

A while ago, [amejisuto](#) posted this on Bloodclaim, I think.

Ame (amejisuto) wrote, @ 2004-09-12 23:29:00

Spander plot bunny...

One plot bunny free to a good home. I've got too many and this is just too funny for it not to be written.

Human AU. Spike and Xander meet somewhere or other and it's love/lust at first sight. Problem is Xander is [dating a](#) female and has always thought himself straight. To figure himself out he phones in to one of those radio sex show for advice. Little does he know that it's Spike that he's calling.

So you got the Spander sparks, the Xander confusion, and you got Spike as a modern day Dr. Ruth giving out advice and reviewing sex toys, liquid latex and different positions on the radio.

Someone write this, it sounds too fun!

*I don't know if anyone else took this challenge but I read it and thought: Oh my god, that sounds fun! And then I got blocked on it for like 6 months until a few weeks back I finally figured out where I wanted to go with it. It's kind of long, lol, and I hope I did your idea justice. It was just too good to pass up. Sorry it took me so long to get it out.*

*Het Warning: There is a smidgeon of het in the 2nd chapter, I believe. Not much and Anya disappears soon after b/c Xander's got issues and...well, Anya's an icky girl, isn't she? He likes **mens**, dammit, even if he doesn't want to admit it just yet.*

Beta'd by the lovely  [kitty\\_poker1](#)

Thanks to  [toobusy2write](#) for her help with the, uh, sex bits. Specifically the sex toy stuff. Thank you, baby!

\*Smooches  [toobusy2write](#)



## Changing His Religion

by  
[Eyzrthewindows](#)

Part One

Xander was pushed and prodded and squeezed and shoved. And he ended up making time with some guy's backside when he finally stopped as the people pushed past him down the aisle. His crotch was pressed neatly between two denim clad buttocks and it didn't know the difference between a guy's ass and a girl's, apparently.

It waved a timid hello and Xander inhaled sharply, staring at the back of the man's gelled head and the tiny hairs on the smooth skin of his neck.

He tried to move but too many people were in the way and he couldn't do a damned thing.

The man he was practically dry humping in an aisle of the entertainment store somehow turned around to face him, despite all the odds and people pushing against them, and smiled at him.

He was plastered from knees to chest against the guy. His groin was now hugging a muscular thigh that clenched and rubbed.

He gulped.

Blue eyes. Blue eyes were all Xander could see. They were vivid and bright and full of...blueness.

And the skin around the corners crinkled in a cute sort of way that made his cock wave more than a bit timidly.

He had butterflies in his stomach.

The front of this man felt as good as the back did. It felt better, even.

He swallowed hard and glanced around frantically for a way out without actually trying to look like he was as disconcerted as he was. He didn't think he was succeeding.

The man sandwiched between him and the bookshelf didn't seem to mind and stayed put, holding his book in one hand while the other...well, it sort of crept up Xander's stomach and stopped on his bicep and fondled.

Xander discovered that the guy's touch was like liquid hot lava and it scalded him.

This man was very...forward for having not even technically met him yet.

Damn the weekend. Damn its thrifty sales. Damn this stupid store's two for one special on video rentals, its half-off cds, its book signing from a self-help guru...all happening *at the same time*.

Not to mention that a new section of the store had been converted into a small cafe that served coffee, cappuccinos and various pastries and it was also having its grand opening.

This place was a fucking mad house.

He felt like Charlton Heston in *Planet of the Apes*.

The crowd shoving its way down the tiny aisle thinned a little and began to trickle instead of gush.

Xander cleared his throat and stepped back from the man watching him appraisingly. He fidgeted with his dvd and tried not to vibrate in place. He tried to ignore the tingle where he'd been touched.

The man's hand went back to his side, dangled there doing nothing.

"Uh...sorry. Got swept up. With...all those psychotic shoppers. It's a mad house."

"That's all right. Accidents happen. Been an interesting moment out of my day, it has."

Oh, God, he was British.

Oh, God, he sounded *hot*.

Oh, God, he *looked* hot.

Oh, God, Xander was losing his mind.

He attempted to control his breathing and tried not to stare. The man was far too pretty for his own good, even with that radioactive bleached hair smoothed back from his smooth forehead and worn like a helmet with a shitload of gel.

"Uh...yeah."

Xander couldn't seem to figure out how to talk. Normally, this wouldn't have been a problem. He was a babbler, but...

He cringed, groaning inwardly, and tossed a look at the other man, who smiled wider and seemed to be enjoying his obvious discomfort.

The stranger held his hand out, the very one that had been groping Xander moments ago, and quirked an eyebrow, a scarred one. "Name's Will. Nice to meet you..."

Xander blinked stupidly at the offered hand, absently noticing long fingers slightly thinner than his own and pale skin over elegantly shaped bones. He moistened his lips, not noticing when the newly introduced Will followed the movement with his suddenly dilated eyes.

"I-I'm Xander." He stuck out his hand abruptly and warm fingers wrapped around his palm.

The handshake seemed to last forever; he knew it lasted much

longer than your average two second business shake, but he couldn't seem to let go or tell Will that it was an odd sort of a thing that was blowing his mind and frying all the synapses in his brain.

Will pulled his hand back and stared at him, then laughed and rolled his eyes. "You're not much for small talk, are you?"

Xander flushed. "Not really, no."

Will smiled slowly. "That's actually very charming...and sweet. You're cute."

Xander's eyes widened in surprise. "Oh, um, thanks."

Several seconds of silence fell between them.

Will looked at him, eyes narrowed thoughtfully. "Well...this is in no way awkward."

Xander burst out laughing, loudly, and then clamped his mouth shut as embarrassment washed over him like a tidal wave. He checked furtively to see if anyone was looking. "Yeah..."

And noticed the sign hanging above the bookshelf they were in front of.

He was in the *Gay Lifestyle* section.

Well, that explained a lot.

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Xander eventually quit browsing and put back the movie he'd been carrying around with him, too out of sorts to look any longer and brave the wave after wave of people who were still packing into the store. He wandered over to the coffee counter, ordered something that had far too many words that he could barely pronounce and looked for a table.

It was fairly busy, so all were full up and he sighed with disappointment, cup firmly clasped in one hand while the other tucked away the pointless receipt.

He went to a napkin dispenser and pulled out a few, then started to leave, resigned to drinking his coffee in his car on the way home, when he saw a familiar bleached blond head and those pretty blue eyes looked up to meet his own as if they'd sensed his gaze. His breath hitched as Will smiled and waved him over.

He couldn't keep himself from ambling over nervously, coffee clutched like a life-line in one hand, napkins crumpled in the other sweating palm.

Will wiped his mouth, having just finished a pastry. "You looked a bit lost. Crowd getting to you?" He gestured to the empty seat across from him. "Join me?"

"You sure?"

"Wouldn't have asked if I weren't."

Xander smiled slightly and took the seat. He set his coffee down and looked at the plastic lid, wondering if he should just pull it off and take his chances on spilling it -- he was accident prone -- or leave it and try to drink from the tiny hole.

"You're thinking really hard about something. Eyebrows are all scrunched up. Important stuff?"

Xander started and looked up. Now that he mentioned it...there were some things Xander was thinking about. Some heavy things he'd never thought about before.

He was actually freaking out quite a lot.

Hot guy. He thought hot guy was *hot*. Hot guy was *hitting on him*.

Did he come across as gay? Other than accidentally being in the *Gay Lifestyle* section, anyway.

Not that he had a problem with that...it's just...he *wasn't*. He had a girlfriend, loved boobies and other girly parts and yet...

He sighed.

Will was an attractive guy. *Really* attractive.

He was feeling uncertain, like he was on a small platform barely large enough for him to stand on fifty feet off the ground. Except, he wasn't as cool as Indiana Jones and he certainly didn't have the reflexes and balance.

He was going to fall.

"Umm...yeah. Sorta. Maybe. Why don't they make these holes bigger? It's hard to drink out of them, you know?"

Will blinked, then smiled slowly. He took Xander's cup and ripped part of the lid off, making the drinking hole bigger.

The cup was set back in front of him and Xander stared down at it blankly.

"Thanks."

"No problem, Xan."

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Well, that was an experience, Xander thought, clutching his half drunk coffee in an unsteady hand and watching as Will crawled into an ancient DeSoto that, when started, rumbled so loudly it vibrated the whole parking lot; sounded like it needed a new muffler -- or a new motor. He watched him tear out of the lot, tail lights flashing red in the darkness, and then got into his own more modest four-door sedan.

On the way home he couldn't get the strange blue-eyed man out of his head. The way he laughed, the way he smiled, the way he spoke -- and boy, howdy, that was a hell of a nice accent -- the way he moved, the way he flirted.

Xander was finding himself having all kinds of new thoughts he'd never even thought of having before.

Thoughts about Will that shouldn't have been entering his mind. The kinds of thoughts reserved for Anya, his girlfriend, and the bedroom, or possibly the shower.

Confusion? Was a bitch.

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He went home to a dark, lonely apartment. It was after midnight and he should've been in bed, should've gone straight to the shower and washed the uncertainty straight out of him and then gone to sleep. Should've thought about Anya all the time, just to prove to himself that he wasn't having these new, uncertain thoughts and feelings and they weren't having any kind of strange affect on him.

But he didn't.

He sat in his living room, single lamp lit, curled up on his couch and staring into space.

Will's handsome face was burned into the backs of his eyelids and every blink brought it back in vivid colour.

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Because Xander got very little sleep the previous night -- he kept dreaming really naughty dreams about Will and woke up *twice* with his own cum plastering his shorts to his skin -- he was a zombie at work all day.

Good thing he was pushing paper and not out on a beam thirty feet up.

He plugged through the day, barely making it and went home again.

That night he was sitting eating an extremely late dinner -- it was just after midnight, he'd been called to do over-time at work -- at his kitchen table, flipping through radio stations on his portable radio when he came across something that made him pause. In both his eating and breathing.

"...and it was like fireworks, man. Better than any girl, I tell you. I knew somethin' had to be up. Heh. If you know what I mean. That was my first real kiss. I don't count the women because they weren't really good. I didn't feel nothin' with them." A sigh. "Erik was some kisser. Stayed with him for three years after that. We're still good friends today."

"Well, thanks, Marcus, for that enlightening trip down memory lane. If you've got a little tale about how you first discovered you were gay or bisexual, give us a bell, eh? Five, five..."

Xander's eyes widened and he inhaled when oxygen became an issue, choking a little.

He'd never heard anything like *that* before. Had never come across a radio show like this. Had never listened to this station before, either.

He looked at the clock. It was just after midnight and they were talking about this kind of thing *now*?

He glared at the radio. It was mocking him too.

But he didn't turn it off or even change the station. He was...curious.

"Yeah, I remember my first go with a bloke. Wesley was his name. Back in merry old England it was sort of...common to experiment in public school with your mates. Bloody hell, but he was gorgeous and knew what to do with that tongue of his too. I was thirteen at the time. Early starter, me. Knew then there'd never be a Mrs. Sutton. Wife and two-point-five brats just aren't it for me."

"You lying sack o' beep. You were *nineteen*."

"Angel, you bastard! Don't go spreading untruths!"

"You know I'm not lying! I've known you for a long time, you

little cockney beep."

Spike growled. "Shut the hell up. We can't all be the town bicycle like you. Now, where was I? Oh, right..."

Xander banged his head on his kitchen table, plate of pizza and chips clattering in front of him, but kept listening.

"Heya, Spike! I called in the other day about dominants and submissives, remember? Gretchen?"

Spike chuckled. "Hello, luv! 'Course, I remember you. You were all excited and practically panting over the phone at the prospect of dom'ing. How's that working out for you?"

"Like a dream! I found a real honey of a girl and she's quite the good little bitch. She loves doing everything I say...enjoys being led around on a leash wearing nothing but a little leather th--"

"Now, now, you know we don't have time for details, luv, that'd be a whole other show." Someone laughed in the background. "Ah, Angel, you big fairy, shut up and let me talk to these nice people, eh? They've got important things to share. Isn't that right, Gretchen?"

The woman laughed. "You know it. Anyway, why I was calling is...I wanted to share my first lesbian experience..."

Xander started to breathe heavily, his hands began to shake.

He switched the radio off. He couldn't listen to this any longer.

That last one didn't apply to him, anyway.

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A few minutes later, curiosity got the better of him, he calmed himself down and hesitantly turned the radio back on.

He sat there before his mostly uneaten dinner, cringing. He tried to keep from shaking.

"...I'd been in denial so long that when I was finally out of the closet I didn't know where to start. Everyone knew I was gay before I did. It was kind of funny, actually. My mom even told me, when I finally got the balls to tell her anyway, that she'd known all along. My dad wasn't happy but he didn't do anything other than say 'yeah, okay' and then go back to his paper and coffee because my brother Marlin's married and has a baby on the way so he knows the family name's gonna get passed down. How I knew? Well, I'd check out the boys more than the girls. Girls just didn't do a lot for me."

"...I was the perfect heterosexual guy. I went out with women, dated one for *years* before I even got an inkling that I wasn't who I was unknowingly pretending to be. I met a guy, a guy who...well, I couldn't ignore his sexuality anymore than I could ignore mine. He made me feel things no woman ever did, ever could."

"...I knew I was gay when I was five. I mean, I knew I was different but I didn't know it was being gay or whatever. I just knew I liked hanging around girls more and boys gave me a funny little thrill. I played with dolls more than my little sister did. My dad cursed me a lot, made fun of me, called me names. My mom wasn't really nice about it but she wasn't as bad as dad was. They were sort of religious, those homophobic types that believe that sodomy's a sin and all that beep but...it's turned out good. I gotta significant other of five years and we're doing just fine. It kind of sucks around the holidays, but...Larry's parents don't mind me coming over and spending the holidays with them."

Xander blinked and pushed his plate away. He wasn't hungry anymore.

Some of that sounded too familiar, way too familiar.

He felt as if he'd suddenly been exposed.

At this point in his life he thought he'd had everything figured

out.

That wasn't the way it was at all.

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Spike, the DJ, gave out the station's number again and Xander found himself unable to squelch the undeniable urge to write it down on a handy post-it nearby for future reference. Just in case.

He needed some outside perspective on his situation. Faith, good friend that she was, couldn't help him on this one. She was a *girl* and also friends, well, sort of friends with Anya.

He was also a little embarrassed and Faith tended to take a weakness and run it into the ground by making fun of him.

And, really, there was nothing like a stranger's honest opinion to get you to see yourself differently.

He hoped it would help him. He didn't know how long he could take feeling this sudden lifestyle confusion, this intense chasm

inside him where he was straddling straight-ville and flaming gaydom.

He felt as if he was being slowly ripped apart.

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He lasted maybe ten minutes before he began to stare at the little piece of paper with the station's number on it. He glared at it, looked at the phone, and continued to do so until he couldn't take it anymore.

"Hang on, mate, we're on commercial break. I'll put you on-air in a bit."

"No, wait! I don't want--"

And he was put on hold because the DJ wasn't listening to him.

Crap.

He didn't want to air his problem on the radio waves. Not that he thought that there could be *that* many people listening at

this time of night or that anyone he knew would be either...but still.

A few moments later, the radio came to life and Spike was announcing he had another caller with a story. Xander quickly turned the volume down.

"What's your name and how'd you know you were gay or bisexual?"

"Umm...I don't want to give my name. I...have a question."

"Don't have a story to tell?"

"Uh...no. Because I'm not gay. Or bi. I'm...confused."

"Ah," Spike breathed. "You're still in the closet but don't know if you want to come out of it, right?"

"Not really. I don't think I'm gay. I'm just...all of a sudden I'm having...thoughts. About a guy. I have a girlfriend! Been with her since high school and everything but..."

Spike chuckled. "Calm down, mate. Wasn't presuming anything, just asking questions so I can get a feel for your...problem, as you say. I think...you don't need to freak out about this, you just need to give it some serious thought. You may've been straight till...recently, right? But maybe it was just...well, some of us go through phases where we think we're something when

we're not or because people expect certain things of us and think things that others like or do are wrong. You got me?"

That was a little confusing but Xander thought he understood it.

"Um...yeah."

"This isn't something you're going to figure out in a few hours time or maybe not even a few days. It's a serious situation that could change your life. It's nothing to be ashamed of. All of us have had this problem, some more than others."

His father's drunken voice whispered as a memory took him over.

*"You never were nothin' but a piece of shit faggot, Alexander." Tony shook his son with the hand not holding his Budweiser until Xander's teeth rattled and his head spun. "You actin' like that...it ain't normal and I'm not gonna have it! You make your momma and me ashamed to have spawned you. If that goddamn rubber hadn't broke..."*

Xander swallowed. "Yeah," he said quietly. "I can't be gay, though, Spike. I can't. My dad drilled it into my head since I was little that being a...that being *that* was wrong and it's not who I am."

Silence. Then, "Homophobic father. That sounds familiar. Angel,

you want to give this a go?"

Another voice came onto the line and Xander listened intently to someone with a slight Irish accent.

"Listen, uh...Joe, I know what you're going through. My own da was pounding it into my head that being homosexual or anything other than straight so as to marry and carry on the family name and line was wrong. Beat it into me, in fact. Know what I did?"

"No," Xander breathed.

"I made sure I broke every rule in the book other'n that. I fucked girls, fucked the whole damn village near-like, drank, bummed around. Didn't do anything but fuck my own life up because I was dissatisfied with everything. All the denial and letting my father get to me...it hurt and changed me into something I wasn't. I left when I was twenty, came out, got a boyfriend and settled down and...I'm much happier for it. I can understand where you're coming from."

"But I've never had these thoughts before! Ever! I've had two girlfriends in my life and my current one...she's been with me seven years! I just...this can't--"

Spike sighed. "I really think you need to talk this out with someone, mate. You can't go it alone. I can tell you're confused and hurting and don't know what to do...and me and Angel

here...we're not professionals. Like I said...give it some thought for a few days, get someone to talk to face to face and suss out what you really want. If you marry the girl and then come to find out years down the line you aren't that man she wanted and married...it'll be a big fucking mess of shit to mull through. Especially if there's kids involved. I'm sorry to do this but...I've got to move on with my show. We've run out of time. Gotta do another commercial break."

"Crap," he muttered, eyes squeezing shut. They were burning and he felt like he'd cry and he hadn't even scratched the surface of his problems.

"Listen, hang on," Spike said, "And guys, we'll be back. Call in if you have a story. I'll put you on the air."

Xander's fingers clutched the phone so hard his knuckles were white and trembling. He could barely breathe.

"You still there?"

Xander jumped. "Yeah."

"Look, I don't know you and you don't know me but...we've got exactly three minutes to chat before I've got to get back on the air. I'm back in a private booth so Angel can't hear. So, you needn't worry about someone listening in."

Xander inhaled unevenly and ran a hand through his hair. He

scratched his head. "I'm sorry. I'm...freaking out here. I really didn't have problems until yesterday. I was pretty happy with my life, with my girlfriend, with everything...being normal, until...I didn't expect this. I don't know what to do."

"You never really had naughty thoughts about men till yesterday? Not *ever*?"

"I know you probably don't believe me but...I don't think so. No. Never. I was happy with women. Never gave guys...those kinds of thoughts. Couldn't allow myself to if I'd wanted that...dad would've beaten me blue and purple. The verbal abuse was enough, thank you."

"I don't know what to say, mate, other than I don't envy being you at the mo'. First, though, you've got to figure out what *you* want. Don't worry about the girlfriend, or anyone else, focus on *you*."

Xander sighed and opened his eyes. He tried not to focus on the cadence, the low husky rasp of voice in his ear. He got goosebumps. "I just don't know how it happened. I was fine one minute, bumped into this guy, had a moment...then it went...all fucked up after that. It's like my world flipped upside down and I'm hanging onto the one from before with about six fingers and I can't hold on for much longer because my fingers are cramping up. There's slippage...imminent slippage."

"Listen, we're talking about first times all week. If you need to

call in again, don't be a stranger but I've got to get back. Got about thirty seconds till the show's back on. Got other callers waiting and I've got to free the line you're on. Don't mean to be harsh, mate, but...can't keep you on here forever. Got to get back to my little show and all..."

Xander felt disappointment stab through him, hot and sharp and focused. "Oh, yeah. Sorry for taking all your time. You probably would've wanted to go to the bathroom or get a drink or something during your break."

Spike chuckled. "Nah, don't worry about it. Hope I helped at least a little. Sorry I couldn't chat a bit longer but you know how it is..."

"Yeah. You did...help. A little. Thank you."

## Part Two

The next night Anya called him. She invited herself over and they had sex.

He couldn't say no. He'd never been able to even *think* the word in her presence.

Anya was straight-forward, to the point, and didn't find any need to beat around the bush. She had a mind of her own and wasn't afraid to say what she meant or whatever popped into her pretty little head.

That's what had drawn him to her in the first place. She'd seen what she wanted and gone for it...gone for *him* and he'd been unable to look into those beautiful brown eyes and say no.

When he was near climax, those blue eyes, that sweet smile, those chiseled cheek bones, that nice ass, that smoky, English accent...well, Will popped into his head and he came so hard he nearly blacked out.

When it was over, Anya lay there silently, for once, and then turned over and frowned at him. She brushed some damp hair from her cheek. "Who's Will? Are you cheating on me, Xander? If you are, tell me right now so we can break up before I get hurt. I've invested a lot into this relationship, too much of my life, in fact, to be one of those women who stay home and grow babies and homemake while the husband goes off and sleeps with his beautiful, younger mistress because he's bored with married sex and his aging wife. If you can't commit to me the way I want, then I think you should tell me right now. I have plans, buddy, and my future has been mapped out since I was twelve. Whether you're included or not is up to you. So? Who's

Will?"

Xander blinked slowly, stared blankly up at the ceiling as he panted softly. He didn't know how she formed such coherent thoughts filled with such big words after having orgasms.

And when it all finally made sense, his eyes widened.

He'd called Will's name. He'd called the name of a guy he'd just met when he'd cum in his girlfriend's vagina.

He groaned and turned over to bury his head beneath his pillow. His sweat cooled and he shuddered.

All that talking to Spike about the whole gay thing had gotten to him. It had sneaked into his subconscious and at the exact moment he really needed to think straight, he thought gay.

*Was thinking gay.*

He really should've collected his willpower together all in a big heap and used it to tell Anya he needed a few days to think about...things. That he wasn't in the mood for sex.

Oh, like *that* wouldn't have been a big red flag -- or maybe a rainbow coloured one -- that something was truly wrong.

And then she'd have wanted to know why and exactly what he needed to think about and he really didn't even know where to

begin.

Anya poked him with two of her pointy, little, manicured fingers. "Is Will that Willow girl you used to be friends with back in high school? I thought you two lost touch. Have you been seeing her behind my back? Is that where you really go when you're going to 'the store'? You're usually there an awfully long time..."

Why he was in the store so long wasn't the point. He liked to shop, to browse all the aisles...

...to have a break from Anya and her relentless need for orgasms and money to buy things she didn't seem to want to spend her own money on.

Her questions were rapid-fire and relentless and eating away at Xander's brain.

He didn't know what to say.

On the one hand, he could confess and say he'd met a guy that, for some reason, turned his crank a little more than it should have. That he'd called a radio show because he was having doubts about his heterosexuality and he was wondering if he could be gay and if he should break up with her.

He could tell her he'd thought of the guy he'd met while they were having sex. That he was sort of having a sexual identity

crisis and also afraid of committing to Anya. The idea of kids and a marriage built on forever with a picket fence and a modest little house in the suburbs with a mini-van and him working sixteen hours to pay for it all scared the holy living shit out of him.

On the other, he could just lie and take the easy way out. Willow had been a good friend, had crushed on him for a while before turning and batting for the other team but Anya didn't know that and, more importantly, didn't *have* to know that.

It would also get him out of this relatively unscathed with her knowing nothing of his inner turmoil and also without having to explain it.

Not that he *could've* explained it.

"Yeah, I'm sorry, Ahn," was all he mumbled and he felt the bed rock as she got out of it.

He felt like a total heel. He felt like a coward. He was such a bastard.

But she'd never have understood. She wasn't built that way.

Within minutes, she'd removed all trace of her ever having been there -- there hadn't been much to begin with, she hadn't moved in...yet -- and left with a slam so loud that one of his neighbors pounded on the wall.

Xander sighed and went to shower.

This really couldn't be happening to him.

He'd let his girlfriend of seven years walk out just like that and he didn't feel anything. He'd miss her, a little, miss the companionship, the sex, maybe, but...he'd been scared of her and her idea of forever. She'd been pushing for marriage and babies for a while and he just wasn't ready.

He didn't know if he was *that* guy. The family guy who had all the family stuff.

He thought about Will and got a hard-on in the shower.

He groaned and moved his fist rapidly over erect flesh as hot water pelted his prickling skin like a lover's touch.



Xander didn't think of anything but Will and what that DJ had said all the next day.

He was consumed, obsessed...aroused. Constantly.

He hadn't been this horny -- *all the time* -- since he'd been fourteen and had just discovered the fun that was spanking the monkey.

He was still flying a desk -- it was his turn this week, after all -- so he had lots of time to sit and think and space out and stare at nothing.

No one noticed. As long as the work got done, nothing else mattered.

His boss trusted him and none of the others ever came into the trailer unless something had gone wrong so he was left to his own devices.

It sucked.

His brain wouldn't shut off. It kept replaying every moment of meeting Will, short and unsatisfactory as they'd been.

It kept replaying what Spike had said.

He wasn't going to a fucking shrink, couldn't afford that, for one thing, but he didn't want to talk it out with a stranger who'd probably patronize him and ask him if he'd been molested as a child.

He hadn't been, though he'd been verbally abused enough by daddy dearest for it to have an impact on him.

After much thought, he realised that it had been pounded into him very early on that homosexuality wasn't normal, wasn't right, wasn't something Tony would tolerate from his only child. It wasn't what God wanted from his Creations and he'd go to hell if he even *thought* of committing sodomy or thought of having a man like *that*.

Xander came to the conclusion, after pretty much ignoring his paperwork and staring out the window, that his father had seen something in him that he hadn't. Had touched on something that he thought would guarantee his son not becoming a fag.

Well, that hadn't worked, had it?

It was *because* of Tony's pushing and abuse that Xander had become repressed and in denial and felt like he was worthless. He wasn't happy, hadn't *been* happy with Anya, not that way. He'd fooled himself into thinking he was for a long time.

He never thought he'd think or say this but he was glad he'd met Will. Will had opened his eyes and let him in on the secret of his life.

Will had made him aware of himself, aware that he wasn't living his life how he should've been.

Xander blinked, coming back to himself with a jerk when someone dropped a tied stack of lumber on the ground with one of the cranes.

"I am thinking *way* too hard about this," he muttered, forcing his concentration back to the work he needed to finish by quitting time. "I don't even know what's going on...if I'm...ugh...shut it, Harris."

And besides, he'd probably never see Will again. It had been only by chance that Xander had found him in the first place.

He found himself mourning the loss of something he'd never had.



"I'm telling you, first time needs to be on your side with the bloke up behind you. Hurts if you don't do it right. Not everyone can be an acrobat, Angel, nor can they be as flexible and...well-versed with the bloody Gay Kama Sutra!"

Angel snickered. "Doesn't take a trained gymnast to have great sex with a twist, Spike."

Spike sighed. "Anyway, as I was saying. First times involve a lot of preparation. Gotta get a water-based lube because the oil based ones can cause a condom to lose its integrity and break. Though, if you're with your lover and you've not had anyone else or you've been tested and been clean for a long time and you both know it...you can use the other without a condom. Don't advise you doing that, children, unless you really trust the person and...hell, not even then. Just use the ruddy protection."

"Spike, you don't trust *anyone*."

"Well, who *can* you trust these days, wanker? All these bleedin' diseases running rampant all over...it's a wonder the population doesn't hit a drastic decline."

"Gunn...get him to see reason. I'm going for a coffee."

"Hey, man, I don't have any sway with the cue tip. He has a mind of his own."

Spike snickered even as he was bristling with offense. "Hey! 'Least I *have* hair!"

"You're off topic, Spike. Wanna get back on track? There's only fifteen minutes left and you gotta break coming up real soon."

Spike sighed. "Fine. You can be on your sides, spooning, or on all fours with your bloke up behind you for a first time. As for women...girls, you can have it any way you like, have it easier than us. Don't got the bits we men have. Unless you have a strap-on, that's a whole other world, though. Still...got more imaginative positions than we have. I tell you, it's not fair, either." Pause. "All right. One more caller before this last commercial break."

"Hi, I'm Chris and I was wondering...how many fingers do you need to prepare? I say one or two...my boyfriend says at least three."

"Depends on the bloke, really. How, er, endowed are you and your mate?"

"Oh...he's *very* big. He's big and black and beautiful. Just like your Mr. Gunn, there. We both drool over him on the web page. We've got a desktop of the three of you...Angel, you and Charles."

"Oi, Charlie boy, you've got a fan!"

"Shut up, Spike!" came the muffled, yet amused, response.

"As for me...I'm about average. Nothing to write home about. He says I get the job done right, though. That's all that matters."

"Too right, Chris. As long as it goes where it's needed and does it good...what's size matter? Not a size queen here...but...you have to have a bit of something or it doesn't feel like a bloody thing. As for stretching...well...it's your own personal preference, really. Just go slow and don't try to move right off if you're a virgin or it'll hurt like a bitch. You two done the deed yet?"

"No, that's why I was calling in. Malik didn't want to risk tearing or pain..."

"Good on you, preparing first. You want to use quite a bit of lube for the first few times. Doesn't get easier before, oh, about the fifth or sixth. Hurts a bit if you don't do it proper. Sometimes, though, a bloke's got a high threshold for pain and it don't matter as long as you're pretty careful. I knew a bloke who never felt a bloody twinge his first few times, lucky git."

"Thank you, Spike! You're the best. I love your show!"

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Xander continued listening to Spike's Sex Talk Radio show, fascinated and horrified by some of what he was learning.

The callers were very...open and graphic. To the point it made *Xander* blush with sympathy.

But that didn't keep him from turning it on every night. He was becoming obsessed with this show.

"Welcome back, children, today's show's about toys. Vibrators and dildos, nipple clamps and cuffs, anal beads and cock-rings...you know the grocery list, don't you? Don't be shy, call in and give me an example of your favourite things. Get your motors revving, give *me* some pointers. I need some vicarious sex because I'm not getting any at the moment. Bloody bastard Caleb left me high and dry to run back to his Missus six months ago. My poor little heart just hasn't been the same. Neither has me beep." He chuckled wickedly. "And, caller number...whatever sodding number we're on, you're up. Make it good."

The woman laughed and plunged right into explaining about how her girlfriend enjoyed being tied up and tickled with a feather. How she'd even gotten her off by tickling her clitoris. One time she'd just gone to work on her nipples with a feather duster and had made her orgasm delightfully hard by that type of stimulation only.

Apparently, her girlfriend was one of those who orgasmed with

very little stimulation. Lucky girl.

"Caller number blah-de-blah, what's your poison?"

"Well, me and Kev ain't really into toys that much. The odd vibrator or dildo...maybe a beep-ring. I just wanted to call in and say that you are awesome and have such a damn sexy voice. I *love* the accent. It just...does stuff for me. Would you come over and have a threesome with us? I can get the party-sized tub of lube at the sex shop down the street..."

Spike cackled and it sounded like he slapped the console.

"Angel, git, you listening to this? *He* would like me to have a go with him and his main squeeze. And you wouldn't even bloody offer me an invite into your and--"

"Shut up, you little pissant. I told you, Lindsey and I don't do threesomes. We're monogamous."

"Yeah, sure. Whatever you say, mate. Well, caller--"

"Name's Alex."

"*Alex*, nice of you to offer but I'm a one bloke man."

"Aw, damn. Kev's gonna be disappointed. He's got a crush on you the size of California."

"Tell him I'm very flattered."

"Anyway, me and Kev just like to...role play a little. I get behind him, tie him to the headboard and slip into his tight, little ass and...while I'm beeping him I call him a dirty little slut and a bitch and a whore. Gets him up and running. He really loves all that beep. So do I."

Xander found himself hardening as he pictured what the guy on the radio was saying. He had a vivid image of himself tied to his own headboard with Will pushing into him from behind, whispering dirty little things into his ear. Maybe he'd fuck him and spank his ass, pinch his nipples, massage his balls, stroke his cock.

Maybe he'd have a cock-ring.

"Ohhhh, fuck," Xander moaned, cupping himself through his sweatpants and leaning forward on the couch. He'd nearly cum just from fantasizing about Will fucking him in the ass.

Well, maybe he was gay, after all. Straight men didn't get off on thinking about getting fucked up the ass, did they?

---

"I have a rippled butt-plug that vibrates. Has a handy remote and everything. I'm a dirty little boy and wear it out, sometimes. And sometimes I stick the remote in my pocket and turn it on when I'm in the grocery store or at the mall. I even did it at the bank once while I was withdrawing some money. The bank teller thought I was nuts but it was so hot. Good thing I'd put a beep-ring on beforehand or I'd've cum all over the place and she'd have probably called the police."

"Nice one, Andrew," Spike said breathlessly as if the image had gotten to him as it had gotten to Xander, who was seated on his couch with his hand down his pants, much the same as he'd been the past few days as he'd listened to the show.

"You should make sure, lovelies, that when you look into dildos you get one with a moderately large base so it doesn't get sucked up your ass. Heard of someone that happened to one time. Had to go to the hospital to get it surgically removed. Poor bloke was so embarrassed...apparently, he didn't touch a dildo for a long time and made sure, when he finally got the balls to do so, that it had a *very* large base."

"You're hard!" Angel suddenly burst out.

"Am not!" Spike denied hotly.

Angel snorted. "You so are! You're such an easy bastard. You're

a whore."

"Keep talking dirty and I may come over there and give your boyfriend something to worry about."

Angel shut up and Spike snickered.

"Red? You there, luv?"

"Yep. Still here."

"Give it a go, then."

"Well...me and Tara, my girlfriend, we...well, she dresses me up like a pony, with a bit and a cinch and blinders and leather reins and crotch-less panties and stuff. And she makes me crawl around on the floor and she rides me. I have a little saddle that I wear and it's so hot. Gets me so hot. She has a whip and a crop and she...spanks me. The saddle has a little built-in dildo and she rides it while she rides me. I have a little pony tail that I wear strapped to my butt and she brushes it out and teases me with the soft hairs. Then she puts on her strap-on and beeps me and I cum so hard. She pulls on my nipple rings and the collar around my neck and I see stars. It's beautiful. I feel like there's nothing else in the world...just us."

"Good God," Xander said.

The image of the two women playing ponies wasn't what had

gotten him aroused so quickly, though it was hot.

He'd just pictured him and Will playing pony. Will's hard, muscled -- because they so would be muscled and hard -- thighs bulging and rippling over him as he rode Xander's cock. Or as he rode on Xander's back and spanked him with his bare hand...or a paddle.

Xander rubbed himself through his boxers and slumped further on the couch. He flung one leg over the arm of the sofa.

"Er, yeah, sounds it, luv. Bloody hell. And, Angel? Don't bloody say a damn word or I'll have to say something about the pocket rocket you're sporting."

"You little beep!"

Spike snickered. "Aaaaaand, after that nice segue... I remember my first experience with a vibrator. Was all scared that my mum would find it so I hid it in a shoebox underneath the loose floorboards in my closet. Was afraid to use it when she was there because the bloody thing seemed so loud when I turned it on so I mostly used it as a dildo. But when she left I'd turn it on, break out the lube, get naked on my bed and go to town. Hit my spot on accident a few times and didn't even have to pull meself off. Was amazing. Though, back then, they didn't have such wonderful toys. Like butt-plugs with ripples and bumps, or ones that move around and hit your prostate. Remote controls and pliant rubber are a bloody marvel to

behold, they are."

Xander heard a sigh and Spike started laughing.

"You great git, you're all nostalgic over there. Why don't I put Angel on the spot and have him tell us some things?"

"I hate you, Spike."

"Yeah, yeah, get on with the good stuff."

"Fine. Me and Lindsey just discovered this double headed vibrating jelly dildo that has little beads inside. I'm not going into detail but...*God*."

"Sounds fun. Didn't know you were still kinky. You're practically married and...well, you know married folks don't have sex."

"We have plenty of sex, Spike, and you know it. You've invited yourself over often enough when we're, uh, you know...having sex. Sometimes, I really regret giving you a key."

"Right, enough of that. You won't even go into the good bits."

"Stop pouting. That quit working years ago."

Spike sighed. "Fine. Getting back to the subject at hand. Jelly dildos are good, vibrating ones are even better. Hard dildos...eh, not too fond of those. Don't hit my spot enough to

be worth the effort or the cost. A good jelly dildo that's non-vibrating's good too. That's for those of you who are either embarrassed by the noise or aren't living alone and need to sneak about to seek your pleasure."

Xander bit his lip. That was good to know. He'd probably end up needing one of those soon.

He flushed hot, his entire body seeming to ignite in an embarrassed, stubbornly aroused flame. His hand clenched around his cock through his boxers.

He couldn't believe he was thinking about sex toys like this. He was listening to a sex talk show and getting tips on how to fuck himself up the ass.

He didn't know how he'd ever manage to go to a sex shop. He'd be too embarrassed.

"Start small and build. Your ass isn't used to getting something up there...the more accustomed you are, the bigger you can go."

*That* was also a good thing to know.

### **Part Three**

Xander made his way through the week and was glad to see the weekend. He'd been frustrated and going out of his mind.

And listened obsessively to Spike's sex show every night like a faithful, potentially gay puppy.

Anya hadn't called, but he hadn't expected her to.

Faith had, though, and had asked him what was up. Anya and she were tentative friends, at best, but sometimes hung out at strip joints Faith frequented to steal dance moves from.

That conversation wasn't fun.

He'd ended up telling her the truth about his sexual confusion and begging her not to tell Anya, that it was just easier for him to let her believe he'd been cheating with a girl and not *thinking* of cheating with a boy.

After Faith had gotten over her shock, she'd teased him.

"Hey, now we can [cruise](#) strip clubs together. The boy ones. There's one down on Sunset that you'll fucking flip your lid over, Xan. Hot guys, dark and white meat. So much to choose from. We can get wasted and touch the pretty boys."

The silky rasp of her voice had caused him to flush but at least it had been over the phone and not in person because she'd have really gotten her rocks off, teasing him over that.

And the more he thought about possibly being gay, or more accurately being bisexual, he wondered why he hadn't seen it

before.

He'd only had girl friends in high school. Oh, he'd had the odd guy friend...acquaintance really, but he didn't count those.

Willow, Faith, Cordelia, Fred, Lilah, Anya.

He'd been in a sea of estrogen with nary a testosterone-laden hormone in the bunch.

Maybe it had been obvious in some ways...but it hadn't been to him until he'd begun to look back on his life recently.

Will really had flipped his world upside down and inside out.

He'd bent reality.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Xander had a routine, now.

He'd work all day, sometimes wearing a hard-hat and directing workers what to do like a good assistant foreman did, working alongside them sweating and straining his muscles, sometimes pushing paper at a desk, then he'd come home and wait impatiently for the day to close.

He'd shower off the dust and grime, saving his hard-on for later, and would sit in front of the tv, eat, and glance at the clock blinking in the face of his vcr every few minutes to see what time it was.

And when the clock struck midnight, he'd switch on the radio and listen to Spike's show.

He'd nearly give into the urge to call in. He found his fingers twitching, dialing the now memorized numbers in the air, but he didn't think he should.

He still hadn't really figured out what he was going to do. He knew he'd probably never see Will again, the man who'd opened his eyes to another world, and that sort of...hurt.

He'd liked Will for the very short time he'd known him. Would've liked to get to know him better.

Biblically if possible.

He was really coming to terms with this possibly gay thing more easily than he thought he would.

He also hadn't gotten up the nerve to go to a sex shop and get a dildo, despite his burgeoning craving to try putting something up his ass.

He was starting to wish he was computer savvy so he could get

one and have the internet installed. He'd love to go to porn sites and have a look.

The theme music started and it was like Pavlov's bell to Xander's cock. He grew hard. And then the DJ came on and he grew harder. His palms tingled.

"Well, kiddies, Angel's mum's ill so he couldn't make it tonight. Had to fly back to the Emerald Isle to see to her and won't be back for a week or so. Send all good, positive thoughts and prayers his way, eh? Anyway, Charlie's here to substitute as my sidekick and--"

"I ain't no sidekick, white bread. Just because this is *your* show and Angel puts up with your beep, don't mean I got to."

Spike laughed. "Now, that is why I like you, Charlie. You don't put up with anything you don't want to. Today's Friday, or, er, technically Saturday, and you know what that means. Tonight's show is the last of Coming Out Week. And as it's the last one of the theme...it's an extra special show. This is tops versus bottoms. What do you like and why? Give us a ring..."

Tops and bottoms?

Xander swallowed hard and focused intently on the radio. The next half hour he heard tales of men and their preferred way of having sex. Some wanted to constantly play pitcher, some catcher...but they all seemed to know what they wanted and

where they stood.

Xander? Wasn't really sure about anything but the thought of having Will buried deep inside him made his cock pulse with anticipation.

He snorted. He should just stop thinking about Will because he was never going to see him again.

As the minutes crept by, Xander found himself unable to suppress the urge to call into the station. Before he realised what he was doing, he was picking up his cordless and dialing in and it was fucking ringing.

He started to sweat.

"Hey, this is Spike, the resident sex talk guru. If you'll hold on the line, I'll get to you in a bit. We're on a commercial break at the mo'."

"Y-yeah, sure."

He waited in silence, sweat collecting at his temples and upper lip; it slid in rivulets down his back. He could feel it beading under his arm pits; it gave him a chill as it began to cool. He'd need another shower when this was over.

He looked down at his straining cock.

Yeah, definitely another shower.

The line clicked. "And you're on the air with Spike on Sex Talk Radio, KVVV 106.9. What's your flavour? You like to top or bottom or both?"

"Umm....I-I had a question."

"You sound familiar, mate. I talked to you before?"

"Sorta," Xander whispered. "I called a few days ago, umm, about...confusion."

"Oh! Right. I remember you. How's it going? You got anything figured out? Get any help?"

Xander snorted. "No, no help. Can't afford going to a therapist but...I told one of my friends and...she wasn't really any help. Just said that she'd take me to strip clubs with her now and we could ogle the hot, nearly naked men together."

Spike snickered. "I like the sound of her. Sounds saucy."

"A-anyway," his voice grew quieter as he continued. "I'm still...not sure. I b-broke up with my girlfriend but she doesn't know why. I...lied to her. She thinks I cheated on her with another girl and...."

"You're going to have to speed it up. Can't help you if you don't

dish it. Can't read ruddy minds, me."

"The point of this call is...h-how do you know you're a...I mean. Which do you--dammit."

The DJ was silent for a moment. "I can barely hear you...you're whispering."

"Uh, yeah."

"Are you hiding somewhere? Ashamed?"

"N-No. I'm at home. At my apartment. I just...I don't know. I still feel like I need to...be quiet and hide or something. I can't help it."

"Well, you did something right, at least. Got rid of your bird. Wasn't right stringing her along like that or trying to hide from yourself. She was your beard, mate."

"Huh? Beard?"

"Yeah. Your costume to hide behind because she represents normalcy. You can't hide who you are. It's going to be there whether you want it to be or not. You have to be yourself, be who you are, or you'll hurt. It'll burn you up till you're honest with yourself. I think you've got it figured out...that you're just having problems facing it."

Xander buried his face in his free hand and clenched the phone with the other. He rubbed one sock-clad foot over his rug, wiggled his toes and stared at them through his fingers.

"You there, mate?"

Xander started. "Yeah," he said softly.

"Come to any life-altering conclusions during the large amount of dead air you've wasted?"

Xander sighed. "Maybe. I've gotta think. Thanks."

He hung up and turned the radio volume back to an audible level. Then realised with a sigh that he hadn't even gotten to stutter out his question of how to tell if you were a top or a bottom.

That just didn't seem very important anymore.

"Poor bloke. Sounds so confused and unhappy. See, callers? This is what happens when you grow up all repressed thinking it's wrong to be gay or bisexual. It's all about love and desire and sex. The body parts don't matter in the end." A bell sounded. "Thank you, Charlie, I *didn't* in fact know that I need to get on with it. Anyway...topping and bottoming. I go in for both, really. Can get behind a bloke and give him a good pounding or be in front getting a nice tuppung. Makes no

difference to me. Different situations call for different measures."

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Xander made a run to the entertainment store where all of his troubles had begun. He browsed for a long time, happy just to be there, glad there wasn't much of a crowd, ecstatic he wasn't at home alone with just his thoughts to fuck with his head.

It was dark outside, the few people inside murmured softly to each other, music played over the stereo system, Xander brooded.

He walked aimlessly, eyes staring sightlessly at the passing merchandise. Then, he came to the *Gay Lifestyle* section and his heart began to pound. His eyes focused on those seemingly innocent and harmless words.

He stepped into the row and turned to face the gay erotica and the books about coming out and books about how to prepare yourself for sexual intercourse and books about how to realise you're gay and how to deal with it if you discovered you were.

He stared blindly at the spines; his eyes blurred and slid out of focus.

And then there were soft footsteps and a hand was coming up to rest between his shoulder blades, familiar and very welcome.

He blinked, refocused and looked into Will's eyes. "What are you doing here?" he blurted before his brain could catch up with his mouth.

Will smiled, rubbed his back a little. "I come here often. I was seated over in the cafe when I saw you amble along like you were in a trance. Something wrong?"

Xander sighed and dropped his gaze. "Possibly everything."

Will frowned, smile falling from his pretty, pink lips. His hand slid from Xander's back and Xander nearly whimpered at the loss. "Can I help? You seem so...down. Would you like to join me at my table? Talk it out...if you want. I've been told I'm a great listener."

Xander inhaled, smelled Will's scent, breathed deeper. "I-I don't think you can help me, Will. Don't think anyone can, really. Thanks for the offer, though. It's just...something I've got to do on my own, I think."

Will pursed his lips and nodded shortly. He dug in one pocket and pulled out a small scrap of paper and a pen. "Well, just in case..." he jotted something down. "Here's my number. Call any time. If you don't get me, leave a message on my machine and I'll ring you back."

Will inclined his head, smiled softly and returned to his table in the little cafe.

Xander stared blankly down at the little piece of paper Will had pressed into his hand. The numbers and words were precise and neat in slanting cursive. His handwriting had never been that good.

He put it in his pocket and left the aisle. He looked at his watch and noted that it was eleven-fifteen, decided he'd better get home and prepare himself to listen to Spike again. It wasn't Coming Out Week anymore but he found Spike interesting, with different ways of looking at things. Listening to Spike made him feel not so alone in the world.

Xander glanced across the store at the cafe, looking at every table.

He noticed with a sinking heart that Will was gone.

He hurried out to his car and the ancient DeSoto wasn't there.

He sighed and went home, the paper in his pocket feeling as though it were burning through to his flesh.

He put it on the kitchen table where it wouldn't likely get lost and grabbed a snack in preparation for Spike's show.

He cast a look at the number, bit his lip and decided it was probably too late to call. Will would've probably thought him desperate and lonely if he'd called then, anyway.

He switched on the radio at ten minutes till and ate his nacho Pringles in silence.

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Xander stared wide-eyed at the entrance to the club. When Faith had called, he hadn't thought she'd been serious but...

Well, here he was being dragged practically against his will into a strip club. A gay strip club. For men. By Faith.

Faith really had weird tastes. She even watched the gay porn that Xander had spied on top of her vcr and made no secret that she favoured watching male on male action above anything else.

Maybe it would be okay. He wouldn't have to be alone with his new gayness and he'd have someone to talk to about it.

Faith treated him this time, paying the cover charge and getting them their first round. She pulled out a wad of dollar bills and smirked as they got a table near the front.

"Now, I want you to know...if a guy gropes you on the floor, don't freak the fuck out. It just means he wants to fuck you. You don't have to say yes. I know this is all new for you. Just go with the flow, bro. This is the time for fun and realisations. This is where you get your groove on without any strings. It's supposed to be fun -- don't look so fucking down. Look like you're in line for the electric chair instead of about to see pretty men shaking their asses. Loosen up, baby."

Xander smiled weakly and let himself be shoved down into a chair.

He watched the rowdy men and women scream and hoot and whistle as the dancers came out. They were wild and enjoyed the nearly naked men dancing on stage to pulsing music. The dancers thrust in their faces, played their parts for a few gropes and some cash shoved into their g-strings.

Xander was hard.

Faith jumped up after downing two shots and waved her boobs at a dancer, despite the fact she might not actually be his type. The dancer grinned and sauntered over to her, then knelt down and gyrated in her face.

Faith seemed to revel in his attention and shoved a hand into the front of his thong. The man's face stiffened a little and he looked like he groaned and then Faith removed her empty hand after a few moments.

She grinned saucily up at him and the dancer smiled back and stood up to continue with his routine.

Faith licked her lips and then swaggered back over to their table to a gobsmacked Xander. She grinned and sipped from her beer as she sprawled in the chair with her legs spread obscenely.

"Now that's how you do it. He's got some nice moves...none I ain't seen before, though. He's real flexible, could work that last move into my routine. This is a nice distraction. I love my nights off. How are you doin', baby? You bust out of your jeans yet? Need to take a little trip to the john to take the edge off?"

Xander flushed and scowled at her. He hid behind his own beer glass and glared over the top. "That's none of your business, Faith."

She laughed. "How's your first experience at a gay strip joint? Is it fun? You enjoying the juicy eyecandy?"

Xander's eyes flickered back to the dancer who was just finishing up, watched his ass as the muscles clenched when he turned and walked off the stage after gathering up his money.

He swallowed. "It's not bad. Little bit too loud for me, though."

"I've got gay porn if you wanna go back to my place and

watch..."

He blinked. "Uh..."

Faith chuckled and slapped him on one of his pectorals. "I'm just kiddin'...sorta. You can come over and watch if you want but...you're not ready yet. I can see you're, like, in overload about it all right now. You really need to get laid. Just get it over with. The fear and anticipation is half of what's fuckin' you up."

Xander sputtered and beer went everywhere. He set his glass down carefully and mopped the alcohol from his chin with his sleeve. "Look, I appreciate what you're doing for me, really...but I don't think I'm ready for any of that yet. I just...found out I, uh, had the taste for...men and stuff...and..."

"It's a joke, babe, chill out. I was just messing with ya. Can't a girl joke about her newly gay friend's sex life?"

"No."

Faith dimpled. "I think you need another drink."

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Faith nearly had to carry Xander back to his apartment. He got really touchy-feely and giggly after a few drinks -- he couldn't

hold his liquor very well, despite his dad's drinking genes.

"Ah, Faithy, I love you, you know that?" His fingers groped one of her breasts sloppily and he sighed. "You've got nice boobies. Too bad I want to get it on with guys, now. Plus, you know, you're my bestest pal and I wouldn't wanna ruin our friendship or anything."

Faith snorted in his ear and dug around in his pocket for his keys. She didn't seem to be offended by his roaming hands -- probably came with being a stripper and being touched all the time. "Big guy, you can't handle your booze. I think I'll take a mental note for next time. I'm so not lugging your ass around like this again. You weigh a ton!"

"I don't weigh that much! Plus, I'm six inches taller than you!"

"Whatever, light weight. I put back more booze than you did and I barely feel it."

"Yeah, but you're an alcoholic."

Faith finally got the door opened and shoved him inside. He nearly fell over before she'd shut the door and replaced herself at his side to keep him upright. "You just keep telling yourself that if it makes you feel all better and more manly. Where you want me to put you? You ready for bed? It's, like, nearly four a.m."

Xander groaned and shut his eyes. "Bed."

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After Faith dropped Xander into bed, put a glass of water and some Tylenol on his bedside table, she left.

He lay there for a while, drooling on his pillow, then passed out or fell asleep. He didn't stay unconscious for long, because when he woke again he was still drunk and it was still mostly dark outside when he looked blearily out the window.

He licked his lips, grimaced as he tasted the dead animal that seemed to have taken up residence in his mouth and wearily got out of bed. He took the pills, drank down the water and stumbled across the room.

He cracked his shoulder on the door jamb and tripped over his shoes before he actually got to the bathroom.

He flinched as he flipped the light switch on. Then he pee'd, brushed his teeth, pointedly didn't look at his haggard, pale reflection in the mirror and went to the kitchen for some orange juice.

He passed by the kitchen table and saw the piece of paper Will

had given him still lying on his kitchen table after two days and paused.

He was just drunk enough to not have the ability to say no to the little voices in his head that usually got him in trouble.

He picked up the paper after pouring himself some orange juice and staggered over to his couch. His phone was still on the coffee table where he'd left it earlier and he picked it up with an unsteady hand.

It took him four tries to dial in the number properly and then it was ringing.

"H'lo?" someone answered sleepily on the sixth ring.

"Hi! Is Will there?"

A grunt and some rustling. "Do you know what sodding time it is?"

"No, what time is it?"

A pause, then a growl. "Six-fucking-twenty-three in the morning on a Saturday. I just got off fucking work a couple hours ago, you git."

Xander frowned. "Will?"

"Yes, this is bloody Will. Tell me who you are so I can kill you for disturbing my sleep."

"X-Xander."

Silence, then, "Oh. I'm sorry. Didn't know it was you. Told you to call any time, didn't I? This would be any time, wouldn't it?" Will laughed. "Sorry about that nice, warm greeting. Still half-asleep, here."

"That's okay. I-I didn't know it was that late. I...think I'm kinda drunk."

Will snickered. "You only *think* you're drunk? When you're not sure, that's a given that you *are*. Why are you drunk and calling me at six-thirty in the morning?"

"I don't know. My friend forced me to go to a strip club and then plied me with drink and...here I am."

"Hmm. Should I be flattered that you went to a strip club, got drunk, came home and thought of me?"

Xander grimaced, some of the haze from his drunk fading as the situation caught up with his booze pickled mind. "Probably not. I'm so sorry. I didn't think. I-I'll let you go back to--"

"Hey, now, don't be sorry. I'm glad you called. Just could've chosen a better time to do it. Now I'm awake, though...and I'm

curious."

"I've sorta been...going through a quarter life crisis or something...dealing with some stuff and...I dunno. I shouldn't have called. I don't know what to say." He laughed uneasily, plopping back on the couch and shutting his eyes. His head was beginning to hurt.

There were a few moments of awkward silence, then Will said, "This is like that first day, isn't it? Awkward as hell."

Xander laughed, relaxing a little. "Yeah, pretty much."

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Surprisingly, after that little set-back they talked for several hours. About themselves, about common interests, about not-so-common interests...Xander found himself falling in love with Will's voice.

He found himself a teensy bit in love with Will.

He found himself lying on his back on his couch, hours after the sun had risen, having the best conversation of his life despite the fact that his hangover had already kicked in and he was feeling pretty crappy.

"You...you can call me if you want..."

"Think I'd like that," Will said softly.

"My number--"

"I've got it, pet. It's on the ID."

"Oooh, you've got caller ID?"

"Wonderful invention, that. Don't know what I'd do without it. Have avoided some pesky telemarketers and some people I'd rather not talk to because of it. Bloody brilliant."

"Oh. Okay. I guess I'd better let you get back to sleep or whatever."

"Yeah. Sometimes night jobs suck. The hours are weird and fuck me up. I find myself sleeping all the time when I'm not at work."

Xander sighed.

"Listen, I'm going to go pass out...call me whenever you want. Think I owe you a whenever call."

Will chuckled. "Will do, Xander. Talk to you later."

"Night, Will."

"Good morning, Xander."

He drank his tepid orange juice with a grimace, then passed out on the couch.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~

So set the pattern for Xander and his...courtship of Will.

He would call Will or Will would call him and they would have long conversations about nothing and everything. They never met because of conflicts of schedule...but Xander was a little frightened of meeting with Will again, anyway.

He was afraid he wouldn't be able to say no. He just wasn't ready for...things, yet.

So, they chatted.

And he began to like Will even more than he already did.

Will seemed to like him as well. He called him constantly, left messages on his machine.

Sutton, William. That's what was on his ID when Will called.

Why did Sutton sound so familiar? Where had he heard that before? *Had* he heard it before?

He was probably having a brain fart.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

One evening, he'd passed out before midnight and missed Spike's show. He was later woken up by the phone ringing, with Will on the other end.

It was five-thirty in the morning.

Well, he blinked sleepily, he had said to call whenever, hadn't he?

"Hey, Will."

"You were asleep weren't you?"

"Kind of. Passed out on the couch."

"Good! Owed you one, didn't I?"

Xander laughed and rubbed his eyes, suddenly wide awake and quite happy about it. "Yeah."

## Part Four

After work on Friday Xander went over to Faith's apartment. She'd invited him over for dinner and a movie.

He had no idea what she was up to. She was sneaky when she wanted to be.

She met him at the front door with a smarmy grin and a little, frilly apron emblazoned with the words 'Forget a kiss, fuck the cook'.

He raised an eyebrow. "Nice apron."

"Shut up, bitch."

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

He couldn't believe Faith had cooked. Normally, she got her meals from take-out places or instant meals in the freezer

section of the grocery store.

But she could actually cook.

"I just don't have the time usually. Don't want to go through all the effort with it just being me here. Don't have a sig. other...and I don't have you over as much as I could...And...Anya, well..."

Xander cringed and put down his fork. "I-I'm almost afraid to ask...how's she doing?"

It had been three weeks since he'd broken it off and he was curious about how Anya was dealing with it. Not enough to give her a call, he was afraid she'd bite his head off and didn't want to open that can of worms, but...still, he was worried.

Faith dabbed a paper napkin at her mouth, removing spaghetti sauce from the corner. "Babe...I don't know how to tell you this..."

"Just say it."

Faith sighed. "You know me, I ain't good with tact. There just ain't an easy way to say it ... She's engaged."

"After *three weeks*?" Xander exploded, pounding on the table with both fists and causing the wine bottle and glasses to tremble.

Faith stared up at him with wide, kohl lined eyes. "I'm sorry. She told me just the other day she'd been dating a guy, a rich guy with all the things she wants and then...well, he proposed and she said yes. Kinda sudden, I think but...whatever. Some things just don't make sense. She's never been the normal type. I'm surprised you and her didn't pop out some brats and get married years ago because she's always been so damn pushy about all that shit."

"How can you know a person after *three* weeks? You can't know everything about them! Not enough to marry them!"

"Hey, bub, it ain't like you want her anymore. You're *gay*. Why are you having such a shit fit?"

Xander slumped, pouting a little, suddenly losing all the wind in his angry sails. "I don't know. I don't want her but...well, she's already *found* someone. It's been so damn fast. It's...it was just three weeks ago, Faith. She already found somebody. How could she do that? Did it mean so little to her? Those seven years?"

Faith got up and sat down on his lap. She wrapped her arms around Xander's neck and tucked his face into her bosom as she hugged him close. "Like I said, she's never been what you'd call...normal, Xan. She sees what she wants and takes it. I don't think she really loves like everybody else does. I think she just...needs a certain thing, security, and that's all she cares

about. She wants her two point five rugrats and her white picket fence and all that shit. It's not about love with most people. You're a real special guy, Xan. I bet you'll find a guy who'll love you more than anything that you love back and...then you'll be happy too."

Xander sighed.

"How's about we finish our food and watch some porn?"

Xander snorted at the unexpected segue. "Yeah, okay."

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Gay porn wasn't what he'd been expecting. He'd figured there would be...sex between two guys, of course, but...it was like straight porn. It wasn't really that different. If you didn't think about the mechanics, anyway.

It was hot and he found himself getting hard and Faith...she watched it with a gleam in her eye and a hand down the front of her jeans like he wasn't even there.

He was a little uncomfortable. He shifted away from her until he hit the arm of the couch. "Uh...Faith?"

"Ssshhh!" she hissed, eyes glassy with pleasure as she spread

her legs a little more and canted her hips. She shoved her hand further inside her pants, the top button open and gaping. He could see skin. "It's gettin' good, Xan!"

"I don't think--"

She sighed and looked at him, hand still moving blatantly. "Look, if you don't want to watch it...go hit the computer. Surf the web. But no porn sites. Those are full of viruses and I got enough porn to stock the Ark, anyway. Check email or something."

After that, she ignored him in favour of fingering herself during her porn watching.

He went to the computer and stared at it then shrugged and clicked Internet Explorer. She had Broadband, so she was always hooked up, and it loaded very quickly.

This was fun. He wished he had the time and patience for one of these.

After a few moments of surfing scifi.com and googling some of his favourite actors and actresses, he thought of something.

Spike must have a web page on the radio station's main site. He should go check it out while he had the chance.

So he typed in the URL and then scanned the page.

'Spike' popped up in front of him, bold and white, and he clicked on it.

He was taken to the DJ's page full of personal information the man wanted fans to know, an email address if you wanted to ask him a question that he'd answer on-air; Angel and Charles Gunn were there as well.

He clicked on the 'Spike' link.

And when the picture loaded he nearly fell out of his chair.

"Will?" he breathed, clutching the mouse tightly.

Faith climaxed behind him, loudly.

Xander couldn't peel his eyes away.

William Sutton was Spike.

Huh. So that was why the name Sutton sounded so familiar.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Xander was nervous. Since he'd found out who Will really was he couldn't figure out what to do so he...ignored Will's calls.

And they'd been coming more frequently since he hadn't answered. It was a rare hour the phone didn't ring off its base desperate and shrill and adamant. The most time that had gone by without a call was ten hours and Xander assumed that was when Will slept and worked.

He felt bad about not answering but he needed time to think.

How could he not have put two and two together?

So far today, Will had called five times. The ringing was insistent and jarring and...

Xander was dying to answer it, to confront Will, but...how could he when he'd spoken about such secret things to someone he'd thought was a stranger?

Why hadn't Will said anything?

Could Will have known it was him and just...not wanted to tell him?

He pulled a pillow over his eyes and groaned.

He'd thought the confusion was over.

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After several days of ignoring phone calls, and becoming increasingly frustrated and jumpy every time it did ring, someone knocked at his door. He woke from his light doze on the couch, having come home from work and showered then foregone eating to pass out there.

"Open the door, Xander!"

Xander jumped. "Will?"

"Yes, it's me. Want to know why you're dodging all my calls. Did I do something?"

He sounded like an angry boyfriend. But they weren't boyfriends, were they? They'd never even gone out.

He spent a few precious seconds thinking about how the hell Will could've known where he lived but then Will broke his concentration -- such as it was these days -- by continuing to give his door a work out.

Xander sighed and straightened his spine as he walked slowly to the door Will was still pounding on. He yanked it open.

"You're going to get me kicked out of here for excessive noise."

And then Xander looked at Will, really looked.

Will didn't look so good. His eyes were red as if he hadn't slept, his face paler than pale, he looked a bit gaunt underneath all the black and leather he was wearing.

Will snarled at him and stalked inside, long leather duster swirling around his calves, uninvited.

Xander shut the door.

Will rounded on him, waving his arms dramatically. "What the hell is this?"

"What the hell is what?" Xander countered, moving to the kitchen to get himself a soda. He turned his back on Will and popped open his drink.

Will sighed, disgruntled, and strode into the kitchen after him. He settled on one of the chairs and looked at Xander as he turned around. "I thought you liked me. Then you quit answering my calls and it's like...I don't know. I don't get it."

"You're acting like a...boyfriend or something."

"Isn't that what we are?" Will asked, truly confused, brow wrinkling into a puzzled frown.

Xander matched the frown with one of his own. He settled in the chair opposite Will, putting his drink on the table. "We've met a total of two times, Will. We weren't...aren't dating. I

don't even *know* you."

Will blinked. "But...you know me better than anyone. I've told you things I never told anyone before."

Xander swallowed, eyes burning. "You didn't tell me you were Spike."

Will inhaled harshly, nostrils flaring, and suddenly his whole pissed off attitude dissipated and his shoulders slumped. "Oh."

"Yeah, oh."

"How...how did you find out?"

"Was at a friend's house on her computer. Pulled up the station's website on a whim and clicked on your link. Imagine my surprise when the man I've been talking to all this time turned out to be...a radio DJ I'd spilled my guts to. Did you know it was me? Were you playing me? Did you really think I'd never find out who you were? What the hell were you trying to do? Were you fucking with me for fun?"

Will frowned harder and leaned forward to brace himself on the table. "What? What do you mean you spilled your guts? I didn't tell you what I did because...I'd've liked to get to know you a bit before I told you what I did for a living. Well, one of the things. I do DJing part-time...rest of the time I'm a writer. I sell a bit of erotica, some poetry, some straight things. Even

sold a few articles to some magazines. All under pseudonyms, of course, but...I wanted you to get to know *me* before you knew all that."

Xander dropped his head onto the table. "You really don't know what I'm talking about?"

"No. Only times I've spoken to you were since you called me that night you were drunk."

Xander sighed and decided it was confession time. "I heard you on the radio that night...the one we met. I was so confused. I didn't know which way was up, which way was down. I didn't fit anymore. My life went into the crapper because of you. I thought I'd had it all worked out but...God. I had to call into the station because...Spike, *you*, seemed like the kind of person who'd listen, who'd be some help."

Will inhaled sharply. "*You're* the confused bloke? I thought you sounded familiar...couldn't figure it out, though. I really didn't know it was you, pet. Honestly. I wouldn't lie to you."

Xander sniffed, keeping his head down.

"Xander, why won't you look at me?"

"I can't. You know too much. It's embarrassing and...I don't know. I just can't."

Will sighed, got out of his chair and came around to Xander's side of the table. He slid to his knees and knelt at Xander's side. He carded a hand through dark hair and rubbed his thumb down the side of Xander's head, near his ear. He let his palm rest flat on the nape of Xander's neck.

"We're two of the stupidest wankers in existence, luv. Observant bastards too, from the looks of it. It doesn't matter, though." He growled. "Would you please look at me?"

Xander exhaled and then after a moment raised his head. Wet velvet eyes stared back at Will, full of uncertainty and embarrassment and pain. "Why is this so hard? Why did you have to go and change everything? I was *fine* before..."

Will stared at him, then pulled Xander forward and hugged him. "Don't know, pet. Just how it goes sometimes. You can't help what you feel one day or the next. Just happens. I'm glad it did, though. Glad I met you. I was a lonely bloke with a hole ripped out of his heart and you...you helped me a bit. I know we've not been technically dating but...would you like to go out on one? A real date? With me?"

Xander snuffled into Will's neck. "Do I have to call you Spike?"

Will chuckled and ruffled his hair, held him tighter. His knees hurt because of the hard linoleum but he didn't care. "Can call me anything you like if it means you'll go out with me."

"I'll just stick with Will."

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Before their first real date, Xander was a nervous wreck. He called Faith, frantic and panicking, and she came over to help.

"So, who's this guy? You haven't told me a damn thing about him. I want to know if I need to threaten him...or do some actual kicking of his ass. And if he hurts you...well, he won't know which hole to shit out of because he'll have so many new ones to choose from..."

"You are such a nosy bitch. Violent too." Xander rolled his eyes and winced as she brushed his hair too hard and ripped some from his scalp. "You know, you're going to make me bald if you keep doing it like that. That won't help, either."

"Sorry."

She didn't sound particularly apologetic but Xander figured he could forgive her this once because he'd pretty much begged her to come over on really short notice.

"You must really hate me for dragging you over here."

"Nah, I think it's sweet. You trying to pretty yourself up for your new boyfriend and all." She sighed gustily. "First dates are the best. When it's all new and fresh and you haven't started hating each other's guts yet... Where are you going?"

"No fucking idea. He didn't tell me. Or wouldn't. I don't particularly care. And, really...it's sort of like we've been going out all this time. We've talked for hours on the phone nearly every day. Just never got around to actually going *out* together..."

"Okay, now that *is* sweet. You're going to make me diabetic, honey. You're also going to make me late for work if we don't hurry and get you all fixed up for your Mr. Wonderful."

Xander rolled his eyes.

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"So...how do I measure up? Would you kiss me?" Xander twirled around, letting Faith look him over.

Faith bit her lip. "If you weren't all with the gayness now...I'd so do you. If I wasn't going through a lesbian period, anyway. You don't look like you fell into the paint bucket of many colours like you normally do, so that's gotta be a plus. It's a good thing you called me."

"Hey! Will had no complaints about how I looked before!"

"He probably wasn't looking at anything but those puppy dog eyes and that sweet ass of yours. Who the hell cares about clothes then?"

Xander crossed his arms and glowered.

"Oh, you know it's true. All men are alike and most women, too. A nice ass and a pretty face are really all you need. If there's other good parts it's all icing on the fun time cake."

"You are such a skeez, Faith."

Her cheeks dimpled as she grinned. "Turn around again. Want to get an eyeful of your prettiness."

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Faith had to leave soon after making him over and dressing him up like a Barbie doll, so she wasn't there when Will turned up at his door to pick him up.

It was a good thing, too, because it would've been difficult to introduce them to each another -- Will looked really damned good and Xander couldn't seem to make his vocal chords work.

Xander couldn't keep his eyes off him and his mouth went dry. He clung to the door to keep himself from splattering face down on the floor.

Will smirked a little and stepped close to him. "You look good enough to eat."

"You look good enough to fuck," Xander blurted.

Will's eyes widened. "Well...didn't expect you to say *that*. Take it as a high compliment, though." He cleared his throat.

"So...you ready?"

"Uh...yeah...gotta get my wallet, cell phone and keys. Hang on."

Xander forced his eyes away and went into his bedroom to get his things. He stuffed his wallet in one pocket and his keys and phone in another and took a deep breath before going back out to face someone way too beautiful to be anywhere near his league.

"Let's go, shall we? Gotta get a bite to eat before the film. Don't want to be late."

"Okay."

Xander followed him and watched Will's ass move beneath the molded charcoal khaki pants. The blue shirt was subdued, like

midnight, and brought out his eyes; it was open at the top, showing the creamy, pale skin of his throat and upper chest. He wore silver rings and a silver, diamond stud in one ear. A silver chain around his neck just nestled in the little space where his collarbone dipped into his sternum. His shoes were black and patent leather with tassels.

Xander bit back a moan and got in Will's DeSoto.

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They ate at a restaurant Xander never would've gone to on his own; he'd probably never have taken Anya, either.

It had tablecloths and ambiance and a live violin player in one corner, playing classical pieces. There were snooty waiters and expensive wine lists and it was all in a language Xander couldn't understand.

Will ordered in Italian.

Xander nearly came in his nicely pressed pants.

He didn't remember much of the dinner, just that it was good and that Will kept looking at him and making his erection worse, or much of the movie after that -- it had kids and a dog and some hot guy as the lead and it was sad.

It was after midnight when Will ushered him to his car. "Would you like to go to my place?"

"Huh? Oh, yeah. Sure. You've been to mine, after all..."

Will grimaced. "Sorry about that, too. Wasn't thinking with a clear head, was I?"

"Hey...I've wondered something. How come you talk differently on the radio than you do now? I can hear 'Spike' every once in a while but you sound sort of...upper crusty or proper or something."

Will laughed, signaled and drove a block over before turning again. "Well, it's all about personality. On the radio you've gotta be larger than life, different than how you are in real life to be more interesting, to get more people's attention so they'll listen to you. It's just how it is. And the cockney accent...it's not all together completely fake. I lived in rougher parts of London for a bit before moving over here. I grew up in the posh part of London, though. My mum still lives there. I just sort of...make my normal accent thicker, more abrasive, when I'm on the air. People seem to enjoy it. Makes it more dirty and interesting to listen to, I imagine."

Xander laughed. "It is a nice accent..."

Will looked at him, scarred eyebrow arched, and slipped into

Spike. "Would you prefer I use it around you? Could if you wanted..."

Xander blinked, forced back a shudder and then said, "Well, as much as I like it...it's not really you, is it? It's Spike."

Will stared at the road, then pulled over at a nice apartment complex. He drove around back into his own, reserved parking place and parked the car. He threw a glance at Xander. "I'm glad you said that. You want me and not the personality, right?"

"Well...yeah. You're the one that turned my whole life upside down, not Spike."

Will laughed.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Will's apartment was clean and sterile in shades of beige and white and brown.

It was really nice, much nicer than anything Xander had rented.

It was like a museum...or a tomb. He was afraid to touch anything for fear he'd ruin it.

Xander looked around with one hand rubbing his bicep. Will

dropped his keys into a dish by the door and laughed at him.

"Know how it appears. I'm just not here enough to care how it looks. When I am, I'm asleep or writing. Only been here a couple of months, besides."

"Oh...well, it looks good. Much better than mine. My place is all messy and cluttered and not this nice."

"Your place is lived in and homey. Mine's like a ruddy hospital room."

Xander bit his lip, didn't say anything.

Will laughed again. "Want a tour? It's a bit late but..." He shrugged.

"Yeah, okay." He tried not to sound too eager but it was difficult.

Xander had been waiting all night for Will to make some sort of move. He didn't know what the protocol was, though. Should he do it, should he let Will...?

Did being gay come with a whole other set of rules or something? It was turning out harder than he'd thought it would be.

He followed Will down a long hall off the large living and dining

area. He was shown a massive bathroom, a very nice guest room and, last but certainly not least, was Will's bedroom with an adjacent bath.

It was large and luxurious and held a little more life in it than the rest of the apartment. Xander assumed that was because Will spent most of his time here.

There were french doors covered with thick curtains leading out onto a balcony and Will ambled over and opened them up and went out.

Xander could only follow.

They stood out there for a long time, not speaking, not looking at each other, but enjoying the silence and the company.

"This is where I do most of my writing, where I go to get away from my thoughts, too. It's like my own private little world," Will finally said softly as he gazed out at the night sky filled with twinkling diamond stars and a velvet curtain of darkness.

Xander had a slight fear of heights and forced himself not to look down at the ground that was ten storeys beneath them. He swallowed hard and stared up over the rooftops at the sky.

Will was right. It was like a private world. It was like they were the only two people in the universe.

Xander wished he had one. All he did when he wanted to get away was watch tv or go to bed. There wasn't much to his apartment; it was the best in his price range and he wasn't normally that picky.

He sighed.

Will finally looked at him and leaned against the railing. "Penny for them?"

"Ahh, you don't want to pay that much, do you? They're not worth that."

Will smiled. "I'm sure they're worth lots more."

Xander swallowed. "Can we go back inside? Sort of...have a height issue here..."

Will stepped away from the edge and pulled Xander in after him. "Sorry about that. You should've told me."

"You looked like you were having too much fun..."

"Yeah, but you're my guest and a good host must always make sure his guest is comfortable. Why don't you go into the living room and have a seat? I'll get you a drink."

"Okay."

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They talked long into the night, until Xander's eyes began to cross and he felt as if he'd fall asleep sitting upright.

Will brushed his hair from his face, causing Xander to jerk awake.

"I'm awake!"

"Just barely. You want I should take you home?"

Xander was suddenly wide awake.

"Umm..." He looked down at the over-stuffed cushion he was sitting on, let his fingers play over it.

Will sat back, spread his legs and propped his forearms on them. "There's no reason you can't stay here, you know. Got a spare room and extra clothes you can borrow. If you want. Doesn't have to be anything sexual about it, Xander. I hope you know that."

Xander swallowed hard and looked at him. "You know I don't have any...well, I've never been...well, you know. I don't know when I'd ever be ready for...that. I don't want to lead you on,

Will, you're such a great guy and all..."

Will sat up and took one of Xander's hands. "Hey, it's all right. I get it. I understand. Was an innocent once upon a time myself. I know what you're going through. It can be really scary when you think about it but...it's really not that frightening. It's your mind that fucks with you, that makes it all worse with scenarios and imaginings. It can be very, very good. Honest."

Xander's pupils dilated. "We haven't even kissed. I've only kissed two people and...neither was a great success. I think...no, I *know* I want to do this right because...it's different than anything I've ever known. I don't want it to suck."

"It won't. Believe me." Will leaned closer, stared at Xander's mouth while moistening his own lips. "Doesn't have to be more if that's what you want...but will you let me kiss you once? Just once."

Xander found that he had no resolve, he couldn't say no to Will.

He turned and moved closer. "Yes."

Will smiled sweetly and brought one hand up to frame his face. He moved closer until scant millimeters separated their faces, then brought their mouths together in a very innocent kiss. It was close-mouthed and pure.

Xander felt his heart pounding and edged closer to press

against Will's chest.

Will moved his hand from Xander's face and threaded his fingers through Xander's thick hair.

Then, Xander pressed Will back into the sofa, lay down on him and opened his mouth.

Will moaned breathily and parted his lips, allowing Xander to explore his mouth at his own leisure. He spread his legs to allow Xander into the cradle of his pelvis.

Xander kissed Will for a while, having been allowed to lead, and then stopped and stared down at him. He licked the taste of the other man from his lips.

Will stared back at him.

They were both hard.

"Wow," Xander finally said.

Will cracked a smile. "How's that for a first kiss?"

Xander sighed. "It was really good."

Will played with Xander's hair. "Should I take you home?"

Xander sighed again, this time for a different reason. "I don't

know."

Will pushed the other man gently away and sat up. He shoved a hand through his gelled hair, causing it to stick up all over in little peaked tufts. "How about I just make the decision for you, eh? You're not ready for...anything yet and I'm no saint, not when I want you this much. I should just take you home."

Xander sat back, the throbbing between his legs intense and focused, his arousal heavy and needy. "I don't want to leave," he said quietly.

Will looked at him. "Then don't."

## **Part Five**

Xander blinked as his cell phone rang, cutting into his unconsciousness abruptly. He frowned and stretched and then his eyes shot open because he realised he had no fucking idea where he was.

He sat upright, looked around, then relaxed.

Will's place. That's where he was.

He got out of bed and searched for his trousers then flipped open his phone and looked at the display.

With a groan, he reseated himself on the bed and answered it. He flopped back, dropped a forearm over his eyes and waited.

"So, babe, how'd it go? Was it magical and special and all that romantic bullshit?"

"Faith, do you know what time it is?"

"Did he jump your bones, Xan? I knew my outfit choice was smokin' but *damn*."

"Faith!" he hissed. "He didn't jump my bones. I didn't...have sex with him."

"Oh." Pause. "How'd it go? Have fun?"

"What's the fucking time?" he growled.

"Umm...it's after one. I waited as long as I could, doll-baby. You know me...I don't get up till noon, myself, but...I couldn't sleep after shift last night and I was too excited. I think I got, like, three hours of sleep before I gave up. It's like this date wasn't just yours or somethin' stupid like that."

"I had fun. It was really good. I, umm, I'm at his place."

"You dog!"

"Faith."

"Well...puppy, then. You're a puppy. Virgin puppy." She rasped laughter in his ear and he couldn't help but match it with some of his own.

"Faith, you are a pain in the ass."

"Don't I know it, baby. Now, spill. Want to know everything."

"Now? You want it now? I'm still here!"

"Hmm...I could give you a little reprieve..."

Uh oh. Faith was coming up with an alternate deal. That never boded well for Xander.

"Uh...yeah...?"

"I'll let it go if you give me full, graphic details of your first fuck."

"What?" Xander nearly shrieked.

Faith laughed. "Yeah, big boy, you know what I'm talkin' about. First time you get it on I get to know *exactly* what happened. Want to know every little detail of you losing your sweet cherry. Take it or leave it."

Xander sighed. He knew he could probably get out of it. Turn off his phone and leave it till later. But somehow he didn't want

to. He loved Faith to death and she hadn't seen anyone in a long time, to his knowledge, and he figured he owed her that much.

Besides, he thought with a grin, he could eliminate a few key details without her ever knowing. That is, if she remembered the deal when it came time for him to pay up. It could be a while before he and Will...

He shuddered and locked that thought away until he could look at it again later without an audience.

With a put upon sigh, he agreed.

After she squealed her triumph, they hung up and he tossed his phone in the general direction of his pants.

He lay there for a while before his [bladder](#) decided to kick in and threaten him with imminent explosion if he didn't relieve it soon.

After he went to the toilet, he wondered where Will was. He rubbed a hand down his stomach, feeling the soft, worn fabric of the borrowed t-shirt he was wearing and enjoying it and took tentative, quiet steps toward Will's bedroom.

All was silent in the [apartment](#) save his footfalls on the plush carpet and his pounding heart.

The door was open. Will was still asleep. He was lying face down on the bed, bare-chested and looking ruffled and innocent and beautiful.

Xander sighed and leaned against the door jamb.

"Have a nice little chat on your mobile?" Will mumbled into the pillow without moving.

Xander jumped and looked at the seemingly unconscious body with a scowl. Will turned over and grinned.

"You big faker. That's mean."

"Yeah, well, you were spying on me and you were bloody loud on your phone. Was difficult to remain asleep with that racket. Found it irresistible to pretend to be asleep. Liked the view, did you?" Will smirked and ran a hand down his naked stomach until it came to rest just above the waistband of his sweats.

Xander blushed and stood up straight. "You...probably know I did. A lot."

"C'mere, pet."

Xander shuffled shyly over and sat down and Will pulled him down for a good morning kiss.

"There's something to be said about a good tube of toothpaste

and a brush," Will murmured after they'd kissed. "But sometimes I just don't care."

Xander flushed more deeply red.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Will dropped him off at his apartment with a kiss and a promise to call later and then took off with a roar in his big, black car.

Xander walked on clouds to the elevator, rode them up to his floor, then skated on them into his apartment and to his couch.

He sat in his puffy cloud of happiness, euphoria better than any drug soaring through his veins, for a long time before he made himself get up and shower.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Xander's world consisted of work, eating and sleeping, and Will.

As if he needed anything else.

He was truly happy for the first time in his life and enjoying every moment of it.

Faith, well, she was lapping up his 'cutesy, newly in lurrve attitude' and kept doing him up for his dates and pinching his cheeks -- both sets -- because he was 'so damn pretty and sweet'. Seemed like she was having nearly as much fun living vicariously through him as he was living it in reality.

Will and he dated for several weeks, graduated from the few kisses they'd had on Will's couch that first date night, to making out on the couch, to alternating apartments and making out wherever they found themselves in the mood.

And that was often. It was like a hormone bomb exploded. They were drenched in it.

Xander often felt, after being with Will and touching him and kissing him and rubbing up against him, that he was going to die of frustration but when he looked into Will's eyes and thought about being with him...all of that just fell away.

When they finally...consummated their relationship it would be well worth it.

Judging by their heated kisses, it would probably be like an atomic explosion.

God, but he was really frustrated, though.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

"When are you two gonna fuck? It's been, like, months, Xan," Faith said around the ice cream she'd been eating. "Have you even gotten partially nude for the tongue fucks? Have you even gotten off together?"

Xander grimaced. He and Will had yet to have an orgasm together but he wasn't about to tell her that. "You know, it's not always about sex. Not everything has to come back to that, Faith."

She rolled her eyes and stirred the ice cream with her spoon. "It's *always* about sex. Don't try and tell me it ain't. Sex is an important part of the relationship. Without that...it's not a real relationship."

Xander put down his bowl and glared at her. "And how is *your* relationship going?"

Faith narrowed her eyes, then grinned. "Touche, brother, touche. I get it. You don't want to talk about it anymore. You ain't done the deed and don't want to get into it. But you *are* gonna give me the four-one-one when you do. We gotta deal."

Xander sighed. "Pass me the chocolate syrup."

"Sure thing, sweet cheeks."

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Things were heating up, intensifying, and Xander was growing increasingly anxious. He knew Will wouldn't force him into anything he wasn't ready for but that was only part of it.

He was afraid Will wouldn't think he was any good. He had little experience, despite Anya's box of sex toys and tricks, and he felt inadequate next to the sex talk king.

He eventually gathered up enough courage to walk into a sex shop; it was sleazy and on the bad side of town but it was far away from anyone he might know.

He would've brought Faith but she'd've just embarrassed him by pointing out each and every thing she'd used and exactly how she'd used it.

He wore dark glasses and a ball cap with his jacket collar turned up. He didn't look conspicuous at all.

He felt like everybody was looking at him when he went in. There was no bell on the front door, thank God, but...he felt as if all eyes were on him as soon as he entered the shop and

made a beeline for the back.

He passed shelves of things he couldn't have identified if he'd been threatened with a gun. He passed others that made him flush and run away, then he came to the dildo/vibrator aisle.

He gaped and twitched uncertainly. He stood there for a long time, just staring, and finally picked his jaw up from the floor and really looked.

As 'Spike' had said on the radio, there were kinds with ridges and bumps and ripples, kinds that were soft and springy, kinds that were hard and unyielding, kinds that had remotes, kinds that strapped into you and were held in place with leather straps that cinched around your thighs. There were big and small ones, ones that were filled with little circular beads, some that were purely vibrators, some that were floppy with fake testicles.

The mind boggled at the variety of dildos there were.

Xander gawped.

Lube was handily on the aisle behind him and he turned around and grabbed some flavourless, scentless kind that was made specifically for silicon based items or condoms -- after a hurried examination -- and then turned back to the scary sight of fake penises that made his own seem like a gerkin in comparison.

What the hell was he doing in here?

With a disgruntled sigh, he took his lube and began to turn.

He bumped into someone.

Their eyes locked, blue to shielded brown and it was like that first day in the *Gay Lifestyle* section all over again.

Oh. Crap.

"W-Will?" Xander stuttered, squeezing the lubricant in his hand so hard it nearly burst.

Will bit his lip, obviously amused at Xander's poor disguise. "You, er, hiding from the paparazzi?"

Xander sighed and yanked off his hat. He shoved it in his back pocket. "Shut up. I'm new at this, okay? I don't know what to do. Don't even know why I'm here. I'm way out of my league. What the hell are *you* doing here?"

Will quirked an eyebrow and looked around. "What do you *think* I'm doing here, pet?"

Xander felt heat suffuse his entire body and he dropped the tube on the floor. It clattered and rolled and lay there pitifully.

Will's eyes flickered briefly down to rest on it, then met

Xander's eyes again. "You want to lose the specs? Can't see your pretty brown eyes, luv."

Xander sighed and tucked the sunglasses in his front pocket where they were sure to get scratched by his keys. He crossed his arms. "So...umm...come here often?"

Will grinned and shifted his stance, his legs spread provocatively and his groin thrust forward. "More and more of late..."

Xander swallowed hard. "You...have any recommendations? I'm...floundering here."

"Well..." Will's eyes scanned him head to toe, pausing on his swelling bits with an interested gleam. "Said on the show I like those vibrators that are firm and yielding and can really move inside your ass. Can get one with a remote or not, that's your choice, but..."

He paused and Xander blinked. "But?"

Will stepped forward, scant inches separating them now, and leaned into Xander. One of his arms rose and his fingers delicately skimmed the prickling skin of Xander's neck as he pushed aside the collar. He breathed against the opposite side of Xander's neck as he spoke, "But I think I'd prefer not to have to use artificial means to get one off. I'm so ruddy tired of my own hands and of silicon that feels nothing like real flesh."

Aren't you tired of wanking, pet? Wouldn't you rather have me touch you? Have me be the one inside you, taking you, claiming you?"

Xander panted, hardened, felt like he was standing on the face of the sun. He couldn't breathe. He just stared at Will's own bared neck, at the almost delicate flesh that he knew tasted so good.

Will's hand moved up from the curve of his neck and cupped the side of his face. "I'm not rushing you into anything, pet, it's just a suggestion. Get the one with the fake nuts and vibrating ball bearings inside. It'll make you *quiver*."

And then Will stepped away, turned around and walked out without ever having browsed for whatever he'd come there for.

Xander gasped, leaned against the shelves and then bent down to retrieve his lubricant tube. He snatched two more, the dildo - complete with remote control -- Will had suggested and sped up to the cashier's counter.

He was too busy trying not to cum in his shorts to be embarrassed about his purchases and barely made it out to his dark car before he had his hand in his pants and was jerking himself with fast, hard pulls. It only took a few before he was filling his underwear with his release.

He sighed and slumped wearily against the head rest, blinked

sweat from his eyes and then drove home to his empty apartment.

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He stared at the dildo; the dildo seemed to glare back at him from its position on his coffee table. One tube of lubricant sat beside it, mocking him as lube often did.

He was fresh from the shower, cleaned up inside and out and ready to experiment with fucking himself up the ass. He'd washed the dildo in hot water with anti-bacterial soap to make sure nothing was on it, and if someone *had* opened up the box before he'd gotten to it the germs were now gone.

Nothing could ever be too clean. Especially if it was going to go inside his ass.

With a heavy sigh, he sat down tensely on his sofa and took the tube and dildo in hand. He'd read about stretching and getting ready for anal sex, listened to Spike talking about it on the radio. He'd researched about working yourself up to a certain size and, while this dildo wasn't exactly Super Mammoth Cock, he figured he should stick some fingers up there first to make sure he didn't tear anything.

He could just see it now, if he didn't stretch himself properly,

showing up to work and telling them he had to stand in one place all day and couldn't sit down and the reasons why.

"Yeah, Terry, I've got a dildo related injury here. Had an accident with not enough stretching, think I pulled something. I'll be standing in one place all day, if you don't mind. Just work around me."

"Sure thing, Xan. Had one of those myself a while back. Only mine was a cucumber and I had to make a trip to the hospital for stitches when I got a little too rambunctious."

Yeah. Right.

He squeezed some lube onto his fingers, smoothed it over the first three and then laid the tube down beside him. He slumped back and spread his legs, bringing his knees up to rest near his rib cage. He looked down at his barely aroused cock and sighed again.

He didn't know if he could do this. He wasn't getting aroused over the thought of putting his own fingers or some fake cock up his ass...

He mentally shrugged, pushed those thoughts away and rubbed his anus with a couple of finger tips. Tingles shot out from the sensitive rosebud and headed straight for his balls. His cock began to fill and he felt an arc of anticipation building deep inside him.

He pushed one finger inside gently, grimacing at the strange feel, at the slight discomfort. He pulled it out and pushed it back in a little deeper. He repeated the process until he couldn't push in anymore while he was in this particular position.

His wrist grazed his balls, tiny arm hairs making his skin tingle in a really good kind of way. He pressed his finger a little deeper, then began to fuck himself with it.

It didn't take long for him to get to the point where he wanted more, so as quickly as he possibly could he eased another finger inside.

His fingers slid in on a sea of lubricant fairly easily. It didn't even hurt that much.

He fucked himself for a while, his other hand lazily roaming his body, plucking his nipples, dipping into the crevices of his body, rubbed his clenching abdomen and reached down to cradle his balls.

He groaned softly, threw back his head and slammed his eyes shut.

He pushed in the third finger.

"Oh, God," he panted softly.

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When he was ready to attempt the dildo, he slid his fingers free and reached for it. His ass hole ached and twitched from his attentions, wanting to be filled with something more.

He slathered the dildo with an unseemly amount of lubricant and took a deep breath. He grabbed a pillow, stood up, then sat on the edge of it and leaned back. His ass was now raised into a position that would mean easier access for himself.

He eased the tip of the cock head in.

He groaned, neck bowing and smashed his head back into the cushions behind him.

He pushed more inside.

His toes curled, the fingers of his free hand clenched.

Half-way there, now.

His back arched, teeth clamped tightly shut. His eyes squeezed closed, his arms shook.

The silicon balls finally rested against his ass and he panted.

He felt so full and beautiful and...he wondered how it would be with Will. It had to be better than this and *this* was damned good.

He breathed through his nose and eased the cock out, then pulled it back toward him, deep inside. He moaned unsteadily and practically bent himself in two so he could fuck himself with both hands on the dildo.

One eye popped open, sweat beaded his upper lip, he glanced at the remote for it, felt the little balls jiggle inside as they moved when he did.

He sat up slowly, inhaling sharply and doubling over as the fake prick inside him shifted and grazed his prostate. He nearly came.

He held off, not wanting to climax until he'd experienced more, and finally grabbed the remote. He rolled his hips and fucked himself a while, fingers clenched white-knuckled on the remote in his hand. The fake cock moved inside him, in and out, barely scratching the surface of what he needed, of what he was going to do. The scrotum pressed into his ass cheeks sweetly as he sat forward and back, working the cock inside him. It felt how he wanted Will's to.

He leaned back against the couch and prepared to switch it on.

The phone rang.

He groaned as he jumped and seated the dildo more firmly deep inside him.

He accidentally hit the on button and nearly came as the vibrating sensation buzzed straight through him and his balls drew up.

He debated letting it ring, just going with what was happening now, but...

He reluctantly uncrossed his eyes and then switched the vibrator off. The little balls slowly settled and stopped moving and he groaned his disappointment.

The phone was on the coffee table so he sat up and glanced at the ID through squinted eyes. Narrowed eyes widened and he involuntarily fucked himself on the dildo hard as he saw Will's name on the display.

He scrambled to get it and hit the 'talk' button.

"H-hello?"

"Hello, pet."

Xander sat there for a second, then decided he wasn't going to be able to remove anything or get dressed while on the phone

with Will, at least not discreetly or very well, so he shifted backward and couldn't quite stifle the whimpered gasp that came from his mouth as the dildo brushed against his sweet spot once again.

He didn't really think he could've attempted removing the dildo at this point. He was far too close to the edge to want to.

"Xander. You're playing naughty games with yourself, aren't you? Did you get that vibrator? Do you have it up your ass right now?" Will breathed into the phone noticeably excited by the prospect of catching Xander red-handed.

Xander swallowed and leaned back against the couch cushions. He shut his eyes and clenched the remote in one hand and the phone in the other. He spread his legs and rocked his hips, enjoying the slip slide of silicon rubber inside him.

"Yeah. Feels good, Will."

Will groaned. "Bloody hell. Wish I could see you. Wish I could watch you fuck yourself with that fake cock. Bet you're hard and naked and ready, aren't you? Do you want to be fucked, Xander? Have you switched it on, yet?"

"Sort of. Kind of. Not long enough. Was in the process. You...interrupted."

"Called at just the right moment, then, didn't I?" Will practically

purred into his ear.

Xander's cock twitched without the aid of the dildo inside him.  
"God."

"Why don't you go ahead and fuck yourself, pet. Push that cock inside you as if it were me. Let it fill you up like I long to, like I *need* to." Will began to pant nearly as hard as Xander was and Xander heard a zipper and a groan and a plastic popping sound. "Oooh, Xander, if you only knew what it did to me when I saw you in that shop and knew what you were there for. You made me so bloody hard. Made me want you so much. Xan, I need you so damned much. You've undone me, consumed me. You've set me on fire and I can't put it out...don't know if I want to put it out. Feels too fucking good."

Xander gasped, not because of the pleasure he was receiving from the cock in his ass that he'd begun moving in and out again -- not that it wasn't extremely nice -- but because of Will's words. He made it sound as if he didn't want to be without Xander.

Xander shut his eyes, clutched the phone and cock in hand and fucked himself.

"Pet?"

"Mmm?"

Will gasped. "When we finally do this for real...I want you to give me a show like you're doing right now. Let me see your pretty little ass suck in that great big cock while you fuck yourself with it."

Xander frowned hard with concentration, breathed harder, faster, fucked himself harder, deeper with his free hand as he squeezed the phone in the other. His cock twitched against his stomach, untouched and fully aroused.

He arched and shoved the dildo deep, hard, one last time and it punched against his prostate. He came, nearly screaming, semen shooting onto his stomach.

He nearly dropped the phone.

Will's gravelly, needy voice came over the receiver once Xander had fallen back against the couch. "You cum, pet? You shoot spunk all over yourself? Is that cock still inside you?"

"Yes. To all three of those."

Will laughed a little breathlessly. "You like it?"

"Oooohhh, yeah."

There was silence and Xander could hear wet smacking sounds and knew Will was getting off on what Xander had just done and couldn't wait to hear him orgasm, even if it was just over

the phone line.

He didn't disappoint.

He panted harshly in Xander's ear, groaned loud and long and cursed and called out Xander's name.

Xander felt his ass contract around the dildo, as if it knew Will was shooting his orgasm someplace other than inside it.

"You turn that vibrate option on?"

"No..."

"Why don't you give it a go...it'll be brilliant."

Xander shrugged, didn't know why he needed to do that now when he'd already cum, and pressed the button. He nearly hit the ceiling as the vibrations that were so wonderful, so delicious, seemed to stroke his prostate like a living hand.

He'd only gotten a short taste of this before and it was even better after climaxing since his body was still reeling from the previous release.

He came again shortly thereafter, too sensitive and overwhelmed to hang on any longer. The orgasm was nearly dry.

"Sweet bungee jumping Jesus! I think..." He licked his lips, sprawled and replete on his couch, hand limp around the remote after having turned the vibrator off. The cock was still inside him, full and heavy, and he didn't want to pull it out just yet. He didn't think he could move, anyway. "I think I'll have to do that again."

"Yeah," Will said gruffly. "You will."

## Part Six

Faith taught him to pick locks. Why? Because he was going to break into Will's apartment when the other man wasn't there.

It was a very good reason to learn illegal things from his best friend, right?

He'd always wanted to be a badass, on the edge of the law. Now was his chance; he had the perfect reason.

Why was he breaking into Will's apartment?

Because he couldn't wait any longer. He was going to get naked, get in Will's bed and when the blond came home he was going to seduce his ass.

He'd never be able to resist a naked Xander offered on a virginal platter.

Xander hoped that Will wouldn't say no, anyway.

They'd been moving at a turtle's pace at things. They only made out and touched over the clothes, not underneath.

He had yet to see Will naked. He really *wanted* to see Will naked.

Will was taking this Xander being a virgin to gay sex thing way too damned seriously. Xander was about to die of frustration, of anticipation.

But it made him feel all warm and gooey inside. Will actually cared *that* much for him. He cared enough to let Xander dictate the speed of their sexual relationship.

Xander, however, didn't know how to tell him to speed the fuck up or he was going to resort to desperate measures.

So, he was taking the desperate measure. He wasn't a talky sort of guy, didn't like doing it, was embarrassed by it, couldn't always get his point across because he wasn't good with

*feelings* and thoughts in word form. Faith was the only one he could even begin to have heart to hearts with. Will was too new, too close to the issue at hand for him to be able to confide in him that way.

Which led him to where he was now.

He'd picked the lock, gone inside Will's house and was now naked in Will's bed with a tube of lubricant and his new favourite toy. He turned on Will's stereo to listen to his radio show and once it was over he knew he'd have several hours before he got back. Will often did personal one-on-one calls after his show was over and those could take hours to deal with; he also ran last minute errands that he hadn't had the opportunity to do during the day like grocery shopping or dropping off mail at the post office.

So, Xander had plenty of time.

He switched off the stereo and began to prepare.

He relaxed against Will's pillows, opened the tube, and squirted some out on his fingers. He dropped the lubricant to the bed, drew up his legs, spread his thighs, canted his hips so he could reach his ass easily.

He thrust two fingers inside himself gently and groaned. He forced himself not to reach for his cock with his free hand and just fucked himself with the digits.

After a while, he eased the vibrator inside himself and began to move it in and out slowly.

He loved the feeling, the friction, of the silicon rubber inside him, the way it pulled at his flesh, filled him up. And when he got to a certain point in his arousal he'd turn on the vibrating option because that was a honey of a feeling.

So involved was he in concentrating on the feeling of the fake cock moving inside himself, he didn't hear the door swing open cautiously -- he'd neglected to re-lock it once he'd broken in -- or the footsteps announcing Will's approach as he moved through the apartment toward the noises he was hearing.

Xander did, however, hear the gasp Will made as he stopped in the doorway open-mouthed and gawping, watching Xander pleasure himself on his bed.

He leaned heavily against the door jamb, cell phone falling limply from his fingers. "Pet?"

Xander opened his eyes and grinned lazily. The unsteady rise and fall of his chest nearly matched the unsteadiness of Will's voice. "Hello, Will," he purred, twisting his wrist and gasping as he felt sparks as his prostate was stimulated due to the new angle.

Will swallowed hard and staggered over to the easy chair

beside the bed. He stared intently at the entrance to Xander's body, watching almost without blinking as Xander's hands forced the vibrator in and out of himself easily with well practiced movements.

"You, er," Will moistened his dry lips, leaning forward in the chair. He fidgeted, hips unable to stay still as he rubbed his swelling groin into the leather of the chair beneath him. "You been here long? Been at *that* long?"

Xander arched, taking one thigh and pulling it up a little higher. Will groaned. "Since about the time you started your show."

Will inhaled sharply, nostrils flaring. "*That* long."

Xander hummed and shoved the dildo further up his ass. He wiggled it around, rotated it. "You just going to -- *oh* -- stand there or are you -- mmm -- going to take off your clothes and fuck me? You could just slide. right. in. Will. Not much resistance now, just enough."

"You, er, certain you want to do this? You can...fuck me if you'd prefer...not that I'd *mind*..."

Xander rolled his eyes and plunged the dildo quickly in and out of his ass. "Does it look like I'm not sure of what I want? I've been thinking about this for *weeks*, been planning it...for a while...been playing with this toy long enough to want the real thing. Get over here and fuck me!"

Will's eyes flickered quickly up to Xander's face then back down at his ass. He stood up and hurriedly took off his shoes, stubbing his toe on the table beside the chair, nearly stumbling and hitting his head on the wall when balancing on one foot too long.

Xander watched him, still fucking himself leisurely with the fake cock.

Will ripped off his shirt and then stopped. He stalked over to the bed and stared down at Xander hungrily. "Don't know what made up your mind about this...what made you want to do it *this* way but...God, Xander, I want you."

"Want you, too," Xander whispered. "Now, put on a condom and get in me."

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Will couldn't even wait to remove his jeans completely, he just unzipped them and parted the material and then slipped the condom over his weeping erection with shaking hands, slicked himself lightly and then removed Xander's hand from the dildo and the dildo from his ass.

He tossed the toy to the side. "You want to turn over?"

"No."

It was a simple answer and Xander let Will see the desire he had for him in his eyes, in his expression.

Will shuddered, lined up his prick and then slid home without another word.

They both gasped.

Xander's muscles fluttered around Will. He felt more than with that fake cock he'd played with over the last couple of weeks. It felt so much better *this way*.

He could feel the heat of Will's cock pulsing inside him, the texture of the real flesh filling him up.

He'd been missing so much by not having Will do this.

Not that he'd ever give up his toy.

Xander clutched at the bed clothes, Will's shoulders and back, panted open-mouthed and then Will shoved in further and his balls touched Xander's buttocks, the cold metal of his gaping zipper and the harsh rasp of denim rubbing against his sensitive skin.

"Oh, God," Xander murmured, arching his back, spreading his

thighs further to get Will closer.

Will breathed unsteadily above him, arms locked to hold himself above Xander, eyes shut tightly in a pleasure-tensed face. The cock inside Xander throbbed like an extra heartbeat and Xander knew Will was barely hanging onto his composure.

From merely seeing Xander like that on the bed, Will had nearly come undone.

That thought alone caused Xander's cock to spit precum onto his belly as he shuddered.

"Will..."

"Shush, Xander," Will said quietly.

Xander enjoyed the silence, savoured Will's body against his own, on top of him, and enjoyed the feel of Will inside him, just resting there, filling him, making him feel like he'd never felt with the two women he'd had sex with.

This was happiness. This was what he'd been missing.

His eyes burned mysteriously but then Will pulled out slowly, gently, and began to fuck him.

It was slow at first, a long build-up to orgasm, even though Will was obviously barely holding it together.

It was good.

But it could be better.

Xander didn't want to go slow, he didn't want to take forever, they had time for that later.

Right now he wanted fast and hard because that was how he needed it. He knew Will wanted that too.

"Will..."

Will pressed his face into Xander's neck, panting into his hot flesh, making Xander's skin shudder along with the rest of him. He lipped Xander's earlobe, pelvis rolling gently. "What is it, luv?"

Xander held onto Will, pressed his heels into Will's back and urged him on. "Faster. I need it faster. *Please.*"

Will paused and raised his head to stare down at him. His eyes searched Xander's face, his hips twitched with the urge to continue on. "I'll do the slow thing later. You're right. We need it hard and fast, yeah?"

Xander smiled. "Ride me fast and hard, cowboy."

Will's eyelashes fluttered and he inhaled deeply.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Xander's body caught each of Will's forceful thrusts, took what he was given and savoured it. Will's hips snapped forward and back with increasing speed, thrusting harder and deeper into him.

Xander found his scrotum deliciously crushed between their bodies and his cock rubbed between their abdomens. The friction was too great, too wonderful, too damned good.

And he clasped Will's body to his own as he came, spurting hot seed between them.

"Oh, God, Will! Fuck!"

"Yeah, that's it, baby, cum for me. Show me that pretty orgasm. Show me what I do to you and I'll show you what you do to me," Will rasped in his ear, lips and breath tickling his skin, his body losing any kind of rhythm because he was nearly there.

Xander took the next several thrusts willingly, loving the feel of Will owning him with those inches of flesh that slid deep inside where no one else had been. He raised his ass and squeezed his muscles and laughed breathlessly as Will hammered into him once, twice, then again and came, stiffening and breathing

harshly in his ear.

Xander could feel the heat spurting inside him even through the layer of latex. It warmed and aroused him, made him want more.

He'd have it again. Later. And then he'd do the same to Will.

Will collapsed on top of him and Xander stayed as he was. He was pretty much a human pretzel beneath Will's weight, crushed nicely, buried under him as Will rested buried *in* him, but he loved it. And when Will tried to move out of him, off of him, he whined a negative response and held him close with both arms.

He pushed his hands into the loose jeans and squeezed Will's ass, pulling him closer.

"All right. I'll stay for just a bit. Can't keep this position for long, despite how much I want to, or you'll get sore. Not to mention cramping up from being virtually folded in half."

Xander sighed and closed his eyes, enjoying the soft tickle of Will's lips on his neck kissing him gently, sweetly. Will's cock softened and slipped out a little. Xander let his legs fall on either side of Will and ran his fingers through the hair at the back of Will's head.

Will's biceps tensed as he moved both arms up the bed to

frame Xander's head. Xander's hand clenched in his hair as Will raised up to look at him.

It was like an eternity passed between them and no one else existed for that moment. Then Will leaned down and kissed him.

And when it was over, Xander smiled.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~

He woke up with a warm, naked body plastered against his. He stretched and groaned and grunted and squinted as light from outside hurt his eyes.

His eyelids fluttered open and he turned his head to look at the body cradling his. He smiled.

Will was asleep, pressed up so tightly against his backside he was nearly inside his skin with him. One arm was wrapped around Xander's midsection, the other underneath the pillow beneath Xander's head, and one leg was sandwiched between both of Xander's. His hard-on was tucked between Xander's buttocks, riding up against his scrotum.

This really was the best way to wake up.

He lay there until he couldn't ignore his aching bladder anymore and started to get out of bed. The arm around him tightened and Will grumbled.

"No moving. Sleeping." A soft kiss was pressed to the back of his neck and Will, not really awake, snuggled back into him, into the bed.

Xander grinned and moved again.

Will growled. "What the hell are you doing? Supposed to be *sleeping*."

"I need to take a leak. Unless you'd prefer I do it in your bed?"

Will sighed and let go of him, then moved onto his back, tucked his hands behind his head and watched with interest as Xander padded naked into the adjoining bathroom.

Xander was washing his hands after he'd finished relieving himself when two warm arms and an even hotter body moved up against him and wrapped around him. He leaned back.

"I really should be getting home...gotta shower and get some more clothes. I have some things to do..."

Will kissed a hot trail from the back of his neck, across his shoulder, then back up to his earlobe. "Don't have to go. Stay with me. You can live here. In fact, there's no need for you to

leave, ever. I'll keep you as my pet and buy you pretty things. You'll never want for anything ever again."

Xander snorted and turned in Will's arms, smiling. Will smiled back at him. He wrapped his arms around the slightly shorter man and Will, in turn, embraced him. They leaned their foreheads together, rocked back and forth together in a naked slow dance. "Don't think that'd work, blondie. Besides, you'd get sick of having me around all the time within a week or so."

"Somehow, luv, I doubt that."

Xander cleared his throat. "How about letting me go so I can get dressed..."

"I've got a better idea. Why don't we share a shower? Conserving water and electricity's good for the environment, innit?"

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Xander barely got any of his parts washed; Will was too busy stealing the soap or the washcloth or smashing him up against the shower wall and shoving his tongue down his throat to allow him to do anything productive.

But they finally washed and laughed and had a mini water fight

and then, Will turned up the heat.

He thrust against Xander and brought them both to an extremely nice orgasm by extremely slow, exquisitely rough frottage.

Xander was a sated, boneless blob by the time it was all over and Will guided him out of the shower, dried him off and put them both back in bed to snuggle.

"I really should--"

"Don't say it. I don't want you to leave. Can't bloody bear it, luv." Will pouted and raised his wet head from Xander's chest. Xander was delighted to discover Will's hair, when not shellacked down into a protective platinum shell, was a riot of cherubic curls.

"Well...why don't you come with me? Pack an overnight bag and we can spend the weekend at my place. We can...take turns coming home with each other..." He bit his lip.

Will smiled and propped himself up on one elbow. He kissed Xander. "Think I like that idea."

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~

They were on Xander's couch making out, Will underneath Xander and enjoying the weight of him squashing him down into the couch cushions, when there was a knock at the door.

Will groaned and dropped his head back. "Ignore them. Pretend you're not here and maybe they'll go away."

Xander stared at him, shrugged and then went back to his task of exploring Will's mouth with his tongue. He licked a trail from the corner of his lips down his jawline.

The door rocked on its hinges as the knocking increased in intensity. "I know you're in there, buddy boy. Don't try and play the master, Xan, I invented this game. Open up the door and I won't resort to extreme measures. That means illegal ones, baby doll."

Xander whimpered and banged his head against Will's naked shoulder. Will rubbed a hand over the back of Xander's head. "I have to answer it. She won't stop. She's like a machine. She'll pick the lock if I don't get up and answer it. Did I throw the deadlock after we came in?"

"Don't remember." Will sighed. "If you must. But get rid of her quick because I have plans for you. Still have things I want to do to you."

Xander swallowed hard, pushed himself off Will and the couch and adjusted the hard-on tenting his sweatpants. He glared

down at the smirking man now leaning on his forearms and creating a delicious little crinkle in his abs that Xander really wanted to lick. "You asshole. You're evil."

He walked to the door, ignored the seductive satyr behind him, unhooked the security chain, unlocked the deadbolt and the regular lock and opened the door part-way. "What is it, Faith? I'm a little busy here."

Faith's dimples formed as she grinned a wicked grin. "Is that so?" She tried to peek around him, to see around the still mostly closed door and then pouted when Xander blocked her view even more when he pointedly moved closer to the gap. "Whatcha hiding, lover boy? Naked hotties?"

Xander rolled his eyes. "Not plural. And not hiding. I'm busy. This isn't a good time. Go away."

He started to close the door but Faith was hip to his tricks and quickly shoved her booted foot into the gap.

"Faith!"

"Xan!"

"Pet, tell the bint to go away and get her own boytoy because you're mine," Will said sulkily from behind Xander as he joined them at the door, wrapping himself around Xander.

"Well, well, well, a foreign hottie with bed-head and cheek bones to die for, not to mention the abs ... This Will?" she asked, dark eyes greedily running over Will's naked torso and admiring his stomach and the little line of dark hairs peeking out from beneath the waist of his low riding sweatpants.

Xander growled and shoved Will behind him, inexplicably jealous.

Will smirked over Xander's shoulder, patting his lover. "Will Sutton at your service. You must be Faith, yes?" She nodded and he continued. "Was nice to meet you but get lost. No offense, but..."

Faith laughed and pushed back her long, dark hair. Her tiny red spaghetti strap shirt rode up, showing belly skin above her tight black jeans. "No offense taken, beautiful. Now that I see what Xan's got tucked away...think I won't be seeing him for a while...but that's cool. I got someone to lavish attention on myself. Hey, babe, don't be shy."

And suddenly there was a woman moving out from behind the wall she'd been hidden behind, peering at them both with intent ice blue eyes, head cocked to the side like a bird assessing prey causing her hair to fall partially into her face. She was nearly Will's height, tall and lithe, had blue streaks in her long, brown hair. She had perfect pale skin only marred by an eyebrow piercing and a henna tattoo of some sort of vine across one side of her face, also blue. She was a leather queen

in her chunky biker boots, skin-tight leather pants, and half-sized blue tank top with a covering of light chain mail over the top of it. Her dainty wrists were decorated with leather chords, as well as her neck.

Faith grinned as they finished their assessment of the unusual blue-eyed girl. "This here is my girl, Illyria. Ria, this is the guys: Will and Xander. They make a cute couple, don't they?"

Illyria looked at them, face stoic, eyes unreadable as she examined them thoroughly from head to toe. "Yes. I understand now why you had to come here and interrupt their time together, despite the fact that we could've gone straight back to my apartment. The white-haired one is pleasing to the eye and muscular and pale. The tall one has the eyes of a puppy, innocent and playful. I'd wager he's very...fun."

Faith's dimples deepened and she slung one arm around the taller woman's waist. "I'll let ya get back to your one-on-one action, but, Xan, remember? You so owe me. C'mon, honey, let's go back to your place."

"I think I'll drive this time. Give me your keys. You nearly crashed into several cars on the way here and you ran two red lights. You're as frightening and inept with driving as you are beautiful."

"Thank you, sweetie."

Then a bemused Will and Xander watched as the girls left, Faith adamantly refusing to hand over her keys and Illyria skillfully seducing them from her with little effort at all.

There was a chemistry there that Xander hadn't seen Faith have with anyone else. This Illyria seemed to be good for her.

"Seems like her lesbian phase might be a little longer than she thought," Xander laughed as he pushed Will back into the apartment and shut the door and locked it up tight. "Sure hooked herself a strange one, though."

"What?"

"Oh." Xander went to the kitchen for a soda, brought one for Will too and plopped back down on the sofa. He set the drinks down, after taking a sip from one, and beckoned Will with one finger and a sly grin. "It's not important but...weren't we in the middle of something when we were so rudely interrupted?"

Will smiled slowly, a salacious grin that sent tendrils of flame licking down Xander's spine and into his balls. He stalked over to Xander and then launched himself onto the younger man.

Xander laughed and grunted from the impact of a sinewy, perfect body landing on his own and spread himself out willingly beneath the blond. He widened his legs and allowed Will to settle between them. He laced his fingers in the small of Will's back. "So..."

"So..." Will repeated, blue eyes dilating as they looked down at Xander's quirked mouth. He rolled his hips playfully. "I think...this is where we were before your friend came and interrupted us."

He bent down and attached his mouth to Xander's.

Xander moaned, unlaced his fingers and scratched lightly up and down Will's back.

Will shuddered and ground their pelvises together, braced himself on his forearms and opened Xander's mouth wider with his tongue.

Xander closed his eyes and let him.

He'd have a lot to tell Faith later and, judging by her hot little girlfriend, he might get a little something in return.

But he'd worry about all of that some other time. Right now, Xander had a boyfriend who needed his tongue sucked right out of his head.

**Here Endeth the Story**