My first Spander!
Okay, kids, here it is - my attempt at writing Xander (hope I did the Xan-man justice!) and my first really really porny piece. I pulled out all the stops! I refused to 'fade to black'. I made it all as explicit as I could.
meep. Hope I did okay? This was really hard to write. And I added some Anya for spice.

PAIRING: Xander/Spike
GENRE: slash
RATING: NC17

feedmykink Request Fic:
Xander accidentally becomes Spike's owner when he tries to save Spike from a bunch of demon slavetraders. (Spike's in trouble cause he owes them money from a kitten poker game) Xander can't release Spike until he's at least tried out all the benefits from having a slave, it's part of the bargain. Only Spike is very resistant to the whole thing. As long as Xander hasn't released him he's officially a slave in the demon world and he'll have no rights. But he really doesn't want to be used by a human that he doesn't even feel attracted to. (aka a male*eg*) Spike's had really bad past experience from Angel using him for his own pleasure and Xander has to work hard to convince Spike to go along with the testing. (possibly even force
him into it at first) Xander too has to be reluctant about it (he's already in a relationship, he loves Anya, he's not into guys, ...), he mostly wants to end it because demons keep bringing Spike back to him and expecting a reward when they do so. No charbashing, whether Xander and Spike are together at the end is up to the writer. The writer can decide how far the test run must go, but it has to involve at least some bondage and both anal and oral sex. (I personally would really like to see Xander fisting Spike, esp. if neither of the two has ever done it, but I won't mind too much if it's left out.)

Requested by liliaeth on October 31, 2006.

For Money or Kittens

by

Hello-Spikey

“Oh dear god no,” Xander leaned against the door to his parent’s basement. “Not again.”

Spike, for his part, looked apologetic. “’’S not like it was my id...”
The spiny orange demon on Spike’s left smacked the back of his head, cutting off the response. “Mr. Harris. You let your slave get loose again.”

“You really, and I mean this in the appalled sense of the word, didn’t have to.”

“Oh no. It’s our duty.” The spiny orange demon on Spike’s right coughed, and then they both held out a hand.

Xander glared at Spike, straining his eyeballs to put as much outrage as possible in the expression. Spike just blinked at him, head tilted back, not offering any assistance.

Xander pulled two bills from his woefully thin wallet and smacked them into the demons’ hands.

“Gee, thanks,” the one on the right said with exaggerated glee, “Now I can buy that gumball I always wanted.”

“I’m a cheap bastard and it doesn’t pay to help cheap bastards so really, in the future, if you feel like helping, don’t.” Xander pushed the demons out the door and
slammed it shut.

“Bravo, Donut Boy. Very man-of-the-basement. Now get me out of these.”

Xander kept one hand on the closed door, as though afraid it would open again, and glared at the vampire, who managed to stand there in a metal collar, chains and handcuffs, and look... bored. “You’re supposed to be this big, bad, sneaky vampire! Have you heard the verb ‘to sneak’? I’ve had library books hide better than you.”

“Ha-bloody-ha. Get your magic key already so I can leave you to your pathetic existence.”

Xander raised a finger as though to make a point, then lowered it and walked over to the workbench, which doubled as his place to put important stuff. There was the leather-wrapped box from the slave ring, the key to the magically-warded cuffs still lying on top of the deed papers from the last time.

Spike held out his wrists expectantly.

Xander paused, holding the key up. “Wait a second.”
“No, I will not wait a second; I’ve had these uncomfortable things on for long enough and I want to go get pissed.”

“This is the second time I’ve had to tip monsters for inflicting you on me. It’s not working, Spike. I let you go and they’re just going to drag you back here again.”

“I told you. I know a guy who knows a guy…”

“In the past week, my faith in this guy who knows guys has greatly diminished.”

Spike rolled his eyes heavenward. “It’s complicated. I gotta get some money first, see, and then…”

“World of no. We are not relying on one of the infamous plans of William the Bloody. You’re just... just going to have to stay here for now.”

“Stay here?” He scowled.

“Well, it’s that or come with me. I’m going to talk to these orange spiny dudes.”

Spike considered it. Xander’s basement was somewhere
akin to the lower circles of hell, but on the other hand, it had been embarrassing enough when Xander had rescued him from the demon slavers. There he was, standing in nothing but a leather g-string, and there was Xander with a mewling box that still said “Free Kittens” on the side. Yup. All it took to buy his dignity was a trip to the next town over. “Can I at least have these cuffs off?”

“Right now I’m thinking... no.”

And so Spike found himself, once again, standing in the lair of slave traders and chained. He tried to give every one of them his very best ‘big bad’ sneer.

The head of the slave ring wore an expensive gray silk suit that worked surprisingly well with his orange scales. “Is there a problem with your purchase, Mr. Harris? You seemed quite eager to have him last week.”

“I’ve decided to let him go,” Xander said. “He’s great and all, but I realized I’d rather have a puppy.”

“You wish to sell him back? We don’t take returns, Mr. Harris.”

“No. Nooooooo with the selling.” Xander waved his
hands emphatically. “I’m talking ‘set free’ here. I want him to go on his happy way. Alone. Without me.”

“Well, that’s simply not possible, Mr. Harris.”

“Oi! You better MAKE it possible!” Spike stepped forward, his shoulders pulling against his bonds.

The orange demon scratched a horn. “Even if we didn’t have the seer’s word for it, we can tell he’s not the least broken to your rule. I’m sorry but the legal tenants dictate that a slave cannot be freed until he has been properly broken and used.”

Xander’s cheek twitched. “Okaaaay... so we get back to my place, I make Spike do my laundry, he does, we’re good? That good with you Spike?”

Spike shrugged. “I can do laundry, yeah.”

“No. I’m not talking about laundry.” The demon ran a hand over his horns in what was clearly a nervous gesture. “We sold this one as a sex slave. You have to have him submit to you sexually.”

Xander gulped against a dry throat.
“Oh THAT’S a jolly…”

“Are you going to continue to let him speak out of turn?”

Xander forced his clenched fists to open against his thighs. “You don’t mean, like, here? Um, I mean… look, I get performance anxiety delivering pizzas. So, why don’t I take Spike here back home and we’ll… uhm… guh…” He wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans. “We’ll take it from there and come back tomorrow and you can make him all… not my problem anymore.”

“Do not worry. Our seer will tell us when you have achieved the requisite usage.”

Xander thought he saw a small, paler demon in a corner looking lasciviously anticipatory. He shuddered. “Oh-kay,” his voice cracked, “Um… not so keen with the watching.”

“We aren’t going to take your word for it, human.”

“Eh… heh, yeah… can I just talk to the seer there?” Xander glanced back at Spike, who was studiously avoiding his gaze.
The seer came forward. He was the same species of demon, but his horns were smaller, and he looked almost… sweaty. Xander ignored the immediate ‘squick’ feeling he got looking at the guy and hustled him over into a corner. “Look,” he said, “I am not into the guy-on-guy thing, okay? And Spike? I’d rather do a light socket. Can we reach an understanding? I can get more kittens. Just don’t tell me what you do with them.”

The seer ran cold, sweaty claws over the back of Xander’s hand. Claws could sweat? Oh the things Xander wished he wasn’t learning. “I wouldn’t dream of it,” the seer purred. “I’m looking forward to watching the trials.”

“Tr… trials?”

“When you test your slave’s obedience. But here, there is something I can do for you, handsome boy.” With an elegant gesture rather like a magician, the seer produced a small glass ball from his robes. “Use this to contact me and I can tell you if you’ve met the requirements. Then you won’t have to do… more than necessary.”

Eew. “Um… thanks,” Xander took the orb. It felt warm. “How do I…?”
Clammy claws wrapped around his fingers. “Just give it a little squeeze.”

Xander could hear the seer cackling all the way out of the room.

That night, Xander did something he never thought he would do, not in a million years. He helped Spike steal stereo equipment. It wasn’t so bad, if you got over the cold sweat and jumping at every slight noise.

“Nancy boy.”

“Hey, evil dead! You don’t have to worry about your permanent record!”

Then he had gratefully retreated back to his basement to pace while Spike hopefully obtained money and prevented them from having to... guh!

~*~*~*~*~

Several hours later, Xander and Anya were snuggled up naked, sweat cooling on their bodies, when the door was
kicked open by two orange, spiney demons and one pissed-off, WET Spike chained up between them.

“Oh god not again,” Xander clutched the blanket up high against his neck.

Anya muttered, “Why is HE always here?” and then shot out of bed, pulling the blanket abruptly out of Xander’s hands and leaving him to dive for a pillow to cover himself while she strode forward, the blanket following her like a train or a cape. “Hey! You can’t just barge in here! This is private property!”

“Hey, demon-girl,” Spike squirmed, trying to get away from the big orange hands on his shoulders, “be a doll and tip these blokes before they embarrass Donut-boy any more than they already have.”

“Tip?”

“There’s a fee, for returning Mr. Harris’ property,” one demon said, hand out.

Xander covered his face with his hands. “What happened to the stereos? And the guy who knew a guy?”
“Went pear-shaped,” Spike said, with an added mutter of, “to state the bleedin’ obvious.”

The next fifteen minutes each competed with each other as the most embarrassing minute of Xander’s life, as money was found to tip the slave-enforcers (underscoring his cash-strapped existence), pants were found (and haste did make waste as he wriggled and nearly fell over getting in to them), Anya shimmied into her clothes (with less modesty than Xander would have liked), and one of the demons gave Spike’s ass a squeeze that lifted the vampire clear off the ground and offered to “take him off your hands, if you’re having so much trouble.”

Oh, so tempting. “I’m a good guy,” Xander muttered to himself. “We don’t sell people. Even annoying, evil people. Good guys don’t do that. Even good guys who are strapped for cash from helping out evil dead guys.”

“You fell foul of Dentriti traders?” Anya closed the door behind them.

“Poker game, yeah? I have to BUY blood now. It’s not an easy lifestyle change for me.”
Any stood on her tip-toes, peering closely at Spike’s face. “Why can’t I see your mark?”

He cringed away from her scrutiny, raising his bound hands as high as he could. “You’re not a demon any more, are you? Get the key. It’s over there.” He jerked his chin toward the work-bench.

Anya looked at Xander, wondering why he was spending his time sitting on the bed muttering to himself when there was a clear SITUATION to be dealt with. But maybe this was another of those ‘tact’ things that she always missed. She followed Spike’s directions to the bench and retrieved the key. “It must be really embarrassing for you. I mean, how can you show your face at all when it says ‘Property of Xander Harris, human delivery boy’ all over it?” She cocked her head to the side with a quiet smile. “This could have been a good vengeance wish against you.”

“Less talk, more of the freeing me?”

Xander jumped up and began to pace. “This isn’t happening. I’m never going to be free from having the bleached menace in my room.”
“Well, I hate to say it,” Spike rubbed his freed wrists and smiled with insincere gratitude at Anya, “but I think we’re just going to have to live with it. I’ll hide out here. Maybe you could get the watcher to look in his dusty old books or something....”

“I mean... they want me to... and with the orb-thing...!” Xander gestured randomly.

“They want you to fuck me. Yeah, I got that.”

Anya’s eyes widened. She turned from putting the key and the manacles back in their box. “This disturbs and strangely interests me. Honey? Are you going to be naked again?”

“Anya, maybe you should go. I have a lot of embarrassment to suppress just now.”

“I’m not exactly thrilled with staying here either,” Spike leaned against the wall and got out a cigarette. “But I’m out of ideas. Tonight was the bottom of the idea-barrel and it came crashing...” he took the unlit cigarette back out of his mouth and frowned. “Bloody hell that’s one mixed metaphor.”
“This is all your fault! YOU put your stupid self up for collateral.”

“I had a full house!”

“You had. You lost. Why do I have to suffer? Why am I even trying to help?”

“Well we’re stuck now and there’s no way out so what’s the point of bitching?”

Xander ran his hand through his hair again and shook a finger. “No. No there is a way out.”

“Oh no bloody way.” Spike shrugged off of the wall and pointed his cigarette at Xander. “I’m sorry about the bleedin’ inconvenience and I’ll pay you back soon as Marty’s Discount relaxes their security again, but I am not sleeping with you, Xander fuckin’ Harris.

“Oh!” Anya jumped up. “The Dentriti won’t let you free him until you prove your dominance. Of course. It’s a standard clause. Well, you should get to it.”

“Ahn!” Xander gaped.
She went to him and patted his arm. “You have my permission, as your girlfriend, to fool around with Spike. Only I want to watch.”

“Anya, sweetheart… remember what I said about exhibitionism and voyeurism and how those are not normal things?”

“Well, I’m not going to let my orgasms be interminably delayed because Spike has to hide out here, and I’m certainly not giving you permission to fool around if I DON’T get to watch. It’s only fair.”

Spike had finally gotten his cigarette lit as he watched this exchange with increasing worry. Then, as he pulled his first drag, he was grabbed by Xander and hustled into the corner by the shower.

“Spike, get her to leave.”

“Wot? She’s your bird!”

“If we don’t do this now, I’m afraid I’m going to lose my nerve. I want it quick and over-with and no witnesses.”

Spike shook his arm from Xander’s grip. “Newsflash,
donut-boy. I’m not interested. One, you’re human, and that’s pervy. It’s like doing FOOD. Two, I don’t like you. Three, contrary to popular fiction, vampires are NOT naturally bisexual nymphomaniacs. And four,” he blew smoke into Xander’s face, “I don’t like you.”

Xander coughed and backed up. “Okay, one, YOU got us into this mess. Two, YOU are the one with ‘slave’ stamped on his ass. Three…” he raised and lowered his arm, trying to think, “Three, you OWE ME for those kittens and all the cash I’ve had to dish out and for making me steal stereos!”

“And four I get to watch,” Anya added, holding up her hand.

“And I say no. Kids.” Spike straightened as tall as he could.

“Technically, I’m older than you,” Anya offered.

Xander closed his eyes, counted to eleven, and wondered what he’d be doing that night if he didn’t happen to live on a hellmouth. When he opened his eyes on the impassive vampire and eager ex-demon, he said, “Spike, what would happen if I DIDN’T pay those guys who keep
bringing you back?”

He blinked. “Uh... nothing?”

“Oh, I know this one!” Anya waved her hand. “They’d impound him. Probably put him to auction or just keep him for their own nefarious purposes.”

Xander crossed his arms and raised his eyebrows at the vampire.

“Right,” he said, tossing his cigarette into the sink.

“Right,” said Xander.

“Right!” said Anya with an enthusiastic swing of her fist.

Xander shifted in place.

Spike walked up to Anya and bent his head to hers, whispering in her ear.

“Oh!” she said. “Yes, of course.” She turned to Xander. “I’ll be going now, and won’t return for a good, long time.”
She gave him a quick kiss on the cheek, waved at Spike in passing, and went out the door. Xander looked stunned; Spike looked mildly smug.

“What did you say to her?”

Spike ignored him and walked to the bed, taking off his coat and tossing it over a chair. “Let’s just get this over, yeah? I’m voting for minimal contact, minimal clothing removed. You got lube?”

Xander did, in fact, have several different kinds of lube, all picked out by an eagerly experimental Anya, but he wasn’t about to make himself out to be a pervert in front of the vampire... the vampire he was about to fuck. Oh this was going to require all kinds of therapy. He pulled the ‘toy box’ out from under the bed and grabbed the plain KY as quickly as he could, kicking the box back before Spike could see what was in it.

Judging by the knowing smirk on the vampire, and the whispered, “Anya you saucy minx!”, he hadn’t been fast enough.

Xander tossed the tube to Spike, who caught it one-handed. “Just get yourself ready.”
A wide-eyed stare. “Last of the bleedin’ romantics.”

“Look, you’ve done this before, haven’t you?”

Spike scratched the back of his head and looked away.

“Oh come on! You’re a million years old!”

His reaction was so offended it was cute. “That’s a hundred years old, whelp, and yeah, all right, I’ve been buggered. But there wasn’t ... Not that it’s so hard to figure out. Is it? Tab a goes into slot b. ‘M not stupid.”

Spike set the lube down and turned his back to Xander to take his jeans off.

Xander licked his lips. This was strangely... no! Not thinking it was hot to have the very unwilling vampire stripping! So not a good Scooby thought.

Spike stepped out of his jeans and picked up the lube. Half-turned, he regarded Xan with one eye and a lift of his scarred eyebrow. “What about you? Any backdoor experience?”
And very unwilling vamp was looking away again, and one pale hand was sliding up between perfect white globes of flesh...

Xander found something fascinating to stare at on the wall and coughed. “I don’t think that’s any of your business.”

“Well, it’s about to be. A fellow likes to know what he’s in for.”

There were soft, squelching sounds clearly audible in the awkward silence. Xander risked a peek. Spike’s eyes were closed, frowning in concentration. He had one knee up on the bed to give himself better access as his fingers worked.

“Um, okay, that’s enough.” Xander felt his dick tenting his pants. He ran a hand along the fabric-covered length.

It’s because I’m thinking about doing this with Anya, he lied to himself, though he did immediately think about the first time they’d done anal. The bathroom sink, all that Wesson oil, her body slicked all over and glistening in the mirror like... like a buttered garlic breadstick.
Okay, so he wasn’t a porn-writer. But garlic breadsticks WERE sexy.

Spike had crawled onto the bed, his head hidden between his forearms, his bare legs knelt up, his black t-shirt sliding a bit up his back. Damn. Xander knew he’d left his t-shirt on in an effort to keep things impersonal, but there was something indescribably sexy about wearing nothing but a t-shirt, especially the way the black brought out the satin white of his skin.

Xander put one hand on a bare hip and felt a small quiver – whether from Spike or himself he wasn’t sure.

“Get on with it before I close up again,” Spike growled into the bedspread.

Xander pushed his waistband down, his erection popping free like an eager puppy, bouncing a bit and drooling. He eased the head into Spike’s crack, working up and down against smooth skin... gee that felt nice. So firm yet yielding and smooth. But room-temperature, which was really weird. Was this what those ‘real dolls’ felt like? He used his hands to pry Spike’s cheeks apart, feeling the fullness against his palms. It probably was. No heartbeat, and so cool. It was probably what they looked like, no
visible veins, all pale and hairless. Hee. Spike ‘real doll’. Angel would totally buy one.

Where had that thought come from?

Spike WAS shaking. Just a little. Was that fear, anticipation? Humiliation? Shouldn’t he be turned off by that? He ran a hand along the exposed lower back, rubbing in smooth circles until the shivering slowed.

Xander felt the cold lube, all around a small entrance, pouting slightly open against his cock, like pursed lips. There was no way he could resist pushing in. Tight resistance, squeezing him hard. He grunted and pressed and grabbed around Spike’s thighs to get more leverage, anything to get all the way in. It seemed impossible, but then there he was, sighing, those cool ass-cheeks flat against his hips.

Then he noticed the vampire had arched up from the bed and was cussing. “Harris! ’S traditional to go slow when you don’t want to hurt a bloke!”

Holy crap. He was in Spike. As in... in! This was forty different kinds of wrong. “Sorry,” he muttered, and started to pull out.
‘Out’ was even harder than ‘in’ had been – Spike’s ass grasped him, seemed to be trying to suck him back. Friction was starting to heat up the cold lube and he drew himself out as quickly as he could, until just the tip was inside. Then, he couldn’t help it, it felt so good, he let the tip slip almost completely out, the puckered hole closing around it. He slammed back in all at once. He felt his balls swing forward and hit another pair. Oh, that was better. “Um…” he opened one eye, only then realizing he’d squeezed them shut. “Is that okay?”

“Fine,” Spike’s voice was muffled against the pillow. “Just get on with it. Don’t fancy spending all night like this.”

Spending all night… Xander bit his lip and started to rock. Just like Anya, right? He let his eyes drift closed again. Friction was heating things up so it didn’t feel as… well as corpse-like as it had. He could imagine broader hips under his hands. Anya would push back and moan and tell him he was forbidden from stopping… she was so cute when she used too formal language in bed. He shifted his position a little to rest his weight more forward.

To his surprise, he actually heard a moan, muffled
though it was. He almost stopped, and then he felt a gentle push – Spike was pushing back!

“Fuck, Harris... that... that’s not terrible.” Spike sounded surprised. His legs were sliding a little further apart, his back arched.

“Thanks. Just the sort of compliment a guy loves to hear.” Xander picked up the pace. His balls were drawing up and he felt the tension building, everything inside him demanding more, more, faster. They started making slapping noises, but he was beyond caring. He bit into his lip to keep from screaming and let out a strangled sound as he thrust, hard, three more times. He collapsed, utterly spent.

He lay against Spike a moment, his palms sliding up bare buttocks under that black t-shirt, which would now forever be in his mind the most sinful of garments. Then, suddenly, the nice Spike-shaped table was moving, and he was thrown back against the bed and lips... soft lips and tongue were on his lips, devouring greedily.

Spike pulled back. “Sorry, mate. Blood. You had some on your lip. It’s a fixation.”
Xander’s sex-addled mind fuzzily informed him that, oh yeah, this was a vampire.

Spike nuzzled his cheek, and he could FEEL the smile. “Guess you are a nummy treat after all.”

“Woah! Okay! Inappropriate contact time is over!” Xander scrambled out of the bed. The orb. Where was the orb? He fished around in his discarded clothing.

“You know, there’s something to be said for afterglow, Harris.”

“Aha!” Xander sat on the edge of the bed and squeezed the little globe. It had an odd semi-pliant feel, uneven. Eew. “Shut up, Spike. Mork to Seer. Come iiiin, Seer.”

The little sphere began to glow. “Mmm... yes,” a disembodied voice said. Xander looked up – he’d expected it to emanate from the sphere, not, well, everywhere. The seer’s voice cackled. “That was a good start, for me, anyway, but hardly qualifies. Your slave thoroughly enjoyed himself. You need to show that he’ll participate in activities that are NOT enjoyable to him.”

“Oh, come on!” Xander looked from the little globe to
the ceiling and back again. “You wanted sex, we gave you sex!”

“Sorry, it’s out of my hands. You’ll have to do something less… mutual.”

The glow slowly ebbed out of the globe no matter how Xander shook it. “Come back! Wait! I mean… aw, come on!” He threw the sphere into the small pile of dirty clothes by the bed. “There’s no dealing with evil demon slave traders. And how is it I’m sounding shocked when I say that?”

“Don’t fret, pet.”

Xander turned to see Spike stretching his arms overhead, still in nothing but his black t-shirt, which now arched up to expose a creamy six-pack that led down a smooth expanse to...

Xander quickly met Spike’s eyes. “What do you mean? And is he right? You actually ENJOYED that?”

“Don’t sound so bloody surprised. ‘Sides, shouldn’t a white hat like you be relieved to hear you didn’t scar the vamp for life?” Spike plumped his lower lip in a darling
pout and Xander had to control a sudden urge to bite that lip. “Anyway,” Spike crawled across the bed, “we got work to do.”

“Trimming hedges is work. Doing laundry is work. Washing my car…” Xander jumped up as cool hands closed on his shoulders, but Spike was having none of that and pushed him gently back down.

“In for a penny, in for a pound. I don’t much fancy a lifetime of servitude. So you just sit right here,” he slid around Xander’s side to stand, “and I’ll deliver one non-reciprocal sexual act, eh?”

Xander felt his Adam’s apple bob up and down as though it was twice its size. Spike nonchalantly pulled off his t-shirt. Damn, should have told him to leave it on… no! So not thinking the nasty thoughts. “Um… Spike, I may be a teenage guy, but I’m only human and twice in one night is usually my lim… oh boy!”

This sudden change of statement was brought about by Spike dropping swiftly to his knees and smirking up at him with those mischievous blue eyes. “Don’t worry, pet. THIS, I know how to do. Vampire and all.” He licked his upper lip slowly. “We’re very oral creatures.”
“Thank you, king of the single-entendre.”

And Spike was gently pulling Xander’s slacks down and leaning forward to lick the tip of his already half-hard penis. Xander instinctually clamped his thighs together, but Spike just as gently pried them apart, then kept his hands on the insides of Xander’s thighs, rubbing gently while he nibbled his way down the length of what was now a completely rejuvenated erection.

Slut, Xander silently accused his appendage.

But there was something to be said for the soft, yielding tongue that was dancing over his skin and the lips that were engulfing him with significantly less of the softness and the suck... suction. Yeah. Never say a vampire can’t suck. Xander bit his lip and noted that down as a possible future insult to throw blondie’s way. If he could still look at the vampire in the future, that was.

Xander felt himself pushed behind tonsils, then rubbed against the back of a constricting throat that swallowed and swallowed and... “Holy mother of all porn movies - do you not have to breathe?”
Spike somehow managed to look up and smirk with his mouth still engulfing Xander’s cock.

“No wonder vampires are all naturally bisexual nymphomaniacs.”

Scowl. Eye-roll. And something amazing with his tongue! It was wriggling against him like a snake. Could tongues do that?

Xander fisted the sheets on either side of his legs, watching that disheveled blonde head bob up and down, eyes closed now.

Xander felt the most prickling tightness, as his body simultaneously screamed ‘we are not doing this again so soon’ and ‘oh baby here it comes!’ Every muscle in his body, down to his pinky toes and up to his ears, tensed, contracted, and ached with release.

Shuddering, Xander fell back on the bed. He felt cool and wet between his legs, and a pair of hands pushing away from him. “H... hand me the orb-thing?”

He felt it drop into his open palm. Still staring at the ceiling, he squeezed the orb. “Okay, Mork, you gotta tell
me that was enough.”

The seer’s disembodied voice was a little broken. “I’ll pay you twice what you paid Dorack for him.”

Spike snorted somewhere off to Xander’s left. “Too right!”

“No…” Xander rolled the orb against the bed. “I paid in kittens. Not interested.”

“I can pay in gold, soul-certificates, or American dollars.”

“Oi! Donut-boy!” Spike re-appeared from the bathroom. “Stop looking tempted.”

Xander cleared his throat. “Look, just tell me what I have to do to free Spike.”

“Oh, you have to tear up the deed.”

Spike dropped the towel he was drying himself off with and ran to the workbench to grab the paper.

“But, you haven’t completed the trial yet.”
“What? There was non-mutual orgasm!”

“I’m sorry, but it still lacks an element of dominance.”

“He was on his knees. How much more...” Xander sighed and sat up. He looked across at Spike, who was now sitting in the lounge chair, deed papers in one hand across his lap, watching attentively. The combination of vigorous sex and the wet – how had his hair gotten wet, anyway? – left him with a sublime case of bed-head that made the century-old vamp look strangely young.

“What?” Spike asked, frowning at Xander’s scrutany.

“You could be a little more submissive, you know. We’d be out of this already if you didn’t have to keep asserting your punk-hood.”

“What did I do? Besides every damn thing you asked?”

“Said ‘damn’ and called me ‘donut-boy!’”

Mork cackled. “Oh it’s too precious. But it isn’t just the slave’s attitude. In fact, I rather like it.”

Xander squeezed the orb a little tighter. “Okay,
Pervastopholes. What would do it? Give me specifics.”

“Well, personally I’d like to see you tie him up and shove your fist up his ass.”

“Personally?”

“Well, it’s my call, handsome boy. And I can guarantee the council will find the act acceptable. I can already see how unappealing it is to the gorgeous vampire.”

The gorgeous vampire was wearing his seething rage face – the one that said “I will rip you to bits and then rip the bits to bits”, mouth slightly open, chin lowered.

And there was another thing Xander did NOT want to think was hot. “No. Give us something else.”

“That’s my only offer. That or sell him to me.”

Spike stood, tossing the papers on the chair.

“Spike? What are you doing?”

He reached behind the lounger and retrieved a coil of rope, still sitting there from the last time it had been used.
Pervastopholes cackled in glee.

Spike uncoiled the rope.

“Spike... there’s no way. I’m not even into that.”

“They have us by the short and curlies, Xan. Just remember two things: I heal, and I kill demons.”

Spike handed the rope to Xander and glared at the little glass orb. “Now, tell me where you want me, ‘master’.”

Xander adjusted his pants. “Um... on the lounger, I guess.”

Another eye-roll, but Spike carefully moved the deed-papers to the floor and knelt on the red plush chair. He leaned forward and put his fists on the top of the backrest. “Like this?”

Not wanting to agree or disagree, Xander looped the rope around those fists and around the back of the chair. The rope felt rough in his hands, very splintery. “I wonder if this still has the anti-vampire-strength spell on it?”
Spike flexed his arms. The rope creaked. He rolled his shoulders. “I’d say that’s a ‘yes’.”

Xander walked around the lounger, tying and wrapping around the chair legs and around Spike’s legs until he ran out of rope. He looked down at the naked vampire – who really did look good against the red and the tawny rope color. He cleared his throat. “Um... I’m not sure how this works.”

“Lube, mate. Lots and lots of lube.”

“Right.” Xander went back to the toy box and got out all five different tubes. He put a large glop of KY in his hand and walked to the vampire. This was stupid. How did someone get off sticking their HAND... plus, ew? Though he supposed Vampires were probably pretty clean on the rear end. He’d never seen Spike use a toilet, not in all those years...

Though he found Spike’s ass already a little lubed, a little loose, and was reminded that... ew... there was already some liquid in there, courtesy of the Xan-man. “You are so going to owe me for this,” he muttered, and stuck two fingers into his slick entrance.
They barely fit. Hadn’t his whole COCK been in there not, um, a half hour ago? He rotated them around. It felt weird, but not as unpleasant as he thought. The tight ring of muscle, the ribbed entrance, the smooth walls inside. He scissored his fingers and inserted a third.

“How are you doing, Spike?”

“How are you doing, Spike?”

“Just marvy. It’s a day a the fuckin’ races.”

Three fingers. Pinky next – how big is a pinky? But the stretchiness of Spike seemed to have a limit. He felt his fingers squeezed together and a grunt of discomfort from the vampire.

Xander wiggled his fingertips and felt the soft anal wall flexing around them. He tried mimicking a fucking motion, in and out with his fingers, his thumb the odd digit out, pressing against the ass-crack.

“Oh yes,” said the disembodied voice of the seer.

Spike groaned, “Can you turn that off?”

“My hand’s kind of busy,” Xander replied. He pressed side to side, trying to get any kind of extra space to slide
his thumb in. Then he was in up to his knuckles. Spike’s body jerked and the whole lounger creaked.

“Um... I think this is the hard part,” Xander said, and started pushing against the resistance. There was no way he was fitting in. No way... he could feel the difference in temperature from the inside to the friction-warmed entrance, and the slick squelching around him he pushed and pushed, and there was almost a pop, and he was in to his wrist. MAN that felt weird. He wriggled his whole hand against the strange, soft, yielding skin. Spike was hissing his breaths through clenched teeth. Xander pulled his hand out almost as slowly as it went in. He grabbed the orb with his sticky hand. “Happy?”

“You... you hardly started...”

With a grind of his teeth, Xander took the small orb and pushed it into Spike’s well-used ass. “How’s this for started?” He had to reach in with four fingers and try to grasp it again. The ball slid around in the lube, hard to grasp. Spike wriggled against his restraints trying to expel it.

There was a soft gasp. “Yes... yes... you have fulfilled the requirement.”
Finally! Xander threw the orb at the wall, where it made an odd ‘splat’ noise before rolling to the floor. He noticed the blood for the first time then, it ran like threads through the thicker lube.

Spike sagged against his bonds, forehead on his fists. “Get me out of this, Xan.”

Twenty minutes later the ropes were untied and two showers were taken. Xander started thinking about cleaning up, calling Anya... “So what DID you say to Anya to get her to leave?”

“Hrm? Oh... that nothing was going to start with her in the room, and she had a perfectly good window to watch at.”

Xander’s eyes immediately went to the window, he half-sat up and squinted. She couldn’t... could she?

“So you gonna rip up that deed now or what? Because I’m not leaving until I see it done.”

Xander sat back against the cushions and looked at the thoroughly debauched vampire. Spike had one arm
crooked behind his head and a lit cigarette propped between fingers on his bare belly. A few stray ashes fell near his belly-button as he raised the cigarette to his lips and raised his eyebrows at Xan.

Xander groaned and got out of bed. He picked the papers up.

“Well? Stop looking so enthusiastic and get me the hell out of your hair.”

Xander set the papers on the workbench. “Ask me again tomorrow,” he said.

"Oh you have got to be..."

"Ask nicely," Xander smiled.

The End