

**Author** Brutti ma buoni

**Title** Pick Your Own Adventure 2/7: The One With The Time Travel

**Rating and warnings** PG

**Word count** 520

**Medium** Fic

**Setting** Sometime mid season 5, after FFL, before Crush (and also London, 1665)

"Don't listen to'em Slayer, you look good," he said, smirking.

"They just called me- I don't even know what they called me, but I am certain it wasn't a good thing."

Buffy was extremely sure of that. Those... guys... in the puffy pants and the ringlets, they hadn't seemed too impressed with her look. Which, looking around, not a huge surprise. Big hair was in. Also boobs out on a platter, and laced bodices, and huge skirts. It was not a look for Buffy Summers, even in her princess fantasies.

Even if everyone hadn't been smelly and probably about to die of the plague, Buffy already knew this wasn't an era she wanted to spend a whole lot of time in.

"Where do we go?" She hated relying on Spike, but he was supposedly here to help, so fine. She'd work with him.

He looked at her for a long moment, and then gave an elaborate, annoying shrug. "How would I know?"

She choked slightly. "You're here to help!"

"Pet, I know you're not the brightest spark in the history class, but this is about two hundred years before I was born. You did know that, right?"

"Yes." No. Well, kind of. They'd been talking about "Restoration" and Buffy may possibly have got it confused with "Reconstruction" which was totally understandable, and might possibly have led to her ending up in what must be -shit! - *the seventeenth century* kind of unexpectedly. Though she had thought her outfit didn't look very Scarlet O'Hara, so points there. "But you said you knew the place."

Spike said, with exaggerated soulless and evil patience. "Yeh. *London*, I know. Broadly. There's a lot less of it than I remember, and St Pauls (that would be the very big church over there) is wrong, but yeh. I know where we are." He paused to take a non-essential lungful of stinky city. "Home, is where we are. What I don't know is where bloody Darla is." He paused, thoughtfully. "She used to talk about theatres, and she was here in the plague for sure, and that's just starting, so I reckon it'll be possible to track her down. She never was all that subtle."

Buffy tried once again not to squeal and/or retch at the reminder of the Oh My God Actual Plague germs in the air now. She buried her nose forcefully into the bunch of flowers Willow had given her - not just for the smell, but enchanted against icky microbes.

Spike jerked his head to the left and headed off down a dark alley. Dark alley. Vampire. Buffy gave a quiet mental "Eh," and followed. She was pretty sure Spike wasn't trying to kill her, these days. Finding Darla was way more essential than whatever trouble he might lead her into.

**Brutti's pick your own adventure day (2/7: The One With The Time Travel)**

**brutti ma buoni**

When he crooked out his elbow for her arm, it was all part of their cover. Totally not charming. She absolutely did not notice how he was just the right height for her. She did, a little, notice how glad she was he was there. But that was just about backup. Sensible. Meaningless.

Sure.

\*\*\*

Prefer our heroes set in a canonical world? How's about [in Pylea... with wings?](#)

Originally posted at <https://seasore-day-37-the-nal-spuffy.dreamwidth.org/790933.html>