

*IT'S A HAPPY BIRTHDAY FIC FOR KEP. IT'S SPANDER AND IT HAS BIG SCHMOOP WARNINGS. SORRY ABOUT THE LOVEY DOVEY FACTOR KEP. I TRIED LMAO.*

*\*blushes\* I forgot [to credit](#) my wonderful beta reader [kitty\\_poker1](#) with all the hard work she put in editing it at a moments notice. She's my shining star. Also \*huge hugs\* to [sangpassionne](#) who read it through and pointed out that names would help the reader understand what was going on in the sex parts. LOL. \*blushes again\**

## **Blighty**

by

**Evil Manic Laugh**

“So, tell me again G man, why is it so important for the fangless wonder here and me to fly off to England ?”

“For the fourth time, Xander – and please don’t keep calling me that ridiculous name – I need you to collect a very important book for me.”

“But...”

Xander Harris looked confused, more confused than usual. Spike thought it made him look rather appealing in a moronic kind of a way.

“Oh, for the love of God, Xander, stop ‘butting’ me. We’re all fed up to the eye teeth of you moping around after Anya left you for that Skgbtfk demon with serious capitalist tendencies and we’re *always* fed up with the annoying vampire so we decided to kill two birds with one stone, as it were, and send you both off on this important errand.”

“I am so not moping; I’ve been doing happy things for weeks. I’ve been bowling and eating donuts and bowling...”

“And writing love sick poems,” grinned Spike.

“And writing love sick poe... Hey, you wrote the poem, Spike, you just made *me* perform it at slam night at the Bronze. It was your Ode to Buf...”

Xander suddenly found himself with his face in one of Giles’s house plants.

“Yoicks!” he said, spitting earth and little white fertiliser bits everywhere. “Guys! Chip! Malfunction!”

“I..I...don’t think he wanted to hurt you, Xander. He was just, um, showing you that the fern needed repotting?” Willow hated rows but even she wasn’t convinced by the validity of this explanation. Still, it seemed to pacify Xander, especially when Buffy passed him the box of donuts to distract him.

“And,” added Willow “when you’re in London you can go sightseeing. Think of all those really old places you can visit and then be mucho happy that Giles is paying.”

“Couldn’t he have paid for me and Anya to go on vacation? That would have been way more of the sexy than being stuck with the bleached one for a week.”

“He prob’ly would have done if she hadn’t given you the push in favour of Green and Warty.” Spike sniggered annoyingly and leafed through one of the Watcher’s books on vampires, scribbling out what he considered to be crap with a marker pen.

“Oh, yeah, and I’m remembering a story about slime and

antlers here.” Xander looked smug but his face fell when he saw how miserable and human Spike suddenly looked.

“S none of your bleedin’ business and, anyway, Dru an’ me, our love was s’posed to be eternal.”

“Hey Fangless, she’ll come back; eternal can be eternal in your case, unless you do anymore of that jumping off tables trying to fall on a pointy stick thing. That was kind of funny though...” Xander saw another little sad look in the vampire's eyes and stopped suddenly.

“Enough of this pointless bickering. You two are off to London and that’s final. Now, if you all have nothing better to do there’s always stocktaking.” Giles had never seen the Magic Box clear so quickly.

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Two days later, Spike and Xander waved goodbye to

everyone and loitered uncertainly at the check in desk.

“Have you got everything? Tickets, fake passport, sunscreen, parasol, security blanket.”

Spike peered into his hand luggage and sighed quietly with relief. His blankie was there. “S’not a security blanket you wanker, it’s coz of my special status. I need to be able to cover up quick, don’t I?”

“Oh, and that’s why you take a little piece of it with you at night when you go out demon hunting.” Xander grinned and handed their tickets and passports over to the girl behind the desk.

“I don’t.”

“You so do.”

“I don’t.”

“Do too.”

“Tosser.”

Once the luggage was checked in and Spike was certain

that his supply of blood bags were gonna be okay they went through passport control and on into the departure lounge.

Xander stared out of the window at the planes taking off. "They're kind of bigger than I thought, and noisier."

Spike knocked back his shot of bourbon. "Oh, is the little pansy boy afraid of flying?"

"Not afraid, you fangless freak, just..." Xander searched for the right word.

"Terrified? Pissing your knickers? Shitting yerself?"

"Nervy," stated Xander, frowning at the gleeful vampire and catching his arm as he was heading up to the bar. "No more for you, Captain Peroxide. Giles was telling me about that alcohol induced psychosis that you can get when you're in a plane and you're psychotic enough already."

Spike pouted then sank down onto one of the plastic chairs and stared at the departure board, all the while mumbling to himself, wishing deep vein thrombosis onto Xander. Uh oh, that was their flight number being called

to board. Spike felt sort of queasy. He'd managed alright on that submarine, only had a little bit of claustrophobia and Angel had helped him out and got him off the bloody thing quick smart. This was pretty much the same but high instead of low and with wings and no Angel to look after him. Uh oh. He was beginning to wish he'd never taken the piss out of Xander.

“Come on, Spike, they've called our flight. Off we go into the wide blue yonder.”

The blond vampire picked up his bag and felt inside his duster pocket, rubbing the worn material of the little square of blanket between his fingers. He was big... Well, kind of small but big where it counted, and very bad... except when vulnerable human girls or boys fluttered their eyelashes at him. He was a fearless vampire...well...

No more thinking about his inadequacies or he'd be crying like a girl in the toilet. Following Xander down the corridors, he took one last long look out of the window at the night time vista of the beautiful, lovely safe ground and sighed a deep heartfelt sigh.

All it took was one pretty pout and a sad explanation of Spike's skin condition and they were first class

passengers with all the luxurious leg room and comfy seats. Fastening his seatbelt, Xander felt all his nerves trickle away and closed his eyes, excited at the thought of finally getting to go somewhere that wasn't The Bronze or the Magic Box or his cousin's place in Portland. This was the life.

He ignored all the safety videos and Captain's announcements and settled back as the plane headed off for the runway. As it turned and began to speed up he felt a hand grip his in a bone crunching clench of agony.

"Ouch, get off." Xander looked at Spike and saw the vampire's usual sneering expression twisted into a tortured snarl of fear. The flicker of gold in those blue eyes terrified Xander; how was he going to explain to the crew that he'd brought a dangerous blood sucking pet along with him for the ride?

"What's the matter?" he hissed through gritted teeth.

"I wanna get off," whispered Spike, still clutching Xander's hand.

"No, no none of the getting off while we're taxiing .." there was a jerk and then the plane took off, leaving

Xander breathless. This was cool. “We’re in the air now, Spike, so chill. You’ll be fine.”

Spike closed his eyes really tight and tried hard to control himself but he really wasn’t the most controlled vampire in the world. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck. They hadn’t been in the air long. Maybe if he wrenched the door off and jumped out all the passengers wouldn’t get sucked out the hole like they did in all the disaster movies.

Disaster movies! Oh Jesus, not a good thought for an emotionally traumatised vampire. You can do this, Spike, you can do it. He closed his eyes and tried to go to sleep, ignoring the raucous voice of the flight attendant as she asked Xander if his ‘friend’ was alright.

After four hours of being completely rigid in his seat, Spike could feel his muscles starting to atrophy. Tension wasn’t the word for how he was feeling. One hand still gripped Xander and the other clutched at the little square of comfort in his pocket but he was hanging on in there, he could get through this as long as ...

NOOOO. The plane hit some turbulence and was buffeted about on a freak wind current. It was all over in

seconds and probably completely routine to frequent flyers and crew... and apparently Xander who was joking about it with the guy in the opposite seat but Spike was fucking terrified and he couldn't control it any longer. The demon emerged and his claws dug into the back of Xander's hand.

"Holy shit, Spike, what are you doing?" yelled Xander, pulling Spike's duster over his head and dragging him out of his seat and down the aisle. The central toilet was unoccupied and Xander pushed Spike inside the tiny cubicle and followed him in.

"You can't vamp out here, you freak."

Spike threw his arms around the boy and nuzzled at his neck, lapping at the warm fragrant human skin.

"No way, Deadboy, you should have had the airline food. It was good. You're not snacking on me coz you're feeling 'peckish'." Xander felt the ridges of bone recede slowly but the tongue still stroked tingly paths of pleasure over him. Spike had found his 'on' button and his cock was getting warmed up and ready for action. The vampire was all over him like a very very naughty rash, making him hot and shivery and confused all at the same time.

What was he doing with his butt in the tiny washbasin, letting Spike run cool fingertips over him, fingers that felt like little tiny ice cubes? He and Anya had loved playing with the ice.

Oh God, Spike was reaching up to him with his mouth. God, kissing a vampire would be horrible; cold dead lips, putrified tongue, tasting of ash and death and rotting flesh.... and sweet clean mintiness? Which was kind of refreshing, not to mention really fucking arousing.

Little Xander was begging to play with Little Spike and Big Xander had to admit that right at this minute he wasn't totally against the idea. But this was Spike? What was he thinking of?

"Please."

The soft whisper against his mouth was his undoing. And soon both pairs of jeans were his undoing as well. It was all very cramped. Eventually they managed to overcome the height difference by Spike slipping out of his pants and straddling him as he sat in the wash basin.

Xander didn't have to do any of the work. He concentrated on keeping himself balanced and holding

onto the horny vampire who was busy licking and nibbling at his neck and slipping his hand up and down both their cocks, playing with the foreskins and rubbing the tips with the palm of his hand 'til both men were squirming.

Xander had never had such an easy lay in his life. To think he, Xander Harris, had managed to join the mile high club on his first flight. If anyone ever asked he could skirt over the details about it being with a male vampire whom he hated more than anyone else in the world, except perhaps Angel and Anya and Green and Warty.

Hmm, really not the time to think about Green and Warty with a delicious tasting Spike nibbling at your lips and whimpering. He pushed down hard with his splayed palm and rocked into Spike's fist. Oh yeah, so close now. Looking down at semi-naked duster clad vampire was too erotic for words.

Was so good. Spike could feel the tension disappear as he stroked their cocks, scraping and rubbing and feeling gorgeous little trembles run through Xander as he leant back against that strong arm which held him securely in place. Reaching forward once again he breathed in human breath and let it warm and relax him. Let his mind

wander and his body take over. Xander's cock hot in his palm made him feel almost human once again. Back when he was a boy and he'd stroked his own erection beneath the covers in the darkness. This was the first time he'd touched a real live prick since. Slipping his tongue into Xander's mouth he explored every inch in a soft leisurely way, in complete contrast to the way his hand sped over the hard flesh, then he pulled away and there was one long drawn out moment of eye contact before they both looked down.

"Yeah," murmured Xander quietly as he came, milky fluid surging out in spurts over Spike. The heat was too much and the vampire buried himself in the crook of Xander's neck and groaned as he reached orgasm, pumping both cocks fiercely then slowing, bringing them both down, as he tugged gently at the shafts.

The moment of realisation dawned quickly. Spike jumped off Xander's knee and Xander climbed out of the wash basin. They bumped together, wet stickiness making contact once more and it all became one of those manly backslapping moments. We may have shared a little spunk but it was all just one of those natural things.

Their fingers met over the toilet paper, eyes meeting

then looking away shyly as they cleaned themselves up as best they could.

“Sorry,” muttered Spike, sounding altogether too much like that little Victorian Wykhamist for his liking.

“De nada,” muttered Xander, sounding altogether too much like that bumbling child.

They were then left with the awkwardness of how to get out of the toilet without alerting suspicion, which was a bit dumb considering everyone had seen them charging in there half an hour ago, but ‘straight manly’ pride was at stake here.

Xander left first, hurrying in a casual manner back to his seat. It was hard to combine both those elements together and he failed pretty badly. Panicking at the thought of what he was going to say to the vampire when he ventured out, he grinned up at the attendant who was passing by with her trolley. Free champagne seemed a good idea so he asked for two glasses and swallowed them both.

Fifteen minutes later Spike pushed past Xander and sat down with a thud and a disgruntled snort.

“Have I missed the drinks again?”

Xander hicced, then clapped a hand over his mouth.

“Yep, sorry, Deadboy, I did get you one but I drank it.”

They exchanged glares which turned to grimaces which turned to embarrassed looks and in the end they both read the in flight magazine from cover to cover and put their headphones on to watch the movie.

At least a millennium passed before they landed at Heathrow. Another millennium went by before they made it through customs and then they stood on a grubby pavement at four in the morning in the rain, waiting for a taxi.

“I thought London would look different,” grumbled Xander in a tired petulant voice.

“‘S a fucking airport, you wanker,” snerked Spike as they climbed into the cab, “Now where are we staying, moron boy?”

Xander consulted his little itinerary that Giles had written out for him. “The Russell Hotel, Bloomsbury, please

driver.”

Spike cringed at the phoney English accent and nudged Xander in the ribs, then did a double take.

“Bloomsbury?”

“Yeah, why?”

“Nothing,” Spike ran his fingers over his blankie “S just. I used to live there is all.”

“Whoa, cool. We could go visit the old ‘The Bloody’ homestead.”

“D’you wanna stick flowers on me grave and shed a few tears over my empty coffin while you’re at it?”

Xander huffed audibly. “I was just trying to be interested, seeing as how we...” The words trailed away and they both stared out of either window, apparently fascinated by the streets.

“I still thought London would look different,” he remarked after a while.

“What did you expect? Carriages, and gaslights and ladies

with bustles and bonnets?”

“I just thought it would look older.”

“I’ll take you to the Tower of London tomorrow if you’re a good boy and then you’ll see old. Mind you, one look at your ugly mug and the bloody ravens’ll leave and that’ll be the end of the monarchy.” Spike sniggered at his own private joke and Xander went back to staring out of the window at the rain. He thought things might have been different since... But no, Spike was his usual irritating self.

They pulled up outside a spectacular hotel and Xander looked up in amazement.

“Holy shit,” he said checking the name against his little piece of paper, “it’s...it’s... it’s...”

“The wrong place?” asked Spike. He never figured that the Watcher would cough up this much dosh for them to stay somewhere.

“No, it’s right.”

“Rupes must have lost his bleedin’ marbles. Or got the Council to pay,” grinned Spike, carrying his luggage up

the steps where a porter promptly took it from him.  
“Come on then, Harris. I’ve got a minibar to raid and telly to watch.”

Once inside, Xander found himself in the embarrassing situation of standing there boggle eyed, with mouth opening and closing like a retarded goldfish. It was just that he’d never seen so much marble in his life; in fact the only marble he’d ever seen was the fake kind on the top of counters in cheap diners. By the time he’d stopped doing his impersonation of a coy carp he noticed Spike having a heated argument with the receptionist.

“...Well book me another room then, I am not sharing with that plonker.”

“What’s a plonker?” asked Xander as he approached warily.

“Never you mind, seems we have a problem. Old Rupes was a bit more of a skinflint than we thought, he’s only booked one room and the hotel are refurbishing so they have no other rooms.

“*Refurbishing,*” interrupted the girl in a snooty voice, toying with her hair and smoothing her skirt in a very

disinterested way.

“Bish then,” said Spike, “but however you want to dress it up it still means I have to share and I don’t want to.”

“You could always take your custom elsewhere. We won’t be offended.” The receptionist smiled graciously and Spike became ever more determined not to concede to her wishes.

“It could be worse,” shrugged Xander.

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“It couldn’t be worse.” Xander stepped back slightly in shock as the porter opened the door and was fully prepared to catch Spike when he fainted in disgust.

“Fuck off.” The vampire managed to remain on his feet but turned much paler than normal.

The porter grinned smugly and carried in their bags then waited expectantly.

“I’ll give you a tip, mate. Don’t show a self respecting

va.."

"Vagabond," interjected Xander, dredging the word up from somewhere and ignoring the frown from Spike.

"Don't show a self respecting *bloke* into a room as bloody putrid as this if you want to get some money for it."

The suite was obviously designed to be a romantic country retreat with green and pink chintz curtains, frilled blinds and -- horror of horrors -- one huge double bed complete with lace canopy and hand embroidered quilt.

"Fu..." Xander' voice drifted into nothingness as he slowly drank in the décor.

"..ck." Spike ended his sentence helpfully, then turned on the porter. "I am not staying here."

"There are no other rooms available, Sir. Would you like me to take your bags downstairs and call a cab for you? I'm sure you'll find another hotel willing to take you in at five in the morning with no prior booking."

"We're staying." Xander chucked his hand luggage onto

the floor and lay down on the bed, hands tucked behind his head. He was too exhausted to trudge around London looking for a hotel with an interior designer who had better taste.

“We’re staying,” echoed Spike “But you can piss off right now and take your poncy fruit basket with you.” The porter did as requested and Xander sighed; Spike wasn’t the one who’d be forced to eat saliva laced food for the duration of their stay.

“Hey,” Xander already sounded half asleep “I might have wanted that.”

“It wasn’t a Dunkin’ Donut basket and I’ve never seen you eat an apple in your life.”

“And I thought you were gonna feed me the grapes.”

“Up your arse, maybe.”

They both fell silent as the unholy images of nakedness and small green fruit in intimate places was too much for them.

“When’ve we got to meet up with Giles’s mate?” said

Spike, trying to change the unspoken subject and hoping that his dick would start to deflate sooner rather than later.

“Tomorrow or is that today or the day after? I’m tired, I need sleep.”

“I need room service.” Spike unpacked his blood bags and stowed all but one away in the refrigerator. Ripping into the plastic with his fangs, he drained the liquid in a couple of gulps and belched appreciatively, smacking his lips.

“You are so gross *and* you spilled it everywhere.” Xander pulled a Cordelia ‘ewww’ face and stared at the floor.

Spike scuffed out the droplets with his boot, “See, the carpet’s so horrible that you can’t even see it.” He grinned and picked up the room service menu, “We gotta make the most of this, seeing as the Watcher’s paying.”

Xander tried to be good but the vampire’s wicked grin was just too enticing to resist, so he grabbed the laminated sheet from Spike and threw himself back onto the bed, studying all the choices.

“Oh, you look right pretty with all that lace around you, pet. Wish I had a camera.” Spike slid next to him and they struggled for menu supremacy for a while before giving in and sharing.

“I want two bottles of Bollinger and smoked salmon and scrambled eggs with a side order of caviar. You order, I’m showering.” Spike hopped off the bed and peered tentatively into the bathroom but, apart from the pink walls and the lace curtains, it wasn’t too bad. He stripped off, leaving the door wide open, and climbed under the hot spray, singing away as he let the water warm him.

By the time Spike emerged from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist, Xander was half asleep on the bed, looking pretty tasty in a nummy treat kind of a way. Spike looked out of the window at the view, quite astounded at how familiar the city looked to him, and he searched the rows of houses to see if he could spot his old family home. When the first rays of dawn began to lighten the sky, he reluctantly pulled the drapes closed then walked over and nudged Xander none too gently.

“Oi, Harris, get your dirty shoes off the bed,” there was a loud knock, “And go answer the door.”

Xander mumbled and rubbed his eyes then rolled onto the floor with a thud and crawled across the carpet, pulling himself up by the door handle and opening it at the same time. "Yeah?"

"Room service." A waiter rolled the trolley into the suite.

"Thanks, mate. Tip the man, Harris, I'm a bit short." Spike pretended to search his towel for money.

Xander opened his wallet and handed five pounds to the waiter, who nodded obsequiously and left them to it.

"You're a lot short, Spike."

"Not where it counts." The vampire flashed Xander and leered.

"Go eat, drink, get dressed. I'll be in the bathroom."

Xander hurried away, disturbed at just how much that fleeting view of naked Spike had got him all tingly again. It must be fatigue; his brain was all messed up due to jet lag. He'd have done anything to have a quick jerk to relax himself but the thought of the vampire lurking outside with his supersonic hearing and x-ray eyes was enough to stop his hand from doing anything other than lathering

the soap all over him. It still felt nice, though.

By the time he had finished showering and dressed himself in old cotton pyjama bottoms, the vampire was fast asleep on the bed, naked except for that little white towel with a piece of old army blanket clenched tightly between his fingers and pressed to his nose.

Trying hard to stop the 'awww' feeling from taking over his brain, Xander woke Spike up with a shove. "Get ready for bed, fangless. The sight of all your naked white flesh is making me nauseous."

"I am ready for bed," said Spike hurriedly hiding his blankie underneath the pillow. "What do you wear?" He looked the human up and down. "Oh, I might have guessed, plaid jimjams."

"I do when I'm forced to sleep unhealthily close to a dead body."

Spike pouted and Xander softened once again. "Well, at least put some boxers on."

Spike looked shifty.

“You *have* packed underwear?” Xander rummaged in Spike’s bag and found one spare pair of jeans, two tee shirts a whole load of questionable porn mags, four hundred Marlboro, three bottles of Jack, several stakes, a small axe, a crossbow, a short sword, a mace...

“SPIKE! How did you get all this through security?”

“I had Willow magic my bag. I wanted to be prepared, just in case the Watcher was trying to off us.”

“Off us? He’s a father figure to me, mister.”

“Well, you have been getting on his tits lately with all the moaning and weeping and excessive Anyaing.”

“If he had ‘tits’ I would not be getting on them.”

Spike sniggered, “That’s quite funny for you, pet. Now, stop rooting around in my underwear and get to bed so we can have brekkie and watch the telly and then have a couple of hours kip.”

“Not that you have underwear.”

“Not that I have underwear.”

Xander fetched Spike a bathrobe. "Put this on. No way I am sleeping with you like that."

Spike slipped into the white velour dressing gown, discarding the towel, and Xander felt a horrible tingle of anticipation pass through him. Why in God's name was he excited at the idea of a naked male vampire in a robe? This jet lag was pure unadulterated evil. He was never travelling again. He climbed under the covers and dragged the trolley nearer to the bed.

Spike switched on the TV and accepted a glass of champagne from his bed mate. "This is cosy, isn't it?"

After the second bottle of Bollinger they lolled on the pillows, peering blearily at the telly.

"Spike? You know on the aeroplane when you got all scared."

"Not scared, just nervy."

"Why did you wanna have sex with me in the bathroom?"

Spike wasn't drunk enough for this conversation but neither was he sober enough to keep his mouth shut. "Sorry, 'bout that, pet. It's a vampire thing. Fucking is comfort for us. Keeps us grounded. It's a family thing."

"So I was like family for you?"

Spike sat up straight in bed. No, he couldn't subconsciously be trying to replace Angelus with this boy could he? NO!

"So what's the blankie about then, if sex is for comfort?" Xander giggled and dived under the pillow, grabbing the little bit of grey wool and rubbing it over his nose.

"Gimme." Spike launched himself at the boy and struggled to get the embarrassing piece of material back in his possession. He'd never live this down. Never. His robe was slipping open and the feeling of all that warm human skin squirming around between his legs was putting him in another equally embarrassing situation.

He tried to pull away but Xander just laughed at him, holding up his little piece of security and waving it at him.

"You want it back, Spikey? Can't sleep without it, hey?"

Right at this moment Spike wanted something far more urgently and he could feel the boy start to harden beneath him. The smile disappeared from the dark brown eyes to be replaced by confusion, then the pupils dilated and all Spike could see was a reflection of his own need.

No way was he going to kiss Xander Harris. Again.

Their lips brushed and Spike licked gently, tasting Xander, needing the boy to offer himself up. His ego couldn't stand it if he ended up begging like he had done on the plane. He drew back a couple of inches and waited. Their cocks were still pressed close together, separated only by a thin layer of brushed cotton, and he could feel Xander pulse beneath him. The boy's heartbeat sped up until it was racing, driving the blood through his body, and once again Spike was ashamed of himself. He should be drooling, his fangs descending, every molecule should be demanding to feed but the chip had changed him into a completely different creature. No longer able to hunt or kill, his body had replaced those urges with human needs. He liked to eat, to drink, to talk to people, to play pool, to have fun, to want -- to be wanted.

Was it so wrong for a demon to be wanted?

Slowly Xander raised himself from the pillow; tilting his head slightly he kissed Spike, wrapping one arm around the vampire's neck.

"Open your eyes, Xander."

Startled at the odd sound of his own name spoken by that low husky voice, he stared up at the vampire.

"I'm not being a substitute for anyone. We do this then it's *me*, okay? I'll not be used."

For some strange reason Xander wondered to himself why Spike would think that he was imagining someone different, then he remembered that they hated each other.

"It's you," he answered looking down shyly.

Once the pre-sex contract had been verbally agreed there was no holding back. Spike slipped his tongue into Xander's mouth and kissed him so long and so hard that Xander could think of nothing but the feel of those cool fingers holding him and that tongue which teased him

and flickered around his mouth. He wanted Spike, really wanted him, and he was going to explode if the vampire didn't touch him soon. The kissing was too good and Xander panted, pulling at the bathrobe, wanting Spike naked and him naked and wanting everything that went along with the nakedness and the bed. Once he'd freed the vampire from the dressing gown he wriggled out of his pyjama pants and kicked them off, still nipping and biting at the delicious pouty lips, dipping his tongue inside Spike's mouth and kissing him with long slow swipes that made every part of him beg for more. Kissing Spike was too good. He was never going to travel again and he was never going to kiss an experienced vampire who obviously had enchanted lips. Buffy had kissed Spike. How had she ever got over it? He needed to have a quiet talk with Willow to get de-spelled as soon as he got home but for now he had a nice big bed with a sexy vampire in it and a week to explore his inner gay man. More lips, more kissing, more turned on than ever before.

It was as if Spike was truly seeing the boy for the first time. He knew the kid was good and brave and loyal, everything that he admired in a person, but he'd never ever wanted him before. Now Xander was lying here naked, gasping for breath, eyes dark and bright at the

same time, body quaking with little tremors, Spike was smitten. He stared for a moment longer then bent his head and darted the tip of his tongue over each nipple in turn, blowing gently and watching them flush and wrinkle. He licked again, repeating this until Xander was moaning and muttering and wriggling beneath him, hard cock pushing against Spike's buttocks in little jerks.

"Please," sighed Xander.

That was all Spike had been waiting for, and he snaked his way down the bed, sucking hard kisses onto Xander's belly and thighs .

"Please, Spike."

The vampire dipped the tip of his tongue into the pool of pre-cum then stared up at the boy, licking his lips. He lapped up the fluid voraciously, crawling back up the bed to offer Xander a taste.

"I want more. I want you," hissed Xander in between kisses.

Spike took pity and settled himself between the boy's thighs, sucking the ball sac into his mouth then releasing

it and licking long swipes up Xander's shaft, which twitched in relief as it finally got some much needed attention.

"More," demanded Xander urgently, bucking off the bed and reaching for his own erection, but Spike batted his hand away and ran his tongue around the glans, swirling the dribble of pre-cum over the tip until it was glistening.

"Suck me."

Taking Xander's cock into his mouth Spike sucked hard, working the shaft with his lips and fingers until the boy was thrashing his head from side to side and murmuring. The vampire sat up and looked inside the little basket of goodies on the bedside table. 'Hotels are wonderful places,' he thought as he found just what he was looking for. Opening the miniature bottle of hand lotion, he slathered some over his fingers and sucked Xander's erection back into his mouth, enjoying the sigh of relief from the boy immensely. The kid really wanted him. How much he wanted him without the haze of alcohol clouding his judgement remained to be seen. Sliding his hand over the boy's perineum in slow relaxing strokes, he continued to suck gently, wanting to prepare Xander and give him a good time as well. His finger circled the

pucker for a while then he swallowed Xander's cock and pushed his finger inside, staying as still as he could manage with his own cock hard and demanding, pressing against his belly. Soon Xander was urging him on, hands holding his head, body arching and grinding. Spike pushed three then four fingers inside, stretching the boy, making him ready, all the time throating and sucking him, allowing Xander to control the pace, to be as brutal as he liked. He'd show the boy how good it was to have a dead body for a partner.

Xander was crying out now, begging for release and Spike so wanted to taste hot human spunk for the first time ever. Groaning now from his own need, he ground himself against the bedspread and fucked Xander with his hand, crooking his fingers and teasing the sweet spot until the boy screamed and came, pulling Spike onto his cock and howling with delight as the vampire's throat muscles contracted around his jerking erection.

Too desperate for niceties, Spike hauled Xander onto the floor until the boy was kneeling with his upper body spread face down over the bed, then positioned himself behind him and thrust inside the stretched slick body. Christ, it was heaven. He was so over stimulated it was almost painful and he stilled, waiting for the need to

climax to subside. He wanted this to last. Wanted Xander to enjoy it.

Spike didn't expect the boy to start pushing back into him so soon. But the clench of muscle and slight moan was an obvious indication that Xander wanted him now. He pulled out slowly and then thrust back, aiming his cock so that it brushed against Xander's prostate with each stroke. With one hand caressing the boy's buttocks and the other reaching around and rubbing at his semi soft cock, he fucked Xander with forceful pumps of his hips. It was good, so hot and tight; an endless sea of pleasure -- but he wanted more. Pulling out suddenly and flipping Xander over, he dragged him lower then slipped back inside, nudging him gently with his cock and wanking the boy until his eyes were open wide and almost black with lust. Curving his spine into an almost impossible arch, Spike licked the tip of Xander's cock then bent lower and took the whole head into his mouth, rolling it around and running his tongue over the smooth flesh and soft wrinkled foreskin.

Xander gasped and propped himself up on his elbows, watching intently as the vampire fucked him and sucked him simultaneously. It was the best thing ever. Better than when Anya had forced her vibrator inside him and

blew him with almost professional detachment.

This was so good Xander almost felt like crying. It wouldn't last. He could see the future. They'd fuck all week long in this hideous honeymoon suite and then go back home and it would be the same old bitching and arguing over pool, now with an added undercurrent of lust to make them even more uncomfortable with each other.

Another orgasm was building. Spike lifted his head and stared at him with blue, blue eyes. "That's it, Xan, come for me," he said in that low throaty voice.

The vampire held onto Xander's legs and thrust his cock deep and hard into him.

"You feel so amazing." "Such a pretty boy, such a lovely arse." "Love fucking you."

The endearments fell fast and furious from Spike's lips and Xander drifted, lying back and letting pleasure flood over him, gripping his cock and jerking himself off in time with the fuck. He could hear the vampire crying out, he was filled with a gush of cool fluid and he came hot and wet over his belly. Spike pulled out and lapped up his

semen, purring like a big contented cat.

“Sleep now,” said the vampire, lifting him up into the double bed like a baby.

Then the voice became a little more uncertain. “Xander, where’s my blanket?”

Xander grinned and pulled out the little rag from where it was sandwiched between his pillows, handing it over and smiling as Spike snuggled up contentedly. He wrapped his arms around him and they drifted off to a happy jetlagged sleep.

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They awoke to a loud banging noise.

“Mr Harris, a delivery for you.”

Xander looked at his watch and panicked. “Spike, it’s seven pm. We were supposed to meet that guy at five.”

“Reschedule,” murmured Spike, trying to pull Xander back into his arms.

Xander slapped him away and pulled on the bathrobe which had been discarded at the bottom of the bed. He opened the door a crack and stared out at the porter.

“A delivery for you, sir.”

The young man handed him a big red shiny bag with a bow on it. “From Mr Giles.”

Xander handed the porter a ten pound note and took the gift bag. Closing the door, he took the bag back to bed and stared at it.

“Not really what I was expecting.”

“The little hearts are a bit strange, but he is a friend of the Watcher’s, probably went to public school with him. Let’s open it.”

“No, you big bad vampire. It’s not addressed to us.”

Spike looked at the label, “S not addressed to anyone.”

“Don’t touch it while I’m showering. Maybe you should come and shower with me so I can make sure you’re

being a good boy.”

“Sounds like fun. But I want to, um...”

“Open the bag while I’m out of the room.”

Spike grinned, “Bad, evil, wicked, vampire here.”

Xander kissed him and was just about to climb into the shower when he heard a squeal of rage.

“Bastards!”

Xander came running out of the bathroom. Spike was sitting on the bed, surrounded by books.

*The New Joy of Gay Sex, Gay Sex: A Manual for Men who Love Men, The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Men.*

“Oh, Giles sent us over here to smuggle sex books for him.”

Spike rolled his eyes. “There’s a note. ‘To Spike and Xander. The UST was killing us. We hope you enjoy your honeymoon. Love Us XXX’”

“Can’t wait to tell them they wasted the money on those books, I’m thinking we don’t need a manual.”

“But this’ll come in handy.” Spike held up a large tube of lubricant and raised his eyebrow. “How about that shower now, pet?”

**The End**