

Fan Fic Made Me Gay

by
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Part One

Xander's POV

I blame Willow. It's her fault that I even started reading it. I found the site bookmarked on her computer when we were researching. I asked what it was and between blushing and stammering, she told me it was a fanfic site. One that was dedicated to Xena/Gabrielle stories. Smutty Xena/Gabrielle stories.

Well, me being a healthy, red-blooded male, I decided to take a gander. Holy crap! Yeah okay, so I was hooked. I mean, they never did things like THAT on the TV show. So I e-mailed the site address to my home computer for further study. It became a favorite way to spend my free time. Who knew reading could be so entertaining? If I had been assigned material like this in highschool ... I would have gotten straight A's. I'm pretty sure Wills writes some of this stuff though. I mean who else would call themselves 'RedScooby' ?

So, I'm reading this story, don't get me wrong there's some good smut in these fics, but this one had an amazing storyline to it. The writer was obviously very talented. Anyway, about half way through the fic, the plot twisted. Now, it wasn't Xena and Gabrielle, they had been body switched with Ares and Joxer.

Now, I am in no way a homophobe. I voted for the legalization of same-sex marriages, it just isn't my thing. Or so I thought. But being invested in the story, I read on. I tried to skim over the graphic male/male sex scenes, I really did. But some of the things described didn't seem possible. So, stupid me, I tried to picture how they would work. That was my downfall. The more I read, the more intrigued that I became.

That night I had my first homo-erotic dream. I was dressed like Joxer, (no jokes. Please.) and Ares was doing some very nice interesting and pleasurable things to me. I woke up sweaty, sticky, and completely freaked out.

Needless to say, I avoided the computer after that. For an entire week I scowled at it everytime I passed it. Avoidance didn't help. Every night it was a variation of that dream. Sometimes it started out with Xena, or Gabrielle, or both. But eventually it was just me and Ares.

I started to wonder if it was just the leather thing. I mean he does look GOOD in all that leather. So to test my theory, and NOTHING else, I went in search of gay porn. Guys in leather - gay porn. I never should have done it. I found lots of leather-clad, half naked guys. It proved that yeah, I like my men in leather, but it also proved that it wasn't just a fluke.

I like men! I don't want to like men! The Xan-man is NOT supposed to like men. I mean what next? Will I start lusting after my co-workers? Me and Jimmy in some sick-o construction worker fantasy? Oh, hey! I know, maybe I'll suddenly have the urge to drive to LA and throw myself at Deadboy! He always looked good in leather. GAH!!!! No way. Uh uh. Next I'll be thinking Spike is attractive.

Alright, so I've already done that. Compact, well muscled. I remember. And okay, so maybe once or twice in the last week I've thought about how he might look in that leather coat of his and nothing else. But I'm NOT lusting after Spike!

Oh who am I kidding. I have the hots for the bleached menace. Could my life get any more pathetic? I have the lusties for a vampire. A snarky, arrogant, pain-in-my-ass, chipped vamp.

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Stupid vampire. Stupid Ares. Stupid fan fic writers! GRRRRRRRRRRR!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Fan fic made me gay!

Part Two

Spike's POV

There is something seriously wrong with the boy. All week long he's been acting strange. Well, stranger than usual. He won't look at me, not that I want him looking at me mind you, but it's like

he's avoiding looking at me. He hasn't insulted me once in the past week. That in itself should be a sign of impending apocalypse. The kid lives to take the piss with me.

The thing is, he's putting off all these mixed signals. He goes from nervous to aroused to terrified to ashamed and then starts all over again. The witches were looking at something on the computer earlier and I thought the boy was gonna have a panic attack. He ran from the room like the hounds of hell were on his heels.

So me being a nosey bugger an' all, snuck a peek at what the witches were doing that had the boy so flustered. It looked like they were reading a story. You know, one of those on-line books. There was a picture of some dark haired bloke in leather on the screen. He was an attractive bugger, I'll give you that. Reminded me of Angelus in a way. Tall dark and handsome, looks great in leather. 'Course, thinking about Angelus got me to remembering some good times we had together, and I got hard. Figured I'd head off to the loo for a quick wank.

Shaggy had just come out of the bathroom as I was heading up. He didn't even look at me as we passed, but his heart rate sky rocketed and he smelled of fear and embarrassment. A nice aroma for a vampire, went straight to my dick. I would have stopped and tried to figure out what was going on with the boy but I had something I needed to take care of first.

Well bugger me sideways! The room was flooded with pheromones. It reminded me of why I was in here so I put aside my questions of why droopy had been in here having a toss after seeing that bloke on the computer, and I took care of business.

Of course once I started thinking with me head instead of me dick again, I started putting the pieces together. It was obvious, to anyone who cared to look, that the boy was having some sort of sexual identity crisis. Being a vamp, I never had that problem. Stick it in just about anything, I will.

So now, the only question was, how do I use this to my advantage? I could take the piss with him, embarrass him in front of his mates. I could blackmail him, earn myself a bit of dosh. Or, I could use this to get the lad into bed. Been a while since ole' Spike has gotten some. Being chipped has ruined me in the demon community, and the only humans I know are this lot.

Yep, that's the plan. Seduce the boy. Eh, it'll keep me from being bored if nothing else.

Part Three

Xander's POV

Spike knows! OH. MY. GOD! Spike knows! This can't be happening. I keep pinching myself, hoping to wake up from this nightmare. It doesn't work and my arm is covered in bruises. Does the universe hate me? What the hell did I ever do to deserve this? Okay, so I cheated on Cordy with Wilow and almost ruined our friendship. I left my fiance at the altar, and I lied to my parents about a gazillion times growing up. But everyone lies to their parents, don't they? I don't deserve this! Do I?

He's smiling at me. It's disturbing. 'Cause it's not an evil 'I'm going to eat you all up with my big pointy teeth' kind of smile. It's more of a 'I know a secret about you' smile. A smile that says 'I want something from you, but don't worry you're gonna enjoy it'. He can say alot with his smiles. I won't lie to you, I'm truly frightened.

I don't know how he figured it out. I was careful, damn it! I didn't look at him, talk to him, or go anywhere near him for the past two weeks! Of course this past week has been harder to avoid him. He drops by the shop all the time, if we aren't there he shows up at Giles place. He offers to patrol with me, he follows me home, I see him watching my apartment at night. When I took Dawn to the movies last night? He tagged along.

I almost miss the dreams of Ares. 'Cause now? HE is the star of my nightly forays into homoerotism. I can almost feel his cool skin pressed against my back, his lips on my neck, his fingers wrapped around my aching cock ... GAH!!!!

Oh shit! Now he's smirking at me. His nostrils are flaring and, oh shit! He's hard. He can smell me. He can SMELL me!?! Oh hey, and here's a thought. STOP. STARING. AT. HIS. CROTCH! Yeah, he caught me. I can see the twinkle of mischief in his oh-so-blue eyes. Stop looking into his eyes! DANGER. DANGER WIL ROBINSON. I almost trip as I get to my feet and run from the shop. I can hear his deep rich laughter as I flee.

If I ever meet the person who wrote that story ... I'll kick their ass!!!

Part Four

Spike's POV

Well as much fun as this has been, I want to shag now! I've ben hard for weeks. He knows, that I know, he wants me. I'm pretty sure he knows I'm interested as well. It'd be nice if he got up the balls to do something about it. He won't though, the lad is so sure that I'm just fucking with him.

I am, don't get me wrong. Evil here, remember? He's just a distraction, just a nice looking body to sink into, nothing more. S'not like I care about the git. I just wanna shag 'im is all.

I think Red is on to me. She keeps looking at me funny like, makes me bloody uncomfortable it does. I don't fancy spending the rest of me unlife as a frog or something. Ta very much. Maybe this wasn't such a great idea after all. No shag is worth being turned into something green and warty. Perhaps I should stop playing with the kid and let it go.

Nah. When have I ever backed down from something I want? Never, that's when. I want the boy, I'll have the boy. Just gotta make him come to me, that's all. If Red thinks it was all HIS doing, then she won't zap me. Too much of a goody-two-shoes, she is. Plus, it'll keep slutty the vampire r frr from staking my lily-white bum.

Alright then. New plan. Make the boy seduce me. Shouldn't be too hard. Right? Oh bloody Hell! Who am I kidding! It'll be damn near impossible!

Part Five

Xander's POV

Okay, oficially confused here. One minute, Spike is all 'I know you want me, come and get me' and now?Nothing. It's like I imagined the whole thing, that he hasn't been persuing me for past three weeks. And I was just getting ready to give in damn it!

So what do I do now? I mean I could just let it go, but I don't think it'd work. I'm pretty sure that this isn't just going to go away. Damn it! Why me? So now I'll have to ... What? Go after him?

Seduce him into my bed? Yeah right, 'cause I'm such a smooth talker. He was probably just fucking with me. Now that he's had his fun, he's through playing with me. Why am I always a source of amusement for others? Do I put off a 'please, hurt me' vibe or something?

Oh this is peachy! Giles just informed us all that Angel is on his way to good old Sunnyhell. Apparently, Cordy had a vision. Something nasty is headed this way and Buffy won't be able to defeat it alone. Well, duh. She isn't alone. She has all of us, and we've always managed before without Deadboy. I really don't need this on top of everything else. Stupid broody vampire!

Of course thinking about Angel makes me think about how good he looks in leather pants and one of those silk shirts he used to wear when he was Angelus. Damn. Now I'm hard again. Why me? Why do I have to be turned on by the two most notorious vampires in history?

I wonder if Spike and Angelus used to have sex? Oh yeah, that'll help your hard on go away! Idiot. Now I'm picturing the two of them together, all pale smooth skin, firm hard muscle, touching each other, kissing, licking, biting ... BITING!?! What the hell?

Okay, so yeah. The fangy thing does it for me. Yellow eyes, bumpy foreheads, gleaming white fangs ... And why does the idea of them in game-face make my cock twitch? Xander Harris - demon magnet, at your service.

Oh look. What do you know? Spike's staring at me. Again. Oh and was that a flash of yellow in his eyes? I need to get out of here before I cum in my pants.

Part Six

Spike's POV

Soddin' HELL! The Magnificent Poof himself is coming to town. Just what I need. He'll know exactly what's going on between the whelp an' me. Not that there's anything going on, mind you. But he'll know that the lad wants me, and he'll know that I'm not exactly opposed to the idea as well.

What's this? The kid is aroused? Over Angel? Bloody. Effin. Hell! Not another one who wants me damned sire. Why me? Why does everyone want Angel? Dru, Buffy, now Xander. Hell, Harmony probably would have wanted him too had she ever met him. FUCK!

The cloud of pheromones in here is so thick you could cut it with a knife. I'll be damned if I let the souled tosser have the boy! He's mine! Now I just have to make sure the boy knows it. I'll just wait

till I can get him alone, press him up against the closest hard surface and kiss him stupid. Stupider. No, has to be now. Can't wait. Come on boy, look at me. Feel me watching you. Come on, yeah, that's it. See this? Demon here, luv. Possessive vampire, not sharing!

Holy. Fuck. He likes that! I flash my eyes at him and I swear he damn near came. Oh this is sweet. The boy wants to be mine, to be owned, possessed, taken. By a demon. By me. Oh hell yeah, I can work with this.

Where's he goin'? Shit, slayer at the door, he's not getting away that easy. Too bad. I could've followed him and had a bit o' fun. Remind him who he belongs to.

Gotta get to him before Peaches shows up. Don't want him thinkin' about Angel like that. MINE. Oops, not a good idea to growl in front of the slayer and her pets. Could get a bloke in trouble. Sneer at her, flip off the watcher, let them all think I'm pissed about the Gelled One coming here. S'true, just not for the reasons they're thinkin'.

Ah, the boy's not stupid though. He knows. I can smell him from here. Want him. Now. I look at him and we lock eyes. I tilt my head toward the stairs and then head up to the bathroom. He'll follow me. I'm sure of it.

Part Seven

Xander's POV

What the hell am I doing? I'm following a vampire upstairs to the bathroom. To do what? Fuck? And why am I doing this? Because he basically told me to. Ordered me to. Oh, there were no words spoken, just a look. A look that said 'follow me or else'. And why does the idea of obeying Spike make me horny?

I'm sick. I'm a sick, sick, man. But, I'm a sick man who's FINALLY gonna get some. So hey, what was the problem again?

Turn the knob, open the door, step inside. Eeep! Vampire in my personal space. This is not good! Oh ... hey ... Um, never mind. This is good. Very, very good. Hands on my skin, teeth grazing my throat, hard cock pressed against my own. Oh yeah. Very good. I can't help the moan that escapes

from me. I feel him chuckle against my neck. It sends shivers up and down my spine. I've never been so turned on before in my life.

He lifts his head and looks at me. His blue eyes melt into the yellow eyes of the demon. Can I cum now? I thrust against him and he smiles before kissing me. No fangs, but his teeth feel very different from a humans. They're smoother, sharper. It just reminds me that I'm kissing a demon.

I shudder as he undoes my zipper and slips his hand inside. I fumble with the button fly of his jeans, I need to touch him. He steps back, just enough to get both our pants undone and pulled down. That's when I see it. Pale, smooth, like marble. I touch it and he hisses. "So hot" he murmurs. I smile and tighten my grip. He bucks forward and growls.

I've never touched another mans cock before, never wanted to. It feels wierd, mostly I think because Spike is a vampire. It's not hot like my own, more ... room temperature, I guess. He's not circum sized. I play with his foreskin a little, it's nice. I like it. He seems to enjoy it as well.

Next thing I know, he's stroking me and thrusting into my hand. I start to move my hand up and down his shaft, harder, faster. He looks at me with those yellow eyes again. I'm lost. I squeeze my eyes shut as I cum and cum. I feel him bury his face in my neck. He sucks desperately on my skin as he shudders and shoots his load.

I don't want to open my eyes. I don't want this to be over. I want more. More of this. More of Spike. If I open my eyes it'll all be over.

"Look at me, pet" he says, and I do.

Part Eight

Spike's POV

His eyes are closed. I don't like it. I need him to look at me, to see me. I need him to know that it was me who touched him, me who kissed him, me who made him cum. "Look at me, pet."

He opens his eyes. He can speak volumes with those chocolate brown orbs, they're so expressive. I could fall into them, I could. The boy is just so ... vulnerable. He's practicall screaming 'don't hurt

me'. Oh, but if only I could ...

He's waiting for me to say something, to hurt him, to make him regret this. I don't. I just lean in and kiss him, softly, like he matters to me. 'Cause I guess he does. Wouldn't be doing this in the watchers' loo if he didn't. I pull away and he follows me, so I kiss him again.

"Breath pet" I remind him, 'Cause he seems to have forgotten he needs to do that. "Not goin' anywhere." 'Cause I'm not. Well that's not true, I am, but so is he. We can't stay up here much longer before the others start looking 'round for us.

I grab some tissues and clean us off. I make sure to rub my cum into his skin. That way he'll smell like me. I want to make sure Pain-gel gets the message. Hands off. He's mine. Maybe I should tell Xander that.

"You're mine now, pet. Not sharing!" And what do you know? There's that tantalizing scent of arousal again. Makes me want to take him, right here, right now. Can't though. We're in Rupert's bathroom and the Poof is on his way.

I walk to the window and pry it open. He looks at me funny. "We'll look a might suspicious if we walk outta here together, pet." Understanding dawns on him and I slip out the window. I'll just have me a post-shag cigarette and then slip back in through the front door.

Part Nine

Xander's POV

Okay, so what the hell just happened here? I just gave Spike a hand-job. Yeah, okay, so he gave me one too. I guess that makes it okay, right? Just a couple of guys giving each other a hand? Yeah, that was lame even for me.

And what does he mean I'm his now? His what? His boyfriend? Not hardly! His lover? Not yet. His pet? His fuck-toy? What the hell am I to him? Okay, deep breaths. Relax. You don't have to think about this right now. There is slayage to be had, a big nasty to fight, and Angel is on his way.

OH. FUCK!!! Angel is on his way. He'll know. He'll ... smell it, or something. And can I just say,

eeewww!!!! So, that's what this was about? He wants to make sure Angel knows we're ... whatever it is we are.

Stupid vampire. I would never ... ANYTHING with Angel. He's Buffy's, always was, always will be. Just because I find him attractive - scratch that, I find *Angelus* attractive, and what kind of sick fuck does that make me? - doesn't mean I'm gonna throw myself at him.

I wash mnds nds and splash some water on my face. I see that I now have a very noticable hickey thanks to Spike. I cover it as best as I can with my hair and turn my collar up before leaving the bathroom. I wonder if any one knows? If any one saw me follow him up here? God, I hope not.

Everything seems normal. Wills and Tara are looking things up in books, Buffy is in the kitchen with Giles, talking. And Spike is ... Not here. Okay. No panicing. Not gonna start thinking he's had his fun and left. Nope. Not me, not panicing at all.

Part Ten

Willow's POV

I think Xander and Spike are having sex. Tara thinks they are close to it but haven't done it yet. I'm not so sure. I'm positive Spike went up to the bathroom just before Xander did. But maybe not since he just came out alone.

But if there's nothing going on, then why is Xander hyper-ventalating and looking around the room? The only person missing is Spike and I'm still pretty sure that he was in the bathroom with Xander. Unless ... Did he go out the window? No, he wouldn't do that unless he was ng tng to hide something ... Like the fact that he's having sex with my best friend. Grrrrr. I mean who next? First he's macking on Buffy, now Xander? If he even looks sideways at me I'm grabbing Tara and making a run for it.

Oh, there's Spike. He just walked in the front door, flicking a cigarette away before closing the door. He looks around, notices Xander still standing by the stairs and smiles at him. He actually smiles! Not leers, not smirks, smiles. They are SO having sex! Spike never smiles at any of us. Well, except Dawn, and only when she's done something to royally piss off Buffy.

He should smile more often. It makes him look younger. Okay, duh! Vampire, doesn't age, I know. But still, it's true. It makes him look ... less demony, more person like. er, er, yeah that's it. Softer.

Oh. That's probably why he doesn't do it. I guess it would be hard to keep up a reputation as a 'bad ass' if you looked soft. I wonder if that's the way William looked when he smiled? He must have been a real heart breaker in his day. Those blue eyes, that face ... and such a sweet smile.

I don't know about this. I mean ... it's Spike. Chipped, yes. But still evil. And Xander is ... Xander. He's so easy to hurt. Every one he's ever cared about has hurt him. Cordy dumped him, okay there was a 'fluke' behind that. But then there's Anya, okay, he left her at the altar. But did she have to become a demon again and try to get vengeance on him? I won't even mention the bug lady or the mummy girl.

Tara thinks that Spike has changed. I don't know, she didknowknow the 'bottle in your face - bring you back to be like me' Spike that I remember. Then again, we all do the wacky when our lovers leave us. Look how well I handled the whole Oz situation. Maybe Spike is lonely? He hasn't been alone before. There was always Dru and sometimes Angelus. Maybe he just wants someone to love?

Maybe Tara is right after all. Maybe Spike has changed. He hasn't threatened us for a while now, he hasn't even threatened Buffy for weeks. And Xander seems so lonely, maybe I should just keep my nose out of this like Tara suggested.

Part Eleven

Spike's POV

The kid is going to get us caught. There he is, still standing by the stairs looking around almost frantically. He finally sees me, I smile at him. Gotta reassure him that I'm not fucking with his head. Don't need a ticked off witch or a brassed off slayer after me.

He smiles back at me. Lights up his whole face, it does. He's got a nice smile, pretty mouth. Always thought so. His lips are soft, like silk. I always figured he would be a good kisser, I never figured I'd get to find out first hand. Wonder how those lips would feel wrapped around my dick?

I throw myself down on the sofa and pick up a book. I'm not reading it so much as hiding behind it. The witches are too bloody observant. I know that Red is getting suspicious. Glinda seems to have figured it out. There's something about that one ... She has wisdom in her eyes, like an ancient soul. I like her, she won't say nothing to no one about this.

Xander comes over and sits next to me. Not too close, but close enough. I inhale and grin. I can smell myself on him, I like that. Of course it makes me bloody hard again, though. Wish I could take him home and shag him silly. Can't though, damned sire is coming. Big nasty demon to kill.

The witches are leaving the room. Red looks a bit uncomfortable but she follows her girlfriend into the kitchen and closes the door. Tara sticks her head out and winks at me. Cheeky little mare. I gotta remember to do something nice for that one, maybe give her one of Dru's spell books.

I look over at my pet. His eyes are almost black with lust, he smells damn good too. Want to bend him over the sofa back and bury myself in him. Not here, not now. No reason I can't snog him a bit, though. Remind him that he's mine.

Part Twelve

Xander's POV

Lips! Lips of Spike! On mine, mmmmmm. Gods, can he ever kiss! Never want to stop kissing him. Oh, right. Oxygen. Need that. Pull away, big breath, dive back in. Kissing again, his hands in my hair, pulling me closer, devouring me with his lips and tongue. I've never been kissed like this before. Spike's kisses are like a branding iron, marking me as his. He's owning me, possessing me. I like it.

He's pushing me backwards so I'm laying on my back. He's on top of me now, we're still kissing and I hope that it never ends. His hands are everywhere, touching me, making me feel things I never felt before. I dig my fingers into his back to keep from screaming. He thrusts against me and I pull him closer.

"Sssppppiiikkkkee" I moan his name and he growls into my mouth. His hand reaches between us and I feel him pulling my zipper down. I untuck his t-shirt and run my hands up and down his back. Gods, his skin is so soft!

Suddenly, it dawns on me where we are and what we're doing. "Stop" I have to stop this before it gets completely out of hand. "Spike, we have to stop" I don't really want to but I'm not ready for the others to find out about us, if there actually is an 'us' to find out about. And not like this anyway.

Spike looks at me and I can see that he's frustrated. "Not here" I manage to say and he looks around. He sits up and then pulls me up as well. He kisses me softly, the way he did in the bathroom, the way that makes me want to swoon like a girl. "Sorry, pet. Got carried away, didn't I" he says to me and he smiles at me again. I smile back and kiss him again.

I reach up and smooth his hair back into place. He does the same for me and fixes my collar. He notices the hickey from earlier and chuckles. I smile sheepishly and rearrange my hair and collar again.

When Willow and Tara come back in they smile at us and Willow looks ... Pleased? I'm not sure I want to know what's going on. It's kinda obvious she knows that something is going on between the Bleached One and myself, but I don't want to talk about it. Shit! She's coming over here. Spike, don't leave me alone with her, please?

Saved by the bell. Willow detours to answer the door as Giles and Buffy enter the room. Oh crap! It's Angel, and I'm still hard from making out with Spike. Oh, look. And so is Spike. Well this should be fun. NOT!!!

Part Thirteen

Angel's POV

I've obviously stepped into an alternate dimension. One where Xander is having sex with my errant Childe. I know this isn't my dimension, the Xander Harris in my world hates vampires, and he isn't gay.

Everything else seems normal though. Buffy is still beautiful, still smells like sunshine and purity, she still wears my claim. Wait a minute, if Buffy wears my claim, then this is my reality.

But Spike and Xander? What the fuck? Did Willow cast a spell? It's actually kinda funny if you think about it. Oh, I hope I'm here when it wears off. To see that little shit Harris realize he's been fucking with a man, a vampire-man, it will so be worth every ounce of humiliation I was put through in hell.

Spike is watching me. He flashes his yellow eyes at me, letting me that the boy is his. What ever. What would I want with Xander? I can't stand him, he can't stand me, it works for both of us. If it were any one else ... I'd probably play with them just to rile up my Childe. William was always insecure, needing constant reassurance of affection. It would be so easy to bring out the beast in him. I'm almost tempted to do it.

Rupert subconsciously saves Spike from that humiliation by asking me for a more detailed explanation of Cordelia's vision. I tell him what I know, which isn't much. Her visions don't exactly come with full disclosure. A clan of G'narked'Der demons are heading to Sunnydale. They plan to use the hellmouth to incubate their offspring.

Giles begins digging through his books to research the G'narked'Der, Willow goes to the computer, and Buffy starts loading weapons into her duffel bag. Some things never change. Except for the very obvious fact that Xander is sleeping with Spike.

I wonder if everyone else knows? I mean, no one has said anything, and they aren't being obvious about it. Maybe it isn't a spell. Maybe they're just ... shagging?

I can't help myself from growling. I don't like Harris, but if Spike is using the boy to entertain himself with, I have to stop it. It's part of the whole 'Champion' gig. Saving innocents from evil demons, and what not. I know Spike isn't the only one who heard me, but he's the only one who matters.

"William. A word." I step outside and wait for him. He'll come. He has to, I'm still his sire. Surprisingly, it's Willow who steps out onto the porch. I go to speak but she raises her hand and silences me.

"This is none of your concern Angel" she tells me. Does this mean she knows? She approves? That alternate reality theory is starting to look promising again. There is no way someone as good and pure as Willow would condone a relationship between Xander and Spike.

"Willow, he's evil." I try to reason with her. "He's changed" she tells me. I sigh and clench my teeth. Foolish Children, they are far too trusting. I wonder how they have survived this long. "Demons don't change" It's true. Spike even said it himself. "You did."

How do I top that? Spike doesn't have a soul, but he has a chip. I can play the whole argument out in my head. I won't win. They'll have to find out the hard way. Spike is a master mind at head games. If he wants them to believe he's changed, repented, whatever ... They will. I only hope they survive what ever he has planned for them.

I shake my head and give Willow a small sad smile. "Okay, you win. But don't say I didn't warn you." She takes my hand and looks me in the eye. "It'll all work out, Angel. Don't worry." For a second there, I believe her.

Part Fourteen

Spike's POV

Bloody hell. I thought he was gonna do the decent thing there for a while and leave us be. But nooooo, not the high and mighty Angel, caped crusader and all around git! Had to start growling at me and get everyone's hackles up. Then he calls me out, yeah. That's not gonna raise a few eyebrows. Wanker!

I stand to follow, he's a wanker but he's still my sire and I have to obey. Red surprises us all when she gently pushes me back down and heads for the door. I don't know what she's gonna say to the poof, but I hope it's good enough to keep this quiet. I don't think I'd stand a chance against a brassed off slayer, an angry sire, and a watcher with a sordid past.

Haven't even shagged the boy yet! He better be worth it! Why can't anything in my unlife ever go easy? I had to be turned by a great soddin git of an Irish vampire, left to take care of his insane Childe and wack-o sire after he got himself souled and ran off on us, got experimented on by a military group with a God complex, fell in love with a slayer - temporary insanity on my part - and now this.

I look over at Xander, he looks scared. He should be. He's probably 30 seconds away from being outed to his mates by the guy he hates the most in the world. Poor bugger. I feel bad for him, wish we could get the hell out of here before Angel comes back in.

The others are researching, as soon as Red went outside, Rupert put them all to work. I lean over and whisper in my pet's ear. "Sorry 'bout that, luv. Angel's a right git most of the time." He smiles at me and brushes the back of my hand with his fingers. "Not your fault, don't worry about it" he says.

Alright, I'm off the hook. He don't blame me for this at least. Now if only Red can convince Bat vamp out there to leave off, we'll be home free. Wonder if he'll invite me to come back to his place after the slaying?

The door opens and I feel Xander tense up. I can smell the fear radiating from him, but underneath

that is a hint of ... acceptance. He knows that Angel will likely use this to humiliate him. He's not stupid, he knows that my sire isn't the saint he portrays himself to be. Underneath all the angst and brooding, is the soul of a petty, theiving, whoring, drunken, Irish peasant. Angelus got most of his traits from his host, his love of excess showed that all too clearly.

Red smiles at me as she enters. She picks up a book and comes over and sits on the other side of Xander and takes his hand. She gives it a squeeze and smiles at him. He lets out the breath he's been holding and relaxes some. I guess I'm gonna have to do something nice for this one as well. I wonder how many books of Drus I still have?

Part Fifteen

Xander's POV

Slaying was a bust. Oh there were demons, and there was slaying, but between Buffy and Angel the rest of us weren't needed. I don't know what the powers were thinking sending him here. Spike could have easily done what Angel did.

The demons were average sized, not that much stronger than a fledgling vampire, and were more concerned with protecting their egg-sacks than with killing Buffy. It was only the fact that there were several dozen of them that posed any real threat. The ones that weren't slain, took their eggs and fled. I highly doubt they'll be back.

So here we are, every one is heading home, off to their own lives, to do their own thing ... Okay, yeah. I'm stalling here. I know what comes next. Spike is going to want to come home with me. I shouldn't be surprised, I'm not actually. I did sort of give him the impression that I want him. What with shoving my tongue down his throat and all.

But now that it looks like it's going to happen? Truthfully? I'm scared shitless. I've never done this before. What if I suck at it? Pun SO not intended! What if I'm crap at it. What if it hurts? Oh there's a good mental picture; he tries to enter me and it hurts, I scream and grab my ass, he screams and grabs his head. We're naked, hard, and writhing on the floor. Only it's not in ecstasy. I start to giggle hysterically.

Spike looks at me and raises an eyebrow. I can't help it. I laugh harder. Willow comes over and

puts her hand on my forehead, she looks at me curiously and then closes her eyes. I feel her reach into mind slowly, she couldn't do this if I didn't let her. She sees what I imagined and begins to giggle.

Spike is not happy. He looks like he wants to rip someones head off. Hopefully not mine. I start to calm down, Willow does as well. "Goddess, Xander! You have the silliest thoughts" she tells me. She walks over to Tara and whispers in her ear. They both look back at us and then start looking through Tara's shoulder bag.

Spike steps up beside me. "Care to share the joke,pet?" He says it quietly but I can hear the underlying tone of warning in his voice. It shouldn't make me horny. It really shouldn't. But it does. Willow saves me by coming back and slipping a small jar into my hand. "This will help" she says and then looks between me and Spike. She raises her eyebrow at me and I nod. Here's a thought? Why is it everyone can do that eyebrow thing except me?

Spike steps back when Willow reaches for him. "Hold still" she says before placing her hand on his head. I can see when he starts to get the image. He looks at me like I'm crazy, then he grins. Then he howls with laughter and I laugh too. It feels better to have this out in the open. Spike wipes the tear tracks off his face and just grins at me. I think it'll be okay now.

Part Sixteen

Spike's POV

We continued to giggle a bit on and off the rest of the way back to his apartment. The boy has a wicked humor, finding that image funny. It was though. Only the two of us, fuck-ups in every way, could find our selves in this situation. The worst part is he's probably right. I hope what ever Red gave him works, 'cause I'm horny enough right now to shag him through the mind-splitting headache.

He stalls at the door and looks at me for a few long moments before inviting me in. I've never been here before, it looks a hell of alot better than that basement. The idea of a real bed is nice too, been sleeping on the marble tomb again ever since the slayer and soldier-boy blew up my lair.

Xander fetches us a couple of beers. Humans! Can't just get on with it, have to go through the bloody pleasantries first. Fine. I chug the beer and start undressing. Xander seems to have forgotten all about his beer as he watches me strip. Works for me.

I toe off my boots and then slip off my duster. I drape it over the sofa back before pulling my shirt up over my head. I hear his heart racing, smell his arousal. I look him in the eye as I unbutton my

jeans, slowly, one button at a time. He's too easy. I leave them undone but I don't take them off.

"Need some help?" I offer because I don't think he's gonna do it himself. He nods his head and lifts his arms. I chuckle at him as I pull his shirt off. I pinch his nipples and he seems to come back from where ever it was he'd gone to. He grins at me almost embarrassedly and kicks off his shoes. I take his hand and pull him down the hall toward the bedroom. I snag the jar off the end table on the way.

Once inside the room, I'm all over him. I've waited too bloody long for him as it is. I want him now. He pulls away from me with a gasp and I can see the uncertainty in his . No. Not this again! I groan in frustration. "What is it luv? You have no faith in the witches little prezzie?" He ducks his head and mumbles something. I don't hear him.

"What was that again? I didn't quite hear you." He repeats it and this time I hear him loud and clear. So the boy has a kink? I can work with that. "Sure luv, back in a mo." Why not? Wouldn't be the first time I've shagged in me duster.

Part Seventeen

Xander's POV

Spike is stripping in my living room. Oh my God. SPIKE is stripping in my living room. Spike is STRIPPING in my living room. Wow, he must have exercised alot before he died, 'cause people? The vampire is buff!

I can't help but picture him in just the coat. I don't even notice when he stops undressing and comes toward me. My shirt is off and I feel a sharp pain in my chest before I notice he's standing right in front of me. I grin at him, a bit shyly. I want to ask him to put the coat back on but I'm afraid he'll laugh at me. He pulls me toward the bedroom and I follow. I take one last desperate look at the coat as we leave the living room. Oh well, maybe next time.

But what if there isn't a next time? What if this is a one shot deal? I'm still going to do it, I WANT to do it. But I really want to see him naked, in that coat, maybe the boots? Nah, no boots. Just the coat. Just Spike surrounded by leather and nothing else.

We enter the bedroom and he's like a man possessed. Which technically he is. Can I PLEASE stop with the internal Xander-babble when there is sex to be had? Hmmm?

I pull away from him with a gasp and he looks into my eyes. He groans and lowers his head in frustration. "What is it luv? You have no faith in the witches little prezzie?" He asks. I whisper that I want him to wear the coat. He doesn't hear me, I'm not surprised. It was barely a whisper after all. He asks me to repeat myself. I know I'm redder than Willows hair, but I do. After all, this may be my only chance.

He looks at me with surprise and then grins lasciviously. "Sure luv, back in a mo." I watch him leave the room with an air of confidence. I let out a breath and try to relax. He didn't laugh, he actually looked a bit impressed. Yay me! I impressed Spike with my one sexual kink.

He comes back into the room and I freeze. My breath catches in my throat. He's wearing the coat. Just the coat. I can die a happy man now. This is way hotter than I ever thought it would be. Spike's eyes widen in surprise as I launch myself at him.

Part Eighteen

Spike's POV

Sodding hell! I never expected the boy to attack me. Not complaining, just wasn't expecting it. Like it though, it's nice to be wanted. At least he's stopped acting like a virgin on 'er wedding night. Can't get the lad out of his pants fast enough though. Might just have to tear them off. Hope he isn't to fond of them.

There now, that's better. He didn't even notice. His hands are in my coat, touching me every where at once. Warm hands, feel good they do. Oh yeah, pet. Do that again. Yes ... right ... there ...
aaaahhhh!

Walk him backwards to the bed. Gotta get this show on the road so to speak. Otherwise it'll be done before it gets started. Hope the witches know what they're doing. I DON'T want to stop on account of a splitting headache.

I lay him down and drape myself over top of him. Were touching from head to toe, still joined at

the mouth. His hands are digging into the leather of my coat and I hear him moan at the feel of it. I suddenly remember the bloke from the computer and stifle a laugh. So it was the leather that got him all hot and bothered? Wait till he sees the leather jeans I've got back at the crypt.

I lift his legs up and settle myself between them. He allows me to manouver him into position. I'd rather turn him over for this, it'd beier ier on him but I get the feeling he want's it like this. Wants to see me as I take him. The idea appeals to me as well. Make sure he never forgets that he gave his cherry to me, a demon.

I open the jar and scoop out some of the gel-like substance. I put my faith in Red and her mojo as I gently probe his opening. It slips in with out a twinge from the chip. So far so good.

Three fingers now and still no pain. I'm thinking spell books aren't gonna be thanks enough. I can't wait any longer. He's panting and moaning underneath me and if I don't shag him soon I'm gonna explode. I lube up my dick and press it to his hole. "Ready luv?" He nods and I press forward.

Part Nineteen

Xander's POV

Holy shit! This is amazing. Spike is fucking me. Spike is actually fucking me. And he's wearing the coat. I never new it would be like this. Oh ... God ... shit, this feels so fucking good! I'm close. So fucking close!

Nooooooo! He's holding my cock so hard I can't cum. Argh! So not fair. But then again I don't want it to be over yet either. Spike is still kissing me, he hasn't really stopped. He just moves away from my mouth now and then - I assume to let me breathe - and kisses my neck, my shoulders, my chest. What ever he can reach.

I want to remember this for the rest of my life. It's one of those perfect memories that you look back on and wish you could relive it over and over. Like the day I met Willow, or the one Christmas that my parents were both on the wagon and we actually had a real family celebration. This is perfect.

I feel Spike shift his position slightly and he rams into my prostate hard. I scream and arch my

back. He looks at me with those yellow demon eyes and smiles around a mouth full of sharp teeth. "Like that luv? Want me to do it again?"

"Yes! Oh fuck yes!" I'm moaning and panting and begging like a whore. I don't care. As long as he keeps doing that, I don't care what nonsense is coming out of my mouth.

He starts pumping me as he continues to pound into my prostate on each thrust. "Look at me Xander." I look up at him and see the possessive glint in his eyes. His demon stares down at me in full authority. "Cum for me, pet."

I can't help but obey his command. My body is desperate for release and the way he is touching me, fucking me ... I just let go and do what he says. And oh fuck! This is good. Better than anything. I feel like I'm going to pass out.

I hear Spike roar just before his fangs pierce my flesh. The last coherent thought I have as I black out is why is he able to bite me?

Part Twenty

Spike's POV

Well, that was unexpected. I hadn't planned on biting him. Didn't figure I could with this damned chip in my head. I just got so caught up in it, ya know? the sex, the dominance, the way his body obeyed my every demand. Haven't had such an enthusiastic bedmate in a long time.

Suddenly, I just wanted to own him. Completely. Body and soul. Make him mine, mark him. Well, I did that. The poor sod, he passed out on me. Guess I should take it as a compliment.

I took off the duster and cleaned us both up. Got him all nice and cozy in his bed. Me too of course. It's only polite to offer your lover a place to sleep after a coring like the one I just gave him. 'Sides, gotta make sure he's alright when he wakes up.

Wonder if that stuff Red gave 'im is what made me able to bite him? Nah, only put that on his ass, not his neck. So what was it then? Intent? I didn't want to hurt him so I was able to bite him? Hmm, maybe I should convince myself that I don't want to hurt my dinner too. Might work. Never know.

Probably not with my luck.

"I'm still wondering about the leather fetish." I say it out loud and jump when he answers me. "Willows fault. Fan fic made me gay" he mumbles. I shake my head and try to work that out. I give up and ask since he seems to be so forthcoming with answers right now.

"How's that?" I ask. I wait for a minute and I'm just about to give up when he speaks. "Body switching. The hot chicks ended up men." Now it's starting to make sense. "So you read a little story with two blokes shagging and it made you gay?" I'm thinking repressed tendencies. Reading does not make you gay. I eventually get enough of the facts to put it together.

He likes skin and leather. Nothing wrong with having a kink or two, and role play can be fun. I wonder? Maybe next time I'll ask him to put on his tool belt and hard hat.

The End