

Superstar Redux

Jonathan cowered behind stalagmites, watching the confrontation with growing dread. With every blow the demon received, he felt his brilliance waver. Buffy fought well, like she used to. Like she was supposed to.

It was all falling apart.

The battle drew closer to a hole in the cavern floor, a dark pit with no bottom in sight. Certain death for whichever combatant fell into it. He watched the fight, the conflict inside him raging and coiling.

When the ugly, long-armed monster managed to push Buffy to the ground, hovering above her with menace, Jonathan's body moved.

He didn't think, didn't question the moment of bravery as he charged into the fray. Instinct drove him forward, an ember of brilliance glowing inside him.

Jonathan collided with the creature, tackled it.

The demon howled as it fell into the pit, shrinking into the darkness below.

Panting, eyes wide, Jonathan stared down the hole.

That was it. There was no way the monster could survive that fall. It was dead and, with its death, the spell was broken. He would return to what he'd been before. An insignificant, unimportant nobody. A side-character in someone else's story.

He turned to look at Buffy, felt a momentary wave of confusion at what he saw.

The pretty blonde was staring up at him gratefully. Adoringly.

He shouldn't have been surprised. He had saved her, after all.

He'd saved her.

Something about that felt very strange. Both unexpected, and obvious. Of course he'd saved her. He was amazing. Perfect.

But... how?

The spell should have broken, yet everything felt the same. Everything felt... natural. Perfect.

As Jonathan helped Buffy to her feet, she apologised.

"Don't worry about it," Jonathan smiled, patting her on the shoulder. "You were doing well. A little more practice and..."

He couldn't continue the sentence, couldn't lie her. He was going to say that, with a little more practice, she'd be as good as him. But that wasn't true.

No one was as good as him.

With a wide grin, he nodded in the direction of the cave's entrance.

"Come on," Jonathan said to his new, pretty sidekick. "Let's get out of here."

The last vampire burst apart, ash exploding in a cloud where the creature had been standing above her.

Buffy breathed out a sigh of relief.

Saved again.

Every time she was in danger, every time it looked like things were about to get really bad, *he* saved her.

Jonathan.

He stood a few feet away, crossbow in his hand. Wearing his black turtle-neck and suit jacket, confidence writ on his face and in the way he stood. He practically *radiated* heroism.

As Buffy stared at him, captivated by the dreamy, handsome figure, Jonathan spun, fired another arrow from his crossbow.

Another vampire exploded into ash.

There were so many of them. A whole bunch! Buffy didn't even try to count them all. She didn't need to.

Within moments, there were a dozen piles of ash scattered about the graveyard. Only Buffy and Jonathan remained, one on the ground, the other standing victorious.

Not for the first time, jealousy and envy churned inside her.

And, also not for the first time, gratitude and affection and desire also stirred. Buffy did her best to ignore those feelings. She had a boyfriend and, while he wasn't quite as attractive as Jonathan – who was? – she did love him.

Jonathan walked over to her, tossing his crossbow aside. He hunched over her, looked down at her body.

For a moment, arousal blossomed inside her. He was looking at her, eyes roaming her body! But that happy flare faded when he spoke.

"You're injured," he said, concern lacing his voice. "Don't move."

Injured? Oh. That was why he'd been looking at her body. Not because he thought she was attractive, but because he was looking for wounds. There were none visible, just a few minor bruises hidden under a pink shirt. Nothing worth worrying about, not even worth mentioning.

But she didn't question him, simply obeyed.

He was the Slayer here, not her. He knew what was best. If Jonathan told her not to move, she'd stay frozen until he commanded her otherwise.

When he knelt beside her, she blushed. When he lifted her in his arms, butterflies and joy blossomed inside her.

"My mansion is close by," Jonathan smiled, his handsome face and dark eyes were almost too perfect to look at. "I'll take you there and patch you up."

The twins were waiting for Jonathan, standing there while he carried Buffy into the mansion. Identical blonde beauties, they wore matching red lingerie and white silk robes. The girls spoke with Scandinavian accents, asking Jonathan where he'd been, who Buffy was, if they should prepare a bath for four.

He shooed them away, told them to wait in the master bedroom for him.

Jealousy boiled inside Buffy again.

It should be her sharing a bed with Jonathan. She was his sidekick after all.

As Jonathan tended to her bruises, Buffy couldn't help but wish and hope that his gentle fingers would move to more intimate parts of her body. From her ribs to her breasts, from her stomach to her crotch. Just the thought of it aroused her beyond words.

She rushed home after he was done, jumped onto her bed and climbed under the sheets. Thankfully Riley – her boyfriend – was out. She didn't have to pretend that she was thinking about him as she reached between her legs, slowly started rubbing.

"Jonathan," she moaned freely, loudly. "Jonathan."

When the orgasm came, it shook her to her core. Every inch of her body tickled with pleasure, every thought filled with images of him atop her.

The twins were so lucky. There probably wasn't a woman on Earth who didn't want to have Jonathan inside them, but those two were the only ones who actually got to experience it – live the fantasy that every girl pictured when they were with their lovers.

Somehow, she'd feel that too. Feel him inside her.

Buffy swore it there and then.

Somehow, she'd seduce Jonathan – win his heart and love and be his.

As Jonathan walked through town, every pair of eyes followed him. Adoring fans flocked to him, a sea of girls all hoping that he'd pay them even the slightest bit of attention. There were guys in the crowd too, men who admired Jonathan almost as much as the girls did. It made sense – if any man could turn a guy gay, it was Jonathan.

Buffy walked beside him, electrical excitement flowing inside her. He wasn't paying attention to any of the other girls, only her. Talking to her, teaching her about hunting

vampires and demons and monsters – taking her under his wing.

She'd be his protege. His student. His sidekick.

His slave, if he asked.

She'd be anything he wanted her to be.

When the two of them walked into a diner, sat down next to each other and waited for the rest of the gang to arrive, Buffy couldn't help but feel giddy. Alone with Jonathan. How many girls dreamed of this? How many fantasised about what they'd do if they were in her shoes?

And there she was, sitting next to him, doing nothing.

Without thinking, she reached under the table, placed her hand on his thigh.

He turned to look at her, a tiny smile pulling at his lips. A cheeky little grin. Jonathan tilted his head, gave the barest nod to Buffy. An indication that he wanted her to continue.

She did so eagerly.

Her hand slid around his leg, up to his crotch. When they brushed over a significant bulge, Buffy froze.

Jonathan was hard.

She'd made him hard.

Joy blossomed inside her as she continued to trail her fingers over his crotch, squeezing and massaging his cock.

Even after their friends arrived, even while they talked and chatted, even as she smiled and pretended everything was completely normal, she teased and toyed with Jonathan's cock.

She looked up into his eyes – had he always been so tall? Jonathan was a head taller than her, her forehead level with his chest. When he took her hand, walked her through his mansion to the master bedroom, Buffy couldn't help but feel uncertain.

What if she wasn't good enough? What if she disappointed him?

The twins were waiting in the master bedroom, two beautiful girls wearing matching slutty, black and white bunny costumes. Both, for some reason, were holding cameras.

"Ignore them," Jonathan whispered. "Just focus on me."

Buffy did as he said, ignoring the beautiful twins as Jonathan led her to his giant bed.

He sat down on it, looked at her expectantly.

Blushing, she slowly began to strip. She swayed her hips to music that she couldn't hear, reached up and started unbuttoning her top. One of the twins began recording with their camera, the other taking pictures. Buffy pushed all thoughts of them aside, focussed all her attention on Jonathan. *The* Jonathan.

The perfect man.

And he wanted her. Was going to have sex with *her*.

Buffy's top fell to the floor, exposing her pale skin and athletic body. You didn't fight vampires for a living without earning a killer body. Of course, mostly it was Jonathan that did the slaying. Buffy, for the most part, just tried not to fail *too* badly.

She reached around her back, unhooked her bra.

Jonathan stared intently as it fell to the ground, absorbing the sight of her breasts with a gentle smile.

As he watched, she slowly began to turn, pulling down both her skirt and panties in one go, letting him see the tattoo she'd gotten just for him.

'Property of Jonathan' it said, the letters stylised.

She'd gotten it on her ass, the right butt-cheek.

Apparently, tattoos relating to Jonathan were very popular. The tattoo artist hadn't even batted an eyelid when she'd gone in to ask for it.

As she wiggled her butt for him, Jonathan reached out and grasped her hips.

She gasped as he pulled her backwards onto his lap, moaned when he reached between her legs. His fingers were perfect, just like the rest of him. They sent shivers through her skin wherever they touched, always seemed to tease and toy with her most sensitive parts. When they slid inside her, they curled and rubbed that wonderful sweet-spot.

“Jonathan,” Buffy moaned, leaning her back into his chest.

For the next few minutes, she lost herself in pure bliss as he touched and teased her, fingered her. His hands and fingers moved with masterful grace, almost seeming to know her body better than even she did.

When he stopped, she whined.

He lifted her from his lap with ease, spun her around in front of him and tugged her hands down, dragging her willingly into a kneeling position.

She knew instantly what he wanted.

Hands shaking, she reached forward, unbuckled his belt and lowered his trousers.

Jonathan's cock sprang free a moment later, his underwear discarded. Buffy froze at the sight of it, her mouth falling open in surprise. He was so... big.

She shouldn't have been surprised. Everything about Jonathan was amazing. Why would his cock be any different?

Buffy reached out, took hold of it.

Some small part of her wanted to pull back, shy away. She wasn't worthy of this man's cock. No woman was.

But he wanted her.

She closed her eyes, leaned forward, opened her mouth.

“Oh fuck,” Buffy half-gasped, half-screamed. “Jonathan!”

She bounced on top of him, his cock filling her in a way that no other man ever had. With it inside her, she felt complete – like the missing piece of a jigsaw finally fitting into its place. It was, of course, a *very* tight fit.

He thrust up into her, pounding her insides.

“Oh god!”

She came again. How many times was that now? A dozen? More?

The twins circled, taking video and pictures. At first, Buffy had been unsure of that. But now, she was grateful for it. For the rest of her life, she'd be able to look back on the photos and videos and remember the day she'd become Jonathan's property once and for all. What the twins were doing was providing the world with evidence that Buffy belonged to him, that she was *his*.

Grinning, feeling more complete than ever before in her life, Buffy bounced on Jonathan's cock, tightened herself around him, urging him to orgasm inside her – fill her up.

When he did, the world seemed to brighten, sparks flew and lightning struck. An orgasm more powerful than any she'd ever experienced rocked Buffy to her core, sending trembles of electricity from her fingers to her toes.

She collapsed atop him, curled into his chest.

His heart was racing, thumping wildly.

She'd done that. Buffy smiled a tired, satisfied smile. She closed her eyes, allowed pleasant, blissful sleep to take her.

Jonathan squeezed Buffy's ass as she slept, his cock still buried inside her. The twins had put down their cameras, joined him in bed – one on his left, one on his right.

The mark on his back seemed to tingle, a warm sensation that sent tiny ripples of pleasure through his body.

He was perfect. Brilliant.

The ultimate man.

For whatever reason, the spell hadn't broken when the monster fell down that pit. Somehow, the monster being destroyed had made the spell permanent.

As the three beautiful blondes cuddled into him, Jonathan couldn't help but grin.

His life, the entire world, was pure perfection.