

Fandom: BTVS;Spike/Xander

Warnings: Slash, AU 5th/6th season, violence, character death

Rating:NC-17

Summary: Another Spike shows up in Sunnydale insisting he has a soul and that he loves Xander.

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Another Chance

by

Stillrose

Part One

*“Once I had the rarest rose
That ever deigned to bloom
Cruel winter chilled the bud
And stole my flower too soon”*

-Love Song for a Vampire

Annie Lennox

“NO!” Spike managed to choke past a throat suddenly too tight with fear.

Xander's body was limp in his arms. His eyes were staring sightlessly up into the vampire's. Already Spike could feel the warmth bleeding out of Xander along with the blood pooling around him.

"Xan!" Spike barked. "NOO!"

There was no response. There couldn't be. The Drokken had already used its talon to rip Xander from bowels to sternum. No amount of pleading or begging could bring him back.

"Please, pet," Spike cried as he cradled the body closer searching for any last flame of life. All he needed was one last spark, one last ember, and he could turn him.

"C'mon! Don't leave me, Xander! Don..I..PET!"

Pleading was useless, Xander was gone. Spike had been too late. He'd been too late to save him. He'd been too late in killing the beast.

"XAAAAAANNNDDEEEER!" the vampire screamed with all the rage and grief inside him. In that moment he cursed and hated his soul. He hated he could love. He hated that

he had loved. He howled his rage as if he could expel his soul with that one long cry of agonizing pain and fury.

He fell quiet. The pain of loss was still burning bright in his chest. Xander's blood still pooled around him.

"Xander," Spike whispered and curled around his pet's body. "Just another chance! Please!"

~*~*~*~*~

I'm really not made for this, Xander thought as once again he was just a fraction of a second slower than he needed to be to successfully dodge the vampire's blow. Knuckles scraped under his chin and he flew backward. He stumbled while swinging blindly with the stake in his right hand.

"A little help here!" he called out.

"Keep yer panties on," he heard Spike growl from somewhere behind him.

Xander wished he could spare the chance to roll his eyes. Spike may have been faithfully helping them kick undead

ass since Buffy's death, but that didn't mean he hated the blonde vamp any less.

"Thought it was your week to wear them!" Xander shouted as he managed to keep his ribs from blocking the rogue vampire's next punch.

"Aren't you the witless one tonight?"

"Learned everything I knew from yo..." Xander didn't finish his retort. His fanged opponent had closed ranks and had managed to wrap his arms around Xander's torso. He growled and swung the human around. Xander heard his stake scuttle across the asphalt in the alley before he realized he'd lost his weapon.

"SPIKE!" Xander shouted as he craned to keep his neck from the hungry jaws snarling towards his throat.

"XAN!" he heard the vampire frantically shout.

Suddenly there was a flash of light. There was a terrible wrenching feeling that Xander might have noted if he wasn't so busy screaming at the pain in his eyes. The light was too bright! He must not have been the only one to think so as he found himself staggering free. He blinked

against the brightness to see the vampire he'd been fighting using both hands to cover his eyes.

A little light on the subject never harms anything...but vampires, Xander thought in a brief moment of smug humor.

The light was beginning to fade. Xander quickly looked around. Spike was bent over trying to use his coat as cover. His opponent was cowering against the wall. Xander scanned the area for his stake. Whatever had caused the distraction, he didn't intend to waste it.

The light winked completely out just as Xander spotted his stake. The plunge back into darkness once again left him temporarily blinded. He heard a growl behind him as he felt around on the alley floor for the stake.

"XANDER!" he heard Spike scream before suddenly feeling a solid weight slam into him.

Being Alexander LaVelle Harris meant being grateful for the quirkiest things in life. For example, Xander was once again grateful he'd been knocked around so much in his young life that he knew the drill when he suddenly found himself flying through the air; tuck, roll and pray for a

soft landing.

Sometimes Xander was lucky. Sometimes he wasn't. Most of the time he just came out even. Xander tucked, rolled and landed in a large pile of smelly garbage bags which burst open underneath him. A thick damp mash of rotting uneaten remains of "Joe's Specials" from the corner diner caked Xander's backside.

I hate vampires, Xander thought as he tried scrambling to his feet in the slick stinky mess. I really hate one in particular.

Just as he got to his feet two hands grabbed him. They steadied him.

"Pet?" Spike asked worriedly.

"Pet?" Xander growled as he tried to shake loose from the blond vampire's grip. "Not in this or any other lifetime fangless."

"Are you OK?"

"Oh peachy! Eau de yesterday's lunch is my fragrance don't you think?"

Spike stared at Xander. His hands moved up to touch Xander's face and neck.

"HEY! Bad touch!"

"XANDER" he heard worriedly Spike shout from his left.

Xander froze. He stared at Spike. Spike was still standing right in front of him staring at him as if he couldn't believe Xander was standing right there in front of him.

If he's in front of me than how could I have heard him coming from my left? Xander thought.

"Spike," Xander said softly as he tried to take a step backward deeper into the pile of garbage. "Tell me you've learned a new trick. Tell me you can throw your voi..."

"HARRIS!" Spike growled again. Xander looked to his left. There was a very angry and confused looking Spike standing there.

"Spike?"

“The one and *only!*” Spike growled.

“Pe..Xander,” the other Spike said softly as he held out a hand to Xander. “It’s OK. I won’t hurt you.”

“Bloody right!” the other Spike barked as he moved in closer to his doppelganger. “Cuz in about two shakes yer gonna be a pile of ash.”

The new Spike turned at looked at the original Spike. He cocked his head and smiled. Xander’s blood froze. He knew that smile. It was the smile Spike wore when he was ready to lay it all out because he had nothing else to lose.

“You can try, mate. You can try,” the new Spike said in a very soft voice.

Part Two

The original Spike snarled and twitched. Then there was a blur. Twin forms were suddenly locked in battle. Fists were flying, blood was splattering and shirts were tearing. Xander stood frozen in shock as he watched the battle.

He'd seen Spike fight. He'd envied the way Spike was almost a thing of beauty in combat. He was speed and quick strikes. He was the lust for the fight without being a mindless berserker. He fought dirty. He fought mean. He fought to win.

Xander stared as two..**TWO** Spikes snarled, raged and tore at each other. They were both deadly quick. They both were giving no quarter. Their moves were the same. The same spins. The same punches. The same cool grin as they wiped blood from their chins.

Before Xander could think about what he was doing he stumbled forward and stepped between the two Spikes. "STOP!" he yelled.

"Out of my way, Harris!"

"Pet, move!"

“NO! Not until somebody tells me why my life is suddenly cursed with *two*, Spikes! I mean which hell god’s Wheaties did I piss in to deserve this?”

“PET!”

“Xander!”

The human put a hand on the chest of each vampire. It was then that he noted the new vampire wore a black shirt while his Spike wore a red shirt.

And when did I start thinking of Spike as “mine?” Xander wondered before he stuffed that fleeting thought into the deepest darkest well of never-going-there-again in the way back of his mind.

“NO!” Xander insisted. He didn’t know why. It didn’t make sense, but few things had since Buffy had dove off Glory’s high dive of doom to once again save a world who didn’t know she existed.

However, what he did know was that this was a mystery and it tugged at him.

He looked at the Spike in black. He..It could be any of

number of things and yet something inside of Xander knew, just knew, it *was* Spike. He looked back at his Spike in red. This was Spike too.

“C’mon,” he said as he moved past the two vampires and by the piles of dusty remains of their earlier opponents.

“Where are we going, pet?” black shirted Spike asked.

“First, for manliness’s sake I must insist I point out once again I am *not* your pet,” Xander said as he continued walking, “second, we’re off to see the good witches.”

“Red and Glenda,” red shirted Spike grinned as he dug in his coat for a cigarette and a light.

Xander nodded. He’d learned a long time ago, when in doubt call Willow.

“Pe..Xander this isn’t necessary,” the new Spike said as he sidled up next to the human. “I can explain.”

Xander stopped. He looked at the black shirted Spike. “You can explain?”

Spike nodded then said, “I wished for it.”

“You..you wished for it?”

“With all my soul, luv. I wished to be with *you* again.”

~*~*~*~*~

Xander tried not to stare. He really did but there were two, TWO, Spike’s sitting in Buffy’s living room! This was a twisted amount of wrongness for which there could never be a countering amount of rightness.

One of the Spike’s growled. Xander sighed. Red shirted Spike had been doing that almost non-stop. Xander turned to look at him and was met by the vampire’s fierce gaze.

“Puppy need to go out?” Xander asked.

“I say we stake him,” Spike replied.

“You can try, mate,” the other Spike growled back.

“Oh not this routine again!” Xander cried. “C’mon at least have a funny one. You know, like ‘Who’s on First?’”

Dawn giggled and gave a thumbs up. Xander winked at her. She needed to laugh more since her sister died.

Both Spikes snorted in unison.

“Well..as far as w..we can t..tell,” Tara interrupted,
“Spike’s story ch..check’s out.”

“You mean he *is* Spike?” Xander asked.

“Just not *our*, Spike,” Willow replied.

“And ..a...a soul?” Xander prompted.

“Right here, pet,” Spike said.

“Pet?” All three girls asked at once.

Red shirted Spike growled. Xander groaned.

“He’s really, Spike?” Xander asked trying to keep the women’s focus off away from things he did *not* want to know.

Tara and Willow nodded.

“Told ya,” Black shirted Spike said.

“But ho...”

“I *wished* it.”

“You wished it?”

The new Spike nodded.

“Vengeance?” Xander wasn’t sure he wanted to know the answer but he was confused.

The new Spike seemed to get almost impossibly pale then shook his head. “Second chance, pet.”

The original Spike growled. Xander rolled his eyes and looked back at his girls. “Soul?” Xander prompted again.

“Well according to our ‘reveal’ spell, he does have one,” Willow said.

“Stupid tosser!” Red shirted Spike snorted. “Went and got yerself cursed with a soul. Probably followin’ and sniffin’ around after ‘Gelus and t’d off the same set of

gypsies!”

“I *earned* it!” the other Spike barked.

“Earned it?” all the humans asked.

The new Spike looked down at his feet for a moment before looking back up at Xander.

“Knew you’d never accept me the way I was, pet. Yer the White Knight all rainbows and puppy dog tails. Oh I could have chained ya up...”

Xander’s Spike flew up off the couch. In one of those rare unspoken and unacknowledged moments where the two men seemed to operate on an intimate level of understanding, Spike’s attack was halted by Xander’s held up hand motioning him to stop.

The new Spike’s eyes widened for a moment, turned sad then looked away from the other two. “I...” the new Spike struggled to continue, “I knew I could break you but that wouldn’t get me *you*.”

“Me?” Xander squeaked. A dangerous rumble emanated deep from the red shirted Spike’s chest.

The new Spike nodded. "If I wanted you, I'd have to be the man ya could love. The man you deserved," the other Spike explained. "So I went to Africa to see a demon and I fought for one. I fought for my soul."

"You gotta a soul...for XANDER!" Dawn cried! "How romantic!"

"BLOODY HELL!" Spike snapped.

"ME?" Xander squeaked again.

Tara and Willow stared at each other then at the two vampires.

"Xan," the other Spike said as he took a step forward. Xander took a step back as his Spike suddenly put himself between the human and the other vampire. "Xander, I..we..."

"You bastard!" Spike snarled. "Ya come in here springin' love on the boy and ya never even stopped ta consider if it would have even been welcome?"

Boy? Some part of Xander's mind engaged. *Man here.*

Job, ex-fiancé, truck payments and everything.

“Why wouldn’t it? We were good together? We were...”

“Because ya silly tosser not everything’s the same in every ‘verse! Ya know that! Magicks and demons can’t be trusted!”

“I’m not a wet-eared git suckin’ at the tit of his first dolly!” The black shirted Spike growled.

“Could have fooled me!” Red shirted Spike barked back.

“I was very specific for what I wished.”

“Which was?” Willow asked.

“A universe for a second chance with Xander,” the other Spike replied.

“And you wished this..with Anya?” Xander asked.

“Course.”

“A v..vengeance demon?” Tara tried to clarify.

“No, Anaya’s not a vengeance demon. Just a wish demon.”

“Still bloody dangerous!” The current universe’s Spike growled.

“Pet,” The new Spike focused back on Xander as he tried taking another step towards the human. “Please just let me...”

“Back up!” Xander’s Spike growled.

“Get the fuck outta my way!” the other Spike growled as he vamped out, grabbed his doppelganger’s jacket and snarled.

Dawn gasped. Xander charged forward. “Calm down right now!”

“Pe...”

“This is NOT happening here. This NOT happening in front of Dawn!”

“It’s OK Bit,” red shirted Spike said in the most soothing voice he could muster around his fangs, “this silly

bugger's soul's got 'im a bit high strung is all. Ol' Spike's got everything under control."

The two Spikes stared at each other for a moment. Twin golden flames seared each other than slowly they took a step back from each other. The other Spike released his twin. In unison they shook their heads and once again they bore a human visage.

The redshirted Spike turned to face Dawn. He smiled. She mustered a smile back.

"I'm sorry, Xander," the other Spike said. "I just want to talk."

The original Spike snorted. "Talk?"

The new Spike looked around at the people surrounded them. "Can't we go some place more private?"

"...And..talk?" Xander managed to say. Now that the threat of a show down between Spikes in front of Dawn had receded his mind was once again grinding to a halt over the fact there was a universe where he and Spike..Spike and he..they had...

He and Spike in another universe had been lovers! Images of Spike's lean naked torso suddenly danced unbidden in Xander's mind. Thoughts of strong arms wrapping around holding him in a loving embrace with soft tender lips trailing down his neck danced through his imagination. Lean fingers wrapping themselves around his hard and aching cock...

Xander's brain slipped a gear. He froze.

"Xan?"

"Pet?"

"Talk?" Xander repeated trying to purge the unwelcome thoughts and restart his brain.

"Please," the new Spike said.

Xander blinked.

"Right," the original Spike said. "Look, Red and Glenda can you do some more research in how ta reverse this arse-tit's wish?"

The other Spike growled.

“We..we can try,” Tara said.

“What are you going to do?” Willow asked.

“Play chaperone,” Spike said

“Like hell you are!” The other Spike growled.

“Ya wanna talk ta, Harris? Ya do it with me around!”

“Why?”

“Cuz yer a bloody vampire ya pilchard! Soul or no soul ya still have a demon inside ya and I don’t bloody trust ya!”

“And what about you? What makes you so trustworthy?”

“A: I gotta chip. Can’t hurt the monkeys if I tried. B: Bint here loves this Xander meat bag more’n you do and I’m rather fond of the bint. Hopin’ when she grows up ta make a right proper vampire or demon princess of her someday.”

Dawn giggled. Willow and Tara rolled their eyes.

“Over my dead body,” Xander managed to mutter. Talk of Dawn was an immediate jump start for him.

“An added bonus,” chuckled the red shirted Spike.

“Don’t you EVER say that!” The other Spike suddenly yelled as he slammed a fist into the original Spike’s jaw sending the vampire to the floor.

This time it was Spike’s held up hand that stopped Xander and the witches in their tracks. He looked up at the other Spike. He recognized the raw powerful pain shining in the familiar golden eyes.

That’s the way of it then, Spike thought.

“Right,” Spike said as he slowly eased his way to his feet. “Guess I deserved that.”

The other Spike was still rocking on the balls of his feet. He was still ready to deliver more blows.

“Spike,” Xander said softly.

The other Spike shifted his gaze briefly to look at Xander.

“Let’s go talk.”

This time both Spikes looked at Xander. They studied him for a moment then they both took an unneeded breath. They nodded. The new Spike settled.

Xander looked at his girls. “If you find out anything, let me know,” Xander said.

“Xander do you..I mean...” Willow started to say.

“I’ll be fine. I’ll be with Spike..er the Spikes.”

“Wh..where?” Tara asked.

“My place,” Xander replied. “At least this way if they start fighting again and it gets trashed..no one will be able to tell the difference.”

The girls grinned as he gave them each a brief kiss on the forehead. Then he motioned at the twin Spikes as he headed for the door. It was going to be a long evening with what he feared would be an even longer conversation.

Though I'll be on my home turf, Xander thought. That will give me some advantage...right?

Part Three

Xander opened the door to his apartment. The red clad Spike brushed past him and flopped on the couch. He stretched his long legs out and grinned at the other two men. Xander rolled his eyes as he moved into the room. The other Spike moved forward and bounced off an invisible shield.

There was a loud guffaw from the couch and a growl at the doorway. Xander rubbed the bridge of his nose. He wasn't sure how much more of the Sunnydale version of Twiddle Dum and Twiddle Dee he could take.

"Come in," Xander sighed as he stepped away from the door. The black clad Spike stepped across the threshold and shut the door behind him. Xander moved over to the couch and swiped Spike's feet off it.

“OI!” the vampire shouted.

“My couch,” Xander said as he flopped down. He put his feet upon the coffee table, leaned back and closed his eyes. He had the beginnings of a headache. The other Spike began to prowl around the room. The red shirted Spike watched him.

“Familiar?” he finally asked.

“Looks similar to the flat, Xan and I shared,” the other Spike said softly in an almost dead voice.

“Shared?” Xander asked as he popped one eye open. *Lovers!* The thought bounced back and Xander pushed it away. There was something unexamined and way too dangerous about that thought.

“Shared in every way, pet,” the other Spike said as he moved back around to take the remaining spot on the couch.

Xander opened his other eye. He was wedged in between two Spikes on the couch. *Danger!* Xander’s mind warned.

“Well Xan got this place when he was engaged to *Anya!*” the original Sunnydale Spike snorted.

“You were engaged to Anya?” the other Spike asked.

Xander nodded. It still hurt a little that she left. After Buffy died, Anya freaked. She didn't feel safe living on a hell mouth without a slayer. She was only human after all. She'd begged Xander to go with her, but there was no way Xander could leave Dawn and Willow, especially not after Giles had returned to England.

“She left,” was all Xander managed to say. *Left me lonelier than I'd been before her*, he thought.

“And I say, good riddance!” Growled the red shirted Spike. “Bird was nuthin' but trouble. I mean, good for a toss and a cuddle but..not a keeper.”

“Oh! Like Dru was a real prize,” snorted Xander.

“Oi!” Both Spikes said in harmony then looked at each other. They grinned.

“Was a right proper princess she was,” the black clad Spike said.

"A *dark* princess," the red shirted Spike said.

Xander shook his head and said, "She's a sadistic sociopath that almost makes Angelus look like Prince Charming."

"I know," the Spikes sighed.

"Oi, she ever chain ya up in Bristol with a cute little red head cut and bleedin' just outta reach for a week?" the original Spike asked.

The other Spike ducked his head and sighed, "Yeah. Hate ta admit it..."

"Good times!" they both said.

"Ok!" Xander said as he jumped off the couch. "When I said we'd talk I didn't mean about your seriously creepy ex-girlfriend and the Night of the Living Dead special edition games you used to play."

"Right," Xander's Spike said.

"Sorry, pet," the other Spike said. "Know you hate the

demon reminiscing.”

“STOP calling me PET!”

The other Spike sighed, “Can’t help it. Could call you luv instead.”

“Not unless ya want ta be sportin’ splinters,” Xander’s Spike snapped.

Xander blinked. *Luv?*

“Anyone else need a beer?” Xander croaked.

Two identical right hands raised high up above the couch. Xander spun around and headed for the kitchen. He had beer. Beer was of the good. Getting of the beer gave him time. Time gave him a chance to think.

As Xander rummaged through the refrigerator, once again unbidden images flooded Xander’s brain. This time they came with sound. There was the soft whisper of skin sliding across skin. The short gasps of unexpected pleasure and the low moans of satisfaction.

“Luv..Pet,” were husky words of worship.

Xander's hands gripped tightly around the necks of the beer bottles. Thinking was *not* of the good!

Been too long since Anya left, Xander thought as shut the door with his foot then he fumbled to grab a bottle opener from the drawer. It's been too long since I've tossed my salad, so to speak, though if I keep having the porno version of Spike in my head I may never toss the tomatoes and cucumber again.

Xander's half hard cock called him a liar. Xander refused to dignify the accusation by even acknowledging it.

When Xander entered the front room both vampires froze. They seemed to slightly lift their heads as if they caught a scent. The new Spike smiled at Xander. The old Spike emanated a low growl that was more vibration than sound. Xander swallowed and held out the beers as he headed for the couch.

Each vampire grabbed a cool beverage and used a fingernail to pop the top.

"Show offs," Xander muttered as he settled back down in the middle on the couch. He used the bottle opener to

pry the small piece of metal away from the cold glass.

“Good, pet,” the new Spike on Xander’s right sighed after he drank deeply of his Samuel Smith.

“Still wish ya drank it warm,” the Spike to his left said.

“My house, my beer, my way,” Xander replied after he swallowed his own swig. The fizzy alcohol settled in his stomach and quickly began to soothe his frayed edges.

“You get used to it,” the Spike on the right said.

The Spike on the left snorted.

“You do?” Xander asked.

“We were together for a long time, pet,” the new Spike said.

“OK..now we are back into the twilight zone talk,” Xander replied.

One Spike sighed. The other sipped quietly on his larger.

“I can’t change the fact I love you, pet,” Spike said.

The other Spike growled low.

“Me? No hey.. not me. Other universe me,” Xander said.

The Spike on the right winced. Then he looked at Xander.

“But you are you..him.”

Xander shook his head emphatically.

“No, look. I don’t know what I was like in this other universe..well OK I know what I was like in this OTHER universe. Whoa! Scary bad ass Xander vampire which is kinda of cool if it wasn’t so wiggy but we’re talking *your* universe and I don’t’ think I’m like *your* Xander.”

The black clad vampire smiled, started to laugh and then suddenly traced a thumb gently across Xander’s lips. The human jumped back on reflex and found himself pressed against the vampire on his left. A gentle hand curled protectively on his shoulder. Ordinarily Xander would have shrugged the hand off, but ordinarily the hand wouldn’t have been there. Besides, it somehow felt *right*.

“You sound just like him,” the new Spike chuckled.

“Yeah, and wot happened to ‘im?” Xander’s Spike asked as he placed a second hand possessively on Xander’s hip. The vampire’s beer was suddenly on the coffee table.

Spike? Xander thought in confusion. One, Spike had never touched him like this and two, why wasn’t Xander jerking away from him?

“He..I..he’s dead,” the other Spike finally managed to confess.

“DEAD?” Xander gasped while his Spike clenched him tighter.

Part Four

“Yes!” The other vampire yelled suddenly as his half empty bottle of beer was launched through the air to crash against the far wall in a violent explosion of glass and larger.

“Hey!” Xander yelled while the vampire behind him growled and practically pulled him across his lap.

The black shirted Spike stood up and paced. Xander struggled against his Spike’s hold but the vampire

growled and held firm.

“We..we were on patrol,” the new Spike began to explain. “Just a stupid feckless patrol like any other since that twat slayer got herself killed.”

“HEY!” Xander yelled. “No one talks about Buffy that way!”

“Buffy?” the other Spike asked. “I’m talking about Faith.”

“Oh,” Xander said. “Sorry. You and Xander were patrolling after..Faith was killed? I don’t understand.”

“Xander, once his eyes were opened to the beasties and the nasties he just couldn’t go back to pretending like they weren’t there. He couldn’t just leave well enough alone..so he decided he had to be the great white knight and save all the clueless citizens of Sunnydale.”

Not just a Zeppo, Xander thought in pride of his other self.

“He knew without Dru I was lost. Angelus had put a mark on my head for betraying him. Xander gave me an option, safe haven in Sunnydale for training and helping

him.”

“Angelus?” Xander asked.

“Dru?” Spike whispered from behind him.

The other Spike stopped his pacing and stared at the two figures on the couch.

“I’m not sure how things went down in this ‘verse,” he said, “but in mine after Angel lost his soul to Buffy he tore through her and Cleveland like so much tissue paper. He came here looking for Acathala a couple of years later. I came here looking for him to help Dru.”

Xander winced. What this Spike was telling him about Angel, Buffy would have only been fourteen!

“I don’t buy it mate!” Spike growled from behind Xander. “Peaches maybe a wanker and a pain in the arse but he ain’t no diddler of little girls!”

“What? No, ya twat! There are many paths to perfect happiness!” the other Spike said in shock.

“Like what?”

“Buffy..needing a father figure. You know the perfect happiness that comes from a moment of perfect trust and love.”

“Peaches! A father figure..?”

“Well, more like a big brother anyway. She trusted him. Trusted him more than the watchers. He bailed her out time and time again. He was always there for her and in one moment..poof! There went his soul.”

“Buffy!” Xander gasped. Once again the arms of the vampire behind him tightened.

“By the time he got here you, Jesse and Faith were a tight group.”

“Faith? Jesse?” Xander asked. “What about Willow?”

“The witch? Wasn’t here. Hadn’t heard of her until tonight,” the other Spike said.

Xander paled. There had been that time when he was eight when Willow’s family had talked about moving out of Sunnydale. Her mom had a job offer. Xander had laid

awake in his bedroom every night for a week with his backpack stuffed with toys ready to sneak into a moving truck if the Rosenburg's left.

Guess the other Xander didn't make it out, he thought.

"Yeah, you and Jesse were tight. Thought you were more than just friends the way you looked at him."

"We were NOT!" Xander blustered then blushed. Jesse and he had been best friends. Yes, they had confided to each other about the big changes that happened as their voices deepened and hair sprouted out in embarrassing places. They had even made a game of "The Most Embarrassing Places and Times for a Happy." Yet they had never been more than that.

"S OK, pet. Didn't take long ta figure out he only had eyes for the slayer," the other Spike explained.

"Jesse? And Faith?"

"So, let me guess," the original Spike interjected, "Angelus came to town. Found you and Dru. Helped her out in exchange for help with Acathala. You didn't like Dru and Daddy back together again. Made a new deal

and things went sour?”

The other Spike nodded.

“Faith reneged on the deal. She killed Dru. Angelus killed her. Jesse ran ‘Gelus through closing the portal he’d managed to open. Angelus managed to twist out of the maw and sent the lad instead down the express chute to hell.”

“Jess!” Xander gasped.

“I went toe to toe with ‘Gelus until I ran out of feet. Then he nearly had me ready for a pick up by a Hoover when Xander here managed to shove a stake up the dick splat’s spine. Missed his heart but hurt him bad. Bad enough he crawled away without finishing Xander off.”

“Yeah?” the red shirted Spike said with a pride in his voice.

“I came to and there you were, lying unconscious in the corner,” the other Spike said to Xander.

“And you didn’t eat me?”

Spike grinned evilly and said, "That came later."

"La...la...la Can't hear you!" Xander said plugging his ears with his fingers.

His Spike reached up from behind him and pulled his hands away from his ears. "Why didn't you off the boy?"

"Patch of sunlight between me and him," Spike snorted.

"Convenient," the original Spike said.

The other Spike laughed, "Bloody *Inconvenient!*"

"Still, when Xan came round, it gave us a whole day to talk."

"Surprised you listened," Xander said.

"We were both hurt. Both grieving. Both of us lost our worlds."

"Still..."

"Do you have any bloody idea how bloody convincing you can be, Xander? Ya ever really listen to yourself?"

Sure yer mouth can run on more than that demonic pink bunny with the drum on the telly but ya got a way of getting to the heart of things, pet! Sometimes there's just a raw truth in what you say that can't be ignored."

"Huh?" Xander asked.

Both Spikes stared at him then smiled.

"Never change, Harris," Spike said from behind him.

"Ya made me an offer, pet. I took it. I figured I could always change it. Change *you* if I was bored but in the end..."

"In the end?" Xander asked.

"In the end you and I were something special. I helped you learn ta stop tripping over your feet and stop fighting vampires by hitting their knuckles with your face. You helped me find a spot a violence that was just more than random killing. We became legends on the Hellmouth. Things that went bump in the night ended up being squished by dawn."

Xander's eyes widened at the picture Spike was painting.

He couldn't even imagine himself as some sort of Xanderish Dark Knight.

"What? Did I wear a cape and mask too?" he couldn't help but ask.

"Only when you wanted ta slide down my bat pole," the other Spike said with a wink.

Xander blushed and sputtered. There was a deep laugh from behind him.

"Yeah, pet, we became lovers too."

"But boobies! I'm a big fan of the boobies!" Xander quickly shouted.

"And ya never let me forget it," Spike said.

"But...then.. I mean..."

"Ya liked boobies but then ya also liked it when I sucked your cock."

"Oh...No!" Xander sputtered, twisted and jumped up and away from the Spike still seated on the couch. Quickly he

backed away from the two vampires.

“Xander,” the original Spike said as he got off the couch and tried to approach the human. Xander quickly crossed his right forefinger behind his left forefinger.

“Back!” he shouted.

“Pet, it’s OK. No one’s gonna...”

“That’s right no one’s GONNA...”

“Is the thought really so horrible?” Xander’s Spike asked softly and almost sadly.

Xander paused and stared at him. He locked eyes with the vampire he’d known for several years now and yet there was an edge of something unknown in that question. The sadness in Spike’s voice was confusing and somehow compelling.

“I..It..I mean,” Xander struggled for an answer. The twenty-something fiercely heterosexual male inside him demanded an immediate an unequivocal answer but the part of him that had been conjuring forbidden sights and sounds of Spike since his doppelganger had arrived

insisted he think carefully before answering.

“I..I just..I mean girls, Spike!”

“Nuthin’ wrong with a bit of soft thighs, slow curves and sin pillows,” the red shirted Spike said as he took a step towards Xander, “but hard planes, firm grasps, and someone who knows how to handle the equipment has its advantages too.”

Xander swallowed as he continued to hold up his hands. He was sweating. Did he need to turn on the air conditioning?

“So you..?” the other Spike began to ask.

“No he hasn’t,” this universe’s Spike answered for the still dry mouthed Xander. “So if that’s what ya come lookin’ for..another Xander ta pluck ya can just go back ta where ya came from.”

Xander kept his eyes locked on his Spike. They were communicating again on that weird intimate level they never acknowledged except this time there was acknowledgement. This time there were tingles and a heightened awareness that danced down along his skin.

His Spike was still slowly approaching him. Xander's heart was beating rapidly but his feet were still. He licked his lips. Spike's eyes dilated even more. Xander's hands lowered of their own accord.

"Spike?" Xander whispered.

"S Ok pet," he said.

Xander wanted to tell him he wasn't his pet, but the words never made it past his lips. He just stared at Spike as the vampire took another step closer to him.

"Wait..I thought ..I mean..he hates you," the other Spike said.

"Ya should know as well as I hate's just the flip side of the same coin."

"Same coin?" Xander whispered.

"Doesn't matter, pet," Spike whispered as he moved to stand right in front of the human. He didn't touch him and yet Xander's skin screamed with awareness of the vampire.

“What’s going on?” Xander asked.

“Just protecting..claiming what’s mine,” Spike whispered.

“Yours?” the other Spike asked. “I don’t smell...”

“Sire gave him to me years ago,” Spike said as he continued to bore into Xander with his piercing gaze.

“Angelus *gave* him to you?”

“Well, Peaches, really..but doesn’t make the claim any less valid,” Spike argued as he slowly raised a hand and began to lightly slide a finger down Xander’s nose and over his lips.

Xander’s breath caught. Once again his brain seemed to freeze. His cock twitched.

“That was just..it wasn’t re..it was just a ploy,” Xander finally managed to say when his brain came back online. Spike’s evil finger slowly made its way down over Xander’s chin to glide down his throat. Xander swallowed.

“Doesn’t matter,” the other Spike whispered. “Not among vampires.”

Part Five

Xander’s Spike began gently rubbing his thumb across the hollow of Xander’s throat. A groan started to creep up the back of the human’s throat in response. He swallowed it down.

“Why..why are you doing this, Spike?” Xander whispered as he curled his fingers into his palms to keep from touching the vampire in front of him.

“Because you’re mine, pet,” Spike leaned in and whispered against Xander’s ear. “And if *I* don’t *he* will.”

The groaned escaped. Xander closed his eyes. This couldn’t, shouldn’t, be happening! Yet it was!

“What..what about what / want?” Xander finally managed to say as soft lips made the slightest exploration of the patch of skin just behind his left ear.

“Say the word and I’ll stop,” Spike whispered into the thin skin protecting the vein pumping so much sweet hot fluid just under the vampire’s lips. “But I guarantee you at some point he won’t.”

“That’s a lie!” the other vampire snarled. “I’d *never* hurt Xander.”

“No, but somehow your Xander’s dead and you’ll do whatever ya have ta for a second chance.”

“Not th...”

“I would!” Spike said as he took an uncharacteristic breath and leaned back away from Xander. His eyes however remained locked with his pet’s. “Oh, it would be a sweet seduction, but you’d still stake yer claim to him. It’s what I’d do to try and ease the red raw hurt of it all. I’d try and find whatever solace I could, include wishing myself to another ‘verse, finding a Xander not smellin’ of another Spike and makin’ him my own. I’d cheat, lie, steal, kill...I’d even take extreme measures if I had ta to

make him mine!”

Xander stared at the Spike before him. His eyes widened. No one had ever talked about him like that! No one had ever wanted him like that; not even Anya!

“I...” the other Spike tried to say.

“But ya know what?” said Xander’s Spike as he once again began to map Xander’s face with a finger tip while his other hand began to wander shamelessly across Xander’s chest to playfully flick at the hardened nipples straining against Xander’s shirt.

“Unh!” Xander gasped while arching into Spike’s mesmerizing touch.

“Stop it...” growled the other Spike.

“Why? This is *my* Xander,” Spike growled back

Xander’s skin was on fire. His mind was whirling. When..How..Why was he responding to Spike like this? Could he stop it?

“Sp...” Xander tried to whisper but a thumb brushed

against a sensitive peak sending a jolt of hunger straight to the tip of his cock.

“He said he wasn...”

“And I’m not going to let you take him from me,” Spike said then inhaled deep the scent of his pet’s need. He was moving fast. He knew it. He’d hoped to someday let Xander make his own move. Figure things out on his own, but his time was up. His doppelganger had forced his hand. Now he’d just have to nudge Xander along. Nudge him hard!

“You...you... Buffy..the bot! Harmony!” Xander huskily accused trying desperately to find familiar footing in a world spinning swiftly out of control.

“Sweet bit of distractions. Appetizers to savor while waiting for the main course,” Spike whispered as he tilted his pelvis forward and let his denim covered cock brush lightly across Xander’s twin clad one.

“That’s fighting dirty!” Xander groaned as a low hunger raced through him to pool at the base of his spine.

“M the big bad,” Spike purred and did it again. Xander

moaned and grabbed at Spike's shoulders. His breath was coming fast. He was panicking. He was losing the war to end this and he wasn't even sure he understood what *this* was.

"Wh...why now," Xander panted.

"Because this twit will try and take wot's not his seeking to find something he's lost. But he won't find it. He'd wrap ya up..tie a pretty bow around ya. You'd be sweet and hot. Ya'd taste and purr like his Xander. You'd grind against him like his pet. You'd burn around him, your core all open to him but you won't *be* him. And in the end he'd hate ya for it. He'd use ya..and leave ya.. and I won't have it!"

"I'd never do that to Xander!" the other Spike insisted. "I love him!"

"Ya love *your* Xander!" Spike growled as he worked his hands up under Xander's shirt to feel skin. It was the vampire's turn to gasp. His boy's flesh was as hot and sweet as he'd always dreamed. It was time to wake up!

"Tell me ta stop, pet," Spike rumbled softly as his hands worked their way up his chest so his thumbs could play

with his boy's nips without anything getting in the way.

"Nnuh," Xander panted.

"Is that a no?"

Willow it should be! Xander's mind cried as he shook his head but he couldn't do it.

"Spike," Xander whispered.

"If ya want me ta stop say it now," Spike said "because once I make my claim..once you're fully mine I'm not letting you go."

"I don't..is this a vampire thing?"

"No," Spike said before he suddenly claimed Xander's lips. The young man gasped opening his mouth making it easy for the vampire's tongue to lay claim. It moved inside and insolently snaked and danced along the moist skin inside. It dueled with Xander's tongue and won. Xander groaned and ground himself against Spike. Cocks twitched and the air was scented with musky need.

Spike broke the kiss. He looked at Xander.

“This? This is an *us* thing,” he whispered.

Xander’s knees buckled. Arms wrapped around him and held him up. He pulled Spike’s lips down to cover his own. Blinders were off. All the sniping and insults were just cover: he saw that now. They had been just a false wall hiding this treasure of want, need and something much deeper. How was it possible he hadn’t known? How could he have been buried under such self-denial?

Someone groaned. Xander’s legs wrapped around the vampire’s waist. There were the sounds of footsteps retreating and a door slamming shut. Part of Xander’s brain tried to process what it meant. It was important.

Then there was more kissing. Lips meshed and bruised. Fingers grasped. There was movement. Xander was falling.

“SPIKE!” Xander cried as he lay on the bed.

“Here, pet,” the vampire whispered as he stretched out on top of the human. Cool lips explored Xander’s throat while fingers fumbled to undo his belt.

Xander tore at the duster trying to rip it from Spike's shoulders. The vampire laughed. He straddled Xander and sat up. He tore off his duster and threw it in the corner. Xander's hands rushed to push at the shirt. He needed to see that torso. He needed to know if it was as lean as he imagined.

Spike rocked and ground against Xander while he stripped his shirt. Xander arched underneath him and screamed.

"That's my good, pet," Spike crooned while he worked the buttons of his fly open. His heavy cock sprung free. Xander gasped. For a moment fear and hesitancy crept back into his desire filled mind.

That was Spike's cock! Spike's hard and naked cock! He was getting groiny with...

"It's OK, Xander" Spike purred as he began to gently ease the zipper down over Xander's own hard length. "It's OK."

Xander swallowed. This was crazy! It was all happening too fast!

A cool hand snuck past the opening in Xander's boxers. Fingers stroked him.

"OHHHH FUCCKK!" Xander screamed as his whole body rocked up into the touch.

"Soon," Spike promised. He leaned down for another searing kiss. Xander opened for him and moaned in protest when the vampire removed his cool fingers from the human's hard length. Hands ripped at Xander's shirt. It gave way under the vampire's strength.

Spike growled while scrambling off Xander. A whimper like sound escaped past the human's lips. There was a flurry of more searing kisses, hot touches and soon both men were stripped naked.

Skin slid against skin. Xander cried out. His heat warred with Spike's coolness like their barbed exchanges had always done. His hunger for the vampire increased. He pressed closer to the man searching for something he didn't understand. "Spike," he whispered against the vampire's chest.

"Yes, luv?" Spike answered as he trailed kisses down the meridian of Xander's chest heading straight for the sweet

morsel at the center of his belly.

“I think...I think,” Xander arched and screamed with raw desire as Spike slid a cool tongue teasingly into Xander’s belly button. His leaking cock smudged a trail of precum against the vampire belly.

“Think wot, pet?” Spike asked when he finally ceased to tongue fuck Xander’s navel.

“I WANT YOU!” Xander ground out in a hoarse voice filled with a need he’d never experienced. He was drowning in Spike. He didn’t think he could be saved. He didn’t *want* to be saved.

Spike laughed and lapped at his treat. He bit softly around it until Xander mewled and begged.

“I know,” he finally said. “I always knew.”

“I didn’t...”

“You’re worth waiting for, pet. Havin’ ya any other way then willin’ and of yer own accord wouldn’t be havin’ ya at all.”

“Hate..hate..” Xander struggled to remember what Spike said. Bits of memories of harsh words and deeds exchanged with Spike floated through his mind.

“Shhh,” Spike crooned as he slid his slips down below Xander’s navel and through his coarse hairs to rest gently on the delicate skin wrapped around his steel core. “M a vampire. Pain..pleasure...flip sides of the same coin. Was all sweet words and seduction ta me.”

Xander thought of Spike chained in his lazy boy. He thought of all the insults he’d thrown at the vampire.

“You have a strange idea of courtship!” Xander laughed. Spike smiled.

“Complaining?” he asked just before he swallowed Xander’s cock to its root.

Once again Xander screamed with pleasure! In one swift move Spike had swallowed him down! Swallowed him whole and sweet...oh merciful...he was sucking!

“NO!” Xander yelled his answer to Spike’s question as the vampire worked Xander’s flesh. Throat muscles worked tightly around Xander’s cock stroking it while Spike’s

nimble fingers rolled and danced over Xander's heavy balls.

"Spike! Spike! OH..ghods! Spike!" Xander panted.

Spike sucked and worked his throat harder. Xander arched off the bed. His balls tightened. Fingernails scraped lightly on the inside of his thighs.

"Gonna ..oh fuck! Spike..Spike! SPIKE!" Xander cried as lightening gathered at the base of his spine.

The vampire only worked him harder and faster. He pressed that spot just behind the base of his cock and Xander exploded! Hot juice shot down Spike's throat while Xander thrashed and bucked. He whimpered, cried and chanted Spike's name. The vampire milked his pet swallowing every sweet drop of the musky cream trying to imprint to his long memory this first taste of Xander.

"Spike..spike..." Xander whispered as his cock twitched then grew quiet and calm in Spike's mouth. Carefully the vampire pulled free from his treat. With the gentle's licks he made sure to clean up even the faintest traces of his pet's spend.

When he was done, Xander lay quiet in a post orgasmic pool of bliss and exhaustion. He was limp and satiated. Spike smiled. This is what he needed for the next step in claiming his Xander.

Part Six

Gently he eased up and lay next to Xander. Half lidded brown eyes watched him. Spike leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on plump lips. They opened sweetly to him. He slid his tongue inside and curled it around Xander's. The human gasped tasting himself mingled with Spike's kiss.

Then Spike eased back. He broke the kiss. He looked at Xander.

"Roll over, pet," he softly ordered.

"Spike?" Xander asked as his heart skipped a beat.

“Trust me,” the vampire said.

Xander sighed and nodded. He rolled over. Something wild and untamed went quiet in Spike. This was *his* Xander. This was his *pet*. He’d die and come back a thousand times if he had to for him. *Hell, I’d get a soul for him*, Spike suddenly realized gaining a little respect for his doppelganger. Then he shoved those thoughts aside as he began to pepper tiny kisses down Xander’s sweat slicked spine.

The kisses were followed by tiny licks. Spike groaned. The taste of desire and satiation were a heady mix. His hands explored Xander’s sides while Spike continued to taste Xander’s skin. The human lay quiet and contented.

Hands worked their way down his legs and in between his thighs. Gently they coaxed them wide until Spike could shift his position and kneel between them. A whole new feast of flesh was before him. Two firm glorious mounds of Xander’s perfect ass waited to be touched and tasted.

Spike reached out and stroked them softly. Xander flinched.

“Shhh,” Spike crooned as if gentling a wild bird about to take flight. “S’ OK.”

Xander settled and Spike resumed stroking him. He petted him and massaged him until the human was once again breathing deep and even. The vampire leaned forward and began to taste the firm flesh. Both men groaned.

Spike wasn’t sure how long he let himself just kiss, lick and explore Xander’s arse cheeks but he knew it was long enough for the scent of want to begin wafting back from underneath his pet. It was long enough that his mouth began to water for a darker more intimate taste, yet of his pet.

With practiced ease the vampire smoothed his thumbs down Xander’s crack until he parted the mounds just slightly. Xander little pucker was barely exposed.

“Spike?” Xander whispered.

“This’ll make ya sing,” Spike promised before he gently blew a puff of air across the little ring.

“SPIKE!” Xander gasped as the sensitive pucker clinched

and tightened. Spike laughed then sent his tongue diving delicately down to lap at all the sweet virgin flesh around that ring.

“OHOOHOOHHOOHO!” Xander began to wail! His butt began to wiggle until Spike used his strength to hold him firm.

“OOOOHHHH!” Xander cried again! Spike began to lick directly across that pucker. His tip began to dance and knock against the little ring urging it open.

“Fuck! Spike! Spike! SPPPPPIIIII..OOOH Fuck!” Xander yelled as Spike continued to tease and work against his dusky flesh.

The vampire growled sending ripples of vibrations right through to Xander’s cock which was hard and pressed tightly to the mattress. Still the vampire’s insistent tongue worked and worked until Xander’s ring gave just a little. The tip of Spike’s tongue slipped through.

“SPPPIIIKE! OHHHHHH!” Xander sang!

Spike pressed his advantage. He dove his tongue in deep, twisting it around, widening the hole and tasting deeply

of his pet.

Xander screamed. Spike held him firm. He set up a fast and hard rhythm with his tongue; in and out.

Xander's world grayed! He couldn't move to get friction on his cock. His ass was being breached but there was no pain just this wild uncompromising pleasure he couldn't endure but never wanted to stop. His voice caught warring with the need to scream and to breathe at the same time.

Mercilessly Spike fucked Xander's ass with his tongue over and over until the tight ring loosened. Xander was shuddering in a lost haze of sensual delight under him. Spike slid a hand down and began to work the tip of a finger into the tight hole along with his tongue.

"OHHHHHH...SWEET...FUAAAA" Xander cried as the new sensation hit him. Spike was breaching him with more than just his tongue. He was being opened wider. There was a slight sting but he didn't care. Spike's relentless tongue was still working him over. Still taking him to places of decadent need he never knew existed.

Spike worked more of his finger inside of his pet. Tight

heat wrapped around him and his cocked more than ached to be buried inside Xander. Something primal and painful was demanding to be inside the human.

Whatever wild and untamed thing that had gone quiet in him roared back to life with a vengeance. It wanted Xander now! It wasn't just the threat of firing the chip that stopped Spike, it was that this was Xander. Soul or no soul, he loved him! He'd had the moment Angel had promised the gangly youth to him. Something about him called to Spike and the vampire held it precious.

The finger wiggled deeper inside of Xander searching for something. Xander let out a wild scream of unbridled pleasure when the finger brushed against that hidden spot for which it had been looking. Spike took the opportunity to slip another finger inside. He twisted and turned working Xander's ring open wider.

Xander lay panting on the bed now like a prey run to ground and helpless. Spike worked a third finger inside. His pet barely grunted. The vampire smiled. He let his fingers now play lazily inside his pet. He let them twist, turn and open Xander up wider. Every now and then he'd send them pushing and brushing over Xander's little spot until his pet would lie gasping,

“Please..please..please.”

Spike licked and lapped at the sweet sweat gathering around where his fingers worked. He kept it moist and ready. He reveled in the taste and when he judged Xander was ready he pulled his fingers slowly all the way out.

“No...Spike,” Xander whimpered when he finally registered the vampire had stopped playing with his ass.

“Time for a new treat,” Spike purred while he urged Xander up on his knees. It wasn’t easy. His pet was almost completely lost in a sensual haze. Still, Spike managed to coax him into position with kisses, pets and licks.

Then the vampire positioned himself behind his pet. He looked at Xander's waiting ass knowing that his hole was shiny, red and well stretched. It was a virgin hole waiting for him. Spike spit in his hand and coated his painfully hard cock.

He moved forward and nudged gently at Xander’s ass.

“Spike?” Xander whispered.

“Tell me if ya want me ta stop,” Spike said. At this moment he still could. He always would.

For one brief instance Xander was tempted to put the blinders back on. He was tempted to panic and flee. Yet the moment was brief. It was fleeting and it was the last of its kind. Somewhere in another universe another Xander had been brave enough not only to defend Sunnydale but to love Spike. That Spike had loved him so deeply he'd gone to another universe to try and get him back.

Xander had gone all his life just being another screw up. He'd gone all his life looking to be loved and to be really wanted. More than to be a hero he wanted to be worth crossing a universe for. Spike could and would give him that.

“Don't stop..don't ever stop,” Xander pleaded.

“Never,” Spike promised as began to push forward. Xander's hole fought briefly but then gave way. Spike slid inside.

Both men gasped. Xander was filled and felt a connection

he'd never known, not even with Anya! Spike burned. He'd felt like he'd found home!

"Xan!" Spike panted for forgiveness as he couldn't stop from beginning to thrust. He couldn't help it. He'd waited so long and now he was here, inside Xander! He was sheathed warm and tight inside this infuriating, wonderful, brave and loving human!

"Please!" Xander begged as he thrust back against Spike. He needed this as much as the vampire. He needed this arrogant, bossy, stubborn, impetuous, and romantic fool of a vampire.

"YES!" Spike growled as he began to rock inside Xander. Xander laughed and thrust back in time to Spike's thrusts instinctively finding the ancient rhythm that would bring them both pleasure.

They moved together in the dance of lovemaking. Spike sheathed inside of Xander's hot and tight core. He burned with both a need to come and a need to be there forever. He reached out and stroked Xander's cock which was once again hard and needy.

They gasped and groaned riding each other searching for

that moment of release and yet trying to delay it.

“I never wanna let this go,” Xander panted.

“Don’t have ta,” Spike answered as their world spun higher and faster.

“Don’t wanna go back..”

“Won’t...”

“Need you...”

“Want you...”

“LOVE YOU!” They screamed in unison as Spike’s cool seed spilled deep inside Xander as his cock pounded the human’s sweet spot.

Xander arched and bucked. His hot spend began to dribble over Spike’s hand.

“Gaha SPIKE!!” Xander cried.

“Xander!” Spike shouted. He vamped. His claim wasn’t complete! He needed more! He pulled Xander’s into his

lap. He buried his face into Xander's neck.

A scream of agony erupted from Spike's throat!

Part Seven

"Stop! Spike!" Xander shouted as he continued to struggle against the vampire's hold as he began to understand what was happening. "Spike you can't bite me! The chip!"

Spike jerked him harder. The chip fired. The vampire roared.

"Spike! Stop!" Xander gasped. Spike snarled.

Somewhere a door slammed. Footsteps echoed.

Spike growled. He mewled and held Xander.

"Spi..."

The bedroom door opened. The other Spike stood in the doorway. Xander blinked. His Spike snarled and growled.

"I thought you left?" was all Xander could think to say as he sat naked and breached in his Spike's lap smelling of

sex.

“I did,” the other Spike said.

The feral Spike still inside Xander clutched him tighter. Xander hissed as the hold hurt his ribs. Spike screamed.

“Then I remembered what you’d said about the chip,” the other Spike said as he cautiously moved further inside the room.

“The chip? You know why he’s provoking it?” Xander yelled above the naked Spike’s snarls.

“He’s claiming you. The demon has a need ta taste you...”

Xander blushed. He’d been *tasted* all right.

“Taste *all* of you,” the other Spike continued.

Xander paled as the clue bus arrived.

“You mean..?”

“He doesn’t need much, Xan,” the other Spike said as slipped close to the bed.

Spike jumped. Xander screamed. Spike's chip fired and the vampire yelled.

"Until he does..he..." the other Spike said.

"He's gonna be wild and crazy Spike?"

The other Spike nodded as he eased his way on to the bed. Naked Spike tried to jerk Xander back. Once again they both screamed.

"Will you stop it! You're aggravating him and hurting us!" Xander yelled.

"I'm trying ta help you!" argued the other Spike.

"Yeah! Well do a better job!"

"Give me your hand," the other Spike ordered.

"What?"

"Give me your hand!"

"Did you drop IQ points while you were gone? Can't you

tell naked Spike doesn't like you? The closer you get to me the grumpier *he* gets? Don't you think he'll fry something if we hold hands?"

"Listen, ya git, *I* can bite you," Spike hissed.

"Oh that'll make him happy!" Xander shouted back.

"Yes! Yes it will!"

"How!"

"Because when I'm done you can offer him your bleeding arm!"

Xander's mouth paused in mid-retort. The other Spike's plan might work.

If I can trust him, Xander thought. He studied the other Spike.

"Xan," Spike said. "I wouldn't hurt you."

Xander blushed. He remembered how he'd felt just a few minutes before in the throes of passion. If this Spike and his Xander had felt the same way, the decision was easy.

“You’ll have to be quick,” Xander warned.

The other Spike grinned. “Fastest fangs in the west.”

Xander snorted as he shot his arm out. One Spike let out an enraged howl while the other grabbed at Xander’s arm.

Cool lips wrapped around Xander’s wrist while a piercing shriek of agony filled the room. Xander saw his Spike’s clawed hand fall away from Xander’s arms even while he felt fangs piercing through his skin.

Xander gasped. There was a brief moment of suction, the smooth slide of a tongue and then heat was flowing from him. The other Spike released his arm.

“Now, pet!” Spike shouted.

Xander pulled his arm back. He turned as best as he could in his Spike’s hold. He offered his bleeding wrist to the snarling vampire behind him.

“Spike...please,” Xander begged trying to reach his vampire.

Suddenly an arm wrapped around Xander's waist. Another grabbed Xander's wrist. Once again cool lips and a tongue slid over Xander's torn flesh. There was a sweet intimate pull and tug which shot a sensation deep into Xander's core. It was erotic and yet it wasn't sexual. He gasped.

He could feel his blood pumping into Spike's suckling mouth. He could feel the vampire drawing his life's fluid into him and the intense erotic feeling inside him grew. It was dark and sweet. He whispered Spike's name and found he wanted his blood to flow. He wanted to give this to his vampire. He leaned into the embrace while willing the liquid to flow faster. *This is what the other Xander must have felt for his Spike, Xander thought. He must have shared this with him. I wonder what I..he would have done if Spike had been the one to die.*

Xander's eyelids drooped. The nursing sensation eased. A tongue lapped gently at his wrist. Xander sighed.

The bed shifted. Somebody moved toward the door.

"Wait," Xander whispered.

The tongue froze. Xander forced his eye lids back open. The other Spike stood by the bedroom door staring sadly at the two naked figures satiated, bloody and entwined on the bed.

“Stay,” Xander invited sleepily.

The gentle licking strokes ceased.

“Pet?” Xander’s Spike asked.

“He’s got nowhere else to go,” Xander.

“Xander,” both Spikes said in unison.

“He helped us. We should help him,” Xander argued.

“Pet,” Spike said from behind him.

“You’ve claimed me. I’m yours,” Xander said with a yawn, “a claim that might not have happened without his help ‘oh he who forgot about the not being able to bite and didn’t warn the Xan-man.’”

“He has a point,” the other Spike said.

“Yeah..and if I want your opinion...”

“I know...you’ll beat it out of me,” the other Spike smiled as he began to strip.

“OI! Didn’t say you could stay!”

“And ya never will...”

“So why ya gettin’ starkers?” Spike said as he scooted over in the bed pulling his sleepy human close to him.

“Cuz we both know I’m stayin,” the other Spike grinned.

“Just cuz Xander asked?”

“Get used ta it. Ya won’t be able to deny him much.”

“Yeah?”

The other Spike nodded as he tugged off his boots. “He’s a cheeky git who always seems ta find himself in the middle of trouble...”

“Got that part,” Spike snorted as he kissed the top of Xander’s head.

“And he’s got perfect hearing,” Xander mumbled sleepily.

“Go ta sleep,” both Spikes ordered.

“Bossy much?” Xander turned in Spike arms and buried his face in the vampire’s chest.

“Get used to it,” the other Spike rumbled softly as he slid into bed on the other side of Xan.

“Just remember who’s boy he is,” the original Spike warned.

“Mn amotboy,” Xander protested.

“Sleep,” Spike whispered with another kiss to Xander’s head.

“He hates that,” the other Spike grinned.

“Thanks for the tip,” Xander’s Spike replied.

~*~*~*~*~

The next day had been awkward when Xander woke. The room still smelled of sex and the slight iron tang of blood. Worst of all, Xander was smushed between two naked and half aroused vampires.

Still, Xander didn't have long to wonder about his predicament. He had more pressing concerns, like a full bladder. He wasn't sure about the etiquette when waking up to go the bathroom when you're the middleman in a puppy pile but at that moment he didn't care.

He jumped up.

"OI!" Both Spikes complained.

"Sorry!" Xander squealed as he crawled off the end of the bed and made a mad dash for the bedroom.

"Bloody git!" the twin Spikes shouted after him.

After taking care of his morning ablutions, Xander decided to take a shower. He was sweaty, crusty and a bit bloody. Plus, if he were to admit it to himself, he wasn't ready to face the Spikes. He knew he would

eventually but he was hoping for a little more time. *Time to figure out just what I've gotten myself into*, Xander wondered.

~*~*~*~*~

The powers that be had an odd way of answering prayers on the Hellmouth. The phone was ringing when Xander stepped out of the shower. He grabbed a towel, slung it around his waist and dashed for the living room. He made it just in time to see one of the Spikes, he wasn't sure which one, pick up the phone.

"Yeah!" he barked. There was a pause as the person on the other end spoke.

"Uh huh," Spike said. Xander snapped his fingers and motioned for the phone. Spike just smiled and raked his eyes over Xander. The human snapped his mouth shut with an audible "SNAP."

A soft whistle from the bedroom doorway caught Xander's attention. There was another Spike standing there. That's when it registered with Xander, *both* Spikes

were naked! Xander blushed while high tailing it back to the bathroom. He hadn't been granted enough time.

~*~*~*~*~

He was still glaring at the Spikes when they were gathered back in Buffy's dining room. Willow had pictures from her hacked feed to the Sunnydale morgue pulled up. Much to Xander's odd relief the phone call hadn't been about the Doublemint Spike situation.

"So as you can see, we have something new in town," she said.

"Landshark?" Xander asked as he turned away from what seemed to be left of a torso and a foot of Don Reynolds former mailman.

"Werewolf?" Dawn asked cheerily trying to peek around Willow.

"Drokken," the other Spike said with a deadly chill in his voice.

"D..drokken?" Tara asked.

“Cookies?” the Buffybot offered.

“Off!” ordered Willow. The Buffybot went still with a plate of cookies in her hand. Dawn snatched three.

“It’s a hellhound of sorts. Very..very hard to kill. Two hearts and both need to be removed and stopped from beating before it dies,” the black clad Spike said.

“You fought one of these things before then?” Xander’s Spike asked.

The other Spike nodded. “It..it’s what killed Xander.”

The girls gasped. Dawn’s cookies fell from her fingers. The red shirted Spike growled and the other Spike turned away.

“I’m sorry,” Xander said.

“We were on patrol. Been findin’ a string of bodies like this across town. Finally Xander decides to use himself as bait...”

“And you *let* him!” Spike snarled.

“Spike!” Willow said. Tara stared at the men for a moment then laid a hand on her lover. She shook her head gently.

“There was no *letting* him do anything!” Spike growled back. “Figure that out quick and maybe you’ll do a better job of keeping your Xander alive then I did mine!”

“Your Xander?” Dawn mouthed at Tara. Tara smiled and put her finger over her lips.

“Hey! Xan-man, standing right here,” Xander said.

“And here’s where you are staying until we kill this thing,” his Spike barked.

“Oh no!” Xander turned and glared at his Spike. “Don’t think for one minute you get to pull that crap with me! I have just as much right to go out and get myself killed as the other Xander did!”

Both Spikes growled.

“Uh, Xander?” Willow asked. “Is there something you want to share with the class?”

Xander blinked, blushed and shook his head. He turned back to the other Spike. “What happened?”

“I was late! I was too fucking late!”

Willow cupped Dawn’s ears. She rolled her eyes.

“When I realized Xan had snuck off without me, I followed as quick as I could. But there were some fledges attacking some stragglers on the way home from the Bronze. I stopped to save the kiddies, dust the baddies and then pick up Xander’s trail. It’s what we’d done a hundred times together. Bloody hell if we’d been together it’d been practically foreplay!”

“Dawn honey,” Willow said, “why don’t you go to your room?”

“Unh UH!” Dawn said with wide eyes.

“And when ya...” Spike prompted.

“I knew the smell of his blood,” the other Spike said softly. “I could tell you exactly the number of times I’d tasted it.”

Willow made an “ew” face and looked worriedly at Tara. Tara smiled reassuringly and squeezed her hand.

“I smelled his blood long before I found him and the monster. Xan..he..he’d wounded it,” Spike choked, “it was hurt but..not enough. Not enough not to have...”

“To have...” Xander gently pressed needing to know what had happened to his counterpart.

“It ripped him open!” Spike snarled.

“Xander!” Dawn whispered with tears in her eyes. Tara and Willow pulled her close.

Spike snaked an arm around Xander’s waist.

“Is that what you wanted to hear! He was ripped wide open! Bleeding! Dying! And the thing was still chargin’ him! I...I...” the other Spike began to falter. Xander reached for him.

Once again Xander was suddenly sandwiched between two Spike’s. One was holding him tight, protecting him. The other holding him tight seeking comfort from him.

“You did everything you could,” Xander whispered.

“I was too, late, pet,” Spike cried. “Too late! I killed it but you..you..you were already...”

“Shhhh,” Xander said while he stroked and kissed the crying Spike’s hair. “It was my choice to go out. I should have waited for you.”

“I shouldn’t have wasted time on the fledges.”

“That’s not what I would have wanted, and you know it.”

“But I might have gotten there in time...there might have still been enough life left ...”

“To what? Turn me, Spike?” Xander asked.

The vampire nodded.

“And you think I really would have wanted that? “

“I couldn’t...can’t...Xander...you...you’re my everything!”

“Spike listen to me,” Xander said softly. “Look at me.”

Spike raised his head. He looked at Xander.

“Willow..me ...all of us. This isn’t the first time we’ve dealt with alternate universes. We’ve met another version of Willow, a vampire version. One who came from a universe where *I* am..was a vampire and it ain’t pretty, Spike.”

“But...the curse...my soul...”

“You think me as a vampire I’d want anything to do with a soul? You’re wrong! There’s nothing of love left in me, Spike. Nothing that would have fought for a soul. Nothing that would want a soul. Nothing that would have even loved you back! In that universe I was one of the Master’s favorites! Hell, Angelus would probably want my autograph.”

“No..” Spike shook his head.

“Yes,” Xander insisted. “Listen to me, if you couldn’t save me. If I died because I was reckless and stupid..because I didn’t wait for you I’m sorry. That was selfish of me. You didn’t..*don’t* deserve that..but you have to believe me when I tell you turning me would have been just as

reckless.”

“But Xander...”

“No buts Spike...” Xander said firmly then pulled the vampire closer. The vampire stared at the human for a moment then sank to his knees. Xander followed with his Spike sinking in tandem behind him.

As the other Spike began to silently shake with grief the girls quietly slipped away from the room. They were gone before the heart breaking sobs escaped the vampire. Xander held him the entire time.

Part Eight

“How is he?” Willow asked several hours later when Xander slipped into the kitchen for a glass of milk and PB&J.

“He’s Spike,” Xander said tiredly.

“So you and...”

Xander sighed. He stared at his best friend. He didn't even know where to begin with this conversation.

“I..It..I mean...”

Willow smiled, “We knew my vampire Willow was kinda gay..but I really had no idea until...well that first time Tara and I did magick together. We touched and ...Wow!”

Xander blushed.

“I think it just took a look,” Xander confessed.

“A look?”

“He was suspicious of the other Spike. Thought he was going to try and..well ..I don't know get a second chance with me. Have another Xander. Spike got all possessive..and just well..'looked' at me. “

“Talk about ‘Wow!’”

“Yeah, don't tell Dawn. We'll never hear the end of it.”

The two friends laughed.

“So..how do you.. I mean...”

“I thought I’d be wiggled out more. I mean not just by the whole the sudden membership into the gay pride parade but with the fact that..uhm..well...” Xander blushed.

Willow’s eyes widened. Her mouth opened wide. “You mean this isn’t just the little ‘l,’” she squealed! “This is the big ‘L?’”

“Shh! Don’t let Dawn hear you!”

“Oh please! I’m standing right here!” Dawn said as the basement door swung wide open. The teenager in question stood on the other side with a big grin on her face. “You! You’re in love with Spike!”

“I’m doomed!” Xander said as he buried his hands in his face.

“But I thought you hated Spike!” Dawn screeched.

“H..hate is often just the fl..flip side of l..love,” Tara said

from behind Dawn.

“Is there no privacy in this house?” Xander asked.

“No!” the girls laughed in unison as they closed ranks around Xander and hugged him. For a moment the four friends laughed and hugged. Their little family was uplifted. The horrors and the sorrows of the past year retreated a bit with the new joy of love.

Suddenly Dawn jerked back. She wore a fierce look on her face and stared at Xander.

“He does love you, doesn’t he, Xander?” she asked. “I mean he’s not just using you for cheap sex!”

“Oi!” Spike shouted as he entered the kitchen. The vampire raked his eyes over Xander. The young man couldn’t help but blush again. “First off, bit, who puts these ideas into yer head?”

“I wonder who?” Willow answered drily.

Spike ignored the witch’s remark as he reached out and tugged Xander to him. Before the human had a chance to struggle or get away the vampire caught him in a deep

possessive kiss. Xander melted. He forgot where he was. He wrapped his arms around Spike's neck and gave as good as he got.

When they parted, Xander was too warm from both embarrassment and need. Spike laughed. He winked at Dawn who was struggling to peek from behind Tara's hands.

"Second, sex with Xander would *never* be cheap," Spike said.

"SPIKE!" the witches shrieked in unison.

Dawn giggled.

~*~*~*~*~

Patrolling the night before had left Sunnydale short a few more vampires but had not turned up any sign of the Drokken other than a few more random body parts. The witches, vampires and Xander had parted near daybreak. The women hoped to find or work up a spell to use the next night to track the creature. The men just hoped for some sleep.

It didn't strike Xander unusual at all for the Spikes to come back home with him. He did have a brief moment of shyness when it came time for bed, but a few kisses from Spike had him relaxed enough to invite the vampire back to his bed. However, he was too tired to do much else besides fall asleep while drooling on Spike's chest. He hadn't even noticed when the other Spike once again crawled into bed with them, this time at his Spike's invitation.

Xander woke up to another awkward morning. This time it wasn't the need to pee that woke him up. This time it was realizing he was the cream filling in the center of a Spike flavored Oreo. He didn't even remember the other Spike joining them in bed last night.

One Spike was pressed close along his back with a happy little Spike wondering if it could slip back inside Xander. The other Spike was pressed close along his front with a happy little Spike wondering if it could make a better acquaintance with little Xander.

A pair of arms was wrapped around his waist and he didn't even want to contemplate the Gordian knot that was the twist of legs wrapped around him. *OK*, Xander

thought. *So not only did I fall off the heterosexual wagon but I went straight past the gay kiddy pool to the Olympic diving well.*

“Stop that,” one of the Spikes mumbled.

“Stop what?”

“Thinking so loud,” the other Spike replied.

Xander frowned then said, “Hey..shouldn’t the claim come with a warning like ‘bloodletting required’ and ‘telepathy gained.’”

“Claim doesn’t give ya telepathy...”

“Well then how did...”

“Cuz yer awake. Means yer mind’s spinning like a mouse in a wheel.”

“Wow..didn’t take long for the romance to die.”

Both Spikes chuckled then kissed Xander’s neck. They froze and stared at each other across Xander.

“Uhm...not a bone here. No fighting over the Xan-man,” Xander said softly trying to ease tensions.

Two hands slid down Xander’s side. Once again the Spikes froze and stared at each other.

“Uhm, guys?” Xander prompted. Suddenly his strange position had grown scary. Somehow he was pretty certain he didn’t want to be a prize between two competing vampires; let alone two competing Spikes. “Thought we settled this yesterday?”

“We did,” Xander’s Spike said.

“Yeah, we did,” the other Spike said.

“So?” Xander prompted.

“So?” the mirror Spike asked as he cocked an eyebrow at his counterpart. Xander’s Spike grinned evilly. How many opportunities like this came along? Now that Xander was safely his, it could be fun..but only if his pet was willing.

“So...” the original Spike sighed as he winked behind Xander. The other Spike grinned. Then once again two sets of lips were nibbling in unison on Xander’s neck.

Once again Xander's mind short circuited. Two sets of hands began to map his body. They were both familiar. *I'm wondering so far away from the hetero club they're gonna strike my name from the books and deny I'd ever been a member!* Xander thought in a brief panic even as he gasped as two mouths began to work and tease one nipple apiece.

"Spike!"

"Mmm?" Both vampires hummed against Xander's flesh.

"I thought..."

"That's your trouble...," one Spike said before nibbling on Xander's ear.

"You're thinking..." the other Spike finished before nibbling on Xander's other ear.

"OOOOHHHH Fuck!" Xander moaned as two hands began to stroke him in tandem.

Xander tried. He really did. He struggled to think about what was happening. He tried to point out that the

vampires had been fighting over him just the night before.

Each point was met with a twin kiss, touch or lick that set his whole body on fire. He'd thought he'd been drowning in Spike the night before. Today he was being *consumed* by Spike.

The closest he got to an explanation to the sudden change was that "it was a vampire thing." This 'verse's Spike had staked his claim and he no longer felt threatened by his other self. Besides Spike better understood Spike's grief and he could afford to share.

Xander would have questioned that statement more if there hadn't been two mouths laying claim to each one of Xander's heavy balls. He ran his fingers through two sets of Billy Idol hair and groaned.

Looking back, Xander would never know if it was heaven or hell being made love to by two Spikes. There was never enough of him and way too much of Spike. There were always fingers, mouths, and tongues tasting and teasing him.

Not of an inch of his body had been left unexplored. He'd

been stretched and filled. At one point he'd had Spike's cock deep in his ass hitting that sweet spot deep inside even while he was learning to roll his tongue around the spongy head of the other Spike's cock to milk it for all its sweet musky flavor.

He'd had his neck opened in two places by the other Spike. Sweet licks by both Spikes had teased blood from him sending him into a delirium of need and submission.

Two mouths had played his cock like a flute gliding up and down him taking turns deep throating him until Xander was begging to come. And always there had been husky words of love. There had been declarations of desires and vows of fidelity.

Xander had been on sensation and emotion. He'd never been cherished or adored like that. He'd stared into Spike's blue eyes. What he saw there had taken his breath away. He'd seen vulnerability. He'd seen a kindred spirit desperately seeking someone to love and cherish him.

Xander had cum filling Spike, being filled by Spike and vowing his love to the irascible vampire. He'd fallen asleep spooned between the two vampires as they

purred over and around him while licking the salty remains of salty sweat, seed and blood from him. He'd never felt more loved, protected or cherished.

Part Nine

An annoying ringing woke him up. Xander groaned. Not only was he sore in places he didn't know he could *get* sore, he wasn't even sure how to begin to untangle himself from the bodies around him. The phone continued to ring. The vampires snarled.

"Uhm, Spikes?" Xander said.

"Bloody hell!" They snarled again. Suddenly the bed was empty as two vampires leapt from the bed each racing for the phone. Xander rolled his eyes. He snuggled back under the covers. *They'll tell me if it's something important*, he thought with a tired grin.

~*~*~*~*~*~

“You sure this is gonna work?” Xander’s Spike asked.

“It’s a modified version of a demon location spell we’ve used before,” Willow explained.

“And it isn’t it going to double ping around Spike and Spoke here?” Xander asked.

“Git!” the Spikes growled.

“Th..that’s why it’s m..modified,” Tara said patiently.

“So how is this going ta work?” The other Spike asked.

“We just follow the bouncing ball,” Willow chirped.

“The bouncing ball?” Xander asked.

Willow grinned and opened her clenched fist. A small glowing green ball hovered in her palm.

“We’re gonna follow Tinker Bell?” Xander’s Spike asked.

“It’s just a locator, not a sprite,” Willow explained then ordered, “*Quaere!*”

The light began to glow brighter, bounce and then it leaped from Willow's hand. It zigged left and then zagged right before racing south down the street. The quartet sprung into action and followed.

The ball moved quickly. The humans struggled to keep up while the vampires worked to keep the ball in sight without losing their companions.

"Next time include a slow speed with this thing, Will," Xander panted while running.

"Noted," Willow replied as she ran.

The ball zoomed left. The group followed. Suddenly there was a loud scream.

"Fledges!" Xander's Spike growled.

"Vampires?" Xander looked around. Another scream pierced the opposite alley from where the ball had dashed down.

"We have to help them," Willow yelled.

“We’ll lose the ball,” Xander’s Spike barked.

“It’s the right thing ta do!” The other Spike yelled as he dashed toward the screams.

“Bloody do gooder!” the original universe Spike sneered as he followed his doppelganger. The others followed him.

Three women were surrounded by a group of five snarling vampires. They were swinging at them with broken beer bottles. The vampires were laughing.

“I don’t think the whole ‘big brutish undead monster’ thing is working for you,” Xander quipped as he darted up behind the vampires.

“Yeah?” one snarled as it turned to face Xander.

“Yeah!” The two Spikes said in unison.

Up until that moment Xander would have been willing to swear it was impossible for a vampire to pee his pants in fear, but that was before he saw a fledge face down two vamped out Spikes. He didn’t have long to enjoy the sight.

Suddenly it wasn't just the screams of the girls bouncing off the narrow walls of the alley. The four remaining vampires erupted in a mix of startled screams and snarls as they faced off against their new opponents.

Meanwhile Xander dodged blows and angled himself in close to the scared women. "Come with me if you want to live," he said.

"Xander!" Willow yelled.

"What? I always wanted to say that line!"

"Freak!" one of the girls said as she darted passed the would be hero.

"Loser," another one said.

The third one mouthed, "Call me."

Oh, now that I discover the Joys of Gay I can pick up the girl with the cheesy movie line, Xander groaned silently.

Tara grinned at Xander. He grinned back. She then helped Willow guide the girls past the snarling whirling mass that was the Spikes and the remaining two fledges.

Xander sighed. He felt the familiar pang of wishing Buffy was there and yet for the first time since she'd died it wasn't a crushing thought. As he saw the three girls making their way down the alley he felt good. Buffy was gone, but they were still making a difference. They were carrying on in her spirit.

Something darted down past alley. It was bright and glowing.

The ball! Xander thought.

"Hey! The spell!" Xander shouted and started to run.

"Xander! Wait!" Willow and Tara cried as he dashed by them.

"Don't want to lose it!" he called over his shoulder.

The ball bounced down the street, turned a corner, and bounced down another street before darting down another alley. Xander pushed himself he almost lost the ball but he managed to just keep it in sight. At the last moment he turned the corner and nearly stumbled.

The ball was glowing a brilliant green. It was literally bouncing off the walls. Xander leaned against the far right wall. He studied the alley while he caught his breath. The ball continued to glow and bounce in the alley.

Xander didn't see anything. He looked behind him. There was no sign of the others yet. That's when he also realized he'd somehow lost his stake. He silently groaned then focused his attention back on the alley.

He studied the shadows looking for anything out of place. It all looked like any other creepy scary alley in Sunnydale. Xander sighed. He suddenly had a bad feeling about this.

His feeling got worse when one of the dark shadows launched itself away from the alley wall and at him! Xander gave what he later hoped was a manly scream and tried to jump back. Yet he was tired. The cumulative effects of too much running, too little sleep, and too much kinky sex the night before had caught up to him.

He stumbled and fell on his ass.

A huge demonic horror of dripping fangs, green glowing

eyes, and long black talons leapt towards him.

*I'm gonna die, Xander thought as the Drokken pounced.
I'm gonna die because I had gay sex..gay threeway sex!*

The beast howled. Xander screamed. He braced for death.

Another snarl rent the air. Xander opened his eyes to see Spike tackling the beast mid-pounce.

“Spike!” Xander cried as he stumbled to his feet.

Both demons howled. There was the sound of ripping and tearing flesh. Blood splattered across the street. Bodies landed. Xander rolled out of the way of the carnage. He turned and looked. Spike was trying to get to his feet. He was battered, bloodied, and his side was ripped open. Xander could see parts of Spike he never wanted to see of the vampire.

“SPIKE!” he cried again.

Spike looked at him. His face shifted from vampire to human. Blue eyes stared lovingly at Xander.

“Got my second chance,” he whispered.

‘NO!’ Xander screamed. The Drokken pounced again. Spike snarled, once again in vamp form. Fangs ripped into flesh. The beast screamed as Spike ripped a chunk out of its side. He plunged his hands deep into the thing’s chest. He tore at the flesh and sinew covering its hearts.

The beast roared reared back and swung a talon at Spike’s head.

“SPPPIIIKEE!” Xander cried in horror.

There was a sickening squelch then an odd obscene moment of silence as Spike head parted clean from its body. His body hung briefly in place before burning to ash and floating away on the wind!

“NOOOOO!” Xander screamed.

The Drokken swiveled its attention back towards the human. Xander froze. He felt in his pocket. His trusty stake was gone.

The monster leaped! Once again it was thwarted. The Drokken shrieked as a cross bolt slammed into its torn

and exposed chest.

Xander turned around and Tara smiled grimly at him. Willow fired a bolt of her own. The demon screamed again. A familiar snarl commanded Xander's attention.

He turned back to face the beast in a nightmarish déjà vu! Spike! Spike was attacking the Drokken!

"NO! Spike! NO!" Xander screamed and tried to run towards his lover.

Fangs and talons swung. They missed. Arms plunged deep into the beast chest. A high piercing cry split the night as Spike ripped one heart from the other demon's chest. He threw it on the ground. Another bolt from Tara pierced it as Willows arms grabbed at Xander.

"Move back, Xan," Willow cried.

"Spike!" Xander cried fighting with the red-haired woman.

The beast shuddered. Another howl rent the night air. A second heart landed on the street and was pierced by a bolt.

The Drokken let loose a final rattling bellow then collapsed. Spike stood triumph and bloody over the carcass. Xander broke free from Willow and rushed to Spike. "You idiot! You asshole! You..fangless..bleach-headed.. *Passions* addled idiot! I *hate* you!" Xander screamed.

The vampire snarled. He grabbed Xander. "Feeling's mutual, wanker!" Spike growled before he kissed Xander like he'd never get another chance to kiss him again.

Xander pulled the vampire close. He didn't care about the Drokken blood, the ash on the wind or the witches watching behind him. All he cared was Spike was real, was alive and was kissing him so hard it hurt.

Finally the two men parted. Xander stared at Spike. There was too much blood. It was too dark but he *had* to know for sure. He had to.

"Hit me," Xander said.

"Wot?"

"Hit me!" Xander ordered again.

“Have you gone daft..er?” Spike asked checking to see if his pet had been hit on the head. Xander threw a punch into Spike’s shoulder.

“Ouch!” Spike roared.

“Xander?” Willow asked

“HIT ME!” Xander yelled.

“Oh, bloody hell, pet!” Spike cried and punched Xander in the nose. Immediately he grabbed his head as pain blossomed out from the chip. “Satisfied, ya git?”

“You hit me in the nose!” Xander said as he cradled his face.

“You told me to!” Spike yelled.

“I told you to hit me, not break my nose!”

Tara giggled.

“Oh, sorry, where should I ‘hit ya’ next time ya silly bugger?” Spike quipped.

“There will be no more hittin’ of the Xan-man!” Xander shouted.

“Well why bloody hell this time?”

“I had to be sure it was you!”

Now Willow was giggling. There was something so familiar and yet so new to the way the men squabbled. Tara nudged her and they quietly retreated.

“Of course it was me!”

“I had to be sure,” Xander said.

“And givin’ me a headache was the only way ta do it? Ya couldn’t have just asked?”

“You might of lied,” Xander replied.

“Oi! Would not!”

“Would too! You’re a vampire! ‘Big Bad’, remember?”

“Oh for...that’s it. I’m done. I always get the nutters,”

Spike said as he stalked off.

“Hey! Where are you going,” Xander yelled.

“To get cleaned up!”

“You’re going the wrong way,” Xander said. Spike stopped and turned around. He looked at Xander. “My place is back the other way.”

“Xan...” Spike sighed in defeat.

“Just don’t call me boy,” Xander warned.

“Wouldn’t dream of it,” Spike lied as he bounded back to his pet. Once again he kissed him. This time it was gentle, sweet and full of promise. Xander sighed. He looked at the dead Drokken. A sadness pierced his heart as he thought of the other Spike.

“He got his wish, pet,” Spike said softly. “Might not have been in the way he wanted, but in the end he had another chance to save you and he did.”

“I just..it..well it just doesn’t seem right. He should be with his Xander,” the human said his eyes shimmering

with unshed tears for the doomed lovers.

“Who’s ta say he isn’t, luv? Who’s ta say he isn’t?” Spike replied before taking Xander’s hand and leading him home.

*Let me be the only one
To keep you from the cold
Now the floor of heav’n is laid
With stars of brightest gold
They shine for you
They shine for you
They burn for all to see
Come into these arms again
And set this spirit free*

-Love Song for a Vampire
Annie Lennox

The End