The Bitter Suite: The Downward Spiral

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Summary

What events occurred in the three weeks between Last Dance and Heart Hush to make Buffy so fragile? Her journal has the answers.

Notes

Originally published in two parts on December 10, 1998, this was, apparently, a long promised explanation as to why Buffy had spiraled so far into depression in Heart Hush and So Long, So Wrong. It contains a lot of flashbacks delineated by ~~~~~. This is a very nasty fic. Angelus is very, very evil and Buffy is broken. This is the lowest she will get and while he's often a dick, he begins to change for the better.

Alex Queirolo wrote another fic in this universe, set in the middle of this story. Twist The Knife is primarily Willow’s reaction to Buffy tolerating what Angel did to her. It's rated R and has some femme slash. She wrote it with my complete support.

When Buffy awakened next, the sun had risen and she felt remarkably relaxed. Carefully moving away from Angel, she rose from the bed and grabbed some work out clothes before heading for the shower.

Freshly showered and wearing a sports tank and bicycle shorts, she returned to her bedroom to find a
scrunchy for her wet hair. Digging into her top drawer, she found her journal and her fingers froze.

As the Slayer she dutifully had been entering every encounter with vampires and other assorted bad guys, as a sort of morning after meditation technique. The knowledge that no one would read her journals until after her death had freed her to write about her encounters with Angel.

Slowly drawing the book out of the drawer, Buffy silently headed down to the kitchen to make some coffee.

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Sitting at the kitchen counter, Buffy opened the journal to jot down the previous night's events--vampires killed, vampire fucked--but she found herself flipping back through the brief entries. Stopping at the one dealing with the agreement between Angel and herself, she started to read.

'X found out about W and S last night--totally freaked out. God, they make an adorable couple and S told her he loved her. She freaked out too, which was kinda cute. After they made me rather nauseous with all the cooing and dancing, I went on patrol. Found A. Had words. I wore my new wonder bra which he totally destroyed. Let him do me in the ass so I could do him.'

Buffy winced at the harshness of her own writing and prayed that she really would be dead before anyone else read this.

'Angel agreed if I agreed to take down the cross from my window. I did. He spent the night. Woke up before dawn and we fucked, then he "fed me breakfast". Damn, he's crude. Made me feel like a piece of shit.'

Taking a sip of coffee, Buffy shivered and skipped ahead to the next encounter with Angel.

'Patrol was uneventful. Came home and found A waiting for me. He grabbed me, ripped off my dress and flung me onto my stomach on the bed. I fought back and he...'

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"Wha...?" Buffy moaned, trying to roll over on her bed, her arms stinging from where he had jerked the dress off her. Growling, Angel pinned her down by straddling her back. She could feel his erection pressing against her as he leaned down to catch the nape of her neck between his teeth.

"A little lesson in submission, bitch. Where were you for the last two nights?" he growled in her ear. Shivering, Buffy tried to buck him off her. "Willow's. We...we were studying."

"Last night too?"

Last night...the foursome with Willow, Spike and Cordy. Buffy had showered carefully, erasing all hint that she had been with a man, before heading home. "Yes...late. I must have just missed you," she cried, lamely, still squirming.

Angel grabbed her hair and jerked her head up, making her cry out. "Until four in the morning?"

"We fell asleep."

He smashed her face down into the bedding, his hand wrapped around the back of her neck. "You'll fucking be here every night, slut."

Buffy thrashed, her hand reaching back to try to free herself as she choked for breath.
Finally Angel let her go and rose from the bed. Gasping and coughing, Buffy turned onto her side, rapidly blinking her eyes to clear them of spots.

"Strip," he ordered in an ugly voice.

Trembling from head to toe, Buffy managed to sit up and pulled off the remains of her dress, then unhooked her bra and slid it down her arms. Wriggling out of her panties, she glanced up at him and saw him taking off his thick leather belt.

"My mom..." She bit her lower lip, her eyes wide and full of fear.

"Isn't here and won't be back until midnight. There's a message on the machine. She went to a movie with a friend," he replied in a clipped voice, then looked up at her. His eyes were narrowed, his lips tight and angry. He was really furious at being denied access to her.

Kneeling at the foot of her bed, Angel pulled a heavy canvas bag out from underneath and opened it. "On your back, bitch, now."

At his clipped tone of voice, Buffy found herself struggling to obey. She really wanted to flee the room or at least to put up a fight.

But she didn't want to die.

Slowly she lay back on the bed, resting her head on her pillow.

Angel rose to his feet and Buffy winced at the sight of the handcuffs and long pieces of rope he held. "Remember these?" Dropping the rope at her feet, he grabbed her wrists and handcuffed them together, through the headboard, stretching her arms over her head.

"You don't need to tie me down," she said in a small voice.

"Oh, I think I do." Turning, he grabbed one ankle and lashed it tightly to the bed leg, then did the same to her other ankle, spreading her legs wide open.

Buffy paled, then blushed furiously as she watched him gaze down at her with his cold, hard eyes.

Picking up the belt, Angel trailed it down her body, the buckle end teasing her flinching flesh. "If you hadn't been here tonight...tomorrow this would have been my favorite bull whip. I would so love to see you bleed..." Bending over the bedside table, Angel switched on the radio, turning the sound up, then moved to the window and closed it. "Scream all you want, whore. No one will hear you."

"Angel, please..."

Growling, he cracked the belt down across her thighs, buckle first and Buffy jerked and yelled at the deep, stinging pain. "I'm not Angel." The belt hit her across her breasts next and tears flooded from her eyes. She could see the nasty red mark the buckle left on her golden flesh.

Another blow, this one across her stomach, then another catching her nipples, left her sobbing brokenly and pulling desperately on her bonds.

Angel hit her several more times until ugly red welts covered her from shoulders to knees. Each blow brought a whimper or cry of pain and another futile struggle against her bonds.

Dropping the belt, looking down on her bruised and shaking body, Angel began to unfasten his pants, his body eager to punish her in the oldest way known to both man and demon.
Panting and crying Buffy forced her eyes open and saw him undressing. Twisting her body, she felt the ropes cut into her ankles and winced at the new pain in her throbbing body. Brokenly she sobbed, "You didn't need to do that. I belong to you. I know that." A part of her hated herself for sounding so pathetic, but she just wanted the pain to stop.

"Oh, I don't think you do," he sneered as he tossed his shirt on the floor and knelt naked between her shaking legs. Leaning forward, he thrust his marble hard cock against her thigh and glared down at her. "You don't know WHO you belong to, bitch." With another thrust, he slammed his cock into her dry channel, making her whimper in pain. "But, you're going to."

Still leaning over her, watching the pain, sorrow, humiliation and fear flit across her face, Angel pounded into her, delighting in her groans and whimpers. Balancing on one hand, he used the other to twist one of her sore nipples until she shrieked.

"Who am I?" he demanded.

"Wha...?" Clearly confused, Buffy rolled her head, fresh tears leaking from her swollen eyes.

Growling deep in his throat, Angel leaned down and bit her neck, not deeply enough to break the skin, but as a show of dominance.

"Angel," Buffy answered through clenched teeth, her mind too distracted by the pain to realize what he wanted from her.

Shaking his head in disgust, Angel pulled out of her and reached back to untie her ankles. Grabbing her hips, he yanked her legs over his shoulders, then impaled her ass on his cock.

Buffy screamed at the painful invasion and wriggled in his hands. "No, please, not dry."

"Would Angel do this?" he asked nastily as he began a hard, quick rhythm in her tight back passage. After a few minutes of listening to her broken sobs, he pulled out and yanked her legs down, then moved up her body to straddle her shoulders.

Forcing her mouth open by pinching her cheeks with one hand, he shoved his cock inside, thrusting for her throat. "Would Angel do this?"

Gagging and choking, Buffy thrashed and felt the metal of the handcuffs tear into her wrists.

Finally, just as she was about to pass out, Angel pulled his cock from her mouth and took it in his hand. Jerking on the tip, he grunted and threw his head back as he came, splashing cold semen on her trembling face.

"And, Angel certainly wouldn't do that," he said with a great deal of satisfaction.

Rising to his feet, Angel strolled over to his clothes and began to out them on, his mood much improved. Once dressed, he picked up the phone and dialed.

"Willow, my other little bitch. If you don't want Buffy's mom to come home and find her chained to her bed covered in my cum, I suggest you get over here and free her." He hung up as soon as he was done speaking, then dug the handcuff key out of the bag and dropped it on the dresser.

In shock, in pain, Buffy watched him do all this, her mind and voice frozen. As Angel walked back over to her, she flinched back and he laughed.

"If you know what's good for you, you'll be here waiting for me tomorrow night, eleven o'clock. I
know you're done with patrol by then."

She nodded helplessly, just wanting him to go. She felt so completely lost and confused and humiliated.

Sitting down next to her on the bed, Angel looked into her eyes, then placed one hand on her trembling stomach. "Who am I, Buffy?" he asked in a soft yet deadly voice.

"Angelus," she whispered, fresh tears filling her eyes.

"Good girl." Sliding his hand between her legs, he ran his fingers over her clit. As he gently rubbed her soft flesh, he felt her dampen and swell. Her eyes shifted away from his and he saw her nibble on her lip as color returned to her cheeks.

Finally, she moaned and arched against his fingers, her clit hardening to his touch. Smiling wickedly, Angel pressed and rubbed and felt a spasm of pleasure run through her, then watched the tears spill down her cheeks.

Wiping his hand on her sheet, Angel rose to his feet and grabbed his bag, then headed for the window.

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Buffy shuddered at the memory of that horrible night, then took a deep swallow of coffee and turned the page, not wanting to think about Willow's reaction to finding her like that.

'I waited for him until after midnight and he didn't come. Punishment of another kind, I suppose, though I was damn grateful. I'm still so sore from last night and I could barely sit still in class. G had me run laps. I guess I should be grateful he didn't have me doing situps--my ass couldn't have taken it.'

It had been the next night that Angel had come to her again, arriving at eleven o'clock. This time Buffy's mom had been home.

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Buffy watched him climb sinuously into her room, wearing all black and looking like the dark angel he was. She sat on her bed wearing only a shortie nightgown.

"Sorry I couldn't make it last night, lover. Did you wait up long?" He asked with a smirk.

"Nope. Slept like a baby."

"No sleep for the wicked tonight."

Buffy glanced at her closed door, then turned the radio on, turning the sound down to conversation level. "Mom's home."

Angel sighed and pulled his shirt over his head. "I'll try to restrain my cries of pleasure. See that you do the same."

Rolling her eyes, Buffy scooted back on the bed until she sat against the headboard. Angel continued to strip and Buffy nibbled on her lip. She didn't want him. Not a spark of desire was being lit in her at the sight of his unclothed body. Her brows drew together in worry and she wrapped her arms across her chest.
"What if I don't want you?"

Angel stared at her, obviously surprised by her question. "You always want me, babe, that's your problem."

"I don't want you now," she answered bravely.

He just laughed. "You are the most difficult woman. Get that piece of nothing off and we'll see how fast you get horny." As he taunted her, he stroked his cock to erection.

Slowly Buffy pulled the gown over her head, then wriggled out of her panties, leaving her naked. She still didn't feel anything, even as she watched him make himself hard.

"Touch yourself," he ordered in a husky voice.

Buffy stared at him for a minute, then hesitantly slid her hand down her body. As it reached the soft curls at the juncture of her thighs, she spread her legs and bent her knees. Using one finger, she traced the warm flesh of her nether lips.

Alternating between watching the motions of her hand and the lovely emotions flitting across her flushed face, Angel draped himself across the bottom of her bed, still caressing his cock.

Leaning her head back, Buffy stared blankly at the ceiling as she ran her finger over her clit and felt a brief spark of pleasure. Maybe if she ignored him...

Grinning, Angel crawled up the bed to flop down next to her. "Something fascinating up there, babe?"

Buffy bit her lip and refused to answer him.

Angel ran his hand over her shoulder and down to one of her breasts. "I bruised you deep. You can still see the mark of the buckle," he said, admiring his work.

Hissing at his touch, Buffy began to rub her clit, hoping she could bring herself to pleasure quickly and get this evening over with. Her hips began to rise and fall with the pressure of her finger and she moaned softly.

Angel grabbed her wrist and pulled her finger away from her clit. "My turn," he growled softly as he moved between her thighs on his knees. Lifting her hips, he slammed his cock into her moistening vagina.

Buffy whimpered at the aching fullness inside her and clutched at his shoulders, feeling the muscles bunch beneath the cold skin as he thrust quickly, making the bed squeak as he drove her into the mattress.

Alarmed at the noise, Buffy tried to push him off her, hissing, "My mom."

"Fuck her," Angel grunted against her neck.

"The noise."

Growling, Angel finally slowed and pulled out of her. Rising to his feet, he yanked Buffy with him. She trembled from unfulfilled desire and stumbled against him. "I'm not getting rug burns." Shoving Buffy up against the window, he lifted her off her feet and impaled her on his throbbing cock.

"Anyone can see us," she wailed softly in embarrassment, wrapping her arms around Angel's neck to
hold on.
"Tough shit." Grunting in pleasure, he slammed her up and down on him until she twined her legs around his waist and began moving with him, rubbing her clit against his hard flesh. Buffy's head fell forward onto his shoulder and she whimpered in growing pleasure.

Digging his fingers into the small globes of her ass, Angel thrust mindlessly as his mouth fastened over her neck. He never bit her, just latched onto her...like a wolf. Buffy often wondered why he never fed on her--although she was very grateful he didn't.

Buffy whimpered as he slammed her harder against the window, then groaned as fire spread through her veins as she approached her climax, her body beginning to shake as she bounced on his cock.

Burying her cry in his neck, she exploded, her whole body spasming and twitching.

Feeling her clench around his cock, Angel let himself go, joining her in orgasmic bliss as he plunged hard and fast into her depths.

Slowly, they sank to the floor, Buffy panting and mewling in satisfaction, Angel grunting and grinning evilly.

Later, they lay in Buffy's bed, Buffy on her side facing away from him, Angel with one arm and one leg wrapped possessively around her. The marks he had left on her neck throbbed dully and her whole body ached from the sex.

Coming down from the pleasure he had given her, all Buffy felt was a growing numbness.

"So, I'm to call you Angelus now?" she asked softly.

"Babe, you can call me anything you want. I was just pissed the other night. Took it out on you. It's what vampires do, you know."

Shaking her head sadly, Buffy closed her eyes, hoping that in sleep she could forget that every inch of her body and soul felt both possessed and soiled by her demon lover.

Squirming at the memories of too much empty sex, Buffy rose and went over to the fridge. She wasn't really hungry, but knew that she needed to eat. Willow had been right. She had been skipping too many meals.

Making herself a sandwich and finding some potato salad that didn't look too old, Buffy returned to her journal and flipped ahead to the next encounter with Angel.

She winced. The night she had gotten drunk. It had not been pleasant--neither the drinking, nor the wonderful dream of making love with her Angel only to find herself pinned beneath a particularly cruel Angelus. It was as if he had known she was dreaming of the old him.

Could he possibly be jealous of her relationship with the real Angel?

Buffy shook her head and took a bite of her sandwich. Surprisingly, it didn't taste like sawdust.

Flipping a few more pages, she began to read again.

'G patrolled with me tonight. He was so critical of everything I did. And, I have to admit, I wasn't giving it my all. All I could think about was that it had been four nights since my drunken pity party
and I hadn't seen A. Side note--when G reads this after I'm dead, he's going to be so disappointed.'

'Anyway, naturally we ran into A. He was teaching a fledgling how to hunt and the female vamp was making a mess of a poor vagrant. Couldn't save the vagrant, but did take out the vamp bitch. A just stood back and watched, a big grin on his face.'

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"Lover, what a surprise, and look, you're with Rupert. Oh, the tales I could tell you, Rupert."

Buffy flung the struggling female vampire off of her and glared at Angel as she tried to find the stake that had been knocked from her hand when she had flung herself at the bitch.

She saw that Giles was holding a cross and watching Angel very carefully. They hadn't brought the crossbow and Buffy prayed that Giles wouldn't try to attack Angel.

"Buffy." She caught the stake Giles threw her and flung it at the female, catching her in the neck.

Mumbling under her breath, Buffy glared again at Angel who was laughing now.

Giles gave her an exasperated look. "Buffy, you can make that throw in your sleep."

"You look a bit off tonight, lover. I wonder why." Angel smirked.

Finally finding the original stake, Buffy charged the female vampire who lay on the ground struggling to pull the stake from her neck. Pinning her down, Buffy shoved the second stake into her chest and rolled away as she dusted.

"Even pathetic, you manage to take out these twits," Angel scoffed. "I really need to start making a better class of vamps."

"Go to Hell," Buffy said clearly, rising to her feet and panting. She hadn't felt like her usual, capable self since her drinking binge and wondered if she had overdone it. Did hangovers last for four days?

"Nope. I like Sunnydale too much. So many lovely distractions. So many lovely girls to fuck." Angel's cheery voice was really pissing off Buffy, but she felt despair roll through her--lately her usual mood when dealing with her lover. There was nothing she could do about Angel.

"Buffy," Giles hissed, gesturing with his cross towards Angel, clearly wanting her to attack.

As she shook her head wearily, Angel laughed. "Oh Rupert, she can't kill me...at least not with a stake." Turning his back on Buffy, Angel began to stroll down the path in the park, then threw over his shoulder, "See you later, babe."

As Angel disappeared into the darkness, Buffy's shoulders slumped and she walked slowly over to Giles, who just stared at her in shock.

"Why didn't you attack him, Buffy?"

"Not now, Giles, please. I'm tired. I have vamp dust in my hair..."

Giles tried to gentle his tone of voice. "Buffy, I know this must be difficult for you, but he's not Angel any longer."

She laughed, a near hysterical sound, and her eyes took on a crazed look. "Oh, I know that. I know that better than you will ever know or understand or believe." Buffy stared at him, a part of her
wanting desperately to share her troubles, the deal she had made with the devil, then she turned and bolted.

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Reaching home, exhausted and teary eyed, Buffy hauled herself into her room and wasn't surprised to find Angel lounging on her bed, naked and reading an issue of Cosmo.

"Ten ways to show your lover how to please you," he snorted. "Like I need any instruction." Glancing up, his eyes narrowed with lust. "Get undressed, babe. I need some loving. Lost a fledgling tonight, you know."

The despair inside her swelled and Buffy swallowed hard against the sudden lump in her throat. Pulling the band from her tangled hair, she methodically removed her clothes, tossing them into a heap on the floor. "My mom's home," she said in a dull voice.

Snorting again, Angel rose to his feet and Buffy's eyes fell to his erection. "So, get your ass over her and suck me off."

Walking the few steps to him, Buffy dropped to her knees and took his cock into her hand, then drew it into her mouth. She sucked quickly. Tired, listless, she just wanted to go to sleep. Maybe he'd just let her do this.

Closing her eyes, she remembered the hesitant way she had run her mouth over his staff that first time--that only time with HER Angel. He had groaned and squirmed beneath her and she had felt such joy and exhilaration that she could make him feel good. He had told her she didn't need to do that and she had told him that he had done it to her and if it felt any where near as good for him as it had for her...

As Buffy pulled her mouth back up to the tip, she moaned his name.

A hand cracked across her face, sending her flying onto her side. Angel was on her before she could think to move, driving her into the floor. Growling, his demon face evident, he wrapped his hands around her throat and began to squeeze.

Her eyes bulging in shock, Buffy struggled against him, pulling at his hands.

"I told you not to fantasize about another man," Angel hissed. "Especially not him." Releasing his grip on her neck, he watched her gasp for breath, then flipped her onto her stomach.

Tears began to flow out of her swollen eyes as Buffy acknowledged that this certainly wasn't Angel and that she was about to punished again. It seemed that everything he did to her was really a punishment for something.

"Who do you belong to, bitch?"

"Angelus," she sobbed softly, burying her tears in her hands as he lifted her hips. She felt the head of his cock sliding between her ass cheeks and whimpered.

"That's right. Angelus. The demon. Not nancey boy, Angel. When are you going to learn that, you stupid whore?" Growling, he fastened his mouth over the nape of her neck, driving her head down, even as he lifted her hips higher and slammed his cock into her ass.

Buffy bit her hand until the blood flowed to keep in her cries of pain as he sawed in and out of her, unconcerned about any pain he was causing her. She began to grow dizzy and sobbed softly into the
carpet as Angel bit her neck, not enough to break the skin, but enough to leave an ugly mark.

Finally, just as Buffy thought she would grow insane from the pain, Angel gave a grunt of satisfaction and pulled his cock out of her sore passage, making a disgusting popping noise. Jumping to his feet, he replaced his mouth on her neck with his foot, pressing her down into the carpet.

As she sobbed brokenly, Buffy heard him groan, then felt cold liquid splash onto her back.

He lifted his foot and she dragged air into her lungs as she lay still and humiliated on the floor. She heard Angel sit down in her chair and pull it closer to her, but she remained still, feeling the semen dry on her shaking body. Her sobs finally ceased and she felt the exhaustion overtake her again.

"Roll onto your back."

Obediently, she did as he ordered, staring blankly at the ceiling.

"Spread your legs." Again, Buffy obeyed, the gasped as she felt his toes on her clit. "Fuck yourself on my foot...now."

Turning red with humiliation, Buffy began to hump against him, caressing her clit with his toes. Unwanted pleasure flooded her and she moved quicker, her hips bouncing lightly on the floor. Angel did nothing but hold his foot still and watch through narrowed eyes.

Digging her fingers into the carpet, Buffy bit her lip and thrust against Angel's toes, feeling the wetness seep from deep inside her as her clit swelled and throbbed. Moaning helplessly, she thrashed and bucked, trying to drive his foot deeper. Arching hard, her feet drumming on the floor, she gave a ragged, low cry and came.

The orgasm left her shaking and incredibly empty. Fresh tears gathered in her eyes, but she refused to let them fall. Angel stood and she looked up to find his foot dangling over her mouth. "Lick them clean." As utter degradation washed over her, Buffy raised her head and took her toes into her mouth, licking hesitantly, tasting herself.

Finally, he walked away from her and Buffy rolled into a ball, just holding herself. She had never felt so badly--not even on the discovery of what had happened to Angel--but she didn't know what to do to make her life better.

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As she read, Buffy began to see the pattern of her downward spiral. The deal itself had left her feeling empty and every night spent with Angel after had only contributed to her despair, regardless of whether they had good sex or he punished her.

After only a few visits, Buffy had found that fighting him only earned her physical pain and that there was always pain in her heart, so why add to it. Each humiliation, each slap, each nasty word--they all drove her farther down into despair until it became natural to feel bad.

Three days later he had come to her again and this time she had been the most accepting...and the most pathetic.

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Angel crawled through the window and found Buffy sitting on the edge of the bed wearing a long t-shirt.
"All ready and willing, lover?"

Nodding slowly, Buffy rose to her feet, pulling the t-shirt over her head and leaving her naked. Dropping to her knees, she leaned forward onto her hands, raising her ass in the air, and spreading her legs.

"Interesting..."

She heard the zipper going down on his leather pants and closed her eyes, lowering her head submissively. Briefly she wondered why she was doing this, then she acknowledged that it was just easier this way. No pain. No suffering. No thoughts or feelings about Angel. Just fucking. Empty, cold, meaningless fucking.

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Buffy slammed the journal shut, her troubled eyes staring across the kitchen. She knew what the rest of the entries said--basically the same thing. She had just accepted and presented herself to him like a dog.

And Angel had taken advantage of her every time, fucking her senseless. True, he always gave her pleasure, but it was so empty and sad.

Buffy had found herself caught in a mire of depression, unable to find a way out. She had stopped eating much, stopped bathing much, stopped sleeping much. And hadn't even realized what was happening.

When she had thought she was doing a damn good job of surviving, Willow had realized she was barely keeping herself alive.

And, then there was Angel and the night before. She still didn't trust him. He had to be up to something. Never before had he been so unselfish and that just wasn't the vampire way.

As she finished off the potato salad, Buffy wondered at the lack of despair that she felt. She actually felt somewhat good about herself and her future for the first time in weeks.

The orgasms the night before hadn't been empty and she thought she finally had a grasp on why. For the first time she had caught a glimpse of HER Angel in Angelus. He had been tender, gentle, even somewhat loving, in giving her pleasure and just caressing her and talking to her.

For the first time in a long time, she had hope and that hope had washed away the weeks of despair.

Rising to her feet, Buffy smiled to herself and went to find her running shoes. Time for a little exercise.

And maybe some Hagen Daas for dessert.

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