

Rating: NC-17

Spike/Xander

Many thanks to Camisha for the beta.

Dread of Morning

by

Lady Cat and Wesleygirl

"Shut up," Xander snarled, and shoved his cock into Spike again, watching the way the vampire's hands twisted and clawed at the sheets beneath him. The tight, slick clench around his dick would have been enough, under other circumstances, *normal* circumstances, to make his eyes roll back in his head.

But these weren't normal circumstances -- Xander was pissed off. Spike should have known better.

"You think I wouldn't see the way you were looking at her?" Xander grabbed onto one of Spike's desperate, curled hands and pinned it to the mattress, thrusting harder. He was pretty sure that, if there was such a thing as cheap cotton sheet burn, Spike was going to have it by the time Xander was through with him. "Do you really think

I'm that *stupid*?" He emphasized the word with another brutal thrust that ended with a twist of his hips that made Spike whimper, and *God* did he like that sound.

Another vicious thrust and Spike didn't try to stop the second, third, or fourth whimper that escaped him. Not when it got him pounded so hard he could see the sun through closed eyes.

"Not stupid," he croaked, throat raw from hollering. Xander's hands moved again, hard and hot against his hip and the back of his neck, pinning him down against the bed. It hurt. It *burned*, every part of him on fire. "Don't know what -- " he broke off with a cry as he was impaled so hard something was probably tearing inside him. *Good*. "What you're talking about."

Great, Xander thought, now he's *lying* on top of everything else? He dug his fingers into Spike's flesh even harder, knowing that he couldn't leave bruises that would last longer than half an hour or so. That pissed him off too. "Don't *lie* to me," he hissed in disgust, letting go of Spike's neck so he could grab onto his balls instead, giving a cruel

twist. "Don't you *ever* fucking lie to me, or this is *over*. You hear me?"

Spike whimpered again, the sound even more pitiful this time, his body frozen underneath Xander's. At least he'd learned that much -- not to fight back. "Yeah," he gasped, the word barely above a whisper.

Spike whimpered as his agreement was met with a tight squeeze of his balls. Xander controlled him totally, now, holding him as still as a body getting pounded could hold still. Spike wanted to rage -- *don't know what you're talkin' about, I bloody don't!* -- but the rest of him was too busy getting the fucking of his unlife. Xander possessed him, body and mind. Whatever Xander wanted, Spike would give him.

"Fucking stupid," Xander snarled above him.

He was, too, so stupid to have angered Xander this much. "Yeah," he said again, quivering as he tried to obey. Tried to figure out what 'obeying' might mean.

Xander could feel Spike trembling and backed off, but only enough to change the angle at which he

was forcing his dick into Spike's ass. It was enough to change the tone of Spike's little sounds, too, enough to make it clear that despite everything, Spike was getting off on this.

A rush of emotion swept through Xander, hot and confusing, and he closed his eyes. His breath hitched in his chest as he thrust again and again, rough and careless.

"*Never* do that again," he growled, driving his body forward one more time and then sinking his teeth into the fleshy part of Spike's shoulder as he started to come, wet hot pulses that were more about anger than anything else.

Spike cried out, shaking so hard he nearly vibrated Xander's teeth from his shoulder. "Never," he whimpered. "Never again, I promise." He had no idea what he was promising, and didn't care. Not with Xander coming inside him, clamped down so tight Spike wanted to come from the feel of teeth in his flesh alone. Wanted to, but didn't.

When Xander finished and roughly pulled out, Spike remained where he was -- shaking, hard, belly flat against the mattress.

There was a dull ache in his balls as Xander moved away from Spike and sat down on the side of the bed, dropping his head down into his hands and taking a couple of slow, deep breaths. He wasn't even sure what the fuck had just happened -- well, other than the *actual* fuck that had just happened.

He looked over his shoulder at Spike, who was exactly where he'd left him, and felt a sick, heavy throbbing in the pit of his stomach. Hesitantly, he reached out and rested his hand on Spike's back, not knowing what to say. Not knowing what Spike was thinking, or if the vampire would pull away from his touch.

Spike rolled back into the touch, swallowing down the need to beg. To make some kind of noise of appreciation. He sensed Xander's sudden shift in mood, but didn't know what to do about it. Not after *that*.

Xander stroked once and Spike *did* moan. He couldn't help it. Xander's jealousy demanded a response and this was the only one Spike knew how to give. *Even if I don't know what the hell brought it on.* Blocking out the feel of hot skin against his, Spike ran through his memories of the evening. Meeting, then the Bronze, all of it perfectly normal as far as he could tell. So what

had set him off? *And what can I do to make him let me get off?*

Xander didn't know how he was supposed to be feeling, but ashamed was definitely vying for the lead. He urged Spike into a sitting position with hands that trembled slightly, needing to see the vampire's face.

And then once he *could* see Spike's face, and the need that was written all over it, there was nothing else to do but kiss him, hot and hard and over-eager.

Much better. Spike wrapped his arms around Xander and clung, panting whenever Xander lifted up long enough to grab air. "M'sorry," he murmured, feeling slick skin and damp hair under his fingers. "Won't do it again."

Although, depending on what Xander did next, maybe he would. They'd been fairly gentle with each other up until now, and the violence in Xander's taking had reminded him that there were other things to do than cater to shifting sexuality. The fierce passion Xander had displayed had Spike

harder than he could remember, and all he wanted was more.

For whatever reason, Xander felt the urge to try to apologize, but he couldn't stop kissing Spike long enough to say the words. He ran his hands over Spike's body, touching all the places he loved, much gentler now than he'd been before, but in his desperation still probably rougher than he meant to be.

"I didn't -- " he tried, but gave it up to the taste of Spike's mouth and the clash of teeth against each other. He grabbed onto Spike's thigh and used the grip to drag Spike closer, half onto his lap in an awkward tangled embrace.

Spike struggled just enough to make Xander's fingers tighten and pinch into his body, holding him in place. "Didn't what?" he whispered, grinding himself *down* and *out* against Xander's stomach. "Didn't tell me what's what, hmm? Who I belong to?"

After wracking his brains, he finally knew what'd set Xander off like that. A little raven-haired chit that'd made eyes at him all night, one that Spike

had toyed with for the sheer amusement of it. She'd been nothing, and even she knew it -- but it'd been fun to make eyes and play the part, that's all.

Spike slid his hands into Xander's lap, touching a still-wet cock. "Or should it be what I belong to. Gonna rule me with this, love?"

Xander shuddered and tangled his fingers in Spike's hair, jerked Spike's face back toward his own again, their lips and tongues meeting more fiercely than he'd intended as his mind raced. Spike wanted this. Liked it.

And, despite his confusion, Xander knew he'd liked it too -- while it was happening, at least.

"Is that what you want?" he asked in a low voice that did its best to be seductive, dragging his teeth along the pale column of Spike's throat, tilting the vampire's head for his own convenience as Spike's hands continued to fondle his cock. "You want me to show you?"

"Yesss," Spike hissed, as teeth found sensitive places only lips had grazed before. "Want me to

beg? Say 'yes, please, show me'? 'Prove I'm yours, an' that no one else but you can touch me'?"

His cock jumped with every low word. Hopefully that'd be proof enough for Xander to see he *liked* this. *Wanted* it, and that there was such a thing as good pain during sex. God, he'd forgotten how good it could be, slammed beneath a rutting body, choices vanishing in a haze of heat and control... He wanted that again. He wanted to not have to choose, or worry, just *being* for his lover.

Fuck. Spike didn't just like this, he *loved* it. And Xander seemed to like it just fine too, if his body's reaction to Spike's words and touch were any indication, his cock swelling again as Spike fondled it.

It was like something new had slipped into Spike's touch -- something low, something that crawled on its belly and begged for more. This was a part of Spike he hadn't seen before -- if there'd been hints of it, he'd missed them in his typical oblivious fashion -- and the fact that he could see it now made him shiver with a delicious kind of darkness, dazzled by the possibilities.

"You're *mine*," Xander said, snaking his hand between Spike's thighs and squeezing the slick tip

of his cock, hard. "Don't need to prove it. You don't look at anybody else, you don't even *think* about anybody else. You hear me?"

Spike's head tipped back, the wordless noise he made somehow agreement and supplication and want, all rolled into one. "Never," he promised, hips jerking into the pain Xander gave him. "Promise, only you."

Later, another time, when Xander was gone, Spike was going to do something stupid like dance around the living room in ecstatic joy. Or maybe he'd lie on Xander's bed and touch all the bruises he was going to be given, cherishing each one. For now, he could only think things like *thank you* and *finally, yes* and, most frightening of all, *knew he had it in him*. Spike loved the goodness in Xander, without question. Having that goodness directed at him, White Hat not the least tainted by dark associations, had been half the reason he'd given in to his attraction for Xander in the first place.

But seeing the dark side, even this vanilla of a dark side, he wondered if he'd always guessed that this aspect lay hidden. That with the proper application of casual looks and timed words, he could *provoke* such angry need.

Xander squeezed again, nails digging into sensitive skin to draw Spike's attention back. Spike whimpered, neck straining backward before releasing with a *snap*, chin dropping against his chest. Oh, was he Xander's. At this moment, he was Xander's anything, so long as he was hurt just a little bit more.

"Stand up," Xander ordered, giving one last painful squeeze to Spike's cock before letting go of him entirely.

He watched as Spike stood up, saw the way Spike kept his head down, his eyes on the floor, and he liked what he saw. He let himself remember how he'd felt when Spike had been exchanging glances with that little bitch at the Bronze -- how pissed off he'd been, hot and flushed with anger. How he'd managed to keep it together until they'd gotten home. Then he'd kissed Spike hard, letting the jealousy swell up and take over, dragging Spike into the apartment and tearing off his clothes and just... fucking him.

Spike's cock was bobbing in the air in front of him, reddened and wet at the head. "I ought to leave you like this," Xander told him. "Make you stand here all night."

Spike shivered, cock leaking even harder at the possessive tone. He didn't bother to hide his reaction. "Yes," he said simply.

How far would Xander take it? He wasn't cruel, for all that his inconsideration could sometimes make him seem that way. He wasn't stupid, either. He knew Spike was getting off on it, and that it was *Xander* doing it that was half the excitement. At least, Spike hoped that Xander understood.

There were already enough shadows of Dru and Angelus in his head right now. He wanted Xander to chase them out, sear them with heat and pain. To *show* him, the way the vampire always needed to be shown.

And to do it without losing Xander's heart.

Xander stood up too, walking around behind Spike, looking at the vampire's body. He stepped up close, pressing his front to Spike's back, rubbing his erection against Spike's ass.

Reaching around to touch Spike's cock with the lightest touch possible, Xander spoke into his ear in a low voice. "Or I could just punish you and get it over with."

God, god what Xander could *do* to him. There was Angelus' cruelty, Dru's knowledge of his body, all wrapped up in arms that Spike knew -- *knew* -- weren't going to hurt him except in ways Spike desperately wanted.

He trembled, knees nearly knocking as his cock bobbed, seeking more of the barely-there warmth of Xander's fingers. "Please," he begged. "*Please.*"

"What do you think I should do?" Xander asked, still in that low tone. He traced a fingernail down along Spike's shoulder blade, watching as it scratched a thin pink line into the skin. "Cut you? Hit you? What's the proper punishment for someone who doesn't follow the rules?" He pushed his hips forward and bit the nape of Spike's neck so hard that he almost broke the skin.

Spike's cock jumped, the bite pushing him even closer to an orgasm he'd been denied for too long already. Only strength of will kept him hard and waiting, and he knew that soon that would fail, too. He wasn't going to last long with a dominant

Xander giving him all the fantasies he'd forgotten he'd had.

He debated on asking for a ring, but didn't. He didn't say anything -- just moaned helplessly, even more turned on by the questions he knew he wasn't supposed to answer. This was Xander's show, Xander's control, and all Spike could do was take it.

Xander thought quickly. He didn't want to hurt Spike, not really -- what he wanted was to hurt him just enough, to give the *illusion* of hurting him so that they were both happy.

His jeans were discarded on the floor where he'd dropped them in his earlier haste, and he moved away from Spike to get them, bending over and removing the belt from the loops. He weighed the thick leather in his hands, held it, gave it an experimental *snap* that made Spike quiver. "Bend over," Xander told him.

Spike had tensed when Xander moved away, afraid that the innate goodness in him would rise up and put a stop to his fun before it started. When the

belt had been slid, black and shiny, from the dull-black loops holding it, Spike started panting.

He whimpered at the order, legs shaking so hard he almost toppled over as he stood beside the bed, holding onto his own knees as he bent forward. Shoulders down, back muscles complaining at the unsupported position, his cock *screaming* for release while his ass was bared to the temperature-controlled room, Spike felt fear for the first time that night. "Ring," he croaked.

This *wasn't* Angelus. And if he was going to enjoy this properly, then he was going to need help. Spike cast his gaze up through his lashes, looking appropriately shame-faced and demure. "Please."

His first instinct was to say no, but Xander figured Spike knew better than he did what he could take. If this was about giving Spike something he needed, then he might as well do it right.

"Okay," he said finally, letting the leather slap against his bare leg and watching as Spike quivered again. "Get it. Put it on. Then get back here. No fucking around."

Spike turned around, lowering his head in thanks before *scuttling* to the their toy-chest. It'd been growing steadily from the simple vibrators Anya had left to slightly kinkier toys -- rings, cuffs without silk or fur lining, a dildo definitely not meant for a girl. No whips or floggers, more's the pity, but the belt had looked fine in Xander's hand, skin shining from reflected light.

Slipping the ring on took a bit of doing. He was very hard, and usually a ring would've been placed on long before. He couldn't stop the growl when the leather and metal finally pinched down around the base of his cock, balls separated and bound beneath it.

Hurrying back, Spike kept his head down as he returned to his former position, arse up and out, head bent and lowered, body still shaking. *Come on, Xander, do it. Please.*

Xander slapped the belt hard against his own leg again, watching Spike tremble as he waited, head down, bent over. There were other things Xander wanted to be doing to his ass than hitting it with a belt, but this would do.

No time to hesitate, he told himself, and no point in doing it unless he was going to do it right.

Drawing his arm back, Xander snapped his wrist forward sharply, the sound of the leather hitting Spike's bare skin surprisingly loud in the room.

Spike's head jerked back, air whinnying through his nose like a frightened girl. It *hurt*, leather biting into him with more force than he thought Xander was aware of exerting. This wasn't a warm-up love-tap -- this was the real thing, and Spike felt his buttocks sting where the belt had lanced him.

It was *perfect*. "Please," he begged, so soft it could've been nothing but air. "Prove it."

Hitting Spike the second time wasn't as easy, but Xander made himself do it anyway. If anything, this blow was harder than the first one had been, and Spike's answering flinch made Xander feel worse -- for about a second, until Spike gave another little moan that Xander recognized as the sound he made when he was totally worked up and ready to come.

That made Xander smile, and the next blow came without thought, the snap of his wrist and the sharp *smack** as the leather strap hit Spike's ass

seeming... right, somehow. "You're mine," Xander said.

"Yes."

He felt when Xander finally got it. The little click in his head was echoed in metal tapping metal as Xander crushed the buckle in his fist. The belt whizzed through the air, harder and harder as a rhythm was found, a sense of relaxation traveling through leather and pain deep into Spike's gut. *Yes. This. This is what I need. Give me what I need, Xander.*

He whimpered continuously under the blows, body arched and flushed as if it could still produce sweat. Tears leaked from the corners of his eyes, running saltless into his mouth. "Please," he gasped again when he couldn't count how many blows it'd been, only that he still needed more. "Please!"

"Shut *up*," Xander said, giving the next lick a burst of extra speed. Then, his rhythm lost, he stepped closer and wrapped his hand around Spike's cock, feeling how wet it was, letting the slick fluid coat his fingers as Spike gasped and trembled. "When

I'm done with this, I'm gonna fuck you again," he purred into Spike's ear.

Spike shuddered, hips jerking in anticipation, rubbing his ass backward, seeking Xander's heat. "Yes," he said. He wasn't sure the word was even audible -- he'd shouted and screamed as Xander beat him raw and swollen, his voice lost to the roughness of constant need. "Please."

Somehow, Spike's voice was even sexier like that, all rough and soft, broken.

Broken, and Xander was the one with the power to do that.

Xander backed up and hit Spike again, sharply, hearing the sob it drove from Spike. "Tell me."

Spike shook wildly, clutching his knees to tightly they creaked and ached from the pressure. "Yours," he proclaimed, as loud as he could force himself to sound. He'd shout this from the rooftops if Xander would just hit him again. Make him bleed just a little. "Always yours. Don't look, don't touch anyone but you."

"That's right," Xander said with satisfaction, hitting Spike again and watching as the first trickle of blood tracked a slow path down the back of Spike's thigh. "Think you're going to have any trouble remembering that? Or do you need some more reminders?" He didn't know what he was considering, not really, but he liked how it sounded.

The scent of his own blood hit him like a fist to the gut, knocking out air he didn't need but still gasped after desperately. Did he need any more reminders? No. Not *needed*.

Wanted.

"More," he grated, sobbing helplessly as he was hit again. Making him stand on his own was the cruelest thing Xander had yet done, denying him the comfort of swinging from bonds that would hold his weight. Spike loved him for it. "*Show me.*"

Xander's arm had already taken up the rhythm again, even if he was trying not to see the blood. "Yeah," he said, feeling the blows all the way in his

torso each time the belt connected with Spike's ass. "I'll show you."

Not letting himself think, he hit Spike half a dozen more times as the vampire quivered and sobbed, then dropped the belt to the floor and shoved Spike down onto his hands and knees.

"I'll show you," Xander said again, getting down between Spike's thighs and pushing his own eager dick into the vampire without warning.

He *screamed*, the fire that smoldered on his thighs and buttocks exploding into an inferno as he was breached. No lube, no warning, he was ripped open by a cock that lost familiarity for perceived growth in size. There was a *club* inside him, tearing him into tiny pieces all stamped with an X.

His arms wouldn't support him, shoulders dropping him face-first into the floor. He sobbed, scratching at carpet that scratched back, digging his face in for additional points of pain. He needed to come. God, he *had* to come. Xander had to give him that, allow him to find forgiveness and relief from the pain with liquid bliss. "Please," he wept into synthetic fabric. "Please, Xander, *please*."

Oh, but Xander *liked* the use of his name like that, all wrapped up in pretty words and that desperate begging voice. "*Fuck,*" he growled, pulling out almost all the way and then slamming forward again, feeling the heat of Spike's thighs and ass against his skin. "You're mine, Spike. *Mine.* And don't you *dare* forget it ever again."

Thrusting again, he reached around, felt Spike's cock slide into his hand, felt the ring cool and hard as it rubbed over his pinky finger with each movement. Spike was half-collapsed onto the rug, still sobbing, and Xander was, with sudden, painful clarity, aware that he'd never be so turned on in his life. His fingers fumbled with the cock ring, not sure he'd be able to get it off in the state Spike was in, and even then couldn't resist another surging thrust forward.

Spike hiccupped like a human when his exhale was interrupted by Xander fumbling to release the ring and still slamming into him. Sensation overwhelmed him, pain and pleasure mixing until there was nothing but Xander. "Xander, Xander, Xander," he said, barely aware of how he slurred each repetition drunkenly. "Yours, Xander, always yours. Xander. *Please,* Xander."

He'd been left like this before. Taken to this point of mindless need and adoration and abandoned there unfulfilled, cruel laughter mocking as its owner drifted away. Xander wouldn't do that, would he? Wouldn't leave Spike with nothing but the memory of his broken, bloody body filled to bursting? He wouldn't. Xander loved him ... didn't he?

With one hand holding onto Spike's hip and the other still trying to get the stupid ring off, Xander shoved himself deeper into Spike's willing body, grunting with the effort. "*God* yes," he gasped, the perfection of Spike's body taking away almost all thoughts save one. "Spike. God." And the ring came free, releasing Spike's cock from its tight prison at the same time that Xander started to come.

The ring was gone and Xander was jerking, gasping behind him, filling him -- and Spike let go. If there were punishments for misbehavior, he'd take it later. Right now he was too busy pouring out liquid fire that scalded even as it soothed his insides. He sobbed as he came, mindlessly repeating Xander's name as he came every bit of

himself, emptying it all so Xander could fill it all back up.

Xander leaned over Spike, wrapping his arm around the vampire's waist as the last of the spasms tapered off and taking great shuddering breaths of air. Spike was still sobbing quietly, shivering underneath him. "Shh," he said. "I love you. Spike, it's okay."

He heard Xander's words, understanding that he'd broken no rules. He didn't stop crying, though, tears muffled in his forearms even as he let Xander push and pull him into whatever position he chose.

"Spike..." Helplessly, Xander pulled back, wincing at the sight of Spike's blood on his own thighs. "Come here." He maneuvered Spike up into a sitting position and pulled the vampire close, putting both arms around him. "Shh. It's okay."

Spike almost, wished he would be abandoned the way he always had been before. That would make dealing with this reaction -- inevitable and hated

and needed -- easier. You could hide humiliation no one but you ever witnessed.

Xander wasn't relaxing his grip, though, or making the strained little noises that meant he wanted to be elsewhere. All he did was hold and soothe and verbally search for something to do or say to put a broken Spike back together.

It made Spike feel like a handful of sand, grains slipping through cupped fingers no matter how tightly they were held together.

It made him feel lost.

Spike moved, suddenly, rising up and straddling Xander's lap, pressing bloody, burning thighs to Xander's and burying his face in Xander's chest. Holding on as tightly as he dared.

Xander was startled by Spike's sudden movement, but that didn't stop him from gathering the vampire close and making more soothing noises. "Shh. Okay, I've got you." Spike seemed a lot smaller than usual right then -- usually he seemed sturdy, compact, strong, but in that moment he was just kind of little and vulnerable, and Xander didn't know how much of that was usually hidden and how much he'd brought out of Spike, himself.

Xander ran a hand tentatively through Spike's hair, petting it. "There. It's okay."

Spike laughed, ignoring the wet snuffle in his own voice. "'M not a pup, Xander." Even though sometimes he was, just like sometimes he thought of Xander as 'the boy', because sometimes they were over-eager puppies that needed their noses smacked or their bellies rubbed Ôtil they were calm again.

"Thank you." Sniffing, hating the mucus build up no vampire should have to deal with, Spike hitched himself a little higher and lay his wet cheek against Xander's shoulder. "Stop being a girl, shall I?"

Relieved, Xander smiled against Spike's hair. "Trust me, you could not be any *less* like a girl." He reconsidered. "Unless you stopped wearing nail polish." He rubbed his hand along Spike's back, then stopped moving and just held him. "You okay?"

He nodded. He was, now. As okay as he ever could be, high on pain and sex and comfort. "*Wasn't* flirting with her," he teased gently, his voice still

rough and far too soft. He drew a finger up Xander's chest, toying with the curls there. "Not seriously, Xan, I promise. But if I happen to maybe see a pretty little thing ... " He batted his eyes, knowing Xander would feel lashes against his neck, knowing he didn't *need* the distraction but compelled to do so anyway. "Think you'll take me like this again?"

For just a second or two, Xander felt his hands tighten on Spike's body, right where they were. The thought of it, even imagined, even in jest, made him breathless and sick with jealousy. Then it washed away again, leaving pretty much nothing but a deep kind of exhaustion in its wake. "Maybe," he said. It was the only honest answer he could give.

"Hey."

Spike pushed himself up, careful not to wince as his welts rested hard on Xander's thighs. Looking Xander in the eye required cupping a hand around a bristled jaw and forcing him. "Xander. I'm not cheating on you. Right? All this, that'd just be dying insecure and having it pounded in by

decades of insane partners. But the rest ... I love you, Xander. I don't want anyone but you."

Xander felt his heart stutter when Spike said he loved him. Funny how that kind of made the rest of it unimportant. "Good," he said anyway, still looking into Spike's eyes. "Because I don't want you to have anyone but me." He ran his hand down along Spike's back, and Spike shifted slightly and winced. "God, Spike... I'm sorry. I shouldn't have..."

That, he'd been expecting. Spike snorted, reaching around to grab Xander's hand and press it hard against one of the welts that'd split and bled. It hurt, Xander's skin rough and hot, a ridge of callous digging into the tear. It felt *good*.

"You should have. I *asked* you to, love. Hell, I begged you to. You gave me what I needed and I think you enjoyed the hell out of it, yourself. Doesn't make you a sick fuck, Xander. You didn't do anything I didn't want, didn't force anything on me I wasn't aching for."

Xander tried to pull his hand back, but Spike kept it there, pressed against the skin. "I love you," Xander said. "I don't see how that goes along with liking hurting you."

His wrist ached from being twisted around, but he managed to thread his fingers with Xander's, their linked palms resting sideways on Spike's buttocks. "Because you *weren't* hurting me," he said imploringly. "Not like that. Xan, love, *lover*. You weren't hurting me like that. You never would, think I don't know that? How the hell did you think I could survive -- *ask* you that -- without trusting you?"

The way Spike was pleading with him to understand made Xander relax some. He pulled their linked hands around between them again, slowly so that they could change their grip without letting go.

"I guess I don't get why you'd trust me that much," he admitted. "To do it right, I mean. I can kind of see why you'd want it -- it's a vampire thing -- but I think maybe I'll never *really* get it, you know?" He brought Spike's hand up to his mouth and kissed it. "But I want to give you what

you need." He glanced down sheepishly. "And I really, really don't like you looking at other people."

Deserved a kiss, that did. When Spike finally backed away and allowed Xander to breathe, he was pleased by the glazed eyes and the spots burning rich and red in Xander's cheeks.

"There's no doing it wrong or right, you insecure little git. What mattered was that it was *you*. That you enjoyed it as much as I did." There was more to it, of course. It wasn't 'a vampire thing', or at least, not *primarily* a vampire thing. It was also a show of possession, a show of giving and receiving that cost a lot.

Spike'd always thought the rewards were pretty worth it.

"You do give me what I need," he murmured, settling against Xander's chest again and scattering kisses over whiskers missed by a lazy razor. "I promise I won't look at anybody else, so long as you think about doing this again. Maybe start with spanking?" When Xander's heart started to accelerate, Spike laughed and wiggled, feeling hot skin burn into his. "I can be a *very* bad boy for you, love."

Xander laughed. "Why do I not find that hard to believe?" He pulled Spike upright and kissed him again, even harder and longer this time, letting the confusion drain away in the face of kissing someone he loved. Someone who loved him back, which was... well, pretty incredible, when it came right down to it.

"I could probably be persuaded to spank you, yeah," he admitted, imagining the sting of his palm on that smooth white ass, the pink marks he'd leave behind with each slap, and feeling his dick swell slightly at the thought.

Spike rocked back and forth, ignoring the sting of welts with too much pressure on them, encouraging both the thought and Xander's physical reaction to it. "Reeeally? I think I'll have to work on that. See if I can figure out how to... *persuade* you."

Persuade without crossing the line of Xander's jealousy, something he honestly didn't want to ever do again. No matter how alright the outcome had been, Xander had been genuinely enraged with Spike's kissy-face flirtation.

A bit of possessive, violent taking made Spike sit up and purr like a trained kitty.

Actively enraging his lover -- his *beloved* -- was a different story all together.

Sliding his arms around Xander's neck, Spike ground his half-hard cock into Xander's and kissed him again. Kissing Xander was something Spike could never get enough of, the taste of him, the way he fought without ever wanting to really win. "Love you, Xander."

"Good," Xander said, nipping at Spike's lower lip. He sure as hell wasn't going to complain that Spike was rubbing against him, not when he wasn't anywhere close to being done for the night. He was good for another round or two easy, especially if he let his thoughts wander to how it had felt to have Spike sobbing beneath him...

Jeez, maybe he really *was* a sick fuck.

Of course, he was also a young, horny sick fuck with a lapful of eager vampire who had hands that could do things to him he'd never have imagined three months ago.

Xander turned his attention back to their kiss, rocking his hips so the head of his cock bumped

Spike's. "Do you?" he asked, wanting to hear it again. "Do you love me?"

Spike kissed him, slow and sweet, with his hands in Xander's hair. Toying with the strands, he ran his thumbs over Xander's cheeks, sweeping over not actually smooth skin that heated under every touch. "I love you, Xander."

Another kiss, and then he was moving down Xander's body, pushing him down onto his back so Spike could wander wherever fingers and mouth might take him. Every few moments he murmured another, "love you, Xander," a continual reminder as he gave everything he had to the man underneath him.

Every time Spike hit one of his sensitive spots -- and damned if the vampire didn't know them all -- Xander gasped. Having this kind of attention lavished on him was... mind-blowing. He just lay there and let Spike do anything he wanted, staying as still as he could -- which sometimes wasn't very still, not with the things Spike was doing with his lips and tongue and teeth and...

"God," Xander gasped, his hips flexing. "Spike, please..."

Xander had a sensitive spot right on the juncture of hip and thigh, high up almost in the middle of the branching leg. Spike sucked on it thoughtfully, petting Xander's other leg with a soft, gentle hand. "Want something, love?" he teased.

Xander gargled something that was possibly English. He sounded so turned on, his Xander did. *His Xander*. Spike savored that thought, knowing himself to be a possessive bastard and not feeling the least bit of shame about it. His Xander, but he was Xander's Spike. *I'll give thee mine in exchange for thine*, floated through his mind, a nameless quote he almost murmured aloud.

To prevent that from happening, Spike nuzzled at the base of Xander's cock, licking the skin there. With tiny, nibbling bites he traveled from base to tip, spending a good few moments licking up drops of precome as they formed. "Love me?"

"Yes," Xander said in a strangled voice, shuddering. Spike's mouth was incredible, otherworldly, making him so fucking hard that he

thought he was going to die. Each lick was inflammatory, making him hotter instead of cooler like it should have. "I love you."

It felt like all his skin was so sensitive that he could feel molecules of air moving around. Xander arched his back, making the head of his cock bump Spike's lips, and groaned.

Spike took the head of Xander's cock in his mouth, tenderly laving the red flesh while he rumbled his pleasure. The sound of his voice sent Xander into a gasping, landed-fish impersonation. "Sorry, did you not like it?" he couldn't help but ask.

"Are you trying to *kill* me?" Xander asked, gasping, struggling to a sitting position so that he could grab Spike and kiss him with every bit of the desperation he was feeling. "Love you. *Want* you."

Spike relaxed into the kiss, perfectly content to let Xander be the one making the moves. "Good. Want you too, love. *Always*." More kisses and Spike remembered the need to talk about whisker-burn and how much he wasn't a fan of it.

Wrapping his body around Xander's, Spike bit the lower lip in his mouth just this side of hard.

"What'd you want, Xan? Tell me."

"You," Xander said truthfully, running his hands over every part of Spike's body he could reach. "I don't care. Just want... you."

Spike rested his forehead against Xander's, eyes shut thought his hands stayed busy over warm skin. "Have that," he promise hoarsely. "You have that."

Didn't Xander understand that? He knew Spike was love's bitch -- before they'd gotten together he'd teased Spike about it often enough. Actually... intrigued by a memory he'd dismissed once they *had* gotten together, Spike gathered Xander into his arms and lifted with the sudden displacements he knew rattled Xander. He'd make it up to him, but right now, Spike wanted him to be back on his own bed for this.

Bed was a giant monstrosity of a thing Xander had purchased *before* they'd gotten together. The girls had been joking about it for weeks, but it was only when he and Xander had tumbled into it for the

first time that he'd understood why it was so amusing. Deluxe king-sized mattress as back-supportive as money could buy, it was the headboard that attracted attention. The iron, modern headboard was full of hooks and jabs in its mismatched bars that were perfect for some of the kinkier bondage games. Games Xander had never played before tonight.

Lowering Xander onto the bed, Spike grabbed the bottle of lube under the pillow and kissed his way from foot to head. "Love you," he repeated against Xander's mouth. Then he sat down and tugged Xander onto his lap, his legs straddling either side of his hips, slick fingers already pressing against Xander's body, begging entrance.

First there was a moment of confusion in which Xander wondered why the hell Spike was picking him up when what he *should* be doing was paying some attention to his neglected cock. And then Xander was on the bed and Spike was pulling him close, which was what he really wanted.

Then Spike's fingers had lube... no, wait, then Spike had lube and his fingers were... "God," Xander choked, shifting, not knowing if he was trying to move toward that amazing wet pressure

or trying to get away from it, but Spike was there, and that was what really mattered.

That, and his cock, which was *dying*. "God, Spike..."

"Never really had anyone pray to me before," Spike murmured, nonsense words he didn't pay any attention to.

There were too many distractions: Xander's insides, so tight and hot, fluttering around the finger Spike slipped in, growing accustomed to it. The way Xander's heart beat, loud and fast and making Spike's insides pulse to the same rhythm. The way his chest heaved, mouth wide and wet and startlingly pink as he gasped and babbled at Spike. His knees tight around Spike's thighs, the muscles in his legs trembling so sweetly as he balanced to let Spike touch him.

"You gonna be the first?" One finger was slowly, soooooo slowly becoming two, more of a tease than the taunting words. He wanted to see how far he could push. "Worship me with all the love you've got, Xan? Be my acolyte?"

Xander's hand was on Spike's side, then his shoulder, trying to find something to hold onto as Spike's fingers eased their way inside him so slowly that they threatened to drive him crazy. He was panting, his lower body rocking restlessly, feeling as much of Spike's touch as possible.

He didn't even know what Spike was saying -- his brain couldn't be expected to work under conditions like this, could it? "Yeah," he said anyway. "Yeah. Spike... God, don't stop. I can't..." He whimpered and was barely ashamed of the sound.

He could feel himself stretching to let Spike in, even if it wasn't *letting* so much as not having a choice, two fingers rubbing deep inside him, the tip of Spike's thumb brushing Xander's balls and making him shiver and groan.

Xander was fallen-angel pretty, then, stretched out and wanting, head tipped back to expose the long line of neck slipping into chest, to hips, to legs. One day, Spike was going to *show* him this. How beautiful he was, sheened with sweat and flushed with desire. "Love you," he murmured again, second finger becoming three. They hadn't done this enough for Spike to want to take chances.

He was so *hot* inside, burning Spike's fingers the way his cock burned Spike from the inside out. The heat radiated down through Spike's arm, and his cock -- Spike's cock -- twitched with needy readiness. It wanted *in* there, to return the possessiveness he'd been shown when they'd first arrived home.

But Xander didn't need possessiveness, not the way Spike did. He needed something much gentler, more *equal* -- and Spike would give it to him.

"Lift up more, love," he said, removing his fingers to the tune of Xander's keening. "Shh, come on, let me in, love. Let me -- " He gasped, air vanishing from his throat as Xander lifted and leaned into Spike's guiding hands, letting the head of Spike's cock ease inside.

Oh God, oh God, oh... Xander knew that he was just thinking the words because his lungs were frozen as Spike pushed slowly into him, being gentle, careful, and somehow that just made it all the more incredible. Spike's cock went deep, deeper, and it felt like nothing ever had -- bigger and better.

Xander realized he was clenching his teeth, unconsciously trying to muffle the sounds that were forcing their way out of him now that his lungs were working again. His own dick felt achy and swollen, but he could barely pay it any attention because he was too busy dealing with the fact that Spike's cock was up his ass, filling him, taking him to a place where all that mattered was him and Spike and how their bodies fit together.

He licked his lips, which felt suddenly dry. "Spike..." he panted, needing reassurance.

Spike caught the motion and sucked on first the lower, then the upper lip for Xander, feeling Xander's cock paint wet translucent stripes over his belly as he pressed their chests together. "Got you," he promised. The sound of his own voice -- gravel rough and short -- made his belly shiver. "I've got you, Xander. Love you."

Still kissing, Spike gripped Xander's hips and gently eased him down. He was afraid to move his own body and take things too quickly; they hadn't done this but three or four times, and most of those had Xander in total control. Not this time. Despite the positioning, Xander sitting on Spike's hips, his legs tucked under and tangling with

Spike's, both of them knew that it wasn't Xander driving this. Not this time.

"Easy," he crooned, thumbs relaxing their pressure right before bruises could form. "Slow's you want."

Xander forced his eyes open and looked into Spike's amazingly blue ones. He was still gasping for air, his breath coming in short pants as he tried to adjust to the invasion of his body. He couldn't grasp how they'd gone from one extreme to the other so quickly -- from him being so fucking angry at Spike, to Spike wanting Xander to hurt him, to *this*... Spike's gentle voice encouraging him, telling him he loved him and it was all going to be okay.

He made a sound that had no translation, a desperate gasping moan, and rocked his hips. "Please..." he whispered, begging for more.

When Xander finally slid his way to the bottom, they both shuddered and groaned in reaction. "You feel so good," Spike told Xander's neck. "Feel like fire. *Taste* like fire."

Ignoring his own body's demands to move and the frantic way Xander's eyes rolled, Spike dragged blunted teeth down Xander's neck to find the

nipples that were practically at eye-level with him. Sucking the right one into his mouth, Spike held onto Xander's buttocks, forcing him to stay down and unmoving. This had to be *slow*. Drawn out and languid until Xander needed more.

Spike was holding him still, and Xander needed to *move*. He took a shuddering breath as Spike's mouth settled on one nipple, sucking on it, flicking the tip of his tongue over it again and again until Xander felt his dick get even harder.

But Spike seemed happy not to go any further -- just slid his lips over to Xander's other nipple after a while, toying with it in turn, teeth scraping gently. Xander moaned, tried to move against Spike's restraining hands. He could feel Spike's cock, well-lubed, ease the tiniest bit deeper, and he tipped his head back, eyes closed, and moaned again.

He didn't want to touch himself, not yet, so instead Xander rested his hands on Spike's shoulders, tightening his grip restlessly with each lick of Spike's tongue.

"So perfect," Spike breathed, the growing pain of Xander's hands digging into his skin the last bit of what he'd needed. Xander didn't know that, of course -- poor boy was too busy having his mind swirled around his skull, dribbling over the edges the way ice cream escaped from the cone.

It should've disturbed Spike that he could be so easily read. Xander was in his head, now, and never coming out. And Spike loved him just a little bit more for that; now, even when Xander didn't understand -- he did.

Moving only his hips, Spike began to rock back and forth into Xander's body. Slick, fluttering muscle encased him, rubbing against his length and threatening to burn him into ash at any moment. "Fuck, Xand, you feel so good."

Xander was panting desperately again, lost in the pain and pleasure of having Spike moving inside him. He could feel sweat on his body, cold and hot at the same time, and his own cock felt like it might explode when the head of Spike's dick rubbed over that spot that made him cry out. It had been good before, but never like this, not like all the energy in the room was being drawn into his body, making him quiver and gasp.

"Spike... oh God, don't stop, please, don't stop..."

He thought he might be dying, and he didn't care.

This slow, measured pace that a snail would view with contempt was killing him, but Spike couldn't speed it up. Each gasp and twitch of Xander's body was a burst of light behind his eyes, warming him down to the smallest atom. Each begged word sounded the way church bells used to, when he was human and still loved those trappings -- layered harmonies lifting up something sweet and good inside him until he almost burst from the pressure of it, his ears not holy enough a shell to contain the joy.

"Won't stop, love... can't, god, I can't."

Hearing Spike say that was like a bolt of pure energy through Xander's body -- he gasped and clamped down around Spike's cock. He wanted Spike to throw him down onto the bed and fuck him hard, use his body. To know that Spike wanted him that much too, that it wasn't just a one-sided desperation.

"Please," Xander choked out. "Fuck me."

"Am." Spike's chest was tight, the constriction making it hard for him to remember why he wasn't doing what Xander wanted. Oh, right. He was, just not yet. "Don't feel me inside you, love? Pushing inside so deep?"

That was one of the advantages of this position. You *felt* the depths the way a hard fucking on your belly or back wouldn't always let you experience. Spike wanted Xander to know that. What it was like to feel something more deeply inside you than anything else before.

"Yeah," Xander gasped. "God, it's so..." He didn't even have words for how it felt, so much *more*.

He couldn't stand it, he had to move. Shifting his weight, Xander managed to get a little bit of leverage and meet the next gentle rocking motion of Spike's hips with a downward movement of his own. And he so hadn't been prepared for what even that small change would be like -- he cried out, shaking in Spike's arms, on the verge of coming right then. "No, no..." He didn't want to, not yet. "Stop, Spike, wait."

The heady rush of increased pheromones made *stilling* his hips the last thing Spike wanted to do. He shook as he tried to hold himself steady, one hand pinching the base of Xander's cock. Xander was shaking, bones nearly rattling, and he made low, frustrated sounds of effort in his throat.

"Shhhh, not moving. Calm down, Xander. Calm down."

Trying to take deep breaths, Xander let Spike's soothing voice wash over him. It wasn't a voice he got to hear all that often, and he wasn't sure if he should be admitting, even to himself, how much he liked it.

"Sorry," he said finally when he'd gotten control of himself. He bent his head to kiss Spike gratefully.

Spike chuckled into the kiss. "Sorry you're enjoying riding my cock? Think you've got a funny view of sorry, love."

When Xander's heartbeat steadied, Spike began a slow, steady rocking again. He wasn't really pushing inside so much as *circling*, rubbing every bit of himself against the walls of Xander's body. He didn't let go of Xander's cock, either. He'd

bought a ring in the hopes of convincing Xander to at least try it -- but no. Not for this. There shouldn't be toys or games or *things* to interrupt them. Just two bodies, together.

Xander did his best to keep control of himself this time, although Spike's hand wrapped around the base of his cock definitely helped. And they kept kissing -- deep, hungry kisses that were slow and wet, tongues tasting each other's mouths. He loved it when Spike's tongue flicked against the roof of his mouth -- every time Spike did it, he felt his cock give a little jolt of excitement.

"You're..." He gasped and wrenched his mouth away again. "God, you're so hot. Love this. Love you."

Spike moved his hips just so -- pleased when Xander gasped, eyes wide while his body reacted, cock throbbing hard and needy in his grip. It was hard, so damnably hard, to keep things so quiet. Still as a pool with only the barest hint of ripples across the surface.

"Trying to play who's prettier?" he teased, using it to distract himself from his need to *move*. "Trust me, love. You'll win."

"Yeah," Xander said. He took Spike's face between his hands and kissed him carefully, thoroughly. "I figure I *am* the winner, but more because I'm the one who gets you."

Spike moved in a slightly different way, and Xander made a little sound as his cock twitched in Spike's hand. "Do that again."

"Told you you'd win." Get the last word in. A game they played, trading one-liners until the initial conversation was so muddled and twisted that neither of them remembered what they were talking about.

Spike focused on that, because watching Xander damned near come was making *him* damned near come. And when Xander repeated that noise, the one that was half squeak, half moan... He was the vampire, with superhuman control. He wasn't going to come yet.

"Fine," Xander said, trying to make his voice as close to normal as possible. "I win. You were right." He tightened his ass around Spike's cock, which in addition to making Spike groan had the added benefit of giving himself just the tiniest bit of control back. "Happy now?"

"Let's just say," Spike said in a voice that went high and tight with strain, "it's a good thing I'm not cursed."

Xander did it again, too turned on to grin at the effect it was having on Spike, but wanting to see that unfocused look in Spike's eyes. "You won't break me, you know," he said, sliding a hand down to pinch one of Spike's nipples.

Spike *growled*. Not the lusty, driven sound Xander had made at first, anger and need layered through the want. Spike's growl was inhuman, the snarl of an animal pushed past the breaking point by a lover that knew him far, far too well.

Just another reason Spike loved him.

He kissed Xander onto his back, biting his lip hard enough to draw out a gasp the instant skin touched suede comforter. Vague notions of repositioning Xander's limbs for comfort shattered with Xander's moan. Snarling again, almost slipping into game-face with need, Spike began to fuck: deep, long, punishing strokes.

God yes, this was what Xander wanted -- for Spike to show him how much he wanted him, for Spike to just lose control and fuck him hard. This was like -- like the best thing ever.

Xander didn't even try to meet Spike's thrusts; there was no way he could have. So he just lay there and let Spike fuck him with a force that took his breath away, just closed his eyes and let the feel of his ass being used for Spike's pleasure -- not to mention his own -- drive little whimpers from him with every stroke. He knew if he touched his own cock, which was steadily leaking fluid onto his stomach, he'd come in a second.

Instead, deliberately, he raised his arms above his head in a gesture of clear submission.

Spike wasn't quite far enough gone to miss Xander's slow, deliberate movement. The snap of his eyes would've given it away, though, if he had. Dangerous, wordless noises issued from Spike's mouth, and he knew he was seconds from doing Xander actual damage. Had he forgotten what Spike was? The chip was only an issue between the two of them if there was intent -- roughhousing never provoked it anymore, nor did the occasional training bout. He could *hurt* Xander, here. Only in the best ways, of course, but Xander had never once given any indication he actually wanted to be on the receiving end of the games Spike loved.

He fucked faster, harder -- hard enough to draw more than just the delicious whimpers Xander made with every deep stroke. That pushed him over, and for one exquisite moment, Spike didn't care. He wanted, he was being offered -- and he was taking. Rearing up onto his knees, Spike grabbed Xander's buttocks, using the hold to draw his hips up and over, changing the angle slightly. The other hand circled around Xander's wrists, drawing them together in a vise grip that no human was going to ever struggle free from. And then he started moving faster still.

Xander cried out when Spike grabbed hold of his wrists -- he hadn't been sure Spike would take advantage of what he was offering, and the feel of his wrist bones grinding together just slightly was enough to make his body buck and shudder, instinctively trying to free itself.

Not that he really wanted Spike to let him go, and luckily Spike seemed to know that. Spike's cock started to move in and out of him even faster, threatening to split him open and glancing off his prostate with every stroke, making Xander moan loudly. His position was such that he had no control at all over what was happening.

He loved it.

And God, he was going to come.

Xander was writhing below him, moaning and making the hitching sounds that meant *coming really soon, now*. Golden eyes tracked every twitch and thrash, feral enjoyment of a willingly captured creature making Spike want that much more.

His teeth *ached*. Sweat-damp hair feathered over the place that Spike wanted, blue vein beating hard enough that it threatened to break through the skin unaided. Some vestige of human kept

Spike from leaning down and running his tongue over that place, certain that tongue would quickly give way to razored teeth, and Xander hadn't asked for *that*. Xander had never even asked to see Spike's game-face, that single thoughtful part of him mused.

"Look," he growled, squeezing hands over wrists and rounded muscle tighter to force Xander's attention. "Look at me."

Spike was talking. No talking, no, not... Xander had to force his brain to pay attention, to hear what Spike had said, and then he obeyed. Opened his eyes and looked at Spike, whose own eyes glowed yellow as Xander's dick throbbed, heavy and hot, demanding pretty much all of his attention.

"Yeah," he panted, meeting Spike's gaze.
"Looking."

"Don't stop."

Spike licked his own teeth, tasting need, hints of Xander, and blood when sharp fangs pierced his tongue. Blood. His own, not Xander's, and he needed Xander's. He was a *vampire*. A lover, a

friend, everything a vampire wasn't -- but still a vampire.

Roaring, Spike took Xander's mouth, kissing desperately, and delicately -- so delicately -- sliced the edge of Xander's lower lip. It wasn't a lot. Just a hint of blood, sweet with arousal and something the vampire didn't recognize but still sucked at greedily. Spike recognized it. Tasting it made him explode.

Xander couldn't help it -- when Spike kissed him like that, so carefully and yet somehow with so much *need* in it, he closed his eyes again, tasting what he thought was Spike's blood for a second or two before a razor-sharp tooth opened his own lip and there was the added tinge of his own blood.

And then he came, with Spike's dick buried in his ass and Spike's body shuddering on top of him, his own body practically bent double so that he felt his come shoot against his throat, hot and sticky, and it felt like he was turning inside out. The sound he made was almost inhuman, a desperate wail of ecstasy and completion.

Spike probed the cut with his tongue, searching for even the tiniest trickle of blood to fill him even as his body emptied itself completely. He thrust mindlessly into Xander's body, riding out a wave of bliss that held none of the lassitude of afterglow; Spike wanted. Wanted *Xander*.

Still buried inside Xander's body, Spike released the no longer bleeding lip and began a hunt. Xander's come lay drying on his skin, mixing with sweat, and Spike wanted it. He sought and found every bit, every stray dribble, and licked it clean.

Xander tilted his head back to give Spike easier access to his throat, caring only that it felt good -- *wrong* -- good to have Spike's lips and tongue sucking at his skin. In that moment he would have agreed to anything, *anything* that Spike wanted, and part of him knew that the feeling wouldn't last, and the rest of him knew that he'd regret not having taken advantage of it.

Spike was inside him, in more ways than one.

He wanted to be inside Spike, too.

With a shivering sigh, Xander turned his head to the side, baring the part of his throat that he knew Spike wanted.

Spike didn't stop, over and over laving an area that grew red under his ministrations. Xander was offering something Spike knew he didn't truly want. Something he didn't even understand. Xander was the protector, for all he was often physically rescued. Emotionally, he was the base, the rock others leaned on to get through the day. Spike did it as much as any of the others. Xander *couldn't* understand what he was offering.

Spike ignored it, shaking as he fought to keep the human face he'd returned to after orgasm.

Running his hands over the parts of Spike he could reach, Xander sighed again, thinking that the moment had passed. "It's okay," he said soothingly. "If you needed to... that'd be okay with me." He wasn't sure he wanted to admit that he was curious to know what it would be like, to have Spike feed from him.

Spike stilled. "You're not food."

"Well, if you want to get technical, *part* of me is," Xander said, keeping his voice gentle, not wanting to break whatever spell they seemed to be under. "But... I love you. If there's something you need I can give you, I want to do that." He reconsidered. "Although possibly not in this position."

Spike had learned tai chi, once. He didn't have the patience for mastery, but usually after beating the crap out of something and then shagging something unconscious, he'd worked off enough energy that he could follow the slow, graceful movements. There was a rhythm to tai chi, the slow beat of the earth below and the air all around. Spike found that now, using it to offer him some kind of distraction. Some kind of ground as Xander said words he shouldn't ever say. Not for *this*.

Working free of Xander's body, Spike rolled him onto his belly, soothing him with a hand on his back while he carefully examined Xander's entrance. Xander had been far too close to virginal for such a frenetic taking, and Spike was relieved to see there was no damage. The skin was red and inflamed and he knew that Xander would be sore for several days, but nothing was torn or bleeding, and Xander didn't seem to be in pain.

"Needed what you gave me before," he said softly, stroking the curve of buttock down to where it reddened and stretched. "Needed you to want me, let me love you. But I don't *need* your blood, Xander." He just wanted it with a strength that unnerved him. Distracting himself, he slithered onto his belly and trailed his tongue between stretched cheeks.

When Spike pulled out and rolled him over, Xander relaxed into the mattress with a sigh. He really thought it would have been okay with him if Spike had wanted to bite him -- after all, he was sort of responsible for Spike, right? He was supposed to take care of him.

Spike ran cool hands over Xander's skin soothingly, then moved down and -- Xander tensed as he felt what had to be Spike's tongue licking its way down his ass. He couldn't be -- he wouldn't

Oh God, he could and did. Spike's tongue probed him gently, licking over his sore skin and then directly over his hole, making him twitch.

"Spike..." he said, his voice strangled and high-pitched. Spike did it again, pushing against him with the unbelievably soft tip of his tongue, and Xander moaned.

Spike trailed soft, kitten licks all around the hole without pushing in. He wasn't sure if Xander was up for something like that. He moaned when Xander did, smugly self-satisfied that he'd distracted Xander with something that felt so good. That felt so *nice* -- he knew how good rimming right after an abrasively hard fuck could be. Keeping his tongue heavy with wetness, Spike soothed red skin and waited to see if Xander wanted more.

Xander's hips rocked slightly, pushing his sensitive cock into the soft fabric of the comforter. Spike's tongue felt *amazing* -- was making him half-hard again, which made him whimper because he'd thought he was way past being able to come again tonight and now he wasn't so sure.

It was weird how he could be so sore and still turned on. He kept moaning his appreciation every time Spike's tongue slicked over his hole, shivering slightly.

Spike kneaded buttock and thigh, inhaling the scent of him and Xander mingled together and

Xander's slowly growing arousal. Lifting off enough, Spike nipped the densest part of Xander's buttock, chuckling. "Energizer bunny tonight."

Xander lifted his own head and said good-naturedly, "Hey, it's not my fault. You're the one who had to be all flirty with other people and then drive me out of my mind with the sex." The anger he'd felt earlier was gone now, mellowed into something loose-muscled and full of lassitude.

"And for the record," he added, grinding his cock lazily into the comforter, "You are the best fuck *ever*. And I'm talking many millenniums of ever."

Spike's tongue dipped inside for the smallest of instants. Xander's teasing reassured him, soothing the tension from being asked that -- not because he wanted it, wanted to share *that* with Spike, but because he thought Spike *needed* it? Never happen -- and letting him finally relax into the boneless feeling of being well fucked.

"Better than your cheerleader?" he teased, knowing full well that the most those two had done was some heavy groping and frottage. "Bet she's a

firecracker in the sack." He pressed inside again, lingering a fraction longer.

"She's not even in the same league," Xander said. Or tried to say -- around the time he was saying 'league,' Spike's tongue slipped inside him, and the word tapered off in something that sounded more like "lea-gaaaaaaah." He shivered and clutched a handful of the comforter, panting. "Do that again. Please."

Spike smirked, knowing he wore his evil like a mask but enjoying the feel of it against the skin, if only for a moment. "Do what?"

Xander tilted his hips, lifting his ass up off the bed. "That. Thing. With the... and the... God, Spike, please."

"Look kinda uncomfortable, pet." Running his hands over Xander's hips, Spike slid them neatly around to explore between. "Very uncomfortable. What's this, four tonight?" He tugged lightly,

chuckling when Xander let out a pained moan.
"Ask me nice, love."

"I thought saying please *was* asking nicely," Xander said, gritting his teeth as Spike played with his cock and balls, squirming. He realized instantly that he was desperate enough to beg if that was what it took. "Please, Spike, do that thing again with your tongue. Please?"

Taking pity, Spike leaned down to lick from balls to back twice, then pressed his tongue nearly halfway inside and wiggled it. "What, this?"

"Gah. Yes." Xander gasped for air, his cock a mindless, helpless ache. "More. Please."

Spike did it again, lingering longer this time, and Xander's hips twitched, his cock shooting a hot jolt of precome that wet the tip and made him groan.

Spike pushed one of Xander's thighs wide with his elbow, forearm holding Xander off the bed, while his fingers were busy playing with the precome Xander kept offering with long groans. He'd never

done *this* with Xander, either. He'd been too busy playing the good little boyfriend, telling himself he was content with the mostly vanilla sex Xander preferred.

Well, he *had* been content. Bottoming for Xander, even thinking about it, made his own cock rise and start telling him how much he wanted that sweet, filling burn inside him. But now that he'd done more, Spike wasn't going back.

"Very polite," he praised, rewarding Xander with a squeeze around his cock and a tongue pressed as far inside as possible.

Xander shook in Spike's grip, his dick hardening to what felt like steel or something else much too hard to be flesh as Spike's tongue forced its way deep inside him, filling him with a heady sense of pressure that seemed like it didn't belong, somehow. Not that he was complaining.

"Spike, God please, I want, need..." He was losing it, babbling, with Spike's tongue soft and wet in his ass and Spike's hand on his aching erection.

Hand and tongue moved in tandem, sometimes fast and hard, sometimes achingly sweet and slow.

"What d'you need, love?" Spike asked when he paused once to rest his jaw. Breathing wasn't an issue, but forcing his jaw out of socket still was.

"You." Xander laughed, high and rather hysterical, the edges of his vision hypnotizing him with red sparks that made him wonder, also rather hysterically, if he was having some kind of aneurysm. Spike's tongue slipped into him again, oh so wet, and one of Spike's fingers traced a slick line the length of his cock, from tip to base to balls to the strip of skin just behind, and Xander moaned again. "Please, Spike... need you."

A thought. Spike didn't have them often, and this one wasn't leaving him be. It was making him do things like measure the length of his arms and the relative length of Xander from neck to crotch. It was *distracting* him from seeing to Xander. He didn't like that at all.

"Love you," he lifted up long enough to murmur, placing sucking wet kisses on the small of Xander's back. The skin was so fine there, dipped away from elements and time. Still working Xander's dick with slow, hard little tugs, he pushed Xander into a kneeling position, head down still by the bed, and

slid his right arm out from under Xander and stretched it along the bed. It nearly didn't reach, but some rearranging let him get it over the final inches -- so his wrist was in front of Xander's mouth. "Bite. S'what you want."

Xander blinked dumbly at Spike's wrist for what felt like a really long minute, wondering what the hell had given Spike that idea when actually it was the other way around. He lowered his mouth the required couple of inches to kiss the pale skin with gentle lips, then mouthed it softly, imagining using his teeth on it to see if that was what he really wanted and maybe he just didn't know it.

"I don't..." he hesitated, Spike's other hand on his cock making him suck in a breath. "Are you sure? I mean... how do you know?"

"Trust me, love." He traced a line from top to bottom again, swirling around Xander's hole, still stroking. Always stroking, making sure Xander's arousal stayed high. "This is what you want. Wanted to feel part of it, before, didn't you? When you offered me? That's all this is, love."

Except this way, Xander wouldn't get hurt. No ugly scars on his skin, and not a single chance that Spike would take more than he should.

Spike's tongue flickered over him again unexpectedly and Xander gasped. "Yes," he said automatically, then realized he had no idea what he'd just agreed to. He felt driven by Spike's tongue as it stabbed into him, and he whimpered, not knowing what to do.

Spike left his arm where it was, focusing on working Xander back into a frenzy. His tongue ached, protesting each flick and delve as he found each nerve and teased them nearly individually. Xander was clenching around him, muscles growing ever tighter as the cock laying against his palm grew hotter and heavier.

Xander whimpered again, rocking his weight from one knee to the other, gasping in short breaths of air that were starting to sound more like sobs than anything else. His arousal evened out, and just when he thought he was going to come it stuttered to a higher level, making him cry out eagerly.

"Spike, I can't... God, yes, yes..." And discovered that Spike *did* know what he needed when, as orgasm slammed through him, he bit down hard on Spike's wrist, breaking the skin and tasting bittersweet blood on his tongue.

Spike moaned like a virgin when he was bit, high and nervous and so amazingly turned on that he couldn't control his shivering body. The pain was nothing against the feel of slick enamel slicing into his skin, forcing blood to the surface to bead along his skin. And when Xander started *sucking*, still jerking and mindless as he came

Spike groaned again, rubbing himself hard against the bed as orgasm overtook him.

Xander shivered, boneless and sated on a level so deep that he had no choice but to release Spike's wrist and collapse forward onto the mattress, still making those gasped, sobbing noises. He turned, shifted himself, curled around Spike and ran a hand through the vampire's hair as Spike rode out the last of his orgasm.

He took Spike's wrist in his hand and brought it to his mouth again, licking the small wound he'd made with gentle flicks of his tongue.

Spike knew he sounded like a locomotive, gouting huge plumes of black smoke into Xander's chest as he tried to find center. It was hard. Coming like that, Xander still cradling his wrist to lick the wound dry -- he shuddered, body trying to produce more come to ejaculate when there was truly nothing to be had.

"Love you," he prayed, the words a gift of himself to Xander. "Oh, Christ, I love you, Xander."

The words settled into Xander's chest and warmed him in a way nothing had for a very long time. He cradled Spike closer, their legs tangled together, both of them sticky and spent. "I love you," he breathed over the torn skin of Spike's wrist. "God, Spike... never leave. Promise me."

His fingers tightened around Xander's biceps, hard enough that there'd be faint shadows of bruises there later. "I don't leave," he promised hoarsely.

"Not once in a hundred a' fifty years have I left, and that's gonna be true until the day I'm ashes."

Finding energy from somewhere, Spike shifted so his forehead pressed against Xander's sweaty one, noses brushing underneath one distortedly huge brown eye. "Never leavin' you."

That was good enough for Xander, who in that moment cared for nothing but the reassuring solidity of Spike's body against his. He tilted his head and kissed Spike with the taste of blood still in his mouth, their lips parting, tongues brushing over each other wetly.

His body felt heavy, exhausted, and he was sore in ways he knew would linger for days even though every twinge and ache would make him smile. "Mmph. Sleepy," he murmured against Spike's mouth. His hand skated down along Spike's back and cupped his ass possessively. "You?"

Spike's eyes closed for a moment, body arching back against Xander's hold -- hard, and possessive, and unyielding. After so long, the poet didn't need words for his answers, finding them

instead in the language of touch. Xander had given him everything, and his body knew it.

"Sleep." Strands of hair parted against his fingers, the warm heat of Xander's body reassuring against his own. Stroking the back of Xander's head and neck, Spike kissed his eyes shut. "Sleep for me, love."

Xander buried his face in Spike's neck and took a deep breath, inhaling Spike's scent as he held Spike to him tightly, then he gradually loosened his grip and sighed happily. "Love you, Spike." Sleep was pulling at him, but even as he felt himself drifting off, his hands were stroking very slowly over Spike's skin, not wanting to give that up even in if he wasn't awake.

"Love you," he whispered again.

Xander slept.

Spike waited until Xander's breath was blooming warm and even against his skin. Much as he wanted to stay there, unmoving, he knew he'd better not. Their naked bodies were tangled on top of a bed covered in their release, and Xander always grew chilled if there wasn't at least a sheet

over him. Slowly, carefully, he eased out from under Xander's hold.

Xander immediately frowned and made an unhappy noise.

"Shh. Just a tick, pet."

Tugging down the edge of the blankets, Spike quickly shifted Xander underneath. Stripping off the brown comforter -- a housewarming gift from Willow, and it would have to be dry cleaned before the witchlet came over again -- Spike slithered back to his confused lover and tucked his body into searching arms. "See? All better now."

Xander gave a mighty *harrumph* and settled down into his night rhythms. Shaking his head and trying not to laugh, Spike pressed his mouth against damp locks of hair and finally let himself sleep.

The End