

Biggest Bad

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A Buffy Forever Knight crossover. Spike and Lacroix in a bar...that's all I'm telling you! Oh, and it's one shot.

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1 - Biggest Bad

A/N- Technically, this is my first Forever Knight fanfic. I say technically because this is also a Buffy the Vampire Slayer crossover. I hope you enjoy! This is set at the end of the Angel series so it encompasses it too. This is also set at the very end of the Forever Knight series.

Disclaimer- I do not own Forever Knight...that belongs to whoever made it...Sorry, I am afraid I don't know. I don't own Buffy or Angel, either. They belong to Joss Whendon.

Spike had traveled as far as he could away from LA as possible. Now, he found himself in a Toronto bar, drinking shot after shot.

He, Angel, and Illyria had defeated the demons that the destruction of Wolfram and Hart had released. After that, they had went their separate ways. Spike had thought about going to see Buffy...to finally tell her that he was still alive. But his conscience--courtesy of his soul--had made him think better of it. Now, as he was beginning to sway where he sat, a stranger sat down beside him.

On normal nights, he wouldn't have paid the person sitting next to him a second glance, but tonight he noticed something. This man seemed incredibly out of place here in this dingy little bar. He was dressed in a crisp, solid black suit. His white blond hair was combed cleanly back. He looked immensely sad.

He didn't order a drink. Instead, he began to look around the bar. Finally, he caught sight of Spike staring at him.

"What do you want?" he asked in a regal tone.

"Nothin', mate," Spike said, gulping down another shot. "Just wondering what a stuffy, to-do man is doin' in this place."

"Stuffy?" the man said, standing. "You have no idea who you are talking to, child."

Child. Now that was something Spike had not been called in a while. He stood to meet the man's challenge.

"I'm older than what you think I am, sir," he said.

"Really? How old?"

"126."

The man sat, a smile coming over his features. "Let me guess," he said, "a vampire, perhaps?"

Spike raised an eyebrow at him. He morphed into his vampiric state for a moment, just to give this guy a

fleeting glance. Once he was back in his more human state, he found that the man was laughing at him.

“What’s your problem? Anyone else would’ve been running from this bloody place,” Spike sat, sitting down in disbelief.

The man extended his hand. “My name is Lacroix. I am a vampire far older than you, child.”

“How am I supposed to know that you’re not just a crackpot?”

Lacroix flashed his fangs for a moment even shorter than the one Spike had graced him with.

“Bloody hell,” Spike muttered, taking the guy’s hand. “The name’s Spike.”

Lacroix choked back a laugh. “Spike? Where did vampire get such a ridiculous name!” he smiled.

“Because I tortured some of my very first victims with railroad spikes,” he replied, gulping down yet another shot.

Lacroix nodded. “Touché.” Lacroix said. “Tell me, Spike, what brings you to Toronto?”

“Getting’ away. How about you?”

“I’ve been here for a while. I suffered a great loss recently, which is why I find myself at this despicable place.”

“Join the club,” Spike muttered. Lacroix scoffed.

“Please, there is no possible way you could even begin to know the pain in which I’ve had to suffer.”

“Oh, really?”

“Really.”

“Try me.”

“Alright,” Lacroix said. “I was made to destroy my own daughter.”

“So what? I had to kill my own mum!”

“Fine, I just had to kill my own fledgling.”

“Me mum was my fledgling!”

Lacroix raised his eyebrow at this but did not comment.

“Okay,” he continued, “I just watched as all my dearest friends in this age were killed.”

“Same here.”

“I fell in love with my fledgling’s sister! Then I was told I couldn’t have her!”

“I fell in love with my enemy! Then told the same thing!”

Lacroix stood. “Enough. Let’s finish this contest once and for all!”

Spike stood, knocking over his bar stool as he did. “Fine by me!”

“Let’s arm wrestle!” they said in unison.

They both locked hands and rested their elbows on the bar.

“On the count of three,” Lacroix said.

“One...”

“Two...”

“Three!”

They both applied pressure, but neither arm moved. This went on for a few moments.

“Give up!” Spike cried.

“Never! You give up!” Lacroix said.

They kept holding steady. Neither would concede defeat...let alone a tie. Finally, the bartender tapped them on the shoulder.

“I’m closing. You two have to leave,” he said.

“Leave the keys. We’ll lock up,” Spike said.

“Are you kidding? Out, now!”

“Leave!” Lacroix growled, flashing his fangs at the bartender.

The man scoffed. From under his counter he pulled a wooden cross. Spike and Lacroix let go of each other’s hands. They backed away until they were both outside the bar.

“How rude,” Spike said.

“Right. So, where were we?” Lacroix asked.

“Let’s find another place to arm wrestle.”

The two set off down the street together.

“I bet I can scale that wall faster!” Lacroix said, pointing to a nearby building.

Spike looked at him.

“You’re on,” he said, and the two took off at inhuman speeds toward the same building.

End Notes: I hope everyone liked that. It wasn’t as funny as I’d thought it would be. Anyhow, please R & R! Thanks!