


Rating: NC17/Slash

Pairing: Spike/Xander

Length: 3238 words

Spoilers: Through The Wish.

Notes: Written for . There's vampy stuff, so if that squicks you....

Feedback: It's ALL about the feedback (and naked Spike)! Don't make me beg, it's not pretty.

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Five Ways Spike and Xander Didn't Meet

by
Spikedluv

1

Wish!Verse: Vamp!Xander & Spike

Summary: Spike and Drusilla visit the Master in Sunnydale.

Xander was standing behind the Master's throne when they were escorted in. The female was beautiful, if ethereal was your type. It wasn't his. He liked his partners with sass and zest, like Willow. A cock, if he was feeling particularly wild. The male, however, looked like he had attitude to spare.

Xander had already decided to find a way to convince the blond to help him wile

away the daylight hours before they'd even been presented to the Master. As it turned out, they needed no introduction.

“Drusilla, my dear.”

The Master held out his hand to her. Drusilla climbed the stairs to the dias, swaying as if to music only she could hear, and knelt at his feet. She bowed her head and pressed her lips to the back of his pale, desiccated hand in homage.

“How lovely to see you again. I see you brought Spike with you.” The Master’s welcoming tone cooled a notch, but the vampire in question merely smirked in response.

“Oh! I couldn’t leave my Spike behind.” Drusilla tilted her head in a coquettish manner and her long dark hair fell over her face. “Not when we were both so looking forward to celebrating the success you’ve achieved here.”

The Master preened. “Is that so? Word of my accomplishment has reached the Continent, then?”

“Oh, yeah,” Spike said before Drusilla could respond. “Some of the Old Ones think it’s about time someone managed to civilize the Colonies.” He paused to let the compliment sink in, then continued. “Of course, others think you’re taking all the bloody fun out of being a vampire.”

It wasn’t difficult to tell which Spike believed as he looked around the room with an expression of disdain. An uneasy silence fell over those gathered as the Master, and everyone in the room, absorbed the meaning of Spike’s words.

Xander had discarded his plan to seduce the stranger the moment he realized that the two vampires were Drusilla and Spike. Their exploits were legendary, and while he might be a bit envious of the excitement that seemed to follow them everywhere, he’d heard enough about the both of them to figure out that staying away from them was the smart thing to do if you didn’t want to attract the wrong kind of attention. Rumor had it that they’d barely escaped a riot in Prague with their lives and that might be just a bit *too much* excitement for Xander.

He now revised that decision once more. Spike might be exactly what they needed around here to stir things up. For a little while, anyway. He wondered where Willow was, she was missing all the fun.

As if he'd conjured her up, Willow slipped out of the shadows behind the throne. She knelt at the Master's feet and rested her head on his knee. She might be gutsy and daring, but she knew exactly how to calm this savage beast with a show of meek submission, insincere as it was.

"We have company, Master, how nice. Such good timing. I was getting bored." She reached out and fingered a strand of Drusilla's hair. "And pretty, too."

Drusilla turned into Willow's touch and smiled at the compliment.

"Willow." The Master petted Willow's head. "I'd like you to meet Drusilla. And Spike." The last was added on reluctantly.

"Drusilla." Willow drew the name out. "How lovely."

Xander could see the calculating gleam in Willow's eyes as she tilted her head back and smiled up at the Master.

"I bet she'd like to play with Puppy and me."

"I'm sure she would," the Master said, his tone indulgent as it always was with Willow. Until she'd pushed him too far, anyway. "Perhaps...."

Willow interrupted before he could order her to include Spike. "Girl time!" She clapped gleefully, then grinned and leaned forward, almost quivering with excitement. "We'll have so much fun, just the two of us! And Puppy, of course, but he won't have nearly as much fun. I'm sure Xander can think of something to keep Spike from being bored while we play."

She waved her hand as if her pronouncement was no big deal, and as if she had no doubt it would be adhered to. One peek at Spike's thunderous expression and Xander knew that he wouldn't give in easily.

For himself, he was startled, but he shouldn't have been. Willow had always seemed to be able to read his mind and know what he wanted, oftentimes before he did, even when they were human. He was thankful that he no longer had to worry about blushing when Spike's venomous gaze fell on him. The look he got might have left lesser vamps quaking or feeling inadequate, but Xander stared back, holding his ground. It had been much too long since he'd met someone who was actually a challenge.

A commotion at the back of the room broke their staring contest and heralded the arrival of the contingent from L.A. The Master hoped to open a similar manufacturing plant there, once he had the backing of the local master. The Master clapped his hands and everyone fell silent.

“Everyone out! We have business to discuss.”

The noise level rose as the room cleared out.

“Willow,” the Master said over the clamor, “please show our guests around.”

He dangled a set of keys over Willow's head. Her smile as she reached up to take them was filled with dark promise. “Yes, Master.” Willow rose effortlessly and held her empty hand out to Drusilla. “Come, Kitten.”

Drusilla snarled and scratched the air in front of Willow.

“Oh yes, Kitten has claws. We're going to have so much fun,” Willow said as she drew Drusilla to her feet. “Come, we'll give you the grand tour.” She looked up at him as she helped Drusilla down the stairs. “Xander.” Then turned her gaze to the other vampire. “Spike.”

Xander knelt to kiss the Master's hand, offered up to him automatically, before following Willow off the dias. He brushed past Spike, making sure to rub against him even though there was plenty of room to pass, and then moved up the aisle behind Willow and Drusilla. He could just make out their whispered conversation.

“Once we've shown you around, we'll introduce you to Puppy, and then you and I can have a party.”

Drusilla's giggle sounded a bit mad. "Will there be tea?"

With Willow in the lead, they showed Drusilla and Spike through the Master's lair, once known as The Bronze. With a soft, "Princess," Spike had pulled Drusilla away from Willow and she leaned on him as they walked, even though Xander didn't think she really needed the support. The last stop was the dungeon, and Puppy's cell.

Drusilla gasped. "Daddy! No, no...." She keened. "What's wrong with him?"

Angel looked up when he heard Drusilla's voice. The look of horror and regret was almost enough to make Xander want to stay and watch Willow's game. Almost. He glanced at Spike. He had other fish to fry.

"You'll hardly believe it," Willow said, drawing out the suspense.

Xander made sure she couldn't see him, then rolled his eyes. Since becoming a vampire, Willow had turned into such a drama queen.

"He's got a soul."

"No! Oh, I can see it burning."

"A vampire with a soul?" Spike said mockingly. "How lame is that?"

Xander grinned, glad to have found a kindred spirit, but both women ignored his outburst.

"Calls himself Angel, now. I just call him Puppy."

"We need to get it out of him."

Willow sighed. "I've been trying. He's not very cooperative."

"What have you tried?"

“I’ve tried burning it out of him, bleeding it out of him, beating it out of him....”

“Have you tried cutting it out of him?” Drusilla made a scissoring motion. “Snip, snip.”

Willow glowed with the memory. “I’ve carved the prettiest designs on him. Some of them have been so pretty I made them permanent with a little bit of holy water.”

“I meant, cut it out.” She made a scooping motion this time. “Dig, dig, dig.”

“Mmm, no. Perhaps we should leave that as a last resort, though. He’d be much less fun as a pile of dust.”

Drusilla took a step towards the bars. “May I play with Daddy?”

“Of course.” Willow turned to them. “Okay, time for you boys to leave. Go find your own games to play.”

Spike’s expression turned mulish and he stood with his feet spread, arms crossed over his chest. “I want to stay.”

“Oh, how sweet.” Willow shoved him out the door, then Xander. “But no.” The door shut with an echoing clang.

~*~*~*~*~

Spike was still sputtering when Xander led him into the training room. He tossed a stick to him and Spike stopped talking about Willow’s heritage long enough to grab it out of the air and give Xander a baleful glare.

“What’s this for?”

Xander shrugged. “Nothing to do around here during the day except fucking and fighting.” He raised his stick.

Spike regarded Xander as he twirled the stick. Xander couldn’t help staring, and he

got hard watching Spike's slender fingers expertly manipulate it. When he looked up, Spike was smirking at him.

“From the way you've been looking me over, figured you'd choose fucking.”

Xander smirked back, moving his own stick from hand to hand. “What makes you think I haven't?”

“This is foreplay, then, is it?” Spike moved around the room, putting his back to Xander in a display of arrogance.

“If that's what you need,” Xander said, baiting Spike. “Me? I'm good to go.”

Spike twisted around and regarded him with raised eyebrows. “You think you got what I want?”

“Brown eyes, brown hair. I figure the cock's just a bonus.”

Spike sneered. “What do you know about it?”

Xander laughed. “Angel can spin a pretty yarn.”

“Don't believe you, boy.” Spike circled around him.

Xander turned in place so that he continued to face Spike. “Willow has no finesse. She likes to cause physical pain, but she doesn't understand that the ache of bones re-knitting and burns healing just doesn't hit Angel where it hurts. See, Angel thinks he deserves all that. Plus, it heals much too quickly. But the pain he feels when I make him tell me stories about the 'good old days', well *that* is excruciating. He gets especially worked up over the things he did to Drusilla before turning her.”

Xander paused to let that sink in, then added, “And you.”

Spike's eyes flashed yellow. He shucked the black leather duster and tossed it to the floor in the corner. Distracted by firm pecs and bunching biceps under the tight black t-shirt, Xander went down hard when Spike took his legs out at the ankles. He rolled out of the way as Spike brought the sharp end of the stick down right where

he'd been sprawled.

While Spike was jerking the stick out of the floor, Xander continued rolling until he'd regained his feet. "We fighting then?"

They circled each other.

"What are the stakes?"

Xander smirked. "Winner's choice."

"You think you can take me, boy?"

"Just don't make it too easy for me. I mean, I know brunets are your type, but...." Xander ducked a wild swing at his head and then lashed out before they circled each other once more.

"What makes you think I'd want to fuck you, anyway?"

Xander rolled his eyes. "Please. We're vampires."

"I've got my Princess."

Xander laughed. He couldn't help it.

Spike pulled up short. "What's so funny?"

"What do you think she's doing right now? On Angel's dick or Willow's fingers, she's probably screaming her fool head off this very second."

Xander didn't duck fast enough to miss this blow, and the fight was on. The first five minutes was a deadly battle that took all of Xander's concentration and skill. He didn't make any fatal errors, but he didn't escape Spike's fury unscathed. He had bruises on arms and legs, a cut above his eye oozed blood that impaired his sight, and he had a broken rib or three. He wondered briefly if it had been smart to antagonize Spike as he had.

Thankfully, he wasn't the only one sporting battle scars. Spike was limping on a wrenched ankle and Xander was sure he'd broken a couple of Spike's fingers with a particularly vicious blow.

The fight soon took on a new tone. Xander could tell by the fire in Spike's eyes that the adrenaline coursing through his veins was fueling something other than blood rage. When he gauged that Spike was primed, Xander moved into Spike's blow rather than deflecting it, and went down. He ended up pinned to the floor by Spike's body, the stick across his throat.

"Did you just throw this fight?"

"Why would I do that?" Xander managed to get the words out despite the pressure against his throat. He moaned as his body reacted to Spike's.

Spike frowned. "Thought you wanted to fuck me?"

"I never said that, you did."

Spike eased up on the stick. "What did you want, then?"

Xander closed his eyes and lifted his hips. Spike grabbed a handful of hair and tugged.

"Say it."

"I want you to fuck me. I've wanted you to fuck me since I first saw you."

Spike sat up so that he was straddling Xander's thighs. "Yeah? Why is that?"

"Because you had attitude."

"Gets a little boring around here, does it?" Spike tossed his stick away.

"A little."

"Looking for someone to shake things up?"

Xander nodded and relinquished his hold on the stick, allowing Spike to take it and toss it across the room with the other.

“And getting fucked’ll do that?”

“It’s a start.”

“What was all this for, then?”

Xander couldn’t hold back a smart remark. “I wanted to make sure you knew who you were fucking. Didn’t want to be an Angelus substitute.”

Spike’s face scrunched up and he punched him, drawing blood, and then stood up.

Xander licked his lip, groaning as he got harder. “Where are you going?”

Spike licked Xander’s blood off his knuckles. “Sun’s down, and I’m feeling a bit peckish.” He sauntered over and snatched up his duster.

“But...”

Xander scrambled to his feet, adjusting himself so his jeans didn’t feel so tight, and followed Spike.

~*~*~*~*~

“The blood of a virgin,” Xander said.

Spike rolled his eyes.

“What?”

“If you like bland.”

“What do you mean, bland?”

Willow and Drusilla trailed after the other two, feeling each other up and giggling at their antics.

“Bland, no spice. I happen to like my blood with a dash of spice. Get ‘em a little worked up first, fear or arousal, don’t matter, and *then* drain ‘em dry. The only thing better is the blood of a slayer. *That* will make you fucking *fly*. Ain’t that right, Princess?” He turned back to look at Drusilla, who was weaving from side to side as she walked. “What are you doing, luv?”

“Moonbeams,” she said, as if Spike would understand.

“Ah,” he said, and turned back to Xander.

“I heard the white hats talking once. They said the slayer—Buffy something or other—was supposed to come here, but she never showed up.”

Spike grabbed his arm and pulled him to a stop, then nodded ahead of them. “There’s one.” He looked at Xander. “We do this my way.”

Xander nodded his agreement, then let Spike pull him close as they strolled down the street.

When they got close enough for the girl to hear without Spike raising his voice, Spike said, “Hey, luv. Looking for a good time?”

She looked them over. “I need to get home.”

“This won’t take long. And we’ll make you feel good.”

Xander tried hard to keep a straight face. He’d never tried this approach. He normally liked the thrill of the hunt, but the anticipation was making his erection, which hadn’t quite gone away, much to Willow’s amusement, stiff once more.

Spike didn’t wait for the girl to answer, just slid up beside her and ran his hand up her arm and into her hair, then leaned down to kiss her. She moaned and tried to push him away, but Xander was already playing his part in their game. He stepped

up behind her, trapping her between them. His hands were busy exploring her body, palming her breasts and rubbing between her thighs, even as she struggled.

When the scent of arousal was strong in the air Spike pulled back and looked at Xander over her shoulder, and then they both morphed and lowered their mouths to either side of her neck. She screamed as their fangs entered her flesh. As they drew the blood from her body, her struggles ceased and she began to rub herself against Spike's leg.

Before she was drained, Spike withdrew, then pulled at Xander's head until he too released his hold on her. With her blood on their lips they kissed, her body crushed between them.

Willow moaned. "I love this part."

"Spike, I'm hungry."

Spike passed the girl, compliant from loss of blood, off to Drusilla and Willow and then slammed Xander up against the car she'd been getting into. They kissed once more, hard, tongues and teeth clashing. Xander slipped his hands under the duster and explored Spike, pulling at the t-shirt to get to the skin beneath.

Spike went right for Xander's jeans, undoing them and shoving them down his thighs. He pulled back far enough to spin Xander around and pin him to the car.

"You want to get fucked?" he whispered into Xander's ear, his hand moving unerringly to the cleft between Xander's cheeks.

"Yes."

Spike rubbed his finger over Xander's hole until Xander was nearly crazy with want, and then shoved it inside.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, dammit!"

Spike pressed a second finger inside and Xander pushed back.

“Come on, Spike.”

Spike pulled out and Xander could feel him undoing his own jeans, and then there was pressure and pain, and Spike was forcing his way inside, and then thrusting and driving deep, ramming into his prostate and pushing him closer and closer to the edge.

“Feel that?”

Xander groaned. “Hell, yes! I’ll still feel it tomorrow.”

Spike’s hand came around him and fingers circled his cock. A flick and a twist later Xander was coming all over the car and Spike’s hand while Spike filled his ass. Spike pulled out and then slapped one buttock hard enough to leave a bruise.

Xander jumped. “What was that for?”

“Thinking you could con me.”

Xander tried to look penitent. “Only because you had something I wanted.”

“Don’t do it again.”

They buckled themselves up and turned to see the girls kissing, corpse at their feet.

“Dru always did like to watch me fuck.”

“We could do it again.” Spike looked at him. “You know, for the girls.”

Spike pushed off the car and wrapped his arms around Drusilla and Willow. “What say we go find another one?”

“All right,” Drusilla said, “but this time I want to play with them first.”

The girls moved on ahead and Spike fell back to walk with Xander.

“How attached are you to this place?”

Xander could tell that Spike found Sunnydale wanting. He shrugged. “Why?”

“I hear there’s a Hellmouth in Cleveland. And that one has a slayer.” He grinned at Xander.

2

Initiative!Xander & Hostile 17

Xander joined the Army to get out of Sunnydale, only to be sent back in.

Written: September 29, 2005

Two weeks after basic training ended, Xander found himself stationed in Sunnydale, a member of a covert military organization called the Initiative. A mere three months later he was charged with treason and unceremoniously tossed into the brig. And it was all Spike’s fault.

It had all started when Buffy came to Sunnydale and they found out that vampires, demons, and other evil creatures of the night were real. But Xander’s life was irrevocably changed when Buffy died. At the moment he’d realized that she was dead, really, truly dead, he’d hated Angel more than ever. But he’d hated himself even more, because they’d both let Buffy confront the Master alone.

“We can’t leave her here.”

And so they had carried Buffy’s body out of the Master’s lair and brought her to the high school, only to discover that the Master was already there, and that the Hellmouth was opening. The knowledge of Buffy’s death weighed heavily on their hearts, but had also imbued them with purpose. Together they’d defeated the Master and closed the Hellmouth.

Giles had stayed in Sunnydale as long as he could, but despite his passionate arguments to the Watcher’s Council that the Hellmouth needed to be guarded, he

had eventually been called back to England. But while he was there he taught Xander and Willow how to protect themselves and took them on patrol to teach them how to fight should they be attacked. Before leaving, he charged Angel with helping them to keep Sunnydale safe.

“You expect us to work with Deadboy?”

“I expect you to do what you have to, to stay alive, Xander.”

And for two years they had. During their senior year, Willow made noises about staying in Sunnydale with Xander and attending UC Sunnydale, but she chose Harvard when Xander told her he was joining the Army. Early on he'd made the decision to get out of Sunnydale any way he could. The irony of his way out sending him back in was not lost on him.

When he and Willow left Sunnydale, Angel had moved to L.A. Though they'd gotten along because they had to, there were too many bad memories for him and Angel to become friends, and Xander desperately hoped that he'd never have to see Angel again.

After fighting vampires and demons for two years, he'd easily made it through the rigors of basic training. His first posting had been cut short when one overheard comment about vampires brought him to the attention of someone with some seriously spooky connections.

“Private Harris?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I'm Special Agent Riley Finn.”

They shook hands and Finn directed him to a chair.

“Tell me what you know about vampires.”

Within twenty-four hours he'd received his transfer papers and was on his way to Sunnydale.

Xander had been shown around the complex and cleared for use on all the state-of-the-art weapons used by the Initiative, and if he'd bitterly wondered where they'd been when Buffy had been killed, he didn't say it out loud. He was equipped with a taser and assigned guard duty on one of the upper levels. It was just his luck to be back in Sunnydale once more, but he comforted himself that at least he hadn't been assigned to one of the retrieval teams.

About two months after he'd arrived at the Initiative complex, Xander came to the attention of Dr. Maggie Walsh when he foiled an escape attempt by one of the HSTs. He told them that he'd just been in the right place at the right time, but they insisted on rewarding him for the recapture with a promotion. Of sorts.

One half-hour briefing later, Xander knew about the behavior modification experiments and that Hostile 17 was the first demon who'd come close to effecting an escape after having been subject to them. They wanted to know why.

"We'd like to learn how Hostile 17 was able to function despite the chip firing," Dr. Walsh said.

"Permission to speak freely, Ma'am?"

"Of course, Agent Harris."

"That thing killed two men during it's escape attempt."

"And our research will give their deaths meaning."

Xander remained silent as she swept out of the room. When he and only one other Agent were left, he looked over.

"Agent Graham Dunn." He held out his hand.

Xander shook it. "Alexander Harris."

"You've been reassigned. I'll show you to your post."

Xander had stood and followed Agent Dunn to his new post. He'd looked inside the glass door of the private cell at the still-unconscious form of Hostile 17, then turned his back and took up position. He'd saluted Agent Dunn when he left, gripping the holstered taser at his waist with a hand that still shook a little bit.

He'd never used a taser on anyone before and he still tingled with the electrical charge, even though the doctors told him that he shouldn't feel anything. It reminded him of the first time he'd staked a vampire, when wood met the unyielding solidness of dead flesh until the vampire flew apart in a cloud of dust and there was no more resistance, so maybe it *was* just the tingle of nerves he was feeling.

Hostile 17 had remained unconscious for the rest of Xander's shift, which gave him time to think about everything he'd just learned. He'd seen the holding cells during the tour he'd been given when he first arrived at the facility, but he'd been a little bit surprised to find out that the Initiative wasn't killing the demons it captured.

Xander had heard rumors about research, but he hadn't known what kind of experiments the scientists were running on the demons they captured. Not that he'd actually given it much thought. He'd just assumed it had something to do with figuring out how to kill them more efficiently, or how to eradicate them entirely. His previous guard duty didn't normally bring him into contact with the captured demons or the retrieval teams, and there were times he could almost forget he was working with people who knew about the existence of demons.

In fact, he'd nearly had a heart attack when he came face-to-face with Hostile 17 during its attempted escape. He'd previously thought on occasion that it would be the boredom of guard duty that killed him. If it wasn't for the fact that the sirens had been going off and the HST vamped out when confronted with Xander, he might have thought it was someone who worked in the compound until it was too late. Though the hair and the clothes should've been a dead giveaway. No pun intended.

It had almost made him wish he could sense vampires like Buffy had been able to. He hadn't thought about her in a long time; had made a conscious decision not to, because it hurt too much to think about what could've been, what *should've* been.

He'd wondered what Buffy would think of all this? She would probably laugh at the meager retrieval rate that they were so proud of. And she'd probably be very vocal about the need to capture demons in the first place, instead of just killing them.

Over the next few days, Hostile 17 had been unconscious when Xander's shift began. He knew it couldn't still be from the taser, which made him wonder what they were doing to it that took it so long to recover. Not that he wasn't happy to not have to deal with an awake and alert HST, but it gave him way too much time to think. About things like why scientists in lab coats appeared several times a day to take readings and make observations on the clipboards they carried with them.

On the fourth day, Hostile 17 had been awake, if not alert. Its unfocused gaze roamed over Xander, and then snapped back.

"You!" The sound was more of a croak than the growl Xander expected. "When I get out of here, I'm going to drain you dry. After I put great gaping holes where your eyes used to be." It had attempted an evil grin. "Railroad spikes are my specialty."

The threat would've been more intimidating if the HST had been able to stand, and if it hadn't been locked behind unbreakable glass, *and* if it hadn't had a behavior modification chip shoved in its brain, but Xander had felt a shiver of apprehension just the same.

"I'll keep that in mind," he'd said, and turned his back in a show of indifference. Thankfully, Hostile 17 passed out and was silent the rest of Xander's shift.

After a week the scientists had lost interest in Hostile 17 and it was left alone. Which meant it was awake when Xander showed up.

"Been waitin' for you," it had said when Xander relieved the soldier who had been standing guard and took his position, and then it proceeded to tell Xander in graphic detail how it would give him a slow, painful death when it got out. And it would, hadn't it already proven it could?

For two and a half days Xander had ignored it as best he could, which wasn't very well if the nightmares were any indication, but finally he could take no more.

“Please,” he’d said, putting as much disdain as he could manage into his voice, “Buffy would’ve taken you out like yesterday’s garbage.”

The moment of silence at that statement had been golden, but as with all good things, it came to an end.

“Who in soddin’ hell is *Buffy*?”

And so Xander had told Hostile 17 all about Buffy, the Vampire Slayer, and how she’d guarded the Hellmouth.

“There was a slayer here? Bloody hell, I haven’t tasted slayer’s blood in years.”

Xander had frozen with the memory of finding Buffy’s limp body in the Master’s lair and Hostile 17 had taken advantage of his emotional turmoil.

“Well where’s your precious slayer now, eh?”

Xander had considered not replying, but then decided that to do so would be to deny Buffy. “She died. The Master killed her.”

“The Master?” Hostile 17 had sounded surprised. “Thought that old buzzard was dead.”

“He is now,” Xander said, and hadn’t been able to hide the little bit of pride that statement evoked.

“The slayer kill ‘im?”

“No. We did.”

“The Initiative?” The HST’s voice had been full of scorn.

“No.”

Xander’s relief had arrived before Hostile 17 could push for more information, but before he’d left, Xander had made a loose fist with his hand, as if he’d been holding

a stake, and had bounced it lightly off his chest to show the HST that he knew exactly how to take out a vampire. And he didn't need a taser to do it. The look of surprise on its face had been well worth the inability to curb the childish impulse.

The next day Xander had almost been looking forward to going to work. He'd thought about it all night and had actually been excited at the prospect of telling this 'big, bad' vampire how a group of humans (and a vampire with a soul, but he didn't count), had killed the Master. By the time he got there, though, he'd been feeling sad, because the victory hadn't been complete without Buffy there.

But it had only taken Hostile 17 two hours to weaken Xander's resolve with its constant whining, and so he'd taken great relish in telling it how they'd taken out the Master, and while his followers were in disarray, put a huge dent in the vampire population of Sunnydale as well.

"Hmm, Angel, you say? A vampire with a soul? Knew an Angelus once, but what are the bloody chances? Although, it would explain a lot." Hostile 17 turned to Xander. "Dark hair, wide brow, dumb as a post?"

Xander had wanted to remain silent, but it was too tempting. "That's an insult to posts."

After a long silence, Hostile 17 said, "Did they capture him?"

Xander had shaken his head.

"And how in bloody hell did you go from there...to here?"

Xander hadn't answered, and had remained silent for the rest of his shift. He wouldn't have known what to say, even if he had still felt like talking. It was a question he'd been asking himself a lot lately.

The next day the scientists showed up again.

"Has Hostile 17 said anything?" they'd asked him.

"Got a name, you know."

“He won’t shut up,” Xander had said.

They’d taken some more readings, jotted something down, and then left.

“What is it?”

“What’s what?”

“Your name.”

A long pause, and then, “Spike.”

The next day Spike had said, “You know what they’re doing here, don’t you?”

Xander hadn’t answered, in part because, no, he didn’t know.

“You’re here because you think they’re the good guys, ridding the Earth of demon-kind. This chip in my head, you think it’s there to kill me? Yeah, it could, if I can’t feed, but it’s there to control me. Never much liked the idea of giving someone else control.”

That night Xander had nightmares in which he relived finding Buffy’s body and his own failure at saving her.

“What do you think they want with a bunch of demons they can control? Make one hell of an army, don’t you think?”

“They wouldn’t do that!”

Spike had laughed. “Sure they would. And they’re not the first to try, either.” When Xander didn’t reply, Spike went on. “Ain’t the first time I was captured. Why don’t you ask your precious vampire with a soul about a certain German sub, huh?”

Xander hadn’t known how to get a hold of Angel, and even if he had, didn’t know if he would have. He hadn’t wanted to believe Spike, but while he’d been guarding his cell, standing still and silent as a statue, he’d overheard some things that made a

little more sense now. Things that might not have been said if they'd thought he wasn't one of them, or thought of him as more than a piece of furniture.

Without letting on to Spike that he believed him, Xander had begun paying more attention to whispered conversations. He'd noticed doors that required special authorization to enter. He'd glanced at the clipboards when the scientists came to the cell. And one day he'd cornered Agent Graham Dunn.

“Uh, hi.”

“Hi. Harris, right?”

“Right. Listen, at the risk of sounding pathetic, you want to do something tonight?”

Graham had raised an eyebrow as he smiled.

“I mean, I'm from Sunnydale, but I don't know many people here now that everyone's left for college, and the ones I do know, it's hard to come up with answers for what I do now.”

“Actually, we're having a party at the frat house,” Graham had said.

“Oh. Maybe some other time.”

“No! I mean, you're welcome to come.”

“I am? I don't know, the last frat party I attended, they summoned a demon.” Xander'd left out the part about being dressed like a woman.

“We promise not to do that,” Graham had said solemnly.

Xander'd grinned. “Okay.”

He'd nursed one beer all night long and pondered the effects of alcohol on soldiers who had too many secrets and too much stress.

It had taken him a week to gather enough pieces of the puzzle to get a better idea of

what was going on, and it all had to do with room 314 and something called A.D.A.M., which wasn't an army of demons, but possibly something much worse. He'd realized that he needed to do something about it before it was activated, but he needed help. God, how he'd wished that Buffy was there. Or Giles and Willow. He'd even have taken Angel's help, and that was scraping the bottom of the barrel.

"You want to get out of here?"

"What?"

"It's a simple question."

"Right. Well, since you're not a moron, I don't think, you know damned well I want to get out of here!"

"Keep your voice down," Xander'd snapped.

"What's the catch?"

"You help me kill something."

"And what? You just let me go?"

"No, we'll probably have to fight our way out. Might get killed."

Spike had been silent.

"Think about it."

The next day Spike had asked, "What happens when we get out?"

Xander'd shrugged. "I haven't really thought that far ahead. I suppose *if* we get out, we go our separate ways. And hide."

"And what about this chip?"

"I can't do anything about the chip."

“If I can’t feed, I’ll die.”

This time Xander had been silent.

The next day he’d said, “We could stick together. I could get you blood. But I won’t let you kill anyone.”

“Like I could.”

The next day Spike had asked, “Where are we going to hide?”

“We could go to England. Giles might help us.”

“The Watcher? Yeah, that sounds like a bloody good plan.”

“Well then, you think of something.”

“When are we going to do this?”

Xander’d turned his head, startled. “You’re in?”

Spike had shrugged. “Rather go out fighting than be locked in here all my bloody unlife.”

“Tomorrow,” Xander had said. It was actually quieter in the complex during the day, since most of the retrieval teams were sent out at night. There were a bunch of scientists, but a lot less soldiers to contend with.

The next morning Xander had shown up late so that everyone on his shift had already signed in and got their weapons, and everyone on third shift had turned theirs in and signed out. With a smile he’d tasered the weapons clerk and tied him up. He’d taken the clerk’s ID in case his didn’t get him where he needed to go, and then loaded up on weapons.

He had jogged to his post so that his flushed skin and gleam of excitement might be mistaken for the adrenaline from the run. “Sorry I’m late,” he’d said, and then

tasered the soldier where he stood. He'd unlocked the door to Spike's cell and dragged the unconscious soldier inside.

Xander had handed Spike a few weapons and then grabbed his arm and pulled him out of the cell. "Let's go."

"You're gonna trust me with these?"

"Put them away!" He'd watched as Spike stuck one weapon in his duster pocket and one in his waistband. "You're the one who said you needed *me*."

Xander had led Spike to the labs as if he was taking him for testing. They'd passed one scientist who didn't give them a second glance. When they'd gotten to room 314, Xander just stopped and stared. He had not believed it was real.

He'd used his card, but the lock just beeped at him. He'd swiped the card from the weapons clerk, hoping his clearance was high enough to get them in here, and the lock disengaged. Sweating and shaking, Xander had pushed the door open and took a step into the dark room. He'd reached out for the light switch. When the lights came on he'd found five guns pointed at his face.

"Drop your weapons and put your hands in the air," Agent Finn had ordered.

Xander had dropped the gun and raised his hands. One of the soldiers had stepped forward and frisked him while the others held their weapons on him. When he'd been relieved of all his weapons, the soldier stood back.

"You're being charged with treason," Finn had said. "Take him to the brig."

Graham...Agent Dunn had stepped forward. "Move."

Xander'd turned around and saw Spike being held by the back wall. Guns had been pointed at him, but he hadn't been tasered, which told Xander that Spike had betrayed him.

Spike had shrugged and smirked, then confirmed his thought. "Sorry, pet, their deal was better."

Xander had nodded his acceptance. Spike was a vampire, he really shouldn't have expected anything less. Still, it had surprised him how much that stung.

~*~*~*~*~

He wasn't sure how long he'd been confined to the brig when the door opened and Spike slipped through, dragging the guard with him.

“What are you doing here?”

Spike had a white lab coat thrown on over his clothes, a small duffle slung over one shoulder.

“Is that a disguise?”

“Shut up. Got me in here, didn't it?”

“Yeah, and speaking of which....”

“Quit yapping, we don't have much time.” He unlocked Xander's door. “Come on.”

Xander refused to move off the hard bunk. “Where?”

“Do your thing so we can get out of here.” Spike said it as if Xander was a moron for not having figured it out himself.

“What happened to, ‘sorry, pet, their deal was better’?”

“Was, wasn't it, when they had a stake pointed at my chest?”

Xander jumped to his feet. “They threatened to stake you?”

Spike smirked. “Don't get your panties in a bunch, we got work to do.” He tossed Xander the gun he'd taken from the unconscious soldier. “Course, don't have the armament you showed up with.”

“Not like it mattered.”

“Let’s go.”

“Do you think this is wise?”

“They’ll never expect us to try a second time, especially not the same day.”

“What’s in there?” Xander asked as Spike pulled the door open and peeked out.

“My duster. Ain’t leavin’ that behind.”

Spike seemed to be right, as they met no soldiers on their way to the labs. They did pass three scientists, all of whom were tasered and their IDs confiscated. When they got to room 314 Xander hesitated.

“What’s wrong?” Spike rolled his eyes. “No soldier boys in there this time, pet.”

Xander nodded and swiped the first ID card. The lock clicked and they stepped into the room, locking the door behind them. This time there was only one scientist in the room, along with the abomination lying on the gurney. Xander tasered the scientist before he could raise the alarm, and then he and Spike looked at the patchwork demon.

“The perfect killing machine,” Spike said, reaching out to touch the skewer jutting from it’s arm. “A piece at a time.”

“We need to kill it.” Xander looked around. “And make sure they can’t build another one.”

Spike reached into the pocket of his lab coat and pulled out a grenade.

“What the hell!”

“This oughta do it.” He fitted it into the empty cavity in the things chest. “Should blow it to itty bitty pieces.”

“What do you think goes in there?” Xander asked.

“It’s heart?”

“Funny. Or, no, maybe not.”

“Not it’s heart?”

“Not funny. It needs a power source.”

“Something like this?” Spike held up something that looked like it could be a power source.

Xander took it and looked it over. “Yeah, something just like this.”

“Well, let’s not leave it behind.”

Spike held out the open duffle and Xander dropped the power source inside.

“Let’s do this and get out of here.” Spike took the grenade in hand once more.
“Check the hallway.”

Xander pulled the door open and peeked outside. “Clear.”

“Go!” Spike pulled the pin and dropped the grenade into the thing’s chest. It went off before they were halfway down the hall, sending them both tumbling to the floor. Sirens immediately began blaring.

“Hope you had an escape route.”

“Did, but won’t need it,” Xander said.

“Why’s that?”

Xander held up the ID card he’d taken from Dr. Angleman, and then swiped it through the reader on the scientist’s private elevator. “Private elevator.”

~*~*~*~*~

“Where are we?”

“Angel’s old apartment,” Xander said.

“He kept it? Poof.”

“I stashed some clothes and stuff here. We’ll need to get out of Sunnydale before they put up roadblocks.”

Xander started removing his uniform.

“You ever been fucked?”

“What?”

“You ever been fucked?”

“No, I...”

Spike stalked him until Xander was pressed against the wall. “I could stand to work off some of that adrenaline.”

“Are you *nuts*? You heard the part about getting out of mmph!”

Xander’d been kissed by guys before, Larry, Jesse, but he’d never been kissed like this. It was as if Spike wanted to be inside him, and he was going to get there through his mouth. When Xander lost his fight, Spike’s hands started moving. Down Xander’s bare back and into his unbuttoned pants. Gripped his ass. Slipped between his cheeks and teased his hole.

“Oh, god.” Xander dropped his head back and didn’t stop Spike when he started nibbling at his neck. Or when one hand slipped around and began to jack him.

“Gonna let me?”

Unfortunately, Xander was feeling the adrenaline rush, as well, and though he'd tried to damp it down, Spike knew just how to touch him to bring it to the surface.

“Yes. Hurry.”

“Need it bad, do you?”

“No,” Xander lied, “we just need to get out of here.”

Spike pulled back with a smirk. “I guess I can wait, then.”

Xander was breathing hard, from arousal and frustration. “Bastard.”

He tackled Spike to the floor, and Spike laughed as they went down. And then they were rolling across the floor, shedding clothes as they went, until Xander was on his knees and Spike's tongue was opening him up and sending him to heaven.

“Please.”

Spike used fingers on him before holding him steady and shoving his dick inside him. He pulled Xander up so that he was sitting on Spike's lap, his cock buried even deeper inside him.

“Gonna make you come so hard,” Spike whispered in his ear. “You'll never want anyone to touch you but me.”

Xander screamed in pain as Spike bit him, and then again in the most pleasurable kind of pain when Spike stroked him to orgasm as he drew the blood out of him.

The sting when Spike slapped his bare ass brought Xander around.

“C'mon, pet, we need to get out of here,” he said.

Spike was already cleaned up and dressed. He dropped the cold wash cloth onto Xander's belly when he rolled over.

“Shit!”

Spike just laughed while Xander swore under his breath and carefully wiped himself off. He got dressed in the clothes he'd left there, and then stuffed his wallet in his back pocket. He'd cleaned out his bank accounts and maxed out the cash advance on his credit card. The money was hidden in a pouch he wrapped around his calf. A gun he'd purchased before he moved back to Sunnydale was tucked in the back of his waistband.

“You gonna tell me how you did that?” he finally asked.

“Did what?”

“Bit me. Fucked me. Without so much as a twinge from the chip.”

“Oh, that.” Spike couldn't hide his grin. “Blighters thought they were learning all about me, didn't realize what they were teaching me.”

“Which is?”

“Ever wonder how the chip knows to go off?”

Xander shook his head.

“It's all about intent. If I'm thinking I only want to make you feel good, chip lets me do it, even if I end up knocking you over the head with your own clipboard.”

“Does that mean you don't need me anymore? Or you won't once we're out of Sunnydale?”

Spike frowned. “Did you just turn into a chit?”

“Fuck you, Spike.”

Spike winked. “Next time. Maybe.”

Xander rolled his eyes and held a knit cap out to Spike.

“What’s that?”

Xander tossed it to him. “Put it on.”

“I ain’t wearin’ that.”

“It was that or dye, now put it on so we can get out of here.”

While Spike was glaring at the cap, Xander snatched up his duster and started folding it.

“Whoa, now, what do you think you’re doing with that?”

“Packing it,” Xander said as he stuffed into the duffle. “You can’t wear it, it stands out. I brought you one.”

Xander handed Spike a letterman’s jacket he’d found at the local thrift shop.

Spike stared at the cap and jacket forlornly. “Bollocks.”

Xander put his own jacket on and picked up the duffle that contained a couple changes of clothes in addition to Spike’s duster. He led the way out of the apartment.

“So, where we going?” Spike asked as he shrugged into the jacket and then pulled the hat on haphazardly.

Xander turned around to answer him and couldn’t help smiling at the picture he made. Spike pulled the hat off and threw it at Xander.

“I ain’t wearin’ it!”

Xander walked over to Spike and pushed him back against the wall. He kissed him, and then pulled the hat on over his head, arranging it just so before kissing him again.

“Now leave it on and let’s get going.”

Spike fell into step with him as they went down the backstairs to the street. “You never answered my question.”

“L.A.,” Xander said.

Spike tripped. “That’s not funny, pet.”

“Would I lie to you, Spike?”

“You mean we’re.... Oh, bloody hell.”

3

Hyena!Xander and Spike

Buffy: What happens on Saturday?

Spike: I kill you.

Xander’s eyes flashed green as he watched the bleached-blond vampire with the cocky attitude and the sexy English accent disappear into the shadows. His head suddenly felt as if he’d been hit with a sledge hammer. He staggered, then pressed the heel of his hand against his forehead. “Ow.”

“Xander, are you all right?”

Xander nearly growled. Sometimes he wished Willow would leave him alone. She was always hovering. He moderated his tone to not give away his thoughts. “Yeah, Will, just got a headache all of the sudden. No big.” He rubbed his temples.

“Xan?”

Xander waved off Buffy’s concern. He didn’t want her paying too close attention to

him. She wasn't the brightest bulb in the box, but being the slayer, it might not take her long to figure out that something was different about him. To change the subject, he said, "Who was that?"

Attention diverted, Buffy looked down the alley in the direction the mysterious vampire had disappeared. "This pile of dust called him Spike."

"I think he meant, *who* was that," Willow said.

"Yeah. I don't know. And what's so important about Saturday, anyway?"

"Besides *Saved By The Bell*?" They both looked at him. "Not that *I* watch it."

"I meant the Feast thingy."

"Right."

"Giles?" Willow said.

"Yeah, this should make him happy."

"That a vampire wants to kill you?"

Buffy lightly punched him in the arm. Xander slapped his hand over the spot and winced, mouthing 'ow' to Willow.

"That he has something more to research."

"Oh, yeah, that. Which is totally what I meant to say."

"Should we go see him now?" Willow checked her watch. "And wake him up?"

"Nah, he's already researching the Feast, telling him about this new vamp can wait until the morning. Besides, I need to work off some of this adrenaline." She shook her arms out. "Shall we hit the dance floor?"

"I think I still have some boogie in my boots," Willow said, grinning.

Buffy grinned back, then turned to Xander. “Xander?”

“You two lovely ladies go slay ‘em on the dance floor, I think I’m gonna head home.”

Buffy casually twirled the stake between her fingers. “Want us to walk you?”

“No, I’m good.”

“Are you sure?” Willow asked.

Xander was eager to get rid of them and had to suppress a snarl. “Positive. Go. Have fun.”

Buffy and Willow both gave him a hug and then headed back into The Bronze. Xander watched with narrowed eyes until the door had clicked shut behind them before turning and walking down the alley to the sidewalk. He closed his eyes and tilted his head back as he breathed deeply, scenting the air.

When he caught the scent he was looking for, his eyes snapped open and flashed green once more. He lowered his head and began walking, following his prey like a bloodhound. Or a hyena tracking its mate.

The trail led Xander past an alley where the smell of fresh blood was strong. He began to salivate, but kept his concentration and continued walking. His search ended at the sleaziest bar in Sunnydale, and a well-known demon hangout.

Willy groaned loudly when Xander walked in. He paused in wiping the bar down with a dirty rag and held both hands up. “Oh, man, not you guys again. Look I don’t know what you want, but I don’t know nothin’, okay?”

“That doesn’t surprise me, Willy. Now shut up.” Xander had easily found Spike in the crowd of demons and he walked over to the bar where he sat. He shoved a demon off the stool next to Spike and straddled it, ignoring the demon’s grunt of pain and protest at being ousted. He peered into the glass in front of Spike and turned to Willy. “I’ll have what he’s having.”

“You got any ID?”

Xander stared silently at Willy until he began to fidget.

“Look, I serve you, your little friend is gonna wipe the floor with me.”

“You don’t, and I’ll wipe the floor with you.”

Willy reluctantly reached for the bottle on the shelf behind him, not taking his eyes off Xander.

When Xander turned back, Spike was staring at him, one eyebrow raised in amusement. “So, Spike, right?” he said.

Spike’s eyes narrowed suspiciously and he frowned. “Who’re you? Wait. You were in the alley tonight.”

“He’s the slayer’s pal,” Willy said as he slid Xander’s drink across the bar.

Xander’s hand shot out and he grabbed Willy’s wrist, squeezed. “You should know better than to talk out of turn, Willy. Don’t make me hurt you.” He squeezed until he felt the bones shift, ignoring Willy’s painful mewls.

He violently pushed Willy away from him and picked up his glass, aware of Spike’s curious scrutiny. Spike leaned close to Xander and sniffed.

“The better question,” he said, drawing it out slowly, “might be *what* are you? You smell human, just not completely human.”

“It’s a long story,” Xander said, resisting the urge to sniff Spike in return. “So, what brings you to Sunnydale?”

“Why should I tell you that?”

Xander ran hungry eyes over Spike and lowered his voice. “You show me yours, I’ll show you mine.”

“You wanna trade info?”

Xander leered. “That too.”

Spike smirked. “All right, pet. I came to visit family.” He looked Xander over. “Now show me yours.”

Xander drained his glass and slammed it down onto the bar. “Why don’t we go somewhere more comfortable.”

“Got someplace in mind?”

“Yeah,” Xander said. “I know this place that’ll even serve breakfast.”

“I don’t eat breakfast, pet.”

Xander smirked as he slid off the stool. “You’ll need to replenish your, uh, bodily fluids when I’m done with you.”

“Is that right?” Spike’s tone was doubtful, but he slid off his stool to follow Xander.

“Hey! Who’s gonna pay...?”

Without looking, Xander reached back and grabbed the collar of Willy’s shirt. With a quick jerk he slammed Willy’s head onto the bar and twisted.

Willy choked as his air was cut off. “It’s on me.”

Xander leaned down so his face was close to Willy’s. “You never saw me,” he said. “And just so we’re clear, if I find out you were talking to anyone about me, I will gut you and feed you your intestines. Understood?”

“Yes.”

Xander let go and stood up, then led the way out the door as if nothing untoward had happened. Spike followed, pausing to light a cigarette outside the door.

“My name’s Xander, by the way.”

“Xander.”

Xander shrugged. “Alexander. But my friends called me Xander.”

“Xander sounds all...fluffy,” Spike said.

“You promise to fuck me, you can call me anything you like,” Xander said, cutting right to the chase.

Spike choked on the smoke from his cigarette as if he still needed to breathe, Xander noted.

“You always this forthright?”

“No, not usually. I’ve had an...epiphany recently.”

“Care to share?”

“All in good time, my friend, all in....”

Spike grabbed Xander and threw him up against the nearest flat surface. The force of the blow knocked the breath out of him, but once he got it back he laughed a little raggedly at the desire coursing through him.

“I’ve got a bed, but if you want to do it here, I’m game.”

“Well I’m bloody sick and tired of your games. Now tell me who you are and what you want with me before I drain you dry and leave your body for the slayer to find.”

“I already told you who I am. And I’m pretty sure I was clear on what I want with you.”

Xander moved his hips and rubbed his hard cock against Spike’s leg, leaving him in no doubt as to what Xander wanted.

“Slayer know where you are?”

“Yeah, right, that would go over well. I can see it now. Excuse me Buffy, I...”

“Buffy?”

“Yeah, that’s her name.”

Spike blinked. “That’s....”

“Inspires fear in no one, right?”

“Slayer know *what* you are?”

Xander giggled. “No. It was kinda recent. Won’t be able to hide it for long, though.” His eyes glowed green and Spike was taken aback.

“What was that?”

“What was what?”

“Your eyes, they glowed green.”

“They did?” Xander crossed his eyes trying to get a look. Spike rolled his.

“Just tell me what you are.”

“Hyena,” Xander said matter-of-factly.

“You’re a hyena?”

“Yep. Well, not physically, of course. Although, bet I’ve got great stamina now.” He leered at Spike.

“Will you knock that off?”

Xander pouted. “Are you trying to tell me you don’t want me?”

Spike loosened his grip just enough for Xander to get sufficient purchase to knock him off balance and reverse their positions. He sniffed at Spike’s neck, growling low in his throat.

“Cause that would make me very unhappy.”

“Strong little bugger, aren’t you?” Spike said, sounding unconcerned.

Xander ran his hands up Spike’s chest, over the cool leather, and then up his throat until his fingers were tracing the angles of Spike’s face. He moved his hands back down and under the duster, rubbing his palms over Spike’s chest. He pushed his groin closer to Spike.

“Can we *please* take me home and fuck me now?”

“Sure you want that?”

“Why do you think the hyena chose now to come out to play?”

Spike closed his hand around Xander’s throat and squeezed. “Tell me what you’re talking about, and tell me now, or I swear I will rip your head off and.... Bloody hell, is this turning you on?”

Spike’s grip was so tight Xander could barely talk. “Hyena possession. Last year. Exorcized.” His eyes flashed green once more. “Until tonight.”

Spike loosened his hold enough for Xander to suck in a deep breath. “And you think *I’m* to blame for this, this...?” He waved his hand to indicate Xander.

“Blame? I don’t blame you. Buffy might, of course, but she’s not too bright, and more importantly, she’s not here. I’m here, and you’re here, and I will *beg* you....”

“Yeah?” Spike sounded interested.

“You like that, do you? I’ve never had to beg for anything before, except sneakers

for school, and that's not exactly the same kind of begging...."

Spike slapped his hand over Xander's mouth to shut him. "Do you always talk this much?"

"Uh, pretty much." Xander's voice was muffled beneath Spike's hand. When Spike didn't remove it right away, Xander got brave. He stuck his tongue out and licked the palm of Spike's hand.

Spike sighed and pulled his hand away, wiping it off on his jeans. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Tasting you. Wanna taste you all over."

The eyebrow-lift thing was really turning Xander on. "*All over?*"

Xander let his eyes run deliberately down Spike's body, eyes resting on the slight bulge at his grin. "*All over,*" he confirmed. He licked his lips and reached out, but Spike grabbed his wrist to keep him from touching.

"Where?"

"My place." Another eyebrow lift. "Well, my parents' place. But don't worry, we won't be interrupted. They're probably both passed out by now."

"Lead the way."

Xander hesitated. "It's not a trap, or anything, you know."

"I know. But if it is, I'll break your neck."

Xander led the way to his house, giving Spike a running commentary on the sights they passed. As he'd predicted, his parents were out cold in the living room, snoring loudly in front of the flickering television.

"Tell me something, what to do you get out of this?"

“Drunk parents?” When Spike just looked at him, Xander realized what he was talking about. He swallowed hard. He wasn’t afraid, it was just that this was so important to him. “Pack,” he said, his eyes trained on the floor.

“Pack?”

Xander reached out for Spike and this time Spike didn’t stop him. He rubbed Spike’s arm and slowly raised his eyes. “Pack.”

“Let me get this right.” Spike pointed to Xander and then himself. “You want to be part of my pack?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Why?”

“Yes, why? You don’t know anythin’ about me.”

“You called to me. You.... I’ve been...caged. And I would still be caged if not for you.”

“So this is gratitude, is it?”

“No!” Xander snarled in frustration and his father’s snoring stopped before starting up again. “It’s not *gratitude*,” he whispered loudly. “It’s, it’s *need*. And desire.” He dug his fingers into Spike’s arm. “It’s recognition.”

Xander could feel the change in Spike when he admitted he needed him. Part of him was reluctant to do so. Spike was a vampire, and vampires didn’t show a marked level of loyalty to anyone who wasn’t their sire. They weren’t like hyenas, which traveled in a pack because they needed the closeness of others of their kind.

No, Spike wasn’t a hyena, but he seemed...different. Xander hadn’t lied when he said he felt as if he recognized Spike. It seemed as if they’d known each other for years, even though they’d just met. And something in Spike had called to something

in Xander. He just needed Spike to acknowledge it as well.

“Sounds to me you want a bit more than a shag, pet.” Spike tossed his duster over the television and settled himself in the only empty chair in the living room before lighting a cigarette. “What happens after, in your little scenario?”

Xander took a deep breath. “We fuck, share a little blood. You feed. We fuck some more. And then you take me with you when you leave.”

“Leave where?”

“Leave Sunnydale.”

“That might be a while. Got business here.”

“Bus—? You can’t stay here! Buffy’ll...”

“You wouldn’t be trying to tell me what to do, would you, pet?”

Xander might not be a vampire, but he’d been the leader of his pack, and he wasn’t going to back down. “Buffy’s good. She killed the Master, for god’s sake! You take her on with this attitude, and she will stake you just as fast as she staked your sacrifice.”

Spike reached out and grabbed Xander’s leg, sliding his hand up the back of his thigh and cupping his ass. “But now I got you, and you’re gonna help me, ain’t that right?”

“Yes, of course, but I, ungh!”

Spike’s fingers moved between his cheeks, pushing his pants up against his hole and stroking over it. Xander spread his legs and pushed back, groaning.

“You’ve got all sorts of helpful advice, so let me hear it.”

Spike’s fingers were taking a longer path, pushing against his balls before moving back to rub over his hole, and Xander could barely think.

“Well, the first thing I’d, uh, oh god, do, is, uh, don’t wait until Saturday. She’ll be ready. Spike, please.”

“Keep talking.”

“We, uh, we already knew about the Feast, and you, um, you confirmed it earlier.” He shivered as Spike unfastened his pants with one hand. “A surprise attack might catch her unawares.”

Spike pushed his pants and briefs down, and then caressed overheated flesh with a cool hand.

“I like it so far. I’m not one for playing by the rules. What else?”

“She’s already off-balance, with Parent-Teacher night....”

“When’s that?”

“Parent-Teacher night? Tomorrow night. Why?”

“That might be the perfect time. Lots of innocents she’ll be worried about saving. It’ll give her something else to have to think about besides the main thing she’ll have to be concerned about.” He smirked at Xander. “Me.”

Spike squeezed his cheek and let his fingers slip between them to tease his hole once more. “Ever been fucked?”

Xander shook his head. His legs were shaking with the desire coursing through him.

“But you want me to fuck you.”

“Yes.”

“And you want me to take you with me.”

“Yes.”

“Well, you came up with a pretty good plan when most of your blood was heading south, so you might be an asset to the team. Even though you talk too much. Why don’t we see what else you can do with that pretty mouth. Take your clothes off and get on your knees.”

Xander quickly glanced over at his still-unconscious parents. “Here?”

“Are you questioning me?”

“Of course I’m questioning you! I am not some weak human, and if you think I’m going to be some lackey for you to ord—!”

Xander’s eyes rolled back when Spike cupped his balls and then stroked his cock.

“We’ll talk more about this later,” he said, and then kicked his sneakers off. He was naked and kneeling between Spike’s spread knees before his mind caught up to his body. He stared at Spike’s groin.

“Never done this before?”

Xander shook his head. He’d had it done to him, but he’d never done it to anyone else. One hot night when he and Jesse had been engaged in mutual hand jobs, Jesse had removed his hand and licked Xander experimentally before taking him into his mouth and sucking him off. The next day Jesse’d started chasing Cordelia.

A couple months later there had been Kyle, whose only interest in sucking Xander’s cock had been sucking up, but Kyle had been a lot more experienced than Jesse, despite the fact that he wore Rhonda on his arm like a trophy, and so Xander had allowed him to suck up. Often. Until the stupid spell had put an end to that.

But he’d never had another man’s cock in his mouth. Not that he hadn’t thought about it, dreamed about it. He reached out and unbuckled Spike’s belt, then unbuttoned his jeans. They were so soft and worn that the buttons almost jumped out of the holes when he pulled on the denim. And then he was looking at Spike’s cock, because Spike wasn’t wearing any underwear.

Spike's cock looked nothing like his own. It was uncut, and the extra bit of flesh nearly covered the head, but even as he watched Spike's prick began to grow, and the skin slowly peeled back to reveal the moist, purple head. Xander's eyes got big and he began to salivate, just as he had when he'd smelled the blood in the alley. That's when he realized he could *smell* Spike. Smell his arousal.

Xander eagerly lowered his head and licked at the moisture coating the tip of Spike's dick. Spike groaned and his hips moved, pushing his cock up in a manner that made Xander have to work to keep his tongue on it. To keep it from getting away, Xander wrapped his lips around it and sucked while his tongue laved the head, and then slipped beneath the skin.

“Holy Hell!” Spike dug his fingers into Xander's hair and pulled him close, shoving more of his cock into his mouth, and then pulled him off. He grabbed his jeans and shoved them down, and once Xander realized what he was doing, he helped get Spike's jeans below his knees. And then he stared.

Spike was beautiful. His legs were white, as was his prick, where it wasn't an angry red from the blood, and it stood out against the black t-shirt, framed nicely by the red button-up. Xander looked up into Spike's face. The angles seemed more pronounced and his eyes were dark with desire.

Xander growled and lowered his head once more, taking Spike in and sucking on the head. He remembered this. The feel of someone's tongue on him, of someone sucking him and tugging at his balls. He remembered what had made him feel good and what had made him come harder than a freight train. And he was going to do it all to Spike.

He shoved his hands beneath Spike's ass and pulled him to the edge of the chair. He bobbed his head up and down, pressing his tongue firmly against the underside as he sucked. He circled the base with his fingers and slowly jacked him as he fondled his balls.

“Fuck, Alex.”

No one ever called him Alex. He found he liked it. He let go of Spike's balls and reached between his cheeks. Spike slapped the back of his head, but Xander would

not be deterred. He took Spike in further and sucked harder as he let one finger circle his hole. And then he swallowed as Spike stiffened and shot into his mouth, again and again, until he collapsed like a balloon that had lost its air and slumped into the chair.

Spike glared at him as much as he could through eyes that glowed with satisfaction. “I think we need to have a little talk about bound—.”

Xander cut him off by climbing onto his lap and kissing him. “Talk later,” he said when he lifted his head, “fuck now.”

Spike looked like he was considering saying ‘no’, but then his cock nudged Xander’s ass and he shrugged. “Got anythin’? Might want to use something since it’s your first time.”

In response, Xander took two of Spike’s fingers and sucked them into his mouth. Once they were thoroughly wet with saliva, he released them and looked at Spike expectantly.

“You sure?” he asked, even as he reached around Xander’s thigh and found his hole.

“I’m sure,” Xander said, groaning as Spike pushed one finger inside him.

“Good.”

Xander moaned as he was breached. It wasn’t excruciating, but it ached as his body stretched around Spike’s finger. Spike moved the finger in and out, in and out, and then pushed two inside him. Xander buried his face in Spike’s neck to muffle the sounds he made as he stretched even more. It felt like Spike was going to rip him apart and Xander wasn’t entirely sure he’d made the right decision.

Until Spike touched something inside that had Xander biting down to smother the scream as pleasure shot through him like a jolt of electricity. Like butterfly wings at the back of his mind he heard Spike groan, but then Spike touched him again, over and over, and Xander heard nothing except the roaring in his ears.

Spike pulled his fingers out and Xander whimpered. “Don’t stop,” he said. “Please don’t stop.” He lapped at the blood that oozed from the bite on Spike’s shoulder. He hadn’t realized he’d bitten down quite that hard.

“Not stoppin’.” He pushed Xander off his lap and held his hard prick up to Xander’s lips. “Get me wet.”

Xander took Spike in eagerly, covering him with saliva. His ass had started to ache again, and he wanted nothing more than for Spike to be filling it once more, touching that spot inside.

Spike guided Xander off him. “Turn around.”

Xander turned around and waited. He felt exposed, kneeling there naked. He heard Spike kick his boots off and then the rustle as he shoved his jeans down. He jumped when a hand landed on his bare ass with a stinging smack.

“Spread ‘em.”

Xander quickly spread his legs. He was breathing so hard, from arousal and anticipation, he was afraid he might hyperventilate before they got to the good part. When Spike knelt behind him and pressed his cock against Xander’s hole, fingers tight on his hip, he wondered if the amazing feeling when Spike had touched him inside was worth the agony. He couldn’t hold back a grunt as Spike breached him, and then a long, loud moan of pain as Spike slowly, inexorably, slid all the way inside him.

“Oh, fuck, Spike, that *hurts*.” His voice was raspy as the ache spread from his ass.

“Always does, the first time,” Spike said, and then he gripped both of Xander’s hips and began to move.

“Ow. Ow, ow.”

Spike ignored him as he continued to move in and out, slow at first, and then faster. The ache remained as Xander’s body became accustomed to having Spike’s cock buried deep inside him, but it wasn’t as sharp. Spike leaned over his back, changing

the angle of his thrusts, and Xander cried out in surprise when he slammed into the spot that made stars dance behind his eyes.

“Yeah, yeah, oh yeah.”

“That little spot makes it all worth it, don’t it?”

“Yes, Spike, please.” His voice was breathless, and he found himself pushing back onto Spike’s cock as he drove into him. Christ, he was really gonna feel it tomorrow, but right now he didn’t care.

Xander felt a drop of sweat run down his face and watched it drip off. His arms shook with the effort of holding himself up. He’d been thankful for the rug when he’d first gotten on his knees, but the rug burn he was getting from Spike slamming into him and pushing him across the floor made him wonder if the linoleum in the kitchen wouldn’t have been a better choice.

Desire shot through him with each thrust and his thighs trembled. He took his weight onto one quavering arm and reached for his cock with the other.

“Yeah,” Spike said against his ear. “Touch yourself.”

Xander whimpered as he pulled on himself, stroking and twisting and squeezing.

“Gonna come for me, Alex?”

Spike licked his neck and Xander tilted his head to the side in invitation. Spike sucked the tender skin, and then pricked it with his teeth. Xander’s breathing became ragged, harsh. Spike sank his teeth in and Xander cried out at the unexpected pain. His mother shifted in her chair.

“Xander? That you? Who’s your friend?” Her voice was slurred.

Xander ignored her, intent on the orgasm working it’s way from his balls and spreading throughout his body. He screamed Spike’s name when he came and felt the long smooth thrusts turn jerky as Spike emptied himself into Xander. He shuddered, and then landed on the floor with Spike sprawled on top of him.

“Sorry. Couldn’t hold myself up any longer.”

Spike ran his hand up Xander’s side and pinched. “Least I had something soft to land on.”

“Hey!”

“Just keep it down, don’t wanna wake up your father,” his mother mumbled, and then passed out once more.

They lay tangled on the floor as Xander recovered, his breathing gradually slowing down. His ass tickled where Spike’s cum dribbled out his hole.

“Which one should I eat first?”

Xander looked back at Spike, then over at his parents. “Her,” he said. “If she gets up, she’ll notice something wrong if he’s dead, but if he gets up to use the can, he won’t even bother checking.”

A few moments of silence later, Xander said, “I’m starving. I wonder if we have bacon. Do you know how long it’s been since I’ve eaten bacon?”

“You need to get some rest,” Spike said. “Don’t forget, you have to go to school tomorrow.”

Xander twisted around in Spike’s arms. “Why?”

“One, so they don’t think anything’s wrong, and two, because you’re the inside man. Can’t be the inside man from outside, you nit.”

“Right, right. But then?”

“When the slayer’s dead, this town’ll be our playground. Once I get rid of the annoying one, the silly prat.”

Xander grinned. “Sounds like fun.”

“Great fun, pet.” He smacked Xander’s ass. “Gonna have me a nip of your mum, now, and then I’ve got to get going. Need to get back in before the sun rises. Maybe I’ll take your da with me for Dru.” Spike sat up and reached for his jeans.

“Dru?”

“My dark princess.” He stood and pulled the jeans up, then stepped into his boots.

Xander’s eyes narrowed. “Is she pack?”

“She’s a bit barmy,” Spike said, “but yeah, she’s pack.”

“Are you mated?”

“Mated?” Spike turned his back on Xander as he bent down and pulled his mother up out of the chair. Xander watched transfixed as Spike morphed into his demon visage and then bit her. Her eyelids flew open at the first shock of pain, and Xander watched the life drain out of them. Spike dropped her and then turned back to Xander, licking the blood off his lips and shaking his head as if to clear it.

“That was bloody brilliant! Almost as good as that flower person I once fed off.”

“Let me taste,” Xander said, pulling Spike into a kiss and licking the inside of his mouth. Before Xander knew what had happened, he was bent over the coffee table as Spike slid into him once more. He stared into his mother’s sightless eyes as harsh denim rasped against his ass with each thrust.

As Spike brought him closer and closer to another orgasm, Xander wondered if he’d have to fight this Dru for Spike, because there could only be one mate. He would give up being the leader to be part of this particular pack, but he wasn’t going to give up Spike.

*Summary: Xander patrols the Cleveland Hellmouth and meets a vampire with a soul. Notes: AU, obviously. *g* Takes place during what would have been season three of BtVS, so Xander is at least 17. As per 'The Wish', instead of going to Sunnydale, Xander ends up in Cleveland.*

Yes, I understand, but it's imperative that I see her. Here. (listens) Well, when will you? (listens) Yeah, well, you are her watcher. I'd expect her to at least check in to... (listens) Yes, I'm aware that there's a great deal of demonic activity in Cleveland. (listens) It... Well, it happens, you know, that, that Sunnydale is on a Hellmouth. (listens) It, it is so! (listens) Well... Just... Just give her the message, if you ever see her again. (hangs up) ~Giles, The Wish

God, I could eat a horse. Isn't it crazy how slayin' just always makes you hungry and horny? ~Faith, Faith, Hope and Trick<./span>

It was that inky black darkness that came just before the dawn, the only illumination provided by the few unbroken street lights spaced intermittently along the road. Xander was almost home when he got the tingle between his shoulder blades that told him a vamp was near. He'd been out slaying all night and he was exhausted, but he figured that the vamp trailing him was a fledge.

Or a complete moron, which, based on past experience, couldn't be ruled out. A quick glance at his watch confirmed his feeling that it wouldn't be long before the sun began its steady climb towards the horizon and lightened the sky. He could probably get in one last slay before heading for home where he could shower the dust and sweat off and obtain a little relief before hitting the sack.

Xander slowed his pace to allow the vampire to catch up to him. He felt the vampire's presence like spiders running up and down his spine, but there was no attack. Tired and frustrated and just wanting to get home, Xander turned to confront the vampire.

It wasn't as close to Xander as he'd thought, which meant the vampire was older than he'd judged. No mere fledge, this one. Which still left moronic.

“Are we gonna do this, or not?” Xander called. “We haven’t got much time. Well, I do.” An obvious look at the sky. “You don’t.”

The vampire moved out of the shadows and slouched against one of the light poles. He had bleached blond hair and wore a black leather duster over dark clothing, and he held a lit cigarette in one hand. He seemed too calm, which raised Xander’s hackles. He concentrated, making sure this wasn’t a trap, and that there was only the one vampire he was faced with.

“Sun’ll be up soon,” Xander said when the vampire didn’t make a move. “You must be hungry to be out this late. Bet I smell good.”

“That you do, pet,” the vampire said, finally breaking his silence. “That you do. Fighting always made me hungry and horny, too.”

Xander frowned, annoyed. “Look, are you here to fight, or chit chat?”

The vampire flicked the butt of his cigarette to the sidewalk and ground it out under his boot. “Neither. Just here to give you this.”

He pulled a small box out of his duster pocket and tossed it to Xander, who reached up and caught it one-handed, keeping a tight grip on the stake in his other hand.

“Who are you?” Xander asked.

“A friend.” He turned to leave.

“I don’t have friends.”

Xander watched the vampire disappear into the shadows, then looked down at the small box in his hand. He ran his fingers over it, shook it, sniffed it, but didn’t sense anything out of the ordinary about it. Curiosity soon got the better of him and he popped the top off the box. His confusion grew when he saw a gold cross with a thick gold chain lying on a bed of white cotton.

~*~*~*~*~

The next night Xander was off his game. He'd been unable to sleep after his shower, disturbed that the image of the irritating blond vampire, all shadows and angles as he was backlit by the street light, had been the thing that had finally taken him over the edge when he was jerking off in the shower, and when he did fall under the influence of nod, slept only fitfully. When he woke up the next afternoon, he felt like he hadn't slept at all.

Even a quick, cool shower to get rid of the cobwebs hadn't helped. And he'd almost fallen asleep during his GED class, which made the instructor pull him aside after class to ask if everything was all right at home. After assuring her it was, and that he was fine, he'd dropped his books off at home, avoided his parents, which wasn't too hard since they were both passed out, and stocked up on weapons.

He always carried a stake or two on him, but when he patrolled he added the nifty dagger his new watcher had given him, tucked away in a sheath at his back, as well as a switchblade in his boot. When demon activity was high, he often carried a duffel bag with an axe and a broadsword, but since this was just a normal patrol, he packed light. He glanced at the gold cross lying on his dresser, then forced it and the blond vampire from his mind. He had work to do.

An hour into his patrol, Xander already knew he was going to have to really work for it tonight. Nothing was coming easily for him. Every punch, every block, every stake was hard fought and hard won. After he took another kick to already bruised ribs, he started getting angry. He didn't like to get angry, because sometimes angry made you stupid, but he needed the extra fuel it provided tonight.

Just after he'd staked the last of three vampires who had thought that killing a slayer would make them BVOH, Xander felt the unmistakable sensation of dust raining down on him. He turned around, stake at the ready, to see the blond vampire from the night before standing with his own stake, the dust from a vampire he'd taken out still settling to the ground between them.

"You're sloppy tonight," the vampire said.

"You been watching me?" A surge of the anger he'd had to work to build up earlier boiled up nice and hot without any trouble at all now.

The vampire looked around, then looked back at Xander. “Nothing better to do around this godforsaken place.”

“Then why are you here?”

The blond raised one scarred eyebrow. “Isn’t it obvious?”

“You could have gone to California, I hear there’s a Hellmouth out there, as well.” Xander stood tall and crossed his arms over his chest.

“Too much sun.”

“Did you come here looking for me?” Xander asked, loosening his stance and twirling the stake between his fingers.

“You could say that.”

“Well? Are we gonna fight, or what?”

The vampire shrugged. “You got some nice moves....”

Xander thought the vampire leered at him, but he couldn’t be sure.

“...but it’s obvious you’ve never been trained....”

“I’ve got a watcher.”

The blond started to circle him, and Xander turned with him.

“Some mamby pamby English bloke who likes to read books and doesn’t want to get blisters on his lilly-white hands?”

Xander didn’t care for his new watcher, mainly because he’d already lost one who was ten times the watcher this guy was, but he didn’t like the idea of this vampire badmouthing him. He struck out with the hand that held the stake, and the fight was on.

They were pretty evenly matched...at first. It wasn't long before the vampire's hits were getting through his defenses, and he was blocking every punch and kick Xander aimed at him.

"You've been studying me," Xander said, his irritation coming through despite the fact that he was sucking air.

"Some. Needed to see where your weaknesses were."

It really annoyed Xander that this demon didn't need to breathe.

"So you could take me out easier?"

"Don't be ridiculous," the vampire said, effortlessly knocking the stake out of Xander's hand and slamming him up against a tree. "If that's all I wanted," he whispered in Xander's ear, "I could have done that within the first five minutes."

Xander gasped for air as the vampire pressing on his chest constricted his lungs. "Then why didn't you?"

"Didn't come here to kill you."

"Turn me?" Xander's eyes widened and his breath caught. It was one of his worst nightmares, waking up with the memory of the taste of blood on his lips.

"They didn't tell me you were such a silly sod." The vampire pushed off and moved back, then wiggled his fingers at Xander. "Want another go?"

Xander used the tree for leverage and lunged at the vampire even as he reached for his other stake. After another half hour of fighting, he was on his back on the ground, gasping for the air that had been knocked out when the vampire threw him over his shoulder. He waited for the vampire to lean over him in his demon guise and go for his throat.

When the blond didn't appear, Xander looked for him. He was leaning against a tree, smoking as if he didn't have a care in the world.

“I. Am going. To kill you,” Xander said.

The vampire didn't look impressed. “Yeah. Let me know when you're ready to do that, right?”

“Fuck you,” Xander said as he rolled over and got to his knees.

“I'm not that kind of vampire,” the blond said, faking a high falsetto. “Besides, don't you think you're moving a little fast here? I mean, we've only just met.”

Xander got one foot in under him and reached for the stake he'd dropped when he hit the ground. “I am going to shove this stake so far up your....”

The vampire interrupted him. “We've got company. Five o'clock.”

Xander looked up to see the blond put his cigarette out on the tree before dropping it to the ground, then glanced behind him to see a group of five vamps who looked like they wanted in on the fun of beating the shit out of him. Great. This freak of a vampire was making him look like a laughing stock on *his* Hellmouth.

“Think you're up for a little less talk and a lot more action?” the vamp asked as he tossed Xander's second stake to him before picking up his own.

“Bite me.”

~*~*~*~*~

“What are you doing?”

“Walking you home.”

“I don't need you to walk me home. I'm a big boy. I've been walking myself home for years now.”

“You're hurt.”

“I’ve been hurt before,” Xander said, snarling the words out.

God, he was really in a bit of pain. He’d landed on a rock when one vamp had gotten a particularly vicious kick in, and he thought it might have been the straw that broke the camel’s back. Or a couple of his ribs, to be more accurate.

The vampire continued to follow along behind Xander without deigning to reply. Pissed, Xander stopped and turned around, biting back a groan as he jarred his ribs.

“Are you ever even going to tell me your name?”

The vampire looked back at him in surprise, and then his expression turned thoughtful, as if he was considering Xander’s question. When the blond had remained silent for too long, Xander made a contemptuous sound and said, “I figured.”

Before he could walk away, the vampire said, “Spike.”

Xander turned back around more slowly this time. “Spike?”

“My name.”

“Was that so hard?”

“You have no idea, pet,” Spike said, and then turned and disappeared into the shadows.

Xander told himself that he didn’t feel lonely or abandoned at Spike’s defection, and reminded himself that it was exactly what he’d wanted, to be left alone. The scratch between his shoulder blades never completely faded, however, and Xander realized that Spike, though he’d appeared to leave Xander to his own devices, was still out there somewhere, watching over him. He rolled his eyes.

“All right, mom, I’m going home now,” he said, and resumed the walk to his house. How bad was it that he could already imagine Spike’s responding smirk?

That night he didn't need to take a very long shower at all. He thought about the way Spike had laughed while they were fighting, and the way he'd looked when he stood shoulder-to-shoulder with him to face the other vamps down, and he'd barely touched himself before he was coming his brains out all over the tile wall of the shower.

~*~*~*~*~

The next night after his GED classes, Xander had a meeting with his watcher. Nothing new and dangerous loomed on the Hellmouth horizon, supposedly, but Xander wasn't so sure. There had to be a reason Spike had shown up now, despite his assurances that he wasn't here for Xander. Gerard knew nothing about a vampire named Spike, but he promised to hit the books and find out everything he could.

When Xander stepped outside, Spike was waiting for him.

“Jesus!”

“What's the matter, your spidey senses acting up?”

“Spidey senses?”

“Yeah, you know, the little tingle you get at the back of your neck....”

“Yeah, I know what it is, I'm just surprised that you called it that. So, what, you've seen the movies?”

“Don't be daft! The movies got fuck all right.”

Xander grinned. “Which means you've read the comic books.”

Spike froze, and Xander could see the wheels spinning. He'd backed himself into a corner, and was looking for a way out.

“Nah,” he finally said. “Dru brought this kid home one time, had some comics in

his bag. Made him read ‘em to us before we killed him.”

And *that*, Xander thought as his grin faded, was exactly why he needed to remember that Spike was a vampire. Without another word he turned and walked away. A few minutes later he heard Spike behind him.

“Stay away from me.”

“Can’t.”

“Can’t, or won’t?”

Spike just shrugged, a movement Xander saw out of the corner of his eye. Angered beyond belief, and mostly at himself for dropping his guard, Xander turned and shoved Spike, and then shoved him again.

“Why not? Huh? If you’re here to fight me, let’s just get it over with, okay? Right now.”

Xander threw one punch, which Spike didn’t bother to block. The fact that he knew, *knew*, that Spike had just allowed him to hit him stirred Xander’s anger like nothing else before. He threw another punch, and this time Spike caught his wrist before he could make contact.

“Come *on*, Spike. Isn’t this what you came here for? Take on the Slayer? Put another notch in your belt?”

“I don’t need another notch in my belt, you pup! And I’ve already *told* you, ‘m not here to kill you.”

“Then what are you here for?”

“To help you,” Spike said.

“To help me? Is that some kind of a joke? A vampire helping a *vampire slayer*?”

“Well, it’s plain you need someone to watch your back. You’re good, but you’re

getting tired of the fight and it shows. You're slowing down and leaving yourself open, and you practically advertise your moves. In big neon lights."

Xander wanted to argue, but he knew that Spike was right. He'd been getting hurt a lot more lately, and he was tiring more quickly. He fingered the scar at the corner of his mouth. But there was no way he'd admit that to Spike.

"What makes you think you're the vamp for the job?"

"I don't claim to be the vamp for the job. In fact, I told 'em I didn't want it, but they didn't take my wishes into account."

"Who? The Watcher's Council?"

Spike scoffed. "Please, they think they're playing with the big boys, but they got no idea."

"Then who?"

"The powers that be."

"The powers that be?"

Spike nodded.

"Why you? I'm not saying I believe you, but, I mean, if you didn't want it, why you?"

Spike dropped his wrist. "You might say I inherited the job."

They didn't talk the rest of the night, which was quite a feat for Xander because he normally couldn't keep his mouth shut. It also turned out to be a bad idea, because with all his questions and confusion bottled up inside him, he was primed to go off.

Several hours into his patrol, they came across a group of five demons Xander'd never encountered before.

“Fyarl,” Spike said. “Not very smart, but they like to fight. Don’t let them get you with their mucous,” he said as they separated.

“What?”

By the time they’d killed three of the Fyarl demons and the other two had run off to tell their master, Xander’s ribs were killing him again, and blood was dripping into his eye. He limped over to where Spike was leaning against a tree, automatically wiping the blade of his dagger onto his jeans.

“You all right?” he asked, and when Spike turned hungry eyes on him, Xander knew he was in deep trouble. He took one step backwards, which was a mistake, because Spike, feral and wild, was on him immediately and they hit the ground hard enough to jar his ribs again.

Xander fought to get away, but when he’d gained the upper hand and had Spike spread out beneath him, cock hard against his thigh, he realized he’d really been fighting for dominance.

Spike growled and shifted beneath him. “Well, are you going to fuck me, or what?”

Xander groaned at the image those words created in his mind. Spike on his knees, jeans rucked down his thighs just far enough to bare his ass, t-shirt pushed up so Xander could bite and scratch his back while he pounded into him from behind. He hung his head, panting as he struggled for control.

“Too close?” Spike’s voice sounded strangled, and Xander was glad to know he wasn’t the only one affected so strongly.

He could only nod in reply.

Spike rolled until their positions were reversed and his hand closed over Xander’s groin. Clever fingers found his hardness and teased it.

“What me to fuck you, then?”

Xander mewled as the image in his head was reversed and as Spike’s touch on his

dick grew more firm.

“I’ll take that as a yes,” Spike said as he began tearing at Xander’s jeans.

He pulled Spike down into a kiss. His first had been with Tina at the homecoming dance last year when he’d still been attending high school. It had been sweet and fun, if inexperienced, but this one beat it all to hell. This one was everything that one wasn’t. Hot and hungry and desperate and dangerous.

He was lost in the sensation of the kiss and lost track of what Spike was doing, so when Spike’s hand touched his ass it surprised him and he froze.

Spike lifted head and looked down at him. “Tell me this is not your first time.”

Xander couldn’t tell him that. He waited for Spike to laugh at him, or to leave.

Spike lowered his head until their foreheads touched. “Oh, bloody hell.”

Emboldened, Xander said, “You don’t have to stop.”

“Fuck, fuck, don’t say that, Xander. Because I don’t think I can wait long enough to prepare you properly.” Spike’s fingers squeezed Xander’s ass as it was his turn to struggle to regain control. “Okay, plan B.”

“Plan B? There’s a plan B?”

“There’s always a plan B, pet,” Spike said as he unbuckled his belt and unfastened his own jeans.

When he brought their cocks together and wrapped cool fingers around them and began to stroke, Xander saw stars. He made sounds that couldn’t in any way, shape or form be considered words, and his hips jerked.

“Yeah, do that again,” Spike said, encouraging him with lips against his face, his ear, his neck. “Come on, Xander, fuck my hand.”

Fingers digging into Spike’s shoulder, Xander did just that, and when Spike’s

tongue lapped at the blood on his forehead, he came. His only thought was that this was much better than jerking off alone in the shower.

~*~*~*~*~

The next night Xander said, “Will you tell me why you’re here?”

Spike lit a cigarette and they walked in silence until he said, “I wasn’t their first choice.”

“No?” Xander hated that he sounded so eager, but he was dying—not literally—to find out more about Spike.

“No. See, a long time ago, this vampire, he made a mistake. Killed the wrong girl. Beloved princess of a tribe of gypsies. So they cursed him. Gave him a soul.”

“A vampire with a soul?” Xander kept his voice low to not disturb the mood.

“I guess he hasn’t been good for much of anything since he got the soul, so the PTB decided to put him to good use helping you out. Only you didn’t go to Sunnydale like they thought you would. You ended up here, in the back end of nowhere.”

“Why didn’t they just send him here?”

“Stupid ponce got himself captured by the Master. I guess they tortured him for a couple years. Until he was able to stake himself. Which opened the way for another vampire with a soul to be...created.”

Xander stopped walking. “You?”

Spike didn’t. When he was about twenty yards away from him, Xander realized that he wasn’t going to stop. He didn’t know what to do. Was Spike done talking? Or did he want Xander to catch up with him?

While he was pondering that, a vampire used his inattention to sneak up on him. It grabbed him around the chest to immobilize his arms and he smelled the vampire’s

fetid breath as it went for his neck.

Xander threw his head back, smashing the vampire in the head. It hurt him more than it hurt the vampire, but it slowed its decent towards his neck long enough for Spike to get there and tear it away from him, smash it up against a tree a couple of times before staking it.

And then Spike was in his face. “What in hell do you think you were doing?”

“Watching you walk away,” Xander said, surprised at how much it hurt to say that.

Spike swore, and Xander had never heard words like that before. He wondered if Spike would teach him what they meant. He turned and pointed at Xander.

“You ever do anything so stupid again, I’ll, I’ll....”

The pointing is what pissed Xander off the most. “You’ll what? Leave? If you can’t handle this, then maybe you should leave now....”

Before he knew it, Xander was up against the same tree Spike had pounded the vampire on just moments ago. “You have no idea what I can handle, boy.”

Xander didn’t try to fight. “No, I don’t. I don’t know anything about you, but you know everything about me. You may not have chosen what they did to you, but you chose to come here, and if you’re gonna bail, do it now before I start relying on you.” He hoped Spike didn’t know he already had.

Spike slumped against him, his face hidden in his chest.

“I was alone for the first time in over a hundred years and I was hurting and lonely and I felt Angel die and they found me and put this *thing* in me and I was crazy with grief for days over people who’d been dead for a hundred years already until I realized that wasn’t *me*! That wasn’t this me, anyway. And yeah, the demon’s still in there, and the soul feels a little sick sometimes, but mostly I can function, and I just don’t like to talk about it, okay?”

“Okay.” Xander felt a little bit breathless, even though Spike had been the one

speaking so fast he'd barely been able to understand him. He brought his arms up and wrapped them around Spike. "Okay."

Spike lifted his head and placed his hands on either side of Xander's head. "And you." He shook him. "You do not get to die on my watch, got it?"

"They kick you off the team if that happens?" he asked, trying for a levity he didn't quite achieve.

Spike just glared at him.

Xander swallowed hard. "Got it," he said. "No dying." And it felt good to know that someone besides him didn't want him to die.

Spike pulled back and led Xander away from the tree. "Let's finish patrol."

"Okay." As they walked down the street, Spike didn't let go of his hand, and it gave Xander a warm, fuzzy glow. "Is this like, a date? Are we gonna have patrol dates?"

Spike rolled his eyes. "What we're gonna have is a regular training schedule. You're getting soft."

"Soft?"

Spike didn't deign to reply

"What about sex?" Xander asked.

"Yeah, we'll be having that regular, too," Spike said, and then he looked over and smiled at Xander.

And that's when Xander fell a little bit in love with a vampire with a soul.

Summary: When the world goes to Hell, Xander's sent back to try and fix things.

Xander had been living at the mansion with Angelus, Drusilla and Spike since that fateful day in February when he'd made Amy do the love spell, which had worked out just as well as most of his plans did. Hence, the living in the mansion with the three vampires.

Actually, he'd mostly lived with Spike. Drusilla had forgotten about him after the first day, and Angelus had laughed cruelly as he'd dragged Xander over to Spike's wheelchair and thrown him on the floor.

“What's that?”

“Your gift. I gave him to you once before, but you let him get away. Now, don't say I never gave you anything.” Angel had patted Spike on the cheek, and Spike had glared at him, pulling away from the patronizing gesture.

“What am I going to do with him?”

“Eat him.”

Xander had shuddered at the careless way Angelus had just offered him to Spike for a meal, knowing that he was nothing to them. And less than nothing to Angelus, if not for his ties to Buffy.

“Or play with him. I don't care.”

Angelus had turned back at the doorway. “Consider him something to keep you busy while I'm taking care of Dru for you.”

“Bloody wanker.” Spike had snarled, but been helpless to do anything.

Xander's blood had nearly frozen when Spike turned amber eyes onto him.

“What are you looking at?”

“N-nothing.”

As if he was suddenly a different man—vampire—Spike had relaxed back into his chair. “What am I going to do with you?” he’d mused.

“You could make me go home.”

Spike had laughed, but somehow Xander hadn’t felt reassured by that.

And he’d been right, because for the past three months he’d been Spike’s errand boy. He’d helped Spike bathe and dress, and unbeknownst to Angelus or Drusilla, helped Spike to relearn to walk again. The thing he’d hated most was removing the bodies after Spike had fed.

A week into their symbiotic relationship—Xander helped Spike and Spike let Xander live—Spike had looked up from the girl thrown across his useless legs and said, “You can save her.”

“How?”

He’d shuddered with revulsion when Spike’s eyes drifted to his neck, and opened his mouth to say ‘no’, but then he’d looked at the girl. She’d appeared to be about nineteen and long red hair had been matted with fear-sweat, her UC Sunnydale sweatshirt striped with dirt from where she’d fallen running from Spike’s minions.

“All right,” he’d said.

Spike had smirked and pushed her off his lap to fall in a heap at his feet.

She’d scrambled to her knees and crawled away from Spike as quickly as she could.

“Show her to the front door, and then get back here. Two minutes.”

Xander had helped her to her feet and took her to the front door. No one had tried to stop them. He’d thought about leaving with her, but had known that he had no choice but to stay if he wanted to keep his friends safe. That hadn’t stopped him from staring after her, wistful, as she ran down the street.

When he'd returned to Spike, he'd asked, "Are you going to kill me?"

Spike's, "Who'd draw my bath water?" hadn't been nearly as reassuring as it might seem.

He'd pulled Xander down onto his lap, and briefly nuzzled Xander's neck before morphing and sinking his fangs into him.

The pain had been excruciating, but had slowly dulled as Spike suckled at the bite. He hadn't been able to feel the blood leaving his body, but he had gotten lightheaded. He remembered thinking, "He lied, he's going to kill me," just before Spike touched him through his pants. He'd cried out in surprise and desire, his fear of dying having been overwhelming enough to block out the building arousal, and came in his pants. He'd passed out to the sound of Spike moaning against his neck.

He'd awoken naked, beside Spike in the large bed. Spike had still been sleeping, so he'd showered and dressed in the clean clothes that had been left for him. Nothing was said, even after Spike had risen, but Xander couldn't stop thinking about what had happened.

The next time Spike offered to spare a life, it had been a twelve year old boy who Drusilla had brought back for Spike after killing his two year old sister. Xander had been horrified, and had eagerly accepted the offer, glad that he'd been able to blame his willingness to sacrifice himself on the child.

The third time it had been a fifty-two year old grandmother of two, and instead of drawing Xander down onto his lap, he'd had Xander help him onto the bed and remove both of their clothes so that Spike could touch him while he fed. He'd come with Spike's fangs in his neck and his fingers up his ass.

After that, there'd been only the pretense of saving innocent lives, though Xander had been grateful that Spike had allowed it to remain. A balm to what remained of his conscience, though it had been eroded by regular, mind-blowing orgasms.

He'd spent every night thereafter in Spike's bed, mostly as a bed warmer, and every three or four days Spike had fed from him, bringing Xander off with fang and finger.

The first time Spike had felt a stirring of interest, he'd pushed Xander's head down until he'd come face-to-face with Spike's thickening cock. Without waiting to be told, he'd licked it, then sucked it, his inexperienced attentions bringing Spike to a release that the heavy hand on his head had forced him to swallow.

Though he'd continued to warm Spike's bed, his inactive days had been over. Spike had fucked him nearly every night. At first, Xander had been on top, riding Spike until he thought he'd die from the burn in his muscles, the ache in his ass, and the denied release. Spike—the sadistic bastard—had bought a cock cage that allowed Xander to get hard, but not to come, and would only remove it on the nights he'd fed from Xander.

Xander had known that Spike was training him, but by the time he'd been allowed to come, he hadn't cared. One time Spike had waited a week to feed from him, and Xander had begged him every night to choose him, to let him take the place of another innocent, to let him come.

The first time Spike had been able to lie on top of Xander and penetrate him had been magnificent. Xander had still had to do a lot of the work, but the feel of Spike over him had been worth it. As the strength in Spike's legs returned, so had his libido, and he'd refused to allow Xander to wear clothes while in their room. Xander complained, but it was half-hearted, at best.

Spike's progress moved in leaps and bounds after that, and Xander had noted each step in his mind: the first time Spike had forced Xander to his hands and knees, knelt behind him and fucked him until they both passed out, or the first time Spike had been able to fuck him in the shower, standing up.

Sadly, Xander had stopped paying attention to Angelus and Drusilla except when he had to, so Spike's muttered, "Ponce wants to end the bloody world," had come as a shock. Spike had brooded about it all night. The next day, when Spike had taken him to bed, he'd said, "Sorry, Pet, but I need your help, and I need you strong," and while Xander came, Spike had bled him dry, then fed him from his wrist.

He'd been Spike's backup the night he'd gone to meet with Buffy, staking one of Angelus' spies before it had a chance to harm his sire, and when Angelus' attention

had been focused on Buffy, he'd been sent to free Giles. He'd returned just in time to see Drusilla realize that Spike had betrayed Angelus to the Slayer.

He'd been strong, as Spike had needed, but not nearly fast enough to beat the stake she'd drawn from within her clothing.

“Noooo!” he'd screamed, still trying to reach Spike, but had suddenly been struck by an excruciating pain in his chest. He'd fallen to the floor as images of blood, the lives he'd taken in his short time as a vampire, filled his head, and pain and sorrow filled his heart, yet he'd still called out for Spike. “Sire!”

Spike, only recently able to walk once more, had been no match for Drusilla in a rage, and Xander had sobbed as Spike's dust rained down around him.

Drusilla had turned eyes amber with malice upon him, but left him to go help Angelus in his battle with Buffy.

“Oh, Spike,” Xander whispered, his hand reaching for the pile of dust, “Sire, I wish I could change all this.”

And then everything went to Hell.

Xander stumbled, then caught himself. He immediately looked around for Spike, then remembered that Drusilla had dusted him. There was a brief stab of grief, which he tried to shake off until he could figure out what was going on. Xander took a moment to survey his surroundings, having no idea where he'd suddenly appeared. In the middle of a party, he could tell that much, but everyone was dressed differently, and they all talked funny.

He looked down just to make sure and, yep, he was still dressed in black jeans and a red button-down shirt over a black wife beater. Spike had fucked Xander for a day and a half, never allowing him to come, when Xander had suggested that Spike wanted them to dress alike. His gritted, “I just like the bloody colors,” had been lost

somewhere orgasm number seven for Spike and lights out for Xander. Thankfully vampire healing had kicked in so he could actually walk the next day.

Speaking of which.... Xander felt for his pulse. Nothing. He sniffed and smelled the blood pumping through the humans surrounding him. So, he might not know where he was, or how he'd gotten there, but he knew he was still a vampire. He tried to remember when was the last time he'd eaten.

Xander slunk back into the shadows when one of the serving girls passed too closely. It wouldn't do to be discovered at a party he hadn't been invited to, especially in these clothes. He breathed deeply as she passed, savoring the scent of human blood. He was, he realized, quite hungry, but he had no urge to feed upon her. He checked again for a pulse, just in case he'd missed it, but then remembered the awful pain he'd felt just before Drusilla had dusted Spike.

He remembered Drusilla going on about how Miss Calendar was planning to re-soul Angelus, but he'd killed her before she could attempt it. Xander wondered now if someone else had tried the spell in a last ditch effort to keep Angelus from bringing forth Acatlha, and had somehow re-ensouled *him*, instead.

His musings were cut short when he caught sight of a young man about his height heading out of the room. He had a drink in his hand and wove a bit, so Xander hoped he was heading for the bathroom. Or whatever qualified as a bathroom in these parts.

Xander followed the inebriated man and snuck up behind him, pushing him into one of the rooms they passed. The soul, if in fact he had one, didn't keep him from knocking the man out and stripping him of his clothing. Once he'd changed, Xander moved to check out his appearance in the mirror, only to belatedly remember that he didn't have a reflection.

He made his way back to the gathering, took a drink off one of the serving trays so he wouldn't look out of place, and circled the room, looking and listening for anything that might explain his presence here. Halfway through his second circuit, Xander's attention was caught by a young man sitting alone, muttering to himself as he wrote on the top page of several pieces of paper he held in his hand. He was too far away to hear what the man was saying.

Xander turned to continue on his way, but something drew him to the young man. He moved closer, stopping when he got up and walked towards a group of party-goers. He had to pass by Xander, and if he'd had to breathe, Xander would have been unable to. Now that he was standing, his face not tilted down and hidden by the unruly mop of curls atop his head, Xander recognized Spike. Or the man Spike was before he was turned.

He felt a pain in his chest as he remembered Spike, remembered how his existence had been ended, and remembered his own last words, "Oh, Spike, Sire, I wish I could change all this."

Xander found it difficult to believe that a mere wish had resulted in his appearance here, but he'd been born and raised on the Hellmouth and knew better than to rule out anything.

He followed Spike at a distance, wanting to stay close without being discovered. Again, he was too far away to hear the words, but he could tell that the men in the group were making sport of Spike from their laughter and the expression on his face.

When Spike left the group in pursuit of a young lady, Xander followed, passing the men in time to hear one say, "Have you heard? They call him William the Bloody because of his bloody awful poetry!"

Another replied, "It suits him. I'd rather have a railroad spike through my head than listen to that awful stuff!"

Xander shuddered as he realized that Spike, once turned, had made those words a reality. Before he reached the room into which the young woman and Spike, or William, had disappeared, she came rushing out. Xander stepped into the room to see a disconsolate William. He wanted to approach him, but had no idea what to say. Before he could make up his mind, William left the room as well.

Xander followed him when he left the party, hoping to discover where he lived. William staggered tearfully down the street, ripping up the sheets. He disappeared down an alley and Xander trailed him. Hidden, he watched William as he sat on a

bale of hay and continued the task of ripping up his writings.

The sudden appearance of Drusilla standing before William brought Xander's demon forth, but as much as he wanted revenge for the death of his sire, Xander stood transfixed.

"And I wonder," she said, "what possible catastrophe came crashing down from heaven and brought this dashing stranger to tears?"

"Nothing. I wish to be alone."

"Oh, I see you. A man surrounded by fools who cannot see his strength, his vision, his glory. That and burning baby fish swimming all around your head."

William stood and backed away from her. "That's quite close enough. I've heard tales of London pickpockets. You'll not be getting my purse, I tell you."

Drusilla smiled. "Don't need a purse." She pointed to his heart and head in succession. "Your wealth lies here...and here. In the spirit and...imagination. You walk in worlds the others can't begin to imagine."

"Oh, yes! I mean, no. I mean, Mother's expecting me."

"I see what you want. Something glowing and glistening. Something...effulgent."

"Effulgent," William repeated.

"Do you want it?"

The words brought Xander out of the trance he'd fallen into. He *had* been sent back to change things. He could keep Drusilla from ever turning William. He felt sorrow at the thought that he'd never meet his sire, but it was more important to keep the world from being sucked into Hell.

"Oh, yes!" William reached out and touched her chest. "God, yes."

Drusilla morphed into her demon, but before she could bite William, Xander

stepped out of the shadows. With their attention on each other, neither one was aware of him until William was choking on a cloud of dust.

William shook his head, as if coming out of a trance. “What just happened? Where’d she go?” he asked between coughs.

“Are you all right?”

“Yes, thank you. What, what was that?”

“That was a monster,” Xander said, “though she had the face of an angel. Come on, we should get you home.”

“Do you think there are more?”

Xander hadn’t thought about that, but where Drusilla was, Angelus had to be close. “There could be,” he said. “Don’t forget your papers.”

William looked back at the torn sheets, and for a moment Xander thought he was going to leave them, but he sighed and gathered them up.

“What were you doing there?” William asked, as they headed back the way they’d come.

Xander had never been good at lying. “I followed you,” he said.

William stopped walking. “You were at the party.”

“Yes.”

“I remember seeing you. Why were you following me? So you could continue to ridicule my poems....”

“No! I just, I wanted to speak with you, but....”

“I find that difficult to believe.”

“Why?”

“I’m invited to these parties because my father had some standing when he was alive, not for my own company.”

“Then they’re fools,” Xander said, amazed to realize that he—his human self—and William had a lot in common. Not that his father had had any standing, but because they both felt like outcasts.

William just laughed, though it sounded bitter rather than as if he was truly enjoying himself.

Xander held his hand out. “My name is Alexander. Alexander Harris. But my friends call me Xander.”

William stared at his hand, then took it in his own. “William. William Covington. And I don’t have any friends.”

Xander clasped William’s hand tightly. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, William.” He laughed at William’s expression of disbelief. “Come on, we need to get out of here.”

As they walked to William’s home, Xander told him that he’d never been to the city before, discovering that he was in London by William’s gasp of shock and his, “You mean you’ve never visited London before?” That led to Xander telling William that he was from America, and a discussion about his adventures there, which Xander had to make up based on what he could remember from history—not much—and the Western’s he’d watched.

At his front door, William said, “Where are you staying?”

Xander froze in shock, because he just hadn’t thought about that. “I... I haven’t made arrangements,” he said. He’d have to find a barn, though not the one he’d staked Drusilla in, or basement in which he could hide for the day.

He came back to himself to realize that William had offered some suggestions. “I don’t...” Xander patted his pockets down and discovered a wallet that had been in

the trousers when he purloined them. “Someplace cheap, er, inexpensive,” he said. “I don’t know how much money I have.” He pulled the wallet out. “And I’m unfamiliar with the currency, could you....?”

William pulled out a couple of the bills and coins and explained their monetary value to him, then directed him to a rooming house several blocks away.

“Thank you.”

“You’re quite welcome. I owe you my life, and this is paltry repayment.”

Xander grinned.

William stiffened. “You find me amusing?”

“I like the way you talk.” William blushed, and Xander felt moved to take his hand. “I don’t know how long I’ll be in, uh, London, but I’d like to see you again, if that’s all right.”

“P-perhaps you could, uh, join us for dinner tomorrow?”

Xander rubbed the back of William’s hand with his thumb. “I’d like that. What time?”

“Eight?”

“Eight it is. Inside with you, now.”

Xander watched William until the door closed behind him. He hoped that the sun would be down by eight. He turned and headed towards the rooming house William had suggested, wondering what he was going to do about feeding. Perhaps he could find a butcher; blood was blood, wasn’t it?

Deciding that he had time before the sun came up, Xander walked the streets, exploring and familiarizing himself with the establishments. He passed a newspaper, and stopped to look at the front page of the paper tacked to the window as a teaser to get you to buy the rest. The date, 1880, caught his eye, giving him

pause.

He knew he'd gone back in time, but having it confirmed was as much shock as relief. He wondered why he was still there. He'd done as he'd wanted to do, changed the past, so why hadn't he been returned to his own time?

Xander found the rooming house and took a room for a week. After hanging blankets over the curtained windows, he removed his shoes and borrowed clothes, leaving himself in his own underwear and undershirt, and got beneath the sheet.

The next day, he stopped at the butcher's on his way to William's house for dinner. He purchased one container and made arrangements to have another delivered to the rooming house each evening for the next week. Disappearing into the nearest alley, Xander drank the blood he'd just purchased. He was so hungry, he drank it all down at once without stopping.

When it was finished, he licked his lips, and then grimaced at the aftertaste. "Oh, god, that's disgusting!"

Dinner that night had been interesting. Certainly nothing like the family dinners—when they'd *had* family dinners—at his house. William's mother looked old, but Xander concluded that it was due to her illness. Despite looking feeble, her grip on Xander's hand when she'd thanked him for saving William had been strong.

"Mum," William said, blushing once more.

Xander just smiled and told her she was welcome.

After dinner, they went to the sitting room where she did needlepoint while they talked. Finally she put the fabric down and said, "I'm getting tired, William. I think I'm going to lie down for awhile. Why don't you and Alexander go out?"

"I shouldn't leave you if you're feeling ill, Mother."

"Nonsense, I just need to rest. I don't need you here for that. Go have fun."

"Perhaps a walk?" William had said.

After seeing his mother to her room, William showed Xander around the areas of London he was familiar with, pointing out places of interest. When the hour grew late, they returned to William's home and said their goodbyes at the door.

“Will I see you again?”

Xander reached out and rubbed his thumb over William's lower lip. “I'd like that. Have you ever been kissed, William?”

William's sharp intake of breath tickled his thumb.

“There's a party tomorrow night.”

“I'm afraid I don't have anything to wear.”

William glanced down at the same outfit Xander'd been wearing from the night before.

“What you have on now would be fine. Perhaps just a cleaning.”

“Tomorrow night then?”

William nodded.

Xander stepped closer to William and lowered his head. “May I kiss you?”

William's whispered, “Xander,” just before their lips met shot through Xander like lightning. He lifted his head after the lightest of brushes.

“You should get inside.”

“Or what?”

“I won't be able to stop with a kiss.”

“Oh.”

“Are we still on for tomorrow, or have you changed your mind?”

“We’re still...on.”

Xander opened the door and pushed William inside. “Tomorrow, then.”

He left William and set out to see if he could learn anything about Angelus’s whereabouts. London was a large city, but there had to be someplace where he might hear some gossip. After stopping in at several pubs, Xander gave in and called it a night. At the rooming house, he left his clothes out to be cleaned, and washed out his underwear and undershirt in the basin.

Crawling naked beneath the sheet of the unmade bed, he closed his eyes and thought of William and Spike and in his head the two got mixed up and twisted around together, and when he came they were both fucking him, Spike’s cock driving into his ass as William, sweet William, gently fucked his mouth.

That night, Xander went by William’s to pick him up for their outing. When William’s hand hovered over his paper and pen, Xander said, “Leave them, you’ll be too busy to write tonight.”

William’s blush told Xander exactly what he thought he’d been talking about.

“Not that, you naughty boy,” Xander whispered. “Unless you want to.”

William was still stuttering when Xander dragged him out of the house. Off-balance, William was actually much less self-conscious, barely noticing the odd looks and comments he received once they’d arrived.

They spent the evening with William telling him about everyone at the party, and when asked, William introduced him as his friend, Alexander, from America.

Xander recognized a few of the people from the party two nights ago. And had he really only been here for two days? It seemed much longer. When he saw Angelus, his eyes at first past over him and Darla, then shot back.

Angelus was staring right at him.

Xander's stomach dropped. Did he already know that Xander had dusted Drusilla?

But Angelus just looked at William and nodded his head, one vampire greeting another.

Xander nodded back, thankful his heart no longer beat to give away his agitation. He found an excuse soon after to leave.

"Were you not enjoying yourself?" William asked.

"Perhaps I just wanted to get you alone," Xander replied, the sight of William's blush, and the knowledge that he made no denial, sending a surge of desire through him.

William led them back to his home, but instead of saying goodbye on the front steps, invited Xander inside.

When William offered him a night cap, Xander cupped his face and kissed him.

William moaned against his lips and Xander slid his tongue over William's, seeking entrance to the sweet promise of William's mouth. William parted his lips and Xander deepened the kiss, licking and sucking and nibbling until both their knees were weak.

"I should go."

William just looked at him, eyes bright with lust.

"But I'll be thinking of you."

When William remained silent, Xander said, "When I touch myself. Will you think of me, when you touch yourself?"

William's blush was telling. "I don't.... That's not proper behavior for...."

“Have you never brought yourself off?” At William’s quizzical expression, Xander explained, “Touched yourself for pleasure.”

“I, uh, no, that’s....”

Christ, he’s a virgin! Xander thought. He captured William’s lips once more, and gently palmed the hard evidence of William’s arousal.

William whimpered, and Xander was glad he had vampire strength when he was suddenly left holding most of William’s weight.

“I’m going to make you feel so good,” he whispered, aroused beyond belief at the notion that he’d be the first one to touch William like this. He fumbled with William’s trousers until his hand was inside, delving beneath his drawers until warm, hard flesh filled his hand. William made a sound of protest as Xander’s cool fingers wrapped around him. “Sorry, sorry, they’ll warm up. Though soon you won’t care.”

Xander kissed William as he stroked his cock. Firm strokes, thumb brushing the sensitive head, until William was trembling in his arms, and then a loose fisting that gave just enough pleasure to keep William hard, but not enough to let him get off. Xander brought him to the edge three times before the smell and sound of William was too much for him and he had to finish William before Xander came without him.

With William’s warm spunk filling his hand, Xander pushed once against William’s hip and came in his pants. Xander reluctantly let go of William and withdrew his hand. The urge to taste this part of William was strong, and so he licked it clean. William’s moan in his ear, low and deep and full of sated desire, would keep him warm the rest of the night, despite the fact that his underwear would, of necessity, be damp again the next night when he got dressed.

William’s, “Come for dinner tomorrow?” as he was leaving drew Xander back the next night.

They played a game after dinner while William’s mother sat in her chair, her needlepoint in her lap, and told stories of William’s childhood, to his great

embarrassment.

Upon William's return from seeing his mother upstairs, Xander waylaid him in the hallway and dragged him into a dark room he'd not been in before. He shut the door and pushed William up against it, then undid the fastenings of his trousers.

"What are you doing?" William hissed.

"Shh," Xander said as he shoved William's pants down. "You don't want anyone to find us."

And then he went to his knees and reverently lifted William's shirt to find the treasure hidden beneath. He knew how Spike liked to be sucked, but he didn't know if William would like the same things. Figuring it was at least a place to start, Xander took William in his hand, ignoring the hand tugging at his hair, and gently pushed the foreskin down, revealing more of the shiny head.

William was babbling, but Xander was paying him little attention. He leaned in and licked the head.

"Alex—!"

Xander opened his mouth and took William in.

"Uhh! Oh, god, Xander."

William, new to the sensations swamping him, didn't last long.

After he'd swallowed, Xander rose to his feet and kissed William. He felt a tentative touch on his hip.

"What about you?"

"Would you touch me?"

"As you did to me last night?"

“Yes. Only if you want to.”

“I do,” William said, and Xander helped him get his trousers open.

William touched him and Xander once again felt like the seventeen year old boy he'd been; horny and desperate and oh, so eager to come, and when he was done, they cleaned William's hand off together.

The next evening, Xander had ordered up a basket of food and they ate in his room, and when they were done, he stripped William's clothes off and took his time exploring every inch of his skin. First with his eyes, then with his hands, and finally with his mouth.

William's ears, his neck, his nipples, his hip, the inside of his thigh.... He'd yet to touch William's cock the first time William came.

Xander just licked him clean and rolled him over. He started at his neck and slowly worked his way down along his spine, the back of his knees, the dip just above his ass. When Xander parted his cheeks and tongued him, William was already getting hard again.

He worked William loose with his tongue, then with a slippery finger. When he had three fingers in him, rubbing his prostate with each thrust in and out, William was humping the bed and babbling. Xander thought he might be reciting poetry, but couldn't be sure. He'd have bet money that William wouldn't remember, either.

When he finally pushed inside him, the tight heat of William's ass, on top of the heady aroma of sex already filling the room and the noises William was making, was nearly enough to send him over. But he was determined to make this good for William. He didn't know how much time he had left here, and he wanted William to remember him.

By the time he allowed himself to come, William was as limp as a rag doll beneath him, and Xander was fighting his demon, which was telling him to *claimmarkpossess* this man. He filled William's ass, then pulled out and let the last few dribbles of come shoot onto his back and ass, hoping to satisfy the demon without biting William.

Xander rolled to the side and pulled William to him. He ran his fingers through William's hair, watching the curls bounce back when he let go of them.

“Having fun?”

“Yes. You should sleep.”

“And you?”

“I will. I just want to look at you some more.”

Xander had no intention of falling asleep, since he'd have the whole day to sleep, but William's warmth seeped into him and he drowsed off. When he woke it was still dark, but he could tell that William was looking at him.

William reached out and touched Xander's face. “You're just like she was, aren't you?”

“I'm nothing like she was,” Xander said.

William nodded, and they both fell back to sleep.

The next day when they were both dressed, William said, “What are you?”

“Vampire,” Xander said. There was no sense in lying to him any longer, and he found he didn't want to, anyway.

“What did she want with me?”

“She'd have killed you. Turned you into one of them. Us.”

“Whereas you just want to have carnal relations with me?”

Xander laughed. “Well, that's one of the things I want to do with you.”

Despite his blush, William kept on. “You said she was a monster. What is it that

makes you different?”

Xander was quiet for a long time, remembering Spike and the pain he'd felt at his sire's death, as well as the pain he'd felt just before. He rubbed his chest. "I think I have a soul."

"Would I...have a soul?"

Xander shook his head. "No."

"Are you going to kill me?"

"That depends," Xander said, looking William over. "Do you have a bad heart?" He unbuttoned the shirt William had just put back on and slid his hand inside. Xander took off the rest of William's clothes to see how far down the blush went. Pretty far, as it turned out, Xander thought, as he took William into his mouth.

William pushed at his head, and Xander raised his eyes. "I want to, um, do that to you."

Xander let go with a 'pop'. "All right." He laid down beside William. Next time they'd do it together, but this time he wanted to be able to watch William.

William crawled between his legs, then reached out and touched him. It was a mere graze of his fingertips, but it made him shiver with need.

"Did I hurt you?"

"No." Xander gritted the word out. "More."

William tentatively wrapped his fingers around him and Xander dropped his head back and moaned at the heat. When William did nothing else, Xander looked at him.

"What's wrong?"

"Just looking. We look different." He looked up at Xander, so earnest, his glasses

sliding down his nose.

“William, for god’s sake, please,” he begged.

“Shall I touch you then?”

“Before I explode from spontaneous combustion, yes.”

And then it was *hotwetsuction* on his cock and he had to bite his hand to keep from crying out when he came.

When Xander recovered enough to speak, William was holding his hand, this thumb rubbing over the healing bite mark.

“Do you want to bite me?” he asked.

“I don’t want to kill you, or feed from you, if that’s what you’re asking.”

“But you do want to bite me.”

Xander turned his face away. “Sometimes. You smell so good. Especially when we’re....”

“You want to bite me when we’re....”

“I want to taste you.” He turned back to look into William’s eyes. “But I won’t.”

“Would it hurt?”

“Not if I did it.”

William settled in next to Xander. “Tell me about yourself. Are you really from America?”

“It’s a long story,” Xander said, taking William’s hand.

“We’ve got all afternoon. And all night, if need be.”

So Xander told William about Willow and Jesse, Buffy and Giles, Angel and Angelus, Spike and Drusilla, and about how he thought that he'd been sent back to change the past, and having saved William, didn't know why he was still there.

"Perhaps we're now linked somehow. Or perhaps I'm not willing to let you go yet." William initiated the sweetest kiss, and he moved his hand over Xander, exploring him, finding the spots that made him jump and laugh, or jerk and moan.

"Or perhaps," Xander said, changing their positions and sliding his body over William's, "we haven't finished here yet."

William gasped as Xander brought their groins together. "Then you'll never be allowed to go back, will you?"

That evening they returned to William's home and Xander apologized for keeping William away so long. His mother, pleased that he had a friend, had been worried, but not unduly upset when she realized they were both all right. To make up for it, they spent the evening with her, and after she'd gone to bed, William had led Xander to his own room.

They undressed each other, and William knelt before him. "May I?"

Xander buried his fingers in William's hair, then removed his glasses. "Please," he said. He'd known that William was smart, but he now found out that William was also a quick learner. After he'd spent himself in William's mouth, Xander pulled him to his feet and kissed him, his and William's taste combining on his tongue.

When he could move without his legs buckling, Xander drew William over to the mirror standing in the corner. William's lips were swollen and his face and chest flushed, but where Xander stood behind him there was nothing.

Xander wrapped his arms around William, the fingers of one hand teasing his nipples to hard points as the other stroked him until William trembled against him. "Will you fuck me?" he whispered, and William came in his hand, spattering his release on the mirror.

“Perhaps another time,” he said, breathless, and Xander laughed.

“I’m going to hold you to that.”

Xander helped William to the bed, then set about licking and sucking and nibbling his way down William’s body until his cock showed signs of reawakening. He licked a stripe up William’s cock, then concentrated on his balls. Pushing his legs up, Xander licked behind them, then even further back.

William moaned. “Are you...are you going to...do me?”

Xander lifted his head. “You don’t want to do me?”

“No! Yes! I mean, of course I do, but you...the last time you did that...”

“Oh, no, I was just giving you pleasure so you’d get hard again.” Xander ran his knuckles up and down William’s shaft.

“Oh!”

“Do you want me to stop?”

“No! Yes! Oh, bother.”

Xander smiled. “Which is it?”

“May I do that to you?”

Xander immediately crawled up William’s body and kissed him. “Yes,” he said, then threw himself down on the bed. He pulled his knees up and raised his ass.

He felt William stir beside him. “Well, I...don’t want to force you into anything you don’t want to do,” he said, not hiding his amusement at all.

Xander lifted his head and growled at him, which oddly enough made William’s cock grow harder. He grinned. “Well, now we know what gets your motor revving.”

“My what?”

“Motor. It’s a, uh, never mind, just....” He waved his hand in the general direction of his ass. “Sometime tonight be good for you?”

William raised an eyebrow at him and climbed behind Xander. “Let me know if I do anything wrong, all right?” he said, and then proved once again that he was a quick learner.

By the time William drew back, Xander was so turned on he’d had to force himself to not come, wanting to feel William’s cock inside him when he did.

William rested his forehead on Xander’s ass. “Xander, I’m so close....”

Xander found the jar of lotion. “Put this on and get inside me.” He wiggled his ass.

“No, no, I remember there’s more I need to do, but I don’t think I can....”

“I’ll be all right. You’ve done enough for me, just please, please, William.” Xander’s voice was tight with the effort of holding back his orgasm.

William moaned as he brought his slicked cock to Xander’s ass, positioned the head against his hole.

“That’s good, now push.”

William pressed inside him, and despite the urge to come, Xander did his best to relax so that William’s entry would be easier on him.

Xander held his breath until William was fully seated inside him, then remembered that he didn’t need to breathe, but let out a long breath anyway.

“Am I hurting you?”

“It feels wonderful. How do you feel?”

“Bloody amazing,” William said, his hands moving over Xander’s ass reverently.

“You have a lovely arse.”

“A lovely what?”

“Arse,” William said, but it was lost in his first thrust.

“Oh, yeah, do that again.”

Neither one of them lasted long, and when they were done, they curled up together and slept off their orgasms. They woke up several times during the night and each time they came together was more inventive than the one before.

When Xander was inside him, and had coaxed William to wrap his fingers around his own cock, between gasps, William said, “Bite me.”

Shaken, Xander shook his head.

“Please. I want you to know what I taste like before you have to leave.”

And Xander, because it was what he wanted anyway, didn't try any harder to resist. He morphed so that William could see what he looked like, giving him the opportunity to change his mind. When he didn't, Xander lowered his head and sniffed at his neck, smelling the heady scent of human blood spiced with arousal.

He sank his fangs into William's neck as gently as he could and began to suck. William tasted delicious, and he wondered now how Spike had ever been able to stop himself from draining him.

William moaned and grunted and wiggled beneath him, and then his warm spunk shot between them.

Xander withdrew his fangs and thrust into William's heat twice before shooting his own load.

When he got back to William's house that night, the door stood open. He rushed inside calling William's name, coming up short when he reached the sitting room and found Angelus, his arms around William, his lips coated with blood.

“You’re late,” Angelus said.

“You bastard.”

Angelus laughed bitterly. “Might’ve been better if I had been.”

“What have you done?”

“I just finished what Dru started. I’ve been looking for him for a while, but I just couldn’t believe that this milksop had the stones to kill my Dru.”

“No.” Xander couldn’t believe he’d come back for nothing. William had still been turned, was still part of Angelus’ ‘family’. He’d lost both Spike *and* William. “I’ll kill you for this.”

“You?” Angelus laughed again, this time with great amusement. “See, now there you’ve got a choice, boy. You can try to kill me, or....” He tossed William’s limp form to Xander. “...you can take care of him.”

Xander caught William just before he hit the floor and gently cradled him in his arms. He realized that William was still alive, though barely. His heartbeat was sluggish, and his eyes were glazed over as if was already seeing a different world. “William.”

“Just a word of advice, one vampire to another, you’re supposed to *eat* them. If you need some pointers playing with your food, let me know.”

He glared at Angelus’ back as he walked past them without a care, then looked back down at William. “Oh, William, I’m so sorry.”

“Xander. Mother?”

Xander glanced over at the still corpse, then shook his head. “I’m sorry, William.”

“Not...your fault.”

“It is. It is. I should have known he wouldn’t let it go.”

“Don’t...leave...me.”

“I won’t, I won’t. Oh, William, you’re leaving *me*.”

“Don’t want to...silly.”

“William....”

“Please....”

Xander knew there were tears running down his face, but he didn’t care. He was torn. William didn’t want to leave, and he didn’t want to lose him, not again.

He lowered his head and licked a drop of blood off William’s neck. It tasted like fear. He sank his fangs into William and drank. He tasted like relief, and it washed the taste of fear away.

“Please forgive me,” he whispered, and then slashed his wrist and held it to William’s lips.

Xander carried William to his bedroom and sun-proofed the windows. He wondered how long it would take for William to rise. He left William alone just twice. The first time was when dawn approached, to place his mother’s body outside the back door. He waited to see if she’d turn to dust when the sun rose. When her body disintegrated, he turned away and went back upstairs with William.

The second was to stop by the rooming house and get his blood delivery, then by the butcher’s to get more and to change the address for the delivery.

When William woke, he was ravenous. Xander handed him a container of animal blood, which he drank down voraciously.

“Oh, dear lord, that’s vile,” William said after he’d finished.

Xander laughed. “Yes, it’s pretty disgusting.”

“Is that all we have to drink?”

“It’s what I choose to drink,” Xander said.

“What are the other choices?”

“Human,” Xander said. “But if you kill a human, I’ll have to stake you, and I really don’t want to do that.”

“Can’t we just...nibble a little bit?” William asked, and the slight whine in his voice was music to Xander’s ears.

“Perhaps,” he relented. “But that will have to wait until you have more control.” He handed William another container.

“Tell me something,” William said when he was so full his belly was round with it. “Do vampires really have more fun?”

Xander smiled and rubbed his hand over the cool, taut skin of William’s stomach. “We’re going to find out.”

And for a hundred years, they did. Until the night Xander woke up and felt like he was barely hanging on. He’d nearly forgotten about the fact that he’d gone back in time to find William, after the first couple of decades, but now that knowledge came back full force. He was not in the right time.

“Something’s wrong,” he told William.

“Don’t go,” William said.

“What’s the date?”

William told him. It was nearly nine months before his birthday.

“Huh. Maybe I didn’t screw up the future too much. But that means there can’t be two of me.”

“What’ll happen to you? This you?”

“I don’t know. Maybe I’m going back...to Hell. Or maybe I’ll just fade away. Whatever happens to me, this me, go to Sunnydale. Find me.”

“No, Xander, luv, don’t leave me.”

“Promise.”

“I will.”

Xander felt the tear drop fall onto his cheek, and then there was nothing.

When Xander woke up, all he could feel was an excruciating pain in his head. Memories tumbled about, twisted and merged.

He remembered Jesse dying, Willow breaking up with him over the Barbie, crushing on Buffy, Cordelia telling him she didn’t want to go out with him, and Spike....

He remembered his first glimpse of William at the party, staking Drusilla, kissing and touching William, turning William, and spending one hundred years with William....

He remembered sitting on his porch with Jesse one night and watching the new neighbor move in.

“Hi, I’m William.”

“I’m Jesse. This is Xander. He don’t talk much.”

“Yes I do!”

“How come you’re moving in at night?”

He remembered William watching him play outside at night.

“You should be inside now, pet. It’s dangerous after dark.”

“It’s dangerous inside, sometimes.”

He remembered William teaching him and Jesse and Willow how to fight.

“Keep your left arm up, pet. Ah, ah, ah! No hitting below the belt. Unless you’re fightin’ for your lives, that is, but not here.”

He remembered William coming over and getting him when the fights got too loud.

“Making quite a racket, aren’t they? You’ll never get enough sleep at this rate.”

He remembered William helping him with his homework.

“You’re not stupid, pet, I know that, you’ve just got to apply yourself.”

He remembered William explaining to them all that monsters were real, and holding him when they lost Jesse anyway.

“It’s all right, luv, let it out.”

He remembered William meeting Buffy.

“He’s a vampire.”

“We know.”

“He’s sort of our vampire.”

He remembered William saying, “We can’t, pet, not yet,” when he’d tried to kiss him.

When all the memories settled, Xander got out of bed and turned on a light. He looked around his bedroom. At the poster he remembered from the first time, and the book of poetry that he didn't. At the picture of him, Jesse, Willow and William sitting next to the picture of him, Buffy and Willow. At a new laptop on his desk and his old book bag hanging off the chair.

For a moment he couldn't move. All he could do was think that William had found him. He checked the date on the computer: May 19, 1998. It had been seventeen years since he'd left William, and just yesterday.

And now he could recognize the expression he'd often seen in William's eyes, as if he was waiting for something. Before, he'd thought William was waiting for him to grow up, and maybe that was partly it, but he was also waiting, hoping, for Xander to be *his* Xander.

Xander pulled a pair of sweats on over his boxers and slipped bare feet into a pair of ratty sneakers he'd hidden so his mother couldn't throw them out. He snuck out of the house, any noise he made covered by his parents' drunken snores from the living room, and across the lawn to William's.

"What're you doing up this late, pet?" William said from the porch where Xander could see the lit end of his cigarette.

"Do you know what today is?"

"If I have to hear, one more time, about the bloody prom, I'm gonna stake myself," William said as he blew out a lungful of smoke.

"Not the prom." Xander climbed onto the porch and just looked at the changes wrought by time. This was William. His William. And yet not. And still, he remembered everything. "It's the anniversary of the date the world went to Hell."

William froze. "What are you talking about, pet?"

Xander threw himself onto the swing beside William. "Have I thanked you for helping me with English? And math. 'Cause I gotta tell you, the first time around? I

nearly flunked ‘em.”

“Xander?”

“Do you remember the first time I fucked you?”

“Xander?” William’s eyes got wide.

“Or the first time you fucked me?”

“Xander?” William’s voice broke.

Xander picked up William’s hand and placed his arm around his shoulder, leaning back, not letting go of William’s hand.

“You found me.”

“Yeah, I found you, pet.” Spike put out the cigarette and pulled Xander in close.

Xander looked around them. “Well, I see you didn’t let the world go to Hell while I was gone. Good job.”

“Uh, thanks.”

“Can we have sex now?”

“You’re still only seventeen years old, luv.”

“Technically, I’m...seventeen plus one hundred plus seventeen...a hundred and thirty-four.”

William considered that. “Yeah, okay.”

Xander grinned. “Cool.”

“And then you can tell me if you got your homework done.”

“William!”

The End