

I Am Displaced

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A story featuring my slayer character Chi, and Spike :)

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She sat cross-legged on the cool, dry grass. She bobbed her head gently to the music streaming from her earphones. The sun shone brightly above her, reflecting off of her radiant auburn hair. She had shades on; unusual, just her style; she had a way of throwing things together and making them look good. She had been studying fashion design in one of New York's most prestigious schools for a little over a year. She put down her sketchpad and lay back, stretching out her long, ripped-jean clad legs, and placed her hands behind her head; gazing up at the sky. She smiled, remembering. Ben, her fiancé, had taken her out on a romantic date the night before, and told her just how much he loved her. The sun was warm on her face and she felt herself begin to doze slightly. She jumped up when she sensed a figure hovering over her. Her friend Steph grinned down at her, "Made ya jump!" she giggled. "How are ya Chi?" The red head smiled softly back, "Great, thanks." She moved her arm slightly to hide the new bruise, which had bloomed on her hip. What Steph wasn't aware of was that Chi wasn't like most eighteen year olds. Unlike most teenagers, she spent most of her nights fighting demons and vampires in New York's back alleys and bad neighbourhoods. She was a Slayer.

She reached up and ran a hand through her soft hair. She cast her brown-eyed gaze skyward, looking at the stars that strained to be seen through the smoke. She shivered. "Something's coming!" her mind warned. She dropped her hands to her sides, and moved her feet shoulder width apart, readying herself. The alley was silent. Her fingers twitched, ready to be made into a fist, ready for action. A cold hand grasped her shoulder. Instinctively, her hand punched forward and drew back. Fast. Her elbow made contact with the attackers solar plexus, sending him flying backwards, noisily falling on several trashcans. "Who the hell are you?" the vamp cried in frustration. "Your worst nightmare." She said simply; before thrusting the stake into his chest. Wiping vampire dust from her hands, she stalked away.

What she wasn't aware of was that someone was watching her; camera in hand. When she left he turned, hurrying back to the black transit van waiting in the next alley. He raised his hand and lightly rapped the Star Wars theme on the back door. The door opened, and he quickly jumped in.

As she walked around the corner, alert and on the lookout for danger, she saw a sight worse than she could have ever imagined. She would have gladly fought off a dozen Kungai demons in order to avoid this; she knew *that* would have probably hurt less. She felt her heart twist painfully in her chest as her eyes confirmed what she thought her head had imagined. Ben was draped over another girl; she didn't know who she was, and they were kissing passionately. "Ben?" she asked, her voice cracking with pain. Ben shot back, moving his dark hair from his eyes. His eyes widened. "Wait!" he shouted. She started to walk away. He followed her, leaving the girl behind in the alley. He called her name. "Wait! It meant nothing to me! You have to believe me!" She shuddered at the cliché, and turned to face him.

“Did you sleep with her?” she asked. He didn't have to answer. His eyes told her the whole story. She looked him directly in the eyes. “Was it worth it?” The rain began to fall as she walked away from him, leaving him on his knees in the dark alley.

Meanwhile, in the van, Jonathon was hurriedly reporting on what he had seen. “She was like Batgirl! Next time, one of you guys has to video her!” he whined. Warren sighed heavily, and turned to watch the screen. Andrew squirmed excitedly in his seat, “Did you see that!?” he squealed. “No asshole, I was watching the ceiling.” Warren spat sarcastically as he rolled his eyes. Andrew took no notice of him. “The way she was all: *Your worst nightmare*... I mean, that was hot.” Warren nodded distractedly, focusing on the figure on the screen. He turned to Jonathon, “Get your magic bone.” He and Andrew looked at one another and sniggered. “It's *not* funny!” Jonathon moaned. “Whatever man,” Warren smirked, “Just get it.” Jonathon bent down and picked up the bone from the box at his feet. He laid out the ingredients for the spell, and began to chant...

She made her way slowly back to her dorm room. She lit some candles and pressed a button on her cd player. The soothing sounds of the music filled the tiny space... her space. She fell back onto her soft bed, kicking off her converse as she did so. She reached over to her bedside table and picked up her book, *The Bell Jar*. She had read it so many times, and never found it boring. However, tonight she couldn't concentrate. Tears clouded her eyes. She lay back on her pillows and wept softly.

She shivered and drew the duvet up closer. The candles had long burnt out and the cd was done. Her book lay on the floor in a heap. Blinding lights and warm tears danced behind her closed eyelids. She tried desperately to shake them off. She saw a handsome blonde, smiling lovingly at her. A small smile formed on her sleeping tear stained face, and her hand reached out to touch his. Before her eyes, she saw him transform into a vampire, his blue eyes turning yellow and losing their softness, his smile changing into a dangerous smirk. Her outstretched hand drew back. She felt shocked that he didn't repulse her. On the contrary, her dream self moved towards him, sweeping her hair away from her pale neck, inviting him. His gleaming white fangs got closer... closer...

She shot up, clutching her head. What the hell was that? And who? She shook it off; trying to dismiss it as a dream, although she knew it was more. She looked over to the window, noticing that the sun was rising.

“What does the spell do? Huh?” Warren asked eagerly. Jonathon smiled. “I've fed her a dream; a false scene featuring someone important from her future, and it will come true for a day. She'll be a vampire for the day.” Warren grinned; this was going to be *awesome*.

She stretched her arms up, yawning. She felt a strange, desperate hunger, along with the unbearable sadness. She got up out of bed, and crossed to the window. She reached up to draw back the curtain and stumbled back in agony as the sunlight hit her. She tasted blood in her mouth... and felt horrified to find that it tasted... good! She ran her tongue across her teeth, and felt... fangs! She touched her forehead. She was a vamp! It wasn't food she was hungry for! She was craving blood! Unsure of what to do, she crawled over to the window, drawing the heavy curtain closed. She stood up and dived back into her bed, hiding underneath the covers.

A little while later, she heard a tentative tap on her door. "Chi!" Steph called worriedly, "Are you there, Chi?" She crept out from under the covers and slid quietly to the door. She felt her fangs slide down, as she smelt the intoxicating scent of fresh human blood through the door. She stuffed her fist into her mouth, knowing that Steph would demand to come in if she knew she was there, and she knew that Steph probably wouldn't emerge alive.

Steph left eventually, allowing her to relax slightly. What was going on? Had her dream come true? She hadn't even dreamt enough to know whether she had been *bitten*, let alone sired! No, something funny was definitely going on here, and she fully intended to find out what it was. But it would have to wait till the sun went down.

She sat up like a shot. Someone was banging on her door, trying to get in. She looked out the window; it was pitch black outside. Her watch read 02:09am. The door burst open, and three teenage boys came in and grabbed her.

"Get your hands off of me!" she cried. Warren stepped back as she kicked out her legs. Jonathon and Andrew grasped her wrists tightly, dragging her from her room. Warren withdrew a small golden shell from his pocket. "What is this?" she sneered, "The Little Mermaid?" Warren smirked at her, "No, *your* worst nightmare." Her head fell back sharply as all her strength was drawn from her; colourful energy flowing out from between her parted lips. It was captured in the shell, which began to glow brightly with her power. She fell forward helplessly into Warren's arms. "You're welcome baby..." he drawled.

She blinked several times as she opened her eyes. Her head swam. She tried to reach up to steady her head, but found her hands were tied. She turned to look around her. She was in a basement, tied to a pillar. "Aww crap!" she thought. "Hello?" she croaked, her throat burning in pain. "Oww!" she murmured. She heard a creak on the stairs. She glanced upwards. Warren was coming down. "Hey baby..." he smirked.

“You!” she said accusingly, “I’ve seen you somewhere before! Who are you!?” she demanded angrily. Warren looked behind him to where Jonathon and Andrew were standing on the stairs. He sneered, “We are the...” Andrew jumped forward and cut him off, “We’re the trio! So, ummm, cower in fear!” He grinned up at Warren. She rolled her eyes. “Yeah, I’m so totally cowering here. Help me. Help me.” She said sullenly. She looked up at Jonathon who was squirming nervously on the stairs. He avoided her steely gaze, staring at the floor. She looked at the chain hanging from his neck, and gasped. He had the shell around his puny little neck! She felt rage and pain boil up inside her. “Calm down!” her inner voice urged, “I have a plan...”

Jonathon lifted his head from his comic book as he heard his name. He was worried. Andrew and Warren had gone out for supplies, leaving him here with *her*. “Don’t worry dude, she’s all strengthless.” Warren had said as they left. She called his name again. “What?” he demanded anxiously. She rasped that she needed a drink. Jonathon crossed to the fridge, and took out a can.

She watched Jonathon as he walked back over to her. He knelt down beside her. She felt bad, because apart from the whole “evil genius” gig, he was kinda sweet; in a goofy, puppy dog sort of way. She shook the feeling off. He raised the straw to her lips. She smirked at him. “Not *that* kind of drink. Silly Jonathon...” She looked as longingly as she could at the thin vein on his neck. He looked utterly terrified. She had to admit, his fear was delicious. “But...but the spell should be done by now!” he stuttered. That broke her concentration for a millisecond. “Spell?” she thought. She quickly regained her focus. “Your little spell seems to have left some *urges* in me...” she smiled menacingly.

Jonathon drew in a sharp intake of breath as she moved closer to his neck. He sighed and shivered as she kissed his throat. Maybe he should just let her? Bitten by a slayer, what a way to die. He’d be remembered forever...

His mind snapped back to reality quickly as he felt her teeth.

She closed her teeth over the thin chain and pulled back as hard as she could. Jonathon gasped in shock and shame. Time seemed to slow as the chain snapped and the tiny gold shell hovered in the air between them. The door opened as the shell fell. Andrew dived forward, Warren stood stock still in shock, and Jonathon appeared to have stopped breathing.

As the glass shattered, she felt herself regenerated with her own energy; empowered. The force of it all smashed her to the floor. She exhaled in delight and threw her head up to look at them all, her eyes burning. "It's playtime boys..." she snarled.

Buffy Summers was becoming increasingly more worried. The trio were up to their old tricks again. Giles had received a call to say that a young girl had been abducted by three teenage boys in New York, and brought here, to Sunnydale. "God," she thought, "What fun the hell mouth is! Now I have to explain all this shoot to this poor girl. Oh yeah, vampires and demons exist, you want some tea?" She clenched her jaw. "Damn it!" She pulled on her boots and stood up, reaching for the phone. The buttons beeped loudly and she put the receiver to her ear. "He-llo?" Xander's voice cheerily asked. "Hey, it's me. We got a problem. The trio." She heard Xander sigh heavily, "On my way." Buffy placed the receiver back on the base. She crossed the hall and lightly rapped her knuckles on the bathroom door. "Will? Xander and I have something to do, `kay?" Buffy heard the shower switch off, and the slim redhead appeared at the door in a dressing gown. "Want me to keep an eye on Dawnie?" she asked. Buffy smiled and nodded, "Thanks."

Buffy made her way down the stairs. She opened the front door. Xander Harris; a stocky guy with dark hair, stood in the doorway. He smiled at her. Xander's fiancée, the beautiful ex-demon Anya, had her arm linked through his. On Xander's left stood a handsome, brooding blonde in a leather duster. He raised his head as a greeting. "Alright Buffy?" She smiled, "Yeah, I'll be fine when we sort out these idiots." Spike was like a brother to her. Yup; her big, quiet, *undead* brother. They had a mutual agreement to *never* be more than that, not after everything that had happened between them. "Are we ready?" she asked. The others nodded in agreement and set off.

She crouched down and swung her left leg out and round, knocking Jonathon off of his feet. He hit the ground with a heavy thud. She shot up. She felt incredible, super charged with energy. She forgot about everything. She ran a rope around Jonathon, before standing upright once more, bracing herself. Warren charged down the stairs towards her; a silly grin plastered across his face. He raised his fists.

Warren was unconscious before he hit the hard floor. One high kick to the face was all it took. Andrew surrendered immediately after that, offering up his wrists to be tied. She began to bind the three boys together.

Buffy and the gang arrived at the house and heard what sounded like someone whose @\$@ was being severely kicked. "shoot!" yelled Spike, " Those bloody morons are beating her up!" He threw himself at the door, and it swung back on its hinges. They ran down the stairs to the basement. "Woah." Breathed

Xander, "Woah!"

The room was completely trashed. They heard muffled sounds coming from the back room. Buffy cautiously moved from the stairs. "Spike, stay here. Xander, come with me." Xander followed her, leaving Spike standing on the stairs.

"Holy crap!" gasped Xander, "She kicked @\$!"

Buffy smiled uncertainly at her, "Hi, I'm Buffy. There's something you should know, and I'm not gonna beat around the bush. These guys are bad guys, and there are more. Worse. Guys who aren't guys at all, but vampires, and demons. I fight them. I am the..." She cut her off, "I know who you are. You're a slayer. Just like me." Buffy's jaw dropped. The girl brushed past them and out of the room.

Spike stood, leaning casually against the banister. His blue eyes widened in shock as the red head stalked out. She looked up and his gaze met hers, and he felt a pang of confusion as he noticed the fear in her bright eyes. "Bloody hell," he rasped. She looked from side to side. "What?" she asked. "How'd you? I mean what the! What's going on?" he asked, giving up. She raised her head slowly, "They kidnapped me, I beat the hell out of them. Simple." He looked at her in complete shock, "Simple?" he echoed. She smiled faintly and hugged her arms around herself before drifting up the stairs and out of the house.

She wandered slowly through the graveyard. Everything that had happened between her and Ben had come rushing back to her. She felt empty.

Spike watched her walking, her whole body bathed in the soft moonlight. He felt her pain, and longed to know what had caused such sadness.

"You alright luv?" Spike asked. "My names isn't `luv', it's Chi." Spike grinned, "You alright *Chi*?" She smiled feebly and nodded. "How?" he asked, remembering the scene in Warren's basement from earlier that night. "How did you do that?" She shook her head, "What did you expect?" she asked. "Did you think I'd just take it? If I'm going to die, it will be my choice. I won't be killed by anyone but myself."

He felt her pain, and longed to know what had caused her so much sadness. As if she had read his mind, she spoke, "He cheated. I caught him." She looked down; confused. Why was she telling him this? He was a total stranger. He reached up and gently lifted her face, "He's not worth this pain." She stood up then and left.

Spike slouched down on the chair, trying to focus on the television that lit up his darkened crypt. He couldn't get her off of his mind. It was damned confusing. For the first time in his life he had met a girl, and really seen her, not just looked. And the more he saw, the more he realised, that he didn't just want her, he wanted to be *with* her, to know her. It broke him not to know.

The orange point of his cigarette moved back and forth, in the same constant, fluid movement. She needed that. The regularity. The calmness. The peace. The more she watched him, the more she realised that she didn't want him, she wanted to be *with* him, to know him. It broke her not to know.

The door creaked open, cutting the silence of the crypt. Her heart fell. He wasn't there. She took another step forward. She stopped, drawing in a sharp breath of hope. There was a light shining through a trapdoor in the floor. She crossed over to it and pulled it open. She carefully made her way down the steps. She found herself in what looked like a bedroom carved into a tunnel. She picked her way across the room, and made her way around the corner at the far end.

She smiled as she saw Spike sleeping, lying sprawled on his bed. His white blonde hair resembled a crown, and it took all of her strength to keep her from running her fingers through it. She moved towards him silently.

Spike had awoken when he had caught the scent of her blood, as she climbed down into his bedroom. He had lain there, waiting to see what he would do. She had crept across to him. Spike watched her through his eyelashes. She knelt on the cold floor beside his bed. Slowly, she reached up and traced his cheekbone with her finger. She moved her hand down, and ran her thumb gently across his bottom lip. He wanted desperately to respond, to kiss her soft hands, her warm lips.

Her mind urged her to curl up beside him and sleep away her heartache. She ran her thumb across his lower lip, desperate to kiss his face, his cool lips.

She pulled away as she felt him move. She stood up and sprinted from the crypt. She had come so close, and felt so far.

She arrived back at Buffy's house ten minutes later. She had ran the whole way, trying to feel the freedom and the sense of recklessness that sprinting as fast as that had given her as a child.

Spike paced back and forth across his room. She was in his head, in his mind. Her heartbeat had ricocheted around his skull as she had touched his face, been so close to him. Then, all of a sudden, she had bolted from the bloody place, leaving him. He checked his clock. "6.30 am" He had only been in bed since five! Confused and tired, he lay down on the bed once more, wishing she were next to him, in his arms.

She had spent the day training with Buffy and Giles. Even though they were with her, she had; as always, remained apart, focusing on the fight. That night, she had returned home, exhausted. She couldn't stay here; she had to get out, to escape. She collapsed into bed, her mind made up.

Spike waited until he was sure that everyone had fallen asleep before climbing up to her room. He struggled through the window, and found her curled at the bottom of her bed, fast asleep. She rolled over as she heard him come in. She didn't ask him why he had. He crossed over to her and pulled her up, grasping her by the arms. Electricity held them together. Her lips called out for his, without ever moving. After what seemed like an eternity, her warm mouth fused with his in a storm that threatened to never cease. His hands moved to the base of her back, supporting her and bringing them closer. It was all he could do not to snarl as she pulled away. "Don't." she whispered sadly, " I can't. I'm leaving. Going back to New York." He shook his head in disbelief, "Does Buffy know?" The look in her big brown eyes gave him his answer. They became focused on his, and she opened her mouth to speak. "Say nothing."