

Pairings: S/X

Archive: Can we say 'duh'?

Rating: NC-17 (I don't think that should come as a surprise)

Summary: Xander is dragged out of a closet he never knew he was in.

*Disclaimer: If they were mine, do you think I'd be spending my free time *writing*?*

*Notes: Response to the "Mom! I am *not* gay!" plot bunny by Scorpio on NummyTreats.*

Coming Out

by

Kayla

Part One

"Anya, it's not like that--"

Anya picked up a book and threw it across the basement, sending a lamp crashing to the floor. "Three days, Xander. Three days! And you haven't given me one single orgasm! Don't you like me any more?"

Xander slumped into his chair, ignoring the mess. "Of course I do, I just wasn't in the mood to--" He winced as a high-pitched, piercing shriek cut him off.

"Oh my god." Anya stared at him wide eyed, tears brimming up. "Oh. My. God. You're gay."

Xander bolted upright. "What? I'm *what!*?"

"It all makes sense now. I...I saw this on a talk show last week. The girl doesn't get orgasms because the guy's not in the mood, and it turns out he's gay."

"Anya, I'm so not gay." He shook his head in derision, not really believing she could be serious.

Anya sniffled some more. "And now you're in denial. It's one of the stages."

"Stages? What--?" Xander took a deep breath. "Anya, sweetie, I think you're a little confused here. Now, think about it." He walked carefully over to her, patting her back comfortingly. "If I were gay, I wouldn't have dated girls my whole life, now would I?"

"Yes you would. It's called repression." She moved away, turning to stare intently at him. Looking him up and down, she nodded. "I should have seen it before." Backing away, she gave Xander a quivering smile. "I think...I'd better go now."

"Go? What--Why--? Anya!" He made a move toward her, but stopped as she began to shake her head fiercely. *Ok,*

not of the good. Major panic mode here! "Anya, please. What are you doing?"

"I...I guess I'm breaking up with you, Xander. You're obviously gay, and I can't date someone isn't going to want sex with me."

"Anya, listen to me here. I. Am. Not. Gay!"

Upset over Xander's continued denials, Anya glared at him. "Yes you are! You are gay!" She stamped her foot to emphasize the loudly vocalized exclamation. Looking at his stricken expression, she calmed somewhat. "It's ok, Xander. It was nice while it lasted. You give good orgasms. You just need to accept the truth about yourself and find a nice boy to settle down with." She started up the steps.

Pausing with her hand on the doorknob, she looked back at her shell-shocked boyfriend. "And make sure you find one with a big dick. Those are lots of fun. Oh, and experience is a plus, too. There's a lot to be said for a man with plenty of experience." With that, she opened the door and left.

Xander blinked at the closed door. Dazed, he stumbled over to his bed, collapsing bonelessly onto it. *What...just happened?* He frowned as he went over the entire

conversation in his head, trying to figure out when exactly he'd entered the Twilight Zone. Then again, this was Sunnyhell.

Flopping over to stare dejectedly at the ceiling, he sighed, pondering on whether that last bit of oh-so-helpful advice was some sort of veiled insult.

Part Two

Beverly Harris sipped from a half-empty bottle of gin, flipping through the assorted soaps and talk shows that were currently airing. Finally stopping on good old Jerry, she settled in, a warm buzz enveloping her. A crash from the basement roused her a bit, but she ignored it. *Boy's probably at it again with that girlfriend of his.*

The scream made her bolt upright. *What the--?* She stumbled upright, weaving her way over to the basement door. Poised to open it, she paused when she heard her son's muffled voice shout out the word 'Gay!'. Eyes wide, she pressed her ear against the door, listening avidly.

A more feminine voice this time, with an exclaimed 'You are gay!'. Bev gasped. *Who--? Xander's gay? Oh my god!* She shifted closer, barely making out the next few words. '...nice boy to settle down with.' Hearing footsteps coming up the stairs, she backed quickly away, slipping around the doorway.

The basement door opened and shut, the footsteps receded across the kitchen, then the outer door was closed with a soft click. Shakily, Bev made her way back to the living room, where she dropped onto the sofa and stared blankly at the TV, the forgotten bottle still clutched in her hand.

Gay. Xander's...gay. Gay? She blinked fuzzily, thinking that over. *It...does kind of make sense. I mean, the clothes...and he always seemed a bit...different.* The more she thought about it in her alcohol-induced haze, the more the concept seemed to fit the overall image she held of her son. She focused on the TV again, catching the tail end of Jerry's 'Final Thought'.

"...no matter how different or unusual your loved one's chosen lifestyle may be, it's important to show them, through words and actions, that you are there for them. That you love them..."

Oh. Oh! Yes. Of course! I have to...yes! She stared at the bottle she held, then set it down on the end table. Heading for the kitchen and the coffeepot, she determined to do right by her homosexual son. *I mean, I may not have won any 'Mother of the Year' awards, but here's my chance to prove that I'm not THAT bad of a mom!*

A few hours later, a reasonably sober Beverly Harris parked her car outside a bookstore and strode confidently inside. Glancing around, she headed for a section along the back wall. Browsing through the titles, she grinned triumphantly and pulled some from the shelf. A selection of audio cassettes caught her eye, and she pulled out the one entitled "Accepting Your Gay or Lesbian Child". *Perfect!*

She browsed a bit more, then made her way to the checkout counter. The cashier looked enquiringly at her selections, prompting her to offer an explanation. "I just found out my son is gay. Isn't that wonderful?" Bev pasted on a cheery smile.

"Of course, ma'am. You know, we also have some pamphlets that deal with this topic over by the door. They're free, you're welcome to pick some up on your way out."

"Really? That's great!" She handed over her credit card, signing the receipt. Taking the bag of her purchases with her, she stopped by the rack of pamphlets. Plucking out three or four relevant ones, she dropped them into her bag and left the store.

Bev slipped the cassette into her stereo, adjusting the earphones to fit her head. Pressing the 'play' button, she settled back with her pencil and pad of paper. The next hour or so was spent listening intently, with occasional pauses for her to write down important bits of information. As she jotted down another little hint, she glanced out the window, noticing how it was starting to get dark.

Knowing how Xander tended to go out at night to spend time with those odd friends of his, she turned off the tape, hurrying downstairs so she could catch him before he left. She arrived in time to see him open his door and walk out into the kitchen.

"Xander?"

About to go out the door, Xander turned and tilted his head at her questioningly. "Yeah?"

Fidgeting nervously for a second, Bev steeled her resolve. "I...I just wanted you to know that I... Well, I support you,

no matter what. And I'm here for you if you want to talk about anything...new that might be developing in your life." She gazed at him earnestly.

Xander blinked. He sniffed surreptitiously, but didn't catch any recent scent of alcohol. Backing to the door, he turned the knob. "Um, yeah Mom. Sure. I'll, uh, I'll remember that."

"Because, you know, I won't judge you, or mock you or anything."

He rubbed the back of his neck. "That's...that's good to know. Um, I gotta go now, ok?"

Bev smiled brightly and nodded. "Oh, sure. You go...do your thing. Have fun!"

Xander swallowed, watching his mother bounce up the stairs. *Bounce? Geez, what is she on and where can I find some?* Shaking his head, he left the house, headed for the Scooby research meeting that had been scheduled.

Xander knocked on the door to Giles' place, then opened it and stepped inside. "Hey G-man! Guess who?"

Giles stuck his head around the door. "Ah, Xander. Excellent. Here you go." He walked over and transferred

a large stack of dusty, boring looking books into Xander's arms.

Xander sneezed. "Woah, what happened, Buffy get fed up and staked Spike all over your books?"

"Hmm?" Distracted, Giles looked up from another thick tome, pushing his glasses up on his nose. "What was that?"

Sighing, Xander shook his head and made his way over to the table, where Buffy, Willow and Tara were already ensconced. Dumping his designated stack, he sat and opened the first book, waving the dust away from his face.

Willow glanced up briefly. "Hey Xander. Where's Anya?"

Xander grinned sickly. "Um, Anya? She, um, had a...thing. This...thing...to do. And couldn't make it. Yeah, that's it."

Willow wrinkled her brow, narrowing her eyes as Xander dove into his research with a degree of intensity that was unusual for him. "Oooo-kay." She stared at him a bit longer, then shrugged and went back to her own research.

Xander gazed at his book, not even registering the words on the page. His mind was still in a whirl processing

the...situation with Anya. *Ok, so what? She...broke up with me? I mean, I think so. Because I'm gay. But I'm not! Gay, that is. WAY not! SO not into the whole guy thing. Huh-uh. No way. Not that there's anything wrong with that, but it is TOTALLY not me.*

He sighed, slumping down in his chair. *And what is UP with Mom? Geez, she was into something weird. I mean, that deal with the 'I support you' number. Christ, must be on another one of her self-help kicks. Great. Just what I need.* He made his fingers move to flip pages so no one would notice he wasn't exactly into the research thing tonight. He started when he turned the last page, lifting the back cover and closing the book with a thump.

Sighing again, he picked up the next and repeated the process. He managed to make his way through his entire stack, never actually absorbing a thing as his mind cranked over the same topics, trying to wrestle them into some semblance of coherency.

Finished with his stack, he stared at the books he'd gone through. *God, I hope there was nothing important in any of those.* He looked up at the clock, yawning.

Giles noticed and looked at the clock as well. "Oh, my. It's gotten rather late. Perhaps we should continue this

tomorrow." The girls around the table closed their books, standing and stretching.

Xander pushed his chair back with a loud screech. "I'm, uh, I'm just gonna head home now. Tired, you know?" Moving swiftly, he walked out of the room, exiting the house before anyone could respond.

Buffy looked at the others. "Did any of you notice something weird going on with Xander? I mean, weirder than normal."

Willow nodded. "Something happened. He'll tell up when he's ready, though."

"Well," Giles placed Xander's pile of books back into the 'to read' stack. "Perhaps it would be best to go through that lot again."

Willow chuckled. "Probably. If I know Xander, not one bit of that information got processed tonight." She glanced toward the door Xander had disappeared through. "I wonder...do you think his mood had something to do with Anya? He sounded...strange when I asked about her."

Buffy shrugged. "We'll find out eventually."

The redhead frowned slightly. "I suppose. Still, I worry about him." She glanced toward the door again, sighing.

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Xander climbed down the stairs to his basement, flipping on the lights as he went. Sitting down to kick off his shoes, he noticed a couple of pamphlets on the coffee table. Curious, he leaned forward and picked one up.

"Dealing With Your Homosexuality" the title screamed at him. He dropped it as if burnt. Frantic, he pawed through the others. "Coming Out: A Guide To Gay Lifestyles", "So I'm Gay, Now What?", "Homosexuality: A Way Of Life".

Oh God. Oh my God! Where--? What--? Who--? He jerked his head up as he heard his door open and soft footsteps descend.

"Xander? Sweetie?"

Gulping audibly, he tried to shove the incriminating pamphlets under his pillow.

"Oh, you found the pamphlets I left for you. Did they help? Do you want to talk about anything?"

"You--you left them?" He stared down at the slips of glossy paper. "Um, why?"

"Oh honey, it's ok. You don't have to hide from *me*! I know you're gay. I'm fine with it. I accept your life choice. I think it's very brave of you."

Xander dropped his head into his hands, groaning.

"Mom? Listen to me. I'm not gay."

"Nonsense. I...overheard...your conversation with that Anya girl. I'm not mad that you didn't want to tell me, but I'm totally supportive of you. Homosexuality is nothing to be ashamed of." Bev bit her lip, seeing that her son was overcome at the moment. "Well, you just leaf through those. They're really very informative. I'll just be going to bed now. And Xander?"

"Yeah mom?" came the weak response.

"I just want to tell you that I love you, and support you, and there is nothing wrong with you. You're just the way nature made you." Smiling again, she turned and walked back up the stairs.

Xander whimpered, leaning back and thumping his head softly against the wall. *Why me? Why, why, why?*

The pamphlets fluttered to the floor.

Part Three

Xander darted from his house onto the dimly lit lawn. Stuffing his hands inside his pockets, he hunched over slightly and strode off down the street. *Oh, man. GOT to get away from her!*

The last few days had been filled with more 'Supportive Mom' than he could handle. *I never thought I'd regret her not drinking so much. Problem is, now that she's mostly sober, she's hounding me with pamphlets and recommendations for support groups. I think I'm gonna hurl!*

He paused, leaning against a building and taking a deep breath. *Ok, just need to...calm down. Easy.* He breathed evenly a few times, then opened his eyes. *I can handle this. So what if my girlfriend broke up with me because she thinks I'm gay, and my Mom is being super tolerant of my TOTALLY non-existent homosexual leanings? Because I am NOT gay! Geez, at least no one else is involved in this little fiasco.*

Thankfully, Anya hadn't mentioned her little...conjecture to any of the others. She hadn't even mentioned the breakup, much less her reasoning behind it. *Yeah, that's JUST what I need!*

He watched the setting sun then, not wanting to deal with the Scoobies tonight, decided to head over to the Bronze. Hopefully, they wouldn't show up there.

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Frustrated, Bev watched her son race out of the house. She flung herself down into a chair in the dining room, propping her elbows on the table and scowling at the wall. *Oh, what do I do? He's in denial, and it's not good for him! How can I get him to admit his real feelings?*

She sighed, thinking. Then she remembered Anya's parting words a few days ago. Something about a 'nice boy to settle down with'. Bev brightened.

That's it! I just need to set Xander up with a good boyfriend, then sit back and watch the sparks! She tilted her head. *Figuratively, anyway. But who?*

She ran through a mental list of Xander's male acquaintances. There had been that Jesse boy, but he'd

disappeared a while back. That older man, Guy? George? Something like that. She'd only met him once, and he seemed kind of stuffy, though.

Surely there's some other boys he hung around with? She thought hard, when a vague image began to form. Slim, blond hair, wore a lot of black. Didn't he stay over a few times? What was his name... William something or other. Oh! He's perfect! Very cute, and he's got that sexy foreign accent! And he's definitely gay, I mean, he BLEACHES his hair. Almost white!

Extremely happy over solving the problem of *who* to set her son up with, she began to tackle the pesky little detail of *finding* the prospective boyfriend. *If I were a sexy, foreign gay man, where would I be?*

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Xander paced his basement nervously. His mother was up to something. He just knew it. She was much too...perky. And she'd been giving him the weirdest looks all day. *Man, why can't she just drop this?*

He heard a soft knocking on his door, and stared at it in trepidation. Clearing his throat, he braced himself and called, "Come in."

Bev peeked around the door. "Sweetie? I bought something for you." She came down into the room, holding out a neatly wrapped package.

Xander blinked at it. *Why do I get the feeling that opening that will be one of the worst mistakes of my life?* He took one look at his mother's hopeful face, noting again the lack of drunkenness in the gleam in her eyes, and gave in to the inevitable.

He took the package, sitting on his bed and unwrapping it slowly.

A book.

He turned the book over to see the cover. When it came into view, he nearly dropped it.

"The New Joy of Gay Sex".

"I thought it might, you know, be handy. Eventually. When you're ready. I was told it has a lot of good information about...stuff."

Xander swallowed hard. He gently placed the book on the bed next to him, then stood.

"Mom, hear me, ok? I am *not* gay. Not. Very strictly heterosexual here. Much liking of the females of the species. Ok?"

Bev put on a face which said clearly that she was humoring her delusional child. "Of course, Xander. But...you just keep that book, all right? Just in case." She gave him a quick peck on the cheek, then left.

Xander stood there. *Um, excuse me. Does ANYONE ever listen to me here?!* he dropped onto the bed, bouncing the book up so it flipped open. The flash of color caught his eye, and he turned to look.

Oh. My. God!!! Face turning a fiery red, he stared in shock at the extremely explicit picture of two men very obviously enjoying themselves in an...interlocking manner. Fascinated despite himself, he stared. He didn't notice as his breathing quickened and a finger reached out to trace the picture.

Realizing what he was doing, he snatched his hand back. Closing his eyes, he felt for the book and snapped it shut. He stood and looked around the room. *Where--?* He didn't see any place to stash the book where the title

wouldn't be blatantly obvious, and for some reason that he didn't want to think about at the moment, couldn't bring himself to actually get rid of it either. Finally, he lifted the cushion of his recliner, placed the book down neatly, then adjusted the cushion back over it.

He then grabbed a jacket and left for yet another exciting meeting of the Scooby gang. *Maybe things will get back to what passes for normal soon.* On that hopeful note, he slipped out the door, careful to avoid any meetings with the pod person who had taken over his mother's body.

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Bev looked around the store, frustration mounting. In the week since she had picked out a boyfriend for her son, she had yet to find the man in question. *There aren't a lot of places to go in this town, and he HAS to eat eventually!* She wandered through the aisles, searching.

She'd been out all day, haunting the nearby grocery stores, with an occasional side adventure into a clothing place, but had had no luck. It was now way past dark, and she was about to call it a day. As she walked past the hair-care aisle, a shock of white-blond hair caught her attention.

She froze and backed up. *Is it--?* Long black leather coat, pale hair. Could be. She offered up a quick prayer for luck and walked toward her prey. For a moment, she watched as the figure ran slim fingers across the different brands of hair dye. Steeling herself, she tapped his shoulder.

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Spike woke, sitting up and stretching. He stood and brushed himself off. A piece of hair clung to his sleeve, and he picked it up, holding it to his face. Squinting at it, he cursed. *Soddin' roots! I just bleached this bleedin' stuff a couple of months ago!* Sighing angrily, he checked the pockets of his duster for spare change.

Having determined that he could afford a box of hair dye, he left his crypt. Fifteen minutes of brisk walking brought him to the store, and he went inside, heading toward the hair-care aisle. Once there, he scanned the rows upon rows of boxes. So engrossed was he, he never noticed the woman step up behind him.

The tap on his shoulder startled him, and he whirled, barely keeping himself from going into game face. "What?!" He growled.

The woman smiled happily. "It is you!"

"S'cuse me?" *The bint's bloody mad. Do I attract these types, or what? Does look kind of familiar, though.* Spike tapped his foot, waiting impatiently. *Can't kill the human, can't kill the human.*

Bev just kept on smiling. "William, isn't it? You know my son."

He stared at her blankly. "That so?"

"Xander? You used to hang out with him in quite a bit. Always spending time together in the basement."

Bloody Hell. The chit's that Harris boy's mum. He just snorted, and turned back to his perusal of the shelves.

"I was wondering if maybe you'd like to come over for dinner, or drinks, or something?"

Poleaxed, Spike turned and raised his eyebrow. "What was that?" *If she keeps that smile up, she's gonna strain somethin'*

Bev linked arms with him, chatting away happily. "Sure. I can cook something, and you two kids can do some...male bonding. Ooh! I've got this wonderful homemade hot chocolate that I do. You'll love it!"

"Dinner? You...want *me* to come over for...dinner?" Spike stared at her intently. *She's serious! What the--?* His brain backtracked a bit. "Hot chocolate?" He licked his lips. "You got any of those little marshmallows?"

"Well, I'm sure I could buy some. This is wonderful! Is tomorrow night good for you?"

"Yeah, fine," he replied absently. *THIS is Xander's mum? How come he never told me she made hot chocolate?*

"Oh, great! Terrific! I'll see you then. Let me just go pick up some marshmallows." Bev giggled, releasing her grip on Spike's arm. With barely a glance, she plucked a box off the shelf. "Here, this is your color." With that, she turned and left, nearly leaping for joy at the success of the first stage of her plot.

Spike watched her go, then looked down at the box. *Bloody -- this IS my color!* Shaking his head, he moved off down the aisle. Suddenly, he chuckled. *That Harris boy is gonna be a bit thrown for a loop when I show up -- invited! -- on his doorstep tomorrow evenin'!*

Whistling softly, he tossed the box in the air, catching it and heading toward the checkout line.

Part Four

Spike stretched and shut off the telly, looking at his watch. 6:48. *Good. Should be dark enough by now.*

He pulled on his scuffed Docs then slung his duster over his shoulders. Opening the door of his crypt, he sauntered out into the ever-darkening night. Whistling softly, he strode out of the cemetery, a smirk gracing his face as he thought of the coming evening.

Xander's mum. Who'd've thought? Not too bad, I suppose, but a bit...off. He snorted wryly. *Not that I'm not used to that by now...years of dealin' with Dru, an' it seems practically normal!*

He let a grin form. *Can't wait to see the look on the whelp's face when I drop in. Not only am I gonna get chocolate, I'm gonna have the pleasure of annoyin' one of the Slayer's pets!*

He kicked at a can that was in the middle of the sidewalk, sending it skittering out into the street. He chuckled when it rebounded off a lamppost and flew into the spokes of a teen boy's bicycle, causing him to skid sideways as it jammed the tires. With a muffled thump, the boy crashed into the same lamppost, striking it, then the ground painfully.

I get the feelin' it's goin' t'be a lovely night! Grinning all-out now, Spike continued his trek, finally coming to a halt outside of the Harris residence. He quirked his scarred eyebrow at the place, then bounded up the porch steps. Rapping on the door, he leaned against the side of the house as he waited for an answer.

Bev stood in front of the open refrigerator, tapping her foot as she perused the shelves. *It's dinner. I can make dinner. What's so hard about cooking?* Of course, it would be easier if there were actually anything there *to* cook. She sighed, bending over to look in the freezer section.

What do teenagers like to eat, anyway? She gasped softly as a thought struck her. *Do gay boys eat strange foods like, I don't know, tofu or something?*

Her eyes lit up when she spotted some frozen pizzas. *Pizza! Everyone likes pizza! Right?* Pulling them out, she turned them over and read the directions. *I can do this. Just pop 'em in the oven for 15 minutes. Easy!* Setting them on the counter next to the stove, she walked over to the basement door, opening it and sticking her head inside.

"Xander?"

Xander looked up from his comic book. *Uh-oh. She looks WAY too cheerful.* "Yeah?" he asked tentatively.

"We have company coming for dinner, should be here soon. Be a dear and freshen up a bit, would you?"

He lifted an eyebrow. "Um, company?"

"Mm-hmm. You could, I don't know, change, fix your hair. Not that there's anything wrong with you the way you are! Just...you know."

Xander sighed. "I'm assuming this is company you want to impress?"

"Um, well, kind of. They'll be here soon, so hurry, ok?"

Xander watched as her head disappeared again, then put down his comic book with a groan. Standing, he made for his closet to find something 'decent' to wear.

Humming happily to herself, Bev shut the door to the basement and went back over to where she had left the pizzas. *Oh, Xander'll be so surprised! This is going to be perfect!*

She tore open the boxes and removed the frozen discs from their plastic wraps. She slid the two pizzas onto a cookie sheet, then turned the oven on the temperature

recommended in the directions. Tapping her fingers on the counter, she waited for the oven to preheat, then placed the cookie sheet inside.

Hearing a brisk tapping on the door, she straightened and hurried to answer it, pausing in front of a small mirror to pat her hair into place. She opened the door to see her son's new (hopefully!) boyfriend lounging against the frame.

"William! Come in! Tell me, do you prefer William, or Will, or Billy, or what?" Aware that she was beginning to babble, Bev shut her mouth abruptly.

Spike grinned at her, giving her a wink that made her blush. "Will's fine, luv." He stepped inside, glancing around. He'd never had much call to be upstairs when he'd been an unwilling tenant here. By the looks of things, he hadn't really missed much.

"Great. Will. Well, why don't you take off your coat, make yourself at home?" She waited while he shrugged out of his duster, then took it and hung it neatly in the closet. Ushering the blonde into the dining room, she gestured toward the table.

Three chairs were placed around the table, one on one side, and the other two right next to each other on the

other side. Each seat had it's own place setting. Bev pulled out one of the chairs on the side where there were two, indicating that Spike should sit.

"Well, dinner's in the oven. Would you like something to drink? Milk? Tea?"

Spike grinned at her, resulting in another blush. "Got any beer?"

Down, girl! He's gay, and you're fixing him up with your son! Taking a deep breath, Bev headed toward the fridge. Opening the door and pulling out a can, she paused. "Um, you *are* old enough to drink this, right?"

Spike had seated himself and was lounging in his chair, legs relaxed. At the question, he smiled again. "You could say that, luv."

"Oh, good." She walked over and handed him the can, then headed back into the kitchen. "Well, let me just go let Xander know you're here, then we can all sit down and eat."

Bev opened her son's door again. "Xander! Come upstairs, please!" she called.

"Be right there!" There was a shuffling, then the clunk of footsteps on the stairs. Xander appeared in the doorway, glancing at his mother.

Bev smiled excitedly at him. Grasping his arm, she pulled him along behind her. "Xander, you know Will. I invited him over for dinner." Triumphantly, she presented her son to his prospective boyfriend.

Spike looked at Xander.

Xander stared at Spike.

"Xander! Lovely to see you this fine night." He laughed to himself. *Looks a bit flummoxed, don't he?*

"S-S-Spike!" Xander sputtered, then turned to glare at his mother accusingly. "Mom!" His voice hit a very unmanly high note with that squeaked protest.

Bev looked at him innocently. "What?"

"You -- he -- you -- that's -- " He took a deep breath. "Do you *know* who that is?!"

"Well, of course! That's Will. He's a friend of yours." Rolling her eyes, she patted Xander's cheek gently. "Now, you go sit down, and I'll bring out dinner." So saying, she went to get the pizzas from the oven.

Xander stood there, gaping. *Spike. My mom invited SPIKE for dinner. Can my life GET any worse?!*

"You know, you look a bit like a fish with your mouth hangin' there like that."

Xander snapped his mouth shut, turning his glare on the vampire who was even now sprawled indolently at the table, sipping from an open beer can. Jaw clenched, he moved to stand in front of Spike. "I don't know what sort of game you're playing here, but leave my mother out of it!" he hissed, arms crossed over his chest.

"Game? What the Hell are you blathering about? I was issued a nice invite by your Mum, and couldn't bear to turn the dear woman down. You wouldn't have me goin' around disappointin' the ladies, now would you?" Spike tsked at Xander, shaking his head.

Xander was about to reach for the blonde when his mother re-entered the room, carrying a tray with steaming slices of pizza that were just this side of being burnt.

"Xander, do have a seat." She set the food in the center of the table, placing a can of soda in front of the chair next to Spike. Then she sat in the other chair, leaving

Xander no option but to choke down his irritation and sit down next to the vampire.

"Well, go on. Help yourself." Smiling widely, she took a slice for herself, and waited until the boys had done the same.

Xander chomped down on his piece sullenly, alternating his glare between his mother and Spike.

Bev ignored his attitude, and fixed her attention on the blonde. "So Will. Tell me about yourself. You're foreign, aren't you?"

Spike suspiciously eyed the pizza he held, then took a bite, crunching it down. Swallowing, he answered. "That obvious, huh? Yeah, I hail from merry ol' England. Came over to the States a while back."

Xander snorted. Bev flicked him a disapproving glance, then continued. "So what do you do? No offense, but you don't look like you get outside a lot. That's not healthy, you know. You should try to get a little sun, it would do wonders."

Spike sat disbelieving for a moment, trying hard not to burst out laughing. *Wouldn't do my image well, now would it?* "Oh, me an' sunlight don't mix well, pet. I...burn easily."

"Oh, sure Spike, why don't you come to the beach with us sometime, work on your tan?" Spitting that comment out, Xander stuffed another bite in his mouth, fixing Spike with a malicious stare.

"Ta, mate. Nice to know you care. 'Fraid I'll have to decline, though." Spike reached for his beer, taking another sip.

"Spike? That's a rather...unusual nickname. If you don't mind my asking, how'd you come by it?" She leaned forward interestedly.

"Oh, well, you know, it was from an old job. I...did rail work. Pounding spikes an' such. The name kinda stuck."

Xander choked on his soda, dribbling some down his chin. Standing hastily, he wiped his chin and pulled Spike's arm. "Excuse us, Mom, I need to speak with *Will* about something." He dragged the vampire from his chair and into the kitchen.

Out of his mother's sight, Xander shoved Spike against a counter. "What the *Hell* do you think you're doing?"

He scoffed. "What? You'd rather I tell her I shoved 'em through people's innards?"

Xander made a gagging face. "More like, I'm actually wondering why you *haven't*! What's your game?"

Spike struggled ineffectually against Xander's restraining arms. "Christ, whelp! Give it a rest, wouldja? I bloody came for dinner, so get off me!"

Xander stepped back, sighing. He ran his fingers through his hair, mussing it. "Look, I don't know what you're pulling here, but can it, ok?"

"Last time, human. It's *dinner*. I was invited. A bit of a novelty, so I decided not to pass it up. Get over yourself."

The brunette chewed on his lower lip. Heaving another sigh, he conceded. "Fine. But if you even *think* about trying something--"

Spike pushed away from the counter. "Yeah, whatever." Brushing past Xander, he went back out into the dining room and sat down once more. Xander followed, not noticing the speculative light in his mother's eyes.

Oooh, his hair's messy. And his lips look sort of puffy! Did they kiss? Oh gosh, I think they kissed! Mentally cheering at the success of her plans, her excitement bubbled over into a gushing conversation that she dominated until the end of dinner.

Once the plates were cleared away, Bev shooed the boys down into the basement. "Now, you go sit, talk, and I'll make some hot chocolate -- *with* marshmallows." She watched them disappear down the stairs, sighing wistfully. *My little boy's growing up. It's so...sweet!*

Humming to herself, she got out the ingredients for her hot chocolate -- one of the few things she *could* make well...even if she normally didn't take the time to. *Oh, admit it woman. You're usually just too drunk to do anything that might result in burning the house down around your ears.*

Then again, staying sober isn't exactly a preferred choice when the husband is home. She shuddered. *I swear, that man! Needs a good swift kick in the head.* She stirred the heating liquid, watching the steam swirl up.

Finally, it was perfect, and she poured the creamy drink into two mugs, adding a handful of mini-marshmallow to each. Lifting them carefully, she carried them downstairs.

Spike and Xander looked up in synchronization from the couch, watching her descend. Xander licked his lips as he eyed the cups, vaguely remembering the delicious taste. *Chocolate. Oh, yeah, come to papa.* He happily took his cup, sipping the scalding beverage.

He yelped as it burned his tongue, scowling at the offending drink.

"Careful, it's hot."

Xander rolled his eyes. *Yeah, NOW she tells me!*

Spike snickered. "Don't worry, mate. It ain't gonna run off." He set his mug down gently. "Not like some people's food tends to," he added softly.

Bev just kept on smiling, missing the undercurrent of repressed hostility emanating from her son. "Well, I'll just leave you two alone for a bit. Have fun!" She turned and went back upstairs, shutting the door behind her with a soft click.

Xander narrowed his eyes at her retreat. Grabbing the remote control, he turned the TV on and flipped through the stations, settling on a nice action movie. After a few minutes, he picked up his hot chocolate and tentatively took another sip, moaning with happiness as the flavor exploded across his taste buds.

Spike watched bemused, then drank from his own cup. His eyes widened and he pulled the cup away, licking the froth off his upper lip. "Bloody Hell! This stuff's fantastic!" He glared at Xander accusingly. "Oi, how come you never brought me any of this when I lived here?"

"Gee. Lemme think. Maybe 'cause dear old mom was usually too drunk to make it? It's been a while since I've gotten any, either."

Spike raised an eyebrow. "That so? Can't say I'm surprised."

Xander blinked, not getting it for a moment, then flushed. "That's not what I meant!"

The vampire nodded. "Sure, mate. Whatever you say." Tuning the human out, he switched his attention to the movie.

Xander gritted his teeth, then determined to ignore the blonde. He too stared at the TV. After a few minutes though, he glanced over at Spike, and his attention was immediately captured. A pink tongue had flickered out, darting into the cup to scoop up a bit of the white confection, then disappearing between glistening lips. There was a slight movement of the jaw as the sweet was consumed, then the tongue reappeared again to lick away every trace of chocolate left behind on the full...moist...suckable lips.

He jerked his gaze away, mentally slapping himself. *Bad Xander! That's SPIKE. A vampire. A GUY vampire. And you. Are. Not. Gay!*

He sneaked another peek. God, look at that mouth! All pouty, just begging to be... *No! I am SO not thinking about kissing Spike. That is bad. Bad thoughts! I'm not gay. I'm not gay.* Eyes boring into the TV, he chanted that over and over, until he finally regained some control.

Distantly, Spike noted that Xander's heart rate had accelerated for a moment, but didn't really consider why. He continued to watch the program, absorbed. It had lots of lovely violence, plenty of killing in full bloody technicolor. Not bad at all.

He shifted, leaning on the arm of the sofa and turning slightly toward the human. Drawing his legs up, he dipped a finger in his cup. Hooking a now-gooey marshmallow, he transferred it to his mouth, drawing the finger in as well and licking it clean.

At Spike's movement, Xander glanced over once more. He was instantly mesmerized. The slim finger rolled around in that cool, vampire mouth, before sliding free with a soft slurp. He stared at the finger, which gleamed wetly in the dim light. He felt his pants grow tighter.

Xander stood abruptly, turning off the TV.

"Hey! I was watchin that!" Spike glared at the brunette petulantly.

"Yeah, that's great. That's good. Um, you gotta leave now." He stood there nervously, feet shuffling.

Spike slouched into the sofa, clutching his mug to his chest. "I ain't finished with my cocoa yet," he muttered, pouting. He steadfastly refused to rise.

Oh, bad pout. Very bad! "So, take it with you. Just...go!" Desperate now, he pointed toward the door. Normally, he would have pulled the blonde up and shoved him out, but he found himself leery of touching Spike. *Don't wanna kiss him. DON'T wanna kiss him!*

"What's the rush? Got a hot date with the ex-demoness?" he leered, eyeballing Xander's form.

Blood? Hello, blood? Return to the brain now. The OTHER brain! He groaned, telling himself that he absolutely was *not* turned on by that look. "Um, no. Just...need to sleep. It's getting kinda late."

Spike stared pointedly at the clock on the wall, which stated firmly that it was no later than 9:17.

Xander flushed, trying to cover. "Work! You know, that thing we humans have to do in order to earn money? As opposed to pick-pocketing. Gotta be up bright and early!"

Spike snorted, then finished his drink. Standing, he fixed Xander with an odd look. "You, Xander... You need help." Turning, he made his way up the stairs.

Sighing with relief, Xander sat down again, back toward the vampire as he resolutely ignored the blonde's exit.

Spike left the basement, almost bumping into Bev, who was puttering around the kitchen.

"Will! Leaving already?"

Is that--? Bloody Hell, she actually looks DISAPPOINTED! Feeling curiosity gnawing at him, he pushed it back down. "Well, luv, you know how it is. Need my beauty sleep, I do."

"Oh. Of course." She took his mug, setting it in the sink. Turning back to him, she asked anxiously, "Xander didn't do anything to make you feel...unwelcome, did he?" *Oh please, Xander, tell me you didn't screw this up!*

Spike smiled broadly. "Course not! Practically begged me to stay, he did. But I told him, 'Xan, I'd love to, but I have to be at work bright and early, so no can do.' He was quite disappointed, I'll tell you."

"Oh, good! I mean, um... So, will you come back again? Maybe tomorrow night?" She waited hopefully.

"Hmmm. Tomorrow's bad for me, but tell you what. How about the night after?"

"Great! I'll be sure to fix something special." She followed him to the door, retrieving his duster from the closet.

"Now, you be careful walking home. Strange things seem to happen after dark around here."

Spike snickered softly. *You have NO idea!* Duster swirling around his calves, he strode off into the night.

Bev watched him go, then shut the door. Leaning back against it, she clapped her hands. *Oh, this is all working out so well!* Singing softly under her breath, she headed for bed.

Part Five

Xander relaxed minutely as he heard the door close behind Spike. Standing, he paced back and forth in front of the couch. *Oh, man, WHAT is going on here!?* He yelped as he stubbed a toe on the coffee table.

Hobbling over to his bed, he sat and examined his foot. *Ouch. Damn! This is perfect...just perfect!* He flopped onto his back, staring intently at the ceiling, hoping for enlightenment. *Oh great ceiling gods, speak to me!*

The next few minutes were spent in thought. Deep thought. Practically subterranean. Yes, truly profound, even meaningful thought. Eventually, relative clear-headedness was achieved.

Ok, I think...right, this isn't so bad, really He rolled over onto his stomach and began tracking geometric patterns on the blanket. *I mean, it's not me. It's just, everything is all wiggly what with the Anya thing, then the mom thing.* He shuddered dramatically.

They've done wacky stuff to my head, but...everything is really normal. As it gets, anyway. The more he thought about it, the more it made sense. The whole little thing with Spike...he was just projecting. It was really **Anya** he was missing, and his brain got confused, mixing it up with the gay thing. Which was his **mother's** fault!

Right, so...I want Anya. Anya. I miss her. He closed his eyes, imagining the last time they'd made love. *Mmmm. Ooh, yeah. Nope, definitely not gay here!*

He got up, hurriedly stripping out of his clothes. Making himself comfortable on the bed, he sprawled his legs apart and let his eyes drift shut.

Anya. All naked and sweaty. Lowering those perfect pink lips of hers down over his throbbing cock, wisps of hair brushing against his inner thighs.

Xander groaned, one hand idly playing with his nipples while the other slowly crept down to his aching erection. He ran a finger up the length, swirling around the leaking head.

Wet tongue lapping at the fluid there, little licks all the way down to the base, then up again. The head of his cock sliding smoothly into that cool mouth. Palest blue eyes glinting at him as he reached down to tangle his hands in the short, blonde hair.

"Ahh!" His eyes flew open and he tore his hand away as if burnt. Panting, he glared at his cock, which was now harder than ever. "Traitor," he muttered.

Xander breathed deeply. *Not Spike. I am SO not fantasizing about Spike! Focus, Xander, focus!* He took

another breath. *And brain...cooperate with me this time, ok?*

Trying again, he grasped his erection, pumping it gently. Licking the other hand, he reached for his balls, rolling them between wet fingers.

Anya. Warm, soft, curvy, *female*. Yeah. Mmmm. Sliding into her slick, tight opening. Pulsing heat engulfing him.

His heart sped up, pounding in his chest, and he began emitting tiny little gasping noises. Tightening his hand around his cock, he quickened his pace, hips thrusting up into the tunnel now slick with pre-cum.

Xander delved farther into his fantasy.

Reaching to twist and pull on taut nipples, kneading the soft globes of flesh. Bending down to plunder that tempting mouth with his own, tongue slipping into the wet heat.

Xander's moans grew in volume, the sound of flesh sliding against flesh loud in the stillness of the basement. He could feel himself nearing the peak.

Suckling kisses down a pale, smooth neck. Arching deep into the willing body under him. Licking a fiery path across a muscled chest, nipping at the small, stiff nipples.

The feel of the cock against his stomach spasming, spurting sticky fluid between them, then cumming deep inside his lover.

Eyes wide in denial, Xander tried futilely to wipe the image of Spike from his mind as he came harder than he could ever remember.

Still gasping in huge gulps of air, he bolted from the bed and ran into the bathroom. Staring into the mirror above the sink, he felt his stomach drop. *Shit. Oh, shit.*

Trembling, he wet a wash cloth and used it to wipe off every trace of his climax. *Not good. Not good. SO not good!* Tossing the cloth on the counter, he turned the cold water on, scooping up a handful and splashing it on his face.

Sighing, he dried off then went back to his bed, flicking off the lights on the way. Pulling back the covers, he crawled in and snuggled down. Laying on his back, arms propped under his head, he stared once more through the darkness up at the all-knowing ceiling.

Hello? Little help here? Could someone please tell me what the FUCK just happened!? Banging his head against his pillow, he muttered soft curses concerning his obviously wacked out mind. "Stupid ceiling," he

mumbled under his breath. "Fat lot of help *you* are."
Shifting onto his side, he screwed his eyes shut, wishing desperately for sleep...hopefully when he woke, everything would have gone back to normal.

~*~*~*~*~

Xander paced his basement. Ok, time to take stock.

Item one: creepy lusty type cravings for evil vampire guy.

Item two: major freaky morphing type fantasy involving said evil vampire guy.

Item three: definite groiny type dreams, again of said evil vampire guy, following fantasy concerning same (see Item two).

Item four: sticky wake-up call as a direct result of Item three.

Item five: totally wiggled out Xander Harris, no longer entirely sure of his grasp on sanity.

Xander sat on his recliner. He shifted uncomfortably. *What the--?* He reached under the cushion, pulling out the object wedged underneath.

A book. *That* book.

Xander closed his eyes, whimpering.

Oh yeah, can't forget that one.

Item six: one seriously messed up mother, convinced of her son's homosexuality and being ultra supportive by getting him such **fascinating** books and other assorted reading material about the subject.

Thank you, life, for dealing me SUCH an interesting situation. I really couldn't have done without it. Sighing, he looked down at the book, debating.

Oh, what's the harm? It can't make things any worse! He flipped the book open, skimming quickly through the pages. *Oh look, how handy...everything in nice, alphabetical order for easy reference.*

He snorted, continuing to turn the pages, not lingering on any one for more than a second or two. Until...

Oh. Oh my god. Xander felt his face heat as he stared at the picture. *That's...that's...oh man.* Fascinated, he gazed at the depiction. A man, positioned on his stomach with ass in the air, and two fingers speared inside him. *Oh, wow. I mean, ick! Gross! Bad! Not something I would EVER do or want done. Nope, definitely not.*

Gulping, he hurriedly flipped a few more pages. Not too many later, he again paused at a picture, enraptured.

Two young men in bed, one on top of the other, facing each other. The dark haired one on top, near naked with his head bent to kiss the man under him. The other guy a pale blonde, pants around his thighs, dark shirt unbuttoned and pushed open to expose his smooth chest. Bare cock rubbing together as they devoured each other's mouths.

Blushing scarlet now, Xander snapped the book shut, staring glassy-eyed into the wall. He shook himself, stuffing the book back under the seat cushion. Images of him and Spike replacing the two man seared into his mind, and he cursed.

Damnit! When will I learn? Never, EVER say that things can't get worse. Stupid, stupid, stupid!

Part Six

Bev left the video store with her selection. On her way back to the house, she made a quick stop at the grocery store for some microwave popcorn. Extra butter.

Pulling up in the driveway, she turned off the engine and stepped out. Once inside the house, she switched on the front porch light, chasing away the creeping shadows of dusk.

In the kitchen, she set her bag down and pulled out a saucepan, getting the milk out of the fridge. Not too long after, she was swirling a wooden spoon through the steaming, frothy concoction. She leaned over and sniffed, inhaling the rich chocolate aroma.

Hearing a knock at the front door, she removed the pan from the burner, not wanting the hot chocolate to scorch. Wiping her hands quickly, she hurried to answer the door.

She caught her breath at the stunning figure. Blue eyes glittering, pale hair gleaming in the porch light. *Very tight black jeans. Oooh, yum. Damn, why are all the really hot ones either married or gay?*

She mentally smacked herself. *Dummy, you're married too! Stop lusting! Besides...you're old enough to be his mother. Think of Xander...and get a grip!* Wrenching her

eyes back up to his face, she flushed and offered him a tentative smile.

"Will, wonderful you could make it. Come in!" She held the door open, whimpering softly as he brushed by her, the scent of leather and menthol enveloping her.

Spike's eyebrows raised as he sniffed the air. Turning to Bev, he grinned. "That chocolate I smell, luv?"

"Oh! Yes. I...whipped up another batch of hot chocolate. You seemed to enjoy it." She led him to the kitchen, where she giggled as she noticed him staring at the pot with a predatory gaze.

Pulling two mugs from the cupboard, she quickly filled them with the drink. "Will, the marshmallows are in that cupboard behind you. Could you get them for me, please?"

"Sure thing." Spike retrieved the bag, sneaking a handful before passing it over and popping a few into his mouth, munching them silently.

Bev took the bag, pouring a liberal amount into each mug. "So, how have you been, Will?"

He swallowed hastily. "Oh, just peachy. Trying to round up some quid, pay the bills. You know how it goes." He

quickly finished off the rest of his stolen sweets, giving Bev an innocent look when she turned around.

Bev smiled slightly at the sight of the blonde, standing there looking at her attentively, white powder dusting his lips. She lifted an eyebrow, amused, but said nothing. She just handed over the two mugs, then got the rented video out of the bag.

"Here, I got a movie for you and Xander to watch, I thought you might enjoy it." She tucked the plastic case under his arm, shooing him downstairs. "Go on! I'll get the popcorn cooked, and bring it down in a few minutes."

Spike just grinned, moving through the basement door that Bev had considerately opened for him. Going down the stairs, he took a cautious sip from one of the mugs, moaning as the rich chocolate slid thickly over his tongue.

He reached the bottom of the stairs to find Xander, oblivious to his arrival, sitting in the recliner thumbing through a book. "Well, fancy meetin' you here, mate!"

Xander jumped about a foot out of his seat, blood draining from his face. He stared horrified at vampire, shoving the book down the side of the cushion. "spike!"

he squeaked, as the blood rapidly returned in a crimson rush. He cleared his throat and tried again. "Spike. W-what are you doing here?" He made sure the book was well out of sight.

Spike watched this performance with interest. *Oooh, someone's got a seee-cret!* Determining to find out more later, he smirked at the human. "Invited again, wasn't I?" He sat on the sofa, balancing the mugs so they wouldn't slosh. "Your mum made cocoa."

The vampire looked at the mugs, then handed over the one he'd taken a sip from. "Gave me this, too." The tape was passed over as well.

Xander rose and numbly took the video and the cup of hot chocolate. He stared at them blankly, then raised his eyes to meet Spike's. "Huh?"

"You been gettin' enough sleep? Look a bit frazzled. I seen corpses that looked better."

Xander regained his composure, and glared at the blonde. "Why are you here, Spike?"

Spike rolled his eyes. "Told you, pet. Invited over. With chocolate incentive." He raised his own cup meaningfully, then took a drink, eyelids fluttering closed and a dreamy expression washing over his face.

Xander caught his breath, staring raptly at the sensual picture the blonde made. He gulped, and set his mug down with a shaking hand. "Movie. I'll, uh, I'll just go...put the movie on." He managed, after a few tries, to insert the video into the VCR.

Back to the couch, where he retrieved his hot chocolate and squeezed himself into the corner, back against the arm, putting as much distance between him and Spike as he could.

Bev crept downstairs, holding a bowl of fresh popcorn. She smiled at the boys on the sofa, amused at how nervous Xander seemed to be. *He's so shy...it's adorable!* She handed the bowl to Spike, who sniffed it appreciatively before setting it on the cushion between him and Xander. As the movie started, she went back upstairs, pausing at the top of the stairs to flip off the lights.

Xander started as the room went dark, lit only by the light from the TV. Then he relaxed. *Dark is good. Can't see evil vampire guy and think bad things about him when it's dark. Yes...good.*

Spike finished off his drink, slurping up the last bits of marshmallow. "So, what are we watching, pet?"

Xander leaned over and picked up the case, squinting to see the lettering on the front. "Um... 'Rocky Horror Picture Show.' You seen it?"

"Nah. Don't sound too bad, though."

Xander shrugged and tossed the case back on the table.

As the credits rolled, Spike stood and walked over to Xander's microwave, setting his empty mug on top of it and pulling something out of his duster.

"What are you doing, Spike?"

"Hungry. Fixin' meself a proper dinner. Well, proper as I get these days." He ripped open the packet of blood, pouring it into the mug and putting it into the microwave.

"Um, can I interject an 'ew' here? Because...ew."

Spike snickered, waiting for the blood to heat up. At the ding, he removed it and carried it back to the couch. Setting the mug down on the table, he shrugged out of his duster, draping over a chair. He then sat, squirming until he was comfortable, and picked up his dinner. Snagging a piece of popcorn with his other hand, he dipped it in the blood, then popped it into his mouth, humming happily.

Xander made gagging sounds. "Spike...you're *deseccrating* the popcorn!"

Spike looked at his fingers, flecked with blood, then at the bowl of popcorn. He snorted. "You ever tried it?"

"What? No!"

"Well then, don't go knocking it."

Xander scowled, then grabbed his own handful of the warm, buttery kernels, saving them from a bloody demise. Resolutely ignoring the blatant sacrilege going on beside him, he settled in to watch the movie.

The end credits rolled by, and Xander blinked. "Ok, that was...strange." *I don't even WANT to know what possessed Mom to get that one.*

"Interestin', I'll give it that." Spike licked his fingers, cleaning off the salt-butter-blood mixture. "Was it just me, or did that one...bloke I suppose I should say, look a bit like the Watcher?"

Xander thought about it, then shivered. *Ew, Giles in drag...SO not an image I want to contemplate!*

"Um...maybe if you squint."

"Like Hell. Coulda been his bloody twin. Maybe he's got a few more dirty little secrets about his past than he ever let on." Spike snickered.

Xander sighed. "Whatever." He licked his own fingers, shiny with melted butter. He grimaced, then stood, headed for the bathroom to wash his hands. "Rewind the tape, wouldja?" The door closed behind him.

Spike took the remote, figuring what buttons to push, and successfully managed to find the rewind button. With the tape whirring happily back to the beginning, he stood and moved over to the recliner that had been abandoned hours earlier.

With a quick glance at the bathroom door, he dug around the cushion, eventually feeling the spine of a book under his fingertips. Pulling it out, he gaped at the cover. He snickered. *Oh, Xander's got a NASTY little secret, does he? Doesn't want anyone knowin' he's a poof!*

With a decidedly evil grin, he held the book up, letting it fall open. It easily settled on a page that had clearly been visited frequently, the crease in the spine giving evidence to this fact, as did the smudged, slightly wrinkled appearance of the page.

Spike raised an eyebrow at the picture of the blonde and brunette lying in bed together, half-naked. He didn't miss the obvious correlation between the men in the picture and himself and the boy. The similarities were striking.

He blinked. Thinking back to the other night, he dimly remembered how Xander had seemed to be having...difficulties with him being there. And those little, longing looks he'd felt during the movie tonight. And not to forget how the boy's fingers had practically curled around his that time their hands had met in the bowl of popcorn.

Well I'll be. He wants me. The whelp WANTS me! Not that that's surprising, really. I AM quite shaggable. He then considered the strange behavior of Xander's mother. Now that he thought about it, the chit had practically been shoving him at her son. What with the seating them together thing, and the turning off the lights on them. Oh, and don't forget the *one* bowl of popcorn, practically an invitation for some eventual skin-to-skin contact.

Oh, this could be FUN! With a snicker that would have made Xander's hair rise if he'd heard it, he tucked the book back into the chair, nonchalantly taking his seat on the sofa as Xander exited the bathroom.

He yawned exaggeratedly, stretching his arms. Standing, he picked up his duster. "Well, mate. It's been fun an' all, but I gotta be off. Places to go, people to kill...well, scare anyway." He walked over the Xander, reaching out a hand and brushing his thumb oh-so-lightly over the boy's lower lip.

Xander sucked in a breath at the unexpected caress, which immediately stopped at the vampire turned and strode up the stairs. Eyes wide, he watched Spike leave.

Spike chuckled to himself as he left the basement. *Oh, yeah. Gonna have LOTS of fun with the whelp! An' it's not like he's exactly tough on the eyes, either. Definitely won't be a...hardship to shag him. Pun intended.* He had just begun to formulate a mental plan to seduce the human, when a partial solution presented itself in the shape of Xander's dear old mum.

Bev was a bit disappointed when she saw the blonde come out of the basement. *Darn! I thought for sure he'd stay the night. Maybe they aren't hitting it off?* "Will? Leaving so soon? I thought you and Xander were, maybe, getting to know each other."

Spike smiled hugely at her. "Ah, luv. That Xander, he's a bit of a shy one. Holding out, he is. What's a poor bloke to do? 'Sides, he doesn't have any stuff on hand. Kinda

difficult to mess around when you're not prepared, right?"

"Um, right." She crinkled her forehead. "What...what exactly do you mean by 'stuff'?" She blushed, trying to figure out what it could be.

Spike just gave her a cocky grin. "You know. Stuff. For two blokes who want to get it on. Lube, and that kind of thing."

"Oh. Oh!" *Damn it, why didn't I think of that?* Berating herself for that lack of foresight, she stood there, flustered.

"Not to worry, luv. I'm sure he'll pop right out in the morning and get some. I'll just have to try my luck again tomorrow night."

"Oh, of course. Right. So, I guess you'll be going then?"

"Yeah, you know. Get home, rest up. Tomorrow's gonna be a big night." He winked at her, leering.

Bev giggled again. "Well, I'm sure the two of you will have lots of...fun."

"Oh, I plan on it!" With a jaunty grin fixed firmly in place, Spike breezed out the house, leaving behind one

thoroughly confused teenager, and one blushing mother.
Oh yes, tomorrow is going to be an absolute...blast!

Part Seven

Bev looked up as Spike walked into the dining room. "Oh! You're here!"

"Door was open a bit, so I just came on in. That all right?" He raised an eyebrow at her hesitant nod, noticing the faint pink tinge to her cheeks. "Somethin' wrong?"

"Hmm? Oh, no. I just...um, well...I got something for you." She quickly pushed a small paper bag across the table.

Spike took a seat and picked up the bag, opening it and peeking inside. A grin stretched across his face, and he looked at Bev delightedly. "Luv! You shouldn't have!"

She blushed even harder, giggling softly. "Well, I wasn't sure...I mean, I just thought that maybe...you know."

Spike kept on smirking. "Right. Well, I'll just head on downstairs now. Don't wait up." Getting up, he left the blushing woman at the table and, bag in hand, headed down into the basement.

He looked around the empty room. Hearing movements in the bathroom, he went over and cocked his head by the door. Singing?

He snickered. Didn't sound half-bad, either. He went over to the sofa, shrugging out of his duster and sprawling comfortably across the cushions. Tossing the bag onto the coffee table, he crossed his arms behind his head, eyeing the bathroom door expectantly.

Xander shut off the water in the shower, reaching out a dripping arm to snatch a towel off the counter. Wrapping it around his hips, he moved in front of the mirror. Grabbing another towel, he gave his hair a cursory drying, using his fingers to brush it into some semblance of order.

Still singing under his breath, he opened the door and stepped out of the bathroom, heading for the closet.

"You're drippin' on th' floor."

He whirled at the low voice, almost losing his towel in the process. Gaping at the blonde smiling indolently from his couch, he groaned internally. *Not tonight. PLEASE, not tonight!*

"Gotta admit, pet, that's a good look on you. Beats some of the clothes I've seen you wear."

Xander glanced down at his barely covered form, cheeks burning. "Do you mind? I'd like to get dressed here."

Spike just continued watching him. "What? It's not like you got something I ain't seen before." *And, with any luck, will be seeing again sometime soon.*

"Well, you won't be seeing mine, so get over it." Xander gritted his teeth as Spike kept those blue eyes focused on him. *Nope. Not thinking bad thoughts about naughty vampire. Oooh, naughty... Ahh! Stop it!* Determined not to show he was rattled, he folded his arms over his chest, after securing his towel more firmly.

That's what you think. Spike heaved a sigh of disappointment, dramatically flinging a hand over his forehead. "Oh, say it ain't so. How shall I go on?" He snorted, then sat up. Indicating the package on the table, he quirked an eyebrow at the still-dripping human. "Your mum told me to give that to you. A pressie of some sort, I guess." He leaned forward, resting his chin on a fist.

Xander looked at the innocent little bag. *Don't do it. Don't you DARE open that! Just...take it and hide it someplace. But do. Not. Open it!*

He picked up the bag and opened it.

Blanching, he sat heavily in the recliner. *I TOLD you! Didn't I tell you NOT to open it? Why don't you ever LISTEN to me!*

Xander stared at the tube that was nestled snugly up against a box. Of condoms. His *mother* had bought him a box of *condoms*! And...lube. Strawberry flavored, by the looks of it. *Oh, god.*

"So? What is it? Anything good?" Spike stood and walked over, craning his head for a glance.

Xander clutched the bag close, frantically scrunching the top down to hide the contents. "Nothing! It's...nothing. Just...a gag gift. Yeah, that's it. Well, thanks for stopping by. Don't be a stranger. Bye now, Spike." *Please go. Pleasepleaseplease go!*

Spike snatched the bag away. "Aw, don't be like that, pet. Lemme have a looksee."

Standing, Xander made a grab for the bag, catching the edge. With a rip, it split open, dumping its contents onto the floor.

Before Xander could get to them, Spike bent and scooped them up. He looked at the tube. "Strawberry? Hey, my favorite!" He leered at the horrified human. "Somethin' you wanna tell me, pet?"

"What? No! Gimme that!"

Spike backed away, holding the tube behind his back.

"You sure 'bout that, mate? I mean, what with the book and everything."

Xander froze. His jaw dropped slightly as he gaped at the smirking blonde. Gulping hard, he stammered out, "W-w-what book?"

The vampire put the couch between him and the brunette. "You know. The **book**. With the pictures. In the chair. The one all about how to shag a bloke."

The boy backed away, gaze darting frantically around the room. "I...I don't know what you're talking about, Spike."

Spike just looked at him.

Flushing even redder than before, Xander sat heavily down on the coffee table, which creaked in protest. Cradling his head in his hands, he groaned loudly.

"This...this isn't what it looks like."

"Uh-huh." Doubt positively dripped from his tone.

"I'm *not* gay! And no offence, but I *don't* want you! It's just...my mom got this crazy idea in her head, and she's trying to push it on me. I mean, just because Anya

wanted sex, and I didn't, and she thought I was gay, and broke up with me *real* loudly, and my mom happened to hear it all, and went on this whole supportive kick, and is currently occupied trying to make my life a living *hell* just for a switch from the whole drinking thing," he sucked in deep breath, "does *not* make me gay!"

Spike vaulted over the back of the sofa, perching on the edge just inches away from Xander. "You're not gay?"

Finally, he sees reason! Xander sighed in relief. "No, I'm not."

Spike nodded, then tilted his head. "Then how come you've been staring at me? Watching me move? Touching me? Leaking pheromones all over the place?" He leaned forward, invading the human's personal space. "How come you're hard right now?"

Xander's eyes widened. He glanced down at his lap where, sure enough, his other brain had decided to make its opinion known, pressing urgently against the fabric of the towel. His gaze flew back up to Spike's, dismayed.

"I'm...I'm not...I..." He shook himself, trying to think of some defense. "Well, like *you* have a lot of room to talk. I mean, what was up with that...*thing* last night?"

Spike frowned. "What 'thing'?"

"That *thing*! With the thumb! On my lip!"

"Oh...that." He smiled softly, cupping Xander's face in his palm. Leaning closer, he breathed in a husky whisper, "I should have used something else."

Xander's breath caught, his heart starting to beat faster.

Capturing the boy's head, Spike tugged him forward. His lips hovered for a bare instant, tongue flicking out to brush across Xander's trembling mouth.

Xander gasped, and the tongue darted into his open mouth, cool lips pressing firmly against his own. His hands settled on Spike's chest to push him away, but instead merely curled into his shirt, holding him in place.

Spike suckled happily on Xander's warm tongue, tasting the human's unique flavor, learning him. He pulled his head back, nibbling on the pink, swollen lips, then licking along the firm jawline to an earlobe, sucking it into his mouth.

Moaning, Xander let his head fall back. He panted harshly as blunt teeth bit down gently, shivering as the vampire's hands moved down his back, caressing damp skin.

He whimpered softly as all contact left him, then forced his eyes to refocus on the blonde.

"Well?" Spike looked at him expectantly.

Xander drew in a shuddering breath. "I...I'm not..."

"Yeah, I know. You're not gay. But did you enjoy it?" He looked honestly interested in the answer, although he could already tell by the boy's scent that the experience was *definitely* appreciated.

Xander's mouth opened and shut a few times as he searched for a response. Finally, looking away in shame, he whispered, "yes."

Spike smiled. "That's all that matters then, pet." He raised a hand, brushing it down Xander's torso, ghosting over rosy nipples. "Xan? Let me show you?"

Xander stared at him intently, somewhat surprised at the gentleness the vampire was exhibiting. He'd fully expected ridicule once he'd admitted his seemingly no-so-secret desires. *Desires? Oh, you have so lost it, Xander my boy.*

He noticed a faint hit of...pleading?...in the blue eyes. Taking a breath, he captured a wandering hand in his own. "Yes," he breathed.

Part Eight

Spike stood, pulling Xander up. Taking a step back, he leered at the picture the boy made, damp and flushed, radiating arousal. In a swift movement, he pulled his shirt over his head, tossing it aside.

Xander could practically feel himself starting to drool as ivory skin was exposed for his perusal. Then the hands went to unbuckle the belt and remove the jeans.

He backed up unconsciously, and Spike followed, shedding his remaining clothes, eyes glowing intently.

Spike held back a laugh as Xander's legs struck the edge of the bed, and the boy went tumbling down. All humor fled when he noticed that the sudden change in position had managed to dislodge the towel. Growling softly, he pounced.

Straddling the boy on all fours, he watched as a pink tongue snaked out to moisten dry lips. Swooping down, he captured the tongue in his mouth, sucking hungrily.

He then nibbled over Xander's smooth neck, grinning as he felt hands grasp his waist, struggling to pull him down.

He lifted his head to stare into dark, lust-filled eyes. "Ah, ah! Who's showing who, here?"

Xander whimpered, but let his hands drop back down onto the bed, fisting tightly into the covers.

Spike returned to his neck, latching his teeth on and biting down gently over the jugular. He fought the desire to simply rip into the warm flesh, letting go as he felt himself shift into gameface.

Xander froze as yellow eyes burned into him. *Vampire! Vampire in my bed!* His momentary panic dissipated completely as cool bare skin plastered itself to him, and he gasped, arching up.

Spike's face smoothed out, becoming human again. He pressed his erection into Xander's hip, wiggling until he'd positioned their cocks next to each other, eliciting a strangled moan from the boy under him. He pressed a soft kiss onto the open mouth, then slid his tongue across a slightly rough cheek to trace the whorls of an ear. "Like it, pet? Gonna make you feel *good*." He thrust once, twice, leaving a slick trail in the groove of Xander's thigh.

Xander released the blanket, unable to keep his hands off the vampire any longer. He wrapped his arms around Spike's torso, pulling him close as he bucked up. He feverishly laid wet, sloppy kisses along the smooth line of his neck, causing the blonde to hiss in appreciation.

"Bit eager, aren't we, pet? No rush...we got all night." He pulled away from the writhing body, ignoring his own erection as he slid down Xander's body. He stared at the hard cock, watching in fascination as a drop of fluid formed at the tip, then slid slowly down the length to land glistening in the dark thatch of pubic hairs.

"Please," Xander whispered, almost sobbing. He felt like he'd been hard forever. Looking into glittering blue eyes full of mischief, Xander knew Spike was planning on driving him insane. Somehow, he couldn't seem to make himself care. His hands reached down, but Spike shook his head.

"Uh-uh. No touching yourself. Not this time. You just lay back and relax, let ol' Spike take care of you." He snickered softly. Oh, he was going to take care of Xander, all right!

Breathing lightly on the purpled erection, he ran a finger from base to tip, circling the dripping head. Feather, barely-there strokes, not enough to give any kind of

satisfaction. Back down to rub against the base again, then gently lifting swollen testicles. He sucked on a finger, then traced it over the wrinkled skin, blowing cool streams of air across it.

Xander stuffed a fist into his mouth, stifling his cries. He spread his legs open, pressing himself against the fingers stroking him.

Finally, Spike wrapped his hand around Xander's cock, pumping it once, spreading the boy's juices over it. He pressed the head, scraping a nail ever-so-lightly across the slit. Xander gasped, eyes rolling up in their sockets.

Spike continued stroking, occasionally sending gusts of air swirling over screaming nerve endings. The bed squeaked rhythmically as Xander strained up into the tight channel of Spike's fist.

Xander could feel his balls drawing up, knew that release was near. He craved it...burned for it.

The hand let go, and Xander's cock slapped wetly down on his stomach. He cried out, dark eyes accusing as he glared at the blonde.

Spike grinned. "Ah, you didn't think we'd be done so soon, did you?" He tsked, capturing the hands that had

moved of their own accord to finish the job. "None of that, now. Am I gonna need to tie you down?"

Xander caught his breath, eyes dilating madly. Spike could smell the intense wave of arousal that rolled off the boy. *Oooh, found a kink! Mental note to explore that a little later.* Noticing embarrassment beginning to creep over Xander's face, he crawled up the bed and planted a deep kiss on his lips.

"Ah-ah. Not allowed. Anything goes tonight." Another kiss, then a nibble and lick. "Gonna taste you. All over. Wanna lick, and nibble, and bite."

Xander pulled away minutely, but Spike yanked him back. "Not gonna hurt you. Shh, won't hurt you none. Gonna make you scream, though."

Shivering at the husky tone, Xander melted back into the vampire's embrace. Spike petted him soothingly, waiting for the boy's need to die down a little. Once it had, he pushed him over onto his stomach.

Xander tensed. Then he felt a mouth latch onto the back of his neck, nipping softly. Strong hands kneaded the muscled in his shoulders and back, tickling every so often down his sides. A tongue began working between his

shoulder-blades, little cat licks all the way down his spine.

He felt the hands ghost across his ass, and he yelped when the tongue dipped into the top of his cleft.

Spike chuckled, then released the mounds of flesh. Moving farther down, he nibbled behind each knee, licking and digging his tongue into the trembling skin until Xander's moans increased in volume. Then he reared up and flipped the boy back over again.

Xander stared up at him, panting and shaking.

Again, Spike started at the neck, balancing so that he didn't come into contact with Xander's cock. Nibbling down over the collarbone, he latched onto a shoulder and suckled hard.

Xander made incoherent pleading sounds, reaching to thread his fingers through blonde hair, holding Spike's head in place.

Releasing the flesh with a sucking sound, Spike licked his lips as he studied the mark, blood-red on pale skin. Giving it a parting kiss, he moved down to the stiff nipples, flicking one as he circled the other with a wet finger. Sucking the dusky kernel of flesh into his mouth, he bit down just hard enough to make Xander begin to

babble hoarsely, but not hard enough to cause real pain, thus avoiding any nasty chip incidents.

While he feasted on the nipple, laving it with his tongue, he rolled the other between his fingers, caressing it. With a pop, his mouth let go, and he switched off, sucking on the neglected one while he played with the one still wet and swollen from his attentions.

Xander squirmed, trying frantically to find something -- anything! -- that he could rub against to relieve some of the ache in his groin. He was beyond thinking, living only for the sensations running through him.

Spike moved to taste Xander's navel, swirling his tongue through the light dusting of hair on the human's belly, his fingers still busy with taut nipples. He lapped at the tiny crevice, then ran his tongue over a hip into the crease of the thigh.

He sat up and moved to the end of the bed, lifting a foot into his lap. He rubbed the arch, kneading. Looking up into dark, glazed eyes, he bent his head and nipped at the ankle, making the leg jerk in his grasp.

He worked his way up the leg, fingers dancing along ahead of his mouth. Finally, he reached Xander's groin. He paused to stare at the hard flesh.

Xander whimpered some more, desperately wanting Spike to do something. He tossed his head back and forth mindlessly chanting, "please..oh, please...please, god, please," over and over.

Spike sat up between the boy's legs, reaching down to take hold of himself. As he slowly pumped at his erection, he lifted an eyebrow at Xander. "Something you want, pet?"

"Spiiiiiike....please! I-I have to...let me..." Another abortive movement of his hands toward his cock, hips thrusting lewdly up into the air.

Spike sighed. "Oh, all right." Swooping down, he engulfed Xander's erection, lips sliding down to the base as he swallowed.

Xander shouted, then clapped his hand over his mouth, eyes darting wildly to the basement door. He was unable to worry for long, however, as Spike exercised the muscles of his throat around the hot piece of flesh.

Pulling his head up, he took hold of Xander's cock and licked at the tip, sliding just the head into his mouth and sucking hard. He let it go, then shifted to suck on the boy's testicles, rolling each into his mouth and licking it

thoroughly. His hands held Xander's thighs apart, thumbs stroking the sensitive skin.

Once more, he swallowed down the boy's erection, milking it. He felt Xander tense, and shudder. Still sucking, he circled the base of the cock with one hand, fingers squeezing tightly as he used the other hand to tug Xander's balls away from his body.

Xander howled with frustration, the constriction leaving him unable to find release. The suction around his cock never stopped, and he thrust harder, deeper, doing his best to crawl inside the other man. The feelings were so intense, they bordered on painful, and just when he was sure any more would kill him, the wicked mouth gave up possession of his cock.

Still restraining Xander so he wouldn't cum, Spike smiled as he dipped a finger into the boy's navel, playing idly. He kept his grip until he was reasonably certain that letting go wouldn't end his fun, then stood, hungrily taking in the needy figure sprawled out across the bed.

Xander looked up at him, questioning. "What--? Why--?"

Spike laid a finger over his lips, shushing him. He turned, looking around the room. Walking a few steps away, he bent and scooped the nearly forgotten white tube off the

floor, where he'd dropped it as he'd undressed. He moved quickly back to the bed, straddling the boy's hips.

Xander had watched all this, flushing as he was presented with a lovely view of the vampire's bare ass, then proudly bouncing cock on the return trip. He stared in bemusement at Spike opened the tube, squeezing out a ribbon of the sweet-smelling lube onto his fingers. His gaze followed those fingers as they moved south, past the cock and under the balls, to the hidden shadow between his cheeks.

As the fingers slid out of his sight into Spike's body, he gasped. *He can't...he's not gonna... Oh god, he is. Omigodomigodomigod!*

After breathless minutes, the fingers reappeared. Another squeeze of the tube, and they were again headed south, this time straight for Xander's cock. They rubbed the slick lube over his straining flesh, then the tube was tossed back onto the floor.

Spike lifted up, holding Xander's cock in place against the pucker of his body. Poised there, he stared deep into the human's eyes. "Xander?"

Xander could hardly breath. He could feel the tip of his cock pressing slightly into a tight channel, and he wanted

nothing more than to plunge into it, thrusting, pounding. He met those gold-flecked eyes with his own. Nodding jerkily, he whispered, "please, spike, please!"

Spike smiled, then slowly sank down.

Xander's heart stopped briefly as he was encased in the tightest, softest thing he'd ever experienced. His hands flew to hold onto Spike's hips, holding him in place. Nothing could possibly feel better than this.

Spike seated himself fully, head thrown back as he gasped, the fullness of Xander's cock practically burning inside him. *God, been too LONG since I had this. Forgot how good -- how HOT a human felt!* He hissed through his teeth and his body grew accustomed to the invader. Then he began to move.

Xander's mouth fell open, panting, as Spike lifted himself, then dropped back down. The tight ring of muscle clutched at him, sliding up and down on his rigid length. Picking up the motion, he began to move as well, sliding easily into the well-lubricated hole as the scent of strawberries drifted around him.

Spike rode the human, relishing the feeling of being fucked, but in control. He sped up his movements, almost bouncing on Xander's cock.

Xander knew he was about to cum. Any second now... He prayed fervently that Spike wouldn't be sadistic enough to stop it again.

Spike stilled.

Xander sobbed, clawing at the lean hips, leaving small, bloody welts.

"Xander? Look at me."

Groaning, Xander pried his eyelids up, trying his best to glare, but managing only to look petulant.

"Pet, I want you to touch me."

Harsh breaths sounded loud in the room. "...AM touching--!" Xander tried to buck up again, but Spike's thighs were clamped tight on him.

"No." Spike moved one of Xander's hands toward his drooling cock. "*Touch* me."

Xander stared at the cock. A cock...not his own. It suddenly struck him what he was doing here. And he...liked it.

Swallowing hard, he tentatively stroked the vampire's cock. His fingers lingered at the tip, sliding across the alien bit of skin there. He played with it a bit, deciding he

liked it. Pulling it back, he ran his thumb over the head of Spike's cock.

Spike moaned, squeezing down tight around the length inside him. This made Xander shout, his grip tightening on Spike's cock.

"Tha's it, pet. yeah..." Spike picked up his movements again, rocking on Xander's erection as his own was stroked and squeezed. He leaned forward slightly, the angle shift causing Xander's cock to scrape across his prostate on every stroke. He knew he was going to cum soon, and began to use the muscles in his ass to draw Xander's orgasm out. He wanted the boy to cum first.

As the walls surrounding his cock rippled and clenched around him, Xander cried out. His entire body stiffened, and he thrust as hard as he could. Shaking, feeling like he was about to explode, he came, pulsing inside Spike's cool depths.

As he felt the burst of warmth inside him, Spike let go. Howling, he slammed himself down as hard as he could, his cock shooting semen all over Xander's chest. His body remained rigid for a moment, then he collapsed bonelessly on top of the boy. Panting, he brushed his fangs lightly over the dark welt by his cheek.

Xander barely felt when Spike's weight settled on his chest. Unconsciously, he circled his waist with his arms, hugging him close. Twins sighs sounded as they separated.

Xander yawned, his eyes fluttering closed. Drifting off, he muttered, "Spike?"

Spike grinned, his features slowly slipping back to human. "Yeah, pet?"

Another yawn, then snuggling down into the bed. "'m still not gay, y'know."

Spike snorted, lifting his head to look at the now-sleeping human. Shifting, he tugged a blanket out from under them, covering them both up. Kissing Xander's jaw, he lowered his head again. "Course not, luv. Just...slightly bent." He closed his eyes, joining Xander in sleep.

~*~*~*~*~

Xander snuggled into the cool body next to him, breathing in the heady scents of sex permeating the room. Smiling, he opened his eyes.

"Ahh!" He pushed back, yelping as his chest came unstuck painfully.

Spike gasped and sat up, rubbing gingerly at his chest. "What the bleedin' hell'd you do that for?" He glared at Xander.

"Y-Y-You...you...you're naked! In my bed!" He stared in horror at the vampire. The naked, rumped, adorable-looking vampire. *Ack! No! Staring is bad. Don't stare!*

Spike frowned. "Well...yeah. What, you expected me to leave a nice comfy bed in the middle of the night? After what was, if I do say so myself, a bloody good shag?"

"S-s-shag?" Xander squeaked.

"Mate? You ok?" Spike leaned forward, peering into the boy's eyes. "You hit your head or somethin'?"

Slowly, Xander recalled what had transpired the previous night. How Spike had teased, and touched, and ridden him to unconsciousness. He flushed all over.

Spike watched the process in fascination. "Hell, mate, even your dick's blushing. I didn't know you could do that." He bent for a closer look.

Xander yanked a corner of the covers over him. "Spike!"

The blonde rolled his eyes. "Look, what is with you?"

"We...we...we..."

"Shagged. Yes, we did. Glad you remember. I liked it, you liked it, so what's the problem here?"

"I just...wait, you liked it?"

Spike looked at him in disbelief. "What the--? Of course I liked it! I'm dead, not stupid!"

Xander smiled, but still seemed uncomfortable.

Oh, you bloody humans! Spike sighed dramatically.

"What, you want to forget this? Pretend it didn't happen? No repeat performance?"

Shrugging, Xander stared down at the pillow, plucking at the hem. "I...I'm not gay, Spike."

"Right. Yeah, I think we established that, pet."

"It's just, I don't want you to think...I mean, it was good, *great*, but I, I mean we..." He ran his hand through his hair. "Look, you're not gonna start getting all...territorial, are you?"

His jaw dropped. "Hell, Xander, we shagged! It's not like we're bloody well *dating* or something!" He flopped

back down on the bed, muttering dire imprecations about humans with their heads stuck in romance novels.

Xander sighed in relief. "Oh. Good. It's just, you know, that whole thing you've got going with Dru... It didn't really bode well."

Spike glared. "That's different. Dru...she's my dark princess. We've hunted together, killed together, sank our teeth into the same prey and drained it together. That's not something a bloke just takes lightly, you know."

"Um, yeah. Eww, but yeah."

They lay there silently. Eventually, Spike cleared his throat. Climbing over Xander, he got out of bed, standing and scratching idly at the flaking semen coating his chest. "Well, I'm gonna pop in the shower for a bit." He raised an eyebrow, waiting.

Xander nodded. "Sure." He stared at the slim, pale body as Spike continued to stand in front of him.

Spike cleared his throat. "Well? Coming?"

Xander jerked his head up. "Huh?" He rewound his brain, playing back the last minute or so. *Oh. Oh!* "You, uh, want me to shower with you?"

Spike gritted his teeth. "No, actually I wanted to show you a new game called 'Drop the Soap' -- Yes I want you to shower with me! What, never fucked in the shower before?"

Why, hello Mr. Happy. I see you're alive and well this morning. Xander took a split second to weigh his choices. Let's see -- shower alone...shower with Spike. Naked with Spike. Fucking a wet, slippery Spike in the shower.

He vaulted out of the bed, hurrying toward the bathroom. "Well, what are you waiting for?"

Spike caught him before he went through the doorway, pulling the taller man back against him, grazing his teeth over a shoulder-blade.

Xander shuddered as the hand pressed against his chest inched its way down, brushing lightly over his pubic hairs. "I...thought we were gonna...take a shower," he gasped out.

Spike smirked, letting go of Xander and slipping around him. He turned on the shower and stepped inside, looking out at the human through the curtain of blonde hair plastered to his forehead. He held out a bar of soap, wagging his eyebrows suggestively. "Wanna play?"

Laughing, Xander grabbed the soap and hopped in. He kissed Spike's nose, flipping up the lock of hair. "Good look on you."

"What, naked and wet?" He walked his fingers over Xander's chest, scraping softly.

Xander licked at the drops of water dripping down the vampire's chin. "Yes, naked and wet, but I meant the hair. It looks nice hanging around your face like that. Like it."

"Mmmm. Less talking, more kissing." He reached for the boy's face, but Xander pulled back. "'ey! Come back here!"

Xander held up the bar of soap, reaching out of the stall to grab a washcloth. "Shower, clean. Remember?" He got the cloth sudsy, then applied it to Spike's stomach, scrubbing at the dried cum.

"No, shower, shag. Remember?" He snatched the cloth away, dropping it to the floor.

Shaking his head stubbornly, Xander held up the bar of soap. "Clean first, then shag."

Spike pouted, rubbing his hands teasingly down his chest. "Shag first. That way, we only have to clean once." He

spread his legs apart, a finger dipping back to circle his hole.

Xander gulped. The soap slipped out of his hand onto the floor.

Grinning, Spike turned around, bracing his hands against the wall.

Shaking his head and sending beads of water flying, Xander reached out and stroked his hand down over the soft curve of Spike's ass.

Spike purred, arching his back. "Yeah, pet, do it."

He swallowed hard, pressing a shaking finger into the slippery cleft. He rubbed against the muscular ring, breath hissing as it opened, his finger sliding in easily. He pressed it deep into the still slick depths, amazed at how soft it felt...like cool wet silk gripping him.

Another finger pushed in, and he rotated them, brushing across something that made the vampire moan sharply and push back against him. He shifted, banging his elbow painfully against one of the metal taps and hissing in frustration. "I don't think this thing was designed for this."

Spike thrust an arm back to drag him closer. "We'll manage. Now shut up and fuck me."

Xander obliged, pushing his hard cock against the opening, sliding forward until he was totally inside.

Spike tightened his muscles, squeezing. He set to rocking, pulling as far away as he could, then jamming himself back again. A growl grew in his throat as Xander bent forward and mouthed his neck, blunt teeth digging into the soft skin. Hands slid down his body, clasping around his erection.

Hunching into the vampire's tight, wonderfully cool body, Xander wrapped his arms around the smaller man. He still could barely believe the softness and strength of the passage he was inside. As muscles rippled around him, he knew he wouldn't be able to last long.

The movement of his hips sped up, and he began to pump quickly at Spike's cock. Spike met each thrust, snarling when one happened to rake across his prostate. He flung his head back, howling as his seed spurted out to coat the wall before being washed down the drain.

When Spike came, his anal muscles had clamped down around Xander's cock, making him gasp and moan at the

intense pressure. It was too much for him, and he came screaming, pouring his essence into the blonde.

When it was over, Xander held onto Spike, head dropping forward onto his shoulder. His panting could be heard even over the noise of the shower. They remained locked together for long minutes, neither wanting to break the connection.

The two stood there, shivering under water that had begun to turn cold. Finally, Xander pulled out with a wistful sigh, turning off the taps and pulling Spike out of the shower with him. In silence, they dried each other off, towels wiping gently over sensitive skin.

The damp towels were tossed onto the floor, then Spike tugged Xander's head down for another kiss. Swiping his tongue inside the hot mouth, he chased down and caught the boy's tongue.

Panting, Xander could feel himself growing unbelievably aroused once again. He moaned, sucking on the invader probing inside him.

Spike smiled, herding Xander toward the door. "Bed, pet. There's lots more fun to be had." He backed out, pulling on the boy's hand, then shoving him up against the wall and kissing him hard.

When Spike's mouth lifted, allowing him to breathe, Xander opened his eyes. Looking toward the bed, he froze.

"Um, hi Anya."

Part Nine

Bev woke early, stumbling out of bed and down the stairs, heading for the coffeepot. She waited for it to heat, and poured herself a cup, moaning happily as the caffeine-filled liquid slid down her throat.

After she emptied the cup, she put it in the sink, then turned and glanced at the basement door, wondering. *I never heard Will leave last night. Maybe...*

Slowly, she walked over and turned the knob, pushing the door open. The lights in the basement were on, and she listened carefully to check if Xander was awake.

There was no sound, so she poked her head in and peered over the banister.

Ooohhh. She smiled at the sight. Xander lay on his back with the blond curled up against his chest. The covers were pushed away enough for her to see that both boys were bare, and there was a faint hint of something sweet in the air. Strawberry? *Oh! Strawberry!*

Biting her lip, she closed the door, waiting until she had reached the dining room before letting out a quiet but exuberant "Yes!" and spinning around happily.

Eyes shining with glee, she stilled, drawing in a calming breath. Her brow furrowed as she thought. *Hmm, morning after stuff. Might get awkward. Or more intense. Either way, maybe I should make myself scarce for a while.*

She went to the fridge, looking inside. Nodding, she began to make out a shopping list. *After all, growing boys need to eat. Especially after getting so much...exercise.* She giggled, finishing her list and whisking out to do some grocery shopping.

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"So? What did you think?" Willow asked Anya.

Anya looked around the room at the spilled popcorn, pizza box empty but for a few crusts, and bags of mostly eaten chocolates. There were also curlers, nail polish, and assorted types of make-up scattered over most of the nearby surfaces. Tara lay pajama clad in a pile of messed up blankets and pillows that had served as a 'sleeping' area. Not that any actual sleeping had taken place.

She looked down at her own pajamas, covered with little bright blue and purple kittens, then at back up at Willow. "I'm not sure. Are sleepovers always this...messy? And why call it a sleepover when no one sleeps?"

Tara giggled. "That's the point. You stay up all night eating, watching movies, doing each other's hair and nails and stuff. It's how we girls bond."

"What a strange custom."

"Well, yeah, I guess. But honestly...did you have fun?" Willow bounced on the balls of her feet, waiting hopefully.

Anya leaned over and grabbed one of the remaining bars of chocolate. Opening it, she took a bite. Around the mouthful, she mumbled, "Yesh. C'nwe do't 'gain?"

Willow clapped, flopping down next to Tara. "Goody! We can even make a regular thing of it. Maybe invite Buffy, if she's not too busy with Riley or patrolling. A real girl's night." Tara nudged her meaningfully, and Willow cleared her throat. Acting nonchalant, she too reached for a candy bar. "So, speaking of being busy...how come you were free last night? You usually have something going with Xander, or we would have done this sooner.

Anya shrugged casually. "Oh, Xander and I aren't having sex anymore. I broke up with him about two weeks ago."

Willow and Tara stared at her open-mouthed.

Spluttering, Willow regained her voice. "Wha--why? I mean, I thought you guys really liked each other. What happened?"

A sad expression briefly passed over Anya's face. "Well, I couldn't keep him tied to me once I found out he was gay." She sighed.

Willow blinked.

Tara covered her mouth with her hand, eyes round.

Starting to feel like she was doing a fish impression, Willow snapped her mouth closed. "Um, Anya? What...what makes you say the Xander's gay?"

The ex-demoness waved a hand dismissively. "Oh, it's obvious when you know what to look for. So, I'm single again, and he's looking for the perfect man."

Tara and Willow exchanged helpless glances, knowing they weren't going to get much more out of Anya, then the blonde witch launched onto a different topic.

"Anyway, Anya. Are you coming to the meeting tonight?"

"I suppose. What are we doing?"

"Just a little research, then probably a patrol," Willow interjected. "Same old, same old. I called Buffy earlier, and she said there was nothing pressing going on, and that she was heading out on a shopping trip with her mom. So we won't see her until tonight. What are your plans for today?"

"Not much. I was going to stop by Xander's, pick up some of my stuff that I left there. That's pretty much it."

"You know, since you're going there anyway, maybe you should tell him about the meeting tonight. We couldn't get ahold of him yesterday."

Anya nodded. "Sure." She looked down at her pajamas. Yep, still covered in fluorescent felines. "But first, I'm going to change."

~*~*~*~*~

Anya knocked on the door to Xander's house.

She waited.

She knocked again, and waited some more.

Finally, she pushed on the door, and went in when it creaked opened.

"Hello? Mrs. Harris?" No one answered, so she shrugged and made her way through the house, heading down into the basement. "Xander?" she called softly. At the bottom of the stairs, she halted.

There was something...*odd* here.

The shower was running in the background, which was bizarre considering Xander usually showered before he went to bed.

She examined the trail of clothes on the floor. *When did Xander start wearing black jeans and red silk?* She

followed the trail to the messy bed, wrinkling her nose as the smell assaulted her. It smelled like...sex.

Anya turned as some muffled thumps sounded from the bathroom. Shortly thereafter, the water shut off, and there was silence. Then the door opened.

A fluttering feeling grew in the pit of her stomach as a naked Spike backed out into the room, pulling her equally naked ex-boyfriend with him and shoving him up against the wall, mouth latching on in a possessive kiss.

She saw the exact instant when Xander looked over and noticed her presence. His eyes grew comically wide.

"Um, hi Anya."

Anya looked at Xander. She looked at Spike. She *really* looked at the two naked and aroused men wrapped in each other's arms, lips swollen. She looked at the bed, ruffled and smelling of recent sex. She again looked at Xander.

Xander fidgeted, which made him rub up against Spike in an extremely interesting manner. Needless to say, Spike was pleased by this, a fact which he made known by dipping his head and sucking in a rosy nipple.

Xander arched his back, trying to pull the vampire closer while at the same time attempting to dislodge the clinging mouth. *Gee, undecided much?* "Spi-ike!"

Around his delicious mouthful, Spike mumbled, "Wha? M'bsy." He walked his fingers down to Xander's hips, petting the smooth skin, then drifting over to take hold of his rapidly...softening...cock.

He pulled his mouth away with a wet sucking sound, scowling down at the limp flesh. "Bloody Hell!" He glared over his shoulder at Anya. "Well, ta *very* much!" He let go of the offending handful, stalking unselfconsciously over to the couch and sprawling on it, pouting as he glared at the blank TV screen.

Xander salivated at the picture Spike made. *Oooh, naked Spike on my couch!* He had made a step in that direction, when a questioning voice halted him.

"Xander?"

His head whipped back around to his gir-- ex-girlfriend. "Um, Anya. This is...I can explain." He searched the room frantically, rushing over to grab up the towel discarded the night before and wrapping it around him.

A snort was heard from across the room. Still disgruntled, Spike crossed his arms over his chest. "What's you're

hurry, mate? It's not like you got somethin' she ain't seen before."

"Yes, thank you so much for bringing up that little--"

"Xander?" Anya's gaze darted between the two males. Her face took on a rather stern expression. "Xander, how long have you been having orgasms with Spike?"

Xander's mouth just flopped open.

Ignoring this reaction, she continued, "Because if you cheated on me with him while we were dating and you were still...confused, then I might have to do something drastic that would involve the extreme discomfort and/or removal of some body parts that most men happen to be very fond of. I can do that, you know. I learned a lot of interesting things over the centuries."

She breathed deeply and paused, waiting to see if either man would comment. "Of course, if you only started having orgasms with him after I found out you were gay and broke up with you, that's different." She looked at Xander expectantly. "Well?"

Xander's mouth decided that was its cue to start babbling. "I...we...I mean, my mom, she...and then Spike...and there was this movie...and that *book* ...and

then last night, it just...and we..." He stuttered to a halt, cheeks flaming red.

"Oh." Anya deciphered that as best she could. "Well, good. I'm glad you found someone so quickly. I'd hate to think you were pining over me, even if I am a girl."

"See, I didn't really--"

"And he's a vampire, they tend to be very good in bed. Did he do lots of exciting, nasty things to you?"

"That's not really---"

"What about his dick? Does he have a big dick? I didn't get a good look at it."

"Anya!"

"What?" She craned her neck to catch a glimpse of the vampire's crotch. "Spike, do you have a big dick? Can I see it?"

Spike smirked, about to stand and display himself.

"No!" Xander blushed as the others looked at him. "Um, I mean..." He glanced around desperately. "So, why are you here? And how did you get in anyway? Did my mom let you in?"

"No, she's gone, but the door was open. I came by to pick up some things I left here."

"Oh. Well, that's um...that's..." He moved to block Anya's view of Spike, trying to act casual about it. "What things?"

Anya walked over to Xander's closet, pawing through it and then emerging with a silk blouse, a red lace bra, and two pairs of thong panties.

"Huh. An' here I thought those were Xanny's, and we'd get to play dress-up later." Spike sighed in mock disappointment.

Xander glared at him. "Ha. Ha." He noticed that Anya was once again staring at the two of them intently. "What!?"

"I'm getting mental pictures of the two of you together." She cocked her head thoughtfully. "Are you going to have sex again? Now? Can I watch?"

Spike had just started to nod, a delighted grin covering his face, when Xander yelped out another startled "No!"

Anya frowned. "No to which? You having sex now, or me watching?"

"Either! Both! Argh!" Xander tugged at his hair in frustration. *Why is this my life? And the naked, sexy, extremely fuckable vampire on the couch is doing NOTHING to help this situation!* Not for the first time, he cursed his wayward libido.

The ex-demoness sighed wistfully. "Oh. Well, in that case, I'll be going now." Clothes in hand, she ascended the stairs. At the top, she paused to add, "Oh yeah, I was at a...slumber party?...with Willow and Tara before I came over here, and they said I should tell you about the meeting tonight. Giles' place, 8:00. But if you don't want to come, I'll just let everyone know you're too busy having sex with Spike, and can't make it." With that, she left.

Xander sat on the floor with a thud. Head in hands, he began to whimper. "This is it. My life is officially over. I am SO gonna be dead."

Spike just ignored him, eyes wide as he stared at the door Anya had just gone through. "Slumber party? With Red and that blonde number?" He drooled as a few choice scenarios ran through his head. "Hey, think they did any...spells? Now *that* would be a sight!"

Xander jerked his head up, horrified. *I am horrified, right? That thought TOTALLY doesn't turn me on. I am*

NOT thinking about Wills and Tara and Anya doing naked things to each other. Not. Definitely not. His cock, however, made its opinion known by pressing painfully at against the cotton covering it, once again back to its full glory.

Spike sniffed the air, growling softly at the renewed scent of arousal he picked up. He prowled over to the boy currently sitting on the floor, knees bent up and cradling his head, which was shaking back and forth as barely vocalized denials rose through the air. "Pet? I got a...problem for you to take care of."

Xander raised his head, to be met with an up close and personal view of little Spike. *Ok, not so little. You know what I mean.* His legs flattened against the floor, and he put up no resistance as Spike pushed him onto his back, ripping the towel away.

Spike covered the boy's body with his own, dipping his head in for a kiss as he pushed their cocks together. He felt warm hands grip his hips, pulling him closer as the body under him surged upwards.

It didn't take long for them both to once more reach their pleasure, rubbing against each other in a frenzy of need. All too soon, Xander lay panting as the blonde

traced his fingers through the sticky mess coating their stomachs.

Spike lifted a glistening finger to his mouth, tongue darting out to taste the combination of flavors. Returning it to the puddle, he idly traced a pattern over Xander's heaving chest. "Think we can get an invite to the next slumber party they throw?"

Xander began to whimper again.

~*~*~*~*~

Bev pushed her shopping cart through the store, occasionally consulting her list before plucking the corresponding item off the shelf. She wasn't even aware of the pleased, cat-ate-the-canary expression on her face. Ever so often, a girlish giggle would escape her, and she'd glance around to see if anyone had taken notice.

Looking down at her list, she didn't see the cart in her way, and proceeded to crash hers into it. Mortified, she looked up. "Oh, gosh! I'm **so** sorry! I wasn't watching where I was going!"

"That's all right. happens to everyone." The other woman smiled kindly, although the blonde girl beside her looked vaguely irritated.

Bev squinted at the girl. *Do I know her?* She brightened. "You're that friend of Xander's, aren't you? I've seen you around a couple of times. What was your name again?"

"Um, Buffy. Do I know you?" Buffy looked confused.

"Oh, I'm Bev Harris. Xander's mom?" She held out her hand, which was taken by the woman with Buffy.

Joyce smiled and introduced herself. "I'm Joyce Summers, Buffy's mother. Wonderful to meet you." She glanced into the other woman's laden cart, blinking at the three bags of mini-marshmallow sitting on top. She chuckled. "I see someone has a sweet tooth."

Bev smiled. "Those are for Xander's new boyfriend. He absolutely **loves** them!"

Buffy's jaw dropped. "**Boy*friend!?*" she squeaked.

Joyce's smile grew slightly confused. "Xander's boyfriend? I thought he was dating some girl." She turned to her daughter. "Wasn't he dating one of those girls you...hang out with?"

"Yes! He's dating Anya!"

Bev waved her hand in negation. "Oh, they broke up a couple of weeks ago when he realized he was gay. It was all very confusing for him, but he seems to have come through it just fine."

Buffy was still trying to wrap her mind around the idea of Xander with a boyfriend. "But...but..."

Bev continued, "Now he's with the *niciest* boy! Such a dear, and cute too! Actually, I think you might know him. He's foreign, has this really sexy accent. English, it is. Dyes his hair blonde, too. Isn't that a kicker?" She giggled again. "The black nail polish might be a bit over the top, but boys will be boys! His name's William...something or other. I forgot to ask."

Joyce nodded. "I think I've met him. I had him over once for hot chocolate. He certainly *does* like those marshmallows, doesn't he? It was so sad, though. He'd just broken up with his girlfriend and was devastated. I'm glad he's found someone to make him happy."

Buffy's eyes were bugging out. "Spike?" she whispered in disbelief.

Joyce frowned. "Yes, that was him. Such an odd nickname."

"Oh, it has something to do with his job. He does rail work of some sort."

Joyce nodded in understanding. "I wondered. I thought it might have something to do with...*you* know."

Bev covered her mouth as another giggle erupted. "Well, I suppose... I mean, you never know with kids today." The women exchanged conspiratorial glances.

"Spike!?" Buffy's voice was getting louder, but neither woman noticed as they continued to chat about how great it was that two such lonely boys had gotten together.

Eventually, Bev sighed. "Well, I really must be going. It was lovely meeting you, Joyce."

"You too, Bev. We'll have to get together sometime."

"I'd love to! Do call me, won't you?" They exchanged phone numbers, and Bev left, pushing her cart in front of her.

Joyce nudged her daughter. "Isn't she an interesting person? I wonder why we've never met before, what with you and Xander being such close friends. And isn't it great about Xander and his new boyfriend?" She sighed,

eyes misting over as she pondered the course of true love, then wheeled her cart off to finish her shopping.

Buffy stared down the now-empty aisle. "*Spike!?*"

The End