


*Disclaimer: It may come as a surprise but I'm not Joss Whedon or Mutant Enemy and therefore I do not own Spike or any of his many shagging and verbal sparring partners. I weep for the injustice of it all and play with these characters in the fiction I write because this is pretty much all the fun I have.*

Beta'd by  [kitty\\_poker1](#)

For  [txrabbit](#) who asked in early December for Christmas/holiday fic. I really hope this doesn't suck.

*It's Baby!Vamp!Xander with a pinch of Spander for flavour.*

## **Dying Was Worth It**

by

[Eyezrthewindows](#)

*One day you won't have someone to protect you and you'll wake up dead.*

How can you wake up dead, you might be wondering?

Simple, really.

Xander knew there was something wrong when he woke up in a strange place with no heartbeat. The lack of heartbeat had been only the beginning. There were face lumps and long, sharp teeth...craving for a fine red vintage from beautiful young virgins. Or something.

He'd never thought this would happen to him. He'd always assumed that Buffy or Willow or Giles or *someone* would be there to keep bad things from happening.

But they hadn't been.

He'd been out by himself, strolling around trying to clear his head because he'd been dumped by Anya before he could actually dump *her* and then BAM! Something had hit him over the head and...well, he'd woken up dead.

He'd woken up dead in Spike's crypt, of all places.

"I'm dead," he murmured, testing the flavour of the word, the situation, with his new senses. He could feel his fangs when his tongue formed the words.

It was a strange feeling he'd have to get used to, he

reasoned.

He *was* a vampire, after all.

God, he *was* a *vampire*.

He'd never thought he'd see the day but here it was.

*He* was a vampire.

It was beyond a shock. He was stupefied at this new development.

Really, besides the keen new senses, not having to breathe, heart unbeating and still in his chest, there wasn't anything different about being a vampire. Of course, he had a *new face* to contend with but he didn't feel like anything but himself.

Weird.

He'd thought it would feel...empowering or something.

He just felt like regular old Xander.

Where the hell were the superhero parts? Wasn't he

supposed to feel all superior? Want to take on the Slayer? The world? Go hunt Anya down and kill her along with the rest of his friends and family?

He reached up, examining the new planes of his face with a shaking hand. He blinked and then sighed.

"I'm a vampire," he said to himself, cementing the idea in his mind. "A *freaking* vampire."

Buffy was going to kill him.

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Xander had grown bored sitting on Spike's bed examining how and when his life had gone wrong. He pushed himself off the bed and explored Spike's domain. It was messy, it was smelly, it was gross.

It was the epitome of the blond bastard. Only Spike didn't so much smell bad as...well, he smelled *really good*, actually.

Xander groaned and hurried up the rickety old ladder leading to the main floor of the crypt. After making sure

no one was up there, he crawled out of the hole and started toward the door. He wanted to get the hell out of there, maybe get a bite to eat.

Not that he knew *how* to get a bite.

Damn his newness as a vampire!

As he reached the door, it banged open and ricocheted off his nose. He yelped, grabbed the offended piece of anatomy and fell on his ass.

He looked up through facial ridges and fingers, glaring at the blond vampire who was smirking down at him.

"Well, well, well, you're up early. Should've figured you'd be an early riser. How's it feel to be what you hate most in the world?" Spike puffed on a cigarette, pinching the white cylinder between two fingers of one hand and holding a paper bag in the other.

Xander wiggled his nose a little, grimacing as he straightened it forcibly with his hands. It bled; he licked the blood that dripped down his face. Not bad. "I don't know, Spike. I don't know much about vampires but I don't really hate them anymore. I don't think I can, really,

since I *am* one. And that leads me to the question: who the hell turned me? Oh, and how long have I been down here? And: *why* am I here in your crypt and your bed? Is that blood? I'm *really* hungry. I mean, I'm eating my own nose blood here!"

Spike rolled his eyes, tossed his cigarette carelessly to the floor to grind it beneath a booted foot and sauntered across the room, leaving Xander to his pain and misery on the dirty rug. "No, it's not blood. You're not going to live on that animal crap you lot made me suffer through. It's going to be hot and piping from the source, pet. As for the other things? I put you here because it was the one place least likely to be searched in case anyone missed you. You've been here for about a day. You're lucky no one's come in here looking for me to do something about a demon. As for your sire? You're looking at him."

Xander nibbled his bottom lip, then stood up and shut the door Spike had neglected to close. He turned to Spike and pointed an accusing finger at him. "*You* sired me?"

Spike scoffed. "You make that sound like an insult. You should be only too glad I'm your sire, boy! Could've got someone sadistic like Angelus and there'd be no fun in

your immortal life, then. Believe me."

Xander's eyes widened as he realised the full extent of what had happened to him. "You turned me! You turned me on *Christmas Eve*! I missed *Christmas*, you bastard!"

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"Now, the trick to getting your prey is simple. You have to sneak in and take them without them ever knowing you're there. So, that might be a bit difficult for a clumsy little sod like you, boy. Might take some practice before you get it right."

Xander growled, vampire face returning for the first time since he'd been able to subdue it. "Funny, oh great sire of mine."

Spike grinned, fangs glistening in the moonlight. "You ready for this?"

The brunet sighed. "As I'll ever be."

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"Bloody hell, Xander, you're a messy eater! You got blood all over your face! That's what's bad about not having a reflection...can't tell if you have shit all over you or not. Going to have to help you with that," Spike said, closing in on Xander and pushing the dead body the boy had just drained to the ground.

"What? Crap."

"Just hold still, pet."

Spike drew closer and Xander's yellow eyes widened as Spike began to lick his face clean of the blood.

"Ummm...Spike? What are you doing?"

"Cleaning you up. Can't have all this lovely blood go to waste. You taste good."

"Uh..okay..." Xander trailed off, swallowing hard as the long licks Spike treated him to began to cause his body to respond in a very unexpected way.

Spike chuckled and suddenly plastered his body to Xander's. He continued to lick him and straddled a thigh,



pressing them together. He rotated his hips.

Xander groaned, latched onto Spike's hips and allowed his sire to continue what he was doing. He was a damn vampire, after all, and the blood had made him horny.

Sex was sex.

And, Christ, Spike knew how to hump with the best of them. He had Xander writhing against the cold brick wall and cumming in his pants harder than he had when he'd been with Anya and her hundred-and-one sex toys.

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"Spike, what happened to your chip? I thought you couldn't kill anymore and, well, you killed *me*. And that girl back there."

Spike smoked, eyes slitted as he peered through the gray wisps curling up from the butt of his cigarette. "Just fizzled out one night. Hurt like hell when it did. Didn't know what the bugging fuck was going on at the time. Felt worse than any jolt I'd got from it before. But I knew it wasn't me because I was just walking along minding me

own business, not even thinking bad thoughts about humans or anything. And when I regained consciousness I got up and stumbled into a club to get drunk. Lots of humans about, so I thought I'd swindle a few out of their dosh playing billiards. Couple of beefy guys weren't too keen on me beating their asses so they threatened to beat mine. I got pissed, took a swing and it didn't hurt. The chip was gone and I could finally live my life how a vampire should. I left the club, waited for those two gits to come out and then I pummeled 'em for a bit and drained 'em afterward. That was, oh, a couple weeks ago."

"Huh." Xander scratched his head. "So, you've what? Been laying low since then so you can...what exactly?"

"Got me a plan, don't I?"

When Spike didn't continue, Xander rolled his eyes and prodded him. "...yeah?"

Spike tossed his cigarette into the gutter. "Like I'm gonna tell *you* anything, ponce. You're a baby, you don't need to know shit. All you do is follow me and do what I say."

"Spike," he whined.

"You're not going to shut your gob about this until I spill, are you?"

"Nope," Xander grinned proudly.

Spike sighed.

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Xander knocked on Giles' door, nervously twisting the tail of his shirt in one hand.

Spike rolled his eyes. "Quit being so jumpy. They're gonna know something's up if you don't calm down, you stupid twat."

He glared at the other vampire and was about to make some scathing, intelligent, profound...okay, he wasn't about to say anything like that at all. Giles opened the front door, staring down at a book he'd been reading and not paying them the slightest bit of attention.

"Hey, G-man."

"Come in, Xander." Giles finally looked up. He sighed.  
"And Spike."

Xander smiled brightly.

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"I can't believe they didn't even notice that I'm a vampire!" Xander hissed.

The door shut behind them and Spike smacked him on the back of the head, hard enough to send him tumbling into a bush on the way out of the courtyard.

"You are *such* a disappointment. I should've picked the little witch. Bet *she'd* be a goer."

Xander held his head, eyes growing suspiciously wet. "I can't help it! I'm not a blood-thirsty killer, Spike! When I saw them all in there doing research like always...well, I couldn't do it. Why kill needlessly? There's plenty of people who deserve it, you know. They can't help how they are. They're just...preoccupied with stuff..."

Spike growled and walked back toward his crypt.

Xander's lower lip trembled and he hurried after him.  
"Spike!"

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"I need to get out of this sodding town, that's what I need to do," Spike grumbled to himself as he tore through his crypt and leapt down to the lower level. He grabbed a bag and began stuffing things he couldn't live without inside it. He'd already pushed a large trunk toward the door in readiness to be shoved into the trunk of his car later.

Xander followed timidly, eyes widening as he noticed what his sire was doing. "Spike? Y-you're gonna leave me?"

Spike stopped what he was doing and abruptly sat down on his bed, dropping his head into his hands. "I think I need to get out of this festering scab of a town. Been here too long. Said if I ever got the chip out I was gonna kill you lot but it's not working out that way. At least you didn't give us up to your little pals. For that we can both be grateful. They'd've dusted me and shoved a soul up

your ass quicker'n either of us could've slipped a fang in 'em."

Xander frowned, scuffing his shoe on the floor.

Spike sighed. "Wanna head back to your parents' place and get some stuff to take with you?"

His eyes shot up to Spike's. The other vampire watched him avidly, not angry, just a little put out that his plans had failed.

But Spike should've been used to that by now.

"Really?"

"Know I'm gonna regret this but...yeah, why the hell not?"

Xander's grin was brilliant and Spike had little warning before the younger vampire was throwing himself across the room and leaping on Spike.

"Oof!"

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"I have to be *invited* into my own house?"

Spike smirked from inside the basement, eyebrows raised with amusement as he watched the boy lean on the invisible barrier, occasionally pushing at it with disbelief. "Just how it works. Ought to go to the front door and ask your great sot of a father to let you in. Tell 'im you forgot your key or something."

Xander's face froze, then a malignant grin graced his lips. "Yes, I can do that."

He nearly stumbled over all of their bags and the huge trunk in his haste to get to the front door.

Spike's eyes narrowed.

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"Well, *that* was bloody unexpected. Can't kill your little slaying pals but you can splatter the walls with your parents' blood and entrails, eh? You were particularly brutal on your old da there. Why's that, exactly?" The proud tone in Spike's voice was more than worth the

mess Xander had made.

Xander washed his hands. He grinned slightly. "Well, Willow and everyone were more of a family than Jessica and Tony Harris ever were. And, I figured I should make it up to you somehow. I spoiled your night and everything..."

"Oh, pet, you *more* than made up for my crap evening. Now, c'mere and give us a kiss."

Xander wiped his hands off on a dish towel, leaving a red stain. He turned to Spike, raised an eyebrow of his own and slinked to the older vampire.

They kissed against the wall Xander had painted with his parents' blood but neither cared when the mess smudged over their skin, left marks on their clothes.

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Spike panted as he eased himself inside Xander's tight ass. He groaned as the boy tightened his inner muscles around him, cursing aloud when he nearly came.



"You little bastard. *Stop* that."

Xander grinned up at his sire and did it again, enjoying the expression of pure pleasure that raced across the other vampire's face before frustrated indignation followed. "I *like* doing that."

Spike thrust forward hard, wiping the smug look from his childe's face. He grinned and raised Xander's legs higher over his shoulders, spreading the thighs wider so he could push in deeper.

"God, you're so bloody tight."

"And you're so damned big. *Fuck*, Spike."

Spike fucked Xander in Tony and Jessica's bed, making it squeak and bang against the wall rhythmically.

Xander lost control and came all over their cheap sheets.

Spike came inside Xander's ass with a roar, head thrown back, eyes shut against the pleasure of his climax.

He collapsed on the boy once he was finished, taking no notice of the puddle of cum he landed in.

Xander wheezed. "Get off me."

Spike grumbled about him having to get used to the fact that he didn't have to breathe but moved to lie face down on the bed. "You certainly showed a lot of initiative."

"Huh?"

"You were bloody gagging for it, pet," Spike mumbled into the pillow he'd dropped his face onto.

Xander laughed. "Well, duh."

Spike turned to look at him. "What do you mean, 'duh'?"

Xander rolled his eyes and rubbed the cum on his stomach into his pubic hair. "I like guys."

"You're a ruddy vampire, Xander, you like *anything* now. What won't kill you you'll fuck. If you're desperate enough."

"No, when I was still alive. I liked guys. I just didn't actually do it with any. Really wanted to, though. Didn't

have the guts. Thought it was fruity and unmanly and all that shit. That's what's so great about being a vampire. It's like I'm free."

Spike flipped over and sighed. "Know what you mean. Bloody wonderful being immortal and fancy free."

"So, when are we leaving?"

"Go pack your shit. We'll steal your da's car and be on our way."

Xander leapt out of bed and ran downstairs. Spike tucked his hands behind his head, bemused by the boy's seemingly boundless energy over the most mundane things.

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A quick shared shower involving an equally quick mutual hand-job followed, then they were on their way.

They loaded up the car with their things, some valuables and cash the Harrises had lying around, and some snacks stolen from the Harris cupboards.

They argued about the music, about Spike's really shitty driving, about Xander's incessant prattling, about where they were going.

Spike pulled over and fucked Xander until the boy couldn't speak, couldn't think. Then Spike did whatever else he wanted while the younger vampire was too dazed to care.

Spike drove until nearly sunrise and stopped at the first hotel he found. He got a room, made Xander blow him and then forced the boy to jerk himself off while he watched.

They slept.

Near sunset, Xander and Spike were dressed and ready to be on their way again when Xander sighed, looked at Spike and said, "Even though I missed Christmas and everyone forgot about me...well, it wasn't a bad holiday. Actually, it was better than any I've had recently."

Spike felt unaccountably warmed by that and shrugged, uncomfortable with the show of gratitude. "Yeah, well, maybe I didn't make the wrong choice on who to turn

and bring with me."

Xander's smile was brighter than the sun.

Spike rolled his eyes and cuffed the boy gently under his chin, then grabbed his bag and gestured for Xander to get his own. "Well? C'mon, we've not got all night. Got places to go, people to kill, new vampires to fuck..."

Xander would've flushed had he been able and crawled into the car. He didn't even complain about Spike's driving or the crap music the other vampire was forcing him to listen to.

For the first time in his life, Xander felt as if he belonged.

Dying had *so* been worth it.

**Here Endeth the Story**