

See, this is what happens when i'm sick and want to write. drabble turned into 1837 words. excessive schmoop and smut. ::mwah::

 [darkhavens](#) Jalapeno dip,
 [jack4will](#) chocolate,
 [saifai](#) sweet cream,
 [adis723](#) caramel apple cheesecake,
 [piratepurple](#) coffee with cream and sugar.

Set sometime after Spike moves out of the basement.

Blame it on the Dip

by
Kyrieane

It all started over a bowl of jalapeno chip dip. How was I to know Spike would take offense at the smell? There I was, minding my own business, watching the football game. Here comes fangless, sneaking around, looking for stuff of MINE that he can pawn off for 'a bit of dosh'. Whatever the hell that means. He made it to the bottom of the stairs before his nose did that crinkle up thing, where he looks like a cute little pug? Oh, I so did not just think that.

"What is that rotten smell?" I swear to God he

reached for an imaginary hankie stuffed up his sleeve. I know I put on deodorant, and clean socks. Even took a shower today. So it's not me he smells. He takes a couple of steps into the basement, and that crinkle just gets worse. I look at the table to try and figure it out. Chips, dip and soda. Chocolate ding-dongs, Twinkies, and apple slices. Everything a growing boy needs to watch his favorite football team kick ass. While I'm trying to figure it out, here comes Spike, climbing over the back of the couch and plopping his ass down next to me. He keeps his arm tucked close to his body, but sticks out a finger to point at the dip.

"What in the nine levels of Hell is *that*?"

"Um...jalapeno dip?" Hrm, if it smells spicy to me, wonder what it smells like to a vampire? And hey! Vamp repellent! I could have something here!

"Please pet, out of respect to anything with a nose...shoot it, bury it, put it out of it's misery." He kinda wriggles back into the couch, face all squinched up like he just ate a whole lemon grove. This could be fun.

So I did what any self-respecting happy meal on legs would do. I scooped out a fingerfull of dip and shoved it under his nose. Instant bumpy-brow!

With fangs! Now, I know Spike can't hurt me, so that whole sense of self-preservation just kinda flew right out the window. When it comes back, it's so fired.

Spike grabbed my hand to push it away, all growly and snapping, so while he was distracted with that I got another finger full, and shoved that under his nose! So to make a long story short, (actually I don't really remember what happened, but I was laughing, and Spike was growling) we wound up rolling off the couch and landing on the floor. Spike had me pinned, arms up above my head with jalapeno dip smeared all over both of us, and I came to a couple of pretty earth shattering conclusions.

Spike all bumpy and growly was pretty damned hot.

That wasn't a stake in his pocket.

Did I mention self-preservation went bye-bye? Yeah, so did common sense.

"So, Spike, got me where you want me?" He just growled at me and held my hands tighter.

"Whatcha gonna do to me then?"

Now, Cordy and I may have had our problems, but she was a spectacular teacher. She always said I had 'the most kissable bottom lip on the planet.' And taught me a trick or two.

Tongue out, flick and slide right across that bottom lip. Little cant of the hips to show Spike that wasn't a stake in my pocket either. His eyes went from liquid gold to liquid fire. Oh yeah, I am the Xan-man!

"You don't know what you're playin with pet."
Spike's jaw was clenched so tight, the words were barely more than a hiss. I put on my very best 'oh, yeah, right' look. The same one that makes Giles suck in enough breath to almost give himself a hernia.

All of a sudden, his forehead got smooth again, and the fangs disappeared, but his eyes stayed that yellow fire color. It was just like when I was on the swim team. The light kinda faded out and got all wavy, and all the air was sucked out of my lungs and I felt heavy. Then Spike kissed me. His eyes went back to blue, and his lids dropped. His hands slid down my arms so he could brace himself up on my shoulders.

Free hands!

The kiss itself was soft and sweet and a little on the shy side, like he was afraid to push too hard, like I was gonna stop him. So i put my hands on his shoulders, curled right around the bumps and ridges of his bones. The rational part of my brain told the hormone part of my brain to be careful. Spike was way too skinny, I could actually feel all the bones in his shoulders, and they felt hollow and frail like a bird. The hormone part of my brain told the rational part of my brain that for kisses like this I would be more than happy to knock over the nearest blood bank and feed him so full his belly got all bloated.

Ewww. Scratch that mental. Just kiss.

And here is where we introduce Cave!Xander.

“Clothes....please....off?”

Cave!Xander, meet Cave!Spike.

Growl...Purr...Whimper

My shirt gets ripped, buttons flying and pinged off the table, wall. T.V. Spike quits touching me long enough to jerk his T over his head, and I almost cry. I can count his ribs, and they are covered in

bruises.

Cave! Spike, meet Cave! Xander, alpha male extraordinaire. I still had blood left over from when Spike stayed here, human even, and he is going to drink every drop before the pants come off!

Spike still has me pinned though, and getting to the fridge like this might be a little tough.

"Spike, let me up." And look in his eyes shatter just like a glass dropped on the floor. Fuck. So I prop myself up and kiss him again. Still soft, still gentle.

"Just for a minute. I need to grab something." He rolls and twists until the couch stops his squirming. And he's silent. Knees pulled up and arms wrapped tight around his shins. Fuck again. I kneel up in front of him, put my hands on his face, and kiss him again.

"This isn't a stop, this is a hold on and let me grab something, ok?" I wait until he actually looks at me and nods before I let go and stand. Make it to the fridge in record time, there are four blood packs in the freezer, and a Caramel Apple cheesecake. Hmm....dinner and desert. Works for me. Spike doesn't even look at me while I heat up the blood,

just keeps his head tucked down. If he knew how he looked right now, he would probably say 'fuckit' to the chip and tear out my lungs. Sad and alone and so very very lonely. That stops now.

Mug and blood packets in one hand, cheesecake in the other, and I'm kneeling down by my vampire again. And Spike is pushing me away and shaking his head no.

"Make you a deal?" I say it soft enough he has to look up and lean in close. "You drink these, and I will show you all the fun things I can do with my handy dandy detachable shower head." One flutter of amazingly long eyelashes, check. One mischievous grin, check. And four empty blood packets. Bribery works every time.

"Let me make that shower worthwhile luv?" I've seen these hands snap a demon in half. Seen them tear a tree right out of the ground. And yet they are as light and soft as a whisper on my skin.

Spike pulls a blanket off the couch, spreads it out across the floor then pushes me back. I don't even feel his fingers on my fly, just the cool air of the room drifting across my cock. He's quick and tender and amazingly proficient taking my jeans off. Thank god I was already barefoot!

Rustling sounds, then something cold and slick is being smeared over and around my nipples. Gah!

“Always wanted to know how chocolate would taste on your skin.” And then there are no more words, not from Spike anyway. His mouth is busy sucking and licking and oh my God those are teeth and where did his hands go...oh...wait...there they are and does he have a dozen hands?

“Tastes better than I imagined.” His finger is touching my bottom lip now. Sweet and caramelly and appley. I suck his finger into my mouth, look up at him from under my lashes, another Cordy trick. Then it’s not his finger in my mouth, it’s his tongue. His hands are wrapped around my cock and brushing against my nipples and tangled in my hair and I’m floating drowning burning dying.

“Just like sweet cream pet, so thick and smooth against my tongue. Lap you up and drink you down.” Then his lips are firm against my throat, I don’t remember when he took off his jeans, hand curled around both our cocks now slow and even and rhythmic. He sucking my collarbone now and I know I know...

“Yes...please yes.” I thought it and screamed it

and cried it. And he did. Fangs so delicate and erotic, slicing my skin like the finest silk. The room exploded into fireworks. Spike howled against my throat, pressed me down to the floor, held me there until the spots faded and the ground quit shaking. He whispered something in my ear, nonsense love words.

I'm cold when Spike moves and he just pets me and soothes me and tells me he'll be right back. He trusted me to return so I trust him now.

Alone for too long, but my eyes are too heavy to open, my legs too shaky to stand up. Then he is sitting on the floor next to my hip, warm washcloth cleaning my belly and chest.

"C'mon pet, brought you some coffee." I can smell it now, my eyes fight me but I get them open. Spike is cross legged on the blanket, grinning and nude. Two cups of coffee sit between us, his is black and thin, acrid in its purity. Mine, however, is just the way I like it. Thick and pale and sweet.

"Shower now, Xan?" his fingers fidget around the lip of his mug, and he won't look at me.

"What do I have to do to get you to make me coffee like this in the morning?" Spike looks at me

then. It's not often or easy to shock a century plus vamp, and I kinda preen a little because I did.

"Just ask?" And hey! Spike has that little 'tongue across the bottom lip' trick too!

"I'm asking." It's a struggle, but I manage to sit up and take the cup out of his hands before he drops it.

"Alright." And just like that.

Spike is fat and healthy now, and makes me coffee every morning. I ask him to every night. And I credit it all on the jalapeno dip.

The End