoed in the hallowed shell of what used to be the Summers house. The night filled with the death cries of Sunnydale as the town was sucked in to the portal of hell.

When Angel was spotted by Darla, Lindsey's eyes flash white as he was engulfed by a brilliant sphere of the same color. Falling to his knees, he missed watching Angel take the glove from

Darla and go after the Kleynach demon form of the Senior Partner. Several people screamed as Angel lunged for the demon.

Lindsey stood, wondering what was going on. His vision centered on the form of one person. With hate filled eyes he opened his mouth and released a high-pitched scream. As the people all around him fell to their knees, he stopped screeching. Darla glared at him as she still gripped her blood filled ears.

"What did you do? I almost had him."

"Almost doesn't count, Bitch!" She launched herself at him with a battle cry, but was easily sidestepped and staked by him. He smirked as she turned to dust. "Always going to pieces, aren't you, Darla?" The last of her settled to the ground, while he took notice of his environment.

Big gaping hole in the wall. Lilah gaping at him with hate filled eyes. People with sacrifices. Dead demon pieces on the floor. No decorations, so not the office Christmas party. Must be the review. Time travel, Anya didn't say anything about time travel. Witches, had to be his cousin and her lover. He wondered what could be so bad as to send him back to this time. Well Darla is dead so that means no baby. Good to know.

He smiled as he looked down on the cowering people around him. He gave a small smirk at Lilah as he waved with his newer hand. Her shock made him laugh as he started to walk away. The men were looking at him with a mixture of lust, curiosity, and fear. The women watched him with hatred and fear.

Reed was staring at him in shock. "Consider this my resignation." Giving the one finger salute, he walked on to the elevator. Reed rushed to get in the lift with him just as the doors closed.

"What is going on here Lindsey?" He narrowed his eyes to a look of suspicion at Lindsey.

"What part of I quit, don't you understand." He groaned as Reed's eyes glazed over. "Get your mind out of the gutter Reed. Just imagine what the senior partners are going to think over your latest fuck up."

That got his former boss' attention. "What have you done?"

"Nothing, what was supposed to happen has. What was going to happen, won't. That future is no more, but I am still who I was." He looked at his reflection as he examined his blond hair as it turned honey brown. "Much better." As he ran a hand through it, the doors dinged then opened. "See ya Reed. It's been hell."

Stepping out of the lift, he saw there were dozens of guards in the lobby. "I'm afraid I can't let you leave Lindsey. If I give them you, they will overlook this incident. Even if you could get through all them, the doors are locked with magical spells until morning. So if you will come with me."

"Not on your life." Lindsey started towards the doors, but the guards moved as a collective to block his path. He laughed as a swirl of light swallowed him and he disappeared with a siren's call. He appeared on the other side of the lobby doors waving to Reed through them. Looking up, walked out through the business district.

He whistled happily as he walked in to the public square. There were people everywhere either arguing or searching for something to eat. 'This place has gone to hell.' He thought as he heard the sound of elevator doors opening. Turning he came face to face with Holland Manners and Angel stepping out of the Elevator.

Holland gave him a surprised look as Angel seemed to look off in to the distance with unseeing

eyes. "I heard you got promoted. Nice look."

Lindsey held out a lock of his shoulder length hair with a smirk. "Comes with the job."

Pointing towards Angel, Holland smiled. "So does he, Lindsey." The elevator doors shut and disappeared.

Lindsey, wondering what he meant, turned to look at Angel. Golden eyes stared back at him. "Angel?"

"Hello Lindsey." He drawled as he strolled towards the demon.

Swallowing, he backed away from the vampire. "What's going on, Angel?"

"Need to feel." He scowled showing his teeth. "Need to feel past the cold."

Lindsey turned and ran as he screamed out for help. "Somebody, help me." He was almost to the doors of Wolf Ram and Hart, when something seized him from behind. The people inside tried to open the doors as he was jerked up flush with the vampire behind him. Reed was slamming on the glass as Lindsey tried to get away from Angel. Angel sniffed at Lindsey's neck, causing the shorter man to freeze in place as he nuzzled and nipped the skin.

"Wave bye to the bad people Lindsey."

Lindsey tried to get away but was ground against Angel's body. "Don't do this Angel. It's not you."

"Oh I am so sick of people telling me, what is me and what is not. This is me, so get over it." He slammed his hips against Lindsey's ass. "That's me too."

As the vampire drew his hand over the front of Lindsey's pants, the pounding on the doors grew louder. "Please Angel, don't do something you will regret."

"Please Angel, don't do something you'll regret." Angel mocked his words back at him. "I am tired of you people sticking it to me every chance you get. How would you like to be the one fucked for a change." He spread Lindsey's legs as he lifted him off the ground. "I bet you are nice and hot. Get rid of the cold."

Lindsey was gone in full blown panic. His cries rose in pitch as Angel started to undo his belt. When he felt the vampire harden behind him, the windows on the door shattered from his voice. A blow to the back of the head and all went dark.

Angel sneered at Reed through the still locked doors. "Lawyers, always shooting off their mouths. Never know when to shut up." He shrugged as he tossed Lindsey over one of his shoulders. "What ya gonna do, kill'em? Now there is a large idea." With a wink and a smile he disappeared as fast as a vampire can.

In his anger, Reed snapped one of the vampire detector's necks, kicking its body to the floor. "Clean that mess up now! Get me the recall team. I want Lindsey found immediately. If you have to, eliminate Angel to do it."

WARNING: RAPE CONTENT- IF THIS SQUIKS YOU- Skip to next set of bars!!!!!!!

Lindsey came to feeling a warm mouth on his throat as a strong arms tightened around his body. He tried to scream, but the mouth savagely tore deeper in to his flesh. Fear over ran his common sense causing him to push at the creature at his throat.

Angel only bit harder. He couldn't get enough of the taste of Lindsey. What was that product that Cordy liked, one taste was never enough? Oh well. He finally forced himself to pull back as Lindsey gave up fighting.

Staring fearfully up in to the eyes of the beast, Lindsey knew only fear. No witty come backs or put downs, only screams for mercy. All of which would have no effect except to egg this creature on. His Angel was not in there, what ever that was, it was hungry for more than blood.

When he had lost his clothes, he didn't know. Angel only knew that the body writhing beneath him was driving him insane with want and need. Hard, he forced the demon man's legs open as he settled between them.

Lindsey felt the tears come as he tried to get away. The arms around him were to strong and unmoving as the heavy body forced his legs around it. He closed his eyes and looked away as he felt the hard member at his anus. Screaming, he felt like his body was being ripped open as Angel's cock shoved in to him unlubed.

The smell of the blood spurred the beast on as he pulled out and shoved back in. Relishing the feel of the friction against his cock, Angel let his beast take over once more and bit in to Lindsey's throat. Pulling out again he slammed home harder than before causing Lindsey to cry out as his sobs shook his body. Angel stopped biting his neck, and looked back in to his face.

He stopped thrusting in to Lindsey. Grabbing the face of the demon, he turned his head. "Look at me!" When Lindsey didn't he slammed in to him harder than before. "I said look at me!"

Through tears, Lindsey stared up in to the vampire's eyes. Angel wasn't in there or so he told himself. Angel wouldn't do this, it was the demon inside of him that did this.

Angel continued thrusting in, as he wrapped Lindsey's legs around his waist once more. Lindsey was screaming in pain again as Angel tensed up and came inside him with a shout. The Vampire pulled out and rolled over to his side with a smug look on his face.

Lindsey tried to roll away, but the pain only caused him to cry. Already he could feel his body repairing the damage. His wits came to him slowly, and he knew this was his one chance to escape the devil behind him. Moving fast he reached the edge of the bed before he was wrapped in the arms again and felt the cock pressing in to him, again. "No please, Angel." He begged as tears streamed down his face.

"Shhh, so pretty, so sweet." Angel kissed his neck as he nuzzled the back of it. "Taste so good. Feel so good. Wanna be with you. Wanna be in you." He traced a path along the back to the front of Lindsey's throat with his tongue. "Need you now!"

"No! Angel please! No! Oh god no!" Too late, he felt the penetration from behind as the Vampire on top of him groaned with need. "Let me go!" He tried to fight, but he was just so damned tired. Fatigue set in as he just let it happen. His face went slack as Angel continued to pound in to him, every now and then whispering words of pleasure.

Lindsey just lay there letting the world go numb, leaving his body behind. His mind misted over with white as he felt the vampire come again. When Angel pulled him closer, only then did he try to struggle, but the monster known as Angel was too strong for him.

Angel sighed contentedly as he inhaled the scent of the man in his arms. With a deep yawn he

let sleep over take him, holding the other man close in a tight grip. One last kiss to the forehead, he let darkness take hold.

END OF SQUIK SCENE. Back to normal safe world.

Lindsey awoke from his state of catatonia with a start. Something had awakened him. Looking around, he noticed it was Angel snoring in his ear. A vampire doesn't need to breathe, but apparently Angel still did in his sleep. He felt bubbles of hysteria fill him at the absurdity of this. Tears stained his cheeks as he wiggled out of the vise grip.

With only a sheet around him, he backed out of the room, clutching it for dear life. As he moved, old tears in his anus opened coating the insides of his thighs with blood. Not caring he fled the hotel room down the stairs. In the main lobby, Reed sat waiting with a team of body guards.

Reed looked up at him smiling. "I see you are still doing your job with peek efficiency. The Senior Partners have their eyes on you, young man. They have big things planned for you." He stood and frowned when he noticed the dark almost black stains in the sheet around Lindsey's lower body.

Lindsey leaned against the wall with a trapped look on his face. Tears ran down his cheeks as he clutched the sheet tighter around his body. It was all a set up, he was still trapped in their game. They all were. His eyes glowed bright blue as he focused his helpless feelings in to rage. He stood away from the wall as a ball of energy engulfed him and he disappeared with a cry of rage.

Reed smiled at his men. "Come on boys, we have a job to do. A rogue lawyer with our future in his hands is on the loose." As he walked out the main doors, his aid came to his side. "Contact my office, I want the mage's ready to go in a heart beat. We can't let him get away. We'll let him get his revenge on Angel, then when he is gloating, we take him down."

Two hours later, upstairs in his bed, Angel awoke to the smell of sweat, sex, and blood. The smell was very familiar and comforting. When he realized something was wrong, he sat up like a shot. Looking down at his blood stained pubic hair, he blanched. What had he done? That smell, it was both human and demon. It was very familiar, male and female. It was... It was... It was Lindsey. Suddenly the previous night came rushing back to him.

Something was different about Lindsey. Everything about him screamed fuck me hard. From his full lips to that whimper that he made when he was grabbed from behind. Angel felt his beast rise within as he thought further. Clamping down on it, he tried to feel bad for raping the man. But he couldn't when he had basically asked for it.

Boy had he asked for it. And he had given it, twice. He gave a sly smirk at the memory. There was no way Lindsey was ever going to give him lip for a long time. He had finally broken that steed and ridden hard. Sitting back, he sighed contented with his actions he folded his arms behind his head.

This was wrong!

These feelings he was having were wrong. No matter what he did, Lindsey did not deserve to be raped repeatedly.

But it had felt so good!

No, it doesn't matter. He was not a monster, to do what he did was to give in and become the beast he had strived to overcome. What was wrong with him? Why did it feel so good to do what he knew was wrong? Was it because he knew it was wrong, the thrill of getting caught? He was broken out of his revelry by the sounds of some one calling his name.

Rushing, he pulled on a pair of extremely tight boxer briefs from the floor and headed down to the lobby to see the host standing there sizing him up. "Angel, sweet heart, tell me you didn't."

"Didn't what?" Giving his best little boy act, Angel tried to look innocent.

"Word on the street is you shacked up with a new demon like a cave vampire. Who did you piss off this time, and why are you wearing someone else's underwear?"

Angel looked down, and sure enough, they were Lindsey's black button top boxer briefs. He looked back up in Lorne's face with wide eyes as he remembered stripping them off an unconscious Lindsey as he tried to bleed the demon dry from the vein in the top of his cock. The memory of the taste made him lick his lips. Lindsey was an addiction to him, he craved more.

Lorne took in all the physical evidence and put two and two together. "You did it didn't you. How could you, Angel?"

Angel looked away with pain in his eyes. "Yes." Blood tears ran down his face as he looked away.

"How could you after all you have been through?" He patted Angel on the back and led him to a chair. "I guess when you hit rock bottom, you bomb it with mortar rounds. You wanna talk about it?"

"What am I supposed to say? That I raped him, that I'm not sorry for what I did, no matter what I say or do? That every time I think about him I get hard. The taste of his blood is still on my lips like the sweetest fruit. I long for him with all my being, I crave him like a junkie. Is that what you want?"

"Well self loathing is a start." He said through his shock and anger.

"You know what, don't start with me. You're as bad as the rest of them..."

"Speaking of them. They are in need of your help." He waited until he got Angel's full attention. "The others are in a real pickle this time. You have basically no time to get there. Now go!"

Angel was heading for the door when the Host cleared his throat. "What?"

"As much as I am sure they would appreciate your help. I am sure they would prefer to see you in more than just some borrowed skivvies. It doesn't really help the super hero look no matter what the super is saying." He sat in shock as Angel fled up the stairs faster than he thought possible even for a vampire.

As Angel ran out of the Hotel with a battle Ax in hand, Lorne sat back downing a drink he found behind the counter. After sniffing it again, he scowled. "Doesn't taste like plumb brandy. Oh well, whatever does the job." He leaned over the counter to check for more just in time to avoid an energy blast. "What the hell?"

"That is about the gist of it. Where is Angel?"

"I don't know who you are talking about?"

"Wrong answer!"

"Ow, watch the horns." The small powerful hands tightened their grip on Lorne's horns.

"I will ask you one more time, or I will rip them out. Where. Is. Angel?"

"Find him yourself, cupcake. By the way, love the new look. Slut is so your style."

Lindsey released Lorne with a startled shove. "He told you didn't he. He is so fucking dead the next time I see him." He lifted Lorne by the throat. "You tell that son of a bitch that I am coming for him. You hear me?" He disappeared in a ball of energy that gave off a mournful cry like a song of the siren.

Lorne nodded as he was dropped back on the bar stool. He looked at the same spot Lindsey had been while grabbing his throat. "Oh boy, Angel you have done it this time." As he went back to snooping in the bar of drinks on the other side of the counter he started to nervously hum "Hush Little Baby."

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