

First of all: Happy Birthday Darkhavens! Secondly, I blame this fic on a number of cartoons, animes, and various comics. The two biggest culprits are the short lived Jaguar comics from the 90's, and a book called Uhura's Song by Janet Kagan. Just imagine everything from X-Men to Star Trek being thrown into my head and shaken together until this fic falls out. And of course it's going to be multi-chaptered because I am unable to write a PWP.

Sigh. The things I'll do to write tail!p0rn.

Thanks to my darling Kitty Poker for the beta!

Cat Magic

by

[Amejisuto](#)

Part One

“What did you do, Willow?”

“Xander, that's not fair! It's not always Willow's fault

when something weird and magical happens!”

Xander turned to Buffy and growled. “It is when Willow's standing there with a guilty look on her face!” He turned quickly to glare at Willow and she gave a little squeak.

“WHAT DID YOU DO?!”

“It was just a little spell. It wasn't supposed to do...that. I mean, I've been worried. You haven't really dated anyone for over a year now – since Cordelia, really – and I just wanted to make it easier for you to meet girls.”

Willow looked like the six year old with her hand caught in the cookie jar that she used to be, big eyes and tears hovering on her eye lashes. That didn't touch Xander at the moment; he was just too angry. He also ignored Spike snickering in the doorway behind him. He'd settle with Spike later. Buffy was chuckling behind her hand and looking guilty too, so she'd been in on this as well.

“So you decide, for my own good and without my permission, that I need to date so you turn me into some sort of cat man?!! I look like a reject from a bad anime cartoon, or one of the fifth string X-Men! How the hell is that supposed to help me pick up women?!”

Xander couldn't believe it, couldn't believe that Willow would be so...manipulative. Well, yes he could but he thought he'd cut her off at the pass. He'd been gradually trying to get her to open her mind to the fact that he just might be gay, even talked to her about it once or twice! For her to go and put a spell on him was so uncalled for.

“Xander, it's not that bad. I mean...you look kind of cute!”

Spike all but doubled over laughing and Xander turned and hissed at him. “One more giggle out of you, Bleach Boy, and I'm using your duster as a cat scratcher!” Spike waved him away and Xander ignored him. He'd pay the vampire back later.

“CUTE!! Willow, my ears are almost on the top of my head. I have fur and claws. I HAVE A TAIL! A *TAIL!* I am not cute!”

Buffy snickered. “I wonder, if I scratch your tummy will you purr?” She then reached out and grabbed the tail that had been lashing behind Xander.

Xander felt his new ears flatten down to his head and he could hear a sort of coughing growl come out of his

throat. His tail felt extra sensitive, and not in a good way at the moment since Buffy was yanking on it. Without even thinking he leaped at her, claws extended.

Before he could connect, though, someone had him by the neck and was shaking him. Xander stopped his attack, noticing how wide Buffy's eyes were. Still, he couldn't help but give another low coughing growl.

“Stop it, Harris!” Xander turned to look at Spike; he'd been the one keeping him from hurting Buffy. The vampire's true face was showing and for a moment Xander snarled back at him before even trying to stop. “Calm down, you git, before you cough up a furball!”

“Funny, Spike, real funny!” Despite his tone of voice, Xander didn't turn and claw at Spike. He couldn't help the way he was growling, or that his tail was lashing backwards and forwards or the way his shoulders hunched as if he was about to attack. He glared at Buffy. “Don't touch the tail!”

“I'm sorry, it's just so weird and I wanted to feel it...”

Xander snarled again, and Buffy put her hands up defensively. Willow's eyes were wide and she made a

little eeping sound that Xander doubted he would have heard an hour ago. He swung around to look at her and she started to stammer.

“S—sorry, Xander, I'm so sorry! I know I can fix it, I just need a few ingredients...”

“Red, I think you've done quite enough. Come on, cat man, let's get you to the Watcher's.”

Xander allowed himself to be pulled out the door but still complained. “I can't believe you did this! Look at me, I'm a *Thundercat!*”

He continued to grumble all the way to Giles's apartment, with Spike walking in between him and the girls. The small part of Xander's brain that wasn't pissed off was glad; he didn't really want to hurt Buffy and Willow but he was seriously pissed off. No amount of brownies or cookies could make this go away, and not just because he doubted he could eat chocolate now.

As they walked in the courtyard to Giles's condo the girls pulled even further back. Spike looked at him and Xander could hear him whisper. “Best calm down a bit, luv, otherwise ol' Rupert might think he's under attack.”

Xander nodded and took a few deep breaths. It did help him stop growling to himself at least, and he could feel his hair lay down and his ears perk up. It was a very strange feeling, one he wasn't sure he could get used to. It was almost as if he was hypersensitive, especially under his clothes where his fur rubbed at the cloth. Then he pushed away the thought that he had fur because, really, that was weird and hopefully he wouldn't have it for long.

Xander couldn't do anything with his tail, and he was sure if he thought about that sentence too much his head would explode. Spike made a small move as if to tame it but stopped, probably thinking that Xander didn't want anyone touching his tail. Instead, Xander managed to bring it up and loop it around Spike's wrist twice, and got an amused glance for his efforts.

Xander just shrugged. The girls were going to find out about why he didn't need a girlfriend tonight anyway, so he might as well make himself happy, even if that did mean holding his lover's hand with his tail. He raised his hand and knocked on the door, and tried not to get fascinated with how his claws didn't seem that long at the moment but earlier had seemed long and razor

sharp.

Then Xander realized he was looking at claws and started to freak out again. Spike gave his tail a small squeeze and it calmed him down. He could hear Giles move through the apartment and make his way to the door and grinned. If this new weirdness hadn't happened to him, he'd be betting Spike about what Giles was going to say when he opened the door.

Xander made a small bet with himself as the door swung open. "Hey, Giles, I seem to be having a bit of a problem."

Giles looked at him and blinked for a moment. "Oh, good lord!"

Xander bounced. He'd been right. Now he just had to hope that Giles could fix this. Otherwise, instead of Twinkies as a treat he was looking at a saucer of milk.

Part Two

Giles ran his hand through his hair. The glasses had come off halfway into Willow and Buffy's explanation. "And you don't know what might have gone wrong to achieve this result?"

Xander was pacing from the front door all the way into the small kitchen and back. He just couldn't seem to sit down; he was too agitated. After catching sight of his tail lashing behind him one too many times he had managed to concentrate enough to wrap it around his waist, which kept it out of the way. It felt odd, like he had twice as many nerve endings there as he did in the rest of his body.

Willow hummed for a moment. "Well, I did add double the amount of catnip. It's for love and to enhance happiness. And then to protect Xander's heart I used pussy willow..."

"Pussy willow!! PUSSY WILLOW? For god's sake, Willow, you could have made my dick fall off!! I like my dick!"

Both Willow and Buffy flushed red and Giles had a sudden coughing fit. Which was a good thing since he could hear Spike telling him under his breath just how

much he liked Xander's dick too and Xander had a sudden need to sit down and put a pillow in his lap.

“But...pussy willow is harmless. I mean, it's a powerful plant but it doesn't do...*that!*”

“How would you know? I mean, it's not like you've tried that spell before, is it? For all we know, pussy willow is a main ingredient in a spell for the transgendered and half the females you meet used to be women in men's bodies!”

“Children, please!” Giles raised his voice. “Can we please just ask what exactly you and Buffy wanted the spell to accomplish?”

Buffy and Willow did one of those silent communication things they did so well. Xander was pretty sure that females had some sort of telepathy that men just didn't understand. Not that he really wanted to anymore.

Finally, Willow spoke up. “Well, we were just worried—about Xander. I mean, he hasn't had a date for over a year. Anya stripped down naked in front of him and he didn't do anything.”

“I still don't believe that.”

Willow gave a halfhearted slap to Buffy to shut her up. “Hush. If Xander says he was a perfect gentleman I believe him. Besides, that's not the point. The point is that we...”

“It was your idea.” Buffy had her arms crossed and was pouting and Willow gave her a dirty look.

“You agreed!” A glare from Giles got Willow back on track. “We thought that maybe he just needed a little help. Not really a love spell because that didn't work that well the last time. Just a spell to make him more...open. So that women could see the Xander beneath the goofy exterior. Sort of like a magical cologne. It wasn't supposed to change anything, or transmute him, it was just supposed to enhance his good qualities so he could find a good girlfriend!”

Giles turned his glare onto Xander and Xander squirmed. “You realize that you are partially responsible for this, don't you?”

Xander fought the urge to smack himself in the head, or better yet to smack Spike. He'd always suspected Giles

knew, both about him being gay and being with Spike, but this was the first time the Watcher gave any indication. “Yeah, I know. I just didn't know what else to do. I mean, I'm the only construction worker that doesn't make lewd comments when the ladies walk by. What bigger clue can there be, for me to jump up and do the YMCA?”

Giles sighed and put his glasses back on. “Xander, I have tweed suits that haven't been in the closet as long as you have.”

The girls were giving them both confused looks and Buffy raised her hand. “Can I say huh?”

Xander squared his shoulders. “The spell wouldn't have done any good anyway, since I'm gay.”

“What do you mean, you're *gay*?”

Spike was snickering in the corner and Xander made a mental note to make the vampire sleep on the couch that night. “As in attracted to males, not females. Remember how we had movie night the other week and we all agreed that Pierce Brosnan was the best looking Bond? I hate to tell you, but straight guys don't do stuff

like that.”

Buffy tilted up her chin. “The enlightened ones do. Riley was there.”

Spike snorted. “Like he said, straight blokes don't do that sort of thing.”

“Riley is NOT gay!”

Xander laughed. “Yeah, which is why he's always looking at Spike's ass.”

“He is not! He just keeps an eye on Spike in case the chip goes off.”

“Okay, one: the chip is in Spike's head, not his ass. Two...”

Xander opened his mouth to point out that the chip had been fried but at Spike's glower shut his mouth. Maybe that little revelation would wait till later. For a high tech piece of government hardware it had been ridiculously easy to short it out. Once he was sure Spike wasn't going to go on any more killing rampages, he'd taken his lover to Walmart and run it across that thing that turned off

the shoplifting chips in CD's and the like about ten or twelve times.

“How do you, you know, know?”

Willow's question confused him. “What? That Riley's gay? Come on, I bet he wears Victoria's Secret underneath that uniform of his.”

“No! That, well, that you're gay?”

Spike chose that moment to jump over the back of Giles's couch and sit beside him. “Well, could be the fact that Xan likes my dick up his arse. Then again, it could be his love of musicals. What do you think, pet?”

Xander groaned. That was his lover, always so helpful. “I think you're sleeping on the couch tonight, Fang.”

Part Three

Spike had his hand under Xander's shirt. Xander tried to ignore it and concentrate on the fifty questions both Buffy and Willow were asking him but Spike was scratching ever so slightly and running his fingers through the fur and it was driving Xander mad.

Too bad they weren't alone, then Xander could retaliate. As it was there was no way he dared do half the things he was tempted to do, but leave it to Spike to get his mind off worrying about the girls and onto sex. Well, foreplay in this instance.

“Xander you can't possibly be gay! I mean, you liked me! You were all jealous over Angel!”

“Uh, Willow can back me up, I also said he was handsome. And he is as long as you just look.” Spike was growling and Xander elbowed him. “Oh, shut up. You don't have any room to talk; you're the one who played bondage games with him!”

“That was over a hundred years ago, as you bloody well know!”

“WHAT?” Buffy was standing up, a shocked look on her face. For a moment Xander was afraid she'd be mad but

all of a sudden she burst out laughing. “Oh, god! No wonder! That so explains his wardrobe. Straight men don't wear linen pants.”

Xander grinned and sighed in relief. Buffy was taking this much better than he expected.

Still, Willow was giving him odd looks. “Why couldn't you tell me? And why *Spike*?”

“Oi! Why not? I'm sexy. In fact I'm devilishly handsome, if I do say so myself!”

Spike was leering at the room in general and Xander thwapped him on the arm. “Yes, with the exception of your big fat head.” Xander chuckled at the look of feigned hurt that Spike put on, and tried to ignore the fact that his brand new tail was deciding to wrap itself around Spike's waist. Instead he turned to Willow.

“Wills, you're my best friend, you always have been, and I love you. You're like a sister. But sometimes, Willow, for all your book smarts your people skills are non-existent. Remember that lunch we had two weeks ago, and I talked about how much we'd all changed since high school, in just over a year? And about how you can

discover new things about yourself?”

Willow was nodding all through the monologue so Xander continued. The dreaded Willow lip-quiver hadn't appeared yet. “And remember how I said how brave it was for that girl Tara to tell you she liked you, even though you weren't gay? And how much courage that must have taken her? And then I went into how hard it must be to come out to your friends and I wished I had that courage?”

Willow nodded again and Xander made a ‘there you go’ gesture with his hands.

She sat there for a moment and Xander and the others waited. And waited. Spike was snickering under his breath and Giles was looking more frustrated by the minute. Finally Willow's eyes got all wide. “OH!! So you were trying to tell me then that you were gay? Right?”

Giles snorted. “Yes, Willow, that's what he was trying to tell you.”

“Well, why couldn't you just come out and say it?”

Xander bristled at that, which was weird. He could

actually feel fur moving. “And then you'd say I was possessed or something, and have Buffy tie me up and do spells on me. I was *trying* to avoid that, you know? Between having every female in town after me that one time in Junior Year and having the First Slayer traipse through my head this spring, I've had quite enough of the magic, thank you ever so much! If I even see a Magic Eight Ball I'm running the other way!”

Giles smirked at him, *smirked!* “Does this mean you no longer wish magical help to get rid of the ears?”

“NO!!” Giles and Spike both started laughing and Xander crossed his arms over his chest and grumbled. “No fair, no picking on the cat guy.”

“But....Spike?”

Willow sounded like she had the time Xander and Jesse had tried to get her to eat mud pies in first grade. As if he'd just done something totally gross and icky and she was going to make him pay for a month by forcing him to play Barbies.

There'd been a reason he'd stolen that damned thing.

“Yes, Spike. I know he's mostly evil...” there was some protest from Spike about the mostly part but everyone ignored him, “and, well, rude, sarcastic and annoying. But hey! I dated Cordy, so you can't be that shocked.”

“I take offense at the *mostly* evil!! I'm evil, right down to my black unbeating heart! Nearly ran over those brats at the grocer's just the other day!”

“Spike, those kids were the most annoying ten year olds on this earth and were jumping out in front of people's shopping carts. You scared a year's worth of growth off them and everyone applauded. Then the manager gave us two T-bones in payment. That was not being evil.”

“It was! I could have...” Xander kicked Spike and his lover seemed to realize that he was about to give away the fact that the chip wasn't working. “Oh, never mind then. Love's bitch is all I'll ever be.”

Giles covered his mouth with his hand.

“CoughcoughXander'sbitchcoughcough.”

“Hey!” Both he and Spike protested but Xander couldn't help but smirk just a little. It was kind of funny, and he'd learned from Cordelia how to manipulate a man. Well,

usually he was on the manipulated end in that relationship and he didn't do it to Spike all the time, just enough so that Spike didn't try to rip out his friend's body parts.

“But...Spike?”

Xander rolled his eyes. “Yes, *Spike*. And don't go thinking that you can threaten him, either. No shovel talks. That goes for you too, Buffy.” He looked at them both, daring them to say anything. Normally he would never be this forceful with the girls. They were his best friends and their opinions were very important to him. That was one of the reasons he and Spike had been trying to keep their relationship quiet. Not really hiding but not being blatant about it.

This time, though, he was just too...something. Angry, hurt, impatient. Maybe it was the whole cat thing because Xander didn't think he was blended with some nice house cat. It was almost as if he felt more confident, or more aggressive, and he wasn't going to back down this time.

Spike must have sensed something was different as well. For a moment the scratching on his back stopped and

then it started to move down lower. Xander sat back on his hand, trapping it. His neighbor had a cat and if you scratched his butt he'd stick it straight up in the air and Xander was so not going to do that in front of anyone but Spike. Heck, it was slightly weird thinking about doing it with Spike, what with the fur and tail and all.

The girls finally looked away and didn't say anything. There was this huge elephant in the room that was shaped like Angel but, thankfully, Buffy wasn't going to point that out.

Giles finally broke the uncomfortable silence. "Yes, well, perhaps Buffy should go out on patrol and, uh, kill things. Willow and I will go over the spell step by step and see what went wrong. Xander, you and Spike go...do whatever it is that you do that if I were to actually think about, would leave me blind."

Part Four

"This is just so very weird."

Spike closed the door to their [apartment](#) behind them. "Cheer up. Like you said, it could have been worse. Could have turned you into a girl kitty. Then again, that way I'd have two kinds of pussies to play with..."

Xander threw himself face down onto the couch and covered his head with a pillow. "Shut up. Don't tempt fate. Willow could eat one too many veggie bean burritos and fart and poof! Halfway across town and my dick will fall off."

There was a rustle of cloth and leather as Spike got more comfortable. In their apartment that meant he was either in nothing or nothing but jeans. Not that Xander minded the gratuitous nudity. In fact he was all for it, which was why they had a denim couch instead of leather. That way no important bits of flesh would stick and it was easy to get out any stains.

The things you had to think of when shopping for furniture.

Normally he'd be shedding his clothes, too. Only he wasn't because he was covered in fur and there was no way to take that off and it was freaking him out. He couldn't help but notice his tail, though. It was extraordinarily long, which would make him smirk if he wasn't so depressed.

Now his tail was lying down in between his legs and

along the back of the right one. And it was still moving slightly, as if it had a mind of its own. It was in no way freaking him out that his own tail was turning him on.

Well, okay, just a little.

Freaking him out, that is.

Spike stood beside the couch and sighed. "Shove over."

"No."

"Xander, your furry ass is taking up the entire couch. Make room."

Xander raised up long enough to free one arm and flipped Spike off. "Go away, Spike. I'm not in a good mood."

"Know how to fix that, don't I?"

Xander suspected that if he had eyes in the back of his head he'd see a lusty leer firmly in place on his boyfriend's face. Xander tried to think up a good insult but the only thing that came to mind was the fact that if he started to breathe water and have a fondness for

walnuts he wouldn't be surprised.

He really needed to stop watching *TV Land*. Even though Dick Van Dyke was comedic gold.

Since he hadn't been able to come up with something to say to distract Spike, his boyfriend picked up his feet and sat down, and somehow Xander's foot ended up right between Spike's legs.

Spike was never subtle if he could help it.

Xander groaned and sat up on his elbows. "I cannot believe you're even thinking about sex."

"Don't be daft. Of course I'm thinking about sex. Always think about sex, unless I'm fighting. Or, you know, feeding." Spike paused and Xander could hear the smugness. "Course, those two things lead me back to sex, too. Can't help it; when you're this well hung you want to show off your [prize](#) possession."

Xander laughed. "I'm torn between being jealous that I'm not your prize possession and wondering if you're going to have your dick bronzed for posterity."

“Now there's a good idea, luv. We can go up to LA one weekend to one of those places that make special effects for the telly. Make a mold of my cock and then have a statue made of it. I think marble would be better than bronze, bronze tarnishes too fucking easily. Then again, it would be fun polishing it, wouldn't it?”

Xander snorted. “Like you need an excuse. And how the hell did we get on this topic anyway? Shouldn't we be worried about other stuff? Like...oh, maybe the fur and claws?”

“I don't know, I think you look rather fetching.”

“Nothing about me is fetching. Cats don't fetch. I'm a freak. A freak with a tail!”

Spike sighed. “If you're going to have a tempter tantrum you could at least turn around. Your feet stink.”

Xander sighed but did as he was told. He ended up curled up around Spike with his boyfriend's arm around his shoulders. “I hate this. I can't go to work in the morning looking like this! My feet feel funny in shoes and clothes feel weird against my fur. And do you know how weird that sentence is? I HAVE FUR! You had to cut a hole in

the back of my jeans for my tail. I'm seriously considering locking myself in the closet of our bedroom and not coming out until Willow and Buffy fix this mess.”

“Hate to tell you this, luv, but I think you've already come out of the closet.”

Xander reached up and smacked him. “This is not funny, Spike. In fact, this is the total opposite of funny. The antithesis of funny. It's positively terrible!”

“Positively, eh? And since when do you use words like antithesis?”

“Since we both realized we're smarter than other people give us credit for. You're not fooling me, I know you went to one of those stuffy British colleges before Dru got a hold of you. Some place with ivy on the walls and some stupid club named after a foodstuff like pudding or bangers.”

“The Bangers Association. I like the way you think, luv. Why don't you get rid of the clothes and we can join?”

“You cannot be seriously thinking about sex.”

“And why not? I've been thinking about how lovely the frottage will be now that you have an honest to god pelt for the past two hours. It was all I could do not to throw you down and start rubbing on you right in the middle of the Watcher's living room.”

“Crap!” Xander sat up and scrambled to the opposite end of the couch. He was torn between being totally freaked out and horny, all at once. “Spike! Don't start something now, for god's sake!”

Spike put on a pout, his lower lip sticking out. “And why not!”

Xander couldn't help but sputter. “Because, you doof! It would be wrong! It's like...bestiality or something!”

Spike stopped being silly and turned serious, something that Xander was immensely grateful for. “Xander, love, listen to me. Despite your outward appearance, you're still the same person inside and that's all that matters.”

Xander sighed in frustration. “That's just it, I don't feel the same. I mean, I know I'm annoyed at the girls but before I could have been distracted by the promise of cookies or something, or their lips would wobble and I'd

crumble. This time I'm staying pissed. It's like...I'm more aggressive or something.”

“You probably are, luv. You look a bit different, too, and I don't just mean the fur and tail. There are more muscles and I had a damn hard time keeping you from breaking free and smearing the Slayer against the wall when she grabbed your tail. I think it has something to do with what you are right now. Can't say as I mind it, really. Not that I don't love you when you're all sweet but seeing you being all snarky and dominant...well, that made parts of me sit up and take notice.”

Spike's hand was moving up and down his back and Xander was arching into his touch. Xander didn't say anything but was willing to admit that Spike was more than likely right. Plus it had felt oddly good, to be that aggressive.

“Come on, luv, off with your shirt, at least. Wanna get a good look at you. Think you're part jaguar. Got all this beautiful black fur but there's a dappling of spots in there.”

Xander was horrified to hear a throaty grumble coming from his chest as Spike stripped him of his shirt and

continued to *pet* him. “Oh my god, I'm purring!”

“And a lovely purr it is.” Spike chuckled and Xander could almost hear the wheels turning in his mate's head. There was probably something along the lines of purring during a blow job if he knew Spike, which he did.

Xander smacked halfheartedly at Spike. “Stop that.”

“What?”

“Thinking about blow jobs. Or sex. It would be way too weird to have sex with a tail.”

Spike leered at him. “Dunno about that, luv. All I can say is that it felt good when you wrapped it around me earlier.”

“That wasn't my idea. It was my damned tail's! It has a mind of its own!” Xander glared at his new appendage and it twitched almost as if it was smirking at him. That was all he needed, a smart ass tail. And that in no way sounded like a sane thought, Xander realized, but he figured he'd passed sane earlier in the night when he'd been on patrol and suddenly sprouted fur.

Spike gave a grin, the kind that would send sane people running and was in no way totally making him hot. “Well then, guess I'd better thank your tail , shouldn't I?”

Xander opened his mouth to argue but all that came out was a moan. Because Spike had grabbed his tail. It didn't hurt like when Buffy did it, in fact it felt damned good. Better than when Spike had his hand on his dick. It was a light touch but Spike was ruffling his fur against the grain and the feeling was going straight to his cock. There just weren't any human words for how wonderful it felt and Xander felt as if all his muscles were flexing and trying to get closer to Spike, all at once.

Then Spike leaned forward just a bit and kissed, no *licked*, the tip of his tail.

And Xander went insane.

Part Five

The moment that Spike licked his new tail, Xander felt something snap inside him. Normally he was more than willing to let Spike control their lovemaking. It wasn't that he didn't top sometimes, he did, but Spike knew more about sex than Xander wanted to think about and he was good as long as they both were happy. Well, more than happy, actually. Blissfully orgasmic was the term that came to mind.

This time, though, this time he was going to take the lead. When Spike attempted to lick his tail again Xander jerked it out of the way and turned around so quickly he hadn't even realized it had happened at first. Then he realized he had both of Spike's arms pinned to the couch and a low growling was coming out of his mouth that Spike seemed to echo.

For a moment Xander hesitated. This was a new body and he had claws as well as fangs. As much as he wanted to fuck Spike into the floor, he didn't want to hurt him.

Spike, however, seemed to read his mind, or more likely the doubt on his face. "Can't hurt me, luv. Vampire, remember? Made of tougher stuff than humans, so don't worry. Demon here. A few scratches ain't gonna matter none."

Whatever resistance Xander had been feeling vanished and what little brain Xander had left was thankful he had lips because he really wanted to kiss Spike until he started breathing. He lunged forward and did just that, not even waiting for Spike's mouth to fall open but instead forcing his way into his lover's mouth.

Tongues twined together and Xander could feel the enamel of his fangs clicking against Spike's. Spike tried to break free of Xander's hold but Xander continued to kiss him and growled in warning at the same time. He brought his knee up to start rubbing against Spike's groin as he tried to gather enough brain cells together to figure out how to get naked.

The answer brushed against his ear and if Xander hadn't been in the middle of kissing he would have smirked. It was time to see if he and his tail could really work together.

First he needed room. Their couch wasn't wide enough for what Xander had planned and he wasn't letting go of Spike for a second. Spike would want to reestablish his dominance and, for once, Xander wasn't letting him. He thought about it for a moment and then tried to talk his

tail into moving the table over a couple of feet.

It worked, but not like he'd planned. The coffee table was upside down across the room and there was a splintering crack down the middle. Xander probably would have been upset if Spike had done something like that but at the moment he couldn't really care.

Spike startled at the noise and tried to gain the upper hand again but Xander pulled back from kissing long enough to give a nipping bite to his lover's jaw and growled, "Don't move."

He didn't let Spike say anything either. Instead he took Spike's mouth again and then rolled them so they were on the floor, Spike on the bottom. Spike growled and, since Xander hadn't quite set his center of balance just yet, he managed to roll them again so that Spike was on top.

"If you think I'm gonna just lay there and think of the Motherland, you've got fur balls in your brain."

Xander growled and rolled them again until he was on top. "You're gonna lay there and take it because I know for a fact that you like to be dominated as much as you

like being on top. Otherwise, why hang around Drusilla for all those years? I'm gonna fuck you into the floor and you're going to love every single second of it.”

Xander's tail joined his hands in restraining Spike, so that he was holding both his arms up over his head. Xander let go with his hands, leaving his tail to restrain his lover as his hands went about caressing Spike in odd places, pausing every so often to scratch with one of his new claws.

He got an idea and smiled up at Spike innocently. “Hope you weren't fond of these jeans, Spike.”

“What? Harris, don't you bloody well dare!”

Xander shrugged and then used his claws and newfound strength to rip off both Spike's jeans and his shirt. “Sorry, Spike. Just think of this as payback.”

“Berk. Your clothes needed shredding while mine, on the other hand, were good for another decade or two.”

Xander snorted. “Yeah, right. Keep dreaming, lover. How's the saying go? Tough titty said the kitty but the milk's still good?”

With that smart ass remark, Xander moved down on Spike's torso just a bit and then bit at one of Spike's nipples, causing the vampire to grunt, thrust and swear. Of course that only encouraged Xander and he grinned at the reaction. "No milk there. Guess I'd better look further down."

Spike was cursing up a storm as Xander wriggled down further until he was able to reach Spike's erection with his tongue. He gave Spike's dick just as much attention as the vampire had paid to his tail just moments before. Spike thrashed underneath him and if Xander had been evil he would have said his lover was screaming like a girl.

But he wasn't evil. Well, not as bad as Spike. Instead he pulled back and chuckled. "Guess whatever I am now has one of those raspy tongues like a cat, huh? Must feel good." He paused for a moment. "I wonder if I can lick my own balls too?"

Spike's legs gave a stutter, effectively jostling Xander out of his musing. "I swear to fucking god, Xander, if you don't hurry up and do something I'm gonna flip you over and rub your belly until you're purring like a Porsche. Then you'll be helpless and I'll be able to do anything I

want with you.” He grinned evilly. “Never thought of a tail as an erogenous zone before. Wanna play with it!”

He made a grab for the tail but Xander quickly twitched it out of the way. “Uh-uh. This is my show, lover, and you’re gonna lie back and enjoy it.”

Of course, now that Spike's hands were freed he was starting to lose focus. Spike's hands always seemed to know just where to go to drive Xander totally insane. With the fur added in, well, Xander was rapidly losing IQ points.

Who knew that having your fur ruffled would feel *that* fucking good?

With his last few remaining brain cells, Xander looked around for a bottle of lube. They kept them scattered around the apartment and he found one under the couch. He pulled it out and stopped for a moment, looking at how his hand gripped the bottle.

The hand that was tipped with claws.

As much as Spike could take a little rough play, Xander really *didn't* want to think of shoving a claw into his lover

to apply lube. He frowned and concentrated a moment and his new claws retracted, a feeling that was both natural and weird, all at once.

Xander shrugged and promised himself that he'd think about all that...later. Right now he had a vampire to fuck into the floor.

Eventually Xander got all his body parts working together, claws in, lube applied and his tail was currently driving Spike insane by teasing his nipples as Xander licked his torso.

Xander was liking this tail thing more and more. At least he liked how it was making Spike gasp and swear at the same time.

“Goddamn it, Xander! I'm gonna try to figure out just how many ways there are to skin a cat.”

Xander grinned at the tone as he used three fingers to open up Spike even more. “You know, I can't help but think you're being rude, Spike. Maybe you should say please.”

“Wanker.”

“Nuh-uh. That's you. Unless you ask for it nicely.”

By this time Xander was hovering over Spike, not touching him at all except for the paw that was working his lover's opening and the tail that was still teasing the vampire's nipples. He found the sight of his dark fur against Spike's pale skin oddly erotic.

But hearing Spike beg? Topped that with whip cream and cherries. Metaphorically speaking, of course. Although they'd have to try it for real one day.

“Please! Please stick your giant furry cock in me before I rip off one of your arms and beat you to fucking death with it, you complete and utter git! In me, now!!”

Xander laughed to himself as he positioned his cock in the crack of Spike's ass. For a moment he thought about teasing him a bit more but decided that he really couldn't take it any longer himself.

Instead he lined himself up and pushed forward. He could feel Spike opening up around him, accepting him in and, as always, it left him breathless. For one thing, Spike was so cool compared to himself, and for another it was

the thought that this powerful master vampire was letting him top.

Xander didn't do it often, but each time it was special. Unique.

And sexy as hell.

Finally he was fully sheathed and he groaned. Spike, as always, started commenting. If anyone could back seat drive during sex, it was Spike. “Fucking hell, that feels good. Now move!”

Xander rolled his eyes. “You say such sweet nothings, my love.”

“I've got your damn sweet nothings right...*here!* Fuck, that feels good!”

Xander just grunted in reply. He was having trouble keeping himself from coming too soon, the feel of Spike's inner walls gripping his cock driving him a bit mad. This was going to have to be quick. He thought for a moment then grinned. He loved it when he got ideas.

“If you think that feels good, wait till you get a load of

this!” With a little thought he was able to bring his tail up in between them and wrapped it around Spike's cock, making his lover swear as he thrust upwards into its hold.

They set a rapid rhythm, the banter stopping in exchange for breathy groans and animalistic growling that came from both of them. To Xander it felt as if his tail was just as sensitive as his cock. He growled and thrust even harder, Spike legs thrown over his shoulders so that he was able to hit his lover's prostate every time.

Spike was like a wild thing himself, gamefaced and writhing back and forth, fucking himself on Xander's cock and into his tail. Xander growled even louder, his paws gripping Spike's legs as he drove into him.

It was too good, there was no way it could last. Xander thrust even harder, nearly folding Spike in two as he leaned forward. His lover wasn't complaining, though. If anything, Spike was encouraging him, growling himself and using his legs to grip Xander tight. Xander leaned forward so much that his tail and Spike's dick were trapped between them and the motion of their bodies could be felt in every nerve ending in Xander's skin.

Spike reared up and Xander felt a sharp pain in his neck

as his lover's rectum spasmed around his dick. That was the last straw for Xander; he gave a mighty roar and thrust as far into Spike's body as he could and came.

They collapsed into a pile, Spike's legs kiltered with Xander cradled between them. They were both panting and shaking with the aftermath but it was so damn good that Xander wanted to do it all over again. Once he could breathe, of course.

Spike raised a shaky arm and was doing something with his mouth, making a spitting noise. Xander looked at him as if he was insane and his lover gave him an odd look.

“What? Got hair in my mouth, don't I?”

Xander laughed at that and rolled over so that he could spoon up behind Spike. They were still on the floor but at the moment he didn't care. “Heh. And here I thought I'd be the one with fur balls.”

“Ha, bloody ha. Git.” Then Spike started chuckling. “All I can say is, thank gods your cock was human.”

“What?”

Spike chuckled some more and then sighed as Xander wrapped his tail around his lover's waist. Cool fingers started to stroke it but rather than arousing, it was soothing. "Jaguars have sharp, backward facing spines on their pricks."

Xander could feel his eyelids getting heavier but he still had enough energy left to shudder. "Owie."

"Too right. Might not mind a bit of pain but that's not exactly what I had in mind."

"Hmmm...." Xander could feel himself falling asleep, Spike's stroking helping him to relax even further.

"Gotta say, Xan, I love the tail." Spike seemed to be falling asleep as well, even though it was early in the night for him. Good sex would do that for a person.

"We should name it."

"Xan?"

"My tail. It has a mind of its own so we should name it. We could call it George."

There was a pause for a moment and then Spike gave his tail a squeeze. "Go to sleep, pet. You're loony."

"Mmm. Night, Spike. Love you."

"Love you too, Xander." Spike paused and as Xander dropped off to sleep he heard his lover say one more thing. "Goodnight...George."

Part Six

Xander didn't want to open his eyes. He felt too good to move anything. Every muscle and bone in his body was relaxed. Of course, he couldn't really move because some time during the night they had switched positions and now Spike was holding him so tightly his ribs ached. They were still on the floor but that really didn't bother him; the sex had been so good he was still blissed out on endorphins.

It was a good thing they pretty much kept the blinds

closed at all times, though, because Xander got the feeling that it was late in the day. Luckily it was Saturday so he didn't have to think about work. He stretched, enjoying the feel of how his muscles burned slightly after a night of really good sex.

When he finally got around to opening his eyes, the first thing he saw was the arm he was using as a pillow. He blinked at it sleepily, the fact that it was tanned and not covered in fur taking a few moments to get through his sleep muddled head. Eventually, though, all his brain cells started working and he sat up. "Spike!"

The vampire grumbled behind him. "Go 'way! 'S early."

Xander freed himself from Spike's arms enough to be able to sit up and his hands automatically went to his ass, where just a few hours before a tail had sprouted from the back of his spine.

Nothing.

"SPIKE!"

"WHAT?!"

Spike sat up and growled. He was not a morning person, or an early afternoon person, however you looked at it. Xander ignored the snarling and cuffed him on one side of his head. "Look at me, you...moron! I'm back to normal! No tail!"

"Hell, Xander, I thought there was something else wrong with you the way you fucking well screeched. So Red undid her mojo. That's what you wanted, right? So shut up and let me sleep some more."

Spike turned over sulkily and went back to sleep, Xander's return to his normal form ignored for the moment. Xander looked at his lover in frustration and wished that they were in bed, if only so he could push Spike out of it. Still, Spike was right. This was what Xander had wanted, a return to normalcy. No fur, no fangs, no ears.

No tail.

He sighed and lay back down. Spike would eventually wake up again and then they could track down the girls and thank them. Because, really, who wanted to go around looking like that all the time? Right?

Xander sighed again.

He kinda missed the tail.

~*~*~*~*~

“So you guys didn't do any reversal type thing?”

Willow shook her head and Giles glared at him over the top of one of his books. “I assure you, Xander, that if we *had* figured something out we would have informed you rather than just attempted it.”

Xander pulled at his hair for a moment before claiming his usual corner of the couch. It was just a little before sunset so he'd left Spike at home while he checked in with the magic users and his lover would be along in a few moments. Xander figured his brain had taken a long walk off a short pier because it was doing strange things without his permission. He missed his tail and how his fur had felt.

He was getting weird.

The door opened and Buffy bounced in, followed by her

boyfriend. Xander tried to like Riley, really he did, but even after getting screwed over by the Initiative and the government the soldier still had a gung ho “The Army Knows Best” attitude that annoyed him. Well, that and the fact that Spike hated him, and Riley did his best at goading the vampire into slipping up and getting shocked. Not that the chip was an issue any longer, but you'd think the moron would learn to stop poking at the dangerous animals one day.

Xander left his position on the couch to pace in front of Giles's bookshelves. He didn't think he could stand sitting down with Riley in the room, at least not today. Buffy must have told her boyfriend about him and Spike being together because Riley was doing his best to not even look at the area Xander was in. He wasn't even being casual about it; he was looking everywhere but at him. It was pissing Xander off.

“Oh, for god's sake, being gay isn't catching. It's not as if I have cooties and, believe me, I wouldn't jump your corn-fed ass for all the money in the world so can you please can the homophobia?”

Buffy's face twisted into a cross between pleading and a frown. “Xander...”

“No, I'm not going to go easy on him. Well, I am, because it's not like I'm gonna go over there and lay a big slobbery kiss on him to try to shake him up. But he could at least look at me!”

The sound of the door opening and shutting quickly and the sight of a blanket covered figure that was just ever so slightly smoking made Xander relax. If he was going to get into it with the perfect soldier, at least Spike would be there. He walked over and started patting Spike's back, trying to put him out. Xander hated it when his lover played chicken with the sunset.

“Now see, that's the problem I have. I mean, gay is one thing, necrophilia is another.”

Spike threw the blanket on the floor by the door and flipped Riley off with two fingers. “Fuck off. You’re just jealous none of your little soldier friends were willing to risk Don't Ask Don't Tell and you can't get your end away.”

“Children, *please!*” Giles sounded like he was about to blow a gasket so Xander grabbed Spike's hand and dragged him to the armchair, forced Spike to sit down

and then sat on top of him. For one thing, it would keep Spike from killing Riley and for another...well, Xander figured watching them snuggle would give the man a stroke.

Spike, of course, had to push it by goading Giles. "I'll have you know, *Rupert*, that I was around when your father was a sperm cell so you can keep the children comments to yourself."

Giles looked like his head was going to explode. "Can we just get back to the fact that, for no apparent reason at all, Xander is now back to normal?"

There were snorts of amusement from just about everyone in the room, including his vampire. Xander glared at them all while shifting so he could elbow Spike. "On my own behalf, I say HEY!"

The next few minutes were filled with the usual bickering, with the added bonus of everyone but Giles sneaking looks at him and Spike occupying the same chair. Willow had the same look she'd had when she found out he was dating Cordelia so at least she wasn't too freaked out. Still, it would be a long time before she really talked to him again. Buffy seemed to be curious

and grossed out at the same time while Riley was just disgusted.

They really needed to attend some sort of diversity workshop or something. Learn to be all PC and accepting of alternative relationships.

Suddenly Xander stiffened, bolts of pain going through all his nerve endings like lightning. “Oh god, it's happening again!”

With the next wave of pain Xander collapsed in the floor, Spike's cool hand on the back of his neck. Dimly he could hear Spike explaining how this had happened the night before. Another wave of pain came and went, leaving him gasping for air and flat on the floor. When he opened his eyes, Xander looked at his arm. Sure enough, it was covered in the same black fur with faint spots. He groaned and banged his head on the floor.

There was movement behind him and then Spike chuckled. “Look, pet, George is back!”

Part Seven

“Will you two stop doing that?!”

Xander blinked from his position on Giles' couch where he and Spike were currently curled around each other.

“Stop what?”

Buffy gave him a dirty look. “Stop looking so damn cute! It's unnerving.”

It had been weeks now but they were still trying to research just how and why Xander had changed. No answers had been found yet, but Xander found he really didn't mind. Every morning at dawn he returned to his human form so he was able to work and do other things like grocery shopping in the mundane world, and every night when the sun set he morphed into his more feline form. He still had opposable thumbs, though, so that was good, and for the most part he had his human intellect.

Xander chose to ignore what had happened the week before when Oz showed up the night before the full moon. It had taken both Spike and Buffy to keep the two of them from fighting and ever since they had tried to keep away from each other. Oh, Xander still liked Oz, especially since the other man wasn't the least bit bothered about Xander's relationship with Spike. No,

they had to keep apart because, even in the daylight, if Xander got too close Oz's control of the wolf would slip. Xander was no better; he would get a feeling of anger from having another large predator in his vicinity. It was better if they kept apart.

Other than that, Xander was becoming used to his predicament. In fact, in a way it was fun. Finally he was able to match Spike's skills on patrols. It was exhilarating, being able to sneak just as quietly and to have the speed and strength necessary to keep up. Not only that but the sex was fantastic. He'd always known in the back of his head that Spike had held back to keep from hurting him, but Xander hadn't realized how much his lover had held back.

Three nights previously, after a fight with a Fyarl, they'd ended up in one of the parks, horny and triumphant. At first Xander had pounced on Spike, all but rutting against him and slamming him into a tree. Then they'd fought for dominance for a good half hour and the only reason that had ended was because they'd accidentally knocked down one of the larger oaks. Xander had burst out laughing at the irony of it and hadn't stopped until Spike used his laughter to his advantage and bent Xander over the trunk of the tree and fucked him until he couldn't

stand.

That had been fun. And apparently his feline form had good healing properties because the only aftereffect was the tendency to whistle and grin goofily the next day at work.

Then there was George, as both he and Spike insisted they call Xander's tail – much to Giles's annoyance. His tail was just over four feet long, a rather impressive length, and if Spike was anywhere in the vicinity it ended up wrapped around him, one way or another. The only time it didn't was when they were fighting and then Xander either wrapped it around his waist to keep it from getting pulled or used it to trip his opponents. Otherwise, George wrapped itself around Spike any way it could. Right now, Xander's tail was wrapped firmly around Spike's waist, the tip of it going up over his shoulder to caress his cheek.

This was what was probably getting Buffy's panties in a twist. While both she and Willow were getting used to the idea of him and Spike being a couple, both girls made uncomfortable noises when they cuddled too much or really kissed. Spike told him privately that it was because both girls found it a turn on but Xander always covered

his ears and refused to hear more about it. He *SO* did not need to know that Buffy and Willow were getting off on watching him and Spike.

What made Xander just about as uncomfortable was the fact that he was beginning to think he didn't want to get changed back to normal. After he got used to the change, well, Xander liked it. Thanks to the fact that he returned to human with the dawn, he didn't feel like a freak anymore. Well, anymore of a freak than someone who had a vampire for a lover. Still, he was happy, but Xander knew if he told the others that, they wouldn't understand. Well, Giles might but Buffy wouldn't and Willow would give him that teary anime face that made her eyes look five times bigger than they actually were.

Xander really couldn't handle it if she started crying so hard tears came spurting out her eyes. In fact, he'd like to avoid tears all together. Which was why they were all still trying to research what had happened.

Well, the others were researching. He and Spike were trying to grope each other and were using the large books to block everyone's view of them. Although Giles probably had a clue since the man kept on glaring over at them.

Suddenly Spike stiffened. Xander glanced at his lover and then he heard it: a sound that reminded him of fingernails on a chalkboard. Xander gave a rumbling sound deep in his chest and could feel his ears flatten even as his tail unwound from Spike's middle and started lashing. The others noticed and both Buffy and Giles stood up and looked around the room.

Spike shifted to his game face and ran to the door before anyone could stop him. He threw it open, snarling the entire time. “What the fuck are you doing here?”

There stood Drusilla, in a long gown of pure white. “Hello, Spikey. Can you and your Kitten come out to play?”

Part Eight

Just hearing Drusilla's voice made Xander's hackles rise. While they didn't avoid mentioning their exes, he and

Spike didn't really talk about them either. The fact that she'd shown up at Giles' condo was unnerving. He couldn't help it; he growled.

Spike took a step in front of him and for a moment Xander wondered if it was to protect him or Drusilla. Spike must have sensed that somehow since he backed up till they were touching and Xander's tail wrapped around his middle. "What do you want, Dru?"

Drusilla was wearing a dress that looked like it came out of the movie *Emma* that the girls always forced him to watch. All floaty and delicate. It gave Dru a bluish tint to her pale skin and made her seem even more otherworldly than usual. "Is that any way to talk to me, my William? After all I've done to give your pretty Kitten his claws?"

"I'm not yours, not anymore. You threw me away...and what did you do to Xander?"

Xander kept quiet but forced himself to loosen his hold on Spike. The others were staying quiet for now and he hoped Giles would be able to keep the girls from interfering. Since Spike had gotten snarly over him, Xander had relaxed just a fraction. His lover could handle

the mad vampire; after all, he'd done it for over a century.

“The Little Tree opened a window and I snuck in, quiet as a mouse. Your dark boy needed courage so I gave a lion to the Heart.”

“You did this to Xander?” Giles had joined them at the door and had his angry Ripper-face on.

“Oh! Aren't you pretty, all anger and chaos?” Drusilla came up to the edge of the doorway and made snapping noises with her teeth as if she were a dog. “Wouldn't you like to come out and play with us?”

Spike snarled. “I am going nowhere with you, Dru, and neither is Xander! Just go back to Miss Edith and your tea parties and leave us the fuck alone!”

“Spike!” Buffy sounded as if she was having trouble holding herself back. “She has to end the spell on Xander.”

“No, she doesn't.”

Everyone was looking at him suddenly and Xander fought

the urge to growl. With the exception of Spike, everyone's expression was of anger or confusion. His boyfriend was doing that leering thing with this tongue behind his teeth that made Xander want to either kiss him or hit him, sometimes both.

Willow's eyes seemed huge in her face. "Xander, you can't mean that."

He took a deep breath. "Yeah, I do. I mean, even if it had been your spell I'd come to that decision. I was just waiting for you guys to give up. I just...like myself this way."

"This way? Like a freak?"

Spike turned and snarled at Buffy. "Shut your fucking trap, Slayer!"

Xander felt his muscles tensing. "I'm not a freak. Look, I can be all...Joe Normal during the day. Go to work, get groceries, stuff like that. And at night I can keep up with Spike. Not like that!!" He glared at his boyfriend, whose leer was getting out of hand. "I mean, we're on a more equal footing. He doesn't have to worry about me getting killed when we're hanging out in some of the, uh, more

demony type places in town.”

It was nice being equals on the sex front, too, but he was NOT saying that in front of Giles and Willow. Buffy, maybe, if only to annoy her a bit. As for Drusilla, if the others weren't here, he'd rub it in her face. She'd left Spike and if she thought she was getting him back, he'd use her as a scratching post.

Spike stepped even closer to him and Xander realized that he must have been growling or putting out some scent that let his boyfriend know he was feeling extra jealous. Xander welcomed his presence, and tried to remain calm. “Look, I've gotten used to my new...predicament, okay? And this way I'm much less of a demon magnet. No, I wasn't happy at first but I'm okay now. And I'm sure as hell not going to ask Drusilla to do a damn thing for me!”

The last sentence was said with a growl but Drusilla just giggled. “Ooh! Kitten doesn't want to play with me?”

“No!! Just go play with yourself!!” Xander paused and tried to ignore Buffy's snickering. “And I don't even care if you play with yourself *that* way! Just leave Spike and me the fuck alone!”

Drusilla growled, sounding like a deranged poodle to Xander. “William was mine before you were even born, Kitten. Miss Edith and I have a prior claim; his heart is in a jar on my shelf!”

Spike growled and left Xander's side, crossing the threshold and grabbing his Sire by the throat and slamming her against the side of the house. Xander and the others followed, none of them wanting to miss out on the show. Xander himself was torn between wanting to see how his nifty new claws would make Dru's face look and wanting a tub of popcorn to enjoy the show with.

“Whatever claim you had on me ended when you threw me away the last time. For over a bloody century I followed behind you, jumping to do your bidding at the slightest twitch of your petticoats, and yet I was never enough for you. Darla, bloody *Angelus*, countless other demons had you. You may have made me, but you don't own me, not anymore.”

By that time, Dru was sobbing and cursing all at once and Spike let her go. She slid slowly down the side of the house, but still reached for Spike. Spike stepped out of

her grasp and came to stand by Xander, grabbing his tail and winding it around his fist. "Sorry, Dru, but you're beneath me."

~*~*~*~*~

It was late and they were all tired. It had been a long night. Dru had run off, finally, and Buffy and Willow had all been for dragging her back and making her undo the spell she'd cast on Xander. Spike and Xander had said they just wanted to be left alone. At one point, Giles said he didn't care what the bloody hell everyone did as long as they stopped yelling and aggravating his headache.

To make matters worse, Willow was demanding an apology for the assumption that she'd been the one to transfigure Xander. Of course, Giles had pointed out that Drusilla herself had said that the "Little Tree" had made her spell possible so it had originally been Willow's fault for performing magic on one of her friends without permission.

Xander groaned and threw up his hands. "Willow, I'm sorry I assumed it was you, but it was you in a way. Either way, I'm happy so can we all just be satisfied and get

along.”

“Yeah, luv,” Spike said with his patented leer. “Let’s you and me go get *satisfied*. What do you say?”

Xander blushed to the roots and carefully avoided his friends’ interested gazes. “Spike, I’m trying to be sensible here. Do you have to make things worse?”

Spike smirked at him. “Of course. You know I’m incorrigible.”

Xander laughed and let Spike pull him down on his lap as they settled on the couch. “You’re a hundred and twenty year old brat, is what you are.”

“Here, here!” Giles looked the worse for wear as he walked over to his bar and poured himself a drink. “Now that the crisis has past and Xander here has decided to embrace his inner Furry, can all of you please leave?”

“Ewww! I don’t want to think of Spike and Xander yiffing each other.”

Xander made a face. “Buffy, I don’t have a clue what yiffing is.”

Willow raised her hand. "It's when people dress up in costumes like animals and sniff each other for sexual pleasure."

"Red!! You kinky thing, you!"

"Eww! No, not me. I saw it on some crime show. Sheesh."

"When you've been around as long as I have, luv, you know it's always the quiet ones."

Xander laughed as Willow blushed as red as her hair at Spike's words. He knew his friends would take a while to accept him like this, but they would eventually. They were probably more thrown by the whole Spike and Xander thing than the Xander is now a werejaguar thing.

"Really. I wasn't kidding. Could you all please leave?"

"Look, Giles is being all grumpy. What's the matter, Giles, should we have let Drusilla take you out on a date?"

Spike chuckled and shoved Xander off his lap and they both stood up. "Nah, that Ethan bloke is supposed to be

in town some time this week. I think ol' Ripper here is anticipating getting his end away."

Buffy made an ick face. "Okay, I think we should all make a pledge not to talk about our sex lives. Any of us. Because there are just some things about my friends that I so don't want to know."

"Well, I was gonna buy some catnip and see what me and Xan could get up to but if you don't want to know..."

Xander quickly slapped both a hand and a tail over Spike's big mouth, effectively cutting his boyfriend off. "Right. I think we all agree. Goodnight. Everyone have fun doing whatever."

The girls were snickering and Giles was going for a refill on his drink as Xander dragged his protesting lover out. As soon as the door closed behind him, Xander removed his hand and tail from Spike's mouth and replaced it with his own. He kissed his lover until even he needed to breathe and broke away with a gasp. "Wow. Now, what was that about catnip?"

The End