Summary: Xander doesn't want to be a demon magnet anymore. Willow does a spell. Oops.

Prompt: #1 - ritual
Warnings: cliches abound
Word Count: 460
Rating: PG-13, this part
Feedback: Yes, please.
Disclaimer: I wish they were mine, sadly Joss and Mutant Enemy won't let them go. Not for profit.
Author's Notes: This story follows the prompts from 50kinkyways on this table. The timeline for this is early season 5, and I've flipped the timeline of "The Replacement" and "Buffy vs. Dracula". Very loose plot to hang porn on.

Demagnetized

by Creyr
Part One

“No more butt-monkey!”

“Yes, Xander.”

“No, Willow, I mean it. Put a stop to it . . . the Xan-man is off the menu. Permanently.” His hands made chopping motions, flourishes to emphasize his point.

“All right, sweetie. I’ll see what I can do.”

Xander nodded, happy his point had been gotten and would be taken places.

*** One week later ***

“Why the bleeding ‘ell should I?”

“Spike, we’re all in danger from Xander as long as he’s a demon magnet. Just help with the spell.” Willow’s eyes were pools of deep sincerity, which Spike ignored, lighting his fag.

“No. Whelp attracts fun toys for me.”
He backed up though when Mr. Pointy slid under his shirt. Buffy didn’t look amused, and he snorted in disgust.

“Bollocks. What do I need to do, Red?”

“Stand over there.” She pointed to the outer swirl of the design painted on the floor. “It’s the Ritual of Mondanaki. Very rarely performed, I could barely find any information about it, other than it protects the subject from interference by demons, but the main ingredient of the spell is willingly shed demon blood and how many demons will willingly shed their blood so a human can’t be harmed by them, I ask you?”

No one replied, assuming the rhetorical nature of the question. Harris took his position in the center swirl. Buffy and Tara sat off to the side, the Slayer swinging her legs impatiently from her perch on the table.

“Now, we need the blood of the demon to seal Xander away from other demons. Hold out your hand, Spike.”

The peroxide blonde complied and the witch sliced across the pad at the base of his thumb with a clinical
proficiency that belied her earlier babble. Spike hoped he never seriously offended her. She began chanting, tugging him after her while she walked widdershins through the swirls. She squeezed his hand at regular intervals, allowing his blood to drop into the design.

When they reached Harris in the center, she dropped his hand, raising hers to the ceiling, her voice swelling with the final cadences of her spell before dying away.

There were no bright lights, no ominous rumbles, nothing end-of-the-worldy, and Buffy and Tara looked at each other with mirrored smiles of relief.

“How do you feel, Xander?” Willow asked anxiously.

“Uh . . . .”

Harris had a puzzled look on his face, and Spike cursed. He was getting bored and wanted to get the hell away. He was late for a poker game and he still needed to find a kitten.

“Well, Harris? Some of us have things to do.” the vampire snapped.
The boy’s eyes were terrified, but his voice was soft and gentle as he turned to Spike.

“My Master.”

“Oh, Master.”

“Oops.”

“Oh, bloody hell.”

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**Part Two**

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, Red. Instead of sealing other demons from him, you’ve sealed him to mine.”

Spike couldn’t decide whether to be royally pissed or gloatingly pleased at the complete ass-up that was this spell. He’d no intention of having any more to do with the whelp than strictly necessary. But on the other hand, having one of the Scoobies in his thrall wasn’t so bad.

Willow looked beseechingly at Tara. “I did exactly what it
said.”

The shy witch nodded sympathetically, pulling her lover into a hug. Spike rolled his eyes.

“I’ll see the boy safe home.”

“Why would you do something like that?” Buffy’s eyes were narrowed and suspicious.

“Yeah, I don’t want you anywhere near me, bleachboy.”

“Because he’s my responsibility now, innit he? Fine Master vampire I’d be if I let anything happen to him. Matter of pride, it is.”

“Hello. Still here.”

Buffy and Spike both ignored him, concentrating on their face off, Buffy studying him hard, trying to find the deceit. She finally relaxed, the tense wariness leaving her body.

“Your pride better keep him safe. Or you and Mr. Pointy will chat. We’ll call you when Willow finds out how to undo it.”
“And I have no say in this?”

“Not anymore.” Spike smirked at him, deciding that he’d take advantage while the fun lasted. “No one’s butt-monkey but mine now.”

“Spike!”

The girls’ voices were a discordant note and he waved them off, tugging Harris after him. The whelp was still muttering complaints as Spike paused to light a cig before turning towards Harris’s apartment. The vampire’s mind was working in happy circles, as he thought of creative ways to torment the boy with their suddenly changed status. He’d not warm any of his own blood for a while for starters.

“God, why did I have to get stuck with the chipped menace. Of all the annoying, obnoxious, aggravating . . . “

“Oi! Don’t strain your limited vocabulary disrespecting your Master.”

Spike reached out, reflexively pinching Harris’s arm like he would a disobedient fledge, hard enough to bruise.
“Ow! Shit, Spike, what was that for?”

Spike barely had enough presence of mind to clutch his head and turn his face away before Harris looked at him. The chip hadn’t fired. Why the fuck hadn’t the chip fired?

“Forgot myself.”

Harris grunted and they continued their walk in relative silence, broken by Harris’s occasional grumbles. Spike’s brain was working furiously. He wished he’d paid better attention to Red’s spell, because the question was whether the chip wouldn’t work for Harris or whether it had quit working completely. Spike finally concluded that the use of his blood to seal Harris to him had made Harris part of him. And he could bite himself all he pleased.

Spike worked hard to keep the gleeful grin off his face and his demon under control as they reached the apartment. The beast was howling in its cage, desperate for freedom, but Spike had plans, wanted the right moment.

The boy unlocked his door, and stepped over the threshold, getting ready to close the door. “All right,
blondie, your pride’s intact. Find somewhere else to be.”

“Don’t think so, pet. Invite me in.”

“Do I look like my IQ’s dropped fifty points in the last hour? No. And . . . hell no!”

Restraining his demon with difficulty, Spike put a note of command into his voice, the kind of tone he used on minions.

“Not a request, boy. Invite me in. Nicely.”

Harris’s face twisted, but his mouth framed the words, his tone pleasant. “Please come in, Spike.”

Spike strode over through the doorway, smiling. He plopped onto the couch, still debating the slow way or the quick way to what he wanted. Harris paced restlessly around the room, picking things up and putting them down. Right. Time to get the party going.

“Lost your cherry yet, boy?” The question was light, teasing. He’d get some intel before he went all Big Bad.

“What?” Harris’s voice squeaked, but he cleared his
throat. “If you mean, have I had sex, then yes, I have.”

“With a man or a woman?”


“Woo, whelp, you bagged a Slayer. Good on you.” Spike paused respectfully in deference to that feat. “And a demon. Interesting choice of bedmates, boy. Are you bent?”

“Spike, don’t you have better things to do?”

“Not particularly. So, no men? You and Drac . . . ? Didn’t do the nasty when he had you thralled?”

“Again I say ‘Ew.’ I’ve never been with a man, I’m never gonna be with a man. And can I say how disturbing it is discussing this with you?”

Spike swarmed off the couch in full game face, crashing into Harris and pushing him against the wall. Spike used his vampire-enhanced strength to press his entire length along the larger human.

“Never say never, boy.”
Harris’s eyes widened and Spike inhaled deeply, drinking in the scent of terrified human. It had been too long. The demon was raging, but Spike wasn’t ready to loose it just yet. The boy felt too good under him, long sturdy bones and hard muscles.

“Oh, shit, oh, shit, oh, shit. How long has the chip been dead?”

Spike’s ridges contorted into a snarl. “Not dead, pet. Only for you. Can thank your little friend for that.”

“Spike. Please. You don’t want to do this.”

“The fuck I don’t. Now, I’ll give you a choice. My demon demands a spot of violence here. So whatta you chose . . . feeding or fucking?”

Part Three
“Feed or fuck? Chose, boy!”

“Neither! None of the above!”

“Not possible.”

Spike spun Harris around until the boy’s cheek pressed into the wall, but Spike was careful not to slam him. He really didn’t have any intentions of hurting Harris any more than was necessary, particularly since he didn’t fancy fleeing a brassed-off Slayer for the rest of his unnatural life. He wrenched one of the boy’s arms up behind his back, watching the shoulder blades protrude from his shirt like bony wings. He laced the other hand through the wavy hair, knowing how tender the scalp could be, counting on the pain to get his cooperation.

The vampire felt he was getting bigger, his power expanding, a Master once more, if only for a court of one. He was back where he belonged.

He marched the human into the kitchen, releasing his hair long enough to slam open a cabinet. Ignoring the human’s squirming, he quickly found what he needed, an unopened bottle of olive oil, most likely a housewarming gift from the witches. It would do.
The boy wouldn’t stop struggling, and Spike cuffed him on the side of the head, hard enough to slow him down.

Sticking the small bottle into a pocket of his jeans, then he tightened his hand in the human’s hair again. He forced Harris into the bedroom and threw him onto the bed. Spike was on him before Harris could regain his wits enough to move. He caught both of the boy’s hands this time, pulling them behind his back to rest at the base of his spine. The vampire increased the pressure, chuckling when he realized that the boy would bear bruises from his hold the next day. His vampiric strength was enough that he could hold both wrists still while he slid his knife out of his boot.

A few slices later, and the human’s shirt was split open from hem to neckline, and his jeans were in shreds, his rounded ass exposed and Spike paused a moment to admire the treat before him. Construction work had done the boy a world of good, in more ways than one.

He fumbled one-handed with his own jeans, hissing as the pressure was finally taken away from his engorged cock. Harris’s protests and pleas were getting louder and more desperate, but Spike ignored them, instead
reaching for the oil bottle and flipping the top open. He drizzled oil into the boy’s crack and then ran up and down his own cock twice. The human was lucky that Spike was taking this much care.

Spike shifted his stance, using his knees to spread Harris further, tightening his grip as the boy thrashed. He surged forward, howling with joy as he felt delicate human tissues give way to the force of his assault. Harris’s scream of outraged pain nearly made him come, but he narrowly clung to his self-control.

He was sheathed in human warmth, and could feel the rich liquid of life welling slowly around his cock from the wounds he’d inflicted. Blood was everything.

Spike’d been too long with only his hand for company, rude thoughts of the Slayer interrupting his happy wanks. He’d been too long enslaved to human technology. The pain and warmth were bliss, and he wouldn’t last. He pulled back and plunged in again, but it didn’t take long and he roared his completion as he pumped into his unwilling partner.

The vampire slumped over Harris’s back, letting a fang rest against the nape of the boy’s neck. It was tempting
to feed, but Spike knew that while the boy might be too embarrassed to tell Buffy about this assault, she’d know instantly if he bit her Scooby. So he restrained himself reluctantly, not without promising himself that it would happen someday soon. When he could figure out how to hide it from the Slayer.

He pulled out carefully and then scooted down the bed, hiding his true face. Harris wasn’t struggling anymore; the fight seemed to have left him when Spike entered him. The vampire parted the boy’s muscular cheeks and his tongue went out, softly lapping at the ravaged hole. The boy tasted of blood and semen, and Spike found himself purring. He worked his saliva inside and around, intent on healing the damage he’d done.

Part Four

When Spike thought he’d done as much as he could to heal the boy, he parted the cheeks one last time, inhaling deeply, sniffing at the opening. He could sense no
damage inside, so he sat back on his heels, satisfied.

The human was shaking, but not moving off the bed. Great waves of anger, and fear, and grief were coming off of him, and Spike became concerned that he would find himself on the wrong end of a stake if he didn’t soothe the boy. He saw no traces of tears on Harris’s face, though, and the vampire felt another unwelcome tendril of respect for him.

He stepped off the bed and removed the clothes that he’d been in too much of a hurry to deal with before. Then he fished around in the sheets for the discarded bottle of olive oil. He sniggered silently. Demons might not think Harris was food anymore, but humans might before Spike finished with him. He poured a good handful into his palm, and knelt between the human’s spread legs, pushing what was left of the boy’s shirt off his shoulders.

Harris flinched when he felt Spike’s hands on him, but Spike hummed softly, letting the vocalization drop into a throaty rumble.

“Hush, pet. Let me tend you.”
He’d felt some connection between them when he’d been inside the boy, not the same as a sire/childe bond or a consort claim, but it had been there. Spike didn’t understand it, but he was hoping that he could use it like any other vampiric link and get Harris to settle down.

Tense muscles in shoulders and back yielded gradually to Spike’s sure hands, relaxing. The vampire kept up a steady murmur, mostly nonsense, while he delicately probed the spell that had connected them. The trembling gradually stopped, and Spike could feel the calm growing inside the boy. He halted to get more oil every so often, working the muscles until the knots were gone and the boy was quiet under him.

Spike found himself fighting an unanticipated battle as his hands moved over the human. Whelp’s muscles were hard from his construction work, his shoulders were broad, and his legs were long and shapely. He shouldn’t be lusting after another human, but he was afraid it was too late. The boy was all heat and sweetness, and Spike wanted more.

Finally deciding that the human was as relaxed as possible, Spike wiped his hands on the linens, and moved to the headboard, giving in to the temptation to run his
fingers through the boy’s thick hair.

“Spike. Don’t.”

Spike withdrew his hands, wondering what to do.

“Won’t apologize, cause I don’t think you’d take it. And ‘m not sorry. Demon here. Evil.”

Xander rolled over and Spike tried desperately to read him, but failed.

“I should kill you.”

“You can try,” Spike snorted. “I could have killed you. Thought you’d rather live.”

“Then Buffy can.”

The boy was distant, unemotional, and Spike didn’t know how to rescue the situation. He’d been gentler than Angelus ever had been when he was fucking Spike, but he knew that he’d hurt the boy still.

He wanted to argue, to fuck the boy until he gave in. To bite him and make his first childe. Spike hated feeling
confused.

“Bloody hell, boy! What would you have me do? I can’t take it back.”

“Let me stake you.”

Spike stared. Boy had stones, no question. The vampire wasn’t sure how his non-existence would affect the human, considering the spell. Fuck, he hated magic, it was too twisty. But the way Harris was looking at him, he didn’t think the boy cared much if Spike’s death would lead to his own.

Ah, fuck it. What’s the fun of immortality without taking risks. ‘Sides, the boy was a white knight. He leaned back.

“All right.”

Part Five
Harris stared at him.

“Yeah, right, asshole.” He sat up. “You’re stronger than me or you’ll use that voice thing.”

Spike shrugged, taking a gamble, counting on the boy’s decency and whatever the red witch had done to them to get him through.

“Tie me up, then. Gag me.”

He nearly lost it at the expression on the boy’s face. Xander shook himself.

“That offer is the best I’ve ever had, bleachie. On so many levels.”

The human swung his legs off the bed and looked around the room, his gaze finally resting on the bed. He picked up the remnants of his shirt. Spike sat up wordlessly and put his hands behind his back. Xander used the shirt to bind his arms together nearly to his elbows.

Spike was interested to see that the boy hadn’t thought
to dress himself again. He kept his thoughts to himself, but he couldn’t help his eyes drifting to the package between the boy’s legs. It wasn’t happy at the moment, but even shriveled, Spike could see that it was nice and fat. And the balls beneath were heavy, brimming with life. He wondered idly what it would take to see the whelp full and excited.

Harris picked up the shreds of his boxers and wadded them up, thrusting them into Spike’s mouth. Spike’s eyes widened as the boy’s flavors swamped his palate and drifted up to his nose. The demon part of him was very interested.

But when the human pulled a stake out from under the mattress, the demon forgot about the pleasant smells. Spike kept his human face with effort as Xander approached him. Harris knelt on the bed, and settled the stake just above Spike’s left nipple. The vampire gulped, and closed his eyes, unable to watch as the wood slid in.

“There’s no reason why I shouldn’t do this. You’re dangerous and evil. Killing you would be of the good.”

Spike wished he’d shut up and get on with it. Or not. The pressure on the pointed wood increased, and Spike felt
his skin part. He vamped out, unable to stop it, but kept himself from ripping the bonds on his arms with effort when he realized that the boy wasn’t going any further.

“Maybe I deserved it.”

Spike’s eyes flew open as the stake pulled back slightly, but then the boy traced it across his chest, poking at his right nipple with it.

“I tried to do . . . that . . . to Buffy. Maybe that karma thing got me.”

He was circling Spike’s nipple with the wood now, and the demon inside him was still howling in terror, but Spike was getting interested. What the bleeding hell was the boy on about?

“She was strong enough to stop me.”

The stake moved to the center of Spike’s chest, then back to the wound on his left side. Xander dug the wood in a little, further opening the wound that was oozing blood, making more flow. But he pulled back again, and the stake scratched down Spike’s torso, raising welts.
Harris used the stake to lift Spike’s cock and Spike whimpered. Not even Dru had dared play these games with a stake. That would be too edgy for his dark princess. His respect for the mortal grew, even as his body responded to the touch. He was fighting desperately to stop the demon from breaking loose, because he had an inkling that he wasn’t really in any danger, but the demon’s fear was becoming hard to resist.

“If it had been Willow . . . . “

The boy faltered for a moment, the stake dropping. But then the stake was back, rubbing on Spike’s prick and the vampire whimpered as his organ filled. There was a new scent in the room, barely there, one that Spike hadn’t smelled before, but he easily identified it as the boy’s arousal. The mortal was getting off on torturing him.

He felt a small regret that he hadn’t tried to seduce the boy instead of raping him. But his demon had needed it so badly.

The stake was still rubbing him, catching on sensitive parts. His cock was starting to tingle and the whole thing was so nasty, so warped, that Spike couldn’t resist it. He
was ashamed of it though, no Master vampire should let a human use him like this. And it was too similar to Angelus for his comfort. But his shame made it sicker, and fuck knows, his demon liked sick shit. The boy worked the stake harder and Spike screeched around the gag, his demon panicking even as his prick exploded, spraying cold come on his thighs. He shuddered, trying to gulp in unneeded air around the sodden cotton.

“Spike.”

Xander knelt in front of him, the stake again in the wound. Spike met the human’s eyes, trying to let his own show his willingness to allow what Xander wanted to do, despite being vamped.

The whelp nodded and threw the stake across the room. He pulled the boxers out of Spike’s mouth.

“Go away, Spike.”

Spike flexed his arms, using his vampiric strength to rip the fabric binding his arms. He concentrated on getting dressed while he regained control of his face. He was angry with himself for many things, disgusted that he’d allowed that, wanting to take it out on the boy. But he
was intrigued more than anything else, he decided.

Xander wrapped himself in the blankets, watching the vampire dress expressionlessly. When Spike was finished, he couldn’t stop his own curiosity.

“What were you talking about?”

The whelp shrugged.

“I was possessed by a demon once. A hyena demon. I did some things . . .” He shuddered. “Things I regret. I don’t forgive you, but I know . . . what it’s like.”

Spike nodded, gathering up his duster and heading out of the apartment. He had a lot to think about.

Part Six

Several weeks passed before the boy did anything about the incident between them. Spike had been expecting the slayer to show up as his crypt at any time, and he had arguments ready to try and talk her out of ending him. But nothing happened. They patrolled, the girls gossiped. The whelp was withdrawn, introspective even, for several days. His lack of babble resulted in some gentle teasing from the girls and a few odd looks. But the mood
passed eventually, and he was back to being the Scoobies’ donut boy. Spike wasn’t fooled, he’d good reason to know the whelp had hidden depths.

Red had no luck understanding where she went wrong with the ritual, which didn’t surprise Spike in the slightest. Spell prolly did exactly what it was supposed to.

He had that theory confirmed one night when a Hraken demon attacked them. Its long proboscis pointed to Xander but whatever it smelled made it hiss and withdraw. Seemed the boy wasn’t a demon magnet anymore.

Except for one demon. Spike wanted him badly, wanted the human who had enough balls to tease a Master vampire with a stake. There weren’t many like that on this lovely planet, and Spike was attracted despite himself. He tried to tell himself that it would be the worst fucking idea he’d ever had. His chest was scarred from the stake, a permanent reminder of his foolishness.

Regrets flitted through his mind, emotions he pretended he didn’t feel, but when loneliness became unbearable and his hand was his only comfort again, it wasn’t Buffy’s face he saw anymore. His fantasies were full of Xander,
willing and needy, wanting Spike. But that was the only time he allowed himself that, not going to turn into a broody poof like soddin’ Angel.

He could sense the boy all the time though, like a distant echo or shadow when they were separated. He wondered if the whelp felt it too.

Late one afternoon there was a hesitant step outside his crypt and the boy was there.

“Harris.”

“Spike.”

Spike settled into his armchair while the boy paced. The vampire wondered where this was going, but the boy started in with the babble and Spike did his best to keep up.

“I never expected that. That happening wasn’t even in the same galaxy as this one. It was so unexpected it was like some sort of parallel universe thing, except you should always expect a parallel universe. Wait. Maybe it’s that spell working, but I still feel what I feel. I just can’t believe I feel it about you, cause evil vampire who
raped me, so not good. And I’m not gay, I mean, I’ve never looked at another guy that way. Although there could have been an incident with Larry, he probably would have, but he’s dead. And Willow and Tara, I’ve got nothing against the gayness there, sorta hot if you think of it, and not like one of them is my best friend, cause, yuck. But I’m not against gayness as a concept, I’m just against it as it applies to me. Or at least I thought I was, which just shows you that you never know. And you did say never say never.”

Spike threaded his fingers through his hair, tugging on it, feeling almost as bad as he did when the chip fired. “Shut the fuck up!”

Harris gulped, and whispered, “Shutting up now.”

“What are you trying to say?” Spike held up his hand. “Ten words or less.”

“Uh . . . I liked turning you on.”

Spike lit a fag, considering. “If you liked tying me up, that’s not gonna happen again, not unless it’s t’other way around. Demon doesn’t bend for humans. That was a one time deal to square things between us.”
“Why’d you do it?”

“Not concern for you, I tell ya. Didn’t want her Buffyness to stake me, did I?” He puffed, savoring the smoke and then exhaling. “Pure self preservation.”

“Okay. But the tying up wasn’t it.” He stumbled over his words, turning a lovely shade of red. “I liked making you come.”

“Oh? Do tell, pet.”

Harris shrugged. “Not much to tell. It made me feel good. I want . . . more.”

Could be the spell working, could be the boy was just twisted. Spike didn’t much care, as long as it didn’t lead to any personal dustiness.

He leaned back in his armchair. “Right. I can help you with that, boy. I won’t deny that I’d fancy another go.”

Xander made a small sound, like he wanted to argue and Spike nodded, his voice soft, “No, not like that.”
The vampire could feel the mixture of fear and desire coming off the boy, and knew he was inches away from fleeing. “What about this . . . you stay dressed, and I’ll get naked. You’ll be safe.”

“That could work.”

Spike stood up and shucked his shirt off. “Tie this over your eyes. You can pretend I’m someone else, someone you’d want.”

Xander took the shirt hesitantly, but did as he was told. Spike smiled to see that, fuck, the boy had a more courage than was good for him. But maybe there was hope yet, that they could come to some understanding between them. He peeled himself out of his jeans and boots, and sat down again.

“Touch me,” he said softly, careful to keep any note of command out of his voice. He wanted to see how far the boy would go on his own. “No peeking.”

The human moved hesitantly, sliding his feet forward until he found the chair. He bent forward slowly, reaching out until his hand connected with Spike’s shoulder. He went to his knees and the demon was
hungry for him, but Spike kept his hands to his sides, determined to let the boy control how they touched. He wanted the boy eager for him, not afraid unless Spike wanted him to be.

The boy was careful with him, big calloused hands skating over Spike’s chest pausing at his nipples, circling them and pinching. The vampire purred his pleasure, his chest rumbling. The fingers hesitated when they found the stake scar over the left one, stopping and Spike could feel his confusion.

“S’alright, pet,” Spike murmured reassurances and the fingers gained confidence.

Spike enjoyed watching the human move. He had a slight self-consciousness, as though he were used to being bigger than everyone else and had to take care not to hurt them.

But he didn’t hesitate to touch Spike, his hands going everywhere, tickling in some places, though Spike refused to give any indication of it. Master vampires didn’t giggle when being serviced by their potential thralls.
When those calloused fingers finally wrapped around his prick, Spike couldn’t stop his hips from arching into the contact, but he stilled again, letting the boy go at his own pace. From what Xander had said before, Spike was fairly certain that the human had never held any other dick ‘cept his own.

“Touch yourself,” Spike purred when he the unmistakable scent of aroused male drifted on the air.

The boy stopped, opening his jeans, working by feel behind the blackness of Spike’s T-shirt. His member was thick, nested in his dark bush. Spike hoped he’d get the chance to show the boy how to dress, cause he was too beautiful to hide under his dreary clothes.

“Lovely boy.”

The boy acted perplexed by the compliment, his head tilted as though he were trying to see Spike, but he soon returned to his task.

Xander seemed fascinated by his foreskin, working it around, tentatively slipping a fingertip under it. Spike let him play, curious as to what this human would do. Xander finally got serious about it, stripping Spike’s cock
with the efficiency of someone used to taking care of his own business. The boy had long supple fingers that completely engulfed Spike’s cock, sending him quickly into orbit. Come spurted over the boy’s hands and soaked Spike’s belly.

The boy gripped his own cock and pulled himself off quickly, his breath hoarse ragged pants ending a deep groan as he added to the puddle of come on the vampire. He reached up and pulled the shirt off his eyes.

He looked a little dazed, but Spike could see no signs of panic or fear in his eyes.

Spike smirked, running his fingers through the mess on his belly, and then bringing them to his mouth to clean them. “Nummy.”

“If you say so.”

Spike leered at him and then pushed him up. “Off you go, boy. We’ve both got what we wanted.”

The vampire pulled his jeans back on while Harris fixed his clothes.
“What happens now?”

“Next time is on you. You know where to find me.”

Part Seven

A few days later, Xander came back again, and Spike sensed the conflict inside him. He guessed that the human had thought the last time would scratch the itch and it would go away. It bloody well hadn’t helped Spike out much, other than give him visuals to go with his nightly fantasies.

The boy smelled of healthy male, the blood coursing strongly through his veins and it was soddin’ difficult rein his nature in. He gave off testosterone too, like most males his age. Made Spike want to turn him over the nearest flat surface and have that toothsome ass again. But he held back. He’d not do that again unless the boy asked him directly.
“I want . . . something.”

“Could you be more vague, boy?”

“I don’t know! I think about you when I shouldn’t, how’s that for evidence that fate hates me?”

Spike lowered his voice. “And what do you think about . . . all alone in your bed, perhaps?”

The boy smelt of embarrassment now and Spike grinned. He could still have his fun.

“Yeah, sometimes.”

“Why don’t we take care of that little problem?” He gestured to his easy chair. “Make yourself comfortable. Get the problem . . . in hand.”

“That the best you can come up with, tanless one?”

Xander rolled his eyes at the bad pun and Spike leered at him, glad that they could at least snark at each other again.

“Shh. Now, just do exactly what I say, yeah?”
The boy looked intrigued by the game and Spike leaned against the sarcophagus, staring at the human. His demon side wanted the boy badly, but the part of him that could think straight believed it was still too soon. Spike let his posture slump, feigning complete repose.

“Lets ‘ave those jeans off, pet. But slowly. Push ‘em down past your knees.” Spike lowered his voice, letting the low rumble creep into it as much as he could while he had his human visage.

Xander’s eyes widened and the musk he gave off sharpened, intensified suddenly. Spike kept his smile to himself, as the boy did as he was told. And he held the demon back with difficulty when the human didn’t do anything else, didn’t touch himself, but instead looked at Spike with anticipation in his eyes. So obedient.

Spike made sure to keep the purr in his voice. “Spread your knees a bit, wanna see you.”

He took an unneeded breath when the boy obeyed, unknowingly showing off his dusky balls and already straining shaft. Young human males were so easy to play and this one was more responsive than most. Spike’s
tone had gone ragged.

“S’lovely, boy. Beautiful, you are.”

The scent changed, something else lay under the desire, and Spike wondered how often the boy got compliments on his looks. He cleared his throat softly.

“Touch yourself, wrap a hand around your prick. Pinch your nipple with the other.”

The vampire dug his fingers against his zipper, trying to quell his own organ when Xander hissed from the contact on his nipples. Clear fluid leaked from the crown of the human’s dick, and Spike whimpered, wanting to taste, cursing his thoughtless act that made it so necessary for him to hold back now.

“Smear your juice around.”

The boy’s eyes were wide and pleasure dazed as he did what Spike told him to, and Spike added, “Taste yourself.”

Xander brought his fingers to his mouth slowly, hesitantly, but after he got his first taste, he sucked his
own fingers in, cleaning them busily, hollowing his cheeks as he worked. Spike couldn’t stand it, ripping his own jeans open and getting his hands on his prick.

“Stop!” Spike winced when the boy jumped. He hadn’t meant to make that so strong. He didn’t want the human to react to the spell, wanted him to make the choice to obey Spike. “I mean, that’s bloody hot, you’ve no idea. Don’t wanna come yet.”

The boy nodded, but Spike could almost see the wheels turning and he knew that he’d given the boy something to use against him. All to the good though, he enjoyed the boy’s dark side.

“Stroke yourself now, nice steady rhythm.” Spike wrapped his fingers around his cock, knowing it wasn’t going to take much to get himself off. If he’d known the boy was this enticing, he would have taken advantage of him when they were still sharing the basement.

He concentrated on the signs from the human, listening carefully to his heartbeat and breathing, his ears and nose telling him when the boy was close.

“Stop.” This time he used the command, and the boy
stopped instantly, though he groaned in protest, his breathing harsh. “Take your hand away, pet, just relax a mo’.”

“Spike . . . ”

The human wasn’t happy about that, and Spike smirked, but he kept his tone soothing. “Just breathe through it, let it fall back a bit.”

When he could feel that the boy wasn’t near his crisis anymore, he had him start again. But he stopped again before he could finish. Three more times Spike repeated the order and he could feel the frustration emanating from the human. The boy was sweaty and trembling, his eyes unfocused. The noises he made were exquisite.

Spike finally ran out of patience with the game and began to stroke himself in time with the mortal’s hands. “All the way this time, come with me.”

The boy thrashed, his back bowing as his hips thrust against his hand. Spike let go of his own orgasm with a roar, vamping out as he bucked against the stone.

The crypt was full of the scent of sex and human musk,
and the boy slumped in a boneless heap in the chair. Spike wanted to lick him clean, the sweat and the come, taste him all over, open tiny wounds and sip his blood.

"‘m so screwed,” he mumbled to himself.

Part Eight

They met at odd times, then. Xander would work them both into a frenzy until they exploded together. Spike let the boy touch him, but determinedly kept his hands to himself, hoping that the boy would eventually come to want him for more. But Xander never mentioned anything until one night when he leaned against the Taylor family capstone in Shady Hill after they finished patrolling. Spike waited, wondering why the boy wasn’t going home.

“Why won’t you touch me?”

“Wot? Happen I’ve touched you right thoroughly, boy.”
“No, not really.”

Xander seemed to be trying to get his thoughts in order and Spike really hoped he was going to be subjected to more incomprehensible exposition.

“You let me touch you, you watch me while I beat off, and you say all sorts of naughty things to me, which is way hot, by the way. But you never follow up.”

Spike shrugged and fiddled with a cigarette. “You seem to like it.”

“I know what you’re doing.”

The vampire rolled his eyes. “And what might that be?”

“You’re trying to make amends . . . for what you did to me.”

“Evil here. Or did you forget?” Spike snorted. He vamped out, but Xander didn’t flinch.

“Not likely. But I think you regret it. And don’t try to change the subject, blondie.”
“What the bleeding hell do I have to regret? Got myself a nice warm piece of ass.” Spike was starting to get pissed, and he wasn’t gonna tolerate the boy accusing him of being a poof.

“Defensive much?”

“Fucking subject’s closed.”

Spike turned away in annoyance, heading for home. He stopped short when his sensitive ears caught the sound of a zipper. It was a jeans zipper, no mistaking the thick metal sound for those pansy nylon ones. He refused to look though.

“Look what I found here. It’s all hard and throbby.”

Spike cursed and spun around, his growl answering Xander’s low-voiced tease. The boy was leaning against the granite, his jeans pushed down to his knees. His thick cock was framed by the dark hair around it and long muscular thighs. Xander tugged languidly on his prick, smearing the fluid around at the head.

“But I guess some vampires are too sensitive and kind to
help me out. I’ll just have to take care of this all by myself. Since the evil un-dead has gone all cuddly.” His voice was taunting as his hand sped up.

“Hey!” the boy shouted through the empty cemetery. “Here I am! Hot mortal! Any vampires around who aren’t pussies?”

The demon roared and Spike moved across the intervening space at full speed. He pulled up short in front of the human.

“Are you looking to get raped again, boy?”

The whelp’s erection wilted at bit at that, and his voice was quiet and serious when he answered. “No. There was not one part of me that enjoyed any aspect of that. No deep seated kink that got off on what you did. I don’t ever want that to happen again.”

The boy started on his dick again. “Why didn’t you use the voice thing on me?”

The subject change left Spike’s head spinning. “What’re you on about now?”
“You could have done the magic roofie thing on me, made me take it, not fight you. But you didn’t. Why?”

“Maybe I wanted a bit a torture, been a while.”

“Tell me the truth.”

Spike squirmed, not entirely sure what the truth was anymore. This human confused him more than anyone he could remember, barring only Dru.

Instead he asked, “Would that make you feel better? That I made you do it cause of some fucked up spell?”

“No, it would still be rape.”

“That’s it then. No sense dressing it up as something it wasn’t.”

Spike wondered what it would be like to have Xander, willing and eager. He supposed he’d fucked up too badly to ever find out. But he still didn’t understand the boy’s game.

“So the way it went down was actually you being honest with me.”
“Yeah. No! ‘M not honest, not at all.”

“Okay. If you say so.”

Xander’s hand drifted down to his organ again, stroking it into full hardness and Spike was annoyed that he couldn’t help responding to the show. The boy leaned his head back, closing his eyes, and thrusting his hips out and Spike scented the pheromones pouring off him. The boy was close.

Brown eyes opened, hazy with desire. “Please, Spike. Please touch me.”

Controlling his face with difficulty, Spike hadn’t the will to resist that plea. Maybe that bloody spell worked both ways. Mattered not a bit, though. He reached out, feeling the turgid weight of the human’s shaft for the first time, like a bar of heated metal in his hand. Xander gasped as Spike put decades of experience into the act of whacking him off.

It was the hottest thing Spike had seen in a long time, Xander all needy and losing it because of him. The organ in his hand swelled and stiffened further before releasing
its delicious heat. Spike wrapped his other arm around the human, holding him while he spasmed.

When it was over, Spike leaned down and placed a careful kiss on Xander’s crown, before tucking the boy back into his pants and jeans.

Part Nine

Spike pushed sweaty hair out of Xander’s eyes. The moonlight flooding the cemetery lit the strong bones of his face.

“What?” Xander’s question was slightly wary, but Spike could sense no fear.

“A kiss.”

Spike wondered what Xander would make of that,
because kissing carried many implications of things other than sex. But Spike loved to kiss and he’d get it when he could.

“Really?”

Spike cupped the boy’s face and pulled him down, hands tightening in his thick hair. He stepped in close, hard against the boy’s body, so much larger than his, nearly as big as Angelus. But this one was full of hot mortal sweetness, enough warmth that Spike thought his undead heart might beat again.

Spike pressed his mouth against Xander’s and it seemed the boy had no squickage about locking lips with a vampire, because he opened his mouth without urging and Spike was falling into the hot depths, pressing himself closer, growling as he tried to get more of the luscious taste of this human boy. Xander tightened his arms, pressing Spike into him, and Spike ground against the boy, pushing him back against the granite tomb.

When they pulled apart, Spike felt dizzy, and the boy . . . his lips were swollen, his breath was heavy, and Spike was becoming addicted to seeing that lost and pleasure-dazed look on his face.
The human licked his lips. “As first kisses go, that was . . . whoa.”

His hands were still twisted in the boy’s dark brown hair, so Spike flexed his fingers, scratching lightly. Xander leaned into the touch unconsciously, his hands around Spike’s waist tightening, pulling the vampire closer.

“What do you want, boy?”

“I’m not sure.” The human sighed. “I think I want you, and that’s giving me a huge case of the wiggins.”

Spike nodded. “I’m a demon and we don’t do things by halves. If I have you, I want all of you. I’ll take everything you’ve got and things you never dreamed of.”

Arousal mixed with uncertainty and a small thread of fear wafted off the boy. His voice was tight. “Everything?”

“I promise that I’ll never take you by force again. And I won’t kill you. But I’ll hurt you some and I will bite you.”

Xander would never know what kind of iron control it had taken Spike to resist tasting his blood all these
weeks. The one human he could have and he’d held back, cause he was a romantic fool and he wanted the gift given freely. Perhaps he had the chip to thank for teaching him to control his impulses. That made him want to growl.

“Oh. Can I trust your promises?”

“That’s your decision. I’ll give you time to think about it. But if we do this, you do it completely, no going back, no changing your mind and saying I forced you. Not this time. No crying to your friends.”

Spike wanted Xander to be absolutely certain before they went any farther. If he came to it on his own, the boy would be happy and the Slayer couldn’t say anything. Well, not as much. Spike was certain that she’d have plenty to say. In the meantime, he’d see if he could steal old Rupe’s bit of plastic and have a little shopping spree. Just in case the boy wanted more. Definitely needed some leather. Black, of course.
Part Ten

It finally happened after they were wrapping up patrol one night. Xander mumbled something about having the new Steven Segal movie and did Spike want to watch it. The girls rolled their eyes and advised Xander to get a life, but they weren’t smelling what Spike was and the vampire agreed to the plan.

“Gotta nip back to the crypt and have a bit of a feed, then I’ll be along.”

Xander nodded and turned for his apartment. Buffy mentioned something about aromatherapy and the group dispersed. Spike hurried back to his crypt, getting a bag of blood and eating quickly. What he really needed was the duffle bag stashed in the lower level. Amazing really, the kinds of things you could access from the public library late at night. Clem had accepted the parcels for him and hadn’t asked any questions.

The boy answered the door already in mid-babble. “I don’t really want to watch the movie. I mean, I have the movie in case anyone asks, and I can give you a plot
summary if you need it to cover, but really, it’s not a very good one.”

Spike sighed. “Stop. I know it. Smelled you, didn’t I?”

He winked and Xander colored.

“So I’m just a big mood ring to you? How embarrassing.”

“Bit more than that.”

He dropped the bag beside the door and prowled to the overstuffed chair. He saw the boy look curiously at the bag and smiled to himself. He’d let the human wonder before he showed him. Spike relaxed back into the chair, slouching, and pretending he wasn’t anxiously awaiting the boy’s answer.

Xander fidgeted, and then said, “I agree to your terms. Just no rape, no death, and no turning.”

“You’ll do anything and everything I say. And you’ll let me do anything I want to you. Anything. There will be no safety for you, short of death.” Spike wanted it clear what the boy was agreeing to.
The boy’s eyes looked startled and fearful, but his voice was steady. “Yes. Anything.”

The mortal was trembling slightly, his scent a mixture of fear and anticipation, and no small amount of arousal. Spike sat forward in the chair, spreading his legs.

“Right. Take your clothes off.”

The whelp did as he was told and Spike thoroughly enjoyed the show. The boy was full and hard by the time he was bare, strong thighs leading to his dark bush and thick member. Bulky shoulders and deep chest. The boy was a beauty hidden under revolting clothes. Spike kept his stare until long past it was comfortable, reveling in the boy’s embarrassment. Something he’d teach the human, to be proud in his nakedness.

“Very nice, pet.” Spike gave the praise in a quiet, sincere voice and the human’s color deepened. “Stand there, be right back.”

Spike went to the kitchen area, getting out a metal bowl and filling it with ice from the fridge. He returned to the chair and set the bowl on the floor within easy reach. He sprawled out again. The boy was still in place but he
moved restlessly.

“Come sit on my lap. Back to me.”

He arranged the boy the way he wanted him, long legs draped over Spike’s knees, his head resting on Spike’s shoulder. “Let your arms dangle over the sides of the chair, pet. Relax, I’ve got you.”

The position left the boy’s front fully exposed to Spike’s hands, cock and balls vulnerable. His hole was in easy reach, too, but Spike wasn’t going to touch it this time. The boy didn’t know that though, and a small tendril of fear scent wove through the overwhelming sexual pheromones the boy was pumping out. A heady mixture that Spike enjoyed completely even as his voice lowered, soothing and reassuring as he explored the human in his lap. Spike picked up a piece of ice.

He ran the cold down the center of the boy’s chest, purring at the gasp coming from the human. Ice circled tender nipples, forming them into little stiff peaks and the boy cursed softly. Spike traced the tendons of his graceful neck, his turn to moan as his fingertips brushed of the life pulsing hotly there.
The human was shivering, partly cold, partly arousal, and Spike smirked. His fingers didn’t feel the cold and he could keep doing this long past the point where it was bearable for a human. He dropped the melted fragment into the bowl and picked up another.

Spike outlined long thigh muscles, wandering up to dip into his belly button. Then he rambled lower, the ice going around the area where Xander wanted to be touched, but never quite getting there, until the boy was muttering his frustration and trying to urge his hips into Spike’s hand.

“Be still.”

Xander quieted, but then shuddered and gasped when Spike touched his dick with the ice, sliding it up and down the heated shaft. Spike could feel the boy’s struggle to stay motionless.

When the thick bush was wet and dripping, and his balls were drawn up from the cold, Spike dropped the ice and wiped his hands on the fabric of the chair.

He wrapped a hand around the boy’s prick. The boy was silken heat in Spike’s hands and he cupped the full balls
with his other hand while he worked the organ. The human was whining incoherently, guttural hoarse sounds of pleasure. Spike intensified his movements and the boy shot quickly, his back bowing and legs stiffening as he released.

When it was over, the boy was panting and sweaty in his arms, and Spike wanted to lick him all over, to take the delicious flavors of life into his mouth. But he knew it was too soon for that. Instead he brought his hand to his mouth and carefully cleaned off every drop of the boy’s spend.

**Part Eleven**

Spike had the boy on his back on the couch, his mouth full of hot human cock. The vampire purred as more of the precious blood rushed into the organ. He worked his tongue against the sensitive slit, making the boy under him shout and thrash.

“Wait, Spike. Stop.”

Stop? The boy was on the receiving end of a blowjob from a creature who didn’t need to breathe, and he was bloody well calling stop?
“Wot?”

“Uh, would you, ah, teach me? To give head.”

“Well, fuck me, course I will. Shift onto the carpet.”

When Xander was laying on the floor, Spike pulled him to his side and then turned himself around so that they were head to toe.

“Just do what I do.”

He opened his mouth as wide as it would go, curling his tongue around the boy’s heated organ. He hummed as he felt his cock get the same treatment. He left the prick to nuzzle the heavy balls, lipping and sucking them. The boy was making greedy noises but he was a quick study, adding in a little nip at the loose skin of Spike’s nuts, and it was Spike’s turn to groan.

The vampire went back to the cock, tongue out, circling the head, prying ever so slightly into the weeping slit, slurping the juice he found there. His pupil had already gotten the point of the lesson, the boy somehow instinctively knowing that the vampire would thoroughly enjoy a bit of teeth. The human was fairly gentle, but
there was no mistaking the sharp pain mixed in with the dedicated licking and sucking. Boy was a natural cocksucker, and luckily he seemed to like Spike’s cock.

The blood was pooling in Xander’s groin, creating heat and scent around his crotch that was far too tempting. Spike pulled his mouth off Xander’s prick, fighting for control, but he was lost, and there was no point in denying it.

“Please, pet, let me bite you. Just a little.”

The ardent mouth left his dick and Spike could feel Xander’s hot breath on his thigh. He could almost hear the wheels spinning as the human debated how much to trust the undead creature in his arms.

“All right.”

Xander went back to his task, working his mouth open, trying to take as much of Spike as possible. A good effort, considering that he still needed to breathe and Spike appreciated it, particularly when the boy curled his flexible tongue around Spike’s member, putting added pressure on the sensitive head.
He let his face relax into his vampiric visage, and softly dragged a fang along the straining tendon linking Xander’s thigh to his crotch. His hand kept up a gentle rhythm on the boy’s cock, keeping him interested and on the edge of his own pleasure.

When he could feel that he was about to come and couldn’t hold back any longer, Spike sank his fangs into the big saphenous vein running so close to the surface. The first taste of the boy’s sweet hot blood hit his tongue and he came, bucking and shuddering as the rich fluid flowed into his mouth. Vaguely he felt the boy sucking down his spend and at the same time, felt the cock in his hand pulse and spew. But Spike was drowning in the flavor of freely given human blood.

As the last of the tremors from his orgasm died away, Spike withdrew his fangs, licking carefully at the wound, listening anxiously for the heartbeat of the boy under him. But his heart was as strong and steady as ever, and Spike turned so he could hold the mortal close.

“Lovely gift, boy. Won’t soon forget it.”
Part Twelve

“I’m feeling cheated.”

“What now, wanker?”

Spike wasn’t really paying attention, waiting for the microwave to ding with his blood. He fed off Xander enough to keep the demon happy and healthy, but not enough to weaken the boy. He had no desire to have to explain himself to the rest of the soddin’ Scooby gang. So he had to supplement with bags.

“Well, I got gayed up by that stupid spell so now I’m your butt-monkey. How come you haven’t made with the butt-sex?” The boy grinned. “I’m your thrall, and I’m demanding my rights to have bad wrong sex. Fuck me.”

Spike peered at him over the mug, eyebrows raised. The boy appeared to be pouting. “Now, ain’t that something. If you were a proper thrall, you wouldn’t go demanding
“things of your Master. You’d take what you were given and be happy.”

“So, make me a proper thrall. I want the whole package so the other thralls won’t laugh at me.”

The vampire nearly choked on the blood. “Bugger all, boy, you’ve no idea what you’re asking. Besides, what other thralls?”

“I dunno, maybe there’s a support group for demon butt-monkeys. And I’ll be the one they point and laugh at. Been there, done that, don’t want another T-shirt.”

“How the bloody blazes did I end up with the world’s pushiest bottom?”

There was an underlying stain of bitterness to the boy’s light tone, but Spike wasn’t in the mood to delve into it. Not with the boy asking for it like that. Spike drained the mug and rinsed it out, debating with himself. Maybe the boy was right, and he was ready.

He let the feeling of the hunt come over him, and when he turned around he moved slowly, with a feline grace. He prowled over to where Xander was waiting, eyes
narrowed, thinking about what he could do to the boy. Every inch of him oozed predator and he felt the moment that the boy’s confidence changed to uncertainty.

“First,” he purred. “Proper thralls don’t ever speak unless spoken to.”

He leaned forward, making a show of sniffing the human. “And proper thralls don’t wear clothes. Strip, boy.”

Spike stepped back, waiting to see how the mortal would react, but Xander was already pulling his shirt off. The vampire waited until the boy was standing bare and his cock already showing interest in what was happening.

He paced around the boy, inspecting, fingers cupping a round ass cheek, or pinching a pert nipple. He gripped the human’s chin, studying his face as if searching for flaws. He ran a cold hand down the dark treasure trail, stopping short of where the boy wanted him to touch.

The vampire finally stopped behind the human, his booted feet nudging the boy’s feet further apart, until the muscles in his thighs bulged and his nuts swung freely, vulnerable. The boy wasn’t talking anymore, but
his breathing had gone heavy, and even without his advanced sense of smell, Spike would have known how turned on the boy was.

He lowered his voice to a purr. “Proper thralls don’t get to come until their Master lets them.”

The boy gasped, a small hitch of breath, and Spike smiled. Very good, the boy was very good at this, but Spike would teach him to be better. He walked around to the front again, putting some space between them.

“And finally, proper thralls kneel in the presence of their Master.” He growled, “On your knees, boy.”

Xander went down, but it was a graceless act, his legs bent awkwardly. Spike stepped in to correct him.

“A Master likes to see his thrall properly displayed to show off his beauty. Your body is lovely. Shoulders back, arms clasped behind you at your waist. Chest out.”

Spike kept his voice low and soothing as he positioned the boy’s arms where he wanted them. He’d learned that the human had little self-confidence in his looks, and Spike was going to make sure that the boy knew he was
appreciated.

“Knees spread a comfortable distance, ankles crossed.” Spike ran firm hands over Xander’s limbs as he helped him get into the proper alignment. “Head forward, eyes lowered.”

Slight tremors shook the boy, but Spike sensed no fear. Excitement, then. Very good. He circled the kneeling boy, making small adjustments to his posture.

“Remember how I’ve placed you, boy. When I tell you to kneel, I want you in that position. Now stand up and try it again. But this time, think about how much you want me to admire you.”

Spike was surprised that the boy had kept his silence throughout the lesson, but the human made no protest, rising to his feet, much more gracefully than he had gone down. He sank to his knees again, getting himself into the formal position quickly. Spike was certain that with practice the boy would do it perfectly.

“You’ve worked hard at that, boy, and I’m pleased with you.” He stood in front of the kneeling human. “For your reward, I’ll allow you to kiss me.”
The vampire could sense the confusion from the boy, knowing that he hadn’t been given permission to stand up and Spike wasn’t coming down to his level. Finally, Xander pushed his face forward, pressing a kiss to the bulge in Spike’s jeans.

Perfect, the boy was perfect. Spike drew an unneeded breath and cupped Xander’s chin, tilting his head up. “You’re beautiful and 'ave done very well.”

The boy colored and Spike drew his thumb across the human’s plump bottom lip. “Go into the bedroom. I want you lying on your back, hands on the headboard, pillows under your ass, legs bent and feet flat on the mattress.”

Xander seemed much more relaxed this time when he got to his feet, and Spike couldn’t help admiring the boy’s ass as he walked away. He pulled the duffle bag out of the closet, but discarded the idea of using any toys on the boy this time.

This time would be their first time, their real first time. The boy had been so willing and Spike wanted this to be special for him, to erase the last of the memories of pain and fear.
“Fucking poof, I am,” he growled to himself, wondering who had mastered whom in this scenario, but not much caring. The boy had responded so well to Spike’s orders that the vampire was willing to indulge him. So the only thing he took out of the bag was a bottle of lube.

The boy was exactly how Spike had told him, long body stretched out, hands over his head, ass up and ready to be plundered. Xander’s eyes were wide and dark with his arousal, and his cock bobbed proudly against his belly.

“Lovely boy,” he purred. And then added, “You may speak.”

But Xander didn’t say anything until Spike got his hands on the heated human skin, sensitive fingers delving into the boy’s secret places, discovering them all and giving the human no chance to hide his reactions. The boy gasped out incoherent words, pleas for more, and Spike grinned happily.

Sweat sheened the tawny skin and his hair clung to his face, chest heaving as he gasped while Spike fondled his balls. The vampire flipped the lid on the lube, squirting out a good dollop. “Legs farther apart. Open yourself for
me, pet.”

Xander did as asked, tilting his ass up, revealing his dusky hole to Spike’s gaze. The vampire sensed no fear in the boy as he dragged his fingers over the wrinkled skin. He kept up a steady litany of praise for the boy’s beauty, his form, his responsiveness. Xander was begging for more when Spike finally slid the tip of a finger inside. The boy was eager for it, relaxed around the intrusion, and Spike pushed in the rest of the way, with a rough command of ‘breathe.’

Heat engulfed his finger, luscious mortal heat and Spike could hardly wait to sink his prick into that furnace. His other hand massaged the straining tendons at the boy’s groin, while he pulled out just enough to get another finger in. The boy gasped and Spike opened his fingers, pushing against the ring of muscles until it gave. He found the human’s prostate without difficulty, wringing a yelp out of his partner.

“Please, Spike.”

“Pushy bottom,” the vampire said fondly, pressing a kiss to the human’s bent knee. He re-lubed his fingers, pushing three in, spreading and stretching the passage.
When he couldn’t wait any longer, he pulled his fingers out and lubed his cock thickly. He pushed on the boy’s thighs until his hole was at the right angle and set his cockhead against the entrance.

“Wrap your legs around my waist. And don’t forget to breathe.”

He pushed against the loosened pucker, sliding in on the human’s caught breath. He was buried balls-deep in the boy’s warmth, surrounded by it, feeling the boy’s pulse in the stretched muscles of his anus.

“Xander,” he whispered, ducking his head to capture the human’s lips. “‘s wonderful, pet.”

Xander nodded, straining his hips against Spike’s, driving the invader deeper into his body. Spike started moving then, and Xander followed until they were rocking together in a delicious rhythm that sent them both flying.

“Spike!” The cry wrenched from the human. “I can’t hold out.”

“Come for me then,” Spike whispered, and they both
gave into the feelings, their cries of pleasure echoing through the still apartment.

Part Thirteen

The human slumbered in the cool moonlight and the vampire kept watch, wondering.

He’d reached for the sun, the heat of the Slayer that he thought he loved. But the sun wasn’t meant for the likes of him and he knew it was only a matter of time before he’d been burned. Chance had brought this mortal to him, and he’d nearly destroyed the gift before he’d been able to see the value of it.

All the people he’d loved since he became a demon had been castoffs from his grandsire. Maybe it was time he found something that was his alone. It was a place to start.

Spike still wasn’t sure what it was that was between
them. Lust, without question. That fucking spell pulling them together, maybe. The thing was, he’d begun to think of this human as his, and he wasn’t sure that Xander fully understood what it meant to belong to a demon.

He was afraid that Xander wouldn’t stay once he realized what he’d gotten himself into. But the boy had a generous heart, strong and giving, and Spike thought that perhaps he could surrender his dream of Buffy, a fair trade for Xander.

“’m a bad man, pet.” Spike whispered into the quiet darkness. “I hope your courage doesn’t fail you this time.”

Hours later, still in the depths of the night, Xander stirred, rubbing his eyes, looking a little startled to find someone sharing his bed.

“You’re still here.”

“Where else would I be? Mine now, aren’t you.”

A glint of mischief entered Xander’s eyes, and Spike sighed internally, knowing he was in for a hell of a ride
with this one, but not wanting it any other way. He’d not break the boy, tempting as it was to the demon.

“So . . . bleachboy. Now that I’m your proper thrall, do I have to call you Master?”

Spike growled low at the sauce of him, but then kissed him quickly. “Not when we’re alone, unless I ask it.”

He pressed the boy’s chin until their eyes met, and Spike’s voice was serious, hoping he could get the mortal to understand.

“Other demons, now, that’s different. You don’t understand demon society and you must, or it’ll be dangerous for both of us. Demons will expect my human to show a proper amount of respect for his master. If you don’t, they’ll think I can’t control you, and they might try to take you.”

“But the spell Willow did, you told me that other demons will leave me alone.”

“And so they will, up to the point where they think I’m weak enough to get you away from me. You misbehaving means I’m not strong enough. I can’t fight them all. And
the spell’s null if I’m dust.”

The human pondered that, and Spike waited.

“What exactly does behaving myself mean? Cause I’ve never been good at following rules.”

“Bloody hell, boy, these rules can’t be broken. I told you a few, earlier. You can’t speak unless I ask you something, and when you do, you’ve got to call me Master. You’ve got to do what I tell you to without arguing. And if you can’t shut that yap, I will gag you.”

“Oh shit.” Xander was radiating nervousness.

“Easy, pet. Only around other demons and only if we’re not trying to kill them at the moment.”

“I see.”

“I hope you bloody well do. I’ll teach you, the hard way if necessary.”

“Why now? You never said anything about this before.”

“I’ve taken you, haven’t I? Demons’ll smell me on you.”
“Ew. What is it with the smelling thing?”

“Dunno, just how it works.” Spike shrugged.

“But no bugs, right? Cause I’m really not down with the bug eating.”


Xander squirmed closer, chuckling. “Really?”

The vampire smirked. “Yeah.”

Spike decided that there was no point in holding off telling the human the new order of things. “I’m moving in.”

“You are?”

“Mine now. Come on, boy, we need to find a place I can sleep safely.” Spike hopped out of the bed, suddenly wanting to plan and settle things between them.
Xander reached for a pair of boxers on the floor, but Spike turned and said quietly, “No clothes.”

The boy dropped them, finally standing up straight. “There’s a walk-in closet that I’m not using. It’s got no windows.”

The place was adequate and Spike inspected it, tapping the walls. “Needs to be a bit bigger. Can you move the wall out without anyone the wiser?”

“I think so, can take some space from the hall and reframe it.”

“Good. Then I’ll need a bed in here, and two ring bolts sunk into the wall at the head of it. Sturdy like.”

The human was wide-eyed and Spike ran a caressing hand down his arm. “Plan to tie you up and torture you, boy, but I promise you’ll like it.”

The boy made a strangled sound and Spike grinned, continuing, “Same thing in the ceiling. And I’ll need a closet or a chest for my playthings.”

“Playthings? You have toys?”
“Mmm, yeah. Prolly not what you’re thinking, boy.”

Spike led the way into the kitchen, inspecting every cabinet and the contents of the fridge. “I’m making the shopping list from now on. You’re not eating this dreck anymore. Need you at top form. And no more American piss-wallow beer, we’re having the real thing.”

“Hey, you can’t mess with my Twinkies!”

The vampire gave him a dark look. “You’ll have to earn them. A reward, yeah?”

Xander glared back. “I’m not giving on the Twinkies.”

“Of all the stubborn whelps I’ve ever met, you are the worst.” But Spike decided that he’d not fight that battle at the moment. This human was fine with the ‘bad wrong sex’ but threaten his snacks and he came over all stubborn and harsh. “I’ll allow you that and that only.”

The boy grumbled. “I thought this was about sex. You’re running my life.”

Spike had known that this would be the sticky part. Boy
was a normal young male human and thought mostly with his dick. Didn’t understand the broader implications of linking himself with a demon.

“I told you . . . anything and everything. You’re my responsibility now. If I neglect you, means I don’t care enough to keep you. It’s not other thralls, but other demons you have to impress. They’ll look for signs that I value you.”

“Like what?”

“Like keeping you fit, you pillock! And marks. A human that has pleased his Master gets marked to show for it, signs of approval. No marks means I can’t be bothered with you.”

“Marked?” Xander’s voice had gone a bit squeaky and Spike hastened to soothe him.

“We’ll take it slow on that, pet. It’s enough that they can tell I’m biting you. For now. And we’ll try to avoid social situations with other demons.”

Spike decided it was time for a little distraction. Xander had absorbed enough information for the moment, it
was time to get those male hormones working again.

“Why don’t you get that duffle that I stored here? I’ll show you some of my toys.”

The vampire put as much naughty innuendo into the request as he could and he was happy to see the boy take the bait.

Part Fourteen

The duffle was in the hall where Spike had left it the night before, but Xander brought it so promptly that Spike suspected the human had it in his sight all along. Spike put it on the table, telling Xander to sit.

He kept the contents of the bag hidden from the boy, bringing the items out one by one. He hadn’t put anything in the bag other than some fairly standard toys, but to a human who’d thought he was straight and vanilla, until recently, they might be alarming. Spike
wanted to be able to judge the reaction to each one to see how much work he’d have.

The boy was fairly clueless about most of the toys. The anal beads and butt plugs didn’t prompt anything other than confusion and mild curiosity. He reacted to the dildo, but that was molded in the shape of a rather large cock, so the boy could imagine the use for that, undoubtedly. Spike savored the embarrassed horniness the boy projected. Interesting.

But the wave of pheremones that hit him when he pulled out the black leather cuffs sent him into game face for an instant. Bloody hell. The scent intensified when he set the matching ankle cuffs of the table. Spike worked very hard to hide his grin.

The nipple clamps produced a thread of fear, which grew when he drew out the suede flogger. Boy understood their purposes evidently. The vampire fondled the English tawse, a bit of an indulgence perhaps but it reminded him of his home. The boy didn’t look happy about it, but Spike would bring him around.

The jumble of straps produced more confusion, and Spike picked through the tangle until he withdrew a short
thin piece of black leather studded with several snaps.

“A bracelet?”

“Not quite, pet.” Spike patted the table. “Up here.”

Xander got on the table fairly easily, not feeling threatened by the small bit of leather. Spike smiled and pulled the chair in so he had an excellent view of the boy’s groin. The human’s cock was definitely happy when Spike began to stroke it. He took his time, exploring, cataloging reactions. He lifted the heavy balls, took small licks from the clear fluid welling out of the tip. The boy was squirming, his hips trying to rock into Spike’s hand.

Spike picked up the leather. “Spread you legs a bit further, boy.”

Xander groaned as he did so, and Spike wrapped the strap around the base of his penis, catching the balls in it too. He snapped it closed and then checked the fit with the tip of his finger, making sure it wasn’t too tight. It was firm enough that the boy would be feeling it every time he moved.

“Wha?”
Spike held out his hands and pulled Xander until he was standing. The boy’s prick stood out stiff and beautiful from his young body.

“Hey, that pinches, blondie. It’s pulling my hair.”

“Hmm, might do summat about that later. It’s a cock ring, boy, and you’ll keep it on all day, just so you remember who you belong to. Now off you go, get ready for work.” Spike nudged him towards the bathroom with a swat on his ass.

“No way, asshole, I’m not wearing this.”

Spike looked at him, waiting. This he wouldn’t concede, though the boy thought it was harsh, the alternatives were worse. Sometimes he thought that demons might be running some of the bondage supply companies he’d discovered.

The vampire was wondering if he would have to resort to something they would both hate at this time, when Xander dropped his eyes finally. “All right. But I’m so hard and horny.”
“And you’ll stay that way all day. I’ll know if you did anything about it. Smell it on you, yeah?”

The boy colored at the reminder that his emotions were hardly a secret to the vampire. “This sucks.”

Spike smirked. “Maybe later. I’ll get you a bit of breakfast and then when you get home from work, we’ll have an anatomy lesson.”

Part Fifteen

Spike studiously ignored the shifting and fidgeting coming from Xander’s chair during dinner. He’d found a grocery that delivered, shocking in Sunnydale, where the average life expectancy of most delivery boys could be measured in mere hours. However, for the moment, they were stocked with the kind of quality food that Spike planned to convert the human to.

The vampire took his time with his own blood, giving
every appearance of savoring it in the manner of a wine connoisseur with the best French vintages. He called up the remembered habits of gracious dining from a long past century, until he thought the boy might actually try to stake him again.

“Are you done yet, Miss Manners?” Xander’s tone was hard and unfriendly.

Spike pretended to consider the question, patting his mouth delicately. “I think I am quite replete. Thank you for your kind concern.”

The boy’s eyes narrowed angrily. “I want this thing off me.”

“You could’ve taken it off any time. ‘S not locked on.”

Xander sputtered indignantly and Spike fought to hide his smile.

“You fucking lunatic! You told me to keep it on!”

“But you made the choice, boy,” Spike pointed out. The human had to understand that what Spike was doing to him was exactly what he needed. That the vampire
hadn’t actually forced him into anything, that he’d obeyed because he wanted to obey. In truth, Spike was pleasantly surprised that it hadn’t come off at some point during the day.

The boy was puzzled, gnawing on his lip while he worked it out. Finally he sighed. “I liked it when you told me what to do. Which makes me the uber-sicko on this planet, but there you go.”

Spike stood up and took his hand, pulling Xander to the bedroom. “Honesty deserves a reward. Strip off.”

They lay together on the bed, kissing hungrily, until Spike pulled away and sat up.

“Right. Every day when you come home, I’ll need to see you, inspect you. Make sure you’re not damaged. My responsibility.”

Spike wanted the boy to get used to being handled, to being naked around him. He ran his hands over every inch of the boy’s skin, his fingertips quested through his hair, he prodded lymph nodes. He knew all the sneaky ways that human bodies could be sabotaged by magic or their own frailty. None of that would happen to Xander if
he could help it.

Finally, he carefully checked the cock ring, to be sure that the boy had taken no harm from it. Several wiry hairs were caught in the snaps and Spike imagined that must have stung when they were wrenched out. No wonder the boy was cranky.

By the time he finished, Xander was moaning and thrashing on the bed, thrusting his hips against nothing. His cock was purpled, engorged, the black leather around it a stark contrast to the warmth of his skin. Spike sat back on his heels, hand running up Xander’s leg, waiting for him to settle a bit.

He laid down again, so that he and Xander lay facing each other, nudging his thigh between the boy’s. He snapped off the cock ring, careful not to touch the boy, didn’t want him coming yet. Spike flipped open the lube.

“Hold out your hand.” He coated Xander’s fingers with it, then his own. “Gonna teach you how your body works, boy.”

Xander giggled nervously. “The joy of gay sex?”
Spike leered. “Damn right. Follow me.”

This had worked bloody beautifully with the blowjobs, the boy was a fast study when he was given an example. Boy wasn’t dumb, just wasn’t good with the books.

He circled the boy’s pucker, working the slick into the skin, and unable to repress his gasp when his own hole was massaged a few seconds later. He maintained eye contact with the human, letting the boy see how much the touch affected him. Xander’s eyes were wide, the rich brown drowned black by his pupils.

“That’s right, pet, just so.”

He kept up a steady pressure on the boy’s hole, feeling the moment of surrender, when he was allowed in with barely any effort. His finger sank inside Xander and the boy quivered around him, even as Spike’s own tight arse was loosened in turn. He crooked his finger, feeling the round protrusion into the boy’s channel. He rested his finger on it, not moving, watching Xander carefully.

“You feel that? Your pleasure bud. We’ve one just like the bints do. Ours is just a smidge harder to find.”
He felt Xander’s finger moving inside him, and his eyes rolled back when the human’s finger finally made contact with his. They were both panting, eyes locked on each other. Spike started a gentle rub against the spongy lobes, watching the boy’s eyes lose focus.

“Oh, fuck. What are you doing to me? It feels like I’m coming but I’m not.”

Spike looked and saw that the human was leaking heavily from the massage. He couldn’t help the smug feeling of pride that his years of experience gave him the ability to undo this human so thoroughly. But he didn’t want to over-sensitize the boy, so after a few minutes he stopped.

“Now try me. Gentle strokes.”

Xander pulled himself together and Spike was charmed by the look of fierce concentration on the mortal’s face. But he forgot himself when the boy got the knack of it and it was his turn to lose himself.

When Xander stopped, they rested together, heads touching and Spike pulled his finger out, ignoring the boy’s whine of protest.
“Shh, pet. There’s more.”

Boy was giving himself wholeheartedly to this. Spike reached over to the nightstand, pulling out the matching dildos he’d put there earlier. They were replicas of human cocks, balls at the bottom, but not horribly big. He handed one to Xander and drizzled lube on the one he kept. The boy stared at the thing in his hand, but then reached for the bottle. When Spike was satisfied that both were slick, he lay on his side and pulled his top leg up to his chest.

“Put it in me.”

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“Won’t. Go slow and easy. Then I’ll do you.”

Spike felt the cold silicon nudge his entrance and he pressed down, helping it slide inside him. He hissed as his muscles stretched, but the boy was careful and the pain was minimal.

“Shit, Spike. This is so hot. Can I fuck you some time?”
The vampire growled, “If you earn it.”

He put his leg down and pulled Xander’s up. The boy seemed utterly relaxed and Spike was able to push the toy into him without trouble. He let the boy’s leg back down, and stroked his chest while the human panted.

“This is so wrong, but it feels so good.”

“Why is it wrong? We both want it, yeah?”

“I dunno. Maybe I’m not as open-minded as I thought I was.”

Spike smirked. “Gonna change that, boy.”

He grasped the base of the toy, working the angle and pulling it out slightly. “Every time I do something you like, you try to do the same to me. I’ll know what feels good to you, and you’ll know how to get the most pleasure out of me fucking you.”

Spike worked the cock, different angles, different depth of penetration, slow and fast. Xander followed him and it was like they were creating a dance of pleasure within each other’s bodies.
At last, Spike put his free hand on Xander’s cock and pulled, asking him to come even as the boy tugged on him and they exploded together.

**Part Sixteen**

When Xander came home from work a few nights later, Spike had already prepared his equipment. After serving dinner, he ordered Xander to strip and go into the bathroom. Spike followed him, taking his own clothes off.

There were several large towels piled on the floor and another draped over the toilet. It held a razor, spare blades, shaving cream, and soothing lotion.

“Lay down on the towels, boy.”

“What are we doing?”

“Gonna shave you, aren’t I?”

“Wait. Whoa! No shaving the Xan-man, especially not where I need to be laying down for it.”

Spike wondered if they’d ever get to the point where Xander would just do what he told him to. Ah, fuck it.
Wouldn’t be nearly so entertaining if the boy gave in every time. Just . . . it would nice if it happened a little more often. He shrugged. Early days yet.

“You’ll wear a cock ring every day, cause you’re a twenty-year-old human who doesn’t get to come unless I say. You bitched about it pulling, now I’m fixing it.”

The vampire stepped close, dropping his voice to a throaty purr. “I’m not taking the whole thing, gonna leave some bush right here.”

Spike pressed on Xander’s pubic bone and his fingers made small circles in the wiry hair. “Holds your scent, this does. I like smelling you, pet.”

Xander’s dick had already responded to the treatment, and the boy made an odd little moan. “All right.”

Spike couldn’t help the smirk on his face. “Besides, shaving makes your johnson look bigger.”

“Why didn’t you say so? Maybe I’ll be the next John Holmes, except without the being accused of murder and dying of AIDS part.”
“Who?”

“Ah, never mind.”

But Xander lay down on the towels willingly enough, and Spike started running hot water in the basin. “Spread your legs, boy. Hold them open.”

Xander cooperated and Spike couldn’t help admiring the picture he presented. Long legs hooked over his hands, groin exposed. The vampire wrung the cloth out and knelt between Xander’s legs. He pressed the heated cloth to the places he planned to shave, moistening and softening the skin.

He squirted some foam in his hand, privately lamenting that he couldn’t give the boy the real old-fashioned treatment that he’d been accustomed to before he was turned. He rubbed the cream into the thick hair and went to work with his razor. He was quick and efficient, but careful not to nick the delicate area. Xander’s breathing got heavy as Spike poked and prodded his tackle, moving things around to get at the odd corners and curves. But the evidence at hand told him that the boy was enjoying himself and wasn’t worried about a vampire with a razor around his family jewels.
He carefully stretched the skin of Xander’s balls taut, dragging the razor across them. He loved handling the boy’s nuts, cause they were so large and full and heavy. They looked even bigger shed of the hair. He gradually worked his way back.

“Tilt your arse up some, pet. Almost done.”

Xander pulled back on his knees, raising his feet off the floor and exposing his ass to make it easier for Spike. A bit more foam, and Spike cleaned the hair around the boy’s pucker and partly up his crack.

“Finished. Just need to rub some lotion in to keep the irritation down.”

Spike squirted some of the soothing stuff into his hand and smoothed it across the newly bare skin. He’d expected Xander to lower his position some but he was surprised when the boy pulled his knees back even further, opening himself to Spike.

“What’s this then?” Spike trailed a lotion covered finger down to the boy’s hole, circling it slyly, leering as the muscle fluttered under his fingers. “You’re a slut for it,
pet.”

“Yes.” Xander gasped and his voice had gone hoarse, despite the embarrassment that colored his tone. “Please.”

But Spike had already squirted more lotion on the boy’s trembling entrance and he slid two fingers inside. Xander responded by pulling his legs wider.

“Can’t say no to such a needy, willing boy.”

Spike removed his fingers and slicked his prick. His fingers had gone in easy, telling him that the boy was aching for it. He lined himself up and thrust in firmly, feeling the human’s flesh open to let him in with ease. He was inside Xander to the hilt and he wanted to go deeper, sink himself in human warmth and never come out again.

“Spread yourself for me, pet. Gonna root inside you, fuck you so hard you’ll be gagging on me.”

“Do it.”

Xander tightened his arms, bending his legs almost
double and Spike felt himself slide in further. He braced his hands on either side of Xander’s waist and set about fucking the boy into the floor. The boy’s channel clenched around him, gripping him as he plunged.

“So fucking beautiful.”

The mortal’s surrender as he abandoned himself to Spike was so complete that the vampire was overwhelmed by way the boy was giving himself up. His brown eyes were soft and pleasure-dazed, his hair clung to him in damp strands, and his skin glowed from the sweat that popped out in glistening beads. His body welcomed Spike, held him inside, totally accessible to Spike’s plundering.

He was getting close and he wrapped one hand around Xander’s dick, feeling it swell. He stroked it firmly, watching the boy’s face as his orgasm neared.

“Come now, pet.”

And Xander obeyed, howling at his release, his head coming off the floor as his whole body tightened. Spike’s hand was full of hot seed and his prick was caught in the vise of the boy’s body. He couldn’t stop it and he sprayed his own seed far up into Xander’s guts.
Spike tiredly cleaned them off and then dragged his human to bed.

Part Seventeen

Spike paced restlessly around the fringes at the Magic Shop. Bloody boring Scooby meeting. The others were doing their best to ignore him, including Xander, but Spike was certain that Xander was pretending more than most.

He fingered the little device in the pocket of his duster, mashing the button, just to be sure the boy was aware of him. The human stiffened, sucking in a little breath and his eyes nearly crossed.

“Xander, are you all right?”

Spike covered a snicker at the red witch’s concern. If she only knew.
“Uh, yeah, it’s just, uh, some refried beans. Bad Mexican.”

Xander made a face and rubbed his belly, and Spike had to turn away to get his face in order when Red shifted subtly away from her friend. He hadn’t had this much fun at a meeting since . . . well, ever.

“TMI much, Xander? At least I’m safe. You’re patrolling with Willow and Tara tonight anyway.”

“Planning to scare the demons off with your gastric effusions, whelp?”

Spike couldn’t help teasing the boy, especially since Xander himself had provided the weapons. He smirked when the boy glared at him. The boy hadn’t thought much of it when Spike had inserted the wicked little device inside him. It was far more slender than Spike’s cock and the boy had taken it without any prep.

It had a delightful bend that rested the tip against the boy’s prostate and the groove in the base ensured that it stayed exactly in the right spot. And the other arm of it pressed against his perineum, getting at the root of his
cock. It wasn’t visible under the boy’s jeans and he hadn’t made a fuss when Spike had ordered him to wear it when they went to the meeting.

But Spike had kept the best part of the whole thing to himself until they were walking in the door of the shop and it was too late for Xander. The high pitched noise he’d made the first time Spike had jabbed the remote had been bloody brilliant. The thing had a powerful little motor and every time Spike clicked the button, intense vibrations massaged the human’s prostate and perineum.

But Buffy’s orders didn’t make him happy. He didn’t like being separated from the boy during patrol, though, and not just because he wouldn’t be able to continue tormenting him. The initial protectiveness he’d felt had gotten worse as his demon became more attached to the mortal. Unfortunately, Xander wouldn’t ever stop helping Buffy and Spike wondered how to make them both happy.

He cycled through the buttons until he hit the ‘roller-coaster’ setting and watched with interest as Xander clenched the edges of the table, his breath gasping and a fine sheen of sweat appearing on his face. Willow shifted
further away and Spike grinned.

The meeting broke up and they all went to get weapons. Spike ambled over to Xander and put a firm hand on his neck. The boy reacted, stilling on an inhaled breath.

“I want you concentrating on patrol, pet. Don’t think about anything other than keeping yourself safe.”

Xander nodded. “I’ll be careful.”

“Good.” Spike settled the duster around his shoulders. “Else there’ll be consequences.”

He and Buffy dealt with a nest of fledges in the Restfield cemetery, and Spike was itching to get back to Xander.

“Not so fast, we need to talk.”

Buggering hell, the last thing he wanted was a heart-to-heart with the Slayer.

“I need to make sure Xander is safe.”

“I sent them through town, they should be fine. Willow and Tara have their instructions.”
“Right. So talk, Slayer.”

“I know you moved into Xander’s apartment a few weeks ago. I don’t want you taking advantage of him because of this spell.”

Buffy had a habit of twiddling a stake when she was uncomfortable and she was doing it now. Spike wondered how the fuck he should answer that, cause he was fairly certain that turning her friend into his sub would come under the heading ‘taking advantage’ in her eyes, despite how much the boy wanted it.

“He’s mine.” Spike couldn’t help the growl.

“What? You’ve got no rights to him.”

“That’s how demons are, and you should know that better than anyone. We get territorial over what’s ours. And we protect it. The spell made him mine as far as my demon is concerned.”

The stake flipped around and now it was pressed against his chest.

“Never. Told you, want to keep him safe.” Spike saw a way to satisfy her suspicions and at the same time, resolve some of his own worries about the boy.

“Let me use your training room, teach him to fight. It’s not in him to quit on you, but I can’t always be there with him and neither can you. Let me help him.”

Buffy pulled the stake back and looked at him, considering. “You really are protecto-guy with him.”

Spike rolled his eyes. “Bloody well said so, didn’t I?”

“Whatever. All right, sounds like a plan to me. And I’ve got to admit . . . Xander seems more at ease with himself than he has since I met him.”

The vampire nodded, and then hurried home, wondering how needy his mortal would be by the time he got there.
Part Eighteen

When Spike walked in the apartment after his conversation with Buffy, Xander was standing at the kitchen table, leaning on his hands. His legs were cocked apart and he was panting heavily. Spike smirked, cause the human’s condition was almost certainly the result of him jabbing the button on the remote as he walked up the stairs. He wondered at what point he’d gotten within range of the boy.

Xander raised his head and glared at him. “You are a bad, evil, undead . . . vampire and I think I hate you.”

Wordlessly, Spike pulled the remote out of his pocket and pushed on it, watching as Xander trembled from the vibrations hitting his prostate. He had no doubt that if the boy had been a little more relaxed, he would have come by now.

“Oh shit.” His voice was strangled, high pitched. “Please.”

“Begging the demon now, are you pet?” Part of Spike wanted to sneer at him, because Xander’s words
reminded the vampire of too much hatred that lay between them in the past. But part of him knew how ragged Xander must be feeling from the device pushing on his prostate. Besides, it was like Xander was complimenting him. He was still the Big Bad, if only to one human.

So instead of matching the glare, he grinned. “Strip and follow me, boy.”

He walked into the closet room. It was time to give Xander another lesson on whom he belonged to and teach him how much he liked his submission to Spike’s will. He heard the rustle of clothes dropping behind him and he turned around as Xander was folding them as Spike had taught him.

“Formal kneel.”

Spike turned back to the toy chest, picking out the matched set of black leather wrist and ankle cuffs, the silence behind him telling him that his order had been obeyed. He paused to admire the boy, so beautiful kneeling like that, the posture emphasizing his muscles and sturdy bones, but his downcast eyes showing that he was in Spike’s control.
He walked behind the boy, buckling the cuffs first around his wrists and then his ankles. Xander’s scent grew stronger and Spike could hear his heartbeat accelerate. The cuffs were tight enough to press rather firmly on his limbs, but not tight enough to cut off his circulation. They were heavy bullhide, thickly padded on the inside, saddle stitched, with a heavy D-ring sewn onto each one.

“I want you to test those, boy. Tug on them. Tell me what you think of them.”

Xander brought his hands around, pulled on the rings, wiggled the buckles, and then put his hands behind him again.

“I think they’re very comfortable and very . . . secure. I think I’m not strong enough to escape from them.”

“Too right, you’re not.”

The boy had put out more pheremones during the inspection and Spike was nearly dizzy with the heavy smell of lust pervading the room. He picked up a carabineer and snapped it through the rings of both cuffs.
“Gonna teach you another position. I’ll tell you to present your arse. Uncross your legs, and lean forward until you can rest your head on the floor and look to the left. Bow your back until that lovely bottom of yours is in easy reach. Do it.”

Xander made an involuntary movement to bring his hands around to lower himself to the floor, stopping and blushing when the hardware clanked, reminding him that the use of his hands had been taken away. He bent forward slowly, muscles straining so he wouldn’t fall, finally resting his head on the carpet. His ass was pointing skyward and the ring handle of the vibrator stuck out from his hole.

“Very nice, pet.”

Spike knelt behind him, stroking his flanks, scratching his nails lightly on the sensitive skin where he’d been shaved. Xander moaned and made a motion to push back against Spike’s hands, and the vampire swatted him, not hard but enough to get his attention. Xander whimpered, but he stilled and Spike continued his explorations, finally taking the handle of the vibrator and raking the boy’s happy gland with it a few times before drawing it out
slowly. He squeezed some slick onto the boy’s crack and worked it in to his opening until the human was relaxed around his fingers. Xander’s posture told him that the human expected to be taken like this, but Spike wasn’t done with the lesson.

“You like these cuffs, boy?”

“Yes. As if you couldn’t tell.”

“How does it feel, to be kneeling like this, your hands helpless?”

Xander hesitated for long time and Spike waited, knowing the point he was trying to make might not be obvious to the mortal.

“I feel vulnerable . . . exposed.”

“Are you afraid?”

“No.” But shame colored the boy’s scent, and Spike let it go for the moment. They’d get to it eventually.

“Hmm. On the bed.”
He gave Xander another swat on his butt cheek and then stood up, stripping his clothes off while he watched Xander awkwardly get to his feet without the use of his hands. The boy sat on the bed, waiting. Spike unhooked the carabiner and urged Xander to the head of the bed. The rings he’d requested were installed and he’d already tried to get them out with no success. No human would be able to break free of them. He clipped Xander’s wrists to it over his head.

The boy was calm, surrendering to the bondage easily. But Spike had made some other modifications to the bed that Xander didn’t know about. He pulled out one of the leather straps with the clip on the end and secured it to one of Xander’s ankle cuffs. The other end was securely bolted to the frame of the bed. The boy made a small surprised sound but didn’t fight when Spike clipped his other ankle to the other side.

Xander was spread out on the bed, his legs open and his arms useless. Bloody beautiful. He could tell by the musk how much the boy enjoyed being bound, but he wondered if the human understood his own needs. He trailed a cold hand up Xander’s leg.

“Look at you . . . all spread out, like a nummy feast.”
Spike dropped his voice to a purr. “Didn’t even fight me while I made you helpless. Why not?”

The boy squirmed, but Spike wasn’t letting him off this time. “Uh, I’m horny?”

“And the bracelets make you horny?”

“Everything makes me horny. Linoleum makes me horny.”

“But you let me do that to you.”

Xander tried to shrug. “I thought if I cooperated, I’d get laid faster.”

“You want to be fucked by an evil vampire?”

“Yes.” The boy frowned. “Are you insulted by what I said? Cause I was just a little on edge. Didn’t mean it.”

Spike smirked. “No. Knew you had to be feeling it by then.” He traced his hands over Xander’s thighs and the boy relaxed, opening himself further.

“I don’t think you realize what you’ve done to yourself
here. Why don’t we pretend that a demon . . .” Spike vamped out, “. . . chained you to his bed and he’s about to kill you and eat you. Fight it.”

“What?”

“Fight the cuffs, boy. Struggle.” Spike bit down on the inside of his thigh, then on the back of his calf. He made sure the bites hurt, and worked his way around Xander’s legs, nipping and tearing at the skin.

“Hey!”

Xander squirmed, trying to get away, tugging fruitlessly on the cuffs. Spike bit deeply at the sensitive place where his thigh joined his torso and Xander tried to close his legs. He stopped for a moment and sucked on the boy’s cock, carefully keeping his teeth out of the way. But then he nipped harshly at the human’s navel. Xander bucked his hips, trying to throw the vampire off of him, pulling his legs up against the leather holding him. The boy was thrashing wildly, but the cuffs were so padded that he couldn’t hurt himself.

“Can you escape me?”
“No!”

“You willingly let a demon make you helpless, boy. What does that make you?”

“Terminally stupid?”

“Not quite. Try again.”

Spike bit the underside of his arm. Xander twisted, trying to get away.

“Unlikely to live much longer?”

He knelt between the boy’s legs and grabbed his ass, lifting him up and thrusting himself inside the human’s warmth in one long slide. When Spike hit bottom, Xander stopped struggling and lay panting. The vampire clung to his control, trying to reach the boy, to teach him the needed lesson.

“Why did you let me?”

Xander turned a deep red color and his voice was very soft. “I wanted it.”
“Why?”

“Because it feels good. And I feel . . . safe, with the cuffs on.”

Spike knew they were getting close. “Why?”

Xander squirmed. “Because I know you’ll take care of me.”

“Why will I do that, pet?”

“This is worse than school,” the boy groused.

Spike made a shallow thrust with his hips, unable to stop himself, before he regained his control, still waiting on the boy. He felt the moment when Xander surrendered, and not just with his body.

“Because I belong to you.”

“Very good, pet,” Spike murmured. He tightened his hands on the handful of ass. “Come when you’re ready.”

And he set a steady rhythm, changing the angle until Xander wailed with every thrust. His scent sharpened
and his channel clamped down hard on Spike’s cock, and then the boy was convulsing, crying out Spike’s name.

Part Nineteen

He hadn’t expected the reaction he got, that first time. He’d just had more babble than he could stand. He was certain that his head was in more danger of exploding from Xander-babble than it ever was from the chip. He strode to the locked chest where he kept the toys he’d yet to try on the boy, rooted through for a moment and then pulled out the gag.

Xander hadn’t any chance to protest before Spike popped the ball in his mouth, quickly tightening the straps around his head. The boy had been sitting on the floor, and when the job was done, Spike sat back in his chair, watching the boy closely. They hadn’t talked about this, and the vampire was ready to make reassurances quickly if necessary.
The boy’s eyes were wide, but Spike couldn’t see any panic in them. He reached out his hand and Xander scooted closer to his knee. The hand dropped to caress silky curls, and Spike listened carefully to his human’s heartbeats and respiration. Both were slow and steady, slower than usual, and Spike probed further. The nervous energy that was always there seemed to have drained away, and Xander seemed almost . . . peaceful.

Spike slid a gentle hand under Xander’s chin, forcing the boy to look at him. He searched the calm gaze meeting his, but Xander’s eyes were quiet, his body still and untroubled.

“Turned it off, did I?”

Xander nodded, and rested his head on Spike’s thigh, a small noise of contentment escaping him. Spike’s hand rubbed his scalp, scratching softly. He couldn’t leave the ball in Xander’s mouth too long, it would strain his jaw, but tomorrow he’d find a gag shaped like a cock. Give his boy something to suck on but still give him the escape from his turbulent mind that the human needed.

“Something for both of us then.”
Part Twenty

Xander hastily put his hands behind his back when Spike walked into the kitchen, but the vampire already knew what he’d been doing. The rancid chemical smell floated in the air and there was still a bit of creamy filling clinging to the boy’s lower lip. He hadn’t wanted to fight this battle, but the boy hadn’t given him any choice.

His voice was harsh with displeasure. “I believe the rules were that you had those on my say-so.”

The boy knew he was in trouble but he didn’t bother lying, merely put the crushed wrapper on the table. “I needed some tonight.”

“Needed. Interesting choice o’ words there. You’re well fed, or so I thought. Have I neglected your diet, pet?”

“No . . . .”
“Then perhaps you’ll tell me why you need them.”

“I don’t know.” The boy shrugged helplessly. “I just do.”

“There will be punishment for disobedience, but not tonight. I need to think. Off to bed with you, I’m gonna watch some telly.”

Spike already had a good idea what he planned, just needed to get some supplies and do a little recon. But keeping the boy in suspense was part of the plan. In the deep part of the night, he slipped out, going first to the empty Victorian on Summerfield Lane and nosing about. Place had been on the market for a few months and he thought it’d suit. Then he went to an all-night grocery store and bought what he needed. When he got back to the apartment, he hid them in the closet.

He looked in on Xander, desperately wanting to curl himself around the heat of the mortal, but the boy had defied his authority on this too many times and he had to be firm. Being someone’s Master was harder than he’d imagined.

Xander was apologetic in the morning, trying to be extra nice, but somehow Spike managed to maintain his cold
expression. When the boy got home, Spike had already packed up and he ordered Xander into track bottoms and a T-shirt. He had the duffle with his equipment ready by the door and when the boy came back, Spike pulled out the leather hood. Uncertainty colored the boy’s scent and Spike feared he’d fight it, but after a moment he bowed his head and let the vampire buckle it onto him.

“Put your hand on my shoulder, pet, I’ll lead you.”

“Where are we going?”

“Off to see the brownies, boy.”

“Mini Girl Scouts?”

Spike had eaten a few Girl Scouts back in the day, very sweet blood they had, so he almost knew what Xander meant.

“Not quite.”

Once they reached the street, they fell into a rhythm of walking and Xander moved easily despite the loss of his vision.
“Scottish house demons. Was a book about them, long ago.”

Dru had found that book once, and she’d capered madly at the cute drawings. Brownies were some of her favorite demons because of their unthinking voraciousness. She’d wanted one for a pet, but Spike had talked her out of it, though he’d paid dearly for his persuasion later. Dru had laughed herself silly over the misconceptions in that book.

No one in Sunnydale seemed to find it strange that a pale man in a worn leather duster led a hooded man through the darkened streets. Sunnydale selective awareness worked in Spike’s favor.

He led Xander around to the back of the Victorian to the kitchen door and the lock he’d popped the night before. He set the duffle on the tiled floor and pulled out the leather wrist and ankle cuffs. He unbuckled the hood over Xander’s head.

The boy looked around curiously, but Spike ordered him to strip, and when the human was naked, strapped the cuffs to his wrists and ankles. The kitchen had a large built-in banquette with a very sturdy table.
“Up on the table, boy.”

“What the hell is this place?”

The boy didn’t hesitate though, laying down on the table. He looked beautiful sprawled out like an offering on an altar. And so he was, of a sort. Spike fastened the cuffs to the table legs with a length of chain and then wrapped a wide leather band around Xander’s hipbones, immobilizing his pelvis when he buckled it under the table.

“This is an empty house.”

“I can see that. What are we doing here?”

“This is your punishment for defying me about this rotten food. Y’see, brownies are little demons that live in human houses. Ordinarily humans spill and waste enough food to keep the little buggers happy, but this house has been empty for a good little bit. Its brownies are hungry.”

Spike ripped open a packet of Twinkies and crumbled them over Xander’s torso. He smeared the creamy filling
over and between the boy’s nipples. He reached for another packet.

“What?!?”

“D’you know what’s in these bloody things, boy? Made with petrol. Been a long time since I’ve been human, but petrol’s not good for humans if I recall. These aren’t real food. Naught but sugar and artificial chemicals. Brownies’ll like ‘em though.”

He smeared the next package up and down Xander’s arms. The boy tried to struggle but he was bound securely. Spike pulled out a bottle of chocolate syrup and added several generous squirts to the mess decorating the boy.

“Oh, hell no, Spike. You can’t do this to me, you asshole.”

“There’s always consequences for disobedience, pet. I’ve tried to reason with you, tried giving you flat out orders. You’ve disregarded everything. This is the hard way.”

Spike finished up with a few packages of Ho-ho’s. Xander was covered in sticky sweets, some of the fillings were melting with his body heat. The vampire added a few
more squirts of syrup. Xander was cursing him and getting louder, so Spike took the cock gag out of the duffle and strapped it around the boy’s head. Didn’t want to alarm the neighbors when the boy started screaming.

When he was certain that he’d completely covered Xander with treats for the brownies, he stood in the middle of the kitchen and called out softly, words he’d been taught long ago, “Trobhad an seo, brùnaidhian!”

He repeated the call and finally heard a rustling noise. A wrinkled face peered around the doorway and another crouched atop the cabinets.

“Tiodhlac airson sibh,” he said formally, gesturing to Xander.

The little demons came out cautiously, pug noses scenting the air. They had small wiry bodies covered with coarse brown hair, shaggy heads and wicked pointy teeth. One of them hopped up onto the table, chittering and giving Spike a grin that showed all of its teeth and causing Xander to shake his head frantically, yelling behind the gag.

Spike nodded and the other demon climbed up. He knew
they’d be hungry and not too particular about what they nibbled on. But they smelled Spike on the human and knew he belonged to the vampire. His nod gave them the permission they needed to feed.

They dove onto the feast, licking and slurping at the sweets. Spike smelled it the moment that one of them nicked Xander’s skin and the tang of human blood filled the air. Xander’s eyes were pleading with him and he still shook his head, trying to escape or deny what was happening.

“No one hurts you that I don’t let ‘em, pet. I’m letting these lot.”

The boy’s eyes filled with despair, and then horror when one of the demons took too big a bite and scraped a tooth over his nipple. The brownies had raspy little tongues, worse than cats and Xander grimaced in pain as they licked the sweets off his sensitive nubbins.

“Look at me, pet.”

Xander turned to Spike, his gaze clinging desperately to Spike’s and the vampire felt a stirring of pity for the mortal he was allowing the brownies to torment. Xander
wasn’t fighting anymore but the scent of his fear was so strong it overrode the chemical smell of the junk food. Spike found himself absently stroking the boy’s knees with his thumb, a small comforting touch. He kept it up when he realized what he was doing because he could see that the contact was steadying the boy. The demons went back to work on the sugary substance on his chest.

One of the brownies belched and Spike looked, seeing two distended bellies. The demons chattered at him and then scampered off. His boy was mostly clean, but covered in small cuts from their teeth.

He would clean the boy up thoroughly when they got home. Now was the time for truth between them, and understanding. He pulled the gag off Xander’s head.

“Why’d you need the Twinkies, pet?”

Xander shuddered. “Ever since I was little, when something bad happened, my mom let me have them. Even when she was the cause of it. It’s a habit, I guess.”

Spike could imagine how often the boy had to resort to his special treats. He’d lived in the basement long enough to get a bloody clear picture.
“And did something bad happen?”

“I screwed up at work. Didn’t measure for the drywall right and so we didn’t order enough. Job’s delayed. I want to do this one right so badly. Don’t wanna mess up again. I’m sorry I didn’t listen to you, but I just needed . . . .”

“Comfort.”

“Yeah.”

“You’ve got me now, pet. When you need comfort, you’ve but to tell me.”

Xander looked surprised at that. “You? I’ve never had someone to . . . .”

“Everything means everything, pet. I keep telling you, you bloody stubborn whelp, it’s not all about sex.” He kept his voice light.

“Lets go home, and you can tell me all about it, yeah?”

“Yeah.” Xander sat up as Spike released his bonds. “But
you’ve totally ruined Twinkies for me, hope you’re happy.”

Notes for Part 20
Gaelic translations provided by ♀dragons__breath:

_Trobhad an seo, brùnaidhian = come here, brownies_

_Tiodhlac airson sibh = a gift for you_

_The book Spike refers to is The Brownies, Their Book by Palmer Cox_

_Information on the composition of Twinkies from http://www.twinkiedeconstructed.com/Twinkiewebsite/Welcome.html_

And if anyone ever needs pictures of some of the toys Spike uses, just lemme know and I'll post 'em.

**Part Twenty-One**

The long weeks of training were finally paying off. Xander was becoming comfortable with his body, like he’d finally
grown into it. Spike dragged his eyes away from the trail of sweat trickling between the boy’s pecs and dodged the nasty blow from the quarter stave that was aimed directly at his head.

Xander really excelled with the sticks and Spike was proud of him. The boy was tall, and had enough mass and muscle strength to handle the long pieces of wood. Couple that with his increasing surefootedness and dexterity, and he was becoming dangerous. They worked out every evening after Buffy and Giles finished.

The healthier diet that Spike had forced on him and the constant targeted physical activity had whittled most of the baby fat off the boy. They sparred wearing nothing but track bottoms, feet bare, and for Spike, the training was becoming foreplay, naked flesh and sweat and human blood flowing fast with exertion.

The vampire twisted away from a shot that would have cracked across his shoulders, grunting with pain as the tail end of the stave hit his deltoid. He spun, bringing his own stick around, his arms shuddering with the impact when Xander blocked it. But Spike called upon his vampiric speed and then he was moving too fast for Xander to track him, backing the boy against the far wall.
They stood there panting, Spike’s stave at Xander’s throat, and the vampire felt their audience by the way his skin prickled, telling him that beings with power were near. They were hiding though, but he could feel them gathering themselves to interfere.

He dropped the stave, letting it thump dully on the padded floor, before reaching out take Xander’s out of his hand. He pressed closer to his mortal, insinuating a thigh between Xander’s, rubbing his erection against the boy’s hip. He nuzzled into the boy’s neck and his hand wandered across Xander’s chest until he found a flat nipple and pinched it into hardness.

Xander pushed at him, trying to get away. “What the fuck? Spike, we could be interrupted . . . .”

“Shh,” Spike whispered directly into his ear. “Trying to make a point, you tosser.”

“What point is that?” Xander kept his voice low, but Spike heard the irritation in his tone.

“That you let me touch you of your own free will.”
Spike stepped back, running his hands down Xander’s sides and sinking gracefully to his knees. His hands moved slowly, catching at the sides of Xander’s pants and easing them down. The boy’s cock sprang free, hard and glistening in front of Spike’s face. He looked up at the boy, saw the wondering look on the mortal’s face.

“We’re being watched. By your friends. I want to suck you off while they watch,” he purred, rubbing his face against the heated shaft so close to his mouth. He lowered his voice, “Let me, pet?”

Xander’s abs contacted and his breath hitched. His hand was already curled around Spike’s neck.

“Yeah, but no biting. Please?”

Spike wondered why Xander didn’t mind letting his friends know he was knocking boots with Spike, but didn’t want them to know he could bite. He’d worry about that later. Right now he had more important things to do. Like see if he could make Xander scream.

He put his nose in the small patch of hair that he’d let the boy keep, inhaling deeply, letting the scent of this mortal tease his nose. His hands cupped Xander’s balls, warm
against his coldness, smooth from the shave the boy gave his groin every morning.

The tension from their invisible observers changed and Spike subtly turned the human so that the spies had a good view of the proceedings. He wrapped his lips around Xander and relaxed his throat, working his mouth over the boy until he had him almost all the way in.

The boy was making gorgeous noises, full of want and need, and Spike purred against the shaft of velvet-wrapped steel that filled his mouth.

“Spike . . . .”

The boy was fast approaching incoherency as Spike worked the back of his throat around his prick. The scent of young human male was abruptly mixed with aroused females and Spike chuckled to himself. The vampire pulled off until just the leaking tip of his cock traced his lips. He looked up at the boy again.

Xander was licking his lips, his eyes wide, but below the lust, Spike was surprised to see . . . almost a twinkle . . . mischief perhaps. And he couldn’t help the joyful smirk that lit his face. Partners they were, in this. In teasing the
girls. The boy was with him. Xander saw the look and his eyes grew wondering again, full of questions and Spike didn’t know the answers to any of them. But he’d suss it later. He wiggled his tongue into Xander’s slit.

“Oh, shit, that feels so good.”

His voice was loud enough to carry and the boy wanted to put on a show, did he? Maybe the boy was just tired of all the female rot that he was constantly surrounded by. Spike used his elbows to nudge the human’s legs apart while he swallowed the thick cock again. Xander whined and tightened his hands in Spike’s hair.

“Take it all, Spike. Feels . . . ungh.”

Spike slid a spit-lubed finger into his hole, wiggling it around, and Xander gurgled and hissed. His hips were thrusting into Spike’s mouth and he’d let the boy have his fun, give those chits something to think about. But Spike would have him on his knees again later.

He opened further, working his tongue, letting Xander have his mouth as he pleased. His dick got fatter and his balls drew up, and he was pumping mindlessly, and Spike felt the moment when it hit the boy, when his inner walls
contracted, a bare instant before hot human seed hit the back of his mouth. He suckled, keeping his fangs hidden, milking the boy of everything he had.

When the mortal slumped against the wall, sated and boneless, Spike stood up, deliberately making a show of licking his lips, catching any stray drops. But when he sealed his mouth to Xander’s, thrusting his tongue inside and fucking the boy’s mouth, the scent from their audience peaked.

Then Spike forgot about anything other than the heat and sweetness of the boy in his arms.

Part Twenty-Two

Xander was limping slightly when he came home and Spike eyed him, pausing in the act of getting dinner ready. The boy saw the look and explained that he’d been in a mild accident on the job site. Spike grunted and then waved him to the table.
They ate in relative silence, for which Spike was grateful, because he needed the time to calm himself and decide the best action to take. He discarded several options, finally deciding that he wanted the intimacy of skin on skin contact, especially since it was clear that the boy didn’t yet understand what he’d done.

After Xander had cleared the table, Spike leaned back. “In front of the couch. Drop your kit, I need to see the damage.”

Spike kept his tone level, even and calm, proud that he had successfully banished his anger. But the boy seemed perplexed.

“It’s minor, no big.”

“For me to judge, boy.”

He knew that the human was wondering why they had changed the routine. Spike’s inspections usually took place in bed, with both of them naked.

The vampire stood silently by while the boy stripped. Then he circled his human, noting the bruises on his
shoulder and ribs.

“You may explain what happened.”

By this time, it was clear that Xander knew he was in trouble, although he was still confused as to why. His posture was uncertain and a small tendril of fear colored his scent.

“Some scaffolding collapsed, and I didn’t move fast enough. Landed badly, on my shoulder. I’m on light duty for a few days. I didn’t get fired or anything, if that’s what you’re worried about, they like me there.”

“You’re injured that’s unacceptable.”

“It was an accident!”

“Perhaps next time you’ll be faster. Go into the room and kneel beside the bed.”

There would be a time when Spike would teach the boy what he knew about physical space and how to take his consciousness outside it. He'd thought it was enough to teach the boy to fight, but he would see if the human was capable of learning to use his senses in other ways.
He'd never tried to teach a mortal the skills, but it would be good to try, and bloody brilliant if they succeeded.

After a moment’s indecision, the boy went. Spike followed him, going to the chest and pulling out a well-tapered butt plug. He lubed it carefully and then ordered, “Present your ass.”

The boy relaxed fractionally, perhaps thinking that they were about to have comfort sex. He leaned forward, resting his weight on his forearms and lifting his bottom high into the air, just as Spike had taught him. The vampire felt pride that the boy was so obedient and responsive, but all the more reason why this was particularly necessary. He slid the plug in without preliminaries, knowing that the plug was tapered enough to cause no discomfort. He had his rationale for the plug, if things went as he hoped, but his intent was not to cause pain with it.

“Formal posture.”

The mortal came back up to his knees, crossing his ankles and putting his hands behind his back. His eyes were full of questions as he squared his shoulders, but he was evidently smart enough not to dare speaking.
Spike sat down on the bed, watching his boy. Xander’s eyes were down, as was proper.

“Look at me.” When he had the boy’s gaze, he added, “You will answer my questions. Later, I will allow you to ask your own, if necessary.”

Xander remained silent, waiting, and Spike kept any signs of approval from his face, although he was pleased.

“Who’s property are you?”

“Yours.” The boy hesitated. “Master.”

“Yes, and I’m delighted to see you recall that.” Spike continued, “Do I take care of the things that belong to me?”

“Yes.”

“And if someone damages something of mine, how do I normally proceed?”

“You make them pay for it.”
“In one form or another, yes. Then you would agree that in this case, my property is damaged and the one responsible should be punished?”


“You are mine.” Spike didn’t try to keep the fierce possessiveness out of his voice. “I won’t tolerate anyone interfering with you, not even you. In the future, I’ll hope you’ll be more careful of my property.”

The boy’s eyes were full of angry resentment, which Spike ignored. “Do you have any questions before we begin?”

“No. Master.”

The human’s tone was bordering on insolent and Spike mentally added several more strokes to his estimated tally.

“Right then. Over my knee, bum up.”

Xander didn’t move for a long moment, glaring at the vampire. Spike was prepared to place him there by force.
if necessary, but he finally stood up and laid himself across Spike’s lap. Spike spread his knees to accommodate the large human. He placed his left hand in the center of Xander’s back, pressing down to remind him of his place and he rested his right on the boy’s rounded ass.

“Arms and legs on the floor, boy.” It would hurt the boy’s sore shoulder, but Spike would rub soothing lotion into the muscles later, after they got past this. “And try not to fight it, you’ll only make it worse for yourself.”

He didn’t have much hope that Xander would listen to that last bit of advice, because he could sense the outrage rolling off the boy in waves. He would learn.

Spike brought his hand down sharply on one buttock, leaving a reddened print and prompting the boy to begin battling against the hand restraining him. Spike delivered the blows without pause, evenly timed and spaced across the human’s backside.

The boy struggled and cursed, bucking in Spike’s lap and trying to escape to the point where Spike was forced to use his vampiric strength to hold the boy down. He admired the boy’s courage and refusal to surrender,
though it was prolonging his punishment. Spike refused to cede control and continued to strike the human methodically.

The mortal’s ass was a deep fiery red by the time Xander stopped fighting the punishment. But Spike was well aware that the boy hadn’t accepted what was happening even though he had stopped trying to get away. He sensed no lessening of Xander’s resolve and so he kept on.

A human master would have been forced to resort to a paddle by now, and even Spike was beginning to feel the strain. He smirked to himself. Perhaps Fate had intended the boy to be a demon magnet cause no other being was capable of handling him.

It happened finally, the strings of Xander’s will snapped, no match for the demon’s determination. He sagged then, over Spike’s knees, resistance draining out of him. His ass was hot under Spike’s hand, but the vampire knew it hadn’t gone far enough yet. He tempered his strikes, knowing that they didn’t need to be so violent anymore, but each smack delivered more pain to the human.
They passed another plateau and Xander emitted a deep tearing groan, which bled into more, and lack of resistance became acceptance. Spike felt the moment when Xander conceded that Spike was right to treat him so.

But Spike wanted to push the human further, beyond the pain and into recognition of what he really was. When Xander stopped his heedless cries and became still, Spike changed the tenor of the blows again, making them lighter but allowing his hand to fly free so that each slap stung the mortal’s tenderized skin, but didn’t affect the muscles below. He hoped that Xander would surrender to the stinging pain and allow them both to have what they wanted.

Xander began emitting new sounds, and Spike fought to control his reaction to them. The boy began rising his ass into the blows, subtly begging them with his body. His hardness grew, poking Spike in the thigh and his grin became salacious. Xander was gasping and his wailing cries turned into words.

“Please, please fuck me. Need you.”

Spike stopped then and dragged Xander onto the bed.
The boy’s eyes were dazed, wild and hungry, and Spike let his demon out with a growl. The boy didn’t struggle as Spike bent him onto his hands and knees, just repeated his pleas. The vampire lubed himself and then removed the plug quickly. It had done its job and the boy was ready to receive him without any further preliminaries, something that neither of them could tolerate at the moment.

He sank into the warmth of his human, the boy’s burning ass resting against his belly, radiating warmth into his skin. Spike took a moment to brace his legs and then began fucking his boy with all his demonic strength. Xander arched his back, pushing back against the assault, though Spike was certain that every time their bodies smacked together must have been causing him excruciating pain from his abused buttocks.

“Bloody brilliant you are, pet.”

Neither of them would last long at this brutal pace. He bent over, wrapped a hand around his boy’s cock, and slid his fangs into the human’s neck. He tightened his hand and started to suck, and Xander cried out, his prick jumping in Spike’s hand and the vampire followed instantly, his mouth full of sweet blood as he came,
crashing one last time into his boy.

They collapsed together onto the mattress and when Spike could think clearly again, he licked the bite mark, working to heal it. He pulled out of the mortal, laying beside him, running a soothing hand over his back, and carefully avoiding his rear.

Xander’s eyes were open, unfocused and lost. Spike purred low in his chest as his hands gradually brought the boy back from the place the pain had sent him.

“Did so well, luv. ‘M proud of you.”

Finally Xander was present, with him again, but his eyes were peaceful. Spike reached for the pot of herbal lotion that the bashful witch had concocted for the Slayer. They all used it though, it worked wonders for aching muscles. He carefully massaged it in to Xander’s sore shoulder and ribs. He wouldn’t heal the boy’s backside, but let him live with the pain as a reminder of the night’s lesson.

When he finished, Xander was staring at him with a look of wonder in his eyes, and Spike wasn’t able to interpret his scent.
“Pet?” Fuck, he hoped he hadn’t misjudged what Xander needed.

“You weren’t kidding when you said I belonged to you. You meant it . . .” He seemed unable to express what he was feeling and Spike became nervous. “Completely. I belong to you completely.”

This time the boy’s voice was full of a sort of shy hope and suddenly Spike understood.

“Never doubt it, pet, you’re mine. Utterly. I’ll never let you go.”

“Good.”

And Xander snuggled closer and Spike wrapped an arm around his shoulders. The boy’s breathing evened out and his heart rate slowed. Spike was left considering whether it wasn’t worse to neglect a child than it was to dish out straightforward abuse. The boy had been forced to do far too much fending for himself in his short lifetime.

But Spike had been hurt a few times himself, broken by the people he loved. The demon was content with
merely knowing the boy belonged to him, but the human part still doubted, couldn’t help wondering if the boy would be here if he had a choice. He hated the magic for taking away his certainty.

Perhaps he should give the boy that choice. Show him what he could have, and then bloody well hope he still wanted a vampire.

Part Twenty-Three

The lights in the room flickered and dimmed in mind-tugging lack of pattern, and Spike sat alone on the ratty couch, his naked dick in his hand, while he watched the light play over Xander rooting himself into the mewling girl on the floor.

Light played over his clenching ass and along his muscular back as he drove into her while his lips were captured by another man, the girl taking that dick in her mouth. Another man lost it, spraying come over Xander’s
back and into his hair, and Spike hissed when the other woman inserted a questing finger into his boy’s backside.

Spike cursed his own insecurities that had brought them to this. He’d brought Xander to the club, knowing that they had rooms like this in the back, and they’d danced, Spike making free with his hands, his eyes reeling in playmates for his boy. Enough beer to lower Xander’s inhibitions and he pulled him into the room. The boy’s healthy young sex drive had done the rest.

Xander cried out, wrenching his lips away as his back bowed and his hips jerked forward. Light caught his eyes squeezed shut and painted his face with weird shadows in the contortion of his orgasm. Spike fought his demon back with effort, the sudden pain that someone else had made Xander look like that catching him off guard.

He wanted the human to see what was out there, and still choose him, a vampire. He knew he was risking everything, that the boy might not ever come back to him, but he had to be sure.

The first man drew his cock free from the girl’s mouth as Xander pulled out and stripped the condom off. He pushed at the boy and Xander went back liquidly, his legs
falling open, and Spike felt his erection wilt away. But the man jerked his penis, spraying over Xander’s face and chest, and the boy licked it off his lips.

The other girl lowered herself over Xander’s mouth and he brought his hands up to steady her, one ass cheek in each hand, and he massaged her while his tongue worked her. She rode his face, finally arching her neck and crying out while her body shook.

Light caught the mingled juices painting his boy’s face even as one of the men knelt between Xander’s spread thighs, and Spike couldn’t do what he’d intended, couldn’t let it happen.

“Right then. Time we were off.”

His voice was harsh, ripping through the lush silence that had descended on the humans. They had enough of their survival instincts left to hear something in his tone that made them afraid, and none of them argued when he helped Xander to his feet.

He didn’t get a good look at the human’s face until they were under the dome light of the car. Spike thought he’d see comfortable satiation, but he was shocked to see
Xander looked worn and grief-stricken. He huddled on his side of the car as Spike drove them home, and the vampire never imagined that such a large man could look so small.

“Xander. What is it?”

“Are you giving me away?”

The vampire couldn’t recall ever hearing the boy sound so forlorn.

Part Twenty-Four

Spike parked the car and went around to Xander’s side, helping him out, holding his elbow as he guided the boy into their apartment. He’d screwed up again, badly. That’s what he got for trying to be nice. They both hated it.

They stood awkwardly in the living room, and Spike tried
to explain what had seemed like a good idea at the time.

“Wasn’t trying to get rid of you. It was for you. Wanted to give you a choice. Summat you missed maybe. Knew you weren’t gay before this, that the spell took your choice away.”

“That was supposed to be a present? Man, you suck at gift-giving.”

Spike sighed tiredly. Bloody hell, everyone agreed on that, he couldn’t give a proper gift. “Aye.”

“I thought I was doing what you wanted,” the boy said. “But you stopped it.”

Spike fought back the growl. “Couldn’t go through with it, could I? Couldn’t let anyone else have you.”

Xander rolled his eyes, some of the flash coming back into them.

“Geez, you really are blonde, aren’t you?”

He came over and knelt at Spike’s feet, so easily and gracefully that Spike got hard almost instantly, the
submissive posture making his demon purr.

“I did choose this . . . I chose you, dumbass. If you’re tired of me and want to end this, just tell me, don’t . . . .” His confidence faltered then.

Spike wondered how his existence had gone so off the rails that getting snarked at by the donut boy was comforting. But there it was.

“Never.”

Right then. No more poncing about. The boy was his and he’d make sure the entire world knew it. But most importantly, both he and Xander would never doubt it.

“Go take a shower. You smell . . . .” He’d smelled of semen and sweat and stale beer and foreign pheremones, and Spike’s demon wouldn’t be able to bear it.

While the water was running, Spike went to the closet and pulled down a cherrywood box. The wood glowed softly under the lights and the thing lying in the velvet interior gleamed with a high polish. Perhaps the boy would like this gift.
The water stopped and Spike stepped into the bathroom. Xander was toweling his hair, but his eyes meeting Spike’s were still uncertain. Spike took the towel away and dried the boy himself, taking his time, getting every spot. Xander stood calm under his hands, and by the time Spike combed his hair into sleek waves, the boy’s breathing was steady.

Spike tilted his head up for a kiss, his hands going to the boy’s waist as their lips rubbed together. Xander’s eyes were dilated when Spike pulled back. The vampire took his hand and led him back in to the living room, where the box waited on the table.

“Kneel. At ease.”

Spike seated himself on the couch while Xander dropped into the more relaxed kneeling position, his butt resting on his heels and his hands palm down on his thighs. His shoulders were back and his eyes met Spike’s.

He took the time to admire his boy, letting the human know with his gaze how pleased he was with him. The boy was a picture of male beauty, broad shoulders, deep chest, and long legs. And his willing surrender made him
all the more tempting.

“Beautiful, luv.”

He smiled as the scent reached him, not needing to check to see that the boy was aroused. He pulled the metal piece out of the box, holding it in front of Xander’s eyes. It was a piece of rolled stainless steel, not a perfect circle, but it had been shaped to follow the contours of a human neck and shoulders. It would rest comfortably at the base of the boy’s neck.

“I have another gift for you, one you might like better. But it’s on you to accept this or deny it. Nothing ends if you say no.”

“A necklace?”

“It’s a collar. It’s a symbol that both humans and demons will understand. Means you’re mine, that I own you.” The boy’s eyes widened, his face questioning. “Yes. In the sense that a master owns a slave. Humans will think it’s a game, but demons will know it’s more.”

“All humans know about this?”
“No, not all. The girls will think you’ve got funny taste in jewelry, but Ripper will know what it means.” Spike had no doubt that the Watcher had played these games, probably from both sides of it.

The boy blushed. “Oh.”

“It secures with screws in the back, they sink in and I’ll put a bit of solder on it, and it’ll never come off unless you cut it.”

Spike wasn’t sensing any fear from the boy, just curiosity, so he continued hopefully.

“Once you agree to it, you give me all rights to you. I decide what you wear, what you eat, who you talk to. And if I decide to lend you out to someone else to use, you’ll go. But you’ll have the security of knowing that you wear my collar, and you’re still mine, and you’ll come back to me. And if I choose to end your life, then that’s my right also.”

“Shit.”

The boy was afraid now, but Spike knew it had to be said. He’d be throwing in with a demon and had to know the
full consequences.

“You can ask me to be let out of the collar, but that will end it between us. We won’t be able to come back from that. This is a commitment more binding then human marriage. I agree to keep you well and safe, and to always do what’s best for you.”

“So I can’t ever disagree with you?”

Spike laughed affectionately. “Oh, no, pet. I wouldn’t ask that of you. You still have your mind and your emotions, I can’t take those from you, nor would I want to. And if I tell you to do something that you have serious concerns about, tell me. We’ll talk about whatever it is. I can’t promise you that I’ll change my mind, but I promise I’ll listen.”

“Okay, so no robot pleasure toy being for the Xan-man, that’s good.”

Spike leaned forward, unable to resist touching Xander. “We made an agreement when we started this. No rape, no killing, no turning. I’ll keep to that.”

“But you said . . . .”
“Yes, you’ll give me the right to do as I please. But you’ve my word that I’ll keep my agreement with you. You have to decide if you trust that but I’ll tell you, I’ve no desire to do any of that to you, especially not killing. My demon . . . cares about you. Very much.”

Xander ran a finger along the steel and Spike handed it to him, watching as the boy heft the thing, tugging on it, testing it. He was so adept at learning things by touching that Spike had the odd thought that he might make a deadly good sculptor if he was given the tools. He’d think about that later, if the boy decided to accept the collar.

“I can say no and we’ll still be together?”

Spike knew that if his heart could beat, it would have faltered, but he kept his voice even. “Yes, this is your choice.”

“And if I say yes?”

“Then you’re mine for the rest of your life, or forever. Whichever comes first.”

Xander still held the collar, his eyes remote.
“Do you need time to think, pet?” Spike couldn’t remember ever being so nervous, but after the way he’d fucked up earlier, he had to give Xander the chance to make his own decision. His demon wanted to grab the boy and fuck him senseless, but Spike forced himself to wait.

“Gotta say, I like this present much better than the last one.” Xander looked up and his eyes looked contented. He handed the collar back to Spike. “I want to be yours. Forever.”

Spike nodded, his voice temporarily deserting him. Something slid into place with those words, something . . . maybe good wasn’t right word, because he was still a demon, but something true and strong for both of them. He separated the back piece from the rest of the collar.

“Bend your head, boy.”

The collar went around his neck easily and Spike slid the back piece on, then picked up the small allen screws. He threaded them in, then tightened them with the wrench. He’d solder it later, but now he wanted to bury himself inside Xander.
Xander was panting when he finished, and the fear that had been there had disappeared. Spike tugged on his elbows, pulling the boy into his lap, kissing him thoroughly, until the human was making small pleading noises.

“Take my jeans off.” While Xander worked at the denims, Spike skimmed his t-shirt off. “Turn around and straddle me, hands on the table.”

The boy bent into position, his cock bobbing and balls hanging freely. Spike grabbed his hips and pulled the boy back to his mouth. He licked a swipe from the back of the boy’s balls to his little tight pucker. Xander whimpered as Spike broadened his tongue, lapping at the boy’s hole. He thrust in, slick muscle opening the human, stroking his walls. Xander wailed, begging, and a splotch of pre-come dropped onto Spike’s leg. The vampire relented finally, ending the teasing.

“Stay just like that,” he ordered, and the scent of arousal grew stronger. That head-down position had to be uncomfortable by now, but his boy liked taking orders and Spike smiled as he picked up his jeans, searching the pockets for the lube. He slicked himself and then pushed
a finger into the boy, testing him, making sure he was stretched and relaxed.

He grasped Xander’s hips again, guiding him down to impale himself on Spike’s prick. The human whined when he was full, and Spike spoke into his ear. “Fuck yerself on me, pet. But no coming till I say.”

The boy groaned again and began sliding frantically up and down Spike’s shaft. The vampire reached around, getting his hands on the human heat of the boy’s dick, letting the boy thrust into his cold hands.

Xander felt too good, his heat gripping Spike mercilessly and he needed to spend inside him, needed them both to feel his possession of this mortal. He thrust his hips up, convulsing and howling as he came.

His boy sat trembling on Spike’s cock, and the vampire could feel the fluttering muscles telling him how close the human was to disobeying. He nudged Xander off, turning him around to face him. His game face had appeared when Spike had come and he licked a fang in anticipation.

“You can come when I bite you.”
Xander nodded, his eyes unfocused, and Spike kissed his neck, just above the steel encircling it. He pulled his lips back and dug his fangs into the jugular, pulsing hot just beneath the skin. The boy screamed, arching into the assault, his hips thrusting and spattering Spike with the warm gush of fluid from his cock. Spike eased his fangs out, licking the wound until it closed, holding and soothing the shaking boy until he calmed.

They should go clean up, but Spike couldn’t be bothered at the moment. He was too full of an unfamiliar emotion and Xander was looking at him with peace in his eyes. The sense of rightness was back and Spike pulled his boy closer, stroking his face until he fell asleep.

Part Twenty-Five

It was past midnight when Spike wandered in from the bar, and he wasn’t really surprised to see Xander still up, but the human’s activity perplexed him. He had a
whetstone and oil out and was diligently working with what appeared to be a hunting knife. The sheath lay on the table and it had some sort of heraldic crest on it that Spike didn’t recognize off hand. He wondered if it was some sort of magic talisman and where the boy had acquired it.

There was a sort of wary tension about Xander’s shoulders, and his scent was nerves underlain with grief. Spike wondered what could possibly have happened to him in the hours since he’d left the apartment.

But Xander turned his face eagerly into Spike’s kiss of greeting, so the vampire supposed that whatever was bothering his boy wasn’t anything he had done.

“What’s all this, then?”

The boy’s laugh was bitter. “My dear mother called, said they were leaving some of the family junk on the curb for the trash. If I wanted to root through it, I was welcome to it. I found this.” He gestured to the knife and sheath.

The knife had been polished to a bright sheen and Spike could see that it had so fine an edge that it made him itch to test it. The leather sheath gleamed with fresh oil.
“It was my grandfather’s,” Xander explained. “Given to him when he made Eagle Scout.”

Spike didn’t know what an Eagle Scout was, though he guessed from Xander’s tone that it was some sort of high honor. He’d thought the soddin’ Yanks disdained rank and degree.

“My father . . . used it when he couldn’t find a can opener. The blade was scratched and dull, and the sheath was stained. I fixed them.”

The boy’s tone was defiant, almost challenging, and Spike knew he would have to be careful of whatever this was.

“That you did, pet. They’re both deadly beautiful.”

Xander relaxed a fraction, but his face was solemn. “I want you to cut me with it.”

Dozens of questions leaped to Spike’s mind. Whether the boy saw the symbolism of Spike using the knife that his father had dishonored to shed Xander’s blood. Whether he understood what that meant for a vampire, to be offered human blood from the edge of a noble knife.
They’d never discussed the magic that had pulled them together initially, but now Xander was calling up deep mysteries, and the bond between them that had been sealed with Spike’s blood was alive and thrumming with the power of what the mortal offered.

But the look on Xander’s face told him that the boy saw clearly what he was doing, and had made his choice. Spike was overwhelmed and humbled that this human child with his great heart would give such a thing to a demon.

“Xander, are you sure?”

“I trust you, Spike.”

The vampire reached out and laid a careful thumb on the blade. It was sharp as glass and would part his flesh with the slightest pressure. So sharp that it would barely scar the boy if he was careful.

“Clothes off. Put on your wrist cuffs, and kneel on the floor.”

The boy hurried to obey. It would take a little time for Xander to do all of that, and would give Spike time to
compose himself. Playing with knives had to be done carefully, especially when you didn’t plan to kill the other person. The demon inside Spike had no desire to kill Xander anymore, and regarded him with an unregenerate possessiveness.

Spike pondered what it meant that the human trusted him fully enough to willingly let him set a blade to his flesh. It went far beyond what he’d ever expected that he’d have from Xander. The demon rejoiced, taking it to mean that the mortal would let them play darker games, but the man was confused, wondering at the emotion driving the boy to ask for it. And wondering what he really felt for his accidental thrall.

The sheath had slits so it could be threaded on a belt, but it also had straps so that Spike could attach it to his wrist. He buckled it on and then went into the room where Xander was waiting. He sniffed the air, finding that the boy’s nervousness had disappeared but the grief was still there. Arousal hovered there too, perhaps because his boy was conditioned for lust when he was cuffed and kneeling naked.

He went to the wall where the boy had installed a cleat to hold the chains that dangled from the ceiling, undoing
the knot. Spike clipped the hook to a bar which he stretched between the leather cuffs encircling the mortal’s wrists. He pulled on the chain, raising Xander’s arms over his head, continuing to shorten the chain, until the boy was forced to come to his feet.

“Spread your legs, twice shoulders.”

Xander got into the requested position and Spike pulled on the chain, raising the boy until he wasn’t quite flat on his feet. He stepped back to admire his bound and naked mortal. The position lifted his rib cage, making his chest look bigger, emphasizing the long lines of his body. His calves were taut as the balls of his feet took his weight. The boy was lovely like this, arms and legs stretched open, unable to stop anything Spike might do to him.

His boy was going to hurt in so many ways and he was going to be so beautiful with it.

“No restrictions.”

The human flicked his eyes towards Spike with that, questioning, but Spike nodded. He didn’t want Xander distracted from his pain while trying to suppress his orgasm.
He let his human face drop away as he pulled the knife from its sheath and held it horizontally in front of Xander’s face, letting the light play over the deadly metal. Spike imagined designs in blood and Xander focused intently on the blade.

The boy’s eyes followed it as Spike set the keen edge against his upper chest, slowly dragging it across his warm skin. A line of red welled in the path of the blade. Xander sucked in a ragged breath but didn’t cry out and Spike mirrored the action on this other side.

He kept his slices slow, to make sure his boy felt every one of them, to intensify the pain. The red blood painted streaks down his torso. He was hungry for the rich thick liquid, but he didn’t want to mar his design until he finished it. Art in blood and pain.

The boy didn’t start screaming until he reached his lower belly. Spike was careful not to go too deep there, knowing the guts that were close to the surface could be nicked if he lost concentration.

He moved around to the mortal’s back. The boy had fewer nerves there and his screaming stilled but he was
gasping harshly each time the knife slid into him. But he howled again when Spike set the knife just below his elbow and drew it slowly down his arm, through the hair in his armpit, across his ribs and finally ending at his hip. Spike treated the other side in the same way, before turning his attention to the boy’s legs. He made long criss-crosses over his trembling thighs, snugged the tip of the knife into the mortal’s groin and carried the wound down to the inside of his knee. He made a series of parallel lines across the human’s buttocks, dipping ever so slightly into his crease.

The room reeked of blood and pain, but not fear. The boy was like a piece of modern artwork done all in red and tan. Drip painting. Spike stepped back and removed his clothes. When he was finished he stood in front of his boy, where the human’s head was hanging down and set the blade just above his steel collar, on the sacred place where the life ran so close to the surface.

Spike didn’t move, but waited until the boy’s pain-dazed eyes cleared and he registered where the knife was. His eyes met Spike’s and they both knew that if Spike’s hand shook, there might not be any way to go back.

But Xander tilted his head to the side, exposing his neck
further, and Spike’s instinctive breath trembled but his hand was steady and firm. Blood welled around the blade as he pushed it just far enough to break the skin but no farther. Xander shuddered.

The vampire removed the knife and brought it to his mouth, carefully licking it clean, before reverently placing it back in its sheath.

The demon was hungry and he latched onto the wound at Xander’s throat, licking the blood out, working it until it was clean and beginning to heal. He lapped at the other wounds, savoring the coppery tang there. The slices on his pectorals were deep and Spike worried at them with his fangs, widening them so that the blood flowed fresh again. He suckled there and the sounds from his boy changed to a low moan and the musky scent of human male started overwhelming the other scents in the room.

He covered every injury he had made with his tongue, bathing the human in vampire saliva, sealing the wounds. Xander’s arms and legs were trembling from their stretched position and he had gone a bit pale under his tan from blood loss.
Spike picked up the bottle of slick and worked some into his boy’s hole, opening it efficiently, his demon hissing as the musky scent deepened with the human’s desire. He pushed the boy’s legs further apart so his arse was at a comfortable height for Spike to fuck him.

Xander cried out when he entered him, driving himself wildly back onto Spike’s prick. The vampire set a brutal pace, wanting them to find their releases quickly. He wrapped a hand around his boy’s cock, but it only took a stroke or two before the boy spasmed, clamping down around Spike’s cock as his come sprayed out. Spike roared, sinking his fangs into the nearest piece of skin, pumping himself into his willing boy.

When it was over, Spike lowered the chains, unclipping Xander and helping him to the floor. He reached over to the small refrigerator and pulled out a bottle of juice, holding Xander’s head while he tilted it for the boy to drink. Xander finished the bottle and curled in close while Spike ran his hands gently over his boy, rubbing his sore muscles.

Spike studied him, but the grief was gone and the primary emotion he sensed from Xander was pride.
He handed the knife back to Xander. “It’s a fine thing, pet.”

But Xander rose into the formal kneel and held his hands out, the knife lying across his palms. “Yours, Master.”

Spike took the blade and gave a small dip of his head. “I’m honoured.”

Part Twenty-Six

Despite the collar, Xander was rebellious on occasion, and Spike felt that the human didn’t understand his new role. And no doubt, some of it was still lingering mistrust for his master, a vampire. He knew better now why the human hated vampires so intensely, because Xander had gradually come to fill in the missing pieces of the last few years. But other demons were starting to ask questions about his human pet, and Spike wanted to show off his human and he didn’t dare do it while there was the risk of Xander flapping his yob at the wrong moment.

He could gag the boy, but he was reluctant to turn something in which the boy found comfort into something punitive. Besides, demons could read human
body language easily, and they’d know it if Xander got his back up about something, even if he couldn’t talk.

Another alternative was to beat it out of him, but the boy had such a spirit, fire enough to back Angelus down, and Spike prized that, didn’t want to lose it.

So he had to teach the boy his place.

The other thing Spike wanted was to cure the boy of his lingering self-consciousness about his body. Spike had to drive him to a certain height of arousal before he stopped thinking about his nakedness, but he’d need to be unaware of himself in front of other demons.

He stocked up on plenty of food for the weekend and had a hot bath running by the time the boy came home from work on Friday. He set out the things he’d need while the human bathed. Xander walked into the closet room with a towel wrapped around his waist. He smelled like clean human underlain by his own unique scent and Spike breathed in appreciatively.

“Drop the towel, pet. You’re going to spend the rest of the weekend naked.”
“But . . . .”

“Just me, no one but us. I’ve seen everything you’ve got. And I’ve turned the heat up. You’ll not freeze.”

Xander loosed the towel and stood quietly, but his whole posture radiated nervousness. Spike picked up the cuffs and buckled them around Xander’s wrists and ankles. He didn’t plan to restrain the human, but they emphasized his status. And Spike liked seeing him wearing nothing but his ownership collar and the black leather. Xander settled a little when the cuffs tightened around him.

Spike needed to get the other bit of gear on the boy before the human got too excited about the bondage. He rubbed some slick over Xander’s hairless balls before sliding the device over the boy’s cock. It consisted of five steel rings linked by leather straps. The rings slid over the boy’s nuts and around his penis. It was aptly named the Gates of Hell, and the vampire didn’t doubt that the boy would hate it before the session was over.

“This’ll keep you from getting off, pet. It’s not about sex this time. Not for you, least ways.”

“What are we doing?”
“I own you, remember? Completely. This is about me getting the bennies of being your Master.”

“And that means what?”

“You’re my servant this weekend. You attend to me every little whim without complaint. I’ll not gag you, so you can talk if you have a question about any order. And you must call me Master. Otherwise, you’re not to speak, not to argue. Unnerstand?”

Xander looked reluctant, but he nodded. “Yeah.”

“All right, starting now, no words from you. Follow me.”

Spike went into the living room and picked up the remote. He pointed to the floor beside his feet.

“On your knees, there. You may watch, if you like.”

The boy folded himself into the formal kneel and Spike was pleased to see how gracefully he did it. The weapons training had the added benefit of making some aspects of the boy’s training to be a sub easier. He moved much better than he did before they started, as long as he had
clothes on. The human was a delight in so many ways and Spike thought he’d be the envy of the type of demons that took humans if he could get the boy over a few little issues. He put his hand on Xander’s head, scratching his scalp and running his fingers through the boy’s thick hair. Xander relaxed into the contact and Spike could sense no distress from him.

The rest of the evening, Spike gave orders in a quiet voice, requests for blood, or a pillow. Xander did as he was asked without complaint. At regular intervals, Spike tilted a water bottle into the boy’s mouth, making sure his human stayed hydrated. Later, Spike ordered him to fix a pizza and when Xander brought it to the table, Spike cut it into small pieces.

“Kneel up.”

Xander positioned himself between Spike’s knees, resting his chest on Spike’s thighs, as he had been taught. The vampire picked up a piece of pizza and brought it to Xander’s mouth. The boy looked startled and Spike waited, holding the morsel against the boy’s lips. Xander understood after a moment and opened his mouth. Spike put the bite in and the boy chewed it carefully, and swallowed. Spike could hear the human’s belly
complaining, but he spaced the bites out until he felt that Xander had accepted that he’d get fed at Spike’s pleasure and not his own.

“I’m your everything, pet. Your food and drink and everything else.”

He raked his thumb over Xander’s mouth and the boy snaked his tongue out, curling it around the digit, drawing it into his mouth and sucking on it. Spike’s unneeded breath hitched and he growled, low and hungry. His instinct was to take the boy now, rough and hard, but he had to remain in control here. He sat back, sprawling his arms and legs out, looking like he was completely unmoved by the boy’s teasing, despite the bulge in his jeans giving lie to it.

“Over my lap.”

Xander hesitated, and Spike wondered if he thought he was going to be spanked for his boldness. A little reassurance wouldn’t hurt, he decided.

“Just want to play with my boy, is all.”

The human moved then, long legs draping themselves
over Spike’s thighs and the vampire pressed him down against the cushions until his chest was flat. Then Spike picked up the bottle of lube and slicked his finger up. He swiped it over the boy’s hole, and turned his attention back to the match. He gave the impression that his finger was moving without his conscious thought, circling, pressing, pinching sensitive skin, and when Becks sent a bomb in low and to the right, Spike howled with glee, and sank his finger all the way into the boy. He smacked the boy’s firm thigh in celebration.

“Man U, most bloody brilliant football club ever was, pet. And Beckam, I’d bite him, no questions. Although I suspect he married a demon.”

Spike was certain that the boy hadn’t heard a word he’d said, because Spike had been wiggling his finger around the whole time and Xander’s breathing had gotten suspiciously heavy. The boy’d be feeling the constriction of the rings on his prick by now.

He squirted a bit more lube on the pucker, working another finger in. He was still watching the match, but he was also paying attention to the signals from the boy. By the time it ended, forty minutes later, Xander was gasping, small shudders passing over him. Spike smirked,
knowing that the human had never had anyone play with his arse for such a long period of time. The boy was relaxed and open.

Spike commanded quietly, “Hands and knees.”

Xander got into position with a promptness that made the vampire’s evil grin go wider. Regrettably, the mortal’s enthusiasm wouldn’t be rewarded this time. Spike slicked himself and then sank into the boy’s heat, sliding until he touched bottom and then he called on all the control he’d learned, and never bothered to use, to stay put, flexing his prick a little, letting the boy feel him.

When he could feel that the boy’s hard-won restraint was about to snap and he was a small fraction of a second away from speaking, Spike began to move. Long slow strokes, leisurely, enjoying the bump and tug of his dick scraping past Xander’s muscles. He paused, feeling himself surrounded by the boy, by his life, hot and wonderfully full of movement and sound. Spike imagined that he could hear the swoosh of blood running through him.

He moved himself slowly, letting it overtake him, his orgasm catching him unawares as he slid forward. He
howled, crying as the force of it warped his body into a rigid bow, and he spilled out, into the boy.

After he pulled out, he drew Xander into his lap again, petting him and praising him until his trembling stopped. He inspected the bindings on the boy’s cock, seeing how purple it was. He put a finger on the crown, trying to escape the last ring, and wiped up a drop of glistening fluid. Spike sucked on his finger, relishing the taste of frustration.

“Off we go then. Time for bed.”

He forestalled any questions by getting up quickly and holding out his hand. He kept his face stern and watched the comments die out of Xander’s eyes. He’d warned the boy he wouldn’t be coming and didn’t plan on discussing it any further.

In his room, he directed Xander to lay face up and he clipped the cuffs to the ring bolts and his ankles to the straps. Xander didn’t complain. He looked beautiful, bound and spread out, aching for a touch, totally in Spike’s control. The vampire mused that he should get some sheets that matched the boy’s coloring better than white, deep rose satin perhaps.
“I’m off, meeting some friends. Get some sleep, and I’ll be here when you wake up.”

Spike waited but there weren’t any questions so he picked up his duster and left the apartment. He didn’t plan to be gone more than a couple hours, considering it was the boy’s first time in extensive bondage and his first time for it when it didn’t lead to release for him.

When he returned, Xander was sleeping soundly and Spike flopped in front of the telly, and towards dawn, strained his senses for signs that the human was awake. There was a faint change in breathing, barely noticeable but Spike went into the room and found Xander watching him.

“Right. Morning routine and then fix breakfast.”

He unhooked the cuffs and went into the kitchen to get out the things so the boy could make their breakfasts. Xander came out of the bathroom a few minutes later. When the food was ready he knelt where Spike told him to and the vampire fed him again. After they finished, he picked up a plug, lubing it and ordering Xander to present his ass. When the plug was seated to Spike’s satisfaction,
he turned the boy around.

Searching Xander’s face carefully for distress, Spike saw none. Instead he saw that Xander had gone out of himself, that he was in that place where his body no longer belonged to him, where he existed completely at Spike’s will, and the borders of pain and pleasure blurred. The vampire didn’t have any pain planned that day but he was pleased that he had gotten the boy to go so deep and to surrender so completely.

“Very good, pet,” he praised softly.

The rest of the day passed peacefully and Spike was content with the things he’d accomplished with his boy’s training. He had Xander suck his cock for hours, pulling the boy off when he was about to blow and then letting the human continue. He played with the plug, working it in and out of the human until the wildly veering pheromones told him how far he’d driven his boy. He touched every place on Xander, between his toes and behind his ears, and the boy submitted to the probing with a graceful placidity that made Spike’s demon purr. Someday he’d show the boy that not even his insides were secure against Spike’s questing.
Part Twenty-Seven

Spike decided that a cemetery would work best for what he planned. He wasn’t certain how good Xander was at pretending and he thought that the training room might throw him out of the scene. So they were dressed in their normal training clothes, comfortable in the hot summer night.

“Right then. You remember how you were punished for having an accident at work?”

Xander colored, whether from the memories of how it ended or from shame at the mistake, Spike couldn’t tell.

“My ass was sore for days, blondie. How’m I gonna forget that?”

Spike snickered, remembering how cautious Xander had been about sitting and such. He wondered what the boy had told the bints and Ripper about why he couldn’t sit
down.

“You didn’t think it was fair of me to punish you for an accident, yeah?”

“Well, duh. It wasn’t my fault.”

“‘M gonna show you how to avoid ‘em. I think you can do it, cause it’s just a matter of separating your brain from your body and you’ve already learned how to do that.”

“Excuse me? Can I say ‘huh’?”

“Knees, boy.”

Xander hesitated, and this wasn’t something they’d done outside the confines of his apartment, but it was time he got used to it. He went down though, the grass rustling as he settled into it.

“We’re not going to do anything at the moment, but I want you to think. And remember. You’ll do that better on your knees.”

“All right.”
“Just listen to me and let your mind drift. When I cut you, when I’ve hurt you, how have you been able to bear it? When I make you stay on your knees for hours on end with nothing to do, how have you been able to stand the boredom?”

The boy looked puzzled and Spike waited quietly while he worked it out.

“I . . . I’m not really there. My body’s there, but my mind is someplace else, watching, but not feeling.”

“Precisely. Do you need your mind to walk?”

“Well, no, I guess not.”

“Then what you have to do is learn to pull your consciousness away from the task of walking and devote it to the task of scouting for potential danger.”

“What?”

“It’s like you're going to that other space, except you learn to do it on purpose and not as an escape. It works for fighting too. We’ll keep training until the battle moves are instinctive, but once they are, you can use
your brain for predicting your opponent’s moves and countering them.”

“Is that why you’re such an sensational fighter?”

Spike was ridiculously pleased that his boy had praised him and he preened. “Didn’t spend all my time in China killing the slayer. Picked up a few other things.”

“But I’m just a human, no special abilities.”

“Rubbish. You’ve already proved you can make the split, you can be trained to do it at will. We’re going to play a little game. I’ll be the big bad demon and you’ll be the innocent victim.”

“That’s such a stretch . . . what’s my motivation? Maybe I should live the role first.”

“Bugger off, you git.” Spike rolled his eyes.

“Pay attention now. Think of how you feel when you go to that other place, forget about your body.”

Spike kept his voice low and steady, gradually talking Xander into the right headspace. “Now just wander
around a bit and let your mind free.”

The vampire took off in the opposite direction, intent on making a big circle. Spike decided it wouldn’t be fair to have the boy face a vampire this first time at it. He’d be no match for vampiric strength and stealth, and Spike didn’t want him to fail. He pondered which demon he could be, finally settling on a Fyarl demon. Something cloddish and bumbling, yet angry. He shortened his stride and hunched his shoulders, imagining that he had nothing on his mind but killing tasty humans.

He lifted his snout, smelling a human and charged. Xander seemed to be in a trance as he watched the demon attack. But the boy moved at the last minute, before the demon had a chance to correct his approach and it crashed into a tombstone. The beast roared, rushing at the human again, but Xander had lost the mental balance he needed and couldn’t get out of the way when Spike bowled into him.

The vampire landed on top of a warm squirming human and he grinned, pressing down on Xander. “Bloody good effort, pet.”

“I get it now. I had it, it was like I could see a line showing
me where you were going, like the first down line. And I just stepped away from the line.”

“Just need to practice.” Xander was still wiggling around and Spike’s nostrils flared. “One problem, pet, you’ve let a demon capture you again. What now?”

Xander grinned and thrust his pelvis up, leaving Spike no doubt what the boy was thinking.

“Ah, a classic maneuver. Offer your body in exchange for your freedom. Gonna sell your arse, pet?”

“Nope. Can’t do that, cause it belongs to you.” Xander looked innocent, but the steady pulsing of his hips made a liar out of him.

“Too right, it does.” Spike shifted around until he could press his erection against Xander’s. The boy groaned, arching into the contact, his breathing gone ragged. Spike felt lust fire through his veins as it always did when Xander surrendered. He lifted up slightly, working first his zipper, then the boy’s.

“Touch us both,” he ordered softly, propping himself over Xander with his arms. Xander’s big calloused hand
wrapped around them and Spike snaked his head down to take the boy’s mouth, his tongue thrusting in time with his hips as the boy worked them.

He broke the kiss long enough to murmur, “Come with me.” And then they were both shouting as it took them.

Part Twenty-Eight

The other demons groaned when Spike turned over the last pretty lady to go with the other two. They thought he’d had a mere two pair, but none of them had anything to better a full house. Spike leaned back in satisfaction and gestured to the human in the corner.

Xander came over to him and Spike ran a possessive hand up the boy’s leg, fondling his ass. He cupped the boy’s nuts and tightened one of the spikes in the ring Xander was wearing around the base of his balls. A demonic device if he’d ever seen one, it was stainless steel, a half inch wide, with six sharp spikes that screwed
into the ring and impaled the delicate skin of Xander’s scrotum. The other end of the spikes were scraping the boy’s thighs so he was walking with an odd, spread-legged gait.

Spike tightened them every time he won a hand, and had pierced Xander’s skin in two places. Each time, he’d licked up the resulting blood, knowing his saliva would heal the human quickly.

Tonight was a gamble for him, not just at the table. The demons there were not the type that would hurt humans so Xander was in no danger. No, the only danger was to Spike’s reputation if Xander screwed up. Word would get out that he couldn’t control his human.

But, if they succeeded, these demons would witness Spike torturing a human and that word getting out would work in Spike’s favor.

The boy was gagged, the cock gag that Xander loved to suck on, and he was wearing cuffs on both wrists and ankles, and his wrists were clipped together behind his back. Spike had put them on the boy to give him as much a feeling of security as possible under the circumstances. Because other than his collar and the steel ring, he was
naked.

The boy had gone to his happy place, his cock hard, his body Spike’s to use. Spike made sure he stayed that way.

The demons watched avidly every time Spike touched the boy and the vampire wondered what they were thinking. The thin white scars from where Spike had cut him would be visible to demon eyes, but whether it was those, or the human’s beauty that had their attention, or his unhesitating obedience to Spike’s demands, it didn’t matter.

Giving the boy a firm smack on his ass, Spike sent Xander back into the corner as he anted up for the next hand. He was well ahead and they’d leave soon, the point made to all present.

It was nearly an hour later that Spike threw in his cards. He picked up the long coat he’d bought to cover Xander’s nakedness on the streets and guided him outside. When they were out of sight of the demons, Spike unhooked the wrist cuffs and helped Xander into the coat. Walking through Sunnydale with your hands tied behind your back was just asking for trouble and Spike wasn’t in the mood for it.
As they walked, Spike could feel the boy gradually surfacing from the place he’d been. He stayed quiet though, didn’t tug at the gag. Spike let them into the apartment and pulled the coat off Xander’s arms.

His mortal was so fucking beautiful, hard cock and taut muscles.

Spike unbuckled the gag, throwing it on the floor and wrapping his arms around Xander, slanting his face for a kiss. The boy’s mouth was dry from the time behind the gag, but he gave Spike free access.

They pulled apart and Spike stroked his jaw. “Did perfect, pet. Beautiful, you were.”

Xander cleared his throat a few times and Spike stepped away to get him a water bottle.

“Then take this fucking thing off me, asshole.”

Spike pondered whether he should insist that the boy be properly respectful when they were alone. Wouldn’t do for him to slip when they were in company.
“Does it hurt?”

“Shit, yes, it hurts, get it off me.”

Spike sniggered. He enjoyed taking the piss with the boy. “Well you didn’t say, so how was I to know?”

“Hello. Gagged.”

“You spent four hours naked in a small room with five demons and you barely noticed, did you?”

“What?”

“Why’d I put it on you?”

“Cause you’re a brainless undead menace?”

But Spike could tell the boy was already applying his mind to the problem.

“Shit, I was naked. I was so focused on the pain . . . .”

Spike nodded. “Was a test. Of us, how we do together. Those demons saw me torturing you, a Scooby. Rumours’ll get out that the Big Bad is back.”
“That was for your rep?”

“Not all. There’s other places we can go together, places that turn a mostly blind eye to things. Didn’t want to risk going there if I didn’t know that you could go down and I could keep you there when we were someplace other than here. None of that lot tonight would have hurt you if you’d fought me, but the other places I’m thinking of, folk might.”

“You’re talking about sex clubs.”

“Yeah. But with demons too.” But the boy liked the idea, Spike could tell from his scent. “Want to take you there and show off my beautiful boy, don’t I?”

Xander swallowed, his voice husky. “I think I’d like that.”

Spike smiled and picked up the tiny wrench that would open the ring on Xander’s balls. “I’ll take this off and then we’ll go into the room, and I’ll inspect for damage, hmm?”

The musk grew heavier. “I’m guessing we’re talking a thorough inspection?”
“Every little place.”

Xander grinned and tugged him into the bedroom.

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**Part Twenty-Nine**

Xander had latched onto the idea of the sex club with all his stubborn nature and Spike almost wished he’d never mentioned it. Not that he didn’t like the idea too, but he worried about his ability to control Xander completely enough for the requirements of that type of club. Fuck knows, he was still trying to find his way with being the boy’s Master.

“You’ve got to trust me, no reservations.”

“But I do. Haven’t I proved that?”

“Can’t screw up, not there. You wouldn’t like what they do to unruly subs in those places.”
“You could gag me.”

“Demons, boy. Don’t need to hear you to know if you’re not completely under my control.”

“The smelling thing.”

“Yeah. And I’ve messed up, can’t be sure in my own head.”

“That was emotional stuff, cause you’re evil. You’ve never messed up the physical stuff. Yeah, you’ve pushed me a lot further than I thought I could go, but you’ve never pushed me beyond what I could stand. Let me prove it.”

Boy had a point, and Spike nodded. “All right. I’ll think of something, yeah?”

Spike finally decided what he wanted to do and made his preparations. He led Xander into the room, where he’d laid out the boy’s cuffs, a leather blindfold and a U-shaped piece of foam. He sat on the bed and Xander automatically dropped into a kneeling position.
“I’ll put the blindfold on you and you’ll lay your head on the foam, so you’ll see nothing and hear nothing, and then I’m going to take your air, until you pass out. And you’ll let me do it.”

Spike tried to keep his tone detached, indifferent, but this suddenly meant more than it should to him.

“Your body will fight me when your air starts to run out, you won’t be able to stop it. But you must decide if you trust me enough to halt before it goes too far.”

“I trust you.”

He closed his eyes, knowing how many times he’d heard those words from Xander, wondering when he’d ever stop making the boy prove it. Soddin’ pathetic excuse for a demon he was. Had to be reassured all the bloody time.

“Do you trust me?”

Spike’s eyes flew open. “Wot?”

“Do you trust that I know my own mind? That I know my own . . . that I know what I’m doing?”
He hadn’t thought of that. Maybe his insecurities were hurting Xander. He hadn’t given the boy the honour he deserved for his courage.

“You’re right, pet.”

“What are you afraid of?”


He wasn’t afraid of losing this human, demons didn’t get attached to mortals. But Xander was looking at him with questions in his eyes and Spike couldn’t escape him. He owed the boy something for his bravery.

“Don’t want to screw up and hurt you.”

Xander smiled. “You kept Drusilla safe all those years.”

But he’d loved Dru and she had a demon too, despite her madness. Bloody hell. He nodded.

“Point taken. We don’t have to do this.”

“Yes, we do. You need to convince yourself.”
Xander stood up, taking his clothes off, and then lying on the bed. He buckled the cuffs around his wrists and ankles. He put the blindfold on. He adjusted the foam pillow until the sides came over his ears. Then he spread his legs and arms out, waiting.

If Spike had needed to breathe, he couldn’t have done. Xander was fucking gorgeous, not just his body, but his soul. He gave himself to Spike so completely and unhesitatingly, and the tiny part of Spike that remembered what it was like to be human wept for what he’d never have again.

The vampire placed his hand on the boy’s ankle, to let the human know he was still there. He took his own clothes off, needing to be touching the boy’s skin while they did this, and knowing that Xander would need it too.

When he thought he was steady enough to do what he needed to do without hurting Xander, he clipped the cuffs to the rings, both wrists and ankles. Then he got on the bed, placing his knees on either side of the boy’s hips and resting his weight on Xander’s ribcage. It would contribute to the boy’s feeling of helplessness.
But Xander didn’t smell of fear. The only thing Spike could sense was curiosity.

His eyes were leaking for some reason and he angrily wiped the moisture away.

Spike leaned down, his hands cupping Xander’s jaw and his mouth covering Xander’s, coaxing the boy’s tongue out. Xander responded and their tongues twisted together, and Spike groaned into the warmth of his boy’s mouth. Xander surrendered to the kiss, his body rising to meet Spike’s and his breath coming in short gasps.

The curiosity was mixed with arousal, but still no fear.

The vampire slid one hand up to the human’s nose, pinching his nostrils closed. Spike kept his mouth over Xander’s, continuing to kiss him, mentally counting seconds.

The boy’s body began to struggle, fighting for air, but Spike held on, using his superior strength to block any breath to Xander’s lungs.

When he felt Xander’s consciousness slip away Spike
ended the kiss, waiting anxiously for his boy to come back to him. The human’s lungs started again with a gasp as soon as Spike took his mouth and fingers away. Spike shoved the blindfold off.

Xander finally opened his eyes, dazed and vacant for a moment, but then, before Spike could panic, his gaze sharpened and he was there again. The boy’s eyes held no fear and his scent was relaxed after the sharp rush of adrenaline that had flooded through him when his breath was failing.

“Pet? Are you . . . ? Was it . . . ?”

Words failed him for once and he’d have to rely on the human to say what had to be said.

“It was fine. More than. It was like dying.”

Spike covered Xander’s mouth with his again, this time a kiss of relief, of security that this mortal was still with him. He kept it light and quick, feeling Xander’s warmth on his tongue.

“Spike, when I die . . .”
“Xander . . . .” Spike protested.

“No. Don’t. When I die, I want to go just like that, with you kissing me.”

Somewhere deep inside his head, the demon was howling its denial of what Xander had just said, but Spike nodded.

“Yeah.”

He unbuckled the wrist cuffs and pulled Xander close, trying to block out thoughts of future grief.

**Part Thirty**

After taking careful measurements of his boy and refusing to answer what they were for, Spike went to a custom leather shop in town and ordered a pair of chaps. The shopkeeper hadn’t wanted to make them to the precise measurements at first, saying that they would be
too tight, and the person who wore them wouldn’t be able to get any clothes on under them. Spike had grinned and said ‘exactly.’ The man hadn’t argued any further, especially as Spike was willing to pay a hefty price for the customization.

The leather was soft and supple, burnished to a fine sheen. There was some extra padding sewn into the knees, but other than that, they’d cling to every curve and bend of Xander’s body and Spike got hard imagining the picture the boy would be in them.

He’d ordered quite a few other things for their trip to the sex club, which was in L.A. Sunnydale wasn’t quite the place to support a BDSM club. They’d leave at sunset and arrive just as things should start getting interesting.

Spike sent Xander off to the shops while he prepared.

When the boy returned, Spike ordered him into the shower and then slid in behind him. Xander turned happily, wanting a caress, but Spike smacked him lightly, telling him to turn back around. The boy obeyed, and Spike slipped the lubed nozzle inside the boy’s hole. Xander stiffened, but didn’t argue.
They’d already fought this one the first time Spike had done it. He’d settled it by telling Xander that he’d given Spike rights to both the outside and the inside of his body. But he’d made sure to pamper and praise the boy every time they did it, gradually conditioning him to accept such a complete invasion of his body.

Now he reached around Xander, stroking his chest.

“Hush, pet. You’ll feel more self-confident tonight if you’re completely clean.”

The nozzle was shaped like a cock with a flared base to keep it in place, and once Spike had inserted it fully, he hung the bag on the showerhead and turned the faucet off. He helped Xander lie down in the tub, lifting the boy’s leg to drape over the side. He knelt between Xander’s spread legs, keeping a hand low on his belly, feeling the pressure inside the human increase.

Xander was panting, small noises of discomfort, but Spike kept up a soothing murmur, his hands making gentle circles on the boy’s abdomen. His hands occasionally strayed to Xander’s prick and didn’t he just love how responsive horny young humans were. The boy hardened, leaking from his tip, and his scent was a
confused mix of arousal and shame. But Spike knew the boy was getting closer to the day when he’d want Spike to do this to him. Such fun initiating innocent mortals into new kinks.

When Spike was satisfied that the fluids had reached far enough, he removed the nozzle, closing the valve on the tubing. He stood up, taking the equipment, and ordering, “Hold it until you think you absolutely can’t anymore. Then a slow count to one hundred.”

Spike grinned evilly and left the bathroom.

When the boy walked into the bedroom, Spike dusted some baby powder over him and carefully smoothed the chaps on. They clung to him, revealing the underlying musculature, and perfectly showcasing Xander’s long beautiful legs. The leather framed his shaved package in front and left his ass bare.

“Beautiful. I’ll be the envy of every top there.”

“What else am I wearing?”

“Nothing, not even shoes. Oh, I’ve a few bits of jewelry for you. You don’t need anything else, pet.”
While Xander pondered that news, Spike picked up the butt plug for the night. It was heavy, steel, with a bronze figurine of a little man on the base of it.

“Hands and knees.”

Xander got into place and Spike admired how well he looked, perfect position, body displayed by the chaps. He inserted the plug and smiled. It looked like the little man was eating Xander out. He wrapped a strap around Xander’s balls and cock, separating the balls and pushing them out, the three way ring severely restricting the boy’s ability to come.

“On the floor. Formal.”

Spike picked up the last two items, one a steel O-ring that clamped to his collar, the other was a supple leather leash. Xander lifted his chin to give Spike access while he tightened the clamp. After he finished, the vampire clipped the leash to the ring, letting the leather dangle down Xander’s chest.

He sat back, feeling himself harden at the picture Xander presented. Kneeling on the floor, leather binding his cock
and caressing his legs. A human pet worthy of a Master vampire and another damaged part of Spike, the part that the Initiative had nearly killed, that part healed on the realization of how utterly this human belonged to him.

“You must call me ‘Master’, pet. But I want a companion tonight, not a slave. It’s a game, like. And we must play it to keep safe.”

“Okay. I remember the rules. Master.”

Spike had kept a couple of items in reserve that he would put on his boy when they got there. But seeing Xander and imagining him with the rest, knowing that this human belonged to him, all of that was getting Spike unbearably hard.

“One last thing, pet. You’re so bloody delicious like that. I need a little something to take the edge off before we go.”

Spike worked his pants open while he talked, spreading the zipper and pulling on his hard cock. He pointed it at Xander and the boy scooted forward on his knees. Spike hadn’t given him permission to leave the formal posture,
so the boy lowered his mouth to Spike’s prick, keeping his hands behind his back.

Fuck. Spike knew he wasn’t going to last. Having Xander at his mercy like this pushed his buttons and he groaned as the warm moisture of Xander’s mouth surrounded his cold dick.

The boy worked his jaw, taking Spike deeper and moving in closer for a better angle. Spike wound his fingers through the dark hair, clenching them and then releasing as the waves of pleasure hit him and then retreated. He held off as long as he could, enjoying the view and the suction from the human mouth.

He couldn’t stop it any longer and he let go on a long tearing groan. The boy milked his cock, never letting his warm mouth leave Spike’s shaft. After Xander had cleaned him off, Spike leaned forward, plundering the boy’s mouth, tasting himself on Xander’s tongue.

Xander was wild-eyed and panting when Spike pulled back. He was pleased to see that Xander hadn’t broken position during the kiss. The boy’s cock was straining against the leather holding it and he was sweating lightly, his hands still obediently behind his back. He smelled of
sex and frustration, utterly luscious.

“We’ll have a lovely time tonight, pet. Ready?”

**Part Thirty-One**

The club had underground valet parking for the convenience of the Masters who wanted their slaves to be naked when they arrived. Spike pulled up to the valet stand and dropped off the car. Xander hesitated on his side of the car, but Spike wrapped the leash around his hand, giving it a small tug. The boy followed him to the elevator.

Xander gave off a faint scent of nerves so Spike reached over and tweaked his nipple. The boy chuckled, the tension radiating from him easing slightly.

“Don’t think about it, pet. It’s just you and me, all else is immaterial”

“All right.”

“And you look like a wet dream, luv. Gonna be fighting ‘em off of ya tonight.”

“No. No fighting. Not over me.”
Xander suddenly looked worried and shifted closer to Spike. The elevator doors opened and they were in a small anteroom with a pretty Ani’sha demon at the reception desk.

“Greetings, Master Vampire. Have you anything to check?”

“No.”

“Then if you need any additional time to prepare your slave before you enter, you may use Room DD, the second on the right.”

“Ta ever so.”

He tugged the leash and walked to the room, Xander a pace behind him. The small space contained a cabinet by one wall and a low padded bench. Spike went to the cabinet, finding the lube and other supplies he’d expected. He pulled the other two items he’d been saving out of an inner pocket of his duster.

The first was a set of clamps, linked by a chain. They were wicked little things, were actually meant for people
with pierced nipples. The jaws of the clamp came to sharp points. Spike took one of Xander’s nipples, rolling it in his fingers until it popped out. Spike attached the clamp. Xander made a small noise and Spike looked up into his face. The boy was breathing quickly and he licked his lips.

“Hurts, pet?”

“Yes, Master.”

Spike got hard again at that, hearing the word Xander had called him and the knowledge that he could hurt this boy all he pleased.

“All right?” he husked.

“Yeah. Master.”

Spike nodded and worked the other nipple, setting the clamp onto it as well. Xander gasped and he was sweating slightly, but Spike could smell no real strain in him. That might change with the next thing. Spike smirked.

He lifted the golden ornament up so Xander could see it.
There was a blood-red garnet on the top of it, and four delicate gold chains led from the top down to a ring. The jewel was set atop a slender two-inch shaft with a small bulb at the end. Spike put a small dab of lube on the bulb.

And he put another dab on the tip of Xander’s prick. The boy puffed out his breath in surprise, but didn’t protest. Spike suspected that the aura of the club was already getting to him, putting him in the right mental place.

“Tell me if this hurts,” Spike said quietly.

He placed the bulb at the opening of Xander’s penis and slowly slid it in. His boy gave a low sound, almost an animal growl and Spike was hit with a wave of pheromones as the garnet came to rest at the tip of Xander’s dick. Spike pulled the gold ring over the head until it rested loosely on the main part of the boy’s shaft.

Fuck, but the boy was sex incarnate, submitting to Spike’s desires without complaint, and now trembling with need. His balls seemed to swell in their tight confinement. And his scent made Spike’s nostrils flare and his fangs drop slightly. The boy’d be like catnip to the other demons here.
Spike almost wished someone would challenge him for the boy, but he knew that just wasn’t the done thing here. Every top was excruciatingly careful about the boundaries with other people’s subs. He’d enjoy a spot of violence, but he suspected Xander wouldn’t understand it.

“How does that feel?”

“Shit. It shouldn’t feel so good, Master.”

Spike nodded and picked up the end of the leash. His boy would be nicely distracted by the pain from his nipples and the unfamiliar sensation of something inserted into his prick. By the time he focused on his surroundings again, they’d be over the rough bits.

“How, pet, walk behind me again, and every time I sit down, you kneel beside me, formal. Unnerstand?”

“Yes, Master.”

Fuck. Spike nearly shoved him against the nearest wall with that. He let out a huff of air. “Perfect, pet.”
They walked down the hall to the main entrance of the club. The place was busy, full of many demons and humans. Some of the demons had human pets, others had weaker species of demons. None of the submissives were wearing any more clothes than his boy and some were wearing quite a bit less. Wherever they walked, though, Xander received quite a few looks.

Spike ordered a bottle of Crown for himself and got a water bottle for his boy, knowing that slaves weren’t allowed alcohol in these places.

They found a table, Xander dropping to his knees so quickly and easily that Spike was unexpectedly proud of him. Xander was giving off a mixture of nerves and arousal. He sipped his drink slowly, tilting the water bottle into the boy’s mouth occasionally. He kept an eye on Xander, seeing the boy gradually become more and more comfortable with his place and his status. Spike tangled his hand in Xander’s silky hair, and he leaned against Spike’s knee. A very good boy.

“Just watch, pet. We’ll dance in a bit.”

Gradually the nervous scent disappeared from Xander as he became immersed in the scenes going on around him.
Curiosity began to dominate his posture and Spike smiled to himself. That part of his boy’s nature had gotten him into all sorts of trouble before, but not anymore, not with Spike protecting him. Xander was free to indulge his questioning mind.

But Spike wanted to dance with his boy, to show him off. He felt good, back on top of his game after all this time. He stood up, Xander’s leash in hand.

The boy followed him as they made their way to the center of the dance floor. Spike stood back and dropped the leather, looking at Xander. His nubs had turned a fiery red from the pressure of the clamps and Spike cupped a hand over one, feeling the heat of the irritation radiate from it. He pressed the spring, releasing the clamp and Xander whimpered. Spike grinned at him, remembering from past experience that they always hurt worse when they were removed.

He moved the clamp to the delicate skin on the underside of Xander’s arm and the boy hissed as the pincers poked his skin. Spike saw that the sharp points had broken the skin on one side of the nipple and he bent his head for a taste, while Xander moaned.
“That good, boy?”

“Good, Master,” Xander panted.

Spike dropped the leash and swayed to the music, letting it wash over him. It wasn’t as hard-edged as he favoured, but the beat was good and Xander was moving to it as well.

They danced, Spike twirling around Xander, his coat flaring like a cape as he moved. Sometimes he darted in and repositioned the clamps on other places on his boy’s body. He was fascinated by the wounds they left behind, looking like small sets of fang marks. Sometimes he left them on long enough to draw blood, and he sipped delicately from those places, wondering how much of Xander’s blood he’d drank after all this time. Perhaps enough to have drained him, but possessing him like this was a damned sight more fun.

Xander seemed to have forgotten that he was mostly naked in a crowd of people. His eyes followed Spike and he responded so well every time Spike played with him.

Spike decided that the boy was ready to see what was
downstairs. He picked up the leash and drew Xander towards the doorway in the back.

Part Thirty-Two

The door to the steps was guarded by large Olgasha demons and Spike had to wonder what those fully human members of this club thought of the bouncers. Sunnydale blindness extends almost everywhere, he decided.

Xander was a pace behind him and Spike let his true face out. The guardians nodded and moved to the side, allowing them to pass. The doors closed behind them and they were in a short hallway before the stairs began.

Spike wrapped a hand around Xander’s neck, pulling his human down for a kiss. Xander relaxed into the caress, his tongue slowly tangling with Spike’s, his body pressed hard against the vampire’s. So fucking responsive.
They were both breathing heavily when Spike ended their clinch. He lowered his voice, roughening his tone to the seductive growl that always got to Xander. “Listen now, pet. You’re to do more watching. There’ll be new things for you to see. I want you to pick summat that’s your favorite and I’ll do it to you later on.”

Xander nodded. “I understand, Master.”

Good, the boy was so very good at this. As though he were made to submit to Spike.

“Talk freely to me as long as you call me Master.”

One more light kiss and they went down the stairs. Spike got even harder as the scents of blood and pain and overwhelming lust reached his nose. Even Xander, with his limited human senses, seemed affected by it before they opened the doors at the bottom and were able to see.

It was a very well-equipped dungeon and Xander sucked in a shocked breath. Spike didn’t turn back to look at him because they were in their roles now and he trusted Xander’s ability to do what was needed. But he was sure the scene before them was utterly new to his somewhat
naive human.

There were many different types of suspension equipment and nearly all of the bars and trusses held humans in different stages of lust and pain and fear. There were several St. Andrew’s crosses being used by an assortment of demons, but not by vampires, for obvious reasons. There was a water area where a female sub was being hit with a high pressure hose in several sensitive areas. Her screams were desperate and shrill.

Xander’s breathing was heavy, and his scent held a thin thread of fear. Spike tightened the leash, raking his knuckles across Xander’s chest in the process, touching his boy to make sure he knew that Spike was still with him. The human’s breathing eased some.

Spike moved them along, past subs being whipped in various postures, humans being fucked by other species as well as their own. Subs tied in awkward contortions, begging for release into ecstasy.

They wandered randomly, window shoppers in a world of kink.

They were being observed by a demon of some species
Spike didn’t recognize. The demon was strong but not packing much magic and Spike didn’t like the way he kept circling them. He was subtle about it, for a demon, but Spike was paying careful notice of the attention given to Xander, and he saw the moves for what they were.

Finally, the beast dared to approach them. “He’s a remarkably pretty pet, for a human. Have you thought about renting him out?”

“I could do that,” Spike said cheerfully. He continued in the same tone. “Or . . . I could rip your guts out through your nostrils and strangle you with them if you look at him again. Or, if you dare touch him, I could chop off all your fifteen fingers and stuff them sideways up your arse. And then . . . .”

But the demon moved off hurriedly and Spike snorted triumphantly. “Wait!” he called. “I wasn’t to the best part yet. Daft fucker.”

He’d kept a hand on Xander during that exchange and he felt his boy’s repressed laughter. Xander had his head down though, and Spike put his palm on the back of the human’s neck, fingers massaging the skin hidden by his hair. They moved on.
Spike kept careful track of the scents Xander gave off, and which scenes provoked interest from him, and which provoked fear. Not that he wouldn’t do something to Xander that the boy feared, but he’d know when he needed to take things slowly.

One man was tied with his legs spread wide open and electrical leads attached to his prick and electrical probe inserted inside him. The sub jerked and quivered as his human mistress carefully rotated the dials on the monitoring unit. Spike could tell she was experienced in electrosex play as she kept her victim finely balanced between sensations. Xander winced as the man’s penis jerked, but Spike caught the change in his scent and noted the rig for potential later use.

But the boy hadn’t mentioned any of the things he was seeing as something he’d like to try and Spike wondered if it was just too much for him to take in all at once.

They finally happened across a man lying on a broad padded table. He was restrained with chains wrapped around his body, clips on the table holding him down. He struggled but he was unable to move. His master circled him, wielding a riding crop, striking the trapped man with
quick, precise blows.

Xander’s breathing changed again and Spike looked at him, his nostrils flaring as he drank in the scent of his human becoming unbearably aroused. They moved off to one of the walls, and Spike leaned back, pulling Xander against him, while they watched the action on the table.

The sub’s cock was hard and purple, leaking heavily and he moaned with every blow that landed on him. Spike had to admire the dom as a master of the art of pain. Welts were rising on the skin of his victim but the man had been driven far into the place where pain became pleasure and every touch threatened to send him out of his mind.

Spike ran a hand down Xander’s torso, taking the clamps off and the boy whimpered. He was sweating, reeking of arousal, and Spike lapped at his shoulder.

“Like what you see, luv?”

The boy swallowed. “Yes, Master. To be so helpless, unable to escape, to be forced to bear it.”

“Can do, pet.”
“Please, Master.”

The dom adjusted the chains on his sub, spreading his legs further and pulling him to the edge of the table. He shoved into the other man in one sharp move, fucking him.

Xander made a low sound and Spike forgot about the other pair. His boy was giving off such a delicious fragrance, and his breath was coming faster. Spike would never tire of watching Xander come undone. His hand surrounded his boy’s cock, feeling how full his balls were, the heat from his flesh. He pulled a little at the jewel resting on Xander’s crown, enjoying the whimper the movement wrenched out of his human.

He worked Xander’s prick until the boy was thrusting into his hand, pleading under his breath. Spike was hard inside his leathers, rocking softly into the cleft of Xander’s bare ass. He could feel the contours of the bronze man at the end of the plug inside his boy and he pushed on it, knowing the way it curved was designed to press on the human’s perineum. Xander was moving faster now, but Spike tightened his hand around the heated shafted, stopping the motion.
His boy was trembling, and Spike used his other hand to pet Xander’s chest, soothing him and bringing him back.

“Tell me what you want, pet,” Spike breathed into his ear.

“Want . . . need . . . you inside, Master.”

Spike chuckled, a throaty, deep sound, pleased with that request. He walked them forward until they came to another table and he pushed on the boy until his hands rested on the edge of it. Then Spike reached down, working the zips on his pants, freeing his aching hardness.

He grasped the brass man and slowly pulled the steel plug out of Xander’s arse, while the boy made a soft keening sound that tore through Spike. Slicking himself quickly, he pushed inside Xander, sinking into his heat and tightness. The boy whined again when Spike was fully inside, but then the vampire began to move.

He curled over Xander’s back, working his hips steadily, building a rhythm that would push them both over the edge. Fucking gorgeous like this, beautiful boy under
him, giving in to Spike’s desires.

His voice was husky, barely controlled, even as he taunted the man he was driving into.

“You’re getting fucked in front of a crowd of people, boy. Taking it up the ass from a demon. What do you say?”

“Please.”

“Please what?”

“Harder.”

Xander’s voice was low and strained, but Spike heard him. He increased the pace, teetering on the edge as long as he could, but Xander’s willingness to let himself be fucked like this, his heat and tightly clenching body were fraying Spike’s concentration and his control.

He couldn’t stop it, convulsions racking his body even as his teeth sank into equally welcoming flesh.

Xander squealed ‘Master!’ and then Spike lost all restraint, plunging wildly in the last throes of his orgasm. He hung there endlessly until finally he came back to
himself. Xander was breathing harshly underneath him, huge ragged gasps for air as he held up Spike’s weight.

When Spike had recovered, he found Xander’s still swollen prick and slowly pulled the penis plug out of it. Then he unsnapped the leather holding the boy’s balls.

Spike was exhausted so he ordered, “Stroke yourself until you come.”

He was softening, but he pushed against Xander’s ass, determinedly staying in place until he felt his boy’s interior muscles contracting around him. Xander rocked back against him, hissing as he came, ending on a rising shout.

Xander stayed in place afterwards, and Spike finally pulled out and tucked himself away. “Clean your hand off, pet.”

And he turned Xander around, away from the eyes of their audience, watching avidly as Xander licked his own spunk from his hand. Spike was proud of his boy and pulled him into a fierce kiss.

“Did so well, luv. But it’s time to go home.”
Part Thirty-Three

Spike was thrilled with how well the trip to the club had gone. Other demons had seen him, with a human thrall, and there had been long-missing respect in their eyes by the time Spike and Xander left.

And . . . he had some naughty ideas about what he might like to try next on his boy.

All that could wait though. He wanted to treat Xander, take him out, make a fuss over him. Spike ignored the little voice in his head that said he was carrying on like a bird. Didn’t matter how much of a poofter he was, at the moment, all he was thinking about was giving Xander a good time. The kind of time that didn’t require Xander to go to new places inside himself in terms of pain or anything else. A relaxing time for the boy.

He picked out some clothes for Xander, a finely knit silk blend wife beater in a deep dark green paired with dark
brown denims that clung to the boy’s ass. The night’s cock ring was carved steel, smooth on the inside, barbaric designs around the outside. Black motorcycle boots completed the look, and the boy was a delicious treat.

The shirt ensured that Xander’s collar was visible to everyone, but the boy seemed easy about letting other people see that he was someone else’s property. The first time his friends had seen it, Willow had thought it was too plain, Buffy had admired the craftsmanship, and the Watcher had hemmed and cleaned his glasses for nearly ten minutes. The whole thing still provoked Spike to laughter, but their reactions had settled Xander about the collar being seen.

They’d started at Xander’s favorite restaurant, nothing fancy, a little hole in the wall Mexican place with cracked ceramic tiles mortared to the table tops and the fieriest salsa Spike had ever tasted. The margaritas were strong too and they’d ordered a pitcher. Spike had drunk most of it, cause he didn’t want his boy squiffy, just nicely lubricated.

Outside the restaurant, Spike handed Xander a tissue wrapped package.
“A present?”

“Nothing much, pet. We’re going to Tinker’s Dream, they’re having a special party tonight, but we’re going separately. Put that on when you get there. I’ll meet you there.”

“But . . . .”

“You’ll get there first, and I want you to enjoy yourself. I’ll find you.”

Spike winked at him, and Xander smiled back, before turning to get his car. Spike lit a fag, waving at the boy as he pulled out. The vampire would take a stroll to the club, the best gay club in Sunnydale. They were having a masque that night. Spike pulled his own mask out of his pocket. It was black leather that had been carefully cut and moulded into bat wings. The contours matched the lines of his face, and the color matched his black jeans and dark purple silk.

The masque was full flow by the time he arrived, and the dance floor was crowded. But he saw Xander, the mortal drew his gaze like there was a thread connecting the two
of them. The boy was on the dance floor, his leather mask the shape of a deep copper leaf, curling around his eyes. Copper and green befitted the boy and there were several men around him, despite the plainly visible collar.

Xander danced with them, but not with them. Spike could see that he was dancing with himself and the others were just in his orbit. The vampire went to the bar and secured his drink, staying at the edges of the crowd, happy to watch his boy being a self-confident and tempting man. He seemed unaware of his admirers, but no one managed to touch him because he was always a step away from the reaching hands and thrusting pelvises.

Spike hadn’t told him that he could use his skills for dancing, but it was clear that’s what he was doing. The vampire smiled privately to himself, proud of his human. The boy flirted with the men around him, drawing them in, but if any tried to speak to him, Xander would touch his collar and turn away.

“Prick tease,” Spike muttered affectionately.

He set his drink down, and made his way to the dance floor, letting the music wash over him and the beat carry
him to his boy. They moved together, and Xander’s eyes behind his leaf mask met Spike’s coquettishly. Spike raised an eyebrow. A game, eh.

Xander’s body swayed towards his and then spun away, tantalizing Spike, but he grinned. This night was for the boy to enjoy, and if he was finally finding the power of his allure, then Spike was willing to indulge him.

They circled around each other never quite touching. When the music stopped, they stood staring, eyes locked.

“Buy you a drink, mate?”

Xander touched his collar as though he were debating taking a stranger up on his offer. But then he smiled. “I’d like that.”

He turned towards the bar, his hips moving with a slight tilt that had Spike hissing at the sudden bolt of lust moving through him. They stood at the bar with their drinks, making small talk as though they'd just met, and Xander kept touching him, small taps on his arm, fingers touching lightly when they reached for their drinks, shoulders rubbing. Spike was getting lost in it. He’d never
seen Xander like this, so sure of himself and his desirability. And it had been a long time since anyone had flirted so seductively with him. Bloody hell, the boy was driving him out of his mind.

The music had started again when they finished their drinks and Spike held out his hand. Xander took it and Spike led them back to the dance floor. The beat was slower this time and they wrapped their arms around each other, moving more intently this time, hard groins meeting, thighs brushing, Xander’s chest pressed against his. Xander was big and strong, holding Spike tightly and the vampire let himself have the luxury of letting someone else lead. Someone he trusted.

Xander worked them off the dance floor so slowly that Spike almost didn’t recognize what he was doing. But they were nearly to one of the shadowed alcoves when he picked his head off Xander’s shoulder.

“You mind?” Xander asked.

“No, suits me.”

Xander kissed the edge of his mask where it rested on his cheekbone and Spike felt his skin tingling from the
contact. Behind his own mask, Xander’s eyes were deep, lit with some warmth that Spike didn’t understand, but he wanted it to stay on him always, his own personal sun. Xander found Spike’s mouth, lips caressing then moving away, leaving Spike wanting to protest the loss, but the boy’s hands worked Spike’s zips, and then Xander was on his knees with Spike’s hardness in his mouth.

Spike braced his head back against the wall, letting Xander work on him, mouth tightening around Spike’s cock. His hands were busy too, fondling the vampires balls, sliding over his hole. Spike let himself fall into what was happening, giving up control to the human at his feet.

After all these months they’d been together, Xander knew exactly how to make Spike lose it, so the vampire didn’t hold back, giving Xander what he was demanding. The boy’s mouth tightened around him and Spike came with a low cry. Xander stayed on his knees, face rubbing against Spike’s thighs. The vampire joined him on the floor, kneading the boy’s hardness through his jeans, fingers tracing the outline of the steel ring around the base of Xander’s cock, while his mouth moved in, claiming Xander’s, tasting himself inside his boy. Their masked faces rubbed together. It was almost like he was
kissing someone else, but yet, not.

Back in the main room, the DJ announced that it was midnight and time for the masks to come off. Spike smiled at Xander, sliding his fingers under the leather leaf and easing it off Xander’s head. The boy did the same thing to him, and they kissed again, bare skin of their faces touching. Spike got to his feet, pulling Xander with him and chuckling at the boy’s hiss of frustration.

“Can we go home now?” he whined.

“Later, pet.”

Spike wanted to dance more, something slow with Xander’s arms wrapped around him while they moved together. They drifted back to the dance floor, the song suited Spike’s mood as Xander enfolded him and he curled against the warmth of his human.

They were achingly close together and Spike could feel Xander’s unsatisfied hardness through the denim between them. He had decided that it was almost time to stop teasing the boy and take him home when a heavy hand landed on his shoulder.
“Let him go, Spike.”

Spike cursed himself for being so distracted by Xander that he’d missed when Angel had come into the club.

“The hell I will,” he said. But he let go with one hand, turning in the circle of Xander’s arms to face his grandsire.

“It’s the animatedly challenged.” Xander’s greeting was dry. Spike saw the broody poof try not to react to the insult.

Spike could feel the eager interest of the other people in the club, perhaps they were thinking that the sub who’d slipped his leash was about to be chastised by his angry master, and the man who dared touch him whipped for his daring. Maybe they thought that, maybe something else. Spike wouldn’t mind having a go at Angel with the rest of the club looking on, but this night was supposed to be for Xander.

“Let’s take it outside. Civilians, yeah?”

Angel nodded and gestured for them to precede him. Spike tried to decide how to get Xander out of the way
while he beat the shit out of the bloody big arsehole.

But he was amused to see that Xander evidently didn’t plan on going anywhere, because once they were in the alley, he planted himself between Angel and Spike.

“What are you doing here?”

“Good question, pet.”

“You were seen in L.A. Biting him. I called Willow to see what’s the what.”

Xander snorted. “So you rode up here on your white horse to rescue little me?”

Spike wanted to laugh because he could see that Angel hadn’t expected his efforts to save Xander to be treated with such contempt.

“He’s got you in thrall, can’t you see it? You hate vampires. You’ve said so until we’re all sick of hearing it. I’ll break whatever spell he has on you.”

“You’re right, I hate vampires.”
Xander stepped forward into Angel’s space and Spike felt something die inside him, hope perhaps. He nearly didn’t hear Xander’s next words.

“Except Spike. I don’t hate Spike.”

The boy reached back and pulled Spike until he was directly behind him, and Spike slung his arms around Xander’s waist reflexively.

“I don’t need saving. So booger off.”

Spike couldn’t help the strangled chuckle that he quickly muffled against Xander’s back.

“What? You say that all the time.”

“Bugger, luv. Bugger off.”

“Stupid British accents. Whatever. Go away, bumpy face.”

“Nice one, pet.”

“Take me home, Spike. I’m horny.”
Angel shuddered at that, and Spike shrugged dramatically, trying to keep his face in order.

“Sorry, mate, but you heard ‘im.”

He and Xander walked out of the club arm in arm.

Part Thirty-Four

There were other things Spike had planned that night for Xander, but he could feel the tension in his boy after the confrontation with Angel. He was proud of the boy, proud that he wasn’t afraid of the big lump, proud that he’d defended his relationship with Spike.

When they got home, Spike had decided that he’d go ahead with part of what he’d planned.

“Wait here, pet, ten minutes. Then come into the room, naked. I’ve summat for you.”
Xander sat on the couch without complaint or question, and Spike went into their room. There were many candles placed in the room, and he stripped off his clothes, then went around lighting them. There were four special red ones on the table beside the bed. They had a low melting point, so the wax wouldn’t be as hot. He’d ordered them particularly for this, marveling at the human ingenuity that had thought of such things.

After a few minutes, Xander walked in, stopping short when he saw the flickering lights in the room.

“What are we doing, Spike?”

Spike suddenly felt like scuffing his toes in embarrassment. Xander hadn’t ever complained about the dark side of him, and maybe the boy would think this idea was stupid, too girly. Ah, fuck it. Too late now.

“Wanted to give you a reward, pet, for working so hard to learn to please me. That’s been tonight.”

A smile lit Xander’s face. “Are you romancing me, bleachie?”

The vampire was relieved that he could no longer blush.
“Might be.”

His boy nodded. “What do you want me to do?”

Spike cleared his throat. “Let you tie me up once, didn’t I? Before we came to know each other like this. Let you have a vampire’s worst nightmare and you proved your quality.”

He motioned to the lit candles. “Fire. A vampire’s other nightmare. I want you to . . . I want you to use them on me, the wax. Can tie me again.”

Xander looked stunned at that, but then his eyes went dark with lust. His hands came around Spike’s waist, and he pulled him close, kissing him. He was panting when he finally raised his head.

“On the bed,” he said roughly. “Not gonna tie you. Want you to lie there and take it.”

Spike felt his cock jump at the tone. He’d wondered if the boy had it in him to really top someone and it sounded like he did. Xander’s sex experiences before Spike had been on the rough side, but there was a difference between taking control and being mean about it. But the
boy had learned or maybe he came to it naturally.

He climbed on the bed, stretching his arms above his head and spreading his legs. He propped pillows under his head so he could see what Xander did to him. “Can I hold on to the rings?”

“If you need it.”

Xander was testing the melted wax in the candles, dabbing his finger in it and rubbing his thumb across it. He picked one up and turned to Spike.

“I’ll be careful.”

Spike nodded, steeling himself for the heat. Xander started easy, with the inside of his arm, but the wax was much hotter than his body temperature and Spike sucked in unneeded air. Xander’s face was intent with his concentration and Spike wasn’t afraid the boy would slip.

He licked each spot that he was going to pour wax on and when the wax hit the boy’s saliva, the heat intensified. Spike worked at keeping still under the different sensations ravishing him. But Xander was playing him perfectly. The boy worked up and down
Spike’s arms, leaving red streaks of hardened wax. After he did both arms he moved to Spike’s legs, giving them the same treatment. Spike bore it easily until Xander reached his inner thighs. He whined when the wax hit there, the heat searing him, but wanting his prick touched.

But Xander moved to his torso, holding the candle away while he suckled at Spike’s nipple, getting it hard and stiff, poking out from his chest. His nub was shiny from the boy’s spit, and then Xander tipped the candle over, small red spatters of heat landing on Spike’s sensitive skin. Spike cried out with the intensity of the sensations.

The boy kissed him then, mouth covering Spike’s and tongue thrusting. Spike tried to rub his cock against the naked boy, but Xander shushed him and picked up another candle.

There was no licking this time as Xander dropped wax directly onto Spike’s prick. He did it slowly, letting one spatter harden before he did the next. Spike’s prick was hard and aching, and he moaned at the slow torture. More wax hit his balls and bloody hell, that was good. He wished Xander had cuffed him because it was getting difficult to stay still, when he wanted to jump the human.
Spike panted, pleased with his boy.

Xander sat back on his heels, hands skimming the outsides of Spike’s thighs. He smiled. “You really do trust me.”

“Yes.” Spike wasn’t able to concentrate on the conversation very well. “Please, Xander.”

The boy smiled and dipped his head to Spike’s groin. He used his teeth to peel the wax off, one piece at a time. Spike wanted to thrash, to dissipate the pleasure that was building up inside him, pushing him to the edge. It was only his long years of experience that kept him from coming as the wax was pulled off his sensitive places. Xander got in little licks and nips as he worked and Spike didn’t try to hide his groans of frustration.

Xander finished finally and picked up the lube. Spike held still, wondering what the boy wanted to do. He’d never given the boy permission to fuck him, but if that’s what Xander wanted this time, he decided that he’d allow it.

The boy circled his own hole with slick fingers though, rising up on one knee so that Spike could see Xander’s fingers disappearing inside his body. Spike moved one of
his hands, wanting to feel, but Xander growled at him.

“No touching.”

The tone was fierce and did nothing to dispel the lust streaking through Spike at the sight. He hoped he could do the boy justice, but he was very close to the edge.

Xander finished preparing himself and knelt over Spike. “I want you.”

“Want you too, luv. So very much.”

The boy guided Spike’s prick to his warm opening, sinking down and slowly taking Spike inside him. The human heat of his ass was so much more intense than the wax and Spike’s eyes rolled back in his head as he focused on willing his orgasm away.

A warm mouth covered his and Spike purred into the kiss, hoping that Xander would start moving soon before he lost all command of his body and started fucking him.

“Touch me.”

The command was the barest whisper as Xander rose up
on his knees and then plunged himself back down onto Spike. The vampire didn’t hesitate, his hands going to Xander’s thighs, but he forced himself to stroke lightly instead of man-handling the boy. He wouldn’t take control of this away from Xander.

“More,” Xander demanded and Spike made a tunnel of his hand for the boy’s cock, and Xander whimpered, thrusting himself into the ring of fingers.

Spike was close, riding the edges of his orgasm. “Wanna see you lose it, pet. Wanna watch my beautiful boy come on my cock.”

Xander’s response was a guttural moan, a deep intense sound that made Spike’s hair stand on end and he couldn’t stop himself any longer. He arched up into the mortal riding him, trying to get inside the lovely heat as far as he could go. His body tightened unbearably and then released as Xander crashed down onto him, shaking with his own orgasm.

They pulled apart a few minutes later and Spike pulled Xander against him. He frowned. Despite the well-sated scent coming from his body, there was still a faint tension in his muscles. His boy wasn’t completely relaxed
and Spike wanted to know why.

“Are you still upset about Angel? He won’t get you away from me.”

Xander looked a little surprised and Spike knew that his superior senses must make him appear a mind reader to the boy at times.

“No . . . it’s not exactly that. It’s Willow. If he called her, he must have told her.”

Spike was puzzled. The girls had seen them together, spied on them more than once. And while they’d never deliberately necked in front of the rest of Xander’s friends, Spike had never held back from small possessive touches on his boy when they were all together. Xander had to know that the girls were aware of their relationship.

“Pet, I’m dead certain they know we’re shagging. They’ve seen us and if I do say, you’ve got that well-fucked look on your face most of the time.”

“I don’t care if they know we’re having sex. None of them have any grounds to point fingers at my choice of
bedmates.”

Xander picked morosely at the bits of wax that still covered Spike. The vampire was mildly pleased that the boy didn’t want to hide their relationship, but he still didn’t understand the problem.

“So . . . ?”

“The biting. Willow feels bad enough about binding me to you, but I told her that I’m probably gay and having the best sex of my life, so she accepted it. If she knows that you can hurt me, she’ll feel terrible.”

Spike privately thought that Willow feeling terrible about her thoughtless use of powerful spells was probably a good thing, but he didn’t want Xander distressed over it.

“Yeah?”

“And I don’t want the others deciding they’ve got any reason to stake you.”

That made Spike feel very good and he kissed Xander deeply, tasting his human.
“All right, pet. Talk to her, I s’pose. Find out how much the stupid git told her. None of those demons in L.A. saw me do anything to you except bite you. During sex. Can be explained away as sex play if she doesn’t know the rest.”

Xander pondered, fingers still picking at the wax. Then he nodded. “Thanks, Spike. I’ll do that.”

“Anything you need, luv.”

Part Thirty-Five

It had taken weeks of questioning his various contacts among the demon population before he finally got word about the kind of demon he was looking for. Then, it was many days before the demon agreed to communicate with Spike. The beast was reclusive, living at the top of one of the hills far back from the coast and he had no use for most of those who dared to disturb his tranquility. But Spike would dare a lot for Xander, he’d discovered.
They communicated through the demon’s pet, a muscular Asian man who looked like he could break anything that crossed his path. Spike idly wondered who would win in a contest between him and Buffy, because he could smell the demon’s blood in him, making him stronger.

But the negotiations were finally concluded successfully, and Spike was given directions to the demon’s stronghold and instructions for preparing his pet. Xander was to arrive naked except for his collar, and as clean as he could be, although Spike had been told that there would be further purification rituals for both of them later. He had been given a clear oil to anoint Xander’s pulse points, and something about the scent made his demon pay attention, prowling around in his head, wanting his boy.

Before they left, Xander knelt in front of him and Spike carefully talked him into that state of heightened awareness that he went to when he was in pain or fighting. When Xander’s breathing was steady and all tension had left his body, Spike steered him towards the car.
They rode with Xander’s head on Spike’s lap, and he admired the long coiled legs of his pet and the broad shoulders. His fingers tangled in Xander’s hair while they drove.

“You can ask questions, luv. This is for you. What you asked for.”

“Mm, okay. Don’t have any right now. I trust you.”

Good enough. They wound their way up the narrow road leading to the top of the mountain. There were no lights, but that didn’t bother Spike. The paved road ran out and they were on gravel that crunched under the tires. The gravel broadened into a car park on a ridge and a shadowy path led through the trees. Spike cursed under his breath, because Xander didn’t have anything on, not even shoes, and that wasn’t the best way to hike through the woods in the dark. Fuck, he’d have to trust that this demon knew what he was about and Spike hated not knowing exactly who he was dealing with.

But the path proved to be remarkably smooth and Xander followed him without stumbling. It came out into a clearing at the top that was occupied by a small house. They walked across the open space to the wooden stairs.
At this point, his instructions had specified that Xander was to approach on his knees, so Spike gently pressed him down. He shortened his stride so that his boy could keep up.

The demon’s pet opened the door for them and escorted them to a bathing chamber. He showed them bamboo scrapers and heated lava rocks, instructing Spike to clean himself and his pet. Steam rose from the rocks, and Spike worked the dust off of Xander and then his human cleaned him. Spike’s skin felt sensitive, tingling. There was a black silk short kimono for him to wear but Xander remained naked.

The pet came back and showed them to a room with a low brazier giving off scented smoke, and the floor was covered with tatami mats. Xander dropped to his knees without being asked, totally unconscious of either his nudity or his submissive pose.

“My Master will join you shortly.”

The human bowed and left them after Spike returned the honour. Xander seemed steady and calm, but Spike paced. The low table was covered with long lengths of different types of rope, and Spike was tempted to pick
them up and examine them, but he didn’t want to offend their host.

The demon came finally, a Kinbaku demon. He looked like a small olive-skinned man with a dragon’s head, long whiskers drooping beside his mouth, and clawed hands. His voice was slithery, sibilant.

“Master Vampire. I am Karada. Is this your offering?”

He gestured toward Xander and while Spike wasn’t entirely comfortable with the wording of that question, he nodded.

“My human. He asked for this. Ah, well, not this precisely, but to be bound without any hope of escape. I want to give him pleasure for his faithful service to me, yeah?”

The demon nodded. “Such reasoning is why I granted your boon. Too many do not understand my art. It is much work for the Master.”

“Yes, but he’s worth it.”

“Good. I must touch him for this. Have I your
permission?”

“Why?”

“The knots must be placed for the optimum stimulation of his chakras. I must touch him to find them, but you alone will tie the ropes.”

“Yeah. Okay.”

“Is there anything you do for him to help him maintain his balance?”

“Gagging him helps him to free his mind from his everyday thoughts, but I was told to bring nothing but his collar.”

“Correct. There are other ways. You too must open your mind to new things. It is necessary for him to experience everything you will give him tonight.”

Spike hadn’t realized that he also would be instructed by the Kinbaku demon, but he nodded. Karada picked up a short length of rope and showed it to Spike. It was silk and very soft. The demon began wrapping it around itself, gradually forming a smooth drum of rope with a
large knot on either end and trailing ends.

He handed another piece to Spike and showed the vampire how to copy the knots. Then Karada went to where Xander was still kneeling quietly and opened the boy’s mouth. Spike repressed a growl and listened when the demon showed him how the gag should be put inside Xander’s teeth.

“What this,” Karada said, touching a spot on the boy’s gums. “This is a place of swirling energy. Pressure here will calm him.”

Spike memorized the place, feeling the slightly different aura it gave off and then wedged the rope gag against it as the Kinbaku demon directed. Xander seemed peaceful when he finished.

“Cleanse your mind, Master Vampire. Exile any thoughts of pain or domination. The human has surrendered himself to you and you must give honour due to such a gift. You will find that the two of you will work together to create beauty in this.”

The vampire wanted to argue, but instead he listened, and took deep breaths, washing away any lingering
frustrations or doubts that he might have felt.

“I’m ready.”

Karada nodded approvingly, and proceeded to teach Spike how to make the knots and how to choose the proper rope for the emotion that he wanted to invoke in Xander. Soft ropes would allow him to struggle, scratchy ropes would chafe and force him to stillness. Spike thought about what Xander had asked for and picked the scratchy ropes, made of hemp, he was told.

The Kinbaku demon stood in front of Xander with Spike beside him. Spike made the first loop around the back of human’s neck as he had been taught. Karada had assured him that the ropes would never put any pressure on the boy’s throat. Spike talked to his boy as they worked, praising him and reassuring him, feeling that Xander was falling more deeply into his happy place.

The demon opened his hand over Xander’s chest, concentrating for a moment and then directing Spike where to place the knots. They covered his torso and then between his legs, the ropes dividing to accommodate the human’s cock and balls. Finally Spike tied it off at the nape of Xander’s neck.
Karada handed him another rope and they bound his arms and legs in an intricate pattern. The smell of Xander’s aroused musk began to take the place of the scented smoke from the brazier and Spike wanted to fuck him, but he held on to his patience, wanting Xander to have the full experience.

A thinner and softer rope wound around Xander’s penis, the knots spaced to give the human maximum pleasure. Another one went around his nuts, separating them. They were swollen and red when Spike finished.

Then the demon showed Spike how to weave the arm and leg ropes to the body ropes so that Xander was completely restrained. Spike could make adjustments to those ropes to reposition his boy however he chose. The vampire began to understand what Karada had meant about the depth of the surrender on Xander’s part.

The two strands of rope covering the boy’s hole were pulled apart, making a diamond pattern, and leaving him exposed for Spike’s use.

“It is finished,” Karada announced. “I will leave you with your pet so that you may explore this new thing between
you. Touch the knots, feel his energy. Learn him.”

The demon and Spike exchanged bows, and then Spike was alone with his boy. He stroked Xander’s hair and the human looked at him. Xander was awake and aware, despite being under so deeply. His eyes held nothing but trust and a warmth that made Spike smile.

Spike shed the silk robe and knelt beside Xander. He murmured softly as he touched the knots, pressing on them, feeling the responses from his boy. The scratchy rope constricted his sensitive skin and every time the boy tried to move, he froze in place, finally surrendering completely to Spike’s touch, allowing the vampire to do whatever he pleased to his mortal’s body.

And that surrender opened Xander in ways that Spike had never felt before. It was as if they had peeled back the barriers of Xander’s spirit, leaving him exposed to Spike’s probing. But Spike would never abuse that power. As he used the ropes to play with Xander, positioning him as he pleased, he felt the barriers to his own spirit drop, and it was as though their spirits were entwining, becoming bound into each other.

He wanted them to be closer and he found the small pot
of ointment that Karada had left. He smeared some on his fingers and began to press on the knots surrounding Xander’s entrance. When he went to stretch his boy, he found that he could sink two fingers into the mortal without resistance. Xander was ready for him.

His cock glided inside the boy, a long slow burying of flesh into flesh, chill into warmth. Xander welcomed him and Spike stayed like that, enclosed by Xander and in turn, filling Xander.

Though Spike didn’t need to breathe, he found he was anyway, long slow exhalations that matched Xander’s. He wasn’t sure who he was any longer, and he seemed to be both human and vampire, the borders between their separate selves fraying. The only movement came from the throb and pulse of the living cells in Xander. Spike wasn’t fucking Xander, he was living inside Xander and the boy was living in him. It defied description, and he wanted to weep with the beauty of it and howl with the pleasure of it.

They stayed like that, locked together for hours or days or eternities, until some minute shift of cells inside them caused it all to come flowing out of both of them in a
unhurried flood of ecstasy that left them swamped and panting in the aftermath.

**Part Thirty-Six**

“What a silly bint. These tales would be ever so much better if she’d include vampires.” Spike paused and flicked back a few pages for reference. “Although I suppose those Dementors act a bit like vamps, but without the devastating sexiness.”

Xander wasn’t paying any attention to Spike’s rant, and the vampire hadn’t expected him to. They were currently playing one of Spike’s favorite games, and although Xander complained vehemently whenever Spike inflicted it on him, the boy could have ended it quickly. That he didn’t suggested that he either liked it or he liked amusing Spike with it.

The boy’s legs were spread wide, held open by a steel bar that ran from ankle to ankle. The bar had a ring welded to the middle of it and there was another bar standing up through the ring, reaching towards his crotch. There was a dildo attached to that bar and the tip of it poked into Xander just beyond his first ring of clenching muscle.
The leather wrist cuffs were buckled on to him and he was attached to the chain from the ceiling. He had plenty of slack in the chains though, so if he’d wanted to, he could have lowered himself.

As it was, he was raised up on the balls of his feet. If he let himself down, the dildo would sink all the way into him. The toy wasn’t particularly fat, but it was very long, and Xander disliked the way it invaded his guts so far. But Spike liked to reinforce the lesson that Xander had no say in what happened to his own body, and this was one of his favorite methods.

The position forced Xander’s leg muscles to flex and bulge, presenting Spike with the pretty picture of his boy being tormented and trying to outlast his own exhaustion. His arms were curled as his hands gripped the chain, holding himself off of the dildo. The game ended when Xander’s arms and legs gave out, and the toy entered him completely.

Spike pretended he wasn’t giving any notice to his boy, but nothing was farther from the truth. Every sense he had was alert to what was happening to his human. He smelled the sweat standing out on Xander’s skin as his muscles tightened, the musk of his unwilling arousal.
Xander liked to be put in helpless situations, when he knew Spike was in control, and he liked things in his arse, despite his protests.

The boy’s biceps were starting a fine trembling, barely noticeable. It had been hours this time, and Spike was proud of Xander’s strength.

The book was forgotten as he watched his human intently. Xander gave a small whimper as he finally relaxed his arms and the toy slid into him all the way. He hung his head, panting as his body adjusted to the thing inside him.

Spike stood up, drawing Xander’s gaze, and went to the small fridge. The boy would be thirsty after all this time, and he opened the water bottle. Dark eyes watched him as he tilted the bottle into the human’s mouth. Spike rolled one of Xander’s dusky nipples in his fingers, noting the tension that went through the boy’s body, knowing the human was caught between wanting to respond to the touch and wanting to hold utterly still so not to jostle the toy inside him.

He arched slightly into the touch on his sensitive bud, crying out as the movement disturbed the dildo in his
guts. Spike nodded, pleased that the boy had surrendered to his touch, letting himself suffer to have it.

“So very beautiful.”

He unclipped Xander’s wrists from the chains and opened the coupling that held the dildo to the vertical bar, leaving the toy inside his boy. He pulled the bar out of the ring so that Xander would be able to move.

“Over to the wall, pet. Face it.”

The strain of movement was evident on Xander’s face as he walked awkwardly with his legs widespread. The boy braced his cuffed hands against the wall, waiting patiently for Spike. The vampire drew the dildo out slowly, prolonging the torture for his boy. But once it was out, he wasted no time, slicking himself and entering the human.

They rocked together, Xander’s movement constricted by the position of his legs. Spike wrapped a hand around the boy’s hardness, stroking until he ordered, “Come for me.”

And then the heat that surrounded him tightened and
became unbearable as his body shuddered and spilled into human warmth.

Part Thirty-Seven

Xander had the day off and Spike had been up since it was still dark, making his plans. He had everything set out and ready, and his nervousness surprised him.

He got a big pot boiling on the stove, putting the sounds in it and setting the timer. The boy woke up when Spike finally started the coffee brewing, and he smiled at Xander’s zombie-like shuffle towards the caffeine. Humans were so bloody entertaining, once you got past their minor little flaws.

“Shower, pet,” he ordered, once Xander had been fed.

While the boy was bathing, Spike double-checked his equipment. The timer on the stove went off and he laid the sounds on a clean towel, carrying it into the room.
Xander wandered in a few minutes later, nude, raking his hands through his damp hair. His eyes widened when he saw the things on the bed, but he came and knelt by Spike.

The vampire pulled on a set of surgical gloves and heard his boy clear his throat. Xander’s curiosity would be jabbing him by then. Spike went over what he wanted to say again in his head.

He picked up a small-diameter tube, hollowed out its entire length, about six inches long, with four rounded balls, evenly spaced along its length. He showed it to Xander.

“What’s that for?”

“You, silly bugger.” Spike was nervous. He knew what Xander was asking, but he had to work himself around to it.

Xander got that patient look that Spike himself had used when speaking to the mentally deficient, sort of long-suffering, not quite gritting his teeth, and yet still trying to be pleasant.
“Perhaps I should have asked . . . where does it go?”

Spike decided that he was being a nancy boy instead of a Master vampire and shook his hesitations off. Neither of them liked it when he tried to be nice.

“Inside your prick. It’ll stay there, permanent like.” He waved to the sounds still lying on the towel. “I need to stretch you a bit with those, and then this goes in.”

“Oh.”

Xander had told him how the penis plug had felt, how he’d felt like he had not in control of his own body, invaded and violated by it. But he’d also said it felt good, and he’d felt so utterly owned by Spike.

“Will it hurt?”

“No, luv. Shouldn’t hurt, and if it does, you tell me. I’ll make sure to adjust your body to it slowly.”

“Are you ordering this?”

“It would make it easier on you if I did, yeah?”
Xander was silent and Spike watched him, knowing the boy was debating with himself. It was easy to follow orders, but harder to make the conscious decision to turn your will over to another.

Xander was good at following orders, submitting that way, but since they’d had the experience with the ropes, Spike wanted Xander to choose to be voluntarily vulnerable to this sort of invasion of his body. It would be something of Spike’s that would stay inside him for the rest of his life. It was another form of commitment as well as another surrender of his person to Spike. He wanted the boy to consent to this without hope of reward, although he had something in mind if his human went through with it.

“You won’t do it because I ordered you to, because I’m not going to do that. You’ll do it because it pleases me and you want to please me.”

He stroked Xander’s face, fingers tracing the pouty lips. “And you want to feel everything I can give you. Because it’s your nature to question, to discover.”

Xander took a deep shuddery breath. “Why is it that of all the people in my life, you know me best?”
Spike judged that the question wasn’t really meant for him, that it was one the boy would have to answer for himself, so he waited for the answer.

“I want that. I want everything you do to me.”

Spike kissed him then, tenderly. This mortal was so beautiful when he allowed Spike in to his body and his spirit.

“On the bed, pet. I’ll need to cuff your hands, because you’ll want to touch yourself, but you can’t, not till we’re done. Might hurt yourself.”

Xander did as he was told, stretching his arms out, pliable when Spike buckled the stiff leather around his wrists, so sweetly yielding to Spike’s desires. He propped pillows under Xander’s head so the boy could watch if he chose.

After switching out for a fresh pair of gloves, Spike showed Xander the sounds.

“I’ll start with the small one, give you time to adjust to that, and then move up. We’ll take it slow, yeah?”

The boy nodded, the tense set of his shoulders gradually
relaxing. Spike knew he feared the unknown nature of this, but his courage never flagged.

“Can’t gag you, cause you must tell me if there’s any pain.”

“Okay, I’m ready.”

Spike gave a generous squirt of antibacterial lotion and worked it carefully around Xander’s groin, especially around the tip of his penis and the small opening. When he was satisfied that the area was thoroughly clean, he put a dab of lubricant on the tip of his boy’s cock. He had a small syringe full of more lube which he inserted into the opening, gently depressing the plunger until the entire load had been pumped inside the human.

He was paying attention to the small noises and scents made by his human. The boy let out a muffled cry when the lube went inside him, but he didn’t smell fearful, in fact his dick was trying to fill, so Spike went on.

He picked up the smallest sound, nearly the same size as Xander’s opening, and smeared some lube on the tip. He held the boy’s prick upright and pushed the sound into him a little way.
“Doing so well, pet.”

Bloody hell, it was hard to be patient with this, but he’d have to do it slowly to avoid damaging his boy. He forced his hand to stay still, not pushing any more, letting gravity slide the bit of metal into his human.

Xander’s eyes watching the procedure were huge.

“Doin’ all right, luv?”

“Fuck, that shouldn’t feel good. It’s sick and wrong.”

“Nothing wrong between us, pet. Long as we both like it.”

“Yeah.”

Spike gave Xander a few minutes to adjust to the thing inside him, although it was barely big enough to make much of an impact. He pulled it out and repeated the procedure with the next biggest size. The boy would feel this one much more.

“Tell me if it hurts.”
But Spike was fairly sure it wasn’t causing any pain, because it was slipping in from its own weight without resistance.

“Um. Feel that one more. Doesn’t hurt, just feels . . . full.”

“That’s perfect.”

This one would have to stay longer. Spike got a water bottle and helped Xander drink from it. Once the boy was hydrated again, Spike ran caressing hands over his body, massaging tense muscles, gradually working him into a state of relaxation.

He pulled it out slowly, grinning smugly as Xander groaned.

“Oh, shit, that feels good, Spike.”

The next larger one went in slower, but Spike kept rein on his patience. Xander’s hands jerked instinctively and he knew the boy wanted to touch, to explore this thing that had been done to him. But Spike was being careful of what he was doing, using all his vampiric senses to
judge the location and depth of the sounds. Xander might hurt himself if he touched when he wasn’t thinking of anything other than pleasure.

While they waited, they talked, laughing about things they’d done and seen, movies they’d watched together, demons they’d fought. Spike gave Xander more water, and they talked more. Spike realized, that sensual torment of his boy aside, he was enjoying spending time with Xander like this, just talking to him, hearing his ideas, knowing that his own thoughts and opinions would be respected.

Spike drew that sound out teasingly. This time Xander looked uncomfortable.

“Uh, I think I have to piss.”

It was possible that it was the result of having his urethra stimulated, but then again, Spike had been giving him lots of water to keep his system flushed out.

But he’d prepared for this too, and held the pan he’d brought from the kitchen under Xander’s prick.

“There ya go.”
“I don’t think I can go, not like that.”

Spike looked at him firmly. “You will. I own every molecule of you, boy, even that. Give it to me.”

Xander looked very startled at that announcement. “Oh, shit.”

“Knew what you were getting into when you agreed to be mine, didn’t you.”

The vampire cheated at that point, pressing down on Xander just above his pubic bone, pushing the liquid toward his penis.

“Oh, shit, stop doing that, okay? I’ll go. Just gimme a minute.”

Spike held his penis over the pan, waiting. After a moment, the warm liquid began to trickle out, gradually becoming a stronger stream as the boy emptied his bladder. He set the pan on the floor, smelling the shame rising from his boy.

“It’s part of the natural function of your body, Xander.
Nothing to be ashamed of. But like everything else of yours, I control it. Just haven’t chosen to exercise my rights, till now.”

Xander blushed and didn’t reply. Spike took his own measure of the silence.

“You like me controlling everything you do, innit right?”

“Yeah,” Xander muttered.

Spike nodded, knowing that the boy would give thought to that lesson and eventually accept it, if not enjoy it. He took another sterile swab and cleaned the boy again, before pumping more lube into his opening.

The next size sound went in more slowly, the skin of the boy’s hole clinging to it. They would have to give this one plenty of time, which was no bother. Spike had planned for this to take most of the day, and this sound was just one size smaller than what was needed for the pipe.

After a time, Spike could tell that the boy’s channel had stretched enough and he pulled the sound out.

“Just one more,” he said by way of encouragement, but
Xander seemed fairly cheerful at this point, as though he had faced whatever it was that he feared and moved beyond it.

The last sound went in after Xander had emptied his bladder again. This time the boy wasn't radiating shame, but acceptance, and Spike had that sense of pride in his human again. Sometimes it amazed him how willing Xander was to learn his lessons.

"It burns," the boy had said when he urinated, but Spike had told him that he'd been stretched a bit and burning was normal. He'd feel the burning for a few days until his plumbing adjusted to the stretch and having something permanently inserted.

They talked more while they waited and Spike couldn’t remember when he’d ever just sat for hours and talked to someone. Despite Xander’s position, they weren't having sex, weren't really touching each other while they waited for Xander's prick to adjust, but he was having fun just spending time with the boy. He's never thought that he would enjoy a human's company when nothing much was happening.

Finally, he judged that enough time had passed and he
pulled the last sound out. He squirted more lube into Xander's hole, which was noticeably bigger. It would shrink once they were finished because he'd stretched the boy enough to fit the balls inside him.

"Ready?"

Xander nodded, so Spike took hold of the boy's cock again, holding it at the proper angle, and pushed the tube in a little ways. Once again, he waited while the bit of metal slowly slid inside his boy. Xander gave off tension, his posture had a certain stiffness to it, but he didn't complain.

"All right, pet?"

"Doesn't hurt, just feels weird."

"You'll get used to it."

The last bit of metal sank into him and Spike pushed on the spongy head of Xander's prick, setting the end of the tube past the opening in his crown. It was done. He sat back and looked. Xander's cock now had a series of ridges in it where the balls on the tube deformed its shape, and it would always be stiff.
"One last piss to get the lube out of ya, then you get your reward."

"A reward? You never mentioned that."

"Been good, haven't you? Good boys get rewarded."

Xander filled the pan again eagerly, and Spike wanted to tell him how wonderful he was, how he took every challenge like a champion. How proud he was that Xander was his. Spike unhooked the cuffs from the wall and covered Xander's warm body with his own, head leaning down for a kiss. The boy wrapped his arms tightly around Spike and his breath grew ragged.

"Oh, shit, that feels so good."

Spike looked and the boy's prick was engorged with blood, harder than it had been, and Xander whimpered.

"Look so beautiful, pet. Now I want you to fuck me with that."

"What?"
"You're a living breathing sex toy. Want to feels those ridges pressing on my arsehole, hitting my happy spot."

Xander evidently didn’t object to the sex toy crack, because Spike found himself flipped onto his back abruptly and Xander's fingers were already coated with lube. The boy pushed his legs apart and knelt between his thighs. Spike grabbed his knees, pulling his legs back and exposing himself to his human. Xander took a deep breath and then his fingers were gentle on Spike's pucker, smearing the lube around, massaging his tender skin.

He hadn't let anyone inside him like this in more years than he could remember. Not since before Angelus abandoned them. But Xander seemed willing to take his time, seemingly fascinated by the way Spike's body opened up for him. Bloody hell, that felt good and Spike had never been shy about being vocal during sex, so he kept a steady stream of half-moaned curses as the boy sent waves of pleasure radiating away from his center.

"Oh fuck, Xan, just do it."

Spike didn't care that he was begging with a human, and his sub. He wanted that lovely ridged prick stuffed into
his arse as soon as possible. The boy was driving him out of his mind. Xander finally withdrew his fingers and slicked his cock. The boy went a little cross-eyes as his hand worked over his new accessory.

"Stop pissing about and get in me."

"Sheesh, bossy much?"

But he wasn't wasting time either and Spike felt Xander's stiffened cock nudge his entrance. The boy had enough sense to take it slow, forcing Spike's hole to expand as each ridge slipped inside him and then contract again. The tube had added girth to the boy and by the time he was all the way in, Spike was feeling filled up like he never had before.

"Shit, I can't hold out, Spike. Never felt anything like this."

Spike knew his cold body was gripping the boy tightly and that Xander’s cock was getting pressure from the inside as well as the outside. He'd be lucky if Xander could manage more than a few strokes. Spike put his hand on himself, determined to get his in.
"Move then, luv. Come when you can't hold out."

Xander tried to keep it slow, but he was soon plunging wildly into the vampire. The ridges scraped Spike’s prostate and stimulated his hole. Fuck, but that was good. The boy's rhythm got jerky, his breath rough, and Spike sped up his hand. Then he was coming, his body clenching helplessly against the thick shaft invading him. Xander's seed was hot as it coated his insides and Spike cried out.

"Bloody brilliant, pet," he mumbled.

Part Thirty-Eight

They'd talked about it this time. Xander'd done a good job of rolling with whatever Spike threw at him, but this was something different. He didn't want to put the boy on the spot, wanted his full consent for the job. Especially if the Slayer found out, he wanted Xander enthusiastically defending his choice.
Xander's reactions to the ropes and the tube in his prick made Spike want to go farther, to give his human more exquisite pain in the name of pleasure. To bind Xander with the boy's own desires, and not just with leather and chains.

He didn't want the boy to be in long term pain though, so he made arrangements with a demon that could heal him that night. The place looked like a normal tattoo shop with chairs for the clients on display at the front and comfortable couches spread around for the onlookers. But other things happened there that the ordinary humans never realized. Spike and Xander walked into the shop and were escorted to the back room for their appointment.

The demon looked human enough, but his eyes were overly large like one of those freaky Japanese cartoons.

"Your pet must be naked."

He refused to look at Xander, and Spike understood the protocol, turning to relay the message to his boy. Xander had enough sense not to comment, but instead took his clothes off quickly, standing unashamed in front of the
demon and his Master.

"Put it on the table."

Spike helped Xander to lie down on the padded table, and the boy let his arms and legs fall open, relaxed. The boy had been in plenty of fucked up situations since Spike had taken him all those months ago and Spike knew there wasn't much that would bother his boy.

The demon handed Spike a Sharpie. "Mark where you wish the rings to go."

Spike put dots on the inside of both of Xander's wrists, the inside of both his upper arms, each nipple, either side of his waist and the insides of his thighs. He spread Xander's legs and put a dot on the delicate skin between his balls and his hole. Then he put a dot just under the crown of the boy's prick where the little sensitive thread of skin was.

"I see you've modified it already." The demon pointed to the ridges standing out from Xander’s cock as a result of the tube that was lodged inside it.

"Yeah. Just catch the skin here, don't want a through
The demon nodded, and Spike picked up Xander's foot and put a dot on each Achilles tendon. "Just skin here too. Don't want his tendons damaged."

The vampire thought he'd better be specific because some demons like hobbling their humans for the sport of it, amused by their stumbling attempts to walk. Spike wanted Xander in peak condition, so most of his modifications to his boy were merely cosmetic.

"Do you want it gagged or restrained during the procedure?"

"No, he can bear it. Don't mind if he screams either, do I?"

Xander would have to sit still while multiple holes were poked into his skin, but Spike knew the boy was strong enough for it.

"As you wish, Master Vampire. I will put a needle through each spot and then follow it with a ring. Human skin must produce a tube of epidermis around the metal before the healing is complete. This normally takes many
months, depending on the location of the piercing. But if you apply your saliva to each wound, it will heal and then I have an incantation which causes the tube to form in minutes. It will be ready for your use before you leave here."

Spike smiled, pleased to hear that, because he had plans for all those little rings and he liked the idea of being able to do them later that night. He put his hand on Xander's leg, feeling that the boy was a bit tense with anticipated pain, but not scared, not really. Xander’d liked the idea of wearing the rings, symbols of Spike's ownership that would always be on him.

"All right, mate, ready when you are."

The demon set to work, doing his job quickly. Spike sucked each ring into his mouth, working his spit around them, tasting Xander's blood, full of pain and sweetness. Then the demon muttered a quick spell, and the flesh knit itself together until the ring would turn freely within Xander’s skin.

It took them several hours to work all of the rings into his boy. Xander screeched when they’d pierced his nipples and then again when they’d done the ones at his groin.
Spike knew how much effort it had cost the boy to lie still for all of that.

They left the shop and Xander was radiating exhaustion, so Spike got him home quickly, buying a bottle of juice for him on the way. The boy had enough energy left to strip himself before crawling into bed. Spike decided that it was a normal human reaction to the stress caused by the pain in his body. He’d let his boy nap for a few hours.

When Xander’s sleep got lighter and he smelled like he was on the verge of waking up, Spike got out the ribbon he’d purchased a few days ago. It was a narrow black satin, a whole bolt of it. He threaded through the new rings adorning Xander’s body, leaving it loose so the boy could move around.

Xander finally opened his eyes, still confused with sleep. Spike gave him another glass of juice.

“Kneel up, pet. At the edge of the bed.”

The boy complied sleepily and Spike set about to tightening the ribbons. One loop ran from the piercing on the crown of his prick to the ring on his perineum and from there the ribbon wound through each of the rings
at his ankles and back up to his cock. Xander could sit back on his heels, but the ribbon wasn’t long enough for him to straighten his legs.

Another loop was woven between the ring on the sides of his torso and those on his upper arms and wrists, and the ends connected to the rings on his inner thighs. Spike left enough slack in the ribbon to give Xander a small range of motion, but he couldn’t lift his arms or get his hands in position to touch himself.

The rings at his wrists also had another ribbon running to his nipples so that every time he moved his hands, he tugged on his nipples.

Xander gradually came more awake as Spike worked. The vampire stepped back, pleased with the effect, watching as the boy cautiously tested the extent of his bondage.

The deep brown eyes turned nearly black and his cock rose, tugging on his other rings. Xander whimpered, his breath hitching as he realized that any movement on his part would jerk on the rings embedded in his skin.

Spike skinned his jeans off, and slowly fisted his cock while he watched Xander struggle with what had been
done to him. Every squirm and twist put pressure on the piercings. But Spike had left enough slack in the ribbons that the boy could choose whether to be still or whether to test the bindings.

“Like a pressie for me. All wrapped up, you are.”

“Master,” Xander whispered, and Spike hissed at the pleasure of that word, knowing that Xander said it without prompting only when he’d gone deep inside himself and wanted nothing but to please Spike.

Spike stepped forward, rubbing his leaking cock against Xander’s lips. The boy opened his mouth obediently and Spike pushed inside slowly.

“Suck me.”

Xander’s mouth clamped around him, heat and wetness, and the boy went to touch Spike, but was pulled up short by the ribbons. Spike started slowly fucking his mouth, watching in fascination as Xander writhed against the ties holding him in place.

“Naught but girly ribbons holding you, pet,” he taunted softly.
The boy moaned harshly, and the scent of his arousal intensified. He was strong enough to rip the satin, but he’d rip his skin in the process, so he was confined by his own will, and that was Spike’s favorite kind of bondage. And Xander chose to move when he could’ve been still, but he was forcing the rings in his skin to stimulate him.

Spike moved faster, not wanting to deny his own arousal at the sight of his trapped and helpless boy.

“So very sweet, my boy.”

Then he couldn’t talk for a time as he emptied himself into his human. He rested his empty cock in Xander’s mouth, letting the boy suck it softly.

He pulled back finally. “Are you wanting something, pet?”

Xander tried to reach for Spike, but was pulled up short by the ribbons. “Please. Master.”

Spike tugged on the ribbon attached to the boy’s penis. “Can you come just from this, I wonder?”
“If you order it, I can, Master.”

He pulled on the other ring, the one just at the back of the boy’s balls. Xander tried to spread his legs to give Spike better access, but he was again unable to complete the motion. He groaned and Spike scented his frustration. The vampire petted his cock with light, teasing strokes.

“Love seeing you like this, boy. So needy, but so far from satisfaction.”

Xander whimpered in response to that. Spike continued to tug on the ribbons, and then he said, “Come if you can, luv.”

The boy tried to arch his back as his body tightened but he was forced to still himself, and the violence of his orgasm as it took him left him trembling. He painted Spike with his spunk, powerful jets of come that were focused by the tube in his penis. Spike wrapped his arms around the boy, holding him until the tremors subsided and he calmed.

He undid the bows holding the ribbons to the piercings and helped Xander lie down, stroking him and easing his
cramped muscles.

“That was lovely, pet.”

“Mmm.”

Part Thirty-Nine

Xander's hands were cuffed behind his back, padlocked to a wide leather strap around his waist. Another strap ran from a leather posture collar to the waist belt, forcing his head and neck into perfect alignment. The collar was locked in place around his neck. Leather encircled his thighs and were attached to his groin piercings by chains and more locks. All of the padlocks were heavy brass, adding weight to the bindings. When they finished, Xander’s muscles would ache from supporting the weight of them in his confined position. A slim plug kept him open and ready. Spike was enjoying the sight of him struggling futilely, and from the smell of his boy, Xander enjoyed his helplessness too.
“So lovely when you’re exposed and vulnerable to me, pet.”

They hadn’t gotten very far with things, and Spike hadn’t a chance to try out the new flogger he’d bought, when someone started pounding on the door.

“Open up, Xander! I know you’re home!”

Shit. Buffy. Not a good time for the Slayer, not when he was on the verge of giving her Scooby some erotic torture. Xander came up out of his submissive mood with a jolt and Spike was angry to see the disorientation in his boy’s eyes. Bloody Slayer. Boy should come out of his happy place easy, not like this. He ran a soothing hand over Xander’s shoulder, murmuring to him, and he felt the shocked tension ease out of him.

“Shh, pet. We’ll just wait, she’ll go away.”

“Xander! I saw what was under those stupid gay bracelets. You’ve got about thirty seconds to open this door, or I’m breaking it down!”

Bloody fucking hell. He’d put those tooled leather cuffs
on Xander in an attempt to cover the piercings on his wrists. The others were well-hidden by the boy’s clothes, but ones on his wrists were obvious. He’d thought it had worked, cause none of the boy’s friends had said anything.

But he didn’t have time to wonder how Buffy had twigged it. He unlocked the wrist cuffs and then gave the keys to Xander with instructions for him to get out as fast as he could.

Spike put his shirt back on and buttoned his jeans. He flipped the locks on the door and opened it.

“Oi, Slayer. Calm down.”

“No calming down. I didn’t say anything when you got him playing for the other side, which, incidently, Spike, I had no idea you swung that way. But you’ve gone too far.”
“Peaches never told you about us, then?” Spike couldn’t help the dig at her former boyfriend.

“Go to hell.” Her foot caught him in the stomach, sending the contents sloshing around nauseatingly. He bent over, trying to keep his footing in the face of the pain in his gut.

“It took me awhile to realize what those were, but now . . . we’re done.”

He saw it coming, but he was moving slower than normal for some reason. It was one of her patented moves, and he’d seen her do it so many times it was easy to dodge it, but his body wouldn’t obey him and the roundhouse kick caught him in the temple. Then he was airborne, colliding with the wall. He landed awkwardly, feeling the bones in his arm snap as his weight came down on it.

She had the stake out, poised on her fingers, but then Xander was there, barely dressed but standing between Spike and his final death.

“Get out of the way, Xander.” Her voice was grim and tired.
“No, you’re not staking him.”

“He hurt you, so he dies.”

Her body tensed, ready for the strike and Spike hoped she wouldn’t harm the boy too badly in the process of killing him. But he couldn’t let it end without having the last word. He knew he was being stupid, but since he’d never listened to common sense most of his existence, there was no point in starting now.

“Could’ve taken ‘er. Would’ve got my third without this soddin’ chip.”

“Shut the fuck up, you stupid blonde. I’m trying to save your hide, asshole.”

“Oh. Carry on then, pet.”

Couldn’t hurt to have the boy try, but he didn’t give much for his chances. But he noticed that Buffy had taken a minute step back from the precipice of terrifying violence.

“That wasn’t very thrall-y.” She sounded puzzled.
Xander hadn’t relaxed from his protective stance over Spike’s crumpled body, but the vampire decided it was time to sit up, despite his injuries. Seemed to be something loose inside his guts. He hoped he wouldn’t yack.

“You let him talk to you that way?”

“What?” Spike grunted painfully, looking at her carefully. Her knuckles weren’t white around the stake anymore. “Oh, as long as we’re not around other demons, he can talk as he likes.”

“I’m not thralled, Buffy.”

“But that spell last fall, it put you in his control. And he’s using you, hurting you.”

She was staring at the other piercings, Spike could see, the ones in his nipples and along his sides. Xander reached down and gave Spike a hand to stand up, but he kept himself between the vampire and the Slayer. He wrapped an arm around Spike’s waist and the vampire leaned gratefully on the boy’s strength.

“The spell made it so he can command me, but he
doesn’t. I’ve made my own choices here.”

He reached out and gently took the stake out of her hand, dropping it on the floor. Xander turned and slid his hand under Spike’s knees, picking him up and carrying him to the couch. Spike wanted to protest the assault on his dignity, but everything hurt too much. Xander settled him among the cushions and then turned back to his friend.

Spike looked at her, standing there like an abandoned toy whose batteries had run down. He felt her need to be doing something for her friend. The months of stress from her war with the Hell God and keeping her sister safe had drained her. And Joyce’s death had taken the last of her spirit. Then Glory had disappeared and Buffy seemed to be waiting for the other shoe to drop. Spike had his suspicions as to what had happened, because he’d seen the grim light in the Watcher’s eyes when they’d realized who her human twin was. Spike thought that Buffy also knew how Dawn had been saved and resented her mentor for doing what she couldn’t.

Spike could almost feel sorry for Buffy, if he hadn’t just taken the brunt of her anger and frustration.
But his boy wrapped his arms around the Slayer, enveloping her in a full body hug that she had no chance of resisting. The mortal burned like the sun, and the heat of his spirit could warm even demons who walked the night. They stayed like that, locked in an embrace, and Spike could almost see her gaining strength from Xander.

“He’s off limits, Buff,” Xander said quietly when she pulled back finally.

“I need to understand, Xander. You can’t . . . I can’t accept this. He’s evil and if the chip stopped working . . .”

“It hasn’t.”

He steered her to the chair, kneeling in front of her, stroking her small hands in his big work-roughened ones. Spike watched him, vaguely jealous that the Slayer had his attention, but as he watched, she seemed to wilt.

“Tell me, please.”

“The spell Willow did used his blood on me. We think the chip sees me as part of him because of it, and it lets him hurt himself as he pleases.”
She made a protesting noise, almost a sob.

“No, listen, Buffy. He’s never done anything to me that I didn’t want. He knows me, understands me. I don’t know how he does it, but he gets me.”

Buffy wrapped her arms around his naked shoulders, holding the boy tightly. Spike knew better than to protest, although he hated to see anyone touching his human that way.

“Do you know how rare it is to find someone who sees all of me and doesn’t flinch from the bad parts? I’m almost twenty-one and I’d almost given up on finding anyone like this.”

She shook her head. “But Xander . . . Spike?”

He laughed. “I know. Crazy, isn’t it? That’s the Hellmouth for ya.”

“Hey!”

“Shut up, peroxide abuser.” Xander’s voice held amused affection for him and Spike shut up, feeling warm all of a
sudden.

Buffy still had a that befuddled look on her face. “I’ve seen everything now.” She shook herself. “Does Willow know the results of the spell?”

Xander sat back, still un-self-conscious about being nearly naked in front of one of his oldest friends.

“She found out he can bite me.” Xander’s fingers went to the bite mark on his neck, caressing it almost without seeming to realize what he was doing and Spike got hard, wanting to sink his fangs into the tender skin there. “I told her it was a vampire sex thing. She, uh . . . I guess you told her about how it felt when Angel, uh, you know.”

Spike was vastly entertained to see the Slayer blush at that reference.

“I didn’t tell her about the rest, cause, well . . . there’s been enough shit happening these last few weeks, and she doesn’t need to worry about me.”

“We’re your friends, Xander. Couldn’t you trust us?”
The boy sighed and Spike was angry at her for making his boy feel bad.

“I couldn’t see a way to do it without my boyfriend getting dusty. He’s been good for me, Buff. Aside from the mind-blowing sex, he’s taught me how to fight and . . . . I feel more confident that I ever have.”

She rested her head on his strong shoulder, staring at Spike, who tried to keep the smug look off his face. Xander’s boyfriend, that’s what he was, and he was proud to hear the boy claim him.

“If you ever need anything . . . .”

“I know.” He smiled at her. “I’ll call in the Slayer, no question.”

“All right.” She stood up, straightening her clothes and picking up her stake. Xander walked her to the door, exchanging one last hug and then locking up behind her.

He came over to the couch, picking up one of Spike’s hands. “How badly are you hurt?”

“Bad enough,” Spike groaned.
Xander stood up and stripped off his hastily donned shorts. He sat beside Spike, carefully pulling the vampire onto his lap and tilting his neck in invitation. Spike wrapped his unbroken arm around the boy’s shoulders and let his fangs down. Xander sighed as the fangs pierced him and Spike felt his sweet blood flowing over his tongue. He couldn’t take enough to fully heal, but he felt it starting inside him.

The boy picked him up again and carried him to their bed. Spike was feeling groggy, knowing that he’d have to sleep to let the blood do its job.

He woke hours later to find a juice-flavored Xander kissing him. Then the boy arranged them so that Spike’s fangs pierced him on his inner thigh, the place where he’d bitten the boy for the first time. As Spike sucked on the strong thigh under his hands, he thought that maybe he’d found what Xander had described to Buffy . . . someone who saw all of him without flinching.
Part Forty

“I still don’t get why I have to wear a dress.”

Xander flipped the hem of the dress disgustedly where it hung over the closet door, and Spike hurried in to smooth the fabric. He’d spent a lot of time looking for the perfect dress for his boy, one with the right color fabric and a deeply plunging vee in the back that would leave the beginning of his crack exposed. He didn’t appreciate the boy’s casual treatment of the stunning gown.

“Cause the invite said mixed couples only.”

“And yet, I still can’t grasp the concept of a homophobic demon. It’d be so much easier to be the un-ambiguously gay duo. We could both wear tuxes.”

“Not my call, pet. The host gets to make his own rules.”

Spike pondered how to talk the boy into it. He lowered his voice to a silky purr.
“Just think of it, pet. We’ll shave you bare, your skin will be all sensitive and that satin will slide over you like water. Think how it will feel . . . caressing your long sexy legs.”

Xander gave a muffled moan and Spike grinned, smelling that he was getting to the boy.

“It’ll dip down low enough to show the top of that hot arse of yours. We’ll dance and I’ll sneak my fingers just under the edge of your gown, touching you just there, and you’ll be panting for it.”

The boy swallowed and Spike sniffed deeply, letting his human see him at it, grinning at the blush it raised on his skin. He moved in to kiss his boy in triumph.

“Uh, wait. Not denying that’s hot, the way you said. But lets consider the practical side. I can’t walk in heels, so you’ll be escorting a great, big ugly girl. I’ll be towering over you. We’ll look stupid.”

Spike wondered if Xander used that word deliberately, cause fuck knows, he hated to look stupid.

“Besides, we’re mixed already. You demon, me human.”
“Hmm, there’s an idea.”

Xander looked wary. “What now?”

“Could dress you up like a demon and I could go as the human. Maybe a demon with a tail.” Spike pondered the delicious idea of Xander with one of those animal butt plugs he’d seen while surfing for bondage gear.

The boy shook his head, groaning and twisting his hands in his hair. “Why do all your ideas involve me looking silly?”

“I don’t think so, pet. I’d like to see a nice pony tail at the end of a lovely plug, stretching your pretty hole for me. My little pony.” Spike purred happily at the idea. Perhaps a bit gag too.

“My Little Pony? That is so bad and wrong. And way more gay than I’m comfortable with.”

Xander got a sly look in his eyes. “Why don’t you be the girl? You’d be gorgeous.”

Spike suspected he was being played, but he couldn’t
help preening at the compliment. But then he pictured himself flouncing about in lace and fripries.

“Not bloody likely.”

Xander sighed. "Why do you want to go to this anyway? You know you hate half of those demons, after they dissed you."

Spike moved in closer to the human, his movements slinky. Xander's eyes widened and his pulse sped up. "Like to show you off, pet. That dress won't hide your permanent hard-on, and they'll all know what you are. But they won't believe it, cause you'll be so beautiful, pouty mouth all painted up, gorgeous deep eyes full of lust for me. And they won't be able to touch and it'll 'bout kill 'em."

The boy made a small sound, and Spike's nimble fingers found one of his nipple rings, pulling and twisting it.

"And when you've left 'em all gagging for you, we'll leave." Spike growled low in his throat. "We'll be laughing at them when we get home, and I'll take those ankle breaker shoes off you, and rub your feet till you're whimpering and squirming for me."
Xander was already whimpering.

Spike lowered his voice further. "Then I'll bend you over the couch and slide that satin up your thighs till your damn fine ass is exposed and your hole is pulsing, wanting me to fill you."

He put his hands on Xander's waist, pulling him close until their erections could touch and shove together.

"Maybe some dainty lace garters . . . they wouldn't make you look girly. You have such muscular legs, they'd just emphasize your strength. Be fucking hot, though."

The boy arched against him, his face flushed and his breath harsh.

"I'd slide my hands up your silky thighs, pushing them open a little further. Would you spread for me, luv?"

"Yeah," Xander rasped.

"Maybe I'd have you wear a plug during the party. Would you like that, held open, ready for me any time I decide to pull you aside and take you?"
Spike pushed his hands under Xander's jeans, cupping his ass, pressing on the places that he knew were sensitive. Xander responded to the touch, pushing himself harder against Spike, and the musk he gave off grew stronger. Spike smiled against his neck, sensing his boy's imminent capitulation.

"Why don't you try it on, pet?" he whispered huskily. "Just let me see you."

Xander nodded mutely, pulling back and taking his clothes off. Spike leaned against the wall, just watching, palming his erection. The boy had trouble managing the long length of material, but Spike stayed where he was, letting the boy struggle with it. Xander could have asked for help, could have said no, but he was in that place where he was Spike's to use. When he finally smoothed the heavy material over his body and got the hem to hang right, he was flushed and sweaty.

It wasn't the exact picture Spike had imagined. Xander still had most of his body hair and his face wasn't made up, but he was bloody compelling just as he was. His erection poked out obscenely at the front of the gown, satin molding to hard flesh, a wet spot just starting.
Broad shoulders rose out of green satin, and the fabric clung and fell seductively off his sculpted body.

"Give us a twirl, pretty."

Xander didn't balk at that, rising up on his toes and giving a creditable pirouette. He was barefoot still, and Spike decided that was sexier than the fuck-me shoes he'd bought. The dress flared around his legs, revealing him nearly all the way.

Spike held out a hand. "Come on then."

The boy walked, hips swaying seductively and Spike sucked in a surprised breath. Boy was getting into it. The vampire slid a hand across the boy's satin-clad ass, smiling as the human pushed back into the touch.

"Mmm."

"You hot for me, luv?"

"Yeah, I need it, baby."

"Slut for me?"
"Please, I've got this itch." Xander pushed a thigh between Spike's.

"Show me how a slut acts when she wants her ass plundered."

The boy turned around, grinding his ass back against Spike's groin, and the vampire stifled a groan.

"My ass is hot for you. Cool me off?"

Xander bent over, sliding his hands down satiny legs, slowly moving until he was doubled over. He wiggled, pushing on Spike, who put a hand on the firm flesh, swirling the fabric around the small indentation. He pressed in, satin going inside the boy.

"Please. Fill me."

Spike pressed Xander against the wall, shoving his legs apart. He rucked the dress over Xander’s waist, exposing that delicious ass, just like he promised. He lubed two fingers and pushed them roughly into his human. Xander’s seductive behavior had lit him on fire and the only way to put it out was to sink inside the boy. The boy put his hands flat on the wall, bracing himself.
He couldn’t wait any longer and the boy was taking his fingers easily. Spike slicked himself and sank inside, then pulled the satin down so it covered him. Xander pushed back against his thrusts eagerly, and Spike reached around and wrapped the satin around the cock jutting out from the dress, stroking roughly, the material sliding easily over the human hardness.

His balls drew up and he felt it start, pulsing and jumping inside the boy’s channel. Heat coated his hand as Xander came with him and then they both collapsed into a heap on the floor.

“I think my dress is ruined.”

“No worries, pet. I’ve decided I like private parties better.”

**Part Forty-One**

The work week had been a bad one for Xander, several things happened that he couldn’t have prevented, but he felt guilty about them all the same. Bloody white knight complex. But the boy was moping about and Spike wasn’t going to allow Xander to beat himself up over it.
He decided to show Xander that sometimes he had no control over anything that happened to him, and the only thing he could control was his own reactions to it.

Spike started with the cuffs, knowing that they represented security for his boy. He kept his voice low and soothing as he buckled them to wrists and ankles, telling Xander that he belonged to Spike and he didn’t need to worry about anything else, other than doing as he was told. He could feel the boy growing calmer, his heartbeat slowing and his inhalations getting deeper.

Good. The boy would have to stay in his happy place for hours this time, calm and quiet.

“All fours,” Spike ordered, his voice soft.

They were in front of the couch and Xander got into position without question.

Xander started when Spike put the full hood over his head, but the vampire touched him gently, stroking him through the leather. When the boy quieted, Spike continued attaching the hood. It was heavy leather, molded to fit over a human’s head. There was thick padding at the ears, so his hearing would be severely
restricted and Spike doubted he’d be able to hear anything at all, especially once he went far enough under. The eyes were covered, of course, and there was a tube protruding from the mouth that would allow him to breathe.

Spike monitored the boy’s biological signals to be sure that he wasn’t under any distress, his hand caressing the bare shoulders while his other zipped the mouthpiece closed. The tube would be enough of a gag for Xander and when the hood was closed completely, he wouldn’t be able to move his jaw.

But Xander’s breathing stayed slow and calm, and his heartbeat never picked up.

He finished securing the hood and then connected a short steel bar to the boy’s wrist cuffs, forcing his hands to stay shoulder width apart. Spike clipped the ankle cuffs to each other, and leather straps went around Xander’s thighs and his shins, binding his legs together and preventing him from moving them.

The last thing he did was insert a well-lubed plug into his boy, securing every aspect of his body. He put his fingers into Xander’s armpit, resting them there while he felt for
the human’s pulse. It was still steady and Spike couldn’t sense any anxiety or strain coming from Xander.

He was satisfied that the boy would get what he needed. Spike stripped off all his clothes except for his jeans and picked up his book, resting his bare feet on his human coffee table. The book was an in-depth survey of human mythology from around the world. Spike had been curious about the old stories and whether they got to the truth about demons and the other nasties that went bump in the night. He also had several of Joseph Campbell’s works and he regretted that he’d never known who the bloke was when he was still alive. Would’ve liked to chat with him, perhaps turn him.

Spike rarely had the time to indulge in his own questions about the world, because the bloody Scoobies always had one crisis or another, and any research was usually aimed at preventing an apocalypse. And Xander was usually home by the time he woke up in the afternoon, not that he minded the boy at all. He’d found he liked Xander’s company quite a bit. But this evening would be quiet time for both of them.

He was strictly careful about unzipping the mouth every hour and giving Xander a cup of water through a straw.
The sucking instinct didn’t require the boy to surface from where he was, but he needed to stay hydrated. Spike had no intention of ever endangering his health with their games. Not after his promise.

When he was hungry, Spike went to the kitchen to heat up some blood and scrounge for some other things to go with it. He fixed himself a plate of gourmet crackers that he liked dipping in the blood. After the blood heated, he placed the mug and the plate on Xander’s back and then went to the bedroom to find their play candles.

He pulled the butt plug out and lubed the end of the candle. He slid the end into Xander’s hole and adjusted it so it was nearly upright. He lit the candle and then sat back to enjoy his dinner by candlelight.

Dinner finished, he took his dishes to the kitchen and washed up. When he came back to the living room, he stripped his jeans off and sat forward, fistng his cock. Having Xander immobilized and unable to react to anything wasn’t his kink, and he much preferred the boy responsive and squirming under his touch. But this was for Xander’s benefit, not his. So he did what was needed for the lesson.
He tugged on himself, working his foreskin over his head, fantasizing about Xander begging him for a good rogering. He made sure his come coated Xander’s back. He tossed off several times, but then decided he was getting bored with this and he wanted his boy back.

Spike wiped up some of the mess on Xander’s back and then began rubbing his smooth skin, trying to bring him back slowly and gently. He undid the bindings in the reverse order that he’d applied them, making sure to keep a hand on the human at all times to reassure him. When the hood came off, Xander was nearly all the way back, but his eyes were sleepy and peaceful. He looked like he’d been on vacation for days instead of hours.

“Better?”

“Mmm, yeah.”

“Did you like that?”

“For sometimes, maybe. It’s peaceful.”

“Stay there, pet,” Spike whispered. He went and got the tub running, then came back for his boy. Xander’s legs were cramped and stiff, so Spike picked him up and
carried him to the bath, thanking his vampiric strength.

He eased Xander into the water, and then got in behind him, taking a soft cloth and running it over the boy’s tired muscles. Xander made small contented noises, his body radiating the warmth and smell of a human on the edge of sleep.

When Xander could move his limbs easily, Spike dried him off and helped him to bed. His boy was drowsy, but clearly content, and Spike decided wryly that he’d have to wait to bugger him silly until morning.

Part Forty-Two

Spike had told Xander to ‘wash himself everywhere’ and leered at him. It amazed the vampire that his human could still blush after all they’d done together. But the rosy hue tinted his skin, blood close to the surface, and Spike hardened, wanting him. But he made his own preparations while the boy was in the shower.
He was just straightening the ropes on the bed when Xander came out, a towel wrapped around his waist. Spike smiled and pulled his human close, wrapping himself in the water-warmed embrace of the boy. He flipped the towel open, swallowing Xander’s groan with his mouth while he tightened his arms.

Xander was already panting when Spike picked up the first rope. He’d chosen softer ropes this time, wanting Xander to be able to move if he needed to and not wanting him to fall completely into his happy place. He started tying the knots, feeling the small places where Xander was warmer, as he’d been taught. This time he was only knotting the boy’s chest, and his arms and legs, leaving his groin area free.

When he finished wrapping Xander’s body, the human was hard and dripping, and he was biddable, accepting whatever Spike might do to him. Spike knew that the boy didn’t know what the implements he’d set out were for, but he planned to talk him through it.

“On the bed, luv. Present your arse.”

Xander did as ordered, his soft pink hole pointing
towards Spike, his legs tucked under him and his arms folded. Spike took the last pieces of rope and wove them so that Xander couldn’t move his arms or legs out of position.

He snapped on the surgical gloves and smeared lube on the anal speculum, then he placed it at Xander’s entrance, ready to slide it in. But he hesitated.

Spike rubbed small circles at the base of Xander’s spine, thinking. He’d meant to open the boy up, take away another one of his barriers, push another boundary. But there were other ways to do this.

“Was gonna use the metal to hold you open, pet. Have a look inside you at your pretty pink channel. Make it mine, make you surrender even your privacy inside yourself.”

He was rambling, but the ropes had once again lowered the walls between their spirits, and he felt Xander’s concentration on his words without looking to see if he was paying attention.

The boy’s voice was low. “If you wish it.”
“I know, luv. And you’re so bloody gorgeous when you surrender to me, so sweet.”

He took the glove off, and checked his nails carefully for rough spots.

“I’m still going to take everything you’ve got, but I don’t like the nasty metal in you, seems impersonal.”

And it was. Too sterile for this beautiful boy who’d given Spike so much of himself.

“You’re gonna give up everything to me. All your pain, all your fear. Everything. Mine.”

Spike scooped up a huge dollop of lube and worked it inside Xander with one finger. When he was satisfied that he’d packed the boy’s channel well full of the slippy stuff, he went to work on his hand. This lube was thicker than the usual stuff, would slide better.

He knelt behind Xander, one hand at the small of his back, while he worked a few fingers in. He felt Xander’s peace, and acceptance of what was happening. His own spirit was relaxing, falling into rhythm with Xander’s. He’d say their souls were meeting but he didn’t have
one. There was an intensity between them though, that he couldn’t explain.

There were three fingers inside the boy and Spike concentrated on letting the warm hole relax around him, not moving much, because he didn’t want to irritate the tissues. He waited, feeling the pulse in Xander’s ring of muscle, slow and steady.

When there was an imperceptible shift, an ever so slight relaxing, he took it as his sign to continue. He pulled out slowly and applied more lube to his hand. He tucked his fingers together, pinky touching index and pushed into the human.

“Doing so well, pet. Working so hard for me. Let it happen.”

Stroking small circles on Xander’s back, voice low and soothing, every sense attuned to any changes in Xander, Spike slid his four fingers in. He waited again, feeling as though his patience were limitless, as though he could do this with Xander until the world ended. Once again, the boy yielded to him and the muscles allowed him access.

“Taking four now, luv. So beautifully too. Your hole is
opening for me, so good.”

He pulled his fingers part way out, and tucked his thumb under. He took a deep breath and then started forward again. His hand on Xander’s back never stopped its comforting motions. He could feel every one of Xander’s breaths, could feel his blood pumping, could feel too, that it hurt him. Just the slight increase in his heart rate, a small jolt of adrenaline. Spike kept talking, pressing on the knots, knowing that would settle his boy. He curled his hand, trying to make his knuckles smaller, and then suddenly, he slid past the guardian ring and he was inside Xander to his wrist.

If Spike had needed to breathe, he would have been gasping for air. He couldn’t remember ever feeling anything like it, being so deeply inside his boy. Warmth encased him, surrounded him. It was more intimate than shoving his cock inside the human, because he could feel every bump and dip in his guts, could trace veins and tissue.

He literally held Xander’s life in his hand, and he wanted to wail. Wanted to exult to the heavens from which he’d been sundered.
When he could speak, he murmured praises to the beautiful mortal in his hands. “I’ve got you, luv. All of you, you’re around me and I’m in you.”

He felt the fragility of human life, knowing that he was strong enough to rip through Xander’s torso, take his life away from the inside. But the boy trusted him enough to surrender this way, to know he was safe, and Spike felt like weeping.

“Yours.”

The whisper was so soft that no one without enhanced hearing could have caught it, but it told Spike that Xander was with him, that he understood what Spike was feeling, and the vampire didn’t trust himself to keep his voice steady. He nodded, although he knew Xander couldn’t see him, but he had confidence that the bond between them would tell the boy what he was feeling.

He carefully folded his fingers together, slowly rotating his hand so that his knuckles scraped the boy’s prostate. Xander let out a deep, tearing groan. Spike sniffed, making sure there was no scent of blood.

Spike kept his movements cautious, pushing on Xander’s
sweet spot. The smell of aroused male grew stronger, and the muscles surrounding his wrist fluttered and pulsed. When it hit the boy, it was muffled, a quivering of his inner walls. Spike held still in awe as Xander softly orgasmed around his hand.

When it stopped, he drew back out slowly, talking to Xander all the while until the boy’s body released him. The ring of tissue was swollen, so he rubbed some soothing lotion around before undoing the ropes.

Xander stretched out on the bed, and Spike drew him close, stroking his boy and praising him. Xander's breath deepened, and his pulse slowed, and Spike knew he had fallen asleep.

He watched over Xander while he slept, wondering how he was ever going to recover. He’d never be the same. Bloody hell.

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Part Forty-Three
“Ah, Xander, Spike, have a seat. Good of you to come.”

The others were already at the Magic Box when the vampire and his human arrived for the Scooby meeting.

“What’s the what, G-man?”

Giles gave Xander an inscrutable look that instantly had Spike on alert. He was starting to get a bad feeling.

“As you know, we’ve been seeking ways to avert the latest apocalypse. We know that the King of the T’oula demon race is seeking to open the Hellmouth. Spike kindly spoke to his sources among the demon population which is how we have notice of this.”

“So, has the sitch changed, Giles?” Buffy was far too perky in the face of impeding doom, but Spike supposed one got inured to disaster.

Giles glanced at Xander again. Spike growled low in his throat, almost sub-vocal, but Xander looked at him. Spike was worried. T’oula demons were intelligent and sophisticated, and didn’t disdain human technology the way other demons did. They would have a hard time defeating this one.
“Spill, Watcher.”

“We’ve received the most fascinating communiqué from his court. Ahem, to wit, ‘We have noticed that the Master of Sunnydale has taken a human pet. We shall discontinue our plans for the Sunnydale Hellmouth in exchange for one night with the human.’”

Spike cursed fluently, in all the languages he could think of. The Watcher looked uncomfortable, and the glasses came off and the handkerchief went to work.

“Now, Spike, I was unaware that there was a Master of Sunnydale again. I daresay you will be able to enlighten us.”

“Mere technicality.”

“Spike . . . .” Buffy was impatient.

“Only Master vampire living here, aren’t I?”

“Oh, bloody hell. And your human pet would be whom?”

“That would be me.”
“I was afraid of that.”

“Xander, you’re Spike’s pet?” Willow looked confused.

“Yeah, Wills, that’s sort of a technicality too. It’s all right, not so bad really. And now my ass is the ticket to apocalypse avoidyness. Gotta love my life.”

“That’s not gonna happen.”

Spike recognized Buffy’s resolve face, and he was inclined to agree with her. T’oula demons didn’t eat humans so Xander’s life wouldn’t be in actual danger, but Spike had always been bad about sharing his toys.

“It’s my decision, isn’t it?”

Bloody hell, his white knight couldn’t be serious? Spike’s growl was clear to the entire room.

“Can we go back to the part where you’re Spike’s pet, cause I’m really having weird feelings about that and not weird in a good way. I mean, we knew you were having sex, and with the biting, the sex biting, you said . . . ”
“Please, Willow, I don’t have quite enough Scotch available at the moment. I cannot have this conversation without proper fortification.”

Spike was momentarily diverted from his growing rage by the knowledge that somehow the Watcher knew that he could hurt the boy and was covering. Buffy knew it, so who was he keeping it from? The red witch and her girl were the only ones left. Xander didn’t want Red to know, but Spike was intrigued that Giles didn’t want her knowing either. Secrets upon secrets in this happy little burg.

“But, Giles.” Red didn’t like feeling like there was something Xander hadn’t told her. “We need to know exactly what Spike’s done to him if we’re going to help him.”

“Spike hasn’t done anything I haven’t wanted him to. Shit, every one of you has slept with a demon before. Now it’s my turn.”

“Cause it worked out so well for the rest of us.”

Spike decided he was better off staying out of this. Xander was his best chance to come out of it un-dusty.
“Willow. I’m happy and satisfied with the way things are. That’s all that really matters, right?”

He got up and gave her a hug. Spike had witnessed the power of his boy’s hugs before so he wasn’t surprised when she nodded finally, seeming satisfied.

“Why don’t we all calm down? We’ve got something it wants, Spike and I can work with that while you people research another way. Right?”

The vampire knew the question was directed at him, not really at the group. He nodded, but he wanted to get out of there, to get his human alone before giving in to his temper.

They had walked several blocks before Xander spoke. “Let me do this.”

“Fuck no, you’re mine, got it?”

“But, Spike . . . for once we can stop something that won’t involve anyone being in any danger. Why wouldn’t we want to do it?”
“No danger? You ever see a T’oula demon? I’m your Master and I say who you fuck. If I tell you to spread your legs for the entire demon population of Sunnydale, what do you do?”

Xander sounded resigned, tired. “I do it.”

“And if I say you don’t get to come for a month, what then?”

“Then I don’t come. I’m not arguing your control. I want your permission.”

The boy was determined, Spike could see, and he cursed the human’s bloody stupid noble impulses. He didn’t like the idea of every demon out there thinking they could demand time with Xander in return for not causing mayhem. The boy still didn’t really believe how attractive he was.

“Demons don’t share their toys.”

“Is that all I am?”

“Bloody hell, you know that’s not the case.”
But that started Spike wondering what exactly this boy was to him.

“Please. Let me be the one who saves us.”

Spike shuddered, wondering if the boy knew how that sort of plea would affect him or if he had just gotten lucky. The vampire knew what it was like to be discounted, to be beneath notice. They had that in common, he and this human, though unlike William had been, the human was loved thoroughly by the others in his circle. Bloody buggering hell, Spike was disgusted with himself, thinking that he was loonier than Dru to be considering the plea.

“You’re willing to sell yourself to save the world?” Spike made his tone sneering.

“I don’t know. Let me try, please?”

Xander’s voice was so earnest, and Spike tripped, stumbling over his own feet, feeling like there was a stake in his heart. He didn’t understand his emotion, and he stopped while Xander turned around curiously. When he finally realized what was wrong, Spike let out a low curse. Fucking hell, he was in love with this mortal child.
How the bloody hell had that happened? Their arrangement was supposed to be about sex . . . and power.

Dazedly, Spike got his feet moving again, walking in silence beside his boy. His. Xander was his, and he’d never let anyone take him away.

But if Xander ever wanted to leave . . . Spike had no idea whether his feelings were returned. The boy cared about him, that was clear, liked having sex with him, but love him?

The Master vampire was afraid for the first time since he’d been chipped. What he remembered about human love was painful enough that he’d rather end his life in a filthy alley than endure it. He was a fool, love’s fool. He should never have gotten involved with a human.

He didn’t know how to love a human. Did humans let their loved ones make sacrifices for the good of the world? Spike wondered if he’d feel differently if Xander wanted to give his life and not his body. He didn’t know if he had the right to stop him from doing this. He tried to think of a convincing argument.
“Pet. If you change your mind, I don’t know if I can get you out of it without a lot of people dying.”

Neither mentioned it, but they both understood that Spike was referring to his promise that Xander would never be raped again. When he’d made it, he’d been promising that he’d never take the human by force, but somehow the words had changed, and Spike would protect Xander from anyone or anything wanting to harm him.

Would it be better to let Xander be raped or to let him die? The demon had no doubts that death was preferable, but Spike was an amalgam of human and demon, and he was bloody well confused.

“Okay. I understand. I won’t back down.”

“Do you know what you’re getting into? T’oula demons are large, very large. Don’t want you hurt.”

Xander gulped. “You’ll find a way. I trust you to keep me safe.”

Trust. It all came down to that. It had to work both ways,
and as far as Spike knew, it did.

The boy trusted him that far and Spike wouldn’t let him down. He’d keep him safe against every comer. If Xander would let him. Fuck, but he was a fool, throwing in with a white hat. He tried to push his anger away and concentrate on helping Xander.

Spike considered girth problem. There was a set in the toy closet that he’d never got around to using, but it might help. He followed Xander into the apartment and ordered him onto the bed, his voice terse, angry. The boy knew better than to argue and he was already dropping his clothes as he walked. Spike felt his undead heart swelling with pride for this human who had agreed to share himself with a vampire.

He couldn’t do this while he was still furious, the boy would get hurt and he didn’t want it that way, not this time. He stood still, willing calm and patience, knowing that it would be hard for him. This would test them in many ways, but he thought that they were both strong enough for it.

He found the box without trouble and carried it into the bedroom. Xander was nude, face down on the bed, his
ass propped up with pillows, exposed the way he knew Spike liked him when the vampire was in the mood to play. Sometimes Spike wondered why he’d gotten so lucky with this boy.

“Beautiful, pet.”

Xander spread his legs a little and Spike smiled at his saucy human, acknowledging that his boy was trying to soothe him. He set the box down in Xander’s line of sight. It contained a set of graduated plugs. Spike had thought to use them to train his boy to take his fist, before he realized that all he needed was for the two of them to share a deep connection. But they would work for the T’oula demon. He picked up the smallest, which was larger than any plug he’d used yet, but still not much smaller than Spike’s cock.

Holding where Xander could see it, he lubed it carefully while he talked. “You’ll wear one of these all the time, and each day you’ll get a bigger one. You’ll be ready for the demon when we’re done. Are you sure about this?”

“Yes.”

Spike smeared the lube on his fingers, then circled the
boy’s hole, pushing in and pulling out until the human was panting. Xander knew better than to beg, and Spike applauded the boy’s hard-won restraint. He scissored his fingers, searching for the mortal’s prostate, feeling the muscles flare around his digits when he located it. He teased the boy mercilessly, until his victim was whimpering. Spike slid the plug in easily, his boy knowing how to accept things this size inside him. They’d have to see when they got to the fifth one.

Every night, Spike removed the day’s plug, letting Xander take care of his needs, and then picking the next biggest size, working Xander thoroughly before inserting it. The vampire had sent word to the King, negotiating the terms of his night with Xander. They finally came to an agreement, and the night before the meeting, Spike took up the biggest plug.

It was over three inches in diameter, nearly four, thick and heavy. The boy would be feeling it no matter what he did. Spike lubed it thoroughly, and slipped his fingers in beside the previous plug to work Xander open further.

“Ready, pet?”

“Yes, do it.”
The vampire pulled his fingers and the smaller plug out, and rested the tip of the new plug against the quivering hole. He slid it in slowly, patiently working it in, watching as the boy’s muscles stretched around it, fighting to accept the monstrous plug. He grinned, should’ve done this a long time ago, fucking hot, it was. Xander was making small noises, not quite pain, Spike could tell, but the boy was definitely uncomfortable.

He traced cold fingers around the straining flesh, knowing the pleasure/pain that the boy must be feeling. The human’s breathing was ragged while he struggled to adjust to the thing inside him.

“Fucking amazing. Sit up.”

“Don’t wanna sit.”

“Up we go, pet.”

Spike helped Xander rise to his knees, and then the vampire sat on the edge of the bed.

“Oh the floor, here. I fancy a blow job.”
Xander’s movements were awkward, the look of intense concentration on his face as he carefully knelt between Spike’s knees. He closed his mouth over Spike’s cock, and from the angle of his back, the vampire could see the base of the plug impaling his boy.

The mortal’s mouth was hot and eager as he engulfed Spike, working the vampire into a frenzy. Spike came, shouting praise for his lover, shooting his cold seed into Xander’s willing mouth.

Xander rested his head on Spike’s thigh, minute trembles shaking him. Spike knew the boy had to be unbearably horny, cause he hadn’t allowed him to come since the first plug went in. Part of the deal with the King, he wanted the boy to be desperate.

“Are you aching for it, boy?”

The human snorted rudely. “You know I am, bleachboy.”

“Do you trust me?”

“You know I do.”

“Then I promise you, tomorrow night will make up for it.”
Part Forty-Four

They drove to the T’oula court in silence, Xander sitting awkwardly on one cheek, the huge plug still embedded inside him. The demons had a motorized gate and security cameras, and they scanned the car before admitting the Master vampire and his human.

Spike was still battling himself and his newly discovered feelings for the boy. His demon was angry, but he’d hidden it carefully, not wanting to upset Xander, knowing the boy would need all his courage and wits to survive this without getting hurt. Spike had decided that he’d prefer it if Xander not die, because he couldn’t imagine his existence without Xander’s mortal warmth. He shoved away thoughts of the future.

He parked up and went around to help Xander out. The boy was naked, save for his collar, as befitted a human pet. Spike hated it, hated the bloody stupid demonic insistence on formality, because it gave him no way of
hiding a weapon on the boy.

He had some insurance, strapped between his shoulder blades. Xander had stolen a large cache of weapons before the soldier boys left town. Spike was damned proud of him for that. But he had an automatic weapon and enough clips to take out the whole court if the deal went south. Course, then he and the boy would be on the run for the rest of their lives, so he was hoping it wouldn’t come to that. The shy witch had cast a discreet glamour over it, and Spike was counting on the spell fooling the demons.

“Let’s get that thing out of you. Hands on the hood.” Spike pulled the plug out, satisfied that Xander would remain loose and open for the demon king. “You can’t move very well with it in you, don’t want you hampered, in case . . . .”

They both knew what ‘in case’ was, but Xander nodded.

Spike pulled out a foil packet, flat and square, much larger than normal.

“Bastard doesn’t get to shoot off in you, so he’ll wear this. Part of the bargain.”
Xander’s eyes were wide. “Are you shitting me? They make condoms for demons?”

Spike sniggered. “Yeah, pet. But you got to call me ‘Master’ at every turn, don’t forget it.”

“I won’t, Master.” The word rolled easily off Xander’s lips and Spike cursed, because it got him hard every single time.

“Soddin’ wanker doesn’t get the whole night with you. Git can have one orgasm and then we’re done, that’s the deal. You, on the other hand, can have as many as you like.”

Spike gave the boy an oblique look, and under other circumstances he would have snorted at the puzzlement on Xander’s face. The Watcher’s books left out a few details about T’oula physiology, but the boy would discover it for himself soon enough.

They were met at the door of the abandoned store, an honour guard of big demons escorting them to the king. Spike kept a discreet scan of hiding places and exits, and though Xander’s head was properly down, Spike knew
the boy was doing the same thing.

The king’s room was typical over-blown demon crap, all hangings and gold. The king was sprawled on a baroquely ugly throne. Of course. Spike sighed. Fucking embarrassing sometimes how many demons completely lacked the imagination to try something different.

T’oula were standard cloven-hoofed, fork tailed, horned demons, except for the extra large size. Spike wondered if they could breathe fire.

Spike made the correct gestures, the Master of Sunnydale to the King of T’oula. The demon returned them, and Spike felt a small part of his tension ease. He doubted he’d receive any courtesy if the demon planned to harm him. Demons weren’t usually that subtle.

Xander had slid to his knees as soon as they entered the room. The boy was well-trained and Spike was proud of him, despite the circumstances. He rested a hand on his boy’s head, weaving his fingers in the thick hair.

The demon nodded. “A lovely specimen. I congratulate you on your acquisition.” His voice was a thick rumble.
“The key idea there being ‘mine.’ Bloody get on with it.”

Spike knew that wasn’t strictly polite, nor did it follow protocol, but he wasn’t in the mood to ponce around with demon court manners.

“As you say. I had heard rumours of his beauty, but he quite exceeds my expectations.”

There was an avaricious light in the big demon’s eyes that Spike didn’t like.

“Are you certain that you won’t part with him? I can compensate you quite liberally.”

Spike fucking hated being here, being this position, having a demon offer to buy the person he loved. His growl was low, as menacing as he could make it. “I don’t ever let go.”

Part of that message was aimed at Xander, and Spike hoped his boy heard, and understood.

“Well then. You’ll find my servants will see to your needs while I enjoy your gift.”
His game face came out, and he tightened his fingers in Xander’s hair, his other hand reaching for the strap that would drop the weapon into his palm.

“Fucking hell, the agreement was that he’d never be separated from me. Is the king of the T’oula without honour?”

Spike hoped the dig was enough to prevent the demon from taking that thought any further. He didn’t fancy shooting his way out, although he’d do it if he had to.

“A mere feint, to see if you would keep your resolve. Very well, I have no objections to having him while you observe. It will add a certain piquancy to the encounter, having you watch me open him and have my way with him.”

That was intended to goad him, Spike didn’t doubt, but he refused to take the bait. He grinned and pulled the demon condom out. “Where do you want him?”

The demon looked annoyed momentarily, but then he gestured to a high padded bench. “That will put him at the proper height for penetration.”
There was only so much of this shite that Spike could tolerate, and it was only his fear for what might happen to Xander if he lost control that kept him calm. He flattened a hand between Xander’s shoulder blades, pushing slightly and the boy took the hint, going down on all fours and crawling toward the bench.

Spike handed the condom to the king, who frowned at it. He was afraid they’d have to have another reminder of the terms, but the demon handed the condom to Xander.

“I’m afraid that I’m not familiar with this human invention. Put it on me.”

Xander did as he was told, rising up on his knees and tearing the package open. The T’oula’s cock was enormous, bigger than Spike had thought, but the rubber went on without trouble.

“Lube,” he growled. “Don’t want him damaged. Mean to use him later.”

The big demon picked up a pot and smeared the substance slowly over the latex. Spike was tempted to test the contents to be sure it wasn’t anything that would
hurt Xander, but he’d decided he’d gone far enough for the moment. The T’oula picked Xander up like he was a child and arranged him on the bench, which was nearly waist high on the human, so Xander’s legs were nearly straight as he leaned over it. Spike wished he could see his lover’s eyes because the stench of the demon was overpowering his nose and he couldn’t tell what his boy was feeling.

The king pressed against Xander’s entrance and the human gave out a whimper, and Spike moved to stand in front of him with all his enhanced speed. The demon wasn’t giving Xander a chance, just pushing forward, and Spike was thankful that he’d stretched the boy so thoroughly the past few days. But he knew it had to be taxing him. He risked a glance to where his lover was being breached by someone else. Xander’s flesh was stretched, straining, but Spike was cautiously relieved that he couldn’t smell any blood.

Xander’s eyes met his and clung, begging for something. The T’oula stopped moving forward and Spike saw that he was fully buried inside Xander.

Spike looked up, his harsh gaze meeting the king’s. “You get one orgasm, then we’re done. All obligations met.”
The demon gasped and nodded. “Yes.”

“S . . . Master.”

The plea was there in Xander’s tone, pain in his voice, and Spike knew what he had to do. Give Xander something else to focus on, a distraction. He unzipped his jeans, although he’d never been less turned on. He ignored the other demon while he stroked himself brutally until he was hard and then stepped forward, brushing the crown of his prick against Xander’s lips. The boy opened up and latched onto him with a grateful moan, even as the T’oula started moving inside him.

Spike stroked gentle hands through Xander’s hair, willing the boy to keep himself together until it got better. He was suckling on Spike’s prick, not really working him, but Spike imagined that he was taking comfort from the familiar taste and feel of it.

But then Xander jerked in shock and Spike grinned, despite his revulsion with the whole scene.

“Promised you, didn’t I?” he murmured.
T’oula males had a ring of protruding tissue that expanded, sticking out from their penises when they were fully aroused. Spike didn’t know what exactly it was for but he knew that anyone with human physiology would appreciate it, because it jabbed at the male prostate relentlessly. The scent of human arousal overrode the demon scent.

Xander stiffened, trembling, and then the aroma of his musky semen filled the room. Spike groaned, responding to it without meaning to. He’d been conditioned to lust at Xander’s scent. He was hard for real now, and even Xander seemed more focused.

“‘s good, pet, so very good, you are.”

His voice was pitched for Xander’s ears and he could feel his boy gaining strength, and the mouth on his cock became purposeful, while behind him the demon still moved inside Xander.

The boy let out another muffled squeak and Spike knew he had come again. His happy gland must be getting a right battering. It went on, Xander expertly working Spike with his mouth in between orgasms. The boy knew him too well, and Spike couldn’t help it, stifling his cry as he
spilled inside the boy’s mouth.

The boy kept Spike’s softened prick in his mouth, nuzzling it like a chew toy. He whimpered when he came again, and Spike wondered if his balls were aching. Human males weren’t meant to come so much. But then the mouth on his went slack, and Spike pulled out, worried.

He picked Xander’s chin up and saw the boy’s eyes rolled back in his head. The T’oula gave a roar of triumph, driving forward into the human, and Spike averted his eyes, not wanting to watch the fucker orgasm into his human. But it was over, now they just had to get out safely.

Spike instructed the demon on how to deal with the rubber while he did up his own jeans.

“You have honour, Master Vampire. My court will remove in the morning to other hunting grounds. Those you protect will be safe.”

The vampire nodded, stooping to get Xander across his shoulders. The boy was still out of it, and Spike arranged him so he could still get the automatic if he needed it.
He’d not be easy until they were out of the compound.

But they were allowed to leave without incident and Spike propped Xander in the front seat, thinking the boy would need some coddling for the next few days. He headed for their apartment.

Xander came to when the motor cut off. He rolled dazed eyes at Spike.

“Don’t ever let me do that again.”

“Count on it, boy.”

Part Forty-Five

“Master.”

Spike looked up from the telly, and then reached hurriedly for the remote, snapping the machine off. Xander knelt before him, nude, his hands out in
supplication.

Across his hands lay a braided red and black single-tail whip.

Spike had bought the whip because he liked its style, red and black leather woven together, knots along its length. He’d never planned to use it on Xander, because he knew from past experience how fast that knotted end could accelerate. It was so much more powerful than any cat, and it could shred human skin.

But Xander was kneeling with it across his hands, offering . . . what?

“What’s this, then?”

“You’re angry. About the demon king. Please, let it out.”

“This isn’t necessary. I gave you my permission to do it. Not angry with you, boy.”

“Please don’t lie, Spike.”

Something snapped inside him, and his demon roared. Spike twisted his hands in Xander’s hair, pulling harshly
and tilting his head back.

“That’s Master, and don’t question me, slut.”

Fine. He was angry. Enraged that Xander had put him in the position of letting that soddin’ demon have a go with something that was his. Spike really hadn’t meant to call him the name though. Xander hadn’t lowered his hands, the whip still resting on them, but his head was down, properly submissive.

He could see that this was already eating away at what they had. He’d start resenting the boy, then hating him, and then the fragile tendril of love that was growing inside him would wither and die. Might be easier that way, cause this human was eventually going to hurt him badly. Xander wouldn’t be able to stop himself from leaving in the end, and Spike knew that the boy would never ask to be turned. So Spike would be alone again.

But he could he trade future pain against what he had now?

He touched the whip, finger tracing along the braided edges. Xander didn’t move. Sometimes this human saw things so clearly that it amazed Spike. The boy knew
what was needed, and had taken the first step towards fixing them. Spike made up his mind abruptly.

“Formal kneel, under the hook.”

His tone was harsh and abrupt, the anger there that he couldn’t deny any longer. But for the first time since Xander had given himself to Spike, the vampire was afraid that he didn’t have enough control and he’d hurt his boy. He tried to will his rage away, to find the place of calm that he needed to top the boy, but it wasn’t there. He growled in frustration and stood up, stripping his clothes off.

Xander was where he’d instructed, hands behind his back, body in perfect alignment. Bloody hell, but this mortal was beautiful, and he was Spike’s, never anyone else’s. Spike went to the cabinet and got the cuffs, buckling them around Xander’s wrists and ankles. He lowered the cross bar, and attached Xander’s wrists to it, before pulling Xander into a standing position. He locked a spreader bar between the boy’s ankles, knowing that Xander wouldn’t move intentionally, but he was going to let him have the security of the bondage, hoping it would steady the boy for his ordeal.
“How many times did you come for that other demon, slut?”

“I lost count after eleven, Master.”

“Then you’ll have eleven strokes. Look at me, slut.”

Xander picked his head up and there was fear in his eyes, the kind of fear that hadn’t been there, not since . . . not since Spike had raped him. The demon part of Spike rejoiced to see it, but the human cringed.

“You can’t go under this time. You’ve got to count, to stop it when it’s eleven.”

“I understand, Master.”

Did he? Spike bloody well hoped so, because he suspected that if Xander didn’t, then neither of them would ever get past what was about to happen.

Spike held the whip up in front of Xander’s face. “Kiss it.”

Xander did as ordered, his lips caressing the leather. Spike felt a wave of lust wash through it at the submissive gesture.
“Ask me for it, slut.”

“Please, Master. Punish me.”

Spike shook the long leather tail out, flexing his muscles, getting a feel for the weight of it. He raised it over his head and brought it around with a sharp crack, practicing. Xander jumped, but made no protest. Spike walked around behind him.

“Count,” he grated out and brought the whip down.

“One,” Xander panted.

Spike kept his rhythm steady, spacing the blows out, and hitting a different portion of Xander’s back each time. Oh yes, he knew how to do this, how to make pretty marks on someone trapped and helpless. Learned from the best, hadn’t he?

The boy screamed on the fifth strike, yet still getting the count out through pinched vocal cords. The demon reveled in the pain and fear oozing out of the human’s pores.
Number nine caught his shoulder blade, flaying skin from bone in a two-inch long gash. Xander shrieked, screaming the number. That one would scar.

Ten and eleven slashed across the top of his buttocks, one on each side.

“Eleven, Master! Eleven!”

Xander sounded panicked, but Spike registered that he had gone as far as he’d said he’d go, and he dropped the whip. But the lust was rising in him, lust to take what belonged to him, to claim the boy. He slicked his cock and lunged inside the human, his balls slapping Xander’s ass from the force of his thrust. Xander cried out again, but his body opened for Spike, despite the savagery of the entry.

There was no finesse with this, Spike moved erratically, desperate to get off as quickly as possible. It had been days since he’d taken Xander, telling himself that he wanted to be sure that the boy was healed. He’d been lying to himself, and punishing the boy for his noble impulses. His balls gathered underneath him and his body tightened. He slammed inward one last time, shuddering as he pumped into his boy.
When the storm was over, Spike felt calmer, his demon satisfied. He was afraid to face Xander though, afraid that he’d see fear or hatred in the boy’s eyes. He couldn’t bear that, not when he knew now that he loved this mortal more than he’d ever loved anyone. No help for it though.

There were so many things he could say, but what came out of his mouth wasn’t what he expected.

“Why?”

Xander raised his head. He looked tired, wrung out, pain dazed, but not afraid.

“Why what?”

“Why did you offer this? I’d given my permission for you to do it, you had a free pass. Could’ve gotten off without consequence.”

“You were angry anyway.”

Spike flipped his hand, dismissing that rationale. “We would have got past it.”
And they could have, he knew that now, knew the depth of the love that he felt for this mortal.

“Your demon needed it.”

“Why the bloody hell would you offer yourself up like a sacrifice just to placate my demon?”

He felt off-balance, amazed again at the courage of his boy.

“Because I love you.”

**Part Forty-Six**

Spike couldn’t believe what he was hearing. Not after . . . not after he’d just hurt the boy in anger.

“You do?”

Xander managed a smile, though the pain was still in his eyes. “Course I do, blondie.”

His fingers were trembling as he reached up to undo the restraints holding Xander’s arms over his head. The boy slumped and Spike caught him.
“Shh. Easy, luv.”

He turned and unbuckled the ankle restraints. Xander leaned heavily on him as they staggered to the bed. Spike urged him on to his stomach so he could clean the boy’s back. None of the lashes were very serious, except for the one on his shoulder blade. Spike licked them all, beginning their healing. But the shoulder would need something else.

Spike searched through their first aid kit, finally finding the butterfly bandages, knowing that he was stalling. He cursed himself angrily. Xander had the courage to say what he did without knowing how Spike felt, so this should be easier for him.

But fucking hell, it wasn’t. The last time he’d been in love with anyone, it’d gotten thrown back in his face. He growled to himself. He was a Master Vampire and he shouldn’t be acting like a silly bint.

He sat back on the bed, carefully holding the ragged edges of the wound together while he pulled on the bandages. Three should do it.
When he was done, he didn’t move, just sat beside the boy, running his hand lightly over the places he wasn’t injured.

“Spike.” Xander sounded tired. “You don’t have to say anything. You asked, I answered. That’s as far as we need to take it.”

“No, you’re wrong. You deserved . . . you deserve the truth. I love you, too, more than I should maybe cause you’re mortal and I don’t know what I’ll do when you’re gone.”

Xander gave a strained giggle. “I think you caught my babble. Lets focus on now, ‘kay?”

Spike nodded, his hand still soothing over the boy’s back. “I want to make love to you, just you and me. No Master or pet. No human or demon. No restraints between us, just truth.”

The boy groaned and Spike could feel the human arousal rising. “Yeah, no holding back.”

“I want that, luv.”
The thoughtless endearment he uttered so many times before suddenly had weight to it. Spike lay down beside his lover, savoring the emotion the boy was radiating. He stroked Xander’s face before kissing him.

They pulled away and stared at each other, Xander’s eyes liquid and deep. His hands traced Spike’s cheekbones and Spike purred, pushing into the touch.

“Truth, Spike.” Xander’s fingers followed Spike’s brow. “Your truth. We are human and demon. Your real face. Make love to me with your real face.”

The request stunned him. He’d let his face out when they’d fucked before, of course he had, while he bit the boy. But Xander had never asked for it.

“You’ve no idea . . . shit.”

Spike wasn’t going to be able to say anything that would make sense. Instead, he answered by letting his human mask drop away. Xander didn’t flinch, but moved in for another kiss.

“Mmm, want you inside me, Spike.”
“You sure, luv? That you want . . . the demon?”

“I want all of you, Spike. Nothing held back.”

Bloody hell, he’d thought the boy turned him on before, but it was nothing compared to this openness Xander was currently displaying. No hiding indeed.

Spike tried to think of a position that wouldn’t hurt the boy’s ravaged back and still let them face each other. He wanted to look in his lover’s eyes, watch Xander while he buried himself inside the human heat. But he didn’t think it was possible this time. He shoved the pillows around until they’d support Xander’s weight in the right position.

One more kiss and then he maneuvered Xander onto the pillows, getting his ass pointed up so Spike could get to it properly.

Such a beautiful ass. Spike pulled his human face back, pressing kisses to the places where Xander wasn’t hurt, gradually working his way to his lover’s crease. His hands separated the globes of the boy’s ass, while licking up and down thoroughly, getting the area wet, but avoiding the little pucker of muscle. Xander was making pleading sounds, and his opening was flexing enticingly. Spike
finally placed a kiss on the hole, before lapping at the muscle. He kept his tongue soft, working his lover open, growling softly as the muscle gave way under his assault.

“Please, Spike.”

Spike hummed while he worked, enjoying the boy’s whimpering. Cause he might be in love, but he was still a bad evil demon. He stiffened his tongue pushing inside the human’s depths, holding Xander’s hips still as the boy squirmed. The passage was open for him and he couldn’t wait any longer either, so he slicked himself, making sure his lover wouldn’t feel any more pain.

His demon face came back as he entered Xander at an excruciatingly slow pace, sliding himself in, watching while his lover’s body engulfed his prick.

“So hot, luv.”

Xander was struggling to push back, but Spike held him down, determined to prevent him from doing further harm to his back. He moved slowly inside the heat of his human, pushing on Xander’s prostate with every deliberate thrust.
“Oh, Spike, yes. More.”

The demands and cries fell without pause from the human’s mouth and Spike grinned, couldn’t help it. Xander was so pushy when he was set free of all restraint, and bloody hell, he was noisy. And Spike loved every minute of it.

He rocked his hips against Xander, slowly bringing them both to their inevitable climaxes. Spike felt it swirl inside him and he pulled back, bringing Xander with him, slightly on his knees. The boy’s muscles were quivering around him and he slipped his hand around to Xander’s balls, kneading the heavy weight of them, rubbing his lover’s cock.

“Spike! I’m coming!” Xander wailed, and the shaft in his hand spasmed.

Spike tightened his grip even as his own balls drew up and emptied into the warm body underneath him. They moved together, squeezing the last bit of pleasure out until they were drained. He wanted to mold himself over Xander’s back, but instead, he wiggled around until he had Xander’s weight draped over him, a blanket of human warmth. He couldn’t keep his hands off his lover,
stroking his hair, rubbing his shoulders. Xander nuzzled him.

“So . . . when you say no more Master, does that mean that you’re not gonna tie me up and torture me anymore?”

Spike smirked, his hand drifting down to twist a nipple ring. Xander made a soft sound, his hips bucking.

“Liked that, did you?”

“Yeah. I like being your sex toy.”

“Then of course we will, luv. You look so beautiful on your knees, all desperate and needy.”

“Spike . . . .”

Xander was starting to smell of arousal again, although his prick was still soft around the metal inside it. Spike’s grin got wider.

“And there’s all sorts of kinks we’ve yet to try.” He dropped his voice to that husky purr that he knew would get to his lover.
The boy whimpered, but Spike felt his answering smile against his cheek.

“Why’d I have to fall in love with such a pain in the ass vampire?”

“Mmm, I’m just lucky, yeah?”

“Yeah.”

Part Forty-Seven

“Spike!”

Spike looked up and took out his spare stake, throwing it to his mate with deadly accuracy. Xander caught it and spun around, sinking it into one of the fledges attacking them. Spike paused his own fight to watch his lover move. Nearly five years they’d been together and he never tired of seeing Xander fight. He was big, but
graceful, a beautiful man in the prime of his life.

And he was a deadly fighter, just as Spike had known he’d be. Once Spike got him trained there’d been just one time that they’d come close to losing each other. And it hadn’t been Xander who nearly died. He’d wondered back then why his lover and the Watcher were protecting him from the red witch, and having his question answered had nearly cost him everything. She hadn’t taken it well when she’d found out the extent of the things they did together, but still, she might’ve understood if Glinda hadn’t been killed around the same time.

Xander seemed to have the gang of fledges well in hand and Spike leaned back against a monument, enjoying the show, lost in his memories.

She’d kidnapped him and taken him with her to end the world, tied him to that demon pillar to let the sun take him . . . or the world’s ending, whichever came first.

But his mate hadn’t let that happen, had he? Xander’d gotten in her way, and the power of his love had saved the world and Spike all at once.
And then the Watcher had dragged her back to Merrie Olde to get her mojo fixed. From what Xander told him, nowadays Red was purely focused on finding a way for Buffy to ‘retire’ and on a method to close hellmouths without much trouble.

A Slayer with family and friends . . . those Council wankers should’ve tried it a thousand years ago.

Buffy and Dawn were in Cleveland, working the Hellmouth there. She’d stayed alive longer than any previous slayer, and all of them were trying to keep her that way. Which left the Sunnydale Hellmouth to Xander and him.

“Hey, blondie! A little focus?”

Spike stubbed out his fag, and twirled his stake. A fledge stumbled backwards, staggered by one of Xander’s flying kicks. It turned around and Spike growled at it, staking it efficiently.

“Could you hurry it up, luv? Watching you be all manly and lethal is making me warm.”

Xander muttered something rude under his breath,
finishing off the last vamp. He stood, panting, and Spike put as much swagger into his walk as he could, palming his erection through his jeans. He pulled on the warm steel of Xander’s collar, tugging his lover closer for a kiss.

“You’ve gotten me all rutty, luv. Whatcha gonna do about it?”

“Oh, drag you home as fast as possible?”

But Spike was already working his jeans, pushing them down. “Can’t wait.”

He turned around to the nearest tomb, draping himself over it.

“Spike, it’s not exactly safe here.”

But Spike recognized the lame-ass protest for what it was. He wiggled his bum, trying to spread his legs against the constriction of his jeans, knowing what his struggles would do to his mate.

“Don’t smell anything. Fuck me, Xan.”

“Bloody hell, where’s the lube?”
Spike nearly laughed at his lover’s use of his favorite phrase, but he kept his voice low and sultry.

“Left pocket.”

Xander gave an impatient growl and Spike’s ears caught the sound of a zipper going down. He shivered, anticipating the thorough pillaging his ass was about to receive. He didn’t bottom that often, but when he did, he loved driving Xander out of his mind with want for his tight butt.

Two slick fingers drove into him without warning and he howled his appreciation, pushing back insistently. The fingers scissored inside him, brushing his sweet spot and he gave voice to his pleasure. And then a hot blunt cockhead was pressing against him and Spike groaned as his mate breached him, the ridges on Xander’s penis pulling across his guardian ring.

Xander set up a delicious rhythm, insistent and relentless, banging into Spike. The vampire cursed and begged, filthy language telling the human to get on with it. Spike wrung his cock tightly between his fingers, feeling the moment when Xander swelled up inside him
and then he howled his own release while his mate coated his insides with warm human spunk.

Xander rested on his back while both of them panted, getting their bearings.

“You surprise me, Master Vampire.”

They sprang apart, automatically falling into fighting posture. There was a someone there, hair so light blonde it appeared white in the moonlight. She was tall, she’d top Xander’s height.

Spike thought she was female but he couldn’t be sure, because she was so beautiful, so inhumanly perfect, that the features could’ve belonged to either sex. Perhaps neither, because she reeked of power like nothing Spike had ever felt before. Spike placed himself in front of Xander instinctively, shielding his mate from whatever she might be thinking of pulling.

“Who might you be?” He pulled his jeans up, affecting a casual demeanor.

“You may call me . . . Ariel is close enough.”
Ariel? Spike had a bad feeling she meant Shakespeare’s Ariel, not a happy singing Disney princess. He couldn’t get a grasp of what she was, had a heartbeat, so she wasn’t a vamp, but she wasn’t human, no fucking way.

He’d be polite until he could suss her game. “Spike. Surprised how?”

He hoped it wasn’t that he’d let a human top him, cause he was afraid he’d have no way to fight her if she decided she didn’t like it.

“The Ritual of Mondanaki. It is rare to find a demon willing to gift a human with it. But you have not completed it. Perhaps your human is not . . . worthy?”

Her voice was rich with contempt, but Spike forced himself not to respond to the tone, concentrating on the words. Behind him, he felt Xander cringe and he reached back blindly until his fingers tangled with warm human ones.

“He’s worthy,” Spike said gruffly. “What are you on about?”

She gave him a long look. “How can you not know?”
She studied them carefully, looking perplexed. “Perhaps it is so. The Ritual is a gift from demon to human, it creates a bond between the two, gives the human the demon’s strength. I sense that your bond is many years old but you have not finished the Ritual.”

Spike tightened his hold on his mate. “Weren’t exactly planning on getting bonded to each other. Did it to keep other demons off him. No regrets though.”

He wondered what the rest of the Ritual entailed. They’d bonded in the usual vampire way, sharing blood, but there had to be a reason why this Ritual was so unusual.

“Ah, so you have never attempted to complete it? The Ritual requires strength and courage on the part of the human, and not many attempt it.”

Bloody hell, he supposed this meant a call to England to find out if Red had messed up on purpose or from sheer incompetence. Spike didn’t fancy talking to her, cause she still made him uncomfortable.

“As I’ve said, it was done to us without us knowing what it was about.”
“I can finish for you, if like.”

That reeked of . . . something bad. A trap, maybe, maybe not, but whatever she was playing at, Spike didn’t like it.

“Cause you’re just a do-gooder out to right the world’s wrongs?

“Not precisely.” Her smile became hungry. “If he fails, you forfeit him to me, the bond is transferred from you to me.”

Spike barely heard Xander’s soft in-drawn breath. It wasn’t the bond that kept them together, he knew that, knew Xander was with him out of love, not compulsion. But if someone else had that power over the human, he doubted that Xander would have much say in what happened to him.

“What does he have to do?”

“The rest of the Ritual involves pain and fear beyond human imagining. He must prevail over human weakness.”
“What’s in it for him?”

“If he has the strength to endure, then his life will be fused with your demon’s. He will last as long as your demon does. No other demon will ever be able to touch him. But if you die, he does.”

Fuck, but that was plenty of incentive for Spike to want to try it. That was the one thing he feared anymore... losing his mate.

But there was a hell of a price if it didn’t work. He couldn’t give an answer without talking to Xander about it first.

“Need time to think about it,” he muttered.

“Of course. I will meet you here tomorrow night for your answer. My time in this place is limited.”

She turned and melted back into the shadows, and even with his enhanced sight, Spike couldn’t see her. Xander was curled tightly against his back, and Spike could feel lover’s trembling.

“Lets go home, Xan.”
Part Forty-Eight

“I want to do it.”

Spike growled. Of course he did, had no bloody sense sometimes. He didn’t want to risk losing Xander. Death was something that he could avoid thinking about most days, but this trial was real and immediate.

“Don’t bloody trust her.”

“Well, duh. Me neither.”

“Don’t want to lose you.”

Xander didn’t say anything to that and Spike ran through the list of things he could have said . . . Don’t you trust me? or Do you think I’m not strong enough? Manipulative things that would leave Spike in a bad position. But Xander didn’t say them.
Xander didn’t argue at all. Instead he stripped and knelt before Spike, in the formal posture, his back straight, his hands clasped behind him and his head bowed submissively. Spike got the message perfectly . . . Xander was his to use and control. And the decision would be Spike’s.

Spike went to the toy cabinet and pulled out Xander’s well-worn leather cuffs. He buckled the cuffs around Xander’s wrists and ankles. The human didn’t say anything, and he radiated calm acceptance of Spike’s right to do anything he pleased with his body. Spike pushed his shoulders down until his ass was tilted up. He took one hand and clipped wrist cuff to ankle cuff, then did the same with the other side.

Then he ran his hands over his lover, exploring gently, tugging on Xander’s balls, twisting silky hair around his fingers. His hands grazed over Xander’s nipples, twisting nipple rings until his lover moaned, deep in his throat, he found the other rings, pulling them to almost the point of pain. He knuckled down the man’s spine, bumping over each knob of bone. Xander was still, but his breathing had gotten heavy and his cock leaked, dripping translucent liquid on the floor.
His hand curled loosely around Xander’s cock, fingers roaming the ridges. He swiped his thumb over the tip, gathering up fluid and bringing the digit to his mouth, licking and savoring the taste of Xander, sweet-salty that meant ‘home’ to his demon.

Spike spread Xander’s cheeks, thumbs probing into his hole, feeling Xander relax and allow the intrusion. His hands moved away and slid down the outsides of his strong thighs. Xander trembled, a small moan escaping him.

Xander was so responsive to Spike’s touch, and his heart was so big, big enough to love an un-souled vampire. And even after the things they’d done together, and the darkness that was in him sometimes, his soul still shone out with a light that never dimmed.

But he was mortal and Spike would lose him someday.

Could he bear to watch old age bring his lover down? Disease ravage his beauty or steal his mind?

And Xander had refused any suggestion that Spike might turn him.
“I’m not as brave as you are, pet,” he murmured, but Xander knew when to be quiet too, something else that had come to him with maturity, and he didn’t answer.

Spike’s hands continued their slow journey over Xander’s skin, touching every part of him.

He could gamble now on the chance that they could have forever, or he could play it safe and know that he’d lose Xander eventually. Spike growled. Ah, fuck it. Xander was strong enough to handle anything that bitch threw at him.

He slid inside Xander’s warm depths, his rhythm lazy at first, but he started losing control as his lover pushed back against him. They moved wildly, bodies slapping together, rough words on their lips, pushing each other higher.

“Come for me, luv.”

And Xander howled, a full throated wail as his body tightened around Spike’s. The vampire couldn’t hold back any longer and his own orgasm ripped through him as his hips snapped forward.
They rested, panting.

“I’ve faith in you.”

Xander nodded, grinning.

The next night they were at the cemetery again, waiting for Ariel. She appeared, as before, between one patch of moonlight and the next.

“We’d like to complete the Ritual.”

She raised her hand and muttered an incantation. Light appeared, a doorway, and she stepped towards it, turned back to wait for them to follow her.

“Bloody hell.”

But they went with her, stepping from the graveyard to a stone-walled room. It was decorated in what Spike decided looked like one of the those Gothic horror movies had exploded in it. Black velvet draped everywhere, iron braziers holding torches, heavily carved wood. And enough play equipment to make the best dungeon masters in L.A. jealous.
“Fuck.”

Xander sounded disgusted and Spike turned around. The human was naked, save for his collar. Spike looked down at himself and found he was still wearing his familiar duster and jeans.

“Why am I always the one who’s naked at parties?”

Spike couldn’t help smiling at Xander’s peevish tone.

An altar dominated one end of the room and the scent still clinging to the stone told Spike was it was used for. Ariel stood beside it, chanting and dropping things into a pot.

She turned around. “Bring him.”

“Where are we?”

“My home. If you are successful, you both will leave the way you came. If not . . . only you will be allowed back through the portal.”

The growl was soft and Spike tried to hide it, but his demon was rattling the cage. He stifled it, concentrating
on the . . . whatever the hell she was.

There were shackles on the altar, he saw as they got closer. She moved the bowl and gestured to Xander. Spike nearly chuckled at his mate’s disgusted snort. Typical mystical crap. But he helped Xander up on to the altar, spreading his arms and legs out, and locking the shackles around him.

Ariel held out the bowl and a knife. “Blood is everything.”

Spike took the knife, not certain what he was to do with it. No bloody way he was cutting Xander with it.

“Yes, your blood, Master Vampire.”

He nodded, and drew the knife across his hand, nearly in the same place that Willow had when she did the original spell. He held his hand over the bowl, letting the rich liquid gush into it. Ariel nodded when she was satisfied and Spike put his palm to his mouth, licking his wound closed.

The witch stirred the mixture with a long feather, chanting again and a puff of smoke went up. She handed the bowl and the feather to Spike.
“Mark him with your sigil over a place where you have bitten him.”

His sigil? Spike wasn’t exactly the type to have any heraldic devices in his background. What the fuck was she on about? A glance at Ariel gave him no answers. She looked calm and patient as though she would wait forever for him to act.

He stirred the feather in the bowl, seeing that it wasn’t just a feather, it was a quill. Nobody used quills, not even when he’d been alive, unless they were bloody pretentious romantic poets. He smiled, knowing then what his sigil was.

Spike climbed on the altar, crouching between Xander’s spread thighs. His lover looked at him, trust in his eyes, and Spike winked at him, wanting to keep him at his ease.

The bite mark on his inner thigh stood out, a scarred place that never disappeared. Spike bent over him, dipping the quill into the blood-based ink. He carefully traced the outline of a railroad spike over the bite scar.
When he finished, he handed the bowl and quill back to Ariel. She inspected the drawing and then nodded.

“It is good.” She put the implements on a shelf and picked up a heavily carved staff. “Kneel on the altar, put your knees on either side of his head.”

Spike did as instructed, his guts roiling with nervousness. She was cold, and he sensed her cruelty. He didn’t want his mate in her power. But as he twined his fingers in Xander’s hair, his hands were steady.

The witch leaned on the staff and threw a powder into the fire. She stepped beside the altar, looking down at Xander.

“If it becomes too much for you, little one, you have only to ask, and I will stop it.”

Her voice was gentle and soothing, almost maternal, but Spike stiffened suspiciously. If Xander asked for it to stop, would that mean he failed? Bloody hell. There was no way to tell the man his suspicions, but he had to trust that Xander’s ability to understand far more than what was stated wouldn’t fail them now.
Ariel held the staff up at eye level and began to chant, her voice low and harsh, now sounding male, and Spike wondered again what she was.

Xander grimaced. “Feels like needles, lots of needles.”

The chant grew in intensity and volume, and Xander shifted restlessly in his bonds, making small pained noises. Then he was struggling against the bonds and his cries were louder.

“Shit!! Hurts!”

But Ariel never stopped, and her chanting went on. Xander was screaming and screaming, and Spike lost track of time, measured it only by how desperate Xander sounded. The human’s voice was raw, his cries tearing out of his throat. Spike felt the words welling in his throat, words that would stop the Ritual and end his lover’s pain, but he locked his teeth, letting his fangs descend and bite his own lip to give him focus. He couldn’t end it, not while Xander was still fighting.

As the incantation continued, his lover continued to scream, but his vocal cords were worn and tired, and no noise came from him as he tried to escape. Spike thought
they might be in a hell where he was condemned to listen to Xander suffer and be unable to help him.

It ended finally with Ariel pounding the staff into the floor. She unbuckled the shackles from Xander’s wrists and ankles. Spike shook himself, feeling like he was surfacing from deep waters.

The ink drawing of a spike on Xander’s thigh had sunk into his skin. Spike put a tentative finger on the place, touching it carefully, but the ink was part of Xander now.

“Doesn’t hurt anymore,” Xander said, his voice hoarse and ragged, and Spike helped him to sit up.

“He did well for this part,” Ariel complimented.

“There’s more?”

“Indeed.”
Part Forty-Nine

Xander sagged in Spike’s embrace, but the vampire knew they couldn’t back down, not now, not when surrender meant the bitch would keep his lover.

He tightened his hold on Xander. “You’re strong and brave, luv. You can do this.”

Xander nodded and Ariel looked amused. Spike decided he’d never hated even Darla as much as he hated this witch. He wanted to give Xander some of his blood, enough to heal and strengthen him, but Ariel motioned them to the other end of her dungeon.

There were two poles set into the floor there, uprights whose purpose Spike recognized instantly. Especially since there were another set of shackles hanging from the posts.

Again he wanted to call a halt to this, and he wondered if this trial was for Xander’s resolve or for his. But Xander knew what the posts were for too, because he went and stood between them without being told, holding his hands up and spreading his legs.
Spike felt an unwilling pull of arousal at the sight, Xander surrendering so easily. Fuck, he’d never get tired of that. But he didn’t want to be thinking about buggering his lover, not now, not with this bitch smiling at them so smugly.

“It is natural, is it not? And necessary. You must enter him to complete the Ritual. Your flesh will be part of his torment.”

Spike went cold. Xander had suffered enough through sex, from Faith to Spike raping him to the demon he’d fucked to save the world. He couldn’t add to it, not when all the torture Xander had endured since then had been lovingly administered and designed to drive them both mad with pleasure. She was perverting what they had together.

“Not like that.”

“Ah, are you halting the Ritual?”

The hunger was back in her eyes, and Spike had a disorienting vision of something with a beak and tentacles.
“No. Just registering a protest.”

She shrugged. “Very well, bind him and ready him. I will tell you when to breach him.”

Every step was reluctant, but when he wrapped the irons around Xander’s wrist, his lover winked at him.

“I don’t want to do you that way, pet.”

“I know. We’ll . . . endure.”

Spike finished locking Xander in place and pulled the ever-present packet of lube out of his pocket. He drizzled it at the top of the man’s crack and then smeared his fingers in the slick, working it inside Xander. The human quickly took three fingers with ease, his muscles adapting to Spike’s invasion through long practice.

When Spike was satisfied that Xander was ready, he nodded to the witch. She dumped more crap into the fires, creating more smoke, and picked up the carved staff again.

“Stand behind him.”
He did as she asked, resting his hands on Xander’s waist, taking comfort from the warmth of his lover’s skin. Xander had always been heat and brightness, enough to make up for Spike never seeing the sun again.

The smoke was starting to make his head swim, and he shook himself, trying to clear his nose. Fuck, he’d smoked a pack a day for years, it shouldn’t be affecting him. But the blood in his veins started running hot and he felt it divert to his cock, and then he understood. He moaned, wanting Xander.

Ariel circled them, the staff thumping on the floor in some rhythm that only she understood, but it set Spike’s teeth on edge and his game face came out. He wanted to growl at her, but he was fighting the blasts of arousal caused by the herbs in the smoke.

When the chanting started, Xander whimpered, and Spike’s hand went to his jeans, wrenching them down over his hips. Just had to get the soddin’ pressure off his dick before he exploded. He bucked his hips forward, moaning as he came in contact with his mate. He couldn’t help himself, and he slid inside Xander’s welcoming heat until his balls were snugged against Xander’s ass.
“Hold!”

Spike stilled mid-thrust, his body obeying the compulsion that came from outside his own head.

“Do not move any further until the Ritual is ended.”

He wanted to fight the orders but he found that he couldn’t and ice crept down his spine to settle in his balls. He was helpless in the bitch’s power. If they got out of this, no more magic, ever.

Xander was starting to struggle against the bonds, twisting and shaking. Fear rolled off of him, the scent acrid and strong.

“No, take it away,” he muttered.

Spike groaned. Despite his mate’s obvious terror, the smoke was still stimulating him, and Xander twisting around on his dick wasn’t helping, but instead it was making Spike harder.

He wondered what the smoke was doing to Xander, whether it was affecting his mind the same way it was
affecting Spike’s libido. Ariel’s chanting had slipped into an atonal register that was making his head hurt.

“NO!”

Xander was screaming now, frantically trying to escape whatever it was that he saw. Spike’s tightened his hands around the man’s waist, hoping that some part of Xander would know that Spike was still with him, in the hell that the bitch had sent him to. But then Xander’s screams took on a different tone, pain, excruciating pain.

Then Spike smelled it, something that he hadn’t in years, not since Angelus because he was never stupid enough to play with fire. But the poofy bastard liked it on occasion, liked draining his victims and then while they were still alive enough to know what was happening, he’d light them on fire. The smell of burning human flesh wasn’t something you ever forgot.

Bloody hell. Xander was burning, the smell fighting with the aphrodisiac smoke and making Spike want to spew, caught between opposing forces of lust and revulsion. He cursed his hearing because he could hear the sizzle of flesh.
He looked wildly for Ariel, but she wasn’t touching them. Was still circling with her stick and intoning the fucking ridiculous spell.

The sounds and smells of burning faded, but Xander was still screaming, his throat gone raw again. There was moisture on Spike’s face and he wanted to kiss Xander’s back, to whisper words of comfort to him, but her coercion held him where he was, buried unwillingly in his partner’s ass, waiting for their ordeal to end.

The smoke coiled inside his nose again, heating his blood and his hips twitched. Xander’s wasn’t shrieking anymore, but his voice had died away to incoherent mumbling and another scent rose from his lover’s body, and then Spike knew the smoke was getting to him too, because Xander’s asshole started flexing around Spike’s cock.

“Sex magic . . . one of the most powerful magics of all.”

Her voice was full of dark promises, and Spike couldn’t help himself, he thrust inside Xander, the familiar rhythm taking him over. And Xander pushed back against him, groaning. Spike wrapped his arms around Xander’s waist, shifting him to a better angle and his lover’s cries told
him he’d found the right spot, and he started fucking Xander in earnest, not caring that the skanky bitch was watching them. It was just him and Xander, his lover, and what they did with each other was no one else’s business.

She was still chanting and her words echoed their frantic movements, the hated voice getting faster at the same rate as their uncoordinated writhing. Her spell reached the fever pitch as Spike emptied himself inside Xander with a roar, feeling his lover convulse around him at the same time.

The smoke seemed to clear and Spike pulled out of Xander carefully, not sure what his lover would be feeling at the moment. There was no sign of the witch. He unbuckled the manacles on Xander, feeling as tired as though he’d been wrestling all night. No bloody way he’d leave without Xander though.

Xander’s head was down, and he was drenched in sweat, and Spike wrapped his arms around his lover. They took a step away from the whipping posts and then staggered, falling and rolling in thick grass.

“Bloody hell, what a rude bitch,” Spike grumbled as
Xander landed on top of him.

He pushed Xander off him, realizing that the human was still nude.

“Inconsiderate too.”

But he was grinning and Xander looking up at him was answering his grin.

“Looks like the evil undead and droopy boy will be stuck together for a long time now.”

“Too right, pet. What did she do to you that last?”

He frowned. “Uh, I’m afraid to look. It hurt like a mother fucker, and the rest of it . . . will be giving me nightmares for years to come, and that’s saying a lot, considering where I live and what nasty shit I’ve seen.”

Spike though about asking the boy about what it was, but he shivered, deciding he was better off not knowing. Xander was fucking rugged and if he was freaked . . . well, some things weren’t worth dwelling on.

“Lets have a look then.”
Xander leaned back in the grass, opening his thighs, and Spike growled low in his throat, cause his mate was beautiful, splayed out like that. Not wearing a stitch.

“Giving me ideas, pet.”

But Xander responded by spreading his legs wider.

“Tease.”

“Then you’d better make your little inspection snappy, so we can go home and you can torture me. Uh, gently. And no, don’t even suggest we bump uglies here. That didn’t work out so well last time.”

Spike leered at him, but then peered closely at the mark on Xander’s inner thigh. The tattoo of the spike was still there, but it was raised up on scarred tissue. And it was perfectly healed, so Xander’d endured the burning and the healing all at once.

“You’re marked with my sign. Mine.”

He couldn’t keep the possessive growl out of his voice, and Xander tipped his ass up in answer.
“Are we married, blondie?”

“Close enough. Come on, luv, let’s go home so I can tie you up.”

Spike wanted to get indoors before some other big nasty showed up while Xander was parading around in the altogether.

“And then what?”

“You’ll like it, promise you that.”

“How about giving me a short ride on the clue bus?”

“I’m thinking feathers.”

“Really?”

Part Fifty
“Let's play a game.”

Xander stirred lazily from his sprawl in front of the fire. A storm had moved in from the coast and Xander had built a nice fire as the sun went down.

“What kind of a game?”

Spike pretended to ponder, but Xander’s body relaxed further, nothing too noticeable, unless you knew him very well. But there was a subtle yielding to his body. Spike knew he’d play whatever Spike wanted.

“Let’s pretend that I didn’t get sidetracked by the bloody poof when he tried to give you to me that night. Remember?”

“I remember.”

“Where you a virgin then, pet?” Spiked leered at him.

Xander thought. “Yeah, I guess I was.”

“Mmm, good. I fancy breaking in a virgin lad tonight.”

“Shit, Spike, I haven’t been sixteen for a hundred and
seventy-three years.”

“Pretend, pet.”

Spike made his tone firm enough that Xander would know it wasn’t a request. He kept his smile to himself though, because his lover responded to orders the same way he had for all their years together. Warm human musk drifted on the air, and Xander seemed even more open, his body relaxing further.

“Stand up.”

Oh, yes. His lover liked orders. Xander wasn’t trying to conceal his arousal as he got to his feet. And Spike didn’t try to hide his appreciation.

“Now, pet. Since we can’t drag the broody one out of his grave, you’ll have to play that he’s got his mitts round your neck.”

Xander tilted his head sideways and slouched, hunching his shoulders and drawing into himself. Spike grabbed him, pretending to wrest him away from someone else.

“Hey, wait a minute! You can’t give me away, Deadboy!”
Spike turned him and pressed him against the wall, pulling his arms behind him.

“Mine now, aren’t you, boy?” He sniffed Xander’s hair. “Don’t you smell like a delicious treat.”

Xander struggled against the hold, and Spike was tired of dealing with him. Firm pressure on his carotid artery and the boy slumped in his arms. Perfect. Now to get his prize away before the slutty slayer came round. Angelus was fool if thought Spike wouldn’t smell her all over him.

Hoisting the boy over his shoulders, Spike made his way back to his room in the basement. There was a strong iron bed with some thin blankets and he dropped Xander onto them, working quickly before the boy woke up. Handcuffs went around his wrists and through the headboard.

The boy stirred and groaned just as Spike was about to take his pants off.

“What the hell?”

“You’re a guest of William the Bloody. Freely given to me
by my sire.”

“What?”

“Oh, pet, we’ll have such lovely times together. But let’s get you out of those nasty clothes first, shall we?”

“No! You can’t do this! The Slayer, she’ll come after me.”

Spike ignored him, taking a knife and slicing the boy’s shirt off his body. Two brown nipples winked at him, crinkling in the cold of the basement. He took one in each hand, pinching and rolling them. He smirked as the human froze, his deep brown eyes going wide with shock.

“What are you . . . ? No, you can’t.”

But he wasn’t sounding nearly as sure of himself this time. The vampire stroked down the boy’s belly, resting his fingers at the fastening of his denims. He circled the mortal’s belly button slowly, while the boy protested. When Spike slid the zipper down, the boy kicked out with his feet, but Spike sat on his legs until the jeans were open.
“Naughty pet. I want to see my pressie.”

“I’m not your present. Let me go.” Xander jerked on the cuffs, trying to get his hands free.

“You’re trying my patience. Either you let me take these off, or I tie your legs down and cut them off. Your choice, boy.”

He felt the mortal's confusion and he waited while the boy struggled with his options. He was afraid, but still defiant and Spike admired his courage.

“Take them off,” he muttered finally.

Spike wasted no time leaning over him and working the pants off his new pet’s long legs. He sat back and looked the boy over. His body had sprouted hair, but it wasn’t very thick yet, and his muscles were there, but didn’t have the bulk of a fully grown human male. His prize was young, and smelt of innocence. Spike could see that he’d be a stunning man once he grew into himself. Just Spike’s luck to get to him first. Stupid Angel.

He put his hands on the boy, carefully touching him, exploring his smooth young skin. He watched for
reactions, his nose alert for the scent of arousal, telling him the boy was responding to his touches. The young cock filled, hardening, though Spike had yet to let his fingers wander there. He smiled when the hot flush of shame swept over the human’s tanned skin.

“'s all right, pet. It’s natural, feeling like this. It’s what your body was made to do.”

“Not with you.”

The words were gasped out as Spike found a tender nipple again.

“I know, blood sucking fiend.”

Xander gave him an incredulous look.

“And a guy. Duh.”

“Oh, never thought of that. But you’re about to lose your virginity. That’s every school lad’s dream, yeah?”

“This? Not exactly.”

Spike was amused by the sarcastic tone of voice. The boy
was a mouthy brat, but he had stones, Spike wouldn’t deny that.

He set to work on the human, his hands ruthless, drawing reactions out of the boy, teasing him. He ignored the steadily leaking cock, waiting for Xander to break. But the boy refused to beg him. Spike stood up and stripped his own clothes off, hiding his amusement at the boy’s open stare at his form. He made sure to flex a little, showing off lean muscles, and he felt the eyes locked on him.

He crawled back onto the bed, predatory, eyes full of desire for the human, and the boy’s eyes were full of wonder. Spike settled himself against the warm body, tangling their legs together. He wound his fingers through Xander’s dark silky hair, the strands curling around, clinging to him.

Spike lowered his mouth, lips gently working against the boy’s lush mouth. Xander opened under his urging, and Spike slid his tongue inside the hot cavern. He explored, flowing over blunt human teeth, tracing gums, twining his tongue around Xander’s. He felt the moment of surrender, when the mouth opened wider and the boy let his tongue play with Spike’s. They kissed for long
moments, and Spike was content to stay there, cause, by hell, the mortal knew how to kiss. Deadly good at it, he was.

When Spike pulled back finally, the boy’s lips were slick with spit and his eyes were drowned with black. He body under Spike’s was shaking, trembling, and he gave off a mixture of uncertainty and arousal.

“Please,” he whispered.

“Of course. Let me make it better for you.”

Xander nodded and Spike’s hands became purposeful, heading for their target. He wrapped his hands around the firm young prick, purring as the satiny skin slipped through his hands. Clear liquid dripped from the tip and Spike bent down to kiss the crown, tasting the boy’s essence.

“Delicious, pet.”

He got no response other than a ragged moan and Spike grinned. He picked up the tube of slick and got his fingers thoroughly wet with it.
“Little wider, luv, let me see you.”

The boy did as he was asked, but the embarrassed blush covered him again.

“No shame, you’re beautiful everywhere. Your hole is so tight and perfect, pink and eager.”

The pink color deepened at the praise and Spike kept his joyful laugh to himself, knowing the boy would misinterpret it. But this gift was really the most delectable thing he’d ever seen. He’d make sure to thank Angel . . . and perhaps give details.

His fingers circled the tiny opening, pressing against it, not trying to enter yet, not till Xander was more comfortable with being touched there. The blush faded after a bit, and then the boy’s thighs spread wider. Spike took it as a sign that the mortal was ready for more, so he slowly pushed his finger inside, waiting while the boy got used to having something up his bum.

Xander’s hips began to move, a jerky rhythm, and still Spike waited, letting the boy work himself against Spike’s finger. He was sweating, his tanned skin glowing as he slid further into the web of pleasure Spike was weaving
around him.

“More. Please, I need more.”

He sounded strained and immature, his voice thin. Spike smiled at him and eased another finger inside. And now he worked the boy deliberately, stretching the untried muscles. He got the prostate every few strokes, not enough for the boy to anticipate the contact, but enough the his hips were thrusting against the intrusion eagerly.

Spike worked the cap of the lube with his other hand, getting his prick ready. He stroked the boy’s happy spot a few more times, enough to get him making small pleading sounds, and then he pulled his fingers out.

He nudged his cockhead at the boy’s slick entrance, not pressing inside yet. This position wasn’t the easiest to take a virgin, but Spike wanted to watch the boy as his ass was filled with a throbbing cock for the first time.

“Look at me, Xander.” He waited until deep brown eyes met his. “Wrap you legs around me. You’ve got to help me here, luv. Push down and I’ll slip right in, no bother.”

Xander nodded and Spike braced his knees, taking a firm
grip on the boy’s hips. He moved forward slowly, feeling the boy concentrate on his instructions. It seemed that the ring would never yield, but then it did and Spike was buried balls deep in human warmth.

The boy’s eyes were round with shock, but Spike could tell he wasn’t hurt. He waited, clinging to his patience only because he had so much practice at it, but it was a near thing, because the boy was hot and sweet, and so giving.

“Can’t wait anymore, pet.”

And then they were riding together, rocking in an ancient dance. The boy was so lost in his own pleasure that he didn’t react when Spike let his human mask slip away, nor did he do anything except moan when sharp fangs slipped into his neck. Spike was enfolded in heat, and he felt the connection forming between them. Their cries burst out of them and they came together, falling.

Later, after Spike finished completely ‘deflowering the virgin schoolboy,’ they left the playroom and went to their bedroom, resting in the elaborately carved bed that Spike had ordered forty years before. The storm still battered the house, rain spattering against the windows.
“Do you ever wonder, if you would have taken me from Angel that night, would we still have wound up here? Or would I have been just another Sunnydale statistic?”

“Dunno, luv. I like to think that we were destined for each other and no matter which turn we took, we’d be together.”

Xander kissed the knuckles that were twined with his own. “Who’d of thought it? That I’d fall in love with a vampire . . . and he’d be the most romantic person I’ve ever met.”

Spike mock growled, but they’d had years to understand each other and he knew how much Faith’s brutality and Anya’s clinical approach to sex had hurt his lover, made him feel that he wasn’t worth loving. Spike was perfectly willing to make a fool out of himself for the sake of romancing Xander. He’d romance him forever or until the end of the world, whichever came first. He curled closer to the warmth of his mate.

“It’s a funny old world, innit?”
The End