

Details: PG-13 | Series | Spike/Xander

Summary: This is the first in a series of short conversations between some of our fav characters from Buffy/Angel.

Categories and Warnings: Developing Feelings, Drabbles, Humor

Thank you to the lovely WM George for being a fantastic beta and all your wonderful suggestions, support and that line (you know the one)

Conversations

by

LadyMerlin

I Really Hate You?

"I really hate you. Do you know that?"

"Don't particularly care."

"Oh, I think I bumped my head.....again. I feel kinda woozy"

"Well, yeah, that is what happens when you smack yer

head into things."

"Wow, its dark in here. Where are we anyway?"

"Not sure. I think we're in the basement or a subbasement. Not sure how many floors we fell."

"Right, did I say it was dark in here? And what am I sitting on? It's kind of squishy; oh I hope it's not anything dead."

"Well excuse me for breaking your fall. You wanna get off me now?"

"Oh, oops, ewww what is that?"

"Don't know, do I. What is it you're goin' on about? Hey careful, injured here."

"It's all wet and sticky and ... oh god, I think it's blood."

"Show me where...Definitely blood."

"How do you know? Can you see in here? Are you just pretending you can't?"

"Can smell it can't I and I do know my own blood."

"Yours, are you okay?"

"I am sitting in a pool of blood, let me think... No, I am not okay."

"Gee, fine, sorry I cared, no need to be all sarcastic. I was trying to be nice ya know."

"I know, I'm sorry but I did get hurt saving your arse, again."

"It's not like it's a nightly occurrence. Well, okay, maybe it is but this is not my fault. This is all your fault. Let's look in this room. What harm can it do? Easy, we can fall through floors and get bumped heads and not be able to see cause it's so dark in here and who knows when someone will come along to find us."

"Do you ever stop to take a breath?"

"What? Yeah, got carried away there. Tends to happen when I'm trying not to panic. So, how bad are you hurt anyway?"

"Not too bad, I think my leg's busted but I'm not too

worried about that."

"Not too worried about that? Okay, so what are you worried about then?"

"I'm still losing blood and I'm gonna need to eat, sooner rather than later."

"Eat? What are you worried about that for you don't need to...oh."

"Right, oh."

"You're not going to eat me are you?"

"Chip, remember, not that I would eat you anyway."

"Good cause there will be no snacking on me....and hey what's wrong with me?"

"Sorry I forgot, you are a nummy treat, aren't you."

"You bet I am. But there will be no snacking and you're doing that thing with your eyebrow, aren't you?"

"Hmm."

"Or an eye roll, I can tell when you are being all superior which is just not right. I mean who has the heartbeat here, us not you. Do you think they'll be looking for us yet? We need to get out of here cause I'm gonna get hungry and your gonna get hungry and what are we gonna do if they don't show up soon. I mean I can't even see anything in here and you can't exactly get around very well if your leg is broken. And I bet you're hurt worse than you said. Do you think they'll be long? How long have we been here? I can't even see my watch; I knew I shoulda bought the glow in the dark one. Has it been long?"

"Calm down. It's going to be okay. The watcher knows where we were going and even if they don't care about me, they will come looking for you."

"Yeah, I know, but ... no, they'll come and we'll be okay and ... but what are we gonna do until they get here?"

"Don't suppose you wanna just be quiet and rest?"

"Do you really think no one cares about you?"

"Nope no quiet rest time then."

"You're avoiding answering the question. Why do you do that? What are you hiding?"

"I don't hide, strategically manoeuvre sometimes but I do not hide."

"You're hiding."

"Fine, but I don't care that you all hate me."

"Well, you hate me, seems fair."

"Don't."

"Ah, don't what?"

"Don't hate you. You're all right. Can take a joke; attract demons which is good for a laugh and, well, you're ok company."

"Thanks, I think? I don't hate you either."

"You don't? But you hate vamps."

"No, I hate Deadboy, big difference."

"See, and you have good taste."

"You don't have to hide from me."

"Who says I am?"

"C'mon, I know, I hide all the time too. I'm not as stupid as everyone thinks but sometimes it's just easier to hide away. Hiding means you won't get hurt and I do not know why I'm telling you all of this. It must be the dark and the head injury."

"It's okay, I understand."

"Do you, really?"

"Yeah, I think I do and, well, I'm sorry. I haven't always been exactly nice or easy to get along with, have I?"

"I'm sorry too. I've been really awful to you. It's just every time I've been frustrated and I've had a really bad day, you've been so annoying and that's no excuse. But you do like to be difficult. I think you've made it your life's work to be as difficult as possible."

"Well a bloke has to have a hobby and torture and mayhem are off my dance card."

"Do you think they're looking for us?"

"Please, stop! Are you planning to start babbling again?"

"Sorry. I get nervous and I babble. I think it must be a Scooby trait. I need to do something to pass the time."

"I could think of a few things more pleasant to do, pet."

"Are you coming on to me?"

"No, maybe, why?"

"Because as strange as this sounds, I'm not freaked out about that and that is something I thought I would never get the chance...hmpf"

"Hmmmmm nummy"

"Told you."

"You did."

"I really don't hate you. Do you know that?"

"I particularly care."

I Knew It

"I've seen you watching him."

"What? Who? When?"

"You look at each other when you think no one else is looking."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Yes you do, but I bet you don't want anybody else to know what I know."

"I'm...I don't...I mean there is nothing to know."

"Everyone thinks I don't know anything just cause I'm a kid. But I know all about you guys."

"What? There is nothing to know, really and stop glaring at me. Did you learn that from your sister?"

"If you want me to stop then tell me I'm right. I know I am."

"Don't you have homework to do?"

"Nope, all finished. So tell me."

"Tell you what?"

"Oh please. Who do you think you're fooling? You make some really lame excuse about how he has to move in with you. If anyone else was bothering to pay any attention to anything besides college courses and shoe sales everyone would know."

"But a crypt is cold and there could be underlying structural damage."

"Sure, uh huh."

"Look, you've got the wrong idea; I don't know what you're talking about."

"Okay, well, guess it's time for me to go find someone else to talk to and have a long chat. I feel very chatty today. I wonder what I could talk about."

"Okay, okay, you're right. But please you can't say anything to anybody. No else knows anything, do they? Please tell me they don't."

"Oh I knew it. I knew it."

"Shhhh, not so loud, somebody might hear you."

"Sorry, I'm just so excited. This is so cool. I mean at first I was a little jealous cause well, but now, you, both together."

"But you won't tell and nobody else knows, right?"

"Nope just me. Have you kissed yet?"

"What? No."

"Oh my god, you so have, you're blushing. What else have you done?"

"I'm not gonna tell you this stuff."

"Nobody tells me anything, it's not fair."

"I'm not gonna tell anybody, it's private."

"I bet he'll tell me. I'll ask him later."

"This is some kind of joke, right. I mean I'm a nice guy so why do these things always happen to me?"

"Pfft, no need for drama. I told you I won't tell but tell me one thing?"

"Maybe."

"Do you sleep in the same room?"

"What? I...he."

"Relax, never mind, forget I asked. You're gonna hurt yourself if you keep banging your head like that."

"Has he been teaching you to be annoying?"

"No and I miss him. We used to hang out after school sometimes. I could do that at your place now. That would

be so much better and safer too. Say yes."

"Yeah, I suppose that'd be okay but you need to check with your sister first."

"She won't care. We'd need something to do."

"You've got homework to do."

"No, after that, you don't want us to be bored."

"You could watch TV."

"That's no fun. An Xbox would be so cool."

"And expensive. How about a movie, I've got DVD's."

"I've seen them all. Oh come on, please."

"I'm trying to save some money, maybe in a few months."

"What are you saving for?"

"Well, Christmas is coming up soon and I'd like it to be really nice. Everybody always talked about their family all

getting together around the tree and opening gifts. Oh and Christmas dinner and I gotta buy decorations. I just want it to be nice this year."

"Can we come too?"

"Sure you can. All of you are invited."

"Are you gonna tell everybody about you guys or are you gonna make out in the closet."

"Oh, I kinda forgot about that."

"I don't know why you are so worried. They're your friends, they'll understand. I wasn't all upset when I found out. It'll be okay."

"You really think so?"

"You've been friends a long time. This won't change that."

"When did you get so smart?"

"When did you two start shagging like monkeys?"

"What? Who taught you that? Wait a minute; he knows you know. You were setting me up. You were in this together."

"Well."

"You were plotting together to blackmail me and...and...That is...he is... when I get home."

"Don't be angry, please."

"Why not? You were trying to blackmail me and he knew all about it. In fact he probably thought up the whole thing."

"Think about it for a minute. We weren't trying to hurt you and he doesn't get to do the stuff he used to do."

"I sorta see your point but he still shouldn't have done it and he should have left you out of it."

"It was supposed to be fun. He was gonna tell you, honest and I wanted to do it."

"Hey, don't get upset. He was gonna tell me?"

"Yep. I swear."

"Okay."

"You're not mad at us?"

"Well, a bit annoyed maybe but I'll get over it."

"Can I still come over to visit? I wanna see you both."

"Yeah and I know what he wants for Christmas now."

"Thanks and he is so gonna love it."

"That's a secret, don't tell him."

"I won't, promise. So, who's the guy and who's the girl?"

"I gotta go. See ya."

"Bye!"

Caught In The Act

"I could kiss you for hours and never get tired of it."

"Spike, wait we can't do this here."

"Why not? No one else about and I want you so much."

"Buffy and Willow are patrolling too. What if they see us?"

"Why would they? They know we're patrolling here."

"Yeah, yeah right. Ohhhh yes, feels good."

"Mmm yes it does."

"Yeah, right there."

"Move over a bit."

"Spike, what...oh god, you want me to...oh yeah."

"Just do me now."

"Got any lube?"

"Pocket....no the other one."

"Got it."

"Hurry, want you."

"Just give me a minute here Mr. Pushy."

"Oh, yeah. That's it."

"Hmmm, you really like my neck."

"Vampire."

"Right."

"No, don't stop."

"Not stopping. Here, just let me"

"Yeah, fill me up."

"So tight, so good."

"Fuck me, yeah that's it."

"Not gonna last."

"S'kay Xan."

"Really not gonna."

"Don't care."

"Make it up. After."

"Give it to me, harder."

"Oh fuck."

"Come for me Xan."

"What's wrong? Is it a vampire?"

"Uh...yeah."

"Good, I'll stake it and we can call it a night."

"Uhm, I think he's already being staked."

"What? Let me see.....oh my."

"I know."

"Oh my god, is that Spike and who...oh, oh is that Xander?"

"It...it is. I.....I just never knew he was bi. I kinda figured Spike would go both ways being a vampire and all but... am I a bad friend? Oh, I am a bad friend. I should've known."

"You're not a bad friend. This is something that...well...how could you know? I'm more concerned with who he's with. If Spike does anything to hurt him. I'm not sure I like this."

"They've been hanging out together and Spike just moved and doesn't that change things a bit. I didn't understand why he wanted Spike to live with him but ...well this explains it. I'm going to have a talk with him."

"Who? Xander?"

"No, Spike. I may have neglected my friend duties when I didn't notice Xander was bi but I will not let anybody hurt him."

"Do you want me to go with you?"

"Nope, I can handle this one all on my own. Well...me and my shovel."

"You're right. You've got it covered. Huh, I always thought that Spike would...ah."

"Top, be the dominant, the giver."

"How do you... is it because you're... never mind."

"Amazing what you stumble across on the internet."

"Right, oh I think they're finished."

"Yep, eep nope, what is he, oh wow."

"That must be incredible. I mean he looks like he's really enjoying that and is it really warm out tonight?"

"Really warm. Should we be watching this, we know them but even if we didn't... I mean we shouldn't, should we?"

"You're right we really should go. They're both so gorgeous, who would've thought?"

"We really should go."

"Yeah we should."

"I mean a good friend wouldn't stay and watch."

"But as a good friend we should make sure that something nasty doesn't sneak up on them while they'reuh."

"Going down, lolly-gagging, gaining knowledge."

"I'm a bit concerned about the things you're reading on the internet."

"Sorry. I stumbled across some sites when I was researching and I was kinda curious."

"Wanted to know how the other half lives, huh?"

"Yeah, something like that."

"Oh they swap around. Suppose that's fair. And way to

go vampire recovery time, impressive."

"And Xander has nothing to be ashamed of."

"Nope and who would of thought that under all those horrible clothes was that body. Maybe you should have scooped him up when you had the chance."

"Batting for the other team now."

"Right but wow, too bad."

"Think they're really done this time?"

"Looks like. Oh they're coming this way. Quick. Over here."

"Awwww they're holding hands."

"Maybe you won't need the shovel after all."

"Maybe you're right. But I'm still having that talk."

"It should be safe to go now. I ...I think I'll go see if Riley is around."

"Yeah and me and Tara should really...uh...study for that... um test. The science one."

The Talk

"Hi, could I talk to you?"

"Sure, what about?"

"Not here. Can we go to the training room?"

"Gonna be one of those conversations is it?"

"Depends."

"Right, so what have I done or not done?"

"Look, well... we...I mean...the other night...uh."

"Just spit it out."

"Okay, we saw you...that is you and...the two of you when we were patrolling."

"When you say you saw us, I assume you don't mean that you saw us patrolling."

"Uhm, no. You were definitely not patrolling. You were kinda busy doing other things that were not patrolling."

"Right, so you saw us shagging then."

"Not that we were watching or anything."

"Like what you saw did you?"

"Yeah. I mean no. I mean. Look, I wanna know what your intentions are."

"My intentions?"

"Yes."

"And this is your business because?"

"Xander is my friend and I won't let anybody hurt him."

"Xander is also an adult and can decide these things for himself."

"I know that but I don't want to see him get hurt and if you are only using him you can just stop right now mister."

"So why am I having this conversation with you and not the slayer?"

"Xander has been my friend since we were kids and I can handle this just fine."

"Do you think he can't make these decisions himself?"

"No, of course he can but I care about him and I don't want anything bad to happen."

"You think I'm gonna be a bad thing then?"

"I don't know, maybe."

"Thanks, very nice. After everything I've done for you scoobies, this is what you think."

"I'm sorry but you have to admit you've not always been nice to us and Xander has been my best friend for ages and if anything happens to him I don't know what I'd do

and... and."

"Okay, okay. I'm not gonna hurt him."

"You're not?"

"No, and don't sound so surprised."

"Well, you were evil and you tried to turn us against each other that time."

"Fair enough. I don't intend to hurt Xander. Care about him."

"You do?"

"Said I did."

"Okay but I'll be watching you and if he gets upset at all, I've got a shovel and I know how to use it."

"Vampire here, what're you gonna do? Try to beat me to death? Might hurt but it won't kill me."

"Fine, I will beat you first then stake you with the broken handle."

"You did threatening pretty well there."

"Thanks."

"I'm supposed to be a master vampire, one fourth of the scourge of Europe, William the Bloody, the Slayer of Slayers."

"I think you lost the big bad image the first time I came home early and found you singing in a tub full of bubbles."

"I needed to unwind and it's relaxing."

"Did I mention the duck and the curly hair?"

"S'not the point. She threatened me with a shovel."

"I know. Isn't that great."

"She threatens me and you think that's great."

"Well, yeah."

"I...I."

"Hey, don't be upset. It's not that I don't care about you; it's just that she was worried enough about me to say something."

"You care about me?"

"Uhhh...well...yeah. I...I love you."

"I do too, love you I mean."

"I know you do."

"Still evil though."

"Course you are and very scary."

"Suppose."

"What's wrong?"

"Wish ...wor...me...li...you."

"You wanna repeat that."

"It's embarrassing."

"C'mon. I won't laugh."

"Am I supposed to believe that? You laughed at my hair."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything and I think your curls are sexy."

"You do?"

"Yes, now c'mon what's wrong?"

"Wish somebody worried about me like Red worries about you."

"Who says nobody worries about you? I do and you should've heard the things Angel said he'd do to me if I hurt you."

"Peaches? How did he find out?"

"Buffy of course."

"What did he say? Not that it matters."

"He told me that he would turn me as painfully as possible just so he could have the pleasure of killing me again, very slowly."

"Really?"

"Yep"

"Didn't think he cared anymore."

"Well, he does and doesn't that give you warm fuzzies and nightmares."

"Thanks, pet"

"Anytime, sexy curls."

"You wanna take a bubble bath?"

"Oh yeah."

The Final Conversation

“Hey, pet. Is the watcher here?”

“Yeah, he wants tea.”

“I got it. Gonna nip out for a fag after ‘k?’”

“Sure, just don’t be long.”

“I won’t but this way you can have your chat.”

“Thanks.”

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“Why are ya lurking in our bushes?”

“I...well...I thought you lived on the third floor?”

“Moved. Needed more room and this has better access. So, again, why’re you lurkin’?”

“I wanted to see you.”

“Okay...well you’ve seen me so you can go now.”

“Spike, please. I ...I wanted to give you this.”

“Huh, you actually remembered.”

“I always have. I just want to...I would like things to be different....between us.”

“Xan told me what you said. ‘Preciate it but I need to ask, why now?’”

“You’re family and there isn’t a lot of our family left.”

“It would help if you’d stop staking us.”

“So you heard about that.”

“Yeah, not that I was overly fond of Penn but he was family too.”

“He didn’t leave me any choice.”

“S’pose not. He was always difficult.”

“Not as difficult as you could be when you set your mind to it.”

“Had to get your attention somehow, didn’t I?”

“You have it now and I want to say I’m sorry for ...well everything.”

“Got my own back not too long ago, forget it [mate](#). It’s done and dusted.”

“I know I should simply be grateful but that seemed a bit too easy. The gift wasn’t that expensive.”

“Yeah well, you’re right about family and I’m not on my own anymore. I need to make sure Xan is protected and I...miss you. Sometimes.”

“I miss you too and consider Xander protected.”

“Thank you. You wanna come in?”

“No, not tonight.”

“Don’t want the slayer findin’ out you were here?”

“I don’t want to complicate things.”

“I understand. Go back to your cheerleader.”

“Goodnight William and Happy Birthday.”

“Night Liam.”

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“Here you go. One hot steaming cup of tea.”

“Thank you. Why this is delicious.”

“Spike made it. I still can’t get the order right. Milk first or water or is it sugar?”

“Actually Spike is what I wanted to speak to you about.”

“I kinda figured that when you called.”

“I’m concerned and only want what is best for you.”

“That’s really nice and I’m grateful but this...with Spike...it’s what I want.”

“Are you entirely sure that a relationship with a vampire is in your best interests? Have you considered your future? What if he wants to turn you or simply becomes bored? What if he gets the chip out?”

“I’ve thought about it, I have and I want this. I want him. I know you don’t see me as the smartest in the group but I’m not stupid either.”

“I have never thought you were stupid. Merely...impulsive at times.”

“He won’t hurt me. I believe that.”

“How can you be sure?”

“How can anyone be sure? We all take risks. Every night we go patrolling is a risk. In fact, it’s Spike that makes sure I’m safe.”

“Do you think he loves you?”

“I know he does and I love him.”

“I’m sorry but he can’t love you, Xander. He’s not capable.”

“You’re wrong. I’ve seen it. He loved Drusilla more than anything. You saw how he was with her. Are you telling me that wasn’t love?”

“She was his sire. It was an automatic and expected response.”

“No. I won’t believe that. He’s done more for me than...he’s done a lot and I’m not his sire. He sees the real me and still wants me.”

“I can see that you’re not going to be persuaded to end this.”

“No. I’m sorry. I respect you but this is something I’m gonna do for me. I need to do for me.”

“Very well, I hope you understand that I had to try but if this is your decision then I will support you. I want you to know that if you ever need anything, I am here.”

“Thank you. That’s...thank you.”

“Could you do one thing for me though?”

“What?”

“It concerns the message on your telephone. I understand that this is the Harris...err... Bloody residence but...well, it is not appropriate.”

“Sure thing. Consider it done but what’s wrong with it?”

“Ask Spike to explain it to you. I’m sure he’ll be delighted.”

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“What ya thinkin’ about?”

“Just some things Giles said.”

“He told you I can’t love you, didn’t he.”

“Yeah but I told him it wasn’t true.”

“The watchers are taught to think that way. S’pose it

makes it easier to kill our kind. But that doesn't mean its right."

"I believe in you. You'd never hurt me."

"That means a lot when you say that. The trust you have. You know exactly who and what I am but it doesn't matter. Not to you."

"But it does matter. It's why I love you."

"Why I love you too. You have no idea how special you really are."

"C'mon, let's go to bed."

"Hope you're not wanting to sleep."

"Nope, not yet. Hey Spike, what's wrong with the Harris Bloody residence?"

"The watcher say something?"

"Yeah."

"Explain it later. Love you Xander."

“Mmmmm. Love you too Spike.”

The End