

*Pairing: Xander/Spike*

*Chapter: 1/6*

*Chapter Rating: PG*

*Story Rating: Light R*

*Warnings: Smut, and mentions of Xander/Jesse*

*Summary: Xander gets turned into a dog by an annoyed demon. Spike reluctantly takes him in.*

*Disclaimer: Nothing in this story belongs to me. I'm just playing with other people's toys.*

# **Exceptions To Geometry**

**by**

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## **Part One**

Xander was a dog. Of course he was.

Of course.

Because what happens when human stupidity collides with demonic magic? Bad things. That's right, Xander, repeat that. *Bad. Things.*

"*Rrr-Woof.*" Right. Exactly.

Depression settling deep into his now wooly shoulders, he let out a huff of exhaustion as he butted his black nose against the tin trashcan outside the Harris abode. It toppled, spilling beer cans and half-empty bags of chips over the sidewalk. He swore he threw out a whole bag of Bugles two days ago, because Spike was over and decided to 'accidentally' spill about half a cup of pig's blood into the bag. It had grossed him out beyond comprehension then, but now? Now Bugles and cold pig's blood sounded *amazing*.

That would be the hyena talking. Okay, a little of the hyena, a little of the German Shepherd. What German Shepherd, you ask? Why, only the largest, mangiest, black-and-blotchiest of them all. Really, if he was gonna be a dog, did he have to be something that looked like it was half-starved, half-rabid, all inbred?

Actually, that was how he normally looked, wasn't it?

He snuffed at the ground, searching for the scent of blood. Nothing. Not cool. His stomach growled low and suffering, and he found a bag of chips that had some crumbs at the bottom. He'd been like this for two days, and though he wasn't expecting his parents to care, he definitely wondered why no one's dropped by to check up on him. After his and Anya's more recent break-up ("If you don't get a better job, you can't move out of your smelly basement, and I do not wish to smell your basement while having orgasms anymore."), [Wills](#) and Tara had made a point of stopping by every once in a while. But their cuddling had made him feel like a third wheel in his own basement, and they realized that pretty quick. So instead, they sent over Spike to drink his beer and watch *Passions* on his TV.

Which was, actually, just what he needed.

But after two days of not eating anything but half a pop-tart some little boy tried to lure him home with, he was getting tired of waiting for somebody to come rescue his ass. After all, he did get into this mess all on his own. He'd seen that demon coming out of the cemetery and thought it was an ordinary fledge until he got close enough to see it had paws instead of hands, and no fangs. Of course, once he got that close he was already

two and a half feet tall and craving raw steak.

What happens when Xander the Dumb decides to charge an unknown demon without back-up?

Say it with me, friends. *Bad. Things.*

Whimpering a little, he shook the potato chip bag off his head and padded backward, only to leap back to the sidewalk as a car swerved past. Second time today. Not cool. Padding back toward the house, he curled up in the driveway and prayed his stupid drunk of a father wouldn't decide to run him over before he could at least get one good bite in.

Speak of the devil...

The screen door moaned and snapped wide open as the ever-lovin' Anthony Harris nearly kicked through it, then shuttered to a close behind him. He was carrying a box.

*Oh Crap...* He sat up with a short growl, watching as he tossed clothes, shoes, knickknacks; everything he owned. All over the lawn. All the books he never gave back to Giles, all the pictures Willow had given him to save. The backpack filled with stakes and arrows for the crossbow.

All the videos. Oh, *Shit*, the videos...

Sliding back through the screen, his father picked up another box. His head drooped between his paws. God, fuck, shit. The rent was past due, and he wasn't there to make good on it. Of course. Today is the perfect day to become homeless. With another low whimper, he closed his eyes and curled his tail between his legs. This just got better and better.

"Nice yard-sale!" A familiar accent called, getting closer as it crossed the street with a familiar swagger of leather and heavy steps. Even more familiar was the added "... Tossler", but he'd never heard it whispered that way before. Then again, his hearing had... improved in the last couple days.

He perked up, jerking awake. Spike. God, Thank God, *Spike!* Spike, who may not be his bestest pal, but still has to go see Giles sometime, for blood at the very least. And if he can get his attention-

"Fifty bucks, and it's all yours." His father smirked, dropping the second box to the ground with a loud smash. Wincing, he had to growl. There went his CDs.

But, to his surprise, Spike went along with it. “Bargain.” He smiled innocently, almost managing to look human. “Why ya gettin’ rid of it all, then, mate?”

His father rolled his eyes. “S’my kid’s stuff. He’s a fucking waste of space. Rent’s past due, so I’m within my rights.”

A low growl burbled through the air, almost inaudible save for Xander’s new hearing. His whole body tensed in shock. That couldn’t be Spike. He looked totally calm.

“Ah. Well.” The vampire shrugged a bit, looking nonchalant about it all as he handed the human a twenty, then began fishing through his pockets as though he was looking for more. “Kids. So, what happened, then? He jus’ never handed over the dosh?”

His father’s eyes lit with greed, and he folded the bill into his fist. “He ain’t been here for two days. Rent’s due Friday, and it’s Saturday night. Should’ve had him outta here years ago anyway.”

“Right then.” Spike nodded as if he agreed, and the growling got a little louder. “Ye ain’t seen ‘im? Don’t want a kid showin’ up on me doorstep lookin’ for his shitte, do I?”

“Nah. Prob’ly took off. God knows where he is now.”

The growling broke off tight and fast, and Spike’s face shifted to a scowl. “Don’t know where he is?”

His father scowled back. “Why the fuck do you care?”

Spike narrowed his eyes, then shifted into gameface. This time, the growl was a roar. *“Give me that back-!”* He snapped his fangs, and Xander would’ve laughed at the display from the obviously harmless Big Not-So-Bad, but he was a dog, so all he could do was grin at the sight of his walking beer-gut of a father dropping the twenty in his no-doubt filthy fingers and scrambling back into the house.

Satisfied, said Big Not-So-Bad began to gather the things on the lawn, pocketing the little stuff and throwing the rest of it into the overturned boxes. Once everything was together, he hiked both boxes onto his shoulders and began to carry them away.

Wait-

He leaped to his feet, paws scrambling for purchase as he

tried to get used to moving that way, and he quickly took off after him. The vampire was half-way down the block before he caught up enough to be on his radar. After a minute of following him, he paused when Spike did, and when Spike turned around he yipped a little, trying to get him to understand.

*Spike! Spike, c'mon, man, it's me! Xan, Boy, Whelp, Zeppo, whatever, it's me! Call me Bug Boy if you want, just recognize me, Goddammit!* He bounced back and forth, yipping and whining a little.

Spike was unimpressed.

“Don't got no kibble, if that's what yer after.” He glared, turning away and starting to walk again.

*... Yeah, knew that wouldn't work.* He started to follow again, tail wagging slowly between his legs.

After another minute, Spike whipped around again, snarling in gameface like the most fierce thing on earth. “*Look,*” He growled through his fangs. “Not havin' a good night here, an' I don't need a mongrel makin' it worse. *Fuck Off.*”

*Well, he's annoyed.* Patiently, Xander sat there, waiting for Spike to realize that he wasn't going to whimper and run off scared. After a minute, he yawned.

Spike looked absolutely knocked over. "*Hell, dumb as rocks and ye got knackers. How'd ye survive the Hellmouth this long, pup?*"

He cocked his head to the side, letting his tongue roll out a little to lick his nose, because really it was too long to keep in his mouth *all* the time, and his nose was itchy. *Oh, you know. Holy water in the doggy dish. Stakes instead of chew-toys...*

But then something seemed to click, and Spike stared at him, his cold eyes tense with something... Something muddled there, buried deep. "Oh, God. Let me guess. Ye take after yer owner."

Xander grinned a little wider, he let his head cock to the other side as he sat on the concrete, tail wagging.

Wincing in something akin to despair, Spike turned away, looking grim. "Listen, I don't do dogs. So find somebody else to follow 'round if ye want a home, 'right? Go on."

Xander didn't move.

*"Go on."* He prodded again, this time toeing at him with his boot. When he didn't move for the second time, the vampire sighed annoyed and hefted the boxes higher up on his shoulders. "Fine. But we're pawnin' ye off on the Watcher tomorrow night, yeah?" He turned away and started marching toward the cemetery, muttering under his breath. "Harris better be pretty fuckin' grateful for this."

Still grinning huge, Xander silently thanked whatever God decided to answer his prayers, and quietly followed his new keeper, always two steps behind.

## **Part Two**

The crypt smelled worse than he remembered.

God, what *was* that? Not just rotting corpses from the cemetery. Not just pig's blood. Not just the rankness that

was Spike and his pack a day habit. It was that damn cold, damp, moldy smell. He hated it. It was already giving him a headache.

“No pissin’ on the furniture neither.” Spike called from where he was apparently heating up blood on a space-heater. “Just dug it up. S’mine, not yours. Dopey mutt.”

Okay, he was getting tired of the insults, too. But then again, that was Spike. Always sniping and growling. He supposed that wouldn’t change, not even for non-humans. So he sauntered over to the Godawful chair that looked about as cozy as a mousetrap, and leaped onto its cushions. A minute later he let his chin fall between his paws and sighed. Okay, it wasn’t that bad. In fact, it was a pretty nice set-up. Chair, table, small TV with a VCR that looked like somebody had ripped half its guts out. A space-heater, a blow-up mattress in the far corner. Pretty sweet.

A couple of comic books, and it’d feel just like home.

“Off.” Spike commanded above him, and he looked up to see him standing there, cup o’ blood in hand. He let out a puff of air to signify his disgust with the idea, then finally jumped off the recliner and curled up on the floor. Best

give the vampire his favorite chair. He's the one being generous right now.

Spike was delighted. "Hah. Least ye know one word." He dropped a bowl of popcorn on the recliner, then crouched to the floor before the boxes he'd dragged home with him. Xander's things.

For some reason, he felt an entirely new level of dread prick at his nerves, swelling in his blood. He felt the urge to growl.

"Gotta be some clue here. Boy just doesn't up and take off." Flipping the first box open, he dragged the old shirts and jeans from its depths, quickly checking pockets and setting the contents aside. Change, candy wrappers, receipts. The usual. But beneath the clothes were his other things, and he suddenly felt way too protective over what was his. He rolled to his feet, padding over to the box and sticking his head inside.

"Knock it off!" Spike pushed at him half-heartedly, but he didn't care, because Oh My God, his *sneakers* looked *awesome*, so he snapped his jaw around the toe of one and dragged it out, gnawing on its rubbery flesh with relish, tasting dirt and grime but so not caring. Spike

laughed. “Bet you piss him off, doin’ that. Give.” He held out his hand, and Xander ignored him, chewing on the sole. Grinning wide, the blonde vamp stuck two fingers into the shoe and tugged.

Thus began the most epic two second game of tug-o’-war Xander had ever played.

He fought valiantly, growling just a little as he whipped his head back and forth, tail wagging in play-mode. Spike, eyes sparking hot blue in amusement, gave a little and let him think he was winning. Then he yanked, and the shoe was snapped from his jaws, and he whimpered as he watched it hang over his head, almost wanting to snap at it.

“You and your master,” He laughed, wagging the shoe over his nose. “I’ll bet he lets ye win, don’t he? Always been a soft heart, that one.” Letting the rubber tap him on the snout, he dropped the shoes to the floor where Xander immediately *had to have them*. He pawed them over to his left, where he let them stay, sniffing at them and chewing the laces every once in a while.

Then Spike held up the one video he should’ve destroyed a long, long time ago.

It was a recording. It had no label. But on the bottom of the tape, it was marked in white-out pen, in handwriting that wasn't his.

*ME + XAN '96*

Yelping out loud, he jumped, snapping for the tape like it was a life vest and he was drowning. But it was really the exact fucking opposite. It was an anchor. A lock to a past he didn't want anyone, *anyone*, to ever see. Especially not fucking *Spike*, of all the people on this Godforsaken planet.

“What's this then?” The stupid vampire didn't even notice him freaking. He just got up off the floor and popped the tape into the VCR.

*Oh God...* He dropped to the floor, wishing the demon had just sliced him to ribbons instead of letting him live to see this. *Oh God, Oh God No...*

Dropping to the recliner, Spike picked up the popcorn and dipped a couple pieces into the blood on the table, eyes on the TV. Xander melted to the floor, wincing as (against all his prayers), the video began to play.

The first thing on the screen was the Jim Morrison poster that had lived on Jesse's wall for years before this was shot. But the footage panned over a few inches, and there was Xander. All twisted up in Jesse's dark blue sheets. Naked, sleeping off a round of sex that hadn't lasted long enough. But hey. They were teenagers.

*"Fuck."* His head snapped up, and he looked at Spike, whose eyes were wide with something like fascination at the sight. "Boy's hung like a horse. Look at that." He muttered it to himself, whispering almost deadly soft, but something about his tone... It made him shudder, very much in a good way.

*"Hey, hey Xan, check it out."*

Spike sucked in a sharp breath at the sound of a very *male* voice on the other side of that camera. His hands dropped to the arms of the recliner, nails digging in *harsh*. But he remained silent, tightlipped, listening for more from the man shooting the video.

*"Xander...?"* Jesse's voice sing-songed. *"C'mon, get up. It's my birthday. Don't I get birthday sex?"*

*"You had your birthday sex..."* His former self spoke groggily, rolling over and cracking one sleepy eye open, but not before revealing himself for the camera completely. Scars, bruises and all. Then he popped up from the sheets, waving one hand into the lens. *"Christ, Jesse, get that out of my face!"* He heard himself laugh, so lighthearted he barely recognized it.

*"Shut up and kiss me for the camera."* Jesse laughed back, just as carefree. His hand dipped the camera lopsided, and the view was brilliantly uncontrived. Jesse's fingers digging into Xan's rumpled curls, dragging him in for a kiss that still gave him a hormone rush, just watching. He heard himself moan, and rested his chin on his paws to watch, feeling ready to throw up at the sight of it again.

He hadn't watched that tape since the night Jesse turned to dust.

Dragging back from the kiss, Jesse had picked up the camera again. There was some fumbling as he checked it to see if it was still recording, and he heard himself in the background, *"Who gave you that? Your uncle?"* Jesse muttered, *"Yeah. Lay back down."*

*“Why?”*

*“I wanna look at you.”*

*“Man, I am so stealing this tape and burning it, pervert.”*

*“Shut up, you know it’s hot.”*

The camera panned up. Xander was wearing nothing but the most deliciously sly smirk he’d ever worn, hands rolling above his head as he laid back down, cock hard with morning wood, thick and pink between his thighs. Jesse’s hand, pale and nimble, wrapped slowly around its girth, and his breath caught in his throat. His smirk flew away into a soft moan, teeth coming down to drag over his bottom lip in need. And for a minute, that’s all you can see. Jesse’s hand, slowly jerking him off, making him grow until he’s red and huge, head bulbous and tight with need. It looked painful, and it was.

His eyes glanced toward Spike.

The vampire was pinned to his chair. Riveted like something was thralling him. His body was stiff, and he looked like an all-grown-up extra from *Children of the Damned*, eyes all huge and blue like that.

*“God, Jesse, don’t stop...”*

*“So hot, Xan...”* Jesse’s whisper made him shudder, and he turned his eyes back to the screen. *“Here. Shoot me like this.”*

The camera exchanged hands, everything whirling the picture until it was finally set right. His former self tilted the view, a little lopsided and more than a little shaky. But it was excellent, a view of Jesse bowed between his legs, eyes on the lens as he sucked and licked and teased the rapidly swelling head of his cock. He heard himself moan, watched Jesse grin at the audience and drag his tongue from root to tip.

*“Fuck, you’re gonna kill me.”*

*“Not before I fuck your brains out...”* Jesse grinned gleefully, and Xander’s doggy heart nearly stopped. Because he looked so much like the vampire he eventually became, it broke his heart looking at him. So he slid to his feet, padding over to Spike and sticking his head into the popcorn bowl. Spike didn’t even protest.

He was hard as a rock, jeans tenting, bulging against that

bowl in his lap. Xander whined at the sight, breathing in the faint scent of that arousal and going hazy with it. *God, no...* He tried to snap out of it, shaking his head a bit, but then the vamp's hand came down to stroke his matted fur, and all he could do was breathe.

And listen. He couldn't not listen. To the wet, delicious sounds of Jesse's mouth around his cock, sucking him, pleasing him. God, he wanted that again. He needed...

But he...

*"God, Jesse- Jesse, stop, I'm gonna-"*

Jesse grabbed a tissue from somewhere out of view. Xander's taut stomach quivered as his thighs split wide, and he was almost there. Jesse's lips pulled themselves off his cock, and he jerked him fast and heavy-handed, until the whole world heard him cry out, and the camera toppled from his grip. The view just barely caught a glimpse of him coming, writhing in those dark sheets, gripping them, tearing at them... But you could hear *every note* of pleasure in that last cry, and Xander the Dog dragged his head from the popcorn bowl to lay it on the arm of Spike's chair, ashamed.

Spike was still hard. Harder now, and breathing fast, though God knows why he'd need to.

The vamp breathed out slowly, hands fighting a small tremor as they slid through the matted fur. "Well. That was... enlightening."

Closing his eyes, Xander let his head droop on the arm of the recliner, feeling nothing but contempt for himself. So what? He and Jesse had a little gay fling. Or a big one. Or one that lasted a good two years, before Jesse grew fangs.

Spike's hand dropped to Xander's wide, flat forehead, and he scratched him behind the ears just right. God, that feels good.

"When I find yer idiot master, I may just have to keep him captive for a couple days." His voice turned growly, almost down to a purr. "Take a taste for myself, yeah?"

The thought flashed into Xander's mind in full color, and he whined beneath Spike's attentive hand, embarrassed and aroused, shuddering in spite of himself. *Jesus Christ...* His mind tried to be horrified. But it was really, really hard when all his body wanted to do was hump Spike's

leg.

He didn't, however. He had more self-control than that. Just barely.

### **Part Three**

“Alright,” Spike tried through gritted teeth. “Maybe you don't understand what I'm tryin' ta say. Yer pea-sized brains can't exactly wrap 'round too much. Let's try this again.”

Sitting on the floor beside him, Xander yawned and tried not to feel even more depressed.

They'd gotten to the Magic Box at nine-thirty, after spending the day tirelessly going through the shit his father had tossed on the lawn. Of course the old jerk had kept his walkman, but not the CDs he'd made in his teenage obliviousness, when music mattered more than the evil undead. There must've been fifty of them. But

Spike...

Well. He watched that tape four more times.

It was putting some pretty nasty thoughts into his head.

*Don't go there ...* He tried, eyes flicking up toward his unlikely hero. Of course, he wouldn't need saving if he hadn't been such a bad dog.

The second they arrived, he'd jumped Willow, attacking her with licks and nuzzles. She thought he was some crazy demonic guard dog and yelled for Buffy, who threatened to shoot him with a crossbow if Spike didn't get him under control. Then Giles dragged out a gigantic book, flipped it open, and on the *first fucking page* was a picture of the demon who'd doggyfied him. So he'd jumped up, landing both paws on the page, refusing to let Giles flip it. The thing promptly fell to the floor, several pages crumbling upon impact.

Giles was not pleased.

Hand falling to scratch his ears, Spike stood resolved against the angry Scooby glares. "I went to his house. His old man was throwin' out his things. Short version, he's

been missing three days now.”

Adjusting his glasses, Giles turned his eyes on Xander, giving him a dark look. “And the... Dog?”

“His.” Spike drew himself up, looking down at him, and he felt himself whimper with reluctant gratitude. “An’ it’s a bloody good dog. Smarter than his master, he is.”

*Gee, thanks...* He thought. But he leaned against his leg, sighing in delight at the way he scratched behind his ears.

“He’s not in the hospital.” Willow dropped down next to Tara, watching the Xan-dog warily. But she looked miserable, and for the first time since this whole mess started, Xander felt guilty as hell. “We called. We called everywhere.”

Twirling a stake between her fingers, Buffy leaned back against the table she was pretending to study at. “I checked the usual haunts. A couple of fledges, but no Xander. Any new baddies in town?”

“Right, well.” Taking off his glasses to wipe them down, Giles gave Xan-dog a look that could cut glass. “I was

getting to that. Before that beast destroyed my book.”

“Name’s Jesse.” Jerking up in surprise, Xander looked at Spike’s face. It was... carefully blank. “Boy used to call him that. Don’t exactly suit him, but...”

“*Jesse?*” Giles raised his eyebrows in similar surprise.

The whole room went deathly quiet, and Xander slid to a Sphinx-like pose, tail curling around his hinds. They all looked uncomfortable. More Willow and Buffy than anyone else, but everyone in the room knew the name ‘Jesse’ was a touchy subject. Tara looked to Willow, confused, and Giles had the grace to look appropriately grim. Spike stared them all down cautiously, pretending he didn’t know a thing.

Finally, he spoke, watching Willow. Poor Willow, who knew him longest, who looked most bereaved at the mention of his name. “There a ‘Jesse’ I don’t know about, then?”

She swallowed, and he could hear it from across the room. “Jesse was... Our friend. Xander and I used to hang out with him all the time. I mean, he was more Xan’s friend than mine but... He, um...”

Buffy interrupted, speaking dry. “He got turned when I got here, and Xander staked him.”

The room went dead again.

“Oh.” Spike said it softly, straightening a bit. Something in his eyes clouded over, and Xander found himself staring, whimpering in worry. Spike should never have that look in his eyes, that pained, saddened look he could barely cover. It didn’t fit there.

Clearing his throat, Giles broke the silence. “In any case. There *is* a new creature wandering the cemetery. If that- if *Jesse*” He corrected himself, glaring at Xander. “hadn’t destroyed my book, I would have a portrait for reference.”

Dropping into a stiff wooden chair, Spike stretched his legs out wide, and Xander crawled between them on instinct, dropping his chin to his thigh. Long, pale fingers sunk into his fur, and he sighed because it felt good, and it meant Spike cared.

Why he cared that Spike cared, he had no idea. But apparently he did. And while his mind was trying to

remind him that he was mostly straight, and definitely not into the evil undead, his instincts were telling him this was exactly what he needed.

When had Spike become his master?

*God, okay, no...* He snorted, yanking away from the hands in his fur and looking up at the vampire, incredulous. *We are NOT going down that road...*

Spike frowned down at him, confused. "S'matter, pet?"

Okay, no. This Xan-Dog thing was obviously fucking with his head. Shaking himself out of it, he padded past the rest of the Scoobies, into the back of the shop. Very much away from Spike.

That night, Spike took 'Jesse' on his patrol. But it wasn't so much a patrol as it was a walk through the cemetery, sans-leash.

"Groeffling demons. Should've figured they'd show up sooner or later, yeah?" The blonde vamp spoke conversationally. "Temperamental buggers, they are. One false move and they work their mojo."

*No Kidding...* He yawned, sniffing the ground ahead of him. *Somebody dropped a sandwich somewhere around here...*

“Good news is, Harris probably ain’t dead.” Going tight-lipped, Spike walked on behind him steadily. “Bad news is, he might be enslaved by a bunch of dog-faced demons. Won’t be lookin’ at you the same way again, will he? Poor mutt.” He didn’t laugh, but the irony was in his voice. Xander gave up on the sandwich and moved on.

Sighing a little, Spike paused by the gate. “Won’t find ‘em in a cemetery. They’re gonna go some place with lots of food.” Leaning against the gate, he stared off. Thinking. Resting on his hind legs, Xander waited. And then it clicked behind Spike’s eyes, and they sparked wide and gorgeous blue. “Harris works at a pizza parlor, doesn’t he?”

*I would KILL for a pizza right now...* Thoughts of cheese and pepperoni glazed his mind over, but when Spike started to move, he snapped out of it. *Oh. OH!* He barked out loud, jolting ahead of him and jumping the fence.

But by the time they got there, there was nothing to see. The basement of the pizza parlor was in disarray,

scattered with stolen clothes and food, old pizza boxes all over the floor. Xander snuffed at the ground, pawing at the boxes in search of extra pieces.

Until he smelled his own scent.

Whimpering harshly, he dug past the pizza boxes, scraping the floor and sniffing through the trash. Spike heard him and headed his way, but when he smelled what Xander did, he tensed with alarm. And then they saw it.

A stained, ripped uniform shirt, nametag hanging from what's left of it.

*Alex Harris*, printed in black across the bent plastic.

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Xander kept his head down, following the vampire back to the crypt with extra caution.

He's *never* seen Spike freak out like that.

By the time they'd left the basement of the pizza parlor, it was trashed. Spike had, in essence, gone a little insane

when he picked up that shirt. Broke chairs and tables, tossed pizza boxes. Snarled and growled at anything that moved. It was one of the scariest things he'd ever seen, bar none, and he hid through most of it beneath the stairs they'd climbed down from.

And yet, when he finally calmed down enough to whistle for him, he came right to him.

Goddamn instincts.

Seriously, what was wrong with him? Hadn't his record of dangerous lovers taught him anything? His heart had to have some kind of kamikaze complex or something, always falling for the most dangerous thing in the room. Not that he was falling for Spike. Of course not.

Of course not.

He figured it was just his doggy instincts talking. Spike had taken him in, begrudgingly given him food, affection, respect. So, like any good dog, he gave him loyalty and unconditional love. The German Shepherd in him was calling him 'Master', which was very much not of the good. Especially since the rest of him was starting to agree. After all, he was a dog. At least for right now. Why

not?

*Because he's an evil, angry crazy vampire, and the only thing keeping him from eating me is the chip?*

Yeah. Good point.

That's it. He had to remind himself of what Spike was. A crazed bloodsucker with a handicap. A slightly defective Master Vampire with centuries of unspeakable history behind him. He tried to kill him a couple times, didn't he? Almost turned him into dinner the night Deadboy decided to use him as bait. Even now, he was still getting under his skin, bickering with him nonstop and making his life miserable.

But these days, he was also... Spike. Who really wasn't all that bad, snark and evil notwithstanding. He was someone he could blow off steam with. Someone who he could lash out at, take his anger out on. He could be bitter with Spike, or sarcastic, or even honest if the situation allowed. He could say exactly what he wanted to say, and if he hit a nerve, all he got was respect. And Spike would just throw it all right back at him. It could go like that all night sometimes, until they lost all their bluster and just sat there, drinking beer and blood,

watching TV in companionable silence.

They didn't really hate each other, not anymore. It was kind of impossible to hate someone you could actually talk to.

*Fuck no... He tried to shake the thoughts away. This is canine loyalty talking. Spike is the evil undead. I'm not. Parallel lines. Never the twain shall meet, or whatever...*

They got to the crypt, and the vampire reached into a cooler beside the recliner. He pulled out a bag of blood, and half a sandwich, which he tossed to the floor before Xander.

"Don't get used to that." He growled, puncturing the bag and pouring it into a mug. "When we get him back, he'll prob'ly buy you kibble and such. Don't got none of that m'self. Make do with what'cha got, pup."

It was roast beef, and Xander chewed it with happy little moans of hunger. God, he was starving. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Spike fall into his chair, and he licked up the last of his crumbs and moved to lay his head on his thigh. It was becoming his favorite spot. But this time, the blonde vamp pushed his jaw away roughly, glaring

down at him.

“Knock it off. Not my dog, are ye? Go ‘way.”

Leaning back on his hinds, he refused to move, staring up at Spike with a clear answer. *No, you big, bleached bonehead. I’m not going to go away.*

Growling hard, Spike leaned forward threateningly, smacking his hands together. “Go Away! Don’t wanna see you, stupid mutt! Go!”

A soft growl bubbled up the back of his throat, and Xander remained exactly where he was. *No, his mind, heart and soul held their resolve. I’m not leaving you. You’re an idiot if you think I’m gonna leave you right now. You’re my Master, Spike. I chose you. Deal with it.*

“Go!” He roared, grabbing an ashtray off the table and smashing it to the floor with shattering force. The pieces splintered, and Xander winced as one of them hit him in the nose, but he still didn’t move. He sat there, let Spike scream. Watched him as he had his little tantrum. Because he knew that once he stopped yelling and throwing things, he was going to crumble. He knew, because he’d done it a few times himself.

*"Fuck ... You stupid..."* His voice broke, and he looked down at the shards before he pulled himself together enough to sit up. "Got more balls than brains."

*Yeah...* Dropping to the floor and resting his chin between his paws, Xander eyed him warily. *I get that a lot...*

He straightened, staring at the dog that was Xander in reproach. "Really do take after him, don't you?" Murmuring soft, he reached down and ran a tentative, shaky hand through his fur. "M'sorry. Really, I am. Don't really want ye to go, do I? Stay if you like."

*Yeah, wasn't planning on going anywhere...* Xander thought, eyes still dark on his face. He whimpered, rolling into his touch. *What with the sandwiches and all...*

"Just... Pretty brown eyes aren't what I want to see right now. Not 'less they're his, yeah?" He cracked a weak smile. "Always been blind for 'em. Dark eyes, dark hair, sad smile. Boy had me at hello, didn't he?" Laughing a little, he slid from his chair and sat on his knees beside him, dragging his nails through his fur and bringing Xander to a level of bliss he didn't think dogs could

experience. “The Ponce knew ‘xactly what he was doin’ when he offered me a taste. Just my type, he is.”

*Yeah...* Xander whined a little, leaning into the touch, before his brain caught up with Spike’s words, and he stiffened. *Wait, what?*

“Should’ve told the demon bitch to step off and let me have what’s mine.” A little smirk appeared on the vampire’s lips. “S’only fair. Got first dibs.”

His whole body quivered with that soft, lecherous smirk, and he realized for the first time that Spike wasn’t taking care of his things out of pity, or searching for him out of obligation.

Spike, the Evil Undead, wanted a taste of him. At least.

*Him.*

Before he could even ask himself why, Spike was on the floor with him, settling his limbs around his furry body as if he were a panting, slightly drooling body pillow. Then he grabbed the remote, turned on the TV, and rewound the video tape again.

## Part Five

“Are you *serious*?”

Nodding slowly, Spike dropped Xander’s uniform shirt on the coffee table, watching every face in the room go from stunned to blatantly despondent. Willow pressed her face into Tara’s shoulder, not even wanting to look, and Xander’s doggy heart broke at the sight of her. He whined, wanting to comfort his dearest friend, but from the look Giles was giving him, this obviously wasn’t the time to be a “bad dog”.

Buffy turned to the Watcher, shifting into war-mode.  
“What the hell are these things, Giles?”

“Is he *alive*?” Willow gasped out, still not even looking. She sounded close to tears. “Tell me he’s alive, or I’m—”

“He’s...” Spike pressed his lips together, even paler than he normally was. He hadn’t slept at all during the day. In fact, he’d spent most of it pouring over some ancient-looking volume with letters he couldn’t read, and Xander had gotten bored and tore into the piles of trash Spike had lying around, searching for things to amuse him. “It doesn’t look good, Red. Groefflings don’t play well with humans.”

Buffy looked absolutely livid. Hands fisted at her sides, she turned to face her once-nemesis and treated him to the wonders of her death-glare. “What happens? When a human like Xander meets a... Whatever they are. Dog-Things.”

Gritting his teeth, Spike faced her and sneered. But he was more tense than rebellious, and Xander let his body wilt to the floor between his feet.

“Three choices.” Spike forced out between his teeth. “One, the Groeffling sees a large, brutish human, feels threatened, and rips him to pieces.”

“Oh God—”

“Hold it, Red.” Raising a hand in pause, Spike looked to

Willow with a reassuring nod. “Kid’s not on steroids. Not even a pup would fear our Boy Brainless.”

*Thanks, Spike...* He yawned, resting his chin on the floor in humiliation. But Willow did seem to calm, so he figured it was okay.

“Two, Female Groeffling spots a fairly testosterone-laden young whelp and decides to make pups. She’ll drag him home and turn him into a slave.” He growled, his jaw set. “It’s gotta be that one. Boy isn’t stupid enough to piss off a Groeffling.”

Buffy snarled, itching for her stake. To be perfectly honest, Xander felt the urge to growl. “You said three. Three options.”

Spike blinked, shaking himself from his thoughts. “Oh. No, only two that matter, really. Last one only counts for werewolves and such. Doesn’t quite work on full blooded humans.”

Giles quirked an eyebrow.

“See, Groefflings believe that being canine makes one superior. So if they encounter things like werewolves, or

other such beasts with canine qualities, they feel a responsibility to 'em. So they turn 'em into full-fledged dogs.”

The girls all looked at each other, shrugging the information off, and for a moment Xander felt so depressed that he actually thought about running into traffic. Then he looked up. And Giles was staring at him as if he'd seen a ghost.

“My Lord...” Giles murmured, looking taken aback.

*Oh My God... Perking up, Xander slid to his feet and met his stare full-on. Oh My God, Way To Go, G-Man! Someone gets it! Thank God!*

“But unless the boy's Grandda' fucked a Rottweiler, don't see how...” Spike sighed, leaning back in his chair and looking grave, jaw set and eyes icy cold.

Xander slid to his feet and trotted over to Giles, throwing his whole body up against his leg, as if he expected affection. *Thank GOD... Please, Giles, just get me out of this furry body and I'll never fall asleep in your books again...*

Giles cleared his throat, reaching down a tentative hand to brush over Xander's hip. "I think... Yes. I think I'll take the dog for a walk. If I may?" He glanced at Spike, who waved his hand in a gesture of nonchalance.

Xander followed Giles out the door, tail wagging with high hopes for the first time since he was changed.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

"The hyena never went away, did it?"

Padding along the sidewalk beside him, Xander peeked up at Giles and whimpered a little. *Nope. Still here, still hungry for pork.*

Chuckling a little, the Watcher reached down and scratched him behind the ears. "I'm sorry. I should've known." He sighed, straightening as he began their aimless walk. "Primal spirits wouldn't leave their chosen forms that easily, especially not alphas. Fought you tooth and nail, I'll wager."

*Hell yes...* He looked up at Giles, whining a bit as they trotted past an empty Burger King bag. *You're all lucky I*

*could cage the bitch. Hey, can we get hamburgers?*

Giles smiled down at him, amused with his state, but he soon turned somber as he dragged his fingers through Xander's heavy fur. "You're probably ready to get out of Spike's crypt. I can take care of you for the time being."

Xander paused mid-step, looking up at Giles like he was insane. *Are you kidding me? Leave Spike?* He shook his head slowly and emphatically, trying to convey the message. *No way. I can't. I just can't.*

Incredulous, Giles paused with him, watching him shake his head. "No? Really?" He sighed, worriedly stroking his snout. "Is he feeding you?"

Xander nodded, up and down.

"Walking you?"

He nodded again.

Giles leaned over him, his mouth going tight as his forehead creased into a frown. "You're not growing... attached, are you?"

Stiffening slightly, Xander couldn't help but whimper at the thought. *I don't know, okay?* He growled in frustration, lowering his eyes and dropping to sit on the pavement, trying to think. *Before all this... I could just about stand him. That was as good as it was going to get. Sure, I thought he was hot, yeah, but hot doesn't automatically override evil-crazy. But now...*

Giles crouched down lower, stroking over his ears to catch his attention. "You lay between his feet like he owns you." He frowned with worry. "The same way a slave would. Or a favored bitewhore." His eyes widened. "Good Lord, he hasn't..."

Growling low and offended, Xander glared at the Watcher. *Are you kidding me? No. Hell no. Come off it, Giles.*

Raising his hands in defense, Giles pushed to his feet, looking back toward the Magic Box. "Just making certain... But..." He looked down at Xander, eyes soft and sad. "Xander, I fear... He's becoming your Master. And that's not the kind of power anyone should give to William the Bloody."

He found himself whimpering, highly upset with himself.

*Too late... I'm his right now, and I don't think I can change that...*

Giles sighed, turning on his heel. "I know. We'll get you back." He smiled, running his fingers through his fur one last time before he headed for the Magic Box. "I'll bet the spell reversal was in that book you destroyed. We'll just have to find another way."

Xander pouted at the jibe. But he was more saddened by the lack of hamburger on their way home.

## **Part Six**

That night, Spike took him back to the crypt and left him there with a bag of chips and a box of chicken nuggets from McDonalds. He muttered something about not peeing on the recliner, grabbed a couple sharp-looking objects from a crate by the door, and breezed out again.

By the time he'd finished the nuggets, worry had set in

full-force. Giles' words came back to him, a little condescending but mostly just protective.

*"I'll tell the girls when Spike takes you home. I don't think it would be wise to let him know of your current weakness."*

*Weakness...*

Jumping up on the recliner, he stretched out onto his back, paws in the air. Okay. So he didn't exactly... *hate* Spike. That one he covered. He didn't even really *dislike* him. After all the banter, the back and forth, he was left feeling... ambivalent. Ish. Like, maybe all those bad feelings toward this particular evil undead were unnecessary.

Did he find him attractive?

In the simplest terms, *Hell Fucking Yes*. But that wasn't the point.

Point was, he had three problems with this, and there was no getting around them.

One, he hadn't touched a man since Jesse. Jesse was the

first, the last, and the only. Getting over him was possibly the hardest thing he'd ever done, and he still wasn't positive he'd done it completely. The thought of letting another man get that close... It scared the fuck out of him. So naturally, the thought of letting *Spike* get that close terrified him like nothing ever had before. Spike? Of all the men in the world, *Spike*? Hell no.

Two, even if he did want another man, it would not be a man of the undead persuasion. That was just a given.

And three, even if he could get over his fears and sleep with the evil undead, Spike was not exactly the most... stable lover. With his moods, his attitude, his 'Big Bad' behavior, it would be like screwing a rock star. Probably phenomenal, until all the crazy kicked in. What would happen once he got his fucking chip out? Would he kill him? Turn him, maybe? Make him into a nice, reliable bitewhore he could snack on? None of those options particularly appealed to him at that moment, so he rolled over and shoved his snout into the recliner's cushion, unable to help wanting more of his scent.

*Weakness...*

Was that what this was? This feeling of devotion that

made him want to follow him everywhere, anywhere, he might go? This protectiveness that made him want to throw himself at the ugliest, scariest monster full-throttle, just to keep him safe? This feeling that made him want to curl up at his feet every night for the rest of his life?

Yeah. That was definitely a weakness.

Groaning a little, he pushed his face deeper into the cushion, half-hoping it would smother him before these feelings got any worse. But all he could smell was Spike, and that wasn't helping.

Then his ears pricked. He could hear it from a mile away. Spike's growl.

Diving from the recliner, he scampered up out of the crypt, trotting over the cemetery grass in search of his...

Hell. His Master.

And there he was, all that tightly coiled anger making him look so fucking dangerous he couldn't breathe. He was game-faced, eyes flashing a deadly amber as he cornered a very familiar demon up against a tombstone.

*Oh God-* The thought broke off, and he lunged for the two, skidding to a halt in front of the terrified Groeffling. His nerves pricked as he got closer, and he felt his whole body crouch with a low, instinctual growl. He wanted to tear its throat out. But it appeared Spike had it under control.

“Now,” The blond vamp hissed through his fangs, taking another step closer. “I’ll ask once more. Which one of yer bitches is in heat?”

“I do not-” The beast growled through his teeth, looking terrified but clearly standing his ground. “I do not know what you mean, we-”

Spike growled even louder, hands *shoving* the Groeffling into the tombstone, looking fairly close to ripping his face off. “Do I look stupid? Ye have the boy. I want him back. Gift from me Grandsire, he is. Ye *do* know me Grandsire, yeah?”

The beast looked absolutely *horrified*, and for once Xander thanked God for Deadboy’s existence. “We- We never- We haven’t taken slaves here! We took no one! None of our women-”

Spike *hissed*, growing livid as he pushed into his face. “The boy is *mine*. I want him *back*. So either *bring* him to me, or I find yer pack and rip ‘em apart one by one.”

The Groeffling cowered before him, whimpering at the threat. “We- We took no boy. No boy.”

“Not even this one?”

Spike shoved a picture into the thing’s face, an old Polaroid of him and Willow at her house one summer. He was thinner then, but it was unmistakably him. The beast breathed in sharply at the sight, eyes jumping from the picture to the dog still growling at him. Spike stared him down.

“I... Have seen this boy.” The Groeffling finally admitted, climbing to his feet. “But he is much better now than he was before.”

“Don’t *care*,” Spike hissed, dropping the photograph and shoving the beast into the tombstone like a punching bag. “I want him *back*. Tell yer idiot bitches, paws *off*. I want him here, right now, an’ if he has so much as a *pawprint* on his *arse*, I will hunt every last one of you

down *personally*.”

The thing looked resigned. But then again, who wouldn't give up against Spike's war-vamp mode? “So be it.” He growled.

The first thing Xander felt was his heart stop.

Then he felt his lungs expand, growing huge, heavy in his tiny chest which wasn't so tiny anymore. He felt himself split, and his bones break, and it was the most awful thing he'd felt since he grew paws. But just like the first time, it was over in ten phenomenally painful seconds, and he stood there, once more two-legged, letting the chill of the cemetery skim over his nude form and remembering once again what it's like to feel cold.

If he had the balls to look at Spike in that moment, he would've seen his jaw drop.

“Um...” He settled for looking down at himself. Okay, so he was back. And whole. And fully functional. And naked in the middle of the cemetery, which really wasn't a good idea, now that he thought about it.

Spike's eyes slid like water on glass down his form, and

suddenly he felt hot all over again.

Raising a scarred eyebrow, the blond vamp dropped his hold on the Groeffling and turned to face Xander completely. “Well, now. Bloody convenient, that.”

Finally, Xander looked up. Met his eyes. Jesus, they were so *blue*, and they held him frozen in his place until he gave in to the call. He stepped forward, once, then again. Two steps closer to Spike, who was looking at him with confused relief, wonder sneaking past the ice in his eyes to spark within the blue.

The Groeffling tried to speak. “I-”

Spike didn’t look away from him, even as he commanded. “Get your pack out of town by dawn.”

The beast scrambled away, not once looking back, fully intent on getting his pack out of harm’s way. Xander didn’t blame him.

He didn’t know what to do, himself.

Spike took a step closer, eyes trailing back up his body, from the tips of his toes to the dark, uncertainty in his

eyes he couldn't seem to get rid of. Each inch that gaze covered made him shiver. "So yer grandda' fucked a Rottweiler."

"Um..." His voice came out rough, and he swallowed a juvenile giggle for the sake of his own pride. "Not that I know of."

"Then how in-" He broke off, eyes tearing away from his form with a harshly growled curse. Swallowing hard, Xander stood his ground, almost disappointed he wasn't staring anymore. "Look, ye got clothes in me crypt. We'll get ahold of the Watcher once yer decent, yeah?"

"I-" His cold tone sunk in, and he felt a cold lump settle in his stomach. "Okay..." He trailed off, following him into the crypt he'd called home for the last week. His senses were still alive, and he could smell everything; the leather, the cigarettes, the old fabric of the recliner, ancient take-out cartons, blood, popcorn...

... And Spike. Always Spike.

The vampire was being cold, back to him as he bent over his box of clothes and belongings, picking out a shirt that was at least somewhat clean. But he was tense all over,

as if he expected Xander to come at him with a stake.

Which, at this moment, was the most ridiculous thought anybody could ever have.

He opened his mouth. He wanted to say something like 'Thanks', or 'It's okay', but as usual his mouth was faster and bolder than his brain would ever be. Instead, what came out was, "So, where're the shackles?"

Stiffening hard, Spike turned to face the boy with a deadly scowl.

It didn't take. Xander was smiling like the cat who caught the canary. Or the dog who caught the vampire, which was a bit more accurate.

"Seriously," He grinned wider with each step he took, knowing he had Spike kind of pinned and loving it. "If you're planning on holding me captive here for a few days, you should really get some shackles. Or rope. Rope works too."

Spike flinched. "Harris--"

"Xander." A look of pure mirth spread across his

features, until his eyes burned honey-brown. “You’ve seen me naked. You’ve seen my best friend suck my cock. You’ve watched me come fourteen times, and now I’m standing here in your crypt, exactly how you wanted me. You’re going to call me Xander now.”

Spike glared, eyes narrowing hot blue as he watched Xander approach with apprehension. But he didn’t speak, and Xander was grateful, because he knew if he said anything at all, he was going to lose his nerve. But it was funny. Because right now, for the first time ever, he held all the cards. And he was still scared shitless of what he was about to do.

What he had to do.

He laughed at his own fears, smirking as he came close enough to touch, to graze a finger along the leather of his duster. “I was hoping you’d at least make good on your threats here. I thought you were the Big Bad. Don’t you *want* a taste?”

He could hear him breathe, inhale his scent, and it turned Xander on like nothing else. Jesus... For a minute, his eyes looked so deep, so blue with sheer desire that his knees went weak. He sucked in a breath as Spike spoke,

voice rough and strained.

“Ye got no idea what yer askin’ for. *Boy.*” He accentuated the last word, low and deadly with heat that could melt him inside out. God, he *shivered* with the sound of it.

That voice made him burn, made his body quake, made him feel for the first time that he was hollow without his touch. He licked his lips, and Spike made a barely audible noise.

Jesus Christ, he was really doing this.

“I think I do.” He murmured it, his voice a little shaky with the closeness of him, with the smell of him. “I think I’m asking you to put up or shut up, Spike. You want a taste? Take it.” He hesitated only a second, before meeting his eyes and driving the point home. “I need a Master. You’re it. Act like one.”

Spike froze, his eyes widening at the word. It took a minute for him to come back to earth. But when he did, his voice was strained beyond recognition, and his hands could barely keep themselves pinned to his sides. They were shaking in their fists, losing their resolve. So was the rest of him. “Xander.” He was trying to sound calm.

Didn't quite work. "Do you have any *idea* what that word *means* to a vampire?"

A smirk crawled slow and easy over his lips, and suddenly, this didn't scare him at all. "Yeah. About the same thing 'Mine' means to a Primal."

Those blue eyes widened further, and it finally seemed to dawn on the vamp that there was a reason he'd been turned into a dog. "Oh."

"Yeah. *Oh.*" Xander continued to smirk, fingers reaching out to touch again, unable to help themselves. They landed on his wrist, which was good enough, because Spike watched them slide over his bare skin with more interest than he'd ever seen on his face. "Look, Spike. Those two words aside, I don't know what's happening here. And I can't tell you I'm not scared. But in the immortal words of Savage Garden: I want you, I don't know if I need you, and at this point I'd die to find out."

A wide, devilish smirk began to work its way across Spike's lips, and for a second Xander lost his breath to the sheer beauty of him. But within seconds he lost *everything* when the vamp took him roughly by the chin and dragged him close enough to smell the hot metallic

tang of blood on his breath. “So let’s find out, yeah?” He purred, warm and sexy. And just as Xander thought he’d be shaking there forever beneath his touch, Spike tipped his chin down and steered in for a kiss that made him go completely still.

For a minute, Xander couldn’t move. He went limp beneath the kiss as his mind nearly exploded with the thought of being *here*, kissing *Spike*. But if he was expecting awkward, shy, barely-able-to-get-up-the-nerve Jesse, he had another thing coming. Spike was a ruthless kisser. He could force his way into Xander’s mouth, curve his tongue beneath his and take over. *Jesus*, Xander had never been so thoroughly taken in three seconds. He started to kiss back, letting his tongue caress the vamp’s slow and steady. But Spike knew exactly how to work him. He slicked his own over the edge of Xander’s tongue, then began to roll it in slow wave-like motions that made the mortal nearly lose his fucking mind.

Whining sharp and unsteady beneath this torture, Xander’s hands found their way around Spike’s waist. They climbed, splaying out over the muscles of his back and dragging back down every few seconds with the tips of his nails. *God*, that made Spike *groan*, and he’d never heard anything so sexy in all his life. The rolls of his

tongue curved to touch his teeth, and soon his hips were mimicking them, rutting against Spike's thigh, his bare cock rolling up over rough denim. Cursing hard against his mouth, Spike slid his hands down the boy's chest, down his hips, to feel it.

Pulling away, just enough to speak, he murmured low against his lips. "Yer cock's a fucking work of art."

Slyly, Xander leaned in to drag his tongue over Spike's lower lip, fully intending to bite once the pesky banter was out of the way. "I expect you to do amazing things with it."

Grinning wide, Spike dragged his fingers along its head teasingly, pressing his thigh up against that quickly hardening length until Xander's head fell back with a sharp intake of breath. "Oh, I do plan to, Pet. I do."

*Fuck...* His mind formed that one coherent thought before it switched off completely, and he was reduced to a panted, breathless moan. "Now?" He begged, nails digging into his shoulders and tearing at his shirt. "Now? Please?"

Instead of the laugh he was expecting (after all, this was

Spike), the vampire hissed sharp, dangerous. “Don’t *tempt* me, Boy. I’ll *bite* that pretty neck, I don’t care if the chip fucking fries me.”

His eyes popped open wide, and he yanked his gaze back down to Spike, who was staring at his pulse with hungry eyes. Somehow, it didn’t even register on Xander’s fear-meter.

Probably because his thigh was still grinding into his cock.

“*Fuck-*” He cursed, his hands slinking lower down Spike’s hips as his eyes shot down to where his cock was rutting off. “Jesus, Spike...” Eyes narrowing on the sight, he began to slow, letting it move fluidly with a rock and a twist of his hips. Hard, pink, heavy with need as his balls hung low. He was so turned on, the head had swollen to a bulbous point. It looked fucking *delicious*, and if he thought so, he *knew* Spike thought so.

“*Gorgeous, Pet...*” The vamp whispered in his ear, his hand spidering down Xander’s muscled chest to reach for his need. “Get me-”

“-Yeah.” Xander didn’t need to be told twice. He dragged the duster from his shoulders and dropped it to the floor,

and when that was done with, he yanked his too-tight black t-shirt over his head like it was on fire. Spike dragged his belt loose, but before he could get his jeans undone, Harris pushed him into his recliner and straddled his waist, slicking his tongue over the shell of his ear as he whispered to him. “You taste...” He crushed his weeping cock against the tent in Spike’s jeans, spreading the denim with need as he sucked his earlobe between his lips and bit down, just on the good side of too hard.

“*Fuck-*” Spike hissed out through clenched teeth, fingers sliding down Xander’s back to *dig* into the globes of his ass, spreading them wide open as he squeezed them firmly, but not quite as rough as he wanted to. “Don’t *do* that.”

Xander chuckled, nipping all the way down his throat as he teased him. “Doesn’t it just *suck* that *I* can bite, and you *can’t*?”

“*Fuckin’ Brat-*” Spike had never in his whole life wanted to spank anyone more. And his ass was *right there*. He spread those cheeks even wider, just barely fighting back the urge. After all, a shock from the chip right now? That would be a buzzkill.

Chewing his own lip raw at the feel of those rough hands spreading him, Xander groaned out loud, hips twisting and grinding into Spike's over and over. He was close. Too close now, the way Spike was watching him move, like he was a prize. His hands clambered up to the vamp's shoulders and held on tight as he began to lose his mind to little electric shocks, rubbing tight and heavy against the tent in those jeans. His body turned feverish and slick with sweat, heat and friction turning him red. He- God- He'd never felt so good, not ever. Chest stuttering as he tried to keep up with his erratic breaths, he loomed over Spike, a golden god in heat, eyes a molten honey brown and lips caught between his teeth, holding back moans that could shake the crypt.

*"Christ, Boy-"* Spike hissed, thrusting himself up in time. *"So pretty... You have no idea how you look right now..."*

*"Spike..."* He whined out the name, delirious, and he wondered if he could come before he burst into flames. *"Spike, I'm so close..."*

*"Xander..."* Spike whispered in awe, hands sliding up the boy's chest, needing to touch what's there. The taut stomach, those nipples pert and begging for his tongue, the muscles that corded all the way up his form... He

could hear his pulse beating three times as fast as it should, and he knew he was coming, but Hell. If he could make him look like this forever, he would. “S’alright, Pet. Wanna see it. Wanna see you.”

“*God-!*” Xander choked, his body shuddering still as he let go, spurting his hot need over Spike’s pale stomach, letting it dribble to his jeans. His head snapped back, and for a minute he didn’t breathe. His heart stopped. He looked like the most glorious statue in the world, and Spike was completely entranced.

After those shudders of pleasure subsided, Xander let his head fall to Spike’s shoulder and took a long, shaky breath. “M’s still alive. Jesus Christ, I’m still alive.”

Smirking wide, the vampire chuckled good-naturedly, running his fingers back down his chest. “Yeah. Sure know how to put on a show, Pet.”

Snorting at that, Xander slowly struggled off the recliner and slid to the floor between his knees, hands sliding up his jean-clad thighs as he leaned in and swept his tongue over Spike’s stomach. He started with a nip just beneath his navel, then slowly dragged his tongue over the pale skin in long, lazy strokes.

Spike watched him, jaw unhinging in shock. And more than a little lust. Because he's still hard as a rock, and watching Xander lick his own cum up like a thirsty kitten has to be at least one of his top ten hottest sights *ever*. Finally, he reached down and gripped Xander's dark waves, pulling him up to meet his eyes. "Ye know ye... don't have to do that."

The boy just blinked up at him, a small frown creasing his features. "Me and Jesse always used to clean each other up. It's no big. Why? Do guys... I mean, do you think it's weird?"

Spike choked a little.

"I mean, I used to blow him afterward, because he was always hard again by the time he was clean. But if you don't want-"

With that, Spike politely but firmly shoved Xander's face back into his mess.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Twenty minutes later, Xander was happily curled up in Spike's blanket, lounging between his feet, head resting on his thigh. They were both naked now, and halfway through the video.

This time, Xander could comment.

"You know, I do look fucking hot right there."

"Sure. Once ye get past that gigantic black eye yer sportin'. What'cha do, run into a door?"

Rolling his eyes, Xander sighed. "Nope." He left the rest unspoken, because he knew Spike understood. They had both lived with abusive psychopaths, after all. "Should we call Giles? Tell him I'm back?"

"D'ye feel like gettin' dressed and leavin' the crypt?"

Snorting softly, he ran his hand over Spike's thigh. "No."

"Right then." Silence reigned again, and their eyes stayed glued to the screen, even as Xander's hand wandered.

"God, I did *not* know how to use a video camera."

“Yer little friend looks like a weasel.”

“Shut up, Spike.”

“M’serious! Look at the little rat! Who in God’s name *sired* ‘im? He’d look like a rabid little ferret in game-face.”

“Darla.”

“Oh.” For a minute, Spike shut up. Then he had to comment. “Always did have the worst taste.”

“Hey.” Xander snapped at him, a little annoyed. “Jesse was my friend, okay? Knock it off.”

Spike glared back. “More like yer fuck-buddy, wouldn’t you say?”

For a split-second, he was livid. And then...

... Well, then he realized Spike was jealous. Which was probably the most hilarious thing in the world, and Dear God, he was going to milk this one for all it’s worth.

“Yeah...” He sighed, hiding a grin against Spike’s thigh.  
“He gave the best head. Ever. Swear to God, I saw stars every time.”

“Did he now?”

“Mm-hmm...”

“Best head *ever*?”

“Hell yes. The things he could do with his tongue...”

Spike turned off the TV, and dragged Xander into his lap.

**The End**