

RATING: Very Adult

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SUMMARY: This story is a follow-up to "What Happens In Vegas"

The newly mated couple decide to take a little holiday. It is not necessary to have read "Vegas" first, but it may help. Comedy.

A Consort's Holiday

by
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Part One

Spike impatiently stuck his head into the doorway of the bedroom. "Aren't you done packing yet? I really wanted to hit the road by nightfall."

Spike himself had taken all of two hours to pack the few items he cared enough to take with them. Black pants, black shirts, lube and most of the sex toys his lovely Consort had so thoughtfully purchased for them.

A few had to be left behind (snicker). Some due to overuse. Some due to improper use. Who knew you couldn't use any type of substance containing alum for lube.

Spike shook his head at the odd memory. He had never seen anything pucker up and slam shut like Xander's ass hole. By the time they had pried the plug loose it had been squeezed, pummeled and twisted into an unrecognizable shape. Shame that. Really was a nice plug.

Dropping into a chair to wait, Spike looked around him. He had only been in the apartment a few months when Xander had shown up at the Starfish and changed his world.

Although the furniture and accessories were his, he couldn't have cared less.

He was more than happy to leave everything behind. In fact it had all worked out for the best. The landlord had willingly accepted everything in exchange for the bathroom sink somehow being torn off the wall and the suspicious stains on the carpets as well as the footprints on the ceiling of the bedroom.

Didn't matter. He had more important issues to deal with.

He was a vampire for God's sake.

A vampire with a Consort to care for.

A Consort who was about to get his ass kicked if he didn't get a move on.

Opening the door, Xander flung three suitcases out into the front room. "Yeah, almost done. You sure you don't want to go beat the shit out of Kermit for video taping our mating? That really was sleazy." Xander stood with his hands on his hips.

He felt like he should act at least a little insulted. Luckily he knew his vampire well enough to know Spike was thrilled that some of his best stuff could be seen by millions. Xander himself had been secretly checking YouTube regularly.

Because of that he was confident Spike would not speak to Kermit. A good thing too considering Xander had confronted the green demon the next day and walked away with a large sum of money and the promise of more if they ever wished to do a repeat. Xander was horrified, insulted, outraged! Intrigued.

He did, however, take Kermit's card and jotted down his cell phone number. Just in case.

"Nay, not important, Love. But you are right. He really is disgusting. Don't want you ever speaking to that slime again." Especially since Spike had gone to see him and collected not only a tidy fee, but a copy of the tape and autographed a couple stills for him to post on e-bay.

Xander returned to the bedroom and the last suitcase. Peeking in, Spike could see him standing with his back to the doorway bent over the bed and frantically folding and stuffing in the remainder of his things.

"So, you given any thought to where you want to go on this little holiday? After all, it is a honeymoon of sorts," Xander called out to his impatient vamp.

Spike slowly and silently slithered into the bedroom where Xander was finishing his packing.

Using all of his vampire cunning, he approached without making a sound. It was just about time his human Consort learned what a dangerous creature he had aligned himself with. His clothes had been shed in the livingroom and his cock was hard and eager.

Quietly he approached, stopping only when his cock was a fraction on an inch from the jeans clad ass of his lover. Spike stood stock still, reveling in the body heat given off by Xander. He was a vamp with a plan.

A sneer slipped onto his face as his hands reached for Xander's hips. He almost felt sorry for this poor unsuspecting mortal. He had no chance for escape.

Spike would show no mercy. He would use his vampire strength to rip the jeans down and plunder the booty before his innocent Consort knew what hit him.

Just as he was about to launch in to his evil plan, Xander handed a large bottle of lube over his shoulder. "Use plenty, my ass is still sore from the three times last night." and he continued folding his favorite flowered shirt.

Spike burst into a huge grin. "Will do, Pet."

Quickly popping the snap and lowering the zipper on Xander's pants, Spike tugged them down and lifting one foot at a time, removed them from the target area.

Still crouched behind, Spike ran his smooth slender fingers up the muscular shape of Xander calves. He had wonderful legs. Legs that could run hard, climb hills, and still have the strength to hold themselves locked around Spike's waist while he pounded deep in that perfect wrinkled hole.

Xander continued to ignore Spike's initial explorations. He was learning a lot about his vampire, and one of the things he knew was that it was important to Spike that Xander be totally satisfied each time.

If Xander pretended to be bored, Spike would kick his effort up a notch. It was pretty much a win win situation. Xander smiled.

"I hope this isn't going to take you long, Spike. I still have a lot to finish up before we leave." Yawning loudly he flexed his back. "Really should have gotten more sleep last night."

Spike ran his hands up to feel the corded tendons in the backs of Xander's bent knees and up the powerful

coarse haired thighs.

Twisting the flowered shirt in his fists, Xander knew he could not keep up the annoyed pretense much longer. Snickering, Spike knew it too.

Suddenly stopping, Spike poked his head through Xander's legs and raised up till he was wearing Xander's sac like a hat.

Tilting his head back, Spike let Xander's balls rest on his forehead. "So you think you can squeeze me into your.....busy schedule?"

Part Two

Xander widened his stance and looked down at Spike. "You look good with dark hair." He chuckled, his short and curly fringed Spike's eyebrows with his balls, full and heavy resting comfortably on Spike's face.

"Shame on you, Pet. It's just not proper for a brand new Consort to laugh at his Master."

In a flash, before Xander had a chance to respond, Spike let his fangs drop and turning his head to the side, he bit and drank deeply from the tender flesh of the inside of Xander's thigh.

Gasping, Xander doubled over from the intensity of the pain and pleasure. "Fuck!"

Xander had already been half hard from the playful touching, but now was aching stiff and starting to leak.

Because Spike was usually so careful of him, Xander could often almost forget what a powerful creature his lover and Master was.

The reminder nearly made him cum faster than he had at age fifteen with his first "Big Butts for Boys" magazine. Spike purred as he laved the bite mark with his tongue.

A tongue that to Xander felt almost rough and sandpapery like a cats. "Oh Fuck. Please, Spike, meow for me!"

Spike blinked just once. At a time like this he would have swung from a tree branch and snorted like a warthog if Xander had asked, which knowing Xander, might not be far off the mark.

"MEOW! FFFIITTTT FFFIITTTT. MEOW!"

Xander immediately tossed all his neatly folded clothes on the floor and heaved himself onto the bed landing on his back and scrambling to kick his pants from his feet.

Still in game face and stroking his heavy sex, Spike flexed his head first to one side then the other till it cracked on each.

Scraping one claw like fingernail over his own slit, Spike scooped up the leaking precum and licked it off. Then, swiping the back of his hand over his nose, Spike purred loudly.

Xander could swear that when in game face Spike's tongue grew longer and more pointed.

It reminded him of pictures of the devil they had tried to scare him with that summer he was eight and his

mother sent him to vacation bible school. He had kept those pictures in the shoe box with his magazines.

Using the same finger aimed in Xander's direction, Spike growled and let his eyes flash an evil yellow. "Spread your legs! Feet flat on the bed! Quickly, Boy or face punishment. I've been too easy on you."

The fierce tone and implied threats prompted Xander to grab the base of his throbbing cock and squeeze it tightly causing the immanent orgasm to temporarily retreat.

Spike watched as Xander's hand slowly roamed down from his cock to the purple swelling sore of the recent bite mark, pressing it lightly.

Xander squirmed as the sharp pain shot straight to his groin.

Spike smiled evilly "You like that? You like it when I bite you?"

Xander groaned and nodded so hard Spike thought he could hear the brain bounce in it's boney case.

Spike continued to stroke and pull on himself "Good, that will make it easier than having to tie you down for a feed and a fuck"

Spike tipped his head in the direction of the night stand. "Get the lube, Boy. I want you nice and slippery when I slam into you." Xander scrambled to comply.

Lying back down he held the bottle out as if it were an offering. An accomplishment that begged for praise. Spike's brow wrinkled and the growl that started low in his throat left no doubt that the praise would not be forthcoming.

It took Xander nearly three seconds to realize what was expected. He whimpered at the erotic subservience of it.

Without waiting for further orders, Xander popped the squeeze top and poured it down the rigid shaft and tight balls that laid snug against his body.

He flinched slightly at the contrast of cool oil on overheated skin. Spike's hand paused in midstroke as he watched Xander slide first one then two fingers into his own twitching hole.

"Enough!" Spike released himself and approached the bed. Xander quickly scissored his fingers as he slid them out and waited anxiously.

Standing between Xander's legs, Spike grabbed him roughly around both thighs and pulled his ass high in the air. Licking and sucking Xander's balls, he then allowed the boy's ass to slowly ease down into position.

As if reading Spike's mind, Xander reached down and aimed Spike's cock at his very eager entrance. Xander lay with barely more than his shoulders still on the bed as Spike pushed in.

Both men froze allowing themselves the time to feel the hot/cool thick/tight, wet/wetter feel of it. Impatiently Xander flexed around Spike's cock and urged him to begin the dance.

Starting out a slow waltz, Spike soon escalated to a rhythmic polka and finished on a frantic jitterbug. Xander definitely knew Spike was the Fred Astair in this endeavor and took himself in hand.

Stroking with the lube that was still on his fingers, Xander quickly felt the familiar tingle start in his legs as it shot through his battered prostate and pumped the contents of his aching balls out the head of his swollen cock.

The ensuing rippling of his inner muscles brought Spike to his own explosive orgasm just seconds later. Riding out the pleasure of the aftershocks, Spike eventually eased his deflating cock from Xander's dribbling body.

Crawling up beside him Spike wiped himself and Xander up then pulled his Consort in tight.

"Damn, Spike, that was just excellent. Next time can I be the evil Master and you be the victim?"

Spike's sleepy eyes lit up. "Hell yes!"

Part Three

Basking. Afterglow basking.

Sometimes that was the best part of sex.

O.k. scratch that.

But still, it was of the good.

Unfortunately it was also short lived.

Smacking Xander on the ass, Spike jumped up and headed for the shower. "We've wasted enough time dicking around. Finish packing. I'm going in to wash up. Afterwards, while you shower I'll throw the bags in the car and we'll be on the road."

Xander groaned. He knew there was no sense in arguing. Spike wanted what Spike wanted. Xander smiled at the implication of that.

He had hoped to be able to contact Willow about the sudden and unexpected changes in his life, but really hadn't had the chance. He thought about calling her, but didn't want the ensuing argument/concerned conversation. He loved his Willow, but he didn't want anything to ruin this trip or upset his *snicker* Master.

Maybe an e-mail. No, his laptop had already been packed and Spike's desk top was disconnected. Suddenly Xander's eyes lit up as he came up with the perfect solution.

He could send a letter snail mail, but then remembered he hadn't actually owned a stamp in years. Were they still twenty-eight cents?

Snapping his finger, his face lit up along with the light bulb over his head. *'Of course! Why didn't I think of this before? I ignore the problem and it goes away.'* Xander beamed proudly. He never failed to impress himself with his superior intellect.

Rolling off the bed, he began picking up the suitcase and the clothes that had fallen to the floor earlier. Stuffing the bag full again he searched around for the favorite shirt he had been folding when his vampire attacked.

"Why, there you are, my pretty." Spotting the flowered hem of it sticking out from under the bed, Xander grabbed it up and screamed.

"Goddamn it Spike. You used my best flowered shirt to wipe my ass! It's" sniff sniff "ruined!"

With the water cascading down his body Spike chuckled. "Sorry, Pet. Didn't hear a word of that. I'm almost done

here so whatever isn't ready doesn't go. And that includes you. Besides that was a stupid shirt and I can't be seen with you in something like that. You know, vampire rep and such."

"It was not stupid! I paid \$10.00 for that shirt at the 'Can't Say No Surf Shop'. Hey, I thought you couldn't hear me! You evil fiend you!"

Only vampire ears would have heard Spike's reply of "Can't say no my ass. Should have said 'Oh hell no.' Or maybe 'Oh fuck no. Only an idiot would have said 'yes.'"

Even though Xander knew Spike would never leave without him, he quickly secured the bags and set them on the floor, then with his shirt still in his hand, shrugged and took one more swipe at his dribbling puckered hole just as the bathroom door swung open and, drifting in on a fog of steam, Spike entered the room. "Hurry Love, time's a wasting."

Xander angrily thrust the soiled shirt into Spike's hands and stomped off to clean up. "To use one of your own words, Spike, you are a wanker!"

Spike smiled broadly. "Not any more, Pet."

Spike held the offensive fabric at arms length wondering how to dispose of it. Finally, rolling it into a tight ball, he tossed it under the far corner of the bed. "There we go. A little pressie for the next tenant."

Dressing quickly Spike loaded the bags in the back of the car finishing just as Xander jerked up his jeans and tugged down his tee.

They both took one look around and turned out the lights. There was nothing there they needed. They had money and each other. The world was their oyster.

"So, Spike, you never did say where we're going." Xander buckled his seat belt the instant he got in the car. He wasn't the fool everyone thought him to be.

"Gave it a lot of thought I did." Spike settled back in his seat, one hand on the wheel and slammed his foot peddle to the floor.

The car roared to life, the tires screaming (almost as loudly as Xander) and he whipped out into traffic.

He ignored Xander's clutching wildly at the dashboard and continued thoughtfully. "Seeing as how this is your honeymoon I tried to think of the most romantic spot on earth. The one place you have always wanted to go."

Xander immediately forgot about the reckless operation citation Spike was begging for. He gasped, turned his head to face his love and, with awe in his voice, ask reverently

"Do you mean...? Are you saying....? Oh God Spike, please don't play with me like this."

Spike patted Xander benevolently on the knee. "That's right, Love. Only for you. We are on our way to Roswell New Mexico. Home of the aliens."

Xander wiped a tear from his eye.

Part Four

Spike was delighted that he had made his consort so happy. He noted that for the first couple hours Xander was cute in his childlike enthusiasm.

He had insisted on stopping at the first Grabit - n - Go they passed. He bought several sacks full of obnoxious sugary snacks that loaded up the back seat and a road atlas which he proceeded to spread out on his lap.

"We can follow our progress and catch the best routes to take. This is gonna be great. Do you think we'll see any aliens, Spike? Maybe we can go out on to the desert and find a piece of spaceship that got missed. What do ya think?"

Spike was starting to get a niggling little feeling in the back of his brain.

The next three to four hours Spike continued to smile as Xander babbled on.

Non stop.

Unwaveringly.

The smile was starting to twitch at the corners.

The niggling was now tapping on the cortex and scraping it's fingernails on the blackboard of Spike's brain begging entrance.

Reaching down casually Spike cranked up the volume on the CD player and relaxed as the Sex Pistols screaming blessedly filled the air.

'Now that's more like it' He attempted to lose himself in their lyrics of violence and decadence.

"So what do you think, Spike?" Xander flipped off the radio and turned to face him.

Damn.

From the look on Xander's face he expected a serious answer. Although he had absolutely no idea what bizarre track Xander's conversation was on, Spike sighed and took a wild stab at it.

"Yes?"

Xander looked horrified. His eyes bugged and his mouth hung open.

'Fuck, must have been the wrong answer'

Xander turned back around in his seat, gave it some deep thought, and then again faced the vampire he trusted to protect him.

"Well, if the aliens do abduct and anally probe me I just want you to remember I will be thinking of you the whole time." Just as suddenly the serious contemplation gave way to a beaming grin. "So you think we will make Phoenix by morning?"

Spike really did not want to have to kill his new Consort. After all then he would be right back to where he was before. All alone and getting no sex.

No, that was a situation he would never find himself in again. And he really did love Xander. He just needed to impress on him the fact that this babbling was driving Spike crazier than a shit house rat. And he needed to do it NOW.

Maybe a subtle hint.

Yeah, that was it.

Low key.

Nothing too obvious.

"Xan, Love, if someone was to murder a human what would be the best was to dispose of the body where no one would ever find it?"

Xander stopped talking.

Spike mentally patted himself on the back as he watched the wheels spin in the brain of his one and only.

"Oh, oh, wait, I know this one. First you drain out all the blood in the bath tub then you cut off the arms and legs and head. Next you put the body parts through a wood chipper, mix it with buckets of slop and feed it to the pigs. Right?"

Spike stared open mouthed.

His undead heart swelled with pride.

How could he have ever been annoyed with this perfect boy sitting beside him.

"Oh, God, Pet. I am so turned on right now!"

Xander immediately unfastened his seatbelt and pounced on Spike's crotch with gusto. Unzipping his too tight jeans, Xander wrestled the beloved Spike snake from his confines and proceeded to slap a lip lock on him with a suction that could remove cat hair from velcro.

"Teeth, love! Mind the teeth. Ahhh. That's better." Spike adjusted the angle of the steering wheel to allow Xander more room to work, put the car on cruise control, and relaxed back for a pleasant blow job.

Xander fumbled for a moment with his own pants to allow Mr. Palmer and his five boys access to a painful hard on that was begging for a little personal attention.

Spike found it somewhat annoying that Xander was temporarily distracted from his duty, but hey, he prided himself on his generosity during sex and was therefore willing to overlook his mate's personal manual manipulations. As long as Spike got to cum, what the hell.

Adjusting himself, Xander was able to squeeze and stroke his own muscled meat while devoting almost all his attention on Spike. After all when you do something as often as Xander masturbated, it became second nature.

He licked around the crown pressing his tongue against the bundle of nerves on the underside. He deep throated till he could swallow tightly around the head while burrowing his nose deeply in the nest of light brown (?) bristley hairs.

Spike ran his hands through the head of soft dark hair nestled fully in his lap, all the while keeping up a litany of murmured obscenities.

"Yeah, just like that. Fuck that's good. What a sweet little cocksucker you are. Gonna ride that mouth till I pump it full of cum. Suck me, Xan. Suck my cock."

Using his free hand, Xander felt around and wiggled his fingers into the open black jeans. Scooping the tight balls into his hand, Xander rolled them to the side and ran a fingernail sharply against the soft skin behind.

The sharp stimulation caused Spike to jerk and skid across three lanes of traffic coming fiercely to the blare of angry horns and flipped fingers.

Xander reacted to the smell and taste by releasing his own orgasm onto his hand and the car's Tweety Bird floor mat. Licking Spike clean, Xander tucked them both away and resnapped his seat belt with a satisfied smile.

"No offense, Spike, but you sure do talk a lot."

Part Five

Totally uninterested in the pandemonium his coital driving had caused, Spike relaxed back in his plush leather, slightly stained seat. All was good. All was..... "Xanpet, be a love and toss me a blood pack."

"Sure thing, Spikey, my One and Only. Where did you put them?" Xander was turned around in the seat, perched on his knees, ass in the air, and rummaging in the pile of bags and cases in the back.

Xander had taken great pains to organize, alphabetically, all treats and snacks he would need. He did, however, feel it was an outrageous injustice that Apple would come before Twinkie. He solved the problem by leaving all fruit behind.

One cooler contained sodas, one was filled with pudding snack packs. The two really should never be mixed.

"I didn't put them anywhere, dearest. You were the one who was supposed to put the cooler in the car. It was sitting by the front door. Only an idiot would have missed it. Course I notice you brought all of your own snacks. In fact, my little bubble butt, this car shouldn't be measured in miles per gallon. It should be rated at ten Twinkies Per Mile."

Spike kept his eyes on the road and the sneer on his face.

Xander stopped his rooting to face his irritating smartass vampire.

"Hey! Are you calling me fat? Cause I'll have you know there are plenty of vamps out there that would love the chance to fuck this bubble butt."

Xander leaned back over, still on his knees and wagged his ass in Spike's face. He then grabbed another snack cake from the box and proceeded to bite the end, suck out the filling and shove the remainder in his mouth in one bite.

Spike sighed deeply "And sadly enough that turns me on as much as it disgusts me. So what the fuck am I supposed to do for food, especially considering we're only a couple hours away from daylight?"

All anger forgotten, Xander turned and dropped back down in his seat. Planning, figuring, problem solving. These were all not Xander's strong suit, but he was determined to do his best. Screwing up his brow into a strained look of concentration, Xander dropped his chin in his hand and tried to focus.

'O.k., think. Gotta get blood. Money is no problem. Surely we should be coming up on a city soon. Cities usually have demon populations Maybe we could.....'

Oh, look. I dropped a blob of sugary goodness on my shirt. Wonder if I could subtly lick it off? No, that would be too noticeable. Maybe a quick swipe with my finger, then pretend to bite my fingernail as I suck it off.'

Spike also was deep in thought. He knew they would have to find shelter soon and wait out the day. One or two days without blood would not cause starvation, but it was not a situation he wanted to put himself in.

Glancing over at his Consort, it warmed his heart to see the serious look of concern on his face. It thrilled him to know that Xander was trying so hard to think of an answer to Spike's problem.

Just as he was mentally sorting through his options, a large sign on the side of the road caused an immediate plan to formulate in his evil little mind. He didn't have all the particulars in place, but the overall idea appeared to be the perfect solution to their problem.

Slamming on the brake and darting toward the off ramp, Spike took the turn on two wheels. "Ouch! Shit Spike! You caused me to damn near bite the end of my finger off! I mean besides my fingernail, cause I was only biting my fingernail."

Spike looked over questioningly. "What the fuck you going on about? No, never mind. I think I've found the answer to our problem."

Squinting in the direction Spike was pointing, he saw that they were rapidly approaching a hospital zone. "It's a hospital, Spike."

Spike had a huge grin on his face and a twinkle in his eyes. "No, Xan, it's a fuckin' buffet."

Realization arrived, and Xander's face lit up. "Cool. How do we get the blood? Bet they keep it in a fridge. Wonder where they keep the fridge. Probably next to the stove and sink. Guess that means a kitchen. No, I don't think that would be good. That would make the food taste funny. Although I did have some pudding one time when I had my appendix out that smelled a little off."

Spike frowned at the bizarre rant. "What the hell are you talking about? I'm fucking starving here and trying to come up with a plan and you're talking about pudding. If you don't fuckin' shut the fuck up so I can think I'll stick one of those butt plugs in your mouth. A used one. A very recently used one!"

Xander huffed and bristled. "Well that's just rude. I was only trying to help."

Spike banged his head slowly on the steering wheel. All he needed now was a huffy Xander in a snit. But when he turned to apologize the look on Xander's face was one that brought fear to his dead heart.

It was not the look of anger or recrimination. It was something far worse.

It was the look of "Xan with a plan"

Part Six

"Think about it, Spike. Ever notice how if you walk into a place and just act like you belong there nobody questions you? Well that's what we're going to do."

Xander beamed brightly. He had the look of a man who had just invented the perpetual motion machine, solved global warming or discovered the solution to the mystery of the missing sock in the dryer.

"That's it? That's your big plan? Shit I hope stupidity isn't fuckin' contagious or I might never bite you again!"

"Pfft. Oh, yeah, like that's gonna happen. So then what the fuck is your idea?"

Spike tried to wipe the blank look off his face, but the fact was, he had no better idea.

Without waiting for his long overdue apology, Xander jumped from the car and headed for the door leading to the lobby, Spike scrambled out, hot on his heels.

Marching brazenly past the front desk, Xander waved his arms dramatically in the air and announced, "Visiting my Aunt. Already know the room number." They sailed by catching no one's interest or attention.

Shocked that his idea had actually worked, Xander slipped around the corner dragging Spike with him.

Clapping his hands together gleefully and bounced on the balls of his feet, Xander giggled manically. "It worked. He he. It actually worked."

Spike briefly considered slapping Xander across the face. It wasn't that Xander was hysterical, it was just that it would make Spike feel a whole lot better to slap him. "O.k. Einstein, we got in. Now, where the fuck is the blood?"

Very comfortable in his new role as team leader, Xander tapped his fingers on his chin. "I suggest a recon of the subterranean levels."

Spike blinked

Xander placed his hands on his hips. "We search the basement, goofus."

"Goofus? Hey, show a little respect for your Master, boy, or it will be a long time before I recon the fuck out of your subter-anal level again."

Both men knew it was an empty threat, but it was taken for what it was. Bowing deeply, Xander backed down. "On to the elevators, Master."

Spike flipped up the collar on his beloved coat, straightened his stance and strode off down the corridor. Just before reaching the end of the hall, he froze in his tracks. "Xan, look!"

Xander stopped. He didn't need to look at what Spike was pointing to.

He could already see the daylight breaking over the horizon.

They had misjudged the time.

They were trapped.

Darting into the elevator, Spike hit the "B" button. Xander tried to calm him.

"Look, let's not panic. This might just work out o.k. These hospital basements are huge. All types of nooks and crannies. We find some blood, locate a quiet corner and settle in for the day."

Spike still hadn't decided if Xander's eternal optimism was one of his good qualities or one of the ones that was going to cause Spike to insert a Doc Martin up his ass.

At least if it got stuck there, they were already in a place where it could be surgically removed. Spike shrugged. "Yeah, sounds good."

DING

The elevator doors swung open. Gingerly the duo stepped out and checked the area. Not only did they appear to be alone, but the wall facing the elevator had a huge sign which read:

Hematology --->

"Well that was thoughtful." Xander grabbed Spike's hand and headed in the direction of the offered vamp lunch.

Always mindful of personnel who might not appreciate a vampire snacking on their reserves, both men eased their way down the halls and around the corners.

Arriving at the lab, they were pleased to see the hours posted on the door. Clearly all staff ended their work day at 5 p.m. and wouldn't be back till 9 in the morning.

"Wow this couldn't have worked out better, huh Spike? You fill up and we're settled into a supply closet before anyone shows up for work. Are we lucky or what?"

Spike flinched at the jinx causing comment and briefly worried that it was just all too easy, but hey, maybe he was just worrying for nothing.

The door lock was weak and took little effort to force open. Deciding it was better not to turn on the lights, Spike shifted to game face and used his vampire sight to locate a large cooler in the rear of the room.

Opening the door, he stepped back and took an unneeded breath.

There before him was the blood.

Lots of blood.

Rack after rack of bagged human rich red blood.

It was enough to make a vampire cry.

"Steady big guy." Xander placed his hand on Spike's back. "Look, I assume you're gonna be here a while, so I need to go find a little boy's room." Patting his stomach Xander headed for the door. On the way out he noticed a discarded newspaper in the trash and snatched it out.

"Ooo. Reading material. Waving it over his shoulder he whispered. "Headed to the library, Meet ya back here later. Enjoy."

Spike absently responded with a flip of the hand before grabbing two bags from the shelf.

In the dark neither man had noticed the sign posted on the front of the cooler which read

"Drug contaminated blood. Do Not Use."

Part Seven

The first two bags were swallowed so fast he barely tasted them. The third had an odd bitter bite to it, so Spike figured a fourth might clear his palate. Not sure when his next free meal might be, he then gulped a fifth and sixth.

Staggering out into the hallway, Spike suddenly felt woosie. Giggling, he noticed that he could no longer feel his face. "Xaaaander?" he called out in an exaggerated whisper.

Leaning against the wall, Spike rubbed his belly and chuckled at the thought that he appeared to be at least

five months pregnant, distended from all the blood he had ingested.

"Xander! Where the fuck are you?" Patting his tummy again he snickered. "Xander? Are you my baby's daddy? Can we go on the Springer show for a paternity test?"

No answer. Shame since it appeared to be the funniest thing Spike had ever heard in his unlife. He laughed uncontrollably, nearly falling to the floor.

Overcome by drug induced dizziness and tired from the impending daylight, Spike studied the area and was thrilled to find a gurney parked just around the corner.

Right now that bare, small slab looked for all the world like a rich tapestry covered bed in a sultan's palace.

Feeling his way down the wall, he made it and was able to climb up just as he passed out.

Xander whistled and tucked the newspaper under his arm. *'Yup, that was some of my finest work'* He snickered. *'Gave new meaning to the term Toxic Dump'*

He hoped the unfortunate soul who wandered into that bathroom had a whole pocket full of those pine tree air fresheners with them.

He couldn't imagine what the hell he ate that produced those results. Spike always did say Xander's ass could be rank enough to melt the gel from Angel's hair. Too bad he wasn't there to appreciate it.

Rounding the corner, Xander froze then instantly ducked back out of view.

"Who the hell was working security last night?" Lab coat number one was obviously pissed off.

"Dunno. Fisher maybe? Why?" Lab coat number two was less concerned

"Because they parked another dead body here in the hallway without identification and still fully dressed. I thought the Administrator sent out memos to all departments that they were not to do that anymore."

Must not have been lab coat number two's department or concern as he had grunted something indecipherable and trotted off in the direction of the elevators.

Number one continued to grumble and bitch, eventually leaving the area with a gurney and dead body that Xander had a sinking suspicion he could identify.

Finally stepping around into an empty hallway, Xander put his hands on his hips. "Well if that don't beat all. I just can't take him anywhere. Now I suppose I'm going to have to find and retrieve his dead ass."

Xander followed the retreating back of the white coat never losing the sound of the squeaking, wobbly gurney wheels. Down several hallways and ramps, they descended even lower into the bowels of the building directly to - of course - the morgue.

Pacing back and forth in front of the solid double wooden doors, Xander gave serious thought to what he should do next.

He obviously couldn't just march in and collect his inexplicably unconscious vampire. That would require a whole lot more information than he was willing to offer. Besides that, it was now very much daylight outside and they were still trapped here. All this thinking was starting to make Xander's hair hurt and his teeth twitch.

Another thought bothered him even more. What if they did an autopsy? Spike could bounce back from a lot of things, but Xander was pretty sure that wasn't one of them.

'O.k. Xanman it's all on you. You can do this.' Xander stopped moving and stared at the closed doors. He then

took a deep breath and slamming both palms into the double doors, marched in.

The orderly on duty was lab coat number one from the hallway. He was a chubby younger man with thinning red hair and wearing his required white coat snug over a well cared for beer belly. The name tag labeled him as "Rick"

With no hesitation, Xander marched up and stuck his hand out to shake. "You must be Rick. I've been looking all over for you. Seems I misplaced a body. Yeah, yeah, I know that was pretty careless, but you know sometimes they just slip through your fingers."

Rick, who was leisurely sucking on the end of a toothpick, did not participate in the suggested hand shake. Leaning against the wall of refrigerated storage shelves he watched Xander silently waiting to see what came next.

"Ha ha, yes well here's the thing. I have some other patients to take care of and then I will be back later to pick up my body. It's just very important that he remain intact. No cutty the body. Capish?"

Rick slowly removed the tooth pick from his mouth and examined the collected adhesions. "So you saying you're a doctor?"

Xander could feel the sweat starting to bead up on his forehead. "Well not exactly. Although I have been known to dabble in a little personal proctology" wink wink "If you know what I mean."

Finally deciding he had other things more interesting to tend to, Rick pushed off the wall he was leaning against and brushed past Xander.

"Look, Renfrew, I don't know your life story and really don't want to, but here's the deal. This ain't no vampire storage unit. You get your ass back here before nightfall and remove him from my cooler. You capish, asshole?"

Relief washed over him "Gotcha! Keep him on ice and I'll thaw him out later."

Xander waved Rick an enthusiastic good-bye and left through the same doors he had entered. *'Don't know why he's up on his vampire info. Don't wanna know. Well this is just dandy. Kinda like a vampire bank. Why, yes, Mr. Bank President I do have a vampire on deposit, and if you don't mind I believe I would like to make a withdrawal.'* Xander chuckled happily and considered how to spend his day.

'Damn, I'm hungry as fuck so a trip to the coffee shop wouldn't be out of the question, then I need to get some sleep.'

This was working out better than expected.

Part Eight

Xander had spent enough time in hospitals to know they all had several family waiting rooms and after all, he definitely was waiting, so a big breakfast, a soft couch, and he would return to claim his property later. Yep, an infallible plan.

Sticking his hands in his pocket, Xander turned happily and walked off in search of a cup of coffee and some sugary goodness.

Retracing his steps back up the hallways and ramps, Xander chuckled as he passed the restroom he had used earlier only to find it blocked off with big "DO NOT USE. AREA BEING CLEANED." signs.

He puffed with pride. No one could ever question whether or not Xander Harris had left his mark on the world.

The rest of the day was fairly uneventful. Xander located the coffee shop on the main floor and relaxed back with a large hot breakfast, several cups of black caffeine, and bought couple donuts to go.

After scanning the information board in the lobby, he decided his best bet was the surgery floor. After all some of those operations could last for hours. No one would notice a person waiting quietly and catching a wink or two.

Xander settled in on a large overstuffed sofa. Glancing around the room he saw other people huddled in groups and talking quietly amongst themselves.

He scooted to the side. For some reason he just couldn't get comfortable. Something was missing.

'Well, hell.' Xander knew what was missing.

He missed that fuckin' vampire.

He shifted his weight to the other butt cheek and mumbled

"I got half a notion to kick his ass for this. How dare he get me hooked on the big butt sex and post fuck cuddle then leave me alone. Damn him. Hope he's alright."

Xander looked so miserable he didn't notice the little old lady working her way over to him. Patting him on the shoulder she sat down beside him. "Don't worry dear. I'm sure whoever you are here for will be just fine."

Xander couldn't help himself. He put his feet up and leaned his head on her ample breast for comfort. He finally dozed off to the feel of his head being lightly petted.

Waking slowly several hours later, Xander looked around him to find little had changed. The older lady who was comforting him had gone but other families had taken her place. Everything was quiet. Some people read, some prayed. All, like him, were just here to wait.

Xander checked his watch and was surprised to see that it was early afternoon. He decided to grab a bite, take a pee, and drop down to the First National Bank of Transylvania for his withdrawal. If he was lucky, they might give him a toaster with his account.

Returning to the diner, he dove into a heart clogging double cheese burger and fries. '*Guess the hospital is drumming up new business.*' He washed it down with a diet coke, had to watch the weight, and slapped a ten on the counter.

Following his path from earlier, Xander retraced his steps and again found himself in the lowest level of the bustling hub of healing activity.

Everything was just as before. Right down to the orderly sucking presumably the same tooth pick.

"Rick, my buddy. I'm here for my property. Hope he hasn't tried to turn anyone while I was gone. Ha ha."

Rick slid his chair loudly back away from his desk and rose slowly. "Drawer 23. I'm going to supper and I want you both gone when I get back."

Pausing at the double doors, Rick turned with an odd smile on his face. "How do you know I ain't already been turned?" And he was gone.

Xander stood with his hands on his hips. "Wow. Issues much?"

Wandering down the wall, he watched the numbers. "23. 23. 23, ah, there you are." He turned the handle and pulled. The door was attached to a long stainless steel table that slid out smoothly. And there he was.

What the fuck? Why was he naked? Xander rushed to the doorway and yelled up the hall. "Rick you prick, my property had better not be interfered with!"

Xander returned quickly to the figure lying flat on his back, hands folded across his chest, covered only with a small hand towel over his genitals.

He stood to the side and just took the time to look. They hadn't been together all that long and it still amazed him whenever he saw Spike's body in all it's perfection. Strong as steel and smooth as silk.

He knew Spike could have anyone he wanted. Man or woman. "You chose me."

He whispered quietly as he stepped closer to the sleeping vampire. "You chose me and you bit me. I belong to you Spike. Just like you belong to me."

"Wouldn't have it any other way, Pet."

Xander looked up into Spike's smiling face.

Xander went to him, reaching out to place his hand on Spike's chest. The instant skin touched skin, Xander snatched his hand back. "Shit! You feel like ice!"

Xander's face lit up like a 1000 watt light bulb.

Part Nine

"HOLY FUCK, Spike! Your whole body is cold as ice!"

Xander had stepped back jerking his hand away from the body he usually worshipped.

This should be repulsive.

This should be a complete turn off.

Yet somehow....

Xander was reminded of the time he was alone, drunk, holding a grape popsicle. No! That was a memory best not revisited.

Still.

The small hand towel covering Spikes crotch was now tented obscenely away from his body. Spike lay back, still smiling, and waited to see what his consort would do next.

Most thought his boy was limited, mentally, but Spike knew better. Xander had an imagination that could wander into territory few would ever comprehend.

Bending at the waist, Xander looked into the opening Spike had just been pulled from. "That drawer was kinda like a cave, wasn't it Spike?"

And yep, there it was.

All the lead in Spike needed.

He wasn't sure if it was the blood bond between them, or maybe they were just getting more in sinc. Whatever it was, Spike could catch the ball and run with it on a very short punt.

"Was a dark damp cave, Love. Full of stalagmites. Retrieved a big one I did. Needs full exploration and examination."

Xander immediately turned his back to Spike and rushed to the far end of the room. Rummaging quickly, he found what he needed. Dropping his clothes, he grabbed the selected items and whirled back around.

Wearing an oddly detached look on his face, Xander slowly approached the table.

"Good morning Dr. Sirrah. It is I your faithful, trusty assistant. I am prepared to help you explore the odd formations you have extracted from the cave."

It took all the self control Spike could muster not to snort and snicker as he noted the pump bottle of hand lotion Xander carried and the apparatus strapped to his head.

It was a type of head band that circled his forehead with a large round light in the front.

"Good lad. Have at it young Xander."

Xander immediately snatched off the towel and flung it over his shoulder. Snapping on the light, he aimed it's beam directly on the head of Spike's unique, protruding formation.

Circling the table, Xander never took his eyes or light off the twitching, leaking cock. "We seem to have some bizarre excretions here, Professor. Without my chemical testing kit handy I am going to have to taste it to determine it's origins."

Xander leaned over and swiped his tongue across the head dipping the tip deep into the slit to scoop out all the bubbles.

Groaning, Spike let his head drop back down to the metal slab. "Oh, fuck yeah. Go on, Xan. Suck it."

Xander quickly stepped back wagging his forefinger back and forth in Spike's direction. "Can't do that, Professor. That would cause the formation to heat up. We need to keep it cold as possible for the test results to be accurate."

Quickly getting impatient, Spike was just about ready to tell him "Fuck the results" when he opened his eyes in time to see Xander leap to the narrow table and straddle Spike's body.

Using the pump bottle of antibacterial hand lotion, Xander pushed the plunger twice dropping two large blobs of cream directly on the head of Spike's aching cock.

Grabbing the suspicious formation in his hand, Xander was careful to slide his fist up it only enough to coat it but not enough to warm it. Positioning himself, Xander hovered while Spike held firmly to his assistants hips.

"We do this for all mankind, Professor. One tight hole for man, One giant cock for mankind" And Xander dropped down, ramming the freezing cold cock into his hot, hungry body.

Both men shouted from the physically painful feel of the sharp contrast.

"FUCK!"

Xander took only a few seconds to adjust. He wanted to ride this cockcicle hard before it had a chance to warm up.

He couldn't believe anything that cold could feel so hot bumping and rubbing him all up inside.

Spike was speechless. He felt as though he was on fire from the tip of his dick to the sudden melting in his balls.

Xander rode fast and hard causing the light still strapped to his forehead to bounce around, shining on everything and nothing.

All the sensations combined with the twenty-four hour deprivation and mental fantasy were quickly proving too much for Xander. "Shit! Quick Professor, help me hold it. I think an eruption is imminent."

Spike wrapped a cold fist around Xander's burning, leaking volcano and began to stroke. Leaning forward with his hands flat on Spike's chest Xander stiffened and came shooting thick globs over Spike's hand and onto his belly.

The release was so hot on his over chilled body that Spike felt his stomach muscles clench and contract just as his own cock twitched and filled the warm body with cool release.

As he felt the first cold fluid pump up, Xander leaned down, silently waiting for what they both needed. Spike bit.

Both men felt the familiar love and comfort overwhelm them as the blood was sucked from one body into the other.

After relaxing and riding out the after shocks, Xander lifted himself up and off. "Make me a promise, Spike. Let's never sleep apart again. O.k.?"

Spike sat up and hopped off the table. Kissing Xander deeply, he gave the two finger boy scout oath. "Promise, Love. Never again."

Part Ten

Rick had taken plenty of time to finish his dinner. He was fairly certain by the time he returned they would be gone, but he wanted to be sure.

When Spike's body was discovered in the hallway, he knew immediately both what and who he was.

William the Bloody.

In his morgue.

While it was thrilling to be so close to a legend it was also frightening.

He had a really good thing going for himself. All he had to do was report for work, which was far away from the sunlight, and wait.

Sooner or later his lunch was delivered to him. He drained the body, prepped them and shipped them to a funeral home. Didn't get any easier than that. No hunting, no effort.

And that's the way he intended to keep it. A famous vampire like Spike brought attention to his cushy setup.

Plus, a human? They were nothing but trouble. Nope, they had to go.

Cautiously, Rick pushed open the door to the morgue and peeked in. The room was empty, thank God. The clothes he had hung on the rack were missing and oddly enough so was his head lamp.

The steel table to slab 23 was still pulled out. When Rick approached to close it, he saw smears and stains. Sniffing them deeply he recognized the smell of fertile human semen.

Glancing back at the door to assure himself that he was alone, Rick leaned low and allowed his long pointed forked tongue to lap up every drop left behind. Growling and snuffling he licked the table clean.

After leaving the morgue, Spike and Xander embarked on a quick shopping trip through the hospital. First they located a small red and white ice box marked "organ transport." It was perfect. Well insulated with self contained ice packs and room for at least six pints of blood.

Next, they popped in one of the staff locker rooms and slipped into matching white orderly coats. With name tags pinned in place, orderlies Sedlack and Mills walked confidently to the emergency room and filled the cooler with blood.

Then, shedding the disguises, they strolled off to claim their car and get back on the road. All in all a pleasant side trip.

Pulling back out on to the highway, Xander spread out the atlas and checked their progress. "If we make really good time we should be through Arizona by morning."

As casually as possible, Xander watched Spike out the corner of his eye. Something was bothering him and he might as well get it out in the open.

"Say, Spike, my undead little lamb, when I found you, you were naked. Rick the Prick didn't take any liberties with your puckered appendage did he?"

Spike's normally smooth brow wrinkled down as he wriggled, scooted and flexed in his seat. Just to be sure he gave it the ultimate test. He squeezed and clenched his ass muscles. Finally relaxing back in his seat he beamed.

"Nope, no squish, no drip, no twinge. I'm apparently unmolested." Seeing that answer bring great relief to Xander, Spike pressed on. "Say, Xan, you know this is a holiday which means the whole trip is part of the fun. Not just the destination, right?"

Xander looked suspiciously at his partner. "So what are you saying? Cause I want my aliens, Spike. Please don't think you're getting out of taking me to the aliens."

"No no! Nothing like that. Just noticed that we're a couple hours away from Phoenix. They got some really great clubs there. Clubs that don't care who's dancing. Demon, human, any combination thereof."

Spike glanced out the corner of his eye to see if he could gauge how well Xander was taking the suggestion of an extra stop.

"Hell yes!" Xander bounced in his seat. "The chance to dance and cuddle with my best vamp? I'm definitely up for that."

Spike was tickled. It wasn't that he didn't want to go to Roswell. I mean who wouldn't be excited about standing out in an open field to look for something that doesn't exist?

Spike mentally patted himself on the back. He really was a benevolent master. Not too many vampires would go to such extremes to please a human.

Course when he's proven right and New Mexico turns out to be a bust, the apology sex could be stretched out for weeks. Yeah, he still might be able to turn this holiday to his advantage.

It took no time to arrive at their destination. It was a club Spike had been to years before a time when there were Scoobies. A time when he traveled around the country searching demon clubs in every big city he came too.

Hunting frantically for his dark princess only to find her happily being tortured by a hipp'E demon. It was just another in a long line of miserable times in his unlife. Course it also had it's up points. After all, it was the 1960's.

Ah the 60's.

It's true what they say.

If you can remember the 60's you probably weren't there.

But those were days best not dwelled on. He had Xander now and a full evening of fun ahead.

Pulling up and parking into the first handicapped spot he could find, Spike slammed the car into 'park' and cut the motor.

"Heads up, Pet. We're here."

"Ah, Spike, I think this is a handicap spot. Maybe we better move."

Spike was already jumping out of the car and heading around to open the car door for his pet. "Don't be silly. I'm dead. How much more handicapped can you get?"

Made sense. Xander climbed out and scanned the outside of the club.

The line waiting to get in was long and the music booming from inside reverberated through the sidewalk into their feet, up their legs and settled into their cocks. Oh, yes, this promised to be an evening to remember.

Part Eleven

Although he hadn't been here in years, Spike prided himself on the fact that his memory was infallible. He knew this was the right street. He knew this was the right club, yet somehow it was not the same at all.

Back in the sixties it was called The Hullabaloo. A cartoony little dance hall full of drugs, drinks, and virgins in miniskirts. All trusting and easily drained.

Walking the length of the line Spike inhaled deeply. Well, some things didn't change. Still plenty of drugs, drinks, and miniskirts. Unfortunately there wasn't a virgin in the bunch.

Not that he cared.

Nope.

Wouldn't dream of slipping off from his cuddly consort for a quick nip.

"Forget it Spike. The only ass you will be biting tonight is mine."

'Damn! How the fuck does he do that?' Spike stopped and slapped his hand to his chest. "PET! You wound me. Would never dream of..."

Xander who was clearly not buying the faux sincerity had other things on his mind. " Yeah, yeah, Vampire with morals. Hey, Spike, go get us a spot in line. I'm going to go back and lock the car. Wouldn't do to have all that blood stolen. Not after what we went through to get it."

Not waiting for an answer, Xander trotted back in the direction of the bloodmobile in the crippled people's park. Spike shrugged and found a spot at the end of the line.

He hated waiting. In the old days he would have simply ripped, shredded, and eaten his way to the front. Now, well, he sighed, he was obviously whelp whipped. Besides, when in Phoenix...

Spike stepped to the last place on the sidewalk. Immediately all conversation stopped as every eye turned in his direction.

A murmur began low and grew in intensity as everyone pointed and stared. Then, like the red sea, the massive mob of pseudo-humanity parted allowing Spike access to the front of the club.

Cautiously Spike proceeded through the center of the now silent crowd. Approaching the velvet rope he now faced off with an eight foot doorman that clearly had to have been the prototype for the original Frankenstein.

Frank was huge from his size 22 shoes to the top of his - ? That was the first clue to the theme change in the nonhullabaloo club. Frank's square massive head was topped with a several sizes too small cowboy hat.

The hat teetered precariously, constantly threatening to tumble off. Surprisingly, it didn't. Frank reared back, hands folded across his giant chest, as he blocked the entrance from Spike's advance.

Scanning Spike from top to bottom, Frank was quickly getting angry. He hated it when someone fucked with his line organization.

"Who the fuck do you think.....? SHIT! Master Spike?"

The gasp and look of astonishment on Frank's face caught Spike off guard. He at first assumed Frank remembered him from forty years ago, but truth was Frank was probably still on a metal slab waiting on the next lightning strike back then, so confusion kept him waiting.

Grabbing Spike's hand and pumping it briskly, Frank's hat bobbed and wiggled. Spike now noted that it only stayed in place due to the fact that it had been stapled to his head. Ingenious really.

"Oh Master Spike, we are thrilled to have you here. We are such big fans of your internet movie, The Starfish Shuffle. It played a continuous loop on the club big screen for a week. If there is anything I can do for you, you just let me know. Please sir, we are dying to know. Will there be a sequel?"

Spike puffed up like a peacock under all the praise and attention. He had to admit it was true. He had thrown out all the stops and was thrilled that his performance had been captured for posterity.

"Possibly may be. We're reviewing scripts. Just haven't found anything yet with some real meat to it. If you know what I mean." Spike and Frank shared a raucous laugh.

Returning to the end of line, Xander scanned frantically for his vampire.

"SPIKE?"

All eyes turned his way and the group gasp that followed threatened to suck all the oxygen from the air.

Xander froze.

The lines again separated allowing Xander to see Spike standing at the head talking to... Herman Munster? Anyone else would have thought all this strange.

Xander grew up in Sunnydale.

He simply smiled, whistled, and walked confidently down the center of the parted pack of patrons.

"So what's up, Spike? We allowed in or what?" Frank clutched his borrowed heart and staggered back. "Consort Xander?"

Before Xander could ask, Spike grabbed his arm and tugged him quickly inside the thrumming, booming, building, waving back at the doorman a friendly thumbs up.

"What the hell was that all about?" Xander allowed himself to be led to the bar at the side of the room.

"You underestimate my importance, Pet. Everybody knows the reputation of William the Bloody."

Part Twelve

The evening was young and the bar was bouncing. It was exactly what both men needed. They had worked their way to the edge of the dance floor to watch the action, and both could feel themselves relax and get into the feel of the room.

People were still staring and pointing, but Xander easily accepted Spike's infamy as the cause. He was surprisingly comfortable with fame. "Want to dance, Spike?"

Spike glanced over and noted, sadly, that Xander was already twisting, jerking and gyrating.

"In a mo, Pet. How bout you run and grab us both a beer first?"

After thinking it over Xander had to admit he could use a cold one to cut the road dust that had settled in his throat so with only a minor mumbled comment about not being the beer bitch, he headed back through the crowd.

Spike watched as his consort made his way back towards the bar. What a nice ass. Look how it flexes and bunches as he moves. Shifted from side to side and made even the cheapest pair of jeans look like a designer's dream. Yup, Xander ass watching is a fave pastime.

Frowning, he observed a muscular good looking cowboy type approach his boy. So, Spike chuckled, he was not the only appreciator of fine ass moveage.

Waiting happily to watch the expected rebuff, Spike was surprised when he saw Xander lean on the bar and engage in conversation with the interloper.

Even more shocking was the fact that Xander was now handing the man money and they were walking off together towards the back hallways.

WHAT THE FUCK?

Spike knew first hand what went on in the dark areas of clubs like this. After all he had been there a few times himself. He still grinned like a fool when he remembered that club in Pittsburgh. OH SHIT!

Rushing to follow, Spike was dismayed to find he had lost sight of the two men in the mass of sweating perfumed sexually charged bodies. He was also having great difficulty honing in on Xander's particular smell.

Spike was on the verge of panic when he spotted the back of Xander's well known black and orange bowling shirt. He was never so glad to see the screamingly ugly shirt in his unlife.

Rushing over, Spike had every intention of demanding an explanation. Leering, he was even considering a little public punishment.

Right after he reassured himself that Xander was still in pristine condition, of course. Grabbing him from behind, Spike instantly realized that the body he was groping was not Xander's.

The man was too tall, the muscles too big, the dick....Oh thank God it was not Xander's.

Although if circumstances were different he would have to admit that the stranger was both well built and well, size isn't all THAT important. His ass twitched happily at the painful possibilities.

Spinning him around, he saw that the man wearing his Xander's shirt and pants was the same cowboy he had observed collecting money from his boy earlier.

That was it. Spike wanted some answers and he wanted them now.

He was also more than happy to choke those answers out of the man he had in his grip.

Wrapping his fist tightly around his throat, Spike was on the verge of total throttle when a deep voice rumbled low in his ear. "Well ain't you the pertiest greenhorn I ever did see."

The deep rumble of the sound shot straight to Spike's cock. Releasing the half conscious man Spike turned quickly to face yet another version of his very own Xander.

Xander who was now all dressed up in the cowboy's tight jeans, denim shirt, big ass silver belt buckle, which rested nicely over his blue jean bulge, and topped off with a black felt cowboy hat.

Spike was hard as a rock in three seconds flat and so distracted he didn't hear the real cowboy as he rushed back to his companions to brag that the bruises around his neck were put there by none other than Starfish Spike and his ramrod sidekick Xan.

Xander handed him one of the mugs of beer. "Drink up Sweet thang cause I'm about to take you onto that there dance floor and give you a twirl or two."

GULP

The empty mug went flying and crashing across the room as several patrons ducked and squeaked..

Xander stepped forward and reaching around grabbed Spike by the ass pulling him roughly against him. Standing groin to groin Xander squatted slightly and slowly stood dragging his hard cock firmly up the length of Spike's.

Xander leaned in and licked a path from Spike's neck to ear ending with a growly whisper. "Well, well. Looks like my little filly is ready to dance."

Before he could stop himself Spike giggled, nodded and allowed himself to be led onto the floor.

He didn't mind letting Xander play the part of the rump wrangler once in a while, and tonight seemed the perfect time.

Part Thirteen

Without separating their bodies, Xander backed Spike out onto the dance floor. Once there neither moved.

Spike waited to see what Xander would do next. Xander enjoyed the command and control he had over Spike and over the situation.

After a few moments Xander slowly started moving his hips. With his right leg firmly planted between Spike's legs and his hand still on Spike's ass Xander began grinding and rolling his hips slowly. He would lift his thigh periodically pressing tightly against Spike's balls.

The grip required Spike to move with him, crotch to crotch, both men hard and aching.

Spike placed his hands on Xander's hips and copied his movements exactly. The tempo of the music picked up as Xander's hips shimmied and pumped.

The other dancers around them were getting off on watching what they knew would only heat up more.

All observers prayed the song would not come to a climax before the dancers did.

Losing himself now to the boom boom of the beat of the music and the feel of the smaller man up against him, Xander continued to move obscenely in a manner more fitting to a male strip show.

The only thing missing was the pole.

Or not.

Running his thumb nail deeply up the back seam of Spike's jeans caused Spike's hole to automatically flex in search of the hand so temptingly near.

Inhaling, Spike reveled in the male musky smell of his overheated, sweaty, aroused consort. Jesus it was erotic!

Finally releasing his iron grip, Xander turned Spike around in his arms and pulled his ass flat back against Xander's crotch without ever losing the rhythm.

Lowering his lips to Spike's ear, Xander kept his voice low knowing Spike's vampire hearing would catch every word.

"Want me to make you cum in your pants? Right here in front of everyone. Want me to rub you, work your cock till you can't hold back any more? Then let me hold you up while you shoot your wad and empty your balls?"

Spike just whimpered. They had played lots of games, and he always liked it when Xander played the dominant one, but he had never known him to be like this.

Spike was so turned on at this point he would have allowed Xander to strip him naked and put bows in his

hair and call him Sally right there on the dance floor.

Anything as long as he got him off.

Knowing they were being watched was a bonus. The more carried away they got the more the other dancers gave off the heavy fog of arousal. The air was so thick with it Spike could taste it on his tongue.

He licked his lips and was able to force out only one word. "Please."

Xander slid both hands around Spike's chest and let his fingers roam down the tight rippling stomach. When he reached the top button of Spike's jeans he easily popped it open.

Slipping his hand down the front he didn't have to go far to feel the head of Spike's cock stretching up like a sunflower searching for the heat of the sun.

Xander's hips continued to grind and pump as his left hand lowered to cup Spike's balls on the outside of his pants and his right hand dipped deeper to stroke the rigid cock that was now wet from anticipation.

Resting his forehead on the back of Spike's blond head, Xander continued to talk him off.

"Fuck you feel good. So hard and wet. Can you feel my cock pressed against your ass? God I want to pull off your pants and bend you over right here. I'd spit on your hole just enough to wet it but it would still hurt.

Burn and tear when I shove my big hard cock deep inside you. Just like we're dancing, I'd keep moving. Slapping my heavy balls against your ass."

Spike stumbled, having lost the ability to keep time to the music. His legs were weak and shaky. He could no longer smell or feel the people around him. All he knew was his cock and the hot rough hand that was stroking it.

Several other dancers had pressed their bodies against him hoping to share in the sex only to be pushed aside as the next one joined in.

Finally he could hold off no longer. Sensing it was time, Xander jerked back the side of the collar on Spike's t-shirt and clamped his human teeth sharply into Spike's neck, breaking the skin.

Covering Xander's hand with his own, Spike pressed both hands and his cock tight against his body and let his orgasm rush through him and into his pants.

The sight caused more than one of the others around them to follow. Xander held tight to Spike to keep him from collapsing to the floor as he licked the dribbles of blood from his skin.

As the after shocks eased, Spike regained his senses and leaned back against the man he loved. To the sound of thundering applause the music ended and the couple left the floor.

"Christ Xan, that was amazing! But what about you?" Spike wagged his eyebrows. "Something I can do for you?"

Xander pulled the front of his pants open and wrinkled his nose. "No need. All taken care of. Give me about fifteen minutes to trade clothes back with Jake and we can be on our way."

Peering into the front of Xander's jeans Spike stepped back. "He might not want those back, Love."

"Oh no. It's cool. He promised me my money back if I came in them."

Xander went in search of Jake and Spike went to the bar for another beer.

All in all a good time was had by everyone.

Part Fourteen

With both men wiped, swiped, and back in the car they were happily again on the road.

"That was a bit of all right, yeah?" Spike was again piloting the vacation vehicle toward the designated destination.

Xander sighed, eyes glazed over. "Yeah, that was great. We're gonna have to that again"

Then, just a quickly, Xander's face took on a more stern look. Facing Spike he shook his finger at the vampire.

"But that's it. No more distractions. We locate a motel and get a good days rest then tomorrow night we make New Mexico! No if's and's or, well o.k., maybe a little bit of butt."

Spike carefully checked his expression then plastered on a strained smile. "Absolutely, Pet. Looking forward to it." Turning his face away, Spike gazed out his side window and rolled his eyes in an exasperated move.

"What the hell was that?"

Spike turned quickly to face his very unhappy consort.

"What was what?' He just knew he couldn't have been caught. No way could Xander have seen him.

"Let me ask you something Spike. How much did you actually know about making a consort before you stuck your plaque covered fangs in my creamy innocent neck?"

Spike sucked his teeth and tried to remember if he had brought the floss when Xander's words finally soaked in.

"Not a lot, but I was trying to save your in debt ass from Kermit's pickle green pricks. Besides, saving your meal for later isn't something a vampire usually does. Why?"

Spike was rapidly becoming irritated with Xander's ungrateful accusations and unappreciative tone.

"Because my cohort in crime if you weren't so obtuse - and yes I know what that means - you would have noticed that we are starting to share each others feelings and thoughts and it is getting stronger each time you bite me."

Xander was sitting with his arms crossed and waited for the little tidbit of information to register.

"In fact right now I am picking up total confusion and stupidity from you. Something not entirely new."

Searching his feelings was something Spike usually gave every effort to avoiding. He did, however, notice an odd foreign sensation tickling the back of his mind.

That combined with the memories of the recent occasions that Xander seemed to be able to read his mind, it all fell into place.

Facing his companion, Spikes eyes lit up reflecting his pleasure at the connection. "Wow! You're right I can feel it. I can tell what you.... Hey! I resent that."

Xander conjured up the most unflattering mental visual he could come up with involving a vampire and his sire. He then jerked his head in Spike's direction. The visual slammed into his brain.

"Hey! I'll have you know Peaches and I never had that type of relationship. Besides I don't even think you can do that with a catfish!"

Xander smirked till the full color badly scripted movie started playing behind his eyes. Screaming, Xander began slapping himself in the forehead. "NO NO!! Not Willow! Make it stop! Make it stop!"

With a self satisfied snort Spike ended the story. Before he had the chance to revel in his victory, Xander reached over and soundly slapped him in the back of the head.

"WHAT THE FUCK?"

Spike retaliated. Returning the head smack he then instantly pulled his hand back and aiming his pointer finger less than an inch from Xander's nose to end the argument. "Enough! I am the Master here and don't you forget it! Mind your place, Pet"

Xander bit the finger.

Spike screamed and all four hands engaged in a flurry of slapfest. The steering wheel forgotten, the car careened across three lanes of traffic.

Semi trucks swerved and cars slammed on their brakes. A motorcycle, taking advantage of it's smaller size slipped precariously between a tour bus and a BMW. Coffee flew, cell phones dropped and horns blasted.

Totally oblivious to it all, Spike and Xander continued to tussle and grab held back only by the seatbelts still buckled in place. Skidding off the road the car ran onto the berm, into a field and came to rest on the carcass of a raccoon road kill.

The jostling of the car crash brought both men to their senses. "Shit! Are you o.k., Xan?"

Quickly checking himself for injuries, Xander relaxed. "Yeah, nothing damaged. Jesus, I'm sorry Spike. I don't know what came over me."

Greatly relieved that his consort was unharmed, Spike placed his hand on Xander's knee. "I'm sorry too, Love. I guess it was just the shock of feeling the connection."

Slowly Spike's hand started rubbing up Xander's thigh. Xander shuddered. "Holy Shit! Can you feel that? It's like double horny."

The shocked look on Spike's face was all the confirmation Xander needed. Spike threw the car into gear and squealing the tires, maneuvered around the collisions littering the highway.

"Find a room Spike! Find it NOW!"

Part Fifteen

The pickins were slim and the desperation high. It was an unfortunate combination that led them to pull off the main highway in search of the nearest motel.

Spike was getting frantic as Xander tortured him with thoughts of handcuffs covered in monkey fur and daffodil bulbs.

Finally they came to a small residential and business area which obviously catered to weary travelers. Both sides of the road were lined with gas stations, convenience stores, restaurants, and, at long fucking last, a tacky low budget motel. One with a large sign advertising hourly rates and soundproof rooms.

Without looking up and in response to no verbalized question, Xander answered immediately. "No way, Spike. That place just screams bed bugs."

Due to the jumbled combination of lusty thoughts and images bombarding him, Spike's brain was so fried he was no longer sending or receiving any coherent messages.

For now his cock was in control. It held the reigns, sailed the boat, gripped the wheel, stoked the fires, engineered the train to dickville.

A situation Spike was usually more than happy to go with. At the same time his patience was wearing very thin.

Finally, just as total panic threatened to overcome him, Spike spotted a Holiday inn looming promisingly off in the distance.

"Almost there, Pet. Don't worry, I'll get us there quick as I can. It's just up the street. Look's good, huh? Not bad. Fairly clean. Lots of rooms. Probably got a lounge. Comfy beds. Nearly there....."

"Ah, Spike, actually, I'm kinda hungry. Mind if we stop at the pancake house first?"

"WHAT? ARE YOU INSANE??"

Spike shook with the need to control himself. He was far too upset at the injustice of it all to check Xander's face or thoughts for what the hell was going on in his pea brain. All he could tell was that Xander would not be swayed.

Still assuming he could reason with the boy, Spike pulled into the parking lot of the purveyor of doughy delights, slammed the gearshift into "P" and turned to his beloved Consort. "Look, Love." But it was too late.

Xander had already leaped from the car and was trotting towards the door in search of a bountiful breakfast.

Slamming the car door and cussing a blue streak, Spike followed. Inside he found Xander waiting patiently by the "Welcome. Please wait to be seated" sign.

Crossing his arms in a huff, Spike decided to punish Xander with silence. Granted, it was an extreme measure, but he had done all a vamp could do.

That's when he first noticed it.

It felt like just the tiniest tip of tongue tickling his testes. Spike twitched.

Searching Xander's face for confirmation Spike received only a brief wink in return. That was more than enough.

"WE NEED A SEAT HERE!!!"

The waitress flew out of the back room and grabbed two menus. "Sorry, I didn't hear anyone come in. Booth

or table?"

"Booth" Spike's voice cracked like a prepubescent teenage boy.

Xander followed the two towards the back of the restaurant looking, for all the world as though he were bored beyond belief.

Just before reaching their seat, he ran a mental tongue up the crack of Spike's mental ass. Leaping a foot off the ground Spike squealed and plastered his hand on the seat of his pants.

"You o.k. mister?" The waitress laid down the menus and backed away.

Spike cleared his throat and attempted to regain his composure.

"Just fine thank you. Now, bring coffee. That's a good girl. Off with you." He shoed her away with his hands and sat down to wait. He suddenly decided that, yes indeed, breakfast was an excellent idea.

Part Sixteen

Spike sat happily in the plaid plastic booth waiting on Patty's pancakes and Xander's perverse plans.

Durmming his fingers on the table and grinning like a chicken eating pig shit, Spike tried to pick up something, anything, from his patient partner.

For some bizarre reason all he could get was a constant replaying of "It's A Small World After All" that looped repeatedly in his brain.

Xander, however was taking great pains in unfolding his napkin and placing it over his knees.

The coffee arrived. Nothing was said

Breakfast was ordered.

No conversation passed between them.

Spike was quickly getting antsy and irritable.

"Look Xan, I don't know what you are trying to do, but it.....OUCH!"

The pinch to his left nut was sharp and totally unexpected. Xander continued to fuss with his silverware, never looking up or responding.

Spike in turn attempted to send a similar message with no results.

Straining and concentrating brought only a look of constipation to Spike's face.

He quickly realized that although he could transmit his feelings and thoughts he was unable, like Xander to do more.

"How the fuck do you do that?" Spike was being bested by a human and by God he wanted answers.

By now Patty, the princess of pancakes, had brought their breakfast and Xander was happily chowing down.

Between bites Xander pointed his fork in Spike's face and smugly proceeded to make small circles with it just inches from Spike's nose.

"Imagination my circulatory deprived friend. While you and the slayer were relying on strength, Willow on magic and Angel on his totally lucious yet repulsive ass, I nurtured and developed an award winning imagination.

One, I might add, that you have benefited from more than once." And he took another bite while all that sank in.

Just as Spike lifted his finger to respond he felt the front of his snug jeans ripple.

It felt to all the world like someone had taken their hand and just lightly massaged the button fly .

Xander took a drink of his coffee.

Spike slightly spread his legs and slid down comfortably in the seat waiting to see what would come next. His cock plumped fat in anticipation.

The next feeling was one not so much of touch but of pure heat.

Spike gripped the edge of the table as the hot wet sensation engulfed him.

Xander popped a slice of bacon in his mouth.

The next rush overwhelmed him. Spike stared at his crotch. It still could not believe there was nothing there.

Xander had sent the grasp of at least six hands and the mental image of three people pleasing a restrained struggling vampire.

Spike's eyes snapped up to Xander's face and his mouth dropped open in astonishment.

Xander slid the last bite of pancake around his plate to sop up the remaining syrup.

Unconsciously Spike began rocking, humping and whimpering in his seat catching the attention of other patrons sitting near them

Assuming he was mentally challenged, they looked at Xander with sympathy and concern. Xander shrugged and conjured up his best "poor me" smile

The hands continue to stroke as the faceless humans roughly manhandled, abused, and shoved apart his legs. Spike gasped and shuddered.

Xander dapped his mouth with a paper napkin.

One hand slapped his ass as another inserted two fingers in his dry hole. The pain in his ass shot up his spine deliciously.

Finally the pressure on his prostate combined with the lips and hands alternating on his cock took its toll.

Grabbing and cracking the table, Spike slammed his forehead down onto his plate and shuddered as a violent climax rushed through his body.

After a few minutes he slumped down into his seat. He then stood on shaky uncertain legs.

"I'll be stepping outside for a smoke, Love."

Xander threw his arm over the back of the booth seat and sucked his teeth.

"No problem. I think I'll have another cup of coffee then we can head to the Holiday Inn and find a room."

Patty brought the check.

Xander paid the bill.

Part Seventeen

Xander stretched and rolled over in the big bed. They had checked in early and proceeded to take full advantage of the facilities.

The blow jobs in the shower. The rimming Spike gave as Xander leaned out the window, and of course who could forget the way Spike's toes actually touched the bed over his head. Impressive as hell.

Gotta love a flexible vampire. And he did. Several times.

Thinking it over Xander was really surprised by the fact that he was in no way freaking out. Everything between them had happened so quickly, starting in Vegas, solidifying in Kermit's outer office, and progressing to here.

Certainly seemed like there should be freakage, but...nope.

Propping himself up on an elbow, Xander examined the face of the man in the bed next to him.

Spike was all the things Xander couldn't stand. Snarky, rude, scheming, arrogant, and selfserving.

He was also the only two things Xander required. Faithful and loving. It made all the other qualities not only tolerable but kind of appealing.

He knew sometime soon he would have to contact Willow and let her in on his new status. When he did, she, in turn, would tell the others.

It was not something he was looking forward to.

But it was also not something that brought him too much concern. He had spent his whole life worried about what others thought of him. Now he only cared about one.

And he knew exactly what Spike thought.

Thanks to the blood and the security of the bond. It was more than a marriage. It wasn't about til death cause even that wouldn't part them.

It tied them together in a way a simple gold band couldn't. Xander knew his friends loved him like a brother. He loved them like family.

But Spike was his all. And that was enough.

From the looks of the light framing the outside of the curtain, Xander knew it was still too early to rise.

Stifling another yawn he rolled over on his other side and began wiggle scooting till his back fit securely against Spike's chest.

Immediately the smaller stronger arm surrounded him and pulled him close. Xander closed his eyes and

drifted back to sleep.

The next time he roused he knew it was dark out. Just a few days ago he would have been harping at Spike to get up and get moving, but somewhere along the road he had come to realize that Spike was right.

Life wasn't about the destination. It was about the journey along the way. And so far this had been a hell of a journey.

Besides they were getting close. One more day's traveling and they should be in New Mexico.

Spike had taken all this lightly but Xander knew better. He had done his homework. For once.

He could research when he wanted to. He knew they would be arriving on the first night of the full moon. Better than that, it was a blue moon.

Second full moon of the month. Pure magic.

Aliens loved the full moon. The National Enquirer said so.

Whenever they interviewed a couple from Brazil, Yugoslavia, or Ohio that had been abducted, it was always on a full moon.

The most persuasive testimony was from that seventy year old woman in Toledo who had a high tech, other worldly, tracking device microchip implanted in her hemorrhoid.

He kept the clipping. Yup, all took place on a full moon. Unknown to Spike, he had brought Preparation H.

Spike casually rolled over on his other side so Xander would not see him snicker.

Too lost in his own thoughts and excitement, Xander was not aware that Spike was already awake and monitoring.

He really was crazy about that boy.

His unlife had hit a rut. It was aimless and pointless till one day out of nowhere came the last person he thought he would ever see again.

The sudden snapping around nearly gave him a wonderful case of whiplash. Just goes to prove that at any time in your life you never know what is waiting around the corner.

It's always too soon to give up.

Xander was the best thing that ever happened to him and he hated to see him disappointed. They would make it to Roswell by morning.

How long would it take to realize there were no aliens? Thank goodness he would have someone as understanding as Spike to soften the blow.

He would comfort the boy and allow him to give Spike a long luxurious blow job, perhaps in a bubble bath, no wouldn't want the boy to drown, very inconvenient.

"SPIKE!"

Spike's eyes popped open to see that he had entwined himself around Xander's body and was actively humping his leg.

"For God's sake, Lassie, is Timmy down the fuckin' well again?"

Unashamed, Spike stretched and finally jumped from the bed. "Sorry, Love."

Xander checked mentally - nope, he wasn't. "Let's go. Up and at 'em. Quick shower. Quick wank, and hit the road."

Spike was already waddling towards the bathroom, hand over his ass to minimize the leakage.

Xander swelled with pride.

Xander swelled with the memory.

Xander just swelled.

Figuring he might as well take care of the problem while Spike showered, he searched the floor for the lube.

Both men groaned and hardened with the shared zing of mutual masturbation. They whispered to each other, their voices separated by feet and walls, seemed just inches away.

The endearments made easier by the space between them, each gave from the heart.

Xander could almost feel the pounding of the water as Spike relaxed back on Xander's pillow.

By the point of climax, it was no longer clear whose hands and fingers were where. Neither could tell what was real and what was imagined.

Neither cared.

Part Eighteen

The landscape of New Mexico was entirely different than anything Xander was accustomed to.

California had heat, but it was a humid, sweat inducing, mosquito biting type of heat.

New Mexico was dry. It was hot and flat and dry as dust.

Both men felt flaky and crusty from long hours of driving through a landscape that consisted of sand dotted with tumbleweeds and, oh yes, more sand.

They had brought what Spike considered ridiculous amounts of bottled water and were now arguing over the last one.

Spike's patience was wearing thin and he was not above playing the sympathy card. "Xan, Love, if you don't give me the last of the water there is a real danger of me drying up, turning to dust and blowing away. You don't want your vampire dusted do you.?"

Xander had no sympathy to spare. "Spike, my sweet, you touch the water and I will dust your ass myself."

Rapidly feeling his temper flare, Spike went for the big guns.

"Xander Harris! I, William the Bloody, your Master, am giving you an order. Reach in the backseat and give me the goddamn water bottle. And be fuckin' quick about it."

Spike snapped his fingers confidently.

Xander knew when he had been bested.

Demurly he unhooked his seatbelt.

Xander turned in his seat and settled on his knees.

"Yes, Master. Your wish is my command."

He then reached over the back of the seat picked up the last unopened bottle and quickly unscrewed the cap. Before Spike could get a clue, Xander had half of it swallowed.

Slamming on the brakes, Xander fell backward smacking his back into the dashboard and spraying the mouthful of water throughout the interior of the car.

Laughing manically, Spike again stepped on the gas. Xander was furious.

How had he ever thought Spike's quirky behavior was cute? Well this called for drastic measures.

He was pulling out all the stops.

Scrambling into the backseat, Xander rummaged through their overnight case locating instantly what he needed.

"That's it, Spike!" Xander dramatically unbuttoned and unzipped his pants.

"I'm Jacking off Spike! I'm going to pull on this puppy till it is too pooped to pop for a week!"

Spike went rigid in his seat. *'HE WOULDN'T DARE!'*

Repositioning the rear view mirror Spike tried to keep one eye on the road and one on the backseat.

He was horrified to see Xander recklessly slapping excessive amounts of lube on his already exposed cock.

And he was using the good stuff!!

"Stop it!! Stop it right now!"

"OH GOD, Spike! This is it. I'm lovin' it! The balls are next, Spike. I'm touchin' the balls!"

Spike was stunned that Xander would go to such unbelievable lengths.

Had he no limits?

Had he no appreciation for Spike's position in this fucked up relationship?

"Damn it Xander. Get your hands off that thing right now! Drop the lube and get your hands in the air. Don't piss me off any more than I already am. You'll be sorry."

Spike frantically scanned the roadside for a place to pull over.

In the meantime Xander continued to moan, groan and flop around the back seat like a trout out of water.

"I'm coming Spike. Open an umbrella cause it's gonna be a big one. It's all for you, Baby! Here it comes you ass"

And before Spike could respond Xander let rip a fart of monumental proportions.

"Jesus H. Christ! Did you shit yourself? Cause I sure the hell ain't cleaning that up"

Spike got the car to the side of the road and fell out gasping before he had the chance to remember that he didn't need to breath.

Xander took his time.

He opened the back door and stepped out calmly. He was unaffected. He had smelled worse. He had caused worse.

Leisurely tucking his still flaccid member away Xander zipped up and waited for the fall out.

It took only as long as it took Spike to get to his feet and charge around to the passenger side of the car.

Seeing him coming, Xander turned to run. He got about fifty feet when he stopped dead in his tracks. Skidding to a stop behind him Spike hooked Xander's neck in a head lock.

"Wait, Spike, look!"

Trying to wipe the blind fury from his vision, Spike saw what Xander was pointing to. It was a large rectangular sign posted in the desert that read.

ROSWELL NEW MEXICO
DEBRIS FIELD
UFO CRASH SITE
WELCOME!

Part Nineteen

Xander's eyes were big as saucers. His smile bright as the sun Spike was no longer privy to see. His entire body vibrated with the joy and excitement of the mysteries of the desert.

"We're here Spike! We really are here!"

Xander threw his arms around Spike's shoulders. He gave the vampire a tight hug, and a deep kiss.

With no further comment or conversation, Xander turned and took off running into the moonlit expanse ahead of him.

The thoughts and emotions flooding from Xander were so jumbled and overwhelming, Spike was temporarily taken aback.

Slapping his hands over his ears to try to stifle the mental chaos shooting unchecked from his consort, Spike squeezed his eyes shut and fell to his knees.

After a few minutes he was able to block the images that were weakening as the distance between them

grew. Pulling himself to his feet Spike strained to see where Xander had gone.

Thankfully the landscape was flat and the moon was full offering a surprising amount of light that combined with Spike's enhanced vision allowed him to catch sight of Xander as he leaped over a sand mound into a crevasse and out of sight.

"XANDER!"

Spike took off at a dead (of course) run. Switching to his vampire visage to enhance his speed, sense of smell and ability to see, Spike tried desperately to follow the path his consort had taken.

He was amazed at the distance Xander, a puny human, had traveled.

Recognizing the upcoming sand cliff as the one he had seen Xander leap into Spike flung out his arms allowing his trademark black coat to billow around him dramatically.

Flying into the air, Spike landed face first with a "whomp!"

The sand dune was less than five feet high.

Xander was sitting cross legged behind it waiting patiently.

"Hey, Spike, there you are. What do you think? Good spot, huh? How long do you think it will take for them to come? Do you think they will come close enough to get a picture?"

Spike rolled over spitting sand.

His first urge was to spew forth an unchecked stream of insults and obscenities, and if this had been anyone else he would already be on his third "Ignorant motherfucker".

But this was his Xander. His Consort, and knowing Xander was in for one of the biggest disappointments of his young life, Spike just could not hurt him further.

"Yeah, looks like a good spot, Love, but you know they don't come every night. Maybe we missed them. Why don't we go find a room in town and tomorrow soon as the sun goes down we can do the museums and gift shops."

Xander frowned "So what are you saying Spike? Cause I thought you wanted to be here too."

Scooting over to sit next to his pet, Spike put his arm around Xander's shoulders. "I do, Xan. Can't think of anywhere I would rather be than sitting here with my favorite guy."

Xander squinted at him suspiciously. *'Only one way to really know'* he thought. Slipping on his mental moccasins, Xander decided to take a stroll through the complex junk yard that was Spike's brain.

"WHAT?"

Xander leaped to his feet and faced off with his vamp. "What? Hey, stop that! Some thing's are just private, Boy!" Spike also stood and, with his hands on his hips, held his ground.

"Let me tell you something, smartass vamp. There is scientific evidence to prove the aliens come here. And this is NOT as you so eloquently thought it, as pointless as a vampire with life insurance."

Xander turned his back to Spike and with a huff crossed his arms over his chest. Then as an after thought tossed over his shoulder, "And by the way, FUCK YOU!"

Now outraged Spike stomped his Doc Martin in the sand causing a dusty cloud to puff up around his legs.

"Fuck me? Seems last night you were begging me to fuck you, you ungrateful brat. Brought you here without complaint didn't I? Did all this just for you. Just cause I don't believe in them doesn't mean I don't believe in you, you shithead."

Xander was dumbstruck. Whirling back he faced Spike with tears in his eyes "Oh God, Spike. That was the sweetest thing anyone has ever said to me. I am so sorry. I love you!"

Xander threw his arms around his master vampire and held him close. Pulling back only marginally he dove in for a deep plunging kiss.

Spike humbly accepted the apology while trying frantically to remember what he had just said in the hope to save and use it again in the near future.

Clutching and groping at each other in the dark cool desert Xander and Spike were both too engrossed in each other to notice the huge air ship silently approaching from behind.

Part Twenty

Spike and Xander were in total sync.

Each of their thoughts had climbed aboard the same porn train and were scanning the tracks for obstacles.

They mathematically calculated the distance from the road in direct correlation to the height of the sand mound they were tussling behind.

They scientifically measured the light of the moon added to the beams of any passing cars divided by the length and direction of the aim of the beam and decided, Fuck it.

The only equation that added up was the fact that the angle of Spike's dangle was in direction proportion to the heat of Xander's meat.

If any passing motorists saw them they didn't give a flying fig. Both knew they could cum and go before the cops got to them. After all, practice did make perfect.

Frantically fumbling with the buttons and zippers between them, Xander slowed only slightly needing the vampires last minute assurance. "You don't think it's too bright out here do you?"

"Nay, was a minute ago, but the moon seems to have disappeared. Dark as fuck now."

When the realization of Spike's comment seeped into both lust addled brains, the two men stopped, and together, looked cautiously skyward.

The ship that hovered directly above them was huge. Xander was only a tad disappointed to see that contrary to all he had read there were no whirling lights, no side windows with faceless beings standing watch.

No beeping musical notes.

It was however, black as the night itself. If it weren't for the bright moon in the night sky they might not have been able to discern it at all.

The ship's outline against the moon light looked like an eclipse of the sun.

Imposing and intimidating, it had to have been the size of several football fields. It hung silently in the air, making no move to rise, fall, or unfortunately, leave.

Slapping on his false bravado, Spike lit a cigarette with shaky hands. "So Pet, these the folks you been expecting?"

Try as he may, Xander could not form a coherent thought or word. "Urple?"

They waited.

The minutes stretched like hours as nothing seemed to change. "Well, Love, I don't know about you but I believe I have seen what we came for so I think I will be headed back to the car now. You coming?"

Xander finally tore his eyes away from the craft above them and refocused on Spike who was slowly backing away. "Yeah, yeah, I'm good. Maybe....."

Before another word or step could be advanced, a blinding beam of blue light shot straight down flooding both men in it's paralyzing force.

Unable to move, whether from fear or alien design, each stared at the other with the same resignation felt as in all past apocalypse.

Then, just as suddenly as it came on, the light was gone.

Unfortunately, so were Spike and Xander.

The only thing left in the spot where they stood was the butt of a still smoldering cigarette and the lingering echo of two voices screaming.

"OH FUCK!!"

The night sky over the desert was again bright and clear in the glow of the full moon. Lizards scampered about leaving small swirly trails in the sand.

One munched happily on the remnants of a cold Lucky Strike.

Xander slowly swam to the surface of a conscious mind. He felt like he had passed out after waaay too much to drink.

Cautiously he waited for the sledgehammer of a hangover to smack him in the forehead. None arrived.

Gingerly he opened one eye and tried to recall just how he and his nefarious master had spent the evening. He remembered dancing. He remembered arguing and, snicker, making up.

Generally when he woke like this, something hurt. If not the head, then the tenderness in his ass was the friendly reminder.

In his attempt to slip a hand to his butt, Xander came wide awake to several realizations. Even with his eyes wide open the room was pitch black.

Not just dark, but the total absence of light. Darker than dark. Dark and gloomy as Angel's sex life. Oh God, that was dark!

SHIT! Blind?

Next, he was naked. That generally never happens without Spike's help and he definitely felt alone.

And last, but certainly not least, he was strapped to a cold marble type table.

Xander's first thought was of course 'AHA! I was right! Now who is the dumbass?'

Searching mentally for his vampire and the chance to shove an "I told you so" in his brain, Xander was somewhat confused when he couldn't find him.

He tried again to either send or receive and felt only a blank wall. Suppressing the urge to panic, Xander instead tried to use any understanding the consort blood and connection had.

He felt fairly certain that Spike was not dust. He was not sure why he knew that, but his heart told him that if that was the case he would also absolutely know it.

Well here comes a disturbing thought. What if Xander himself was dead. No, that didn't seem right either.

Finally deciding he had waited long enough for the party to start Xander began struggling and screaming.

"LET ME OUT!! SPIKE! SPIKE! Where the fuck are you?"

The last part came out more whimper than shout.

Part Twenty-One

"SPI....

SNAP

The lights came on flooding the room in a blinding artificial white.

Xander's mouth clamped shut as he waited to see what would happen next. He wished to God Spike was here to hold his hand.

With the room now brightly lit he could see that it was a round windowless area with a variety of strange tubes hanging from metal rods on the ceiling.

He knew from numerous stories in the National Tattle Tale that this was probably not good.

The room had a ceiling so high he was unable to find the top. Nothing in the room seemed to follow the known rules of time and space as he understood it.

One time he could be looking around and feel as though it was the size of a large bedroom, then just moments later it would appear to shimmer and change.

Reminding him more of the open area the size of the skating rink back home in Sunnydale. There were, however, no hotdogs stands or rental shoe racks.

Still consumed with the complexities of the situation he was in, Xander was caught off guard when, with a whoosh, an unmarked panel on the far wall opened.

Every muscle in Xander's body went rigid. His unprotected ass clamped shut as it's only defense against the

expected alien anal intrusion.

It took probably a good five minutes - in Earth time - for Xander to realize he was no longer alone.

Due to the fact that he was still strapped flat on his back he was unable to see anything below eye level and had not seen anyone come through the open porthole.

Just as he was about to relax six heads popped up inches from his prone form. Their appearance reminded him instantly of the carnival game of "Whack-a-mole"

He wondered if there were any rubber mallets hidden nearby. Three stood on each side of the table and much to the tabloids credit, they were everything he expected.

They were all identical. Small, maybe four feet tall, with huge oval eyes. They were all grey and it was hard to discern if they were naked or wearing grey clingy space suits.

Straining to see, Xander could find no tiny swinging grey dicks so he had to put his vote on the suits.

Their mouths were lipless, toothless, tight slits, making Xander feel sorry for their apparent dickless state.

What a waste.

Their fingers were incredibly long and thin, as they pointed and probed at his arms and legs.

The aliens were obviously fascinated with their captor.

They poked him chattering quietly in a language of clicks and sniffs. Although they did communicate verbally, Xander had a strong feeling most of their conversation was mental.

Xander's cock twitched. 'Good Lord, what kind of a sick shit am I. Here I am tied to this table, helpless and at the mercy of these fiendish alien experiments.

I should be plotting my escape. Struggling in these binding, restrictive restraints.

Of course they would no doubt catch me, throwing me to the floor they would rectally interrogate me till I spill, all the time begging for them to stop.'

Amazed at the change in Xander's cock, the aliens now squeaked and clicked loudly, frantically prodding and jabbing at the fat straining member with their flexible fingers.

"That's right you monstrous outerspace demons! I am your slave. Take me to your perverted planet and use my body to breed and save your species from extinction!"

Alien #2 was apparently the bravest of the group. Curiosity of the strange growing appendage caused him to wrap a bony hand around it and squeeze. Xander's entire body arched jerking his hips forward.

Stunned by the reaction all six aliens reached out and began fondling the dripping, throbbing cock.

"OH YES!! That's it, Baby!! Work this human!"

With one final thrust in to the firm fingered fists, Xander came shooting long strings of thick sticky cum onto his heaving body and over their hands.

With panicked strangled clicks all six shorties dropped to the floor and hid under the table.

Slowly they emerged raising only high enough to peek oval eyeball level to the table. The braver of the bunch again stepped forward poking at the now flaccid penis.

"Hey! A little tender there. Is this the way you treat a human? Invite them over, give up a hand job then never call again?"

In a flash the door again slid open. This time a tall thin being entered. Unlike the shorties, this one had skin that more closely resembled a reptile.

His eyes were small and beady and he had no mouth at all. He was also very obviously in charge.

The other aliens had now retreated to the back of the room behind Xander's head.

Looking down Xander could see that snakeman's legs were thin flaps of skin that had no feet and at no time touched the floor.

Instead he seemed to float, ghost like, across the room to stop by Xander head.

Waving a hand flap over the mess on Xander's stomach, snakeman then aimed his pointed stare in the direction of the shorties.

In response they immediately sniffed and clicked their explanations. Xander sympathized. He had been a shorty many times in his life.

Throwing his arm flaps in the air, snakeman stopped all conversation. Shorty #2, obviously following unspoken orders, rushed over and removed the restraints holding Xander in place.

With no further hesitation, he was jerked off the table and led away.

Part Twenty-Two

The entourage proceeded slowly down a tunnel like hallway. Snakeman floated in the lead with Xander behind. Trotting quickly on either side were the six huge headed, oval eyed mini-aliens.

No one spoke sniffed or clicked. Xander assumed the worse.

The tunnel went on for an amazing distance. There appeared to be other hallways running off in different directions, but when he tried to look down their length they seemed to disappear and blend in with the walls.

Wouldn't have mattered. Xander knew there was nowhere to run

At times it felt as though they were going up an incline yet when he focused on his feet he could see that they were, in fact, walking to a lower level.

Xander still was not able to send or receive any messages from Spike but did detect a low steady hum he was barely able to discern in the back of his mind.

It was a reassuring, comforting feeling.

He could only pray that these vicious pud abusing aliens had not done to Spike what they had forced Xander against his will to do. He also wondered if they would do it again.

Or worse!

Oh God what if they were hiding tiny grey ass holes in those little suits and they were planning on forcing him to do the unthinkable.

Jesus, there must be hundreds of the little boogers on this space ship!

Snakeman stopped dead in his floating tracks. Spinning around he aimed his angry gaze at Xander's now erect penis.

The six shorties had jumped back covering their faces in expectation of another eruption.

Snakeman lifted a few feet off the ground and drifted just inches from Xander's face. Placing a hand flap on the top of Xander's head caused an explosion of colors, images, sensations and sounds to slam into his brain.

Screaming from the pain and overload Xander fell back and away from the contact. Snake tipped his head to the side as if considering the results of his action.

He then looked silently at the six stunned shorties causing them to immediately jump to the their stubby little feet and grab Xander by the arms.

Holding him firmly, Snake again floated in close. "NO! Goddamn you! Get the fuck away from me!"

Xander struggled but was dismayed to discover that the little guys were much stronger than their thin arms would seem.

This time both flaps raised in the air on either side of Xander's head. Xander had faced more than one monster in his life and this one was no different. Just another demon.

He knew if Snaky slapped those fins on his head again his brain would fry from the strain. Desperately he gave one last attempt at contacting Spike.

Squeezing his eyes shut he concentrated all focus on the vampire that had become the center of his world. He zeroed in on the low hum he had been feeling and tried to turn up the volume.

Suddenly, as though plugged into a 3D movie projector, memories of Spike and their time together filled his head. Everything was there.

His body shuddered at the replay of the night in the school when Angel first offered him to Spike. Fast forwarding to their shared time in the basement Xander realized that was when he was first attracted to Spike.

He relived all the smiles, arguments and adventures they went through. Xander was no longer aware of his body or surroundings. He knew only the world in his mind.

With each memory came the emotions that surrounded it, and Xander had to admit Spike could evoke limitless emotions in his human. Love, anger, passion, everything that made life exciting and worthwhile.

It was a world more vivid and real than the one he now found himself in. Forgotten was the fear and strangeness of the airship and its occupants.

The memories of their time since Vegas were the biggest and brightest. The days, the nights, the joy, the sex, but especially the connection and love.

It all played in its entirety yet flashed through in seconds.

When he had reached the end he slowly opened his eyes and looked up. Xander was surprised to see that Snaky had wrapped his fins around Xander's head.

This time painlessly.

Staring deeply into Xander's eyes it quickly became obvious that all the thoughts and memories enhanced by the alien had also been shared and experienced by it.

The look on the reptilian face was now one of comprehension and sympathy.

Without removing the flaps of skin the alien lifted slightly higher and threw his head back. This time sending instead of receiving, knowing Xander was more than capable of absorbing.

The new images sent to Xander's brain caused a look of stunned shock on the human's face.

"HOLY SHIT! Now I get it!"

The alien and human again locked eyes, this time in understanding and agreement.

Part Twenty-Three

Xander no longer had to be restrained or controlled. He now understood everything.

In the same way the Snake had replayed Xander and Spike's history for his own alien understanding, he also flashed the entire history of his planet, species, and problems for Xander to see.

Xander was astonished.

It took only a fraction of a second for him to comprehend thousands of years of alien evolution and the drastic measures that brought them to planet Earth.

Proudly Xander also absorbed the fact that it was no accident that he and Spike were abducted for this mission. They were hand selected, so to speak.

Several other earthlings had been taken before but all were disappointments. They didn't have what it took.

None had the unique abilities and talents that they possessed. As he was shown the information used in their selection of them, he knew the alien had found what it was seeking in playing through the couple's history together.

The ecstatic relief the snake alien had felt filled the room and was picked up instantly by the grays.

As if being told they were throwing a surprise birthday party, all the shorties jumped as high as their stubby little legs would allow clapping their tiny three fingered hands together.

Xander swelled with pride.

He knew they could do this.

He was sure he and Spike alone had the ability to save a dying race.

They traveled quickly now. Xander, a man on a mission. It also brought him great relief to know Spike was safe and within minutes they would be reunited.

He also knew Spike was a white hat vamp at heart and with a little persuading would willingly help in the plan. He had too. This was just too vital.

Not only to these aliens on the ship, but also to the future of earth.

Xander understood that if he and Spike could not successfully complete this assignment the space creatures would continue to abduct and possibly accidentally injure other people in their attempt to solve this problem.

Finally they stopped in front of what seemed to be a blank wall at the end of the hallway. When Snaky lifted it's feather light flipper hands the wall shimmered and evaporated.

At the same time Xander caught, out of the corner of his eye, the hallway they had just come from now seemed to expand and go on in several different directions.

Clearly their laws of dimension were not the same as Earth's.

Stepping forward Xander found himself in a space exactly like the one he had been held in. In the center of the room was a table. Strapped to the table, and surrounded by his own crew of grey shorties, was Spike.

Rushing to his side Xander grabbed for his hand.

"Spike, Oh God Spike are you o.k.?" Spike instantly turned his face and locked eyes with his one and only.

"Xander, Love, did they hurt you? Oh, Xan, it's been terrible. It's been torture. It's been..... Why are you looking at me like that?"

Standing by Spike's bedside with his hands on his hips, Xander had noticed several things that brought all Spike's complaints into question.

First was the fact that one of the grey shorties standing at Spike's side was holding their favorite orange carrot shaped vibrator.

The very vibrator that Xander knew for a fact Spike had in his duster pocket when they were abducted.

That combined with the thick puddle pooled in the concave of Spike's belly was proof that he had gotten off more than once.

Finally realizing that he had been found out, Spike shrugged.

"Not my fault, Love. They used the carrot. Besides," Sniff sniff. "Seems like you endured a little agony of your own"

Spike stared pointedly at the white flakes still stuck to Xander and the hands of his own personal assistants.

Xander caught himself before they had the chance to launch into one of their petty arguments.

This was bigger than that. This was the biggest.

Stepping back, Xander snapped his fingers at his own shorties and waved his hand wordlessly over Spike's prone body. Instantly they charged forward and removed all restraints.

Turning to face the snake, Xander mentally sent a request of his own.

"Give us a few minutes for me to explain the problem to my partner, then you can take us to the work area. We will do our best for you. I promise. Please have everyone assembled and waiting."

The snake alien bowed deeply and turning, floated away with all the short grey aliens following close behind.

The wall opening shimmered and became solid leaving Spike and Xander alone at last.

Sitting up on the table Spike wrinkled his nose distastefully as he attempted to scoop off the sticky, runny mess covering his naked body.

"So just what the fuck is going on here and how come those ugly little perverts were following your orders? You the head dick now?"

"Ha ha Spike. I'll have you know they were testing you with the vibrator up your ass and luckily for us, you passed."

"Well then we're extra lucky, Love, cause I passed several times." Spike beamed. "Actually I was about to pass another test when you showed up. In fact I think they still have the carrot if you want to call them back in here and test us together."

Sighing, Xander hopped up on the table beside Spike and patted his leg.

"We've only got a few minutes Spike, so I need you to stop being a dick for a second and listen up. We got a job to do."

Part Twenty-Four

Settling in comfortably beside him on the marble table, Xander put his arm around Spike's shoulder and sighed.

"It all began a long time ago in a galaxy far far away" Spike snickered, Xander smacked the back of his head and continued.

"These aliens come from a planet that was dying. They knew they would have to find a new home. They also knew it may take hundreds or thousands of years to find a place suitable for their colonization. So dividing up, they left in groups of about five thousand in each ship. I think there must have been hundreds of ships.

They all set out into different areas to look for a new place to live. All this occurred what in our time would be thousands of years ago. To them it is more like twenty or so. Their time is hard to understand but it's like a generation.

There is one female and four thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine males, sort of, on each ship. The female is the boss. The one that looks like a snake. Sort of like a Seven of Nine only without the big boobs. And with wrinkled skin. And strange ears."

Spike scratched his head thoughtfully. "So more like Spock than Seven?"

"Exactly! Anyway, she is the one that showed me all this. Explained everything about how their society works. She is the navigator and tells everybody where to go.

The female seems to live forever, but she never breeds. If she attempts to have sex she gets a splitting headache and has to lay down. It must be her job to boss the short ones around and punish them when they make her unhappy.

The little grey ones are both male and female. Their bodies are male because they have little penises. And no, I haven't seen them. But they also breed and reproduce with each other.

The problem is that they have all been on this ship for so long they no longer remember how to have sex.

They were very young when they started out and the old ones have died off. All that is left are the virgins. Lots of hungry antsy, horny little virgins.

The worst part is, no sex, no baby aliens and the species dies out. Kapoot! They have abducted other humans but unfortunately they snatched - no pun intended - only the straight ones.

So that when they tried to probe them analytically to encourage sex they were refused. That's why we're here. To teach them how to mate and save their population. This is probably the most important thing we have ever done Spike.

We not only save them but also any humans they might try to abduct in the future. Their orgasms lie in our hands Spike." Xander looked deep into Spike's eyes hoping he had impressed on him the importance of their mission. "The future of all those sweet little alien butt babies is on our shoulders, Spike We just can't let them down."

Hopping down, Spike turned and faced him. "So what you're saying is that they want us to fuck so they can watch. Right?"

Xander jumped down beside him and put his hands on his hips. "Well, crudely but accurately put. So are you up for it?"

Spike grinned broadly as he looked down at his eager and altruistic cock. "It would certainly appear so."

Xander stepped forward and kissed Spike soundly. "Thank's Spike. You really are a selfless white hat."

When they opened their eyes they saw that the room around them had shifted, shimmered and changed again.

Much to both their shock they were now standing in the center of what appeared to be the Roman Colosseum, fully restored and in all its glory.

The stone walls were high and the tunnels around the sides, deep. It rose at least five stories high and circled them completely.

The artificial sun shone down on them brightly in a position of noon high, and the grass beneath their bare feet was soft and warm. Whether their surroundings were real or just in their minds didn't matter. It all felt real.

Looking all around them they could see that the stone seats of the peanut gallery were jammed with thousand of cheering - aliens. All were waving their long thin arms and giving the Roman thumbs up.

The roar of the artificial cheers was deafening, offering encouragement to the two heroes in the center of the arena.

"What the fuck is this?" Spike stood stunned by the warmth and novelty of the setting especially the artificial daylight.

Blushing Xander wiggled his toes in a patch of clover and muttered. "I think when the snake lady was in my brain for that mindmeld thingy she browsed through the library of my fantasies and plucked this one out. I think she's just trying to make us more comfortable.

Spike wrapped his arm around Xander's waist and pulled him in close rubbing their rigid cocks against each other.

"Why, pet, I always knew you were deep."

Xander put his hands on Spike's hips. "Actually I think I'm about ready to get a lot deeper."

Laughing, Spike tipped his head up and met Xander's. The kiss started out soft, tender, but quickly heated up. The men had been alone too long and their blood and bodies cried out for each other.

As with any honeymooning couple, a few hours without sex had left them both frustrated and horny.

The smell on Xander's skin of his earlier release fueled the fire of Spike's passion and his tongue pushed it's way into his consort's mouth. Reclaiming. Possessing.

Finally pulling back for some much needed oxygen, Xander now noticed things around them had shifted slightly again.

The aliens were no longer sitting in the gallery.

They now had crowded around, pressing in close, eager to experience and understand the emotions and sexual tension simmering between the earthlings.

They also noticed something new had been added to the arena.

A bed, king size and four poster, plucked from Xander's brain, was setting directly behind them waiting for their use.

Part Twenty-Five

Spike took Xander by the hand and led him to the side of the bed. "It's only you and me, Love. Just pay attention to me."

Xander wanted to believe that but it was nearly impossible with the throng of aliens pressing ever closer.

Cupping his hand to the back of Xander's head, Spike pulled him in for another kiss. The familiar feel of their bodies together caused the passion and lust between them to flare.

Sliding both hands down to Xander's ass, Spike widened his stance and ground his cock against it's wet mate.

Continuing the kiss, Spike moaned at the combination of his need for Xander and the feel of countless fingers touching his legs, back, and balls from behind.

Dazed from the brain fog, Spike looked over to see that Xander, too, had several small alien beings pressing against him in an effort to understand and absorb some of the sexual tension that was heavy in the air.

Taking Xander's hand, he guided it down, encouraging him to wrap his larger hand tightly around Spike's cool thick cock. Several of the aliens followed suit touching each other and themselves

Xander was encouraged to see that most now had struggling little erections. "Time to kick it up a notch." Xander winked and put his hands on Spike's chest roughly pinching and twisting his nipples, a move that was lost on those in the room who had no tits.

Dropping to his knees, Xander knelt with Spike's wet cockhead just inches from his face. Placing his hands on Spike's thighs he leaned forward and licked a stripe from root to dripping tip. The aliens clicked and hummed with excitement.

Several shorties crowded between Spike's wide spread legs. Their long bony fingers were everywhere. Fondling Spike's back, ass, squeezing his balls.

Xander, too, had students eager to learn. They leaned on his back trying to rub themselves against him for friction.

Another had wriggled between Spike's feet and was stroking, pulling and sniffing at Xander's cock.

Some more advanced learners were already grouped up with others and eagerly experimentally licking each other's cocks like happy puppies.

Unable to hold back any more, Xander lost himself in the smell and taste of the man he loved. Closing his eyes he took the cock in till it bumped the back of his throat. Holding it there, he swallowed around the head at the same time working his tongue up and down the shaft.

Rocking and groaning, Spike held tightly to the back of Xander's head. Screaming at him the demon inside demanded he lose all restraint and fuck Xander's face till he came, choking the human with cum. Spike struggled to maintain control.

God it felt like ages since he had felt the wonderful wet heat of that deep suctioning mouth. Feeling Spike's fingers and balls both start to tighten Xander pulled back releasing the straining cock with a slurp.

Spike's face fell in disbelief. "Don't stop now! Come on, Xan. Please, I'm almost there." Spike whined, his hips still humping empty air.

"Can't Spike." Xander casually reached over and plucked an alien mouth off Spike's cock followed by a slap to the vampire's hand when he tried to retrieve it.

"We taught them how to get hard but we don't want them to think they can breed this way. Nope, no cumming in the mouth."

All around them were scattered aliens licking and sucking each other. Several straining to reach Spike and Xander's cocks, anxious to taste the earthlings.

Slowly standing Xander dragged his hard aching cock against Spike's. Spike stood with his arms hanging limp at his sides and breathed out "Yes"

Sliding around behind him, Xander again went to his knees. The aliens wiped their little gray chins and waited to see what would happen next.

Cupping Spike's butt cheeks he leaned forward and kissed each one affectionately. He then pulled them apart and licked deeply into the crack.

The flurry of activity surrounding them was a blur as several members of each cluster rolled and twisted to allow the others access to their tiny little asses.

Watching the strangely erotic scene around him, Spike was somewhat concerned that the alien ass cracks ran horizontal across rather than up and down.

He finally decided it probably wasn't worth mentioning as they still had tiny holes tucked inside. Just had to lift a butt flap to get to it.

Bending over Spike rested his hands on his knees and let Xander do his best. With no lube, Xander wanted the hole wet and relaxed. He also wanted the observers to know that prep work was a vital part of the operation.

Sitting back on his knees, Xander sucked two fingers in his mouth and worked them into Spike's now ready

hole.

The aliens immediately imitated the action. The feel of the long bony fingers into the horny virgin asses caused a clicking in the room that resembled the sound of a thousand castanets at a mariachi convention.

"I think they're ready Spike. How about you?"

In answer to Xander's question Spike flung himself on the bed. He lay down on his back, legs apart, knees bent and feet flat. Xander licked his hand, stroked his dick and pounced.

Part Twenty-Six

A hush fell over the Coliseum. The squirming mass of grayish pink bodies was worked into a frenzy and waited desperately to be shown what to do next.

Spike was stretched out on the soft, warm, feather bed. His arms reaching tight over his head as he gripped the iron bars of the head board.

Kneeling and sitting back on his heels between Spike's legs, Xander continued to lick his hand and alternate between stroking his own cock and Spike's.

Draping Spike's legs over his shoulders, Xander raised up and positioned his purple straining cock at Spike's hungry hole. "You ready to show 'em, Baby? Want them to see how good it feels?"

Spike lifted his hips off the bed and nodded. "Please hurry, Xan. I need it so bad." Aiming for his target, Xander shoved forward feeling the head push easily through the tight gripping ring.

For three long seconds there was no sound. Finally with a grunt and their combined "OH FUCK!" the room came alive. Every alien eager to either enter or be entered.

Some groups too disorganized to partner up had formed daisy chains of four five and six. All humping and grinding as their long forgotten instincts kicked in.

Now ignored, Xander had slammed in and was thrusting deeply, filling Spike's need and ass with every plunge.

The angle was such that it struck Spike's prostate on every other move. Knowing he couldn't hold off much longer Spike grabbed his cock and stripped it harshly.

Grabbing his wrist Xander grinned and stopped him. "Not yet. We need to give them some variety."

Xander pulled out and manhandled Spike on to his stomach. Grabbing his hips he pulled him to his knees and shoved his cock back in. "Oh Fuck yes. Harder, Xan, harder."

Picking up the pace, Xander obliged by ramming in as hard as he could "Please, Xan, now? Can I cum now?" Knowing he himself was about to cum, Xander pulled Spike's hips back and resting his head on Spike's back nodded yes.

With his balls pulled up painfully, Spike gripped his cock and on the second stroke stiffened and shot cum thickly over the virtual bed and his own hand.

The ripple effect of muscles over cock caused Xander to cum before Spike had even stopped shuddering.

What followed after was the most amazing thing the boys had ever witnessed. It started as the first little alien arched and shot his green glob of cum into the ass flap of his companion.

He was followed immediately by all others clicking sighing and moaning as their alien asses sucked up the procreation offerings of the others.

Scooping Spike up into his embrace, Xander kissed the top of his head. "Look at them Spike. We did it. We saved their race. We're heroes."

Within minutes every being in the room, alien, vampire, and human was sound asleep and snoring.

The large green hand reached over and hit the "OFF" button. Chuckling deeply Kermit couldn't believe his luck. He figured he was royally screwed when he had been abducted last week but the deal he cut with that snake bitch was priceless.

When she used that mindmeld thingy on him to show him what she wanted, he knew just the men for the job. He gave her their names and location in exchange for the rights to the sales of the tape.

He thought he made money off the last one. Shit, this one was solid gold. This was the kind of film made Ron Jeremy horny. A master vampire and his consort in the middle of an alien orgy. Hell, you can't make this kind of shit up.

Kermit chewed the end of his unlit cigar, leaned back in his chair and unbuttoned his pants releasing both hard pickle dicks. Might as well watch it a few times first.

"Ouch, shit, roll over Spike. Your fuckin' sharp toenails are poking me again. Thought I told you to cut them."

Xander slowly woke to the realization that they were no longer lying on the comfortable bed they had just fucked on.

"Did cut 'em. Come 'ere." Spike reached for Xander and came up with a handful of sand. Both men sat up and discovered they were back on earth, stark naked and sitting in the desert.

"Was it real Spike? Did we dream it?" Spike reached around and feeling the liquid dribbling freely from his ass and packing with the gritty sand, grinned. "Nope it was all real"

Struggling to their feet Xander spotted the car still parked by the road and they started walking toward it. Wobbling on orgasm shaky legs, they stumbled together.

"Just seems rude to dump us off like that." Xander kicked up sand with his foot. By this time they had found their clothes that were scattered around as though thrown out a window as an afterthought.

Noticeably missing was the prized carrot.

"I think they were kinda busy, Xan. After all they had years of abstinence to make up for and all those alien babies to make."

Xander's face lit up "Hey you're right do you think they will name any of them after us?"

Spike threw his arm around Xander's shoulders. "Never know, Pet. Never know."

Reaching the car, Xander fumbled around as he brushed off most of the sand that was stuck to his body, redressed and climbed in.

"So now what, Love?" Spike slid in behind the wheel and turned the key.

"You kidding. Spike? We got a map, and all the time in the world. Let's hit the road. Couple of guys like us ought to be able to find a little adventure. Don't 'cha think?"

Spike leaned over, kissed his precious Consort, threw the car into gear and roared off down the highway.

"I'll just bet we can, Pet. Might even look up those friends of yours and tell them all about us. In graphic detail" Spike roared with laughter as he flooded Xander's brain with bright colorful images.

"SPIKE!!"

The End