

Summary: Riley and Spike are taken to another dimension when the "Harans" come. Their goal; to help fulfill a prophecy that will save the worlds

Categories: [Angel/Buffy](#) Characters: Buffy/Gary, Ensemble, OMC/OMC, Riley/Spike

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Warnings: Brain-Insane, Caveat Lector

Challenges: None

Series: Feel

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Chapter 1 by RogueSpike

"SPIKE!"

Spike tried desperately not to giggle as he pulled the blanket tighter around him, pretending to still be asleep. Riley burst in and pounced on him, tickling him to make him move.

"Wasn't me!" Spike giggled, rolling over and batting at the hands.

Riley rolled his eyes. "Right, the blood just got up and poured itself into the milk carton?"

Spike just grinned. Riley wacked him on the back of the head. "Stupid vampire," He mumbled before getting up and walking back out to the kitchen. Spike tossed the blankets off, pulled his jeans on and went after him.

"At least I put it in the almost empty one," Spike said, still grinning.

Riley tried to glare and ended up laughing. "You're a very bad vampire, Spike."

Spike slid his arms around Riley's waist. "Mm, whatcha gonna do about it?"

Riley leaned down and kissed Spike, then, while he was distracted, started tickling him again. Spike burst into another fit of giggles and darted away from Riley.

"You think I'm bad," Spike said with a laugh, sitting down at the table.

Riley brought Spike's blood over and sat down with his now bloodless bowl of cereal. "How come you still drink out of the mug in the mornings?"

Spike shrugged. He'd started hunting again at night, but still kept some around for mornings. "That way I can have breakfast with you."

Riley smiled. Spike smiled back. Being with Riley had changed his schedule. He was up at 8:00 with Riley and stayed up until midnight, leaving at 9:30 to hunt. But eight hours of sleep was more than he needed, so it suited him fine, even if he had to use the sewer tunnels to follow Riley wherever he was going.

The phone rang. Riley got up to get it, setting his empty cereal bowl into the sink as he passed. Spike drained the rest of the blood and got up, starting the dishes.

"Hello?" Riley asked. He smiled as he watched Spike do such a domestic chore. Spike glared and kept right on doing it.

"Hey, it's me," Buffy's voice came across the line. "Xander's coming home from that trip he's been on, finally. Wanted to get everyone at the Magic Box to great him." She giggled. "'Sides, I wanna see how he reacts to the new guy and Spike sitting in your lap."

Riley rolled his eyes. "Yeah, okay. Be there in an hour."

Riley hung up.

"Who was it?" Spike asked, grabbing a towel and drying out Riley's bowl.

"Buffy," Riley answered. "Xander's coming home. Wants us to be there to shock him when he sees us together."

Spike laughed and started drying the cup. "Alright."

Riley went back into the room to get showered and dressed while Spike finished the dishes and quickly wiped everything down. Riley chuckled to himself as he thought about it. He and Spike had been together for five months now. At first, Spike had once in a while done random things, like make him breakfast. Now Spike did the dishes every morning no matter how much Riley said he didn't have to, and he made breakfast for Riley every Saturday. He'd sworn he'd kill Riley if he ever breathed a word to the others.

"What're you laughing at?" Spike asked as he came into the bathroom.

"Nothing," Riley put the comb he'd been using down and turned to give Spike a quick kiss. "Taking a shower?"

Spike nodded. "Yeah."

Riley glanced at his watch. "I'm gonna start walking that way, meet you there?"

Spike nodded. Riley walked out and into the sunny day. He sighed as he looked up at the sky. Five days ago it had rained. He and Spike had spent all day outside in the empty park, playing like a couple of kids. He'd found out Spike loved to jump in puddles, even liked to roll around in them. He grinned at the memory. He'd looked so silly, on his back in a pool of water.

He opened the door to the Magic Box to find Spike already there. He'd stopped being surprised by this a long time ago. He just smiled and sat down. Spike sat down in his lap, wrapping his arms around Riley's neck as Riley wrapped his around Spike's waist.

Gary glanced up from the book he was reading and smiled. "Hi guys." He said before looking back down.

Spike looked interestedly toward the book. "What is it?"

Gary lifted the cover. "Wizards First Rule. It's the first book in the Sword of Truth series. It's amazing."

"What's Wizards first rule?"

Gary grinned. "People are stupid."

Spike laughed. "People are stupid," He repeated. "Can I borrow it when you're done?"

"Sure." Gary looked back down.

"Yes, please, take it away," Buffy said in a whiny voice. "He's not paying any attention to me."

Gary instantly looked up and held his arm out. Buffy grinned and bounced into his lap, making everyone laugh.

The bell on the door rang and Xander walked in. There was a big grin on his face that melted away into a look of confusion at the scene that greeted him.

"Okay, what'd I miss?"

Buffy laughed. "Xander, this is Gary. Gary, Xander."

"Yeah, okay, but why is Spike sitting on Riley's lap???"

Spike grinned. "Long, long story, mate. Buffy'll tell you."

Buffy got up and sat Xander down before beginning the tale that began five months ago. Spike rested his cheek on Riley's head as he lazily listened to Buffy tell the story. One of Riley's hands moved up to rub his shoulders, making Spike purr.

"I'm never ever ever leaving you guys alone again," Xander said when the story was finished. "Not ever."

Buffy laughed. "It would have happened anyway."

Xander shuddered but managed a smile for Riley and Spike. "As much as it creeps me out, I guess I'm glad for you guys."

Riley smiled. Xander didn't have to deal with any comments from Spike, because he'd fallen asleep from the lazy attention Riley had been giving his shoulders.

"So how long have you guys been together?" Xander asked.

"Five months," Riley answered. "It was an interesting journey getting there, too."

"Sounds like it," Xander glanced at Spike's arms. "Did he scar?"

Riley shook his head. "Spike says it takes a lot to mark a vampire." Riley grinned and proudly pulled Spike's coat collar down, showing the clearly visible bite mark. "I managed, though."

"Ow," Xander winced. "Why?"

"Part of the whole mating thing. He likes it."

Xander rolled his eyes. "Yeah, well, Spike's weird."

Riley just laughed. He leaned up and gently blew into Spike's ear. Spike jerked and blinked as he woke up.

"Huh?" He reached up and rubbed his eyes before looking down at Riley. "What?"

Riley just laughed again. "Nothing."

"Pillock," Spike laid his head on Riley's shoulder this time. "Was having a nice dream."

"Oh yeah? What was that?"

Spike grinned. "It involved us and a bed and melted chocolate."

Spike yelped as Riley jerked up. He had to scrambled to keep his feet.

"Meet me back at the house," Riley put his mouth down near Spike's ear. "And you better be naked when I get there."

Spike grinned and shot off toward the sewer entrance. Riley ripped the door open and didn't even bother to shut it as he took off toward the house.

Buffy rolled her eyes. "They're not gonna be back for a while."

"Ew ew ew," Xander groaned, clapping his hands over his eyes. "I SO did not need that image!"

Spike slowly opened his eyes. Riley was awake and leaning on his elbow, stroking Spike's face. Spike smiled. This was his absolute favorite way to wake up.

"Chocolate was a good idea," Riley said, grinning. Spike laughed.

"Was fun," Spike wiggled and feigned a frown. "But I'm still all sticky."

Riley's grin widened. "I can take care of that."

He threw the blanket off Spike and licked at his collar bone. Spike giggled; it always tickled him there.

Riley moved up until he was kissing Spike. He moved to rest on top of him. Spike spread his legs and Riley slid inside him.

"Riley," Spike breathed, closing his eyes. Riley kissed his forehead and started to move.

Only a minute after they'd come the phone rang. Spike groaned and threw a hand over his eyes. Riley grumbled, reached across Spike and picked it up.

"What?" He asked a little snapishly. He hated being interrupted when he was with Spike.

Buffy's giggle answered him. "Whoops, sorry. Didn't mean to call while you guys were having sex."

Riley heard a very loud 'EW!' from Xander.

"S'okay," Riley bit back a groan when Spike rolled onto his side and started kissing his neck. "What is it?"

"Nothing much, just a vamp nest downtown, but I have to chase some stupid...Kelcar?...demon. Was wondering if you and Spike could go through."

Riley glanced at the clock. It was still three hours before sunset. "Yeah, okay. Where exactly?"

Buffy told him before hanging up. He grabbed Spike and slammed him back down before kissing him again.

Spike grinned when he pulled back. "Love it when you get rough."

Riley bit his claim mark, making Spike cry out. "I know."

They made love twice more before falling asleep again. Riley woke an hour after sunset and shook Spike awake.

"No," Spike groaned. "Not waking up. Nuh-uh. No bloody way."

"Spike, you're awake."

Spike opened his eyes. "Bloody hell," He sighed. "Do we HAVE to?"

"No," Riley grinned at the look on Spike's face and got up. "But we're going to. Come on, I know you wanna kill something."

Spike grinned at that and jumped up, getting dressed quickly. Riley laughed at the vampire's eagerness.

The nest was small, only five vampires. Spike and Riley took them out in five minutes.

"Well that was BORING," Spike sighed.

Riley reached out and took Spike's hand as they walked. "Want to find something bigger or are you going to go hunt?"

Spike nodded. "Hunt. I'm hungry. Wanna come with?"

Riley didn't really like to watch when Spike fed, but the passion Spike displayed afterwards made it worth it. He nodded.

"Cool," Spike stopped, leaning up to kiss Riley. "Don't have to watch, you know."

Riley smiled. "I know. But I can't help it."

They started walking again.

Five minutes later Spike froze. Riley raised an eyebrow in silent question.

"Someone's following us," Spike whispered. His eyes darted around. "Someone powerful."

Riley tensed. "Fight?"

Spike thought for only a second before he shook his head. "Run."

The two took off at the same time. Spike tried to locate the threat again but couldn't feel it.

They were running through the cemetery not far from Riley's house when someone stepped out from behind a clump of trees not far from them. Both came to a dead stop.

The man in front of them was only a little taller than Spike. His hair was dark brown and hung to the base of his neck. His build was the same as Spike's. By his looks, Spike could take him, but Spike could sense the power flowing off this one in waves.

And that's when Spike noticed his eyes.

They were golden.

Spike tensed. The golden eyes looked sad, very, very sad.

The young man finally moved, holding his hand palm outward toward them.

The two flew to the ground. Spike tried to turn his head to see if Riley was okay but he couldn't move. He tried to open his mouth to speak, but that wouldn't move either. All he could move was his eyes.

The young man appeared beside him and knelt. The fear in Spike's wide blue eyes only seemed to make him sadder.

"Please forgive me for what I must do," He murmured before he gently pressed his palm to Spike's forehead.

There was a quick tingly feeling before Spike's eyes closed in a magic sleep.

Spike woke up. His head hurt slightly, but nothing like he'd expected. Magical sleeps usually made your head feel like it was going to explode.

He pushed himself up onto his elbow. Riley was lying beside him. He was still asleep.

Spike slid off the bed and looked around. The room was huge. The bed was huge, too. It had dark blue curtains you could close around it. The thick blanket was a lighter shade of blue, and the pillow cases were blue too. Spike liked it. He'd always favored blue.

He looked around the rest of the room. The floor and walls were stone and the roof was wood. Most of the floor was bare. A large fire place was in the center of the room. A large, thick blue rug was laid in front of it. Three couches were placed around it, two facing each other and one facing the fire so they made a half circle. A fire was already built.

Beyond that was a big desk set against the right corner. There were two white candles on either side, and a pad and pencil had been set on top. Spike walked over and opened the top drawer. There were more pads and pencils, and a small knife to sharpen them. The other six drawers held mostly the same thing. The two big ones on the bottom held things for painting. Spike frowned in puzzlement. Whoever had captured them hadn't wanted them to be bored.

There were large paintings on the walls. Most were of lovers, and they were always in the same field. A few were of mountains.

A wooden door stood to the left of the desk, only a few feet from it. Spike went to the door and tested it. To his shock, it wasn't locked. He didn't go out though. He had to get Riley up.

He went back over and crawled up on the bed. When he'd first woken up, he'd been too curious to notice how soft and comfortable the bed was. Again, he frowned. Their captors hadn't wanted them to be uncomfortable, either.

He reached over and shook Riley's shoulder. Riley grumbled and did nothing.

Spike smiled. He leaned down and kissed Riley. Slowly, Riley responded, until his hand was gripping Spike's shoulder almost painfully.

Spike pulled back. Riley opened his eyes. "Mm...where are we?"

"I don't know," Spike rose to his knees as Riley sat up. "But whoever took us doesn't want us to be uncomfortable or bored."

Riley looked around in amazement. "Wow. Doors locked, I'd guess."

"No," Spike said, looking again in puzzlement at the door. "It's not."

Riley frowned. They both moved to the door and opened it.

"That would be why," Spike muttered.

The place beyond the door was pitch black. Even Spike's vampire eyes couldn't see through it.

Spike closed the door. "Bloody hell." Spike muttered. "I don't get it. They captured us, but they're trying to make everything pleasant."

"Pleasant?" Riley looked around again. "Spike, this looks like a room from a palace in a fairy tale. They're not trying to make everything just pleasant."

Spike glanced at the fire. "At least we're not in some rat infested dungeon."

Riley couldn't help but grin. "Don't like rats?"

Spike shuddered. "They're disgusting....oi!"

Riley laughed and hugged his mate. Spike hugged him back and shuddered slightly.

"I wonder where we are?" Riley wondered aloud.

Emnel stood outside the room, watching the two with tears in his golden eyes. He HATED to force anything on anyone, but they'd had no choice. And if they'd sent Alend, he would have hurt them. Emnel wouldn't have been able to bare it if the Maren Teli and his mate had been hurt.

Emnel felt someone walk up beside him and turned his head. Jared's blue eyes met his.

"I'm sorry you had to do that Emnel," Jared said, reaching over to stroke Emnel's hair. Emnel closed his eyes at the comforting touch. "But it would have been worse if they were hurt. Alend is to rebellious to follow the old ways."

Emnel nodded. "I know."

Jared dropped his hand. Emnel missed it instantly.

Jared watched as the Maren Teli pulled his mate down near the fire, on the floor rather than on the couches they'd provided. Jared thought it must be a Solax custom.

"I don't think they'd like us watching," Emnel murmured. "They can only see the stone here." He gestured to the three foot square space that looked into their room.

"You are right." Jared closed the space. "We should go in. Remember, the Maren Teli is to be treated with respect. As is his mate."

"I understand."

They walked to the place where Emnel had placed the darkening spell. He lifted it and Jared opened the door.

Spike looked up sharply as the door opened. He leaped to his feet. Riley stood behind him, hands placed possessively on his shoulders.

Jared bowed. Emnel did the same, but kept his head up. Wizards didn't bare their necks to anyone, even the Maren Teli.

Spike frowned. "Who are you?"

Jared lifted. "I am Jared Arnail, third Elder of the Spirit Council. This is Wizard Emnel Arion." Jared took a step toward the two. "Please, forgive us for bringing you here against your will, but we had no choice."

Spike glanced over his shoulder at Riley, then back to Jared. "Why have you brought us here?"

Jared looked surprised. "You...you don't know?"

Spike shook his head.

Jared and Emnel exchanged a confused look. "Forgive me, Maren Teli, I assumed you knew."

"Maren Teli? What the bloody hell does that mean?"

"Oh dear," Jared covered his eyes with his hand for a moment before dropping it. "Maren Teli means the Barer Of Life. It's an honorary title among our people, the Harans. Do the Solax people...earth people...not call you this?"

"No," Spike said as though that were obvious. "I'm just Spike. Just a vampire. Nobody except Riley really cares a bloody bit about me. And Gary, I suppose."

"Great spirits, how could they not?" Jared asked, looking shocked.

Emnel understood. "They don't know," He said. "Perhaps they don't have prophecies there. I never thought to look."

"We have prophecies," Spike said. "Just not this one. What is it?"

"Perhaps we should sit," Jared said.

"I'd rather stand," Spike said coldly.

Jared nodded. "As you wish." He took a deep breath before continuing.

"Many thousands of years ago, the spirits sent us a prophecy. It said that one day the Maren Teli would come to us and bare a child. That child would be the Maren Tari; the Barer Of Hope. But if the child wasn't born here, and wasn't marked, it would never bring hope to the worlds." Jared paused again. "And if not brought here and born before the first day of spring two years from now, our world would end."

Spike had started to laugh. Jared frowned.

"What is so amusing, Maren Teli?"

Riley had started to laugh, too. Spike reached over and clutched the arm of the couch to keep from falling. He finally forced himself to stop and straightened.

"What the HELL makes you think I can have a kid? Sort of a MALE here."

Jared nodded. "Yes, I know. What does that have to do with anything?"

Spike stared at him. Jared turned curiously to Emnel, who knew a lot about the Solax people.

"Oh. Solax men can't go through Harun'Di. Just women. They aren't built for it. Remember that passage? It said he'd be altered when he came through the shield to this world. That must be what it meant."

"Men can't go through Harun'Di? How strange," Jared turned back to Spike. "Well, I assure you, you can now. If Solax men can't, then I image you will need some time to grow used to it. You have time, two years, in fact, but please, do not wait too long."

Spike couldn't even think about it. "So, what, we're just trapped here in this room until...I do that?"

"No, of course not!" Jared looked appaled at the mention of it. "We only cast the darkness spell so you wouldn't leave until we could talk to you. You are free to go anywhere you wish. This room will be yours, though. We thought you and your mate might like a nice bed."

Spike glanced back at it. He'd have killed for a bed like that back home. "His name's Riley."

Jared nodded. "Riley," He repeated. He smiled. "What a nice name. I've never heard it before."

Riley didn't smile back. Jared's smile melted under Riley's glare.

Spike was looking past Jared now, at Emnel. Emnel looked back for only a second before he lowered his eyes.

"I'm sorry," He whispered.

Jared took Emnel's arm and the two left the room.

"I can't believe this!" Riley burst out when they had left. "They capture us, expect us to believe you can get pregnant, won't let us go home... they could have asked, at least.."

"Riley," Spike murmured. "These aren't bad people."

Riley looked surprised. "What?"

Spike turned and put his hand on Riley's cheek. "These aren't bad people. Did you look at Emnel? He was sad. He didn't want to do that to us."

Riley grumbled. "Doesn't mean we have to like it."

Spike pulled Riley over to the bed. He straddled Riley's lap and kissed him. Riley reached up and clutched Spike's hips.

Spike pulled back and leaned his forehead on Riley's. "I don't like it any more then you do. But maybe we should give them a chance. At least they tried to make us comfortable." Spike grinned. "'Sides, I wanna see how every one else reacts to me."

Riley laughed and kissed Spike again. "Okay. But I don't think we should make love that way until you decide wether or not you wanna do that."

Spike nodded. "No kidding." He shivered. "Weird to think it's normal for them."

Spike slid off of Riley's lap and headed toward the door. Riley followed.

They went through two more doors before they were outside. The building they had exited was large, the largest in the town, and the only one made of stone. The rest were made of wood. Children were running around in the middle of the dirt road, playing with small wooden balls and strange red rods. Spike thought that if young kids in their home had these toys, they'd be hurting themselves. But these kids were being very careful, and apologizing to each other if they did accidentally hit someone else.

Spike instantly noticed that not all had golden eyes. He quickly realized that only Wizards or Sorceresses had golden eyes. There were many walking around or talking to people. Several had boys or girls with them, who also had golden eyes.

As they walked down the road Spike saw a man with a round stomach, and realized it was because of pregnancy. He was talking excitedly with a few other people.

Spike suddenly turned and walked back toward the 'Spirit House' as he had heard it called.

"What are you doing?" Riley asked.

"I want to know more," Spike said. "About this prophecy, these people."

Riley shrugged. "Okay."

Spike knew Riley didn't understand. He didn't fully understand himself. But he was a part of some prophecy, and these people thought he was their savior. He had to know.

Emnel was sitting on one of the couches when they walked back in. He looked a bit nervous, but said nothing.

"What are you doing here?" Spike asked.

"I thought perhaps you might like to know more about us." Emnel said.

Spike paused before nodding.

"I'm tired," Riley suddenly murmured.

Spike led him toward the bed. Sometimes the sleep spells did that, he remembered. Riley laid down and closed his eyes. Spike leaned over and kissed him.

"Love you," He said when he pulled back.

"Love you too," Riley murmured sleepily.

Spike felt eyes on him and turned. Emnel was watching them. Spike felt his ears turn red. The scoobies he was used to, but he didn't even know Emnel.

"You are blushing. Why?" Emnel asked.

Spike walked over to the other couch but didn't sit. "S'not like I'm used to bein' watched."

This seemed to puzzle Emnel. "Why not?"

Spike sat down. "Uh...because it's polite to turn away?"

Again, Emnel seemed puzzled. "I don't understand. Do the Solax people not appreciate the beauty of love?"

Spike decided right then he could easily like it here. "Well, yeah, but...it's hard to explain."

"Do you watch each other make love?"

Spike snorted. "No. I mean, there's this stuff on the internet, but it's not making love."

"Oh. Why not? Once I watched Jared and his old boyfriend. It was beautiful."

Spike caught a glimpse of something in Emnel's eyes as he said it. "Old boyfriend?"

Emnel nodded. "He died four years ago of Amon's fever. It was only a few days before that when I watched."

Spike frowned. "How old are you?"

"I am sixteen cycles. I believe you say years?"

Sixteen. He'd been only twelve when he'd watched.

"You were twelve."

Emnel nodded. "This surprises you?"

"It's considered inappropriate."

Emnel shook his head. "I'm sorry you had to grow up like that. It must be horrible."

Spike shrugged. "Never thought twice about it."

The two fell silent for a moment.

"Tell me about this place."

Emnel nodded. "It's called the Spirit House. The seven Elders live here."

"Jared said he was the third elder."

"Yes. the lower the number, the higher the rank. He rules over the lower four, but has less power than the other two. The High Elder is Kelen Moore." Emnel made a face. "I do not like him. He wanted to hurt you, scare you into submission so you would do as we ask. He was the one you saw."

Spike nodded, then said "Jared didn't look very old. How is he an Elder?"

"You're right. Jared is only 26. Very young. We live for two hundred years generally. But the Elders do not become Elders by being old, but by being wise. Jared is very wise. He is young to be an Elder, the second youngest is 79.

The Spirit House is meant for many things. We hold the Harvest Feast here. The spirits bring us prophecies. The prophecy members that come here always stay here."

"You've had them before."

Emnel nodded. "But never one so important as you."

Spike smiled slightly. "I'm not so important. Tell me about the Wizards and Sorceresses."

"Wizards and Sorceresses are known by our golden eyes, as you have surely figured out by now. We are taught from a very young age, and usually by 15 or 16 are done with their training. We use our power only for good." Emnel sighed. "Once in a while we'll get a bad one, or a rebellious one. Alend and Kelen are two of them. Alend is the second Elder. He is headstrong and often uses his power to hurt."

"That's why you used the sleep instead. What happened to the pain? There's usually pain."

"I took it into myself," Emnel said. "It only lasts a few seconds for a Wizard."

"Oh." Spike paused. "So, the whole making love thing. Do you wait for someone you love or do you just do it?"

"Usually for the first time we wait for someone. Some can't wait that long." Emnel frowned. "I have noticed the Solax people do not share."

"Share?"

"Yes. Once we've found someone, we still see others as desirable. With our mates permission, we sometimes will bring them into the love making." Emnel looked over Spike. "I find you incredibly desirable."

Spike grinned. "Thanks, but Riley'd kill you."

"Exactly. that's what I don't understand."

Spike nodded, understanding. "Vampires do share. I mean, when you think about it long enough, there's no reason not to. You know you love each other. But humans think it's cheating."

Emnel sighed. "If you do it behind your mates back and without him, then yes, it is cheating."

Emnel shook his head. "I don't understand the Solax people."

"I can tell," Spike looked at Riley. He got up and crawled up on the bed, feeling suddenly very tired. Emnel stood without Spike having to say anything and walked out.

"Hey," Riley murmured when Spike laid down on top of him.

"Hey. You just wake up?"

"Yeah." Riley ran a hand down Spike's hip. Spike purred. "I was thinking. Right now I can't top you, 'cause, baby, but you could top me. I wouldn't mind."

Spike sighed. "Riley, I explained that to you already. It's not my place. I went into the mating ritual as the beta. It's not my place. Besides, you told me you like being in charge better. So you would mind."

Riley sighed. "Yeah. Just trying to give you some options." He chuckled. "I can't believe you of all people has a sense of place."

"I'm a vampire," Spike said. "It's ingrained in us."

"What did you and Emnel talk about?"

Spike turned his head so he could see Riley. "A lot. Did you know they share? I mean, they mate, but they might find someone else attractive and with their mates permission have some fun with him or her. But only if the mate is present."

Riley closed his eyes again. "I guess that makes sense."

Spike was surprised. "Really? I thought you wouldn't understand. I do, vampires do it all the time."

Riley shrugged one shoulder. "I never saw the reason not to. I mean, not all the time or anything, but if you did see somebody you both thought attractive, why not?"

"Oh," Spike grinned and tucked his head back down. "Neat."

Riley chuckled. "I'm not ready to share you with anyone, though."

Spike put his arm around Riley and hugged him. "I know." He laughed. "Emnel thinks I'm attractive."

"He'd be blind if he didn't."

Spike laughed again. "I love you, Riley."

Riley leaned up enough to kiss the top of Spike's head before relaxing again. "I love you too."

Spike closed the door silently so he wouldn't wake up Riley. He looked down the long hall. He'd woken up a little while ago and been bored, so he decided to go exploring.

He came to another door a small ways down. He opened it. It was a room a lot like the one they were staying in, only smaller. He closed the door and went on.

For the next six doors all Spike found were rooms. Then he cracked one open and found a different room, small and cluttered. Jared was sitting at a desk, writing with a large quill.

"Come in, Spike," Jared said without looking up from his paper. Spike walked in, closing the door behind him.

"I was wondering how long it would take you to start poking around," Jared said, putting the quill down and turning to face Spike. He was smiling.

Spike couldn't help but smile back. "I like poking into things."

Jared chuckled. "So do I. I have to keep myself from doing it most of the time, because of my duty, but every so often I indulge myself." He laughed. "Once Emnel caught me at it. He thought it was refreshing to see that I had faults."

Spike laughed.

"I thought you'd be mad at me," Jared said.

Spike shook his head. "I guess you're just doing what you think is right. I mean, if my world was going to end in two years, I'd've captured me, too."

Jared chuckled. "It was a hard decision. We wanted to ask you, instead, but we couldn't risk you saying no." He frowned. "Most of us wanted to, anyway."

"Most of us?"

Jared nodded. "Unfortunately the top two elders are not very wise. Kelen and Alend. I would be wary of Alend."

"What's he look like?"

Jared glanced over his shoulder. Spike turned. A man with short, light brown hair and hazel eyes was standing behind him. His face had a sour look and his golden eyes were not kind. Spike let out a loud hiss before he realized what he was doing.

Jared quickly stood up and put a hand on Spike's shoulder. "Alend. Did you need something."

Alend moved his hard glare from Spike to Jared. "There's a meeting being held in an hour."

Jared nodded. "Thank you for informing me."

Alend looked at Spike again. Spike hissed again, baring his teeth this time. Jared'd fingers dug into his shoulder painfully and he stopped.

Alend rolled his eyes and swept out, slamming the door behind him. Jared let go. Spike reached up to rub the place.

"Not a lot of people have enough guts to force a vampire into something," Spike said, turning to look at Jared. There was a warning in his eyes, but there was a glimmer of respect as well.

Jared bowed his head. "Forgive me, Maren Teli, but Alend would have hurt you very badly if you kept it up."

Spike sighed. "My name is not 'Maren Teli' it's Spike. So stop calling me that."

Jared paused, then a grin split his face. It made him look very handsome. "Very well. Spike."

Spike smiled, then turned and left. Jared watched him leave, then went to meet with the others.

Jared slammed the door to the Spirit Room, something he hadn't done since he was 12. He clenched his fists to keep the scream in.

"Jared, what's wrong?"

Jared turned. "Oh, Emnel," Jared breathed in relief. "The Elders are...are...sons of the damned, that's what!"

Emnel's eyes widened at the curse. "Jared!"

Jared made a sound almost like a snarl and turned, walking quickly toward his room. Emnel followed.

"What happened in there?" Emnel asked when they arrived. Jared sat down in his chair and Emnel sat crosslegged on the bed.

"They were having a meeting about Spike. They...Alend and Kelen...they want to 'hurry things along.'"

Emnel's eyes widened again. "You mean...they want to force it on him?"

Jared nodded.

"They can't make his mate make love to him."

Jared buried his face in his hands.

Emnel's eyes widened impossibly farther. "They mean to RAPE him!?!?" He yelled.

Jared nodded behind his hands. He dropped them. "If he doesn't agree to the Harun'Di within a month, they mean to."

Emnel's golden eyes flared with hatred. He stood.

"I won't let them."

As he said it his eyes turned fire red. Jared's eyes widened.

"Emnel!" Jared leaped up and grabbed both of Emnel's hands. "Shh, calm down, Emnel, calm down. Let the Darian go."

Emnel squeezed his eyes shut. When he opened them again his eyes had returned to their normal gold.

"I'm sorry, Jared," Emnel murmured. "but they can't do that to him."

"I know," Jared pulled Emnel into his arms. "I know."

Riley sat up as the door opened. He smiled at Spike. "Were you poking around?"

Spike grinned. He walked over and straddled Riley's lap. "Yup."

Riley grinned back. He fell backwards. "You're a very bad vampire," He said. "I might have to punish you."

Spike laughed. He kissed Riley. He gasped when Riley ground his hips upwards. He felt Riley's hands grab his shirt and yank it over his head.

Riley flipped them so Spike was on bottom and attacked Spike's fly. Spike kissed him again.

Just as Riley got Spike's jeans off the door opened. Spike groaned in frustration. Riley moved into sitting position and Spike crouched behind him. It was Emnel.

Emnel smiled. "Sorry, didn't mean to interrupt, but I have a warning for you." He leaned a little to the left, apparently trying to see around Riley. Riley gave him a warning glare.

"What is it?" Spike asked, deciding to hell with it. He moved out from behind Riley.

Emnel took his time looking over Spike. Spike was a little surprised at how good it made him feel, like when Riley looked at him in the shower. "You're even more attractive this way," He said.

Riley stood up. Emnel immediately looked apologetic.

"I'm sorry, I forgot about your custom."

Riley kept glaring. "What's this warning?"

"The Elders have decided that if you do not go through Harun'Di in a month, they will rape Spike." Emnel told them. "Jared and I have a place for you to hide if you don't decide to do so by then."

Riley nodded. Emnel turned and hurried out.

Riley whipped around to Spike. "Did you have to do that?! You're only encouraging him!"

Spike was surprised and hurt by Riley's harsh tone of voice. "I'm sorry. But I don't see anything wrong with my body, so what's wrong with other people looking at it?"

Riley quickly sat down beside Spike and touched his cheek. "No," He said. "Definitely nothing wrong with your body." He sighed. "I'm sorry. You're right."

Riley leaned over and kissed him. Spike kissed back, gasping into Riley's mouth when Riley wrapped a hand around his erection.

Spike lay curled on top of Riley, drawing lazy patterns on his chest. Riley was sound asleep. Spike sighed. Even though Riley had used his fingers to try and fill the emptiness Spike had felt, Spike didn't feel satisfied. He knew it was going to be like that until he could except the creepiness of the fact that he could get pregnant.

Spike thought about Riley offering to bottom. If he'd been another vampire, if Spike had even mentioned it he would have gotten in trouble. But that was why Spike loved Riley so much. Riley was still willing to do these things, even after the ritual.

Spike sighed. He did wish Riley could share, though. He'd have liked to have Emnel. He was sure if Riley got over his possessiveness, he'd like it, too.

Riley's eyes opened. He blinked sleepily at Spike. Spike smiled and leaned up to kiss him, messing his hair up as he did. He thought Riley looked adorable with bed hair.

"Silly," Riley said when Spike pulled away. Spike grinned.

"I love you," Riley said, kissing Spike's forehead.

"love you too," Spike tucked his head back down on Riley's chest.

Riley reached up to stroke Spike's hair. "Whatcha thinking about?"

"Nothin'." Spike paused, then said "Sharing."

Riley sighed. "Yeah, reacted worse then I thought I would."

Spike tilted his head so he could see him. "I don't expect you to. I just think about it sometimes."

Riley nodded. "I'm sorry I snapped at you earlier."

"It's okay." Spike kissed his neck. "I'm gonna go exploring outside today. It got boring in here. Wanna come?"

"Sure. Where are you going?"

"There's this neat place out behind here, all woodsy."

Riley got up and started to get dressed. "Sounds fun. Oh, hey, I've been meaning to ask, aren't you hungry?"

Spike smiled. "Snuck out earlier and got a deer."

Riley made a face. "Ew. Okay."

Spike got up and dressed. "Better than pig's blood by far. Not as good as human, but it'll do until we get back."

Riley leaned down and kissed the top of Spike's head. Spike smiled again.

"Thank you for not killing people," Riley smiled. "Now let's go exploring."

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Chapter 2 by RogueSpike

Spike stood at the top of a hill and looked out over the town below him. He and Riley had been out for hours, just exploring the beautiful country around them. Spike looked behind him. Riley was lying on his back in the soft green grass with his hands tucked behind his head. Spike smiled. He looked like a normal country boy right then.

Spike walked over and flopped down on the grass. He slung an arm over Riley's waist and put his head on Riley's chest.

"You know," Riley murmured. "I'm starting to like it here."

Spike smiled. "I like it here, too. Other than most of the Elders. It's...free."

Riley nodded. He reached up and stroked Spike's hair.

Spike fell silent for a while. Then he said quickly. "I wanna do it."

Riley moved his head enough so he could see Spike and Spike tilted his up. "Do what?"

"I mean, could it really be so bad? They do it here all the time. 'Sides, I always wanted a little girl."

Riley's jaw dropped when he realized what Spike was saying. He sat up. "You want to...?"

Spike shrugged. "Well...why not? I mean, you said you wanted one, once. And I guess it's not so bad. And...I don't want this place to die." He smiled a little nervously. "So what do you say? Wanna make a baby?"

Riley burst out laughing. He hugged Spike. "Spike, you are so weird. Yeah, let's make a baby."

Riley bent his head and kissed Spike. Spike fell backwards, pulling Riley with him.

An hour later Spike was lying pressed against Riley again. He drew patterns on his chest. He felt satisfied this time. He smiled, letting one hand fall to run over the grass. He liked the feel of it

under his bare skin.

Riley's big hand started stroking his hair. "How're you doing?"

"I'm trying not to...how did Xander always put it? Freak out?"

Riley laughed. "I think you're entitled to," He said.

"Can I scream?" Spike laughed.

"I think you did enough of that," Riley teased. Spike rolled his eyes.

Spike heard the sound of voices. He grabbed his jeans and Riley quickly did the same when he heard them. Spike didn't bother with his shirt or shoes, and was surprised when Riley didn't, either.

Emnel and Jared appeared. Emnel grinned when he saw them.

"It's fun in the grass, isn't it?" Jared said with a laugh.

"Sure is," Riley answered. Spike flashed him a 'thank you for not freaking out' smile.

"Here for any reason?" Spike asked.

"Actually Emnel and I were just taking a walk. We like it up here." Jared answered.

Spike looked at Emnel. Emnel was looking at Jared in a way Spike recognized very well. He elbowed Riley and tilted his head toward Emnel. Riley grinned when he realized what was going on.

"What?" Emnel asked.

"Nothin'," Spike stood up and grabbed his shirt and shoes. "We're gonna go. Bye."

The two ran down the hill. As soon as they were out of ear shot Spike started laughing.

"Emnel's in love with Jared," Spike said. "I can't bloody believe Jared hasn't noticed."

"I know, he's clueless," Riley laughed.

Riley headed toward their room when they got to the Spirit House. Spike stopped.

"you go ahead," Spike said. "I didn't get to finish my poking around."

Riley rolled his eyes and continued to the room.

Spike turned and jumped when he nearly banged into Alend. He tried to keep from shivering under Alend's icy stare.

"You want somethin'?" Spike asked.

Alend glanced down toward Spike's stomach. "Have you mated, yet?"

"Maybe," Spike said slowly. He started to back away.

With a flick of Alend's wrist, Spike found himself pinned against the wall. He struggled

desperately against the invisible bonds.

"Funny way to treat the person who's supposed to save you," Spike said, smirking. He wasn't going to let this man have the pleasure of seeing any fear.

Alend glared. "I am not a patient man. If you don't make love with your mate, you will find the results most unpleasant."

Alend turned and walked off. Spike felt the bonds break and leaped away from the wall. He considered going back to the room, but realized if Alend was watching him, that would seem like a sign of weakness. Instead, he turned and walked outside.

Six children were playing a game with one of the wooden balls. A boy who couldn't have been any older than six spotted him. He had curly blond hair and big blue eyes that got even bigger when he saw him.

"Look, look!" He yelled to the others. They all looked.

The boy raced over to him. "Are you...?" he left the question hanging.

"Am I who?" Spike asked, kneeling down so he was at eye level with the boy.

"Are you the Maren Teli?" The boy asked.

Spike shrugged. "I guess so."

The boy's eyes grew impossibly bigger. "Wow! Guys, it's really him!"

Spike was suddenly surrounded by little kids with a thousand questions. What was it like to be so important, was he pregnant yet, was it really true Solax men couldn't get pregnant, was he scared of getting pregnant? Spike found most of the questions revolved around the Harun'Di.

After a while the kids left, except for the little boy.

"What's your name?" The boy asked.

"Spike," Spike answered. "What's yours?"

"William. But everybody calls me Willy." He answered.

Spike sat down in the grass. Willy sat in front of him.

"How come Solax men can't go through Harun'Di?" Willy asked.

Spike shrugged. "We weren't made to. Don't want to. It kind of makes me nervous thinking about it."

"Why?" Willy asked. "My daddy had a boyfriend before he met mommy. He says giving birth to me wasn't so bad. Besides, don't you like to make life?"

Spike paused. He hadn't thought about it that way. This wasn't just something to save the worlds, this wasn't just an object to help a prophecy...this was life. Spike smiled.

"Yeah, I guess," Spike said.

A woman who looked to be in her mid thirties walked toward them.

"Willy! Come on, it's time for..." She trailed off when she saw Spike. Her eyes grew wide and she dropped a quick curtsy.

"Please don't do that," Spike said. "It makes me feel funny."

She smiled. "Do Solax people not do that?"

"I'm a nothing to them," Spike said.

She looked confused but didn't say anything. "Was Willy bothering you?"

"No," Spike smiled. "He's fine."

She smiled again. "Well, he has to come home for now. Come on, Willy. You can visit your new friend later."

"Can I come over after dinner and meet your mate?" Willy asked.

"Uh...sure," Spike shrugged.

"Yay!" Willy grinned and then raced off after his mother.

Spike got up and walked back to the room. Riley was sitting on one of the couches. He had a pad and pencil in his hand. Spike walked over and curled up to his side.

"Whatcha drawin'?" Spike asked.

Riley held up the pad. It was a drawing of them lying on the hill top after making love.

"I like it," Spike said. "Draw more?"

Riley smiled. "Okay."

"There's a little boy that's going to come over later," Spike said after a minute. "I met him out on the street. His name's Willy."

Riley smiled again. "I know. I went outside for a minute a little while ago and saw you surrounded by kids."

Spike laughed. "I kind of liked it. Willy's kind of neat. You'll like him."

Riley put the pad aside and pulled Spike closer to him.

"He made me think about this differently." Spike said. "I kept thinking about something for a prophecy. But Willy asked me if I liked to make life." Spike smiled. "It makes it seem...I dunno. A lot nicer."

Riley reached up and stroked Spike's hair. "I started thinking about that, too. I think it would be nice."

Spike grinned. "Well, then, I think we need to try some more, don't you?"

"What if Willy comes?"

"I'll bet he's watched before," Spike said with a shrug. "Come on." He stood up and tugged Riley

toward the bed. Riley laughed.

"Okay, okay." He said. He kissed Spike. "I surrender."

Spike laughed. "I'm supposed to do that," he said. Riley rolled his eyes, then grinned.

"Okay, then. I'll make you surrender."

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