Rating: NC-17

**Characters:** Spike/Xander, Xander/others mentioned

**Prompt:** #40 Virgins

**Warnings:** m/m sex

**Summary:** Xander comes to Spike for something surprising. Spike doesn't know whether to be flattered or insulted...or jealous that Xander didn't come to him sooner.

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

**Smut table:** Spike/bunches of people.

**Progress:** 22/69

**Betaed:** @kitty_poker1

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Gagging For It

by

Eyezrthewindows

Part One
Spike blinked, opened his mouth and nothing came out; it stayed that way because he couldn't seem to make it do anything else. He couldn't have just heard what he thought he had.

Xander stared back at him earnestly, hair flopped over his eyes, apparently unruffled, waiting expectantly, if impatiently. "Well?"

It was as if he had nothing to lose and didn't care what Spike's response was -- he just wanted to know Spike's answer, one way or another.

Spike cleared his throat, shook his head and lurched to his stash of alcohol. He figured he needed it.

After taking several large swallows, flopping down in his chair and resting the bottle on one out-flung thigh, he narrowed his eyes at Xander. "Care to repeat that? Think I've gone daft in my old age, perhaps deaf, too...or maybe I got a bad batch of blood because you couldn't have said what I think you just said. Especially to me. And all..." he waved a hand, "nonchalant like, too. Like it doesn't matter."

Xander rolled his eyes, sighed, and flung himself down
sideways on the sarcophagus in the corner because that was the only other seating in the upper level of Spike's crypt. He crossed his arms and looked almost defensive and sullen as he repeated, "Will you have sex with me? I think I was clear enough the first time but you're probably in shock. The chip must've fried something important after all the shocks you've gotten. Plus, you probably don't get offered sex that much considering your predicament and don't know how to react anymore..."

"Hey!" Spike growled, glaring and pointing his bottle at him. "I could get anyone I wanted, make no bloody mistake. I'm just picky about who I get in the sack with, is all." He pursed his lips and his leg started jiggling up and down of its own volition. "Which is why there's no way in hell I'd fuck you...whether you begged or not. Can't say the begging's not pretty, though. Got the right mouth and look for it. Pathetic and sad and needy."

On second thought, maybe he should give in and say yes. Boy looked awfully attractive sitting there waiting for his response. Like Spike's answer would make or break him.

Spike could feel himself harden slightly and he moistened his lips and took another much needed swig of whisky.
Oh, this was such a bad idea.

But his dick didn't seem to care.

"I'm not even going to argue with you, Spike. I've done this so many times being shot down doesn't even affect me anymore. Much. Yes or no? Just give me your answer so I can either be on my way back to drown my sorrows with under-aged drinking sponsored by stolen booze my dad'll never notice is gone or we can get to the fucking so I can lose my virginity already and have lots of sweaty, naked fun. Though I don't suppose you sweat because you're dead and all..."

Despite Xander's apparent lack of nerves and cool exterior, Spike inhaled, and listened, and discovered a whole different story.

The arousal Xander exuded was almost minor in comparison to the bittersweet stench of fear that wafted off him -- the fear of rejection. The rat-a-tat-tat of his heartbeat thundered rapidly and sweetly in Spike's ears.

Spike inhaled through his nose, slow and deep, enjoying the heavy musk of arousal and the intense scent of fear.
Was much better than stale Cheetos and mold and death.

He also smelled something underlying everything else. Synthetic. Fruity. Cherries?

Wait a mo!

"You're a virgin? You want me to pop your cherry?"

Maybe that cherry smell was pretty apropos, after all.

"Yeah," Xander said, rolling his eyes. "I just said that. I want you to fuck me in the ass so I won't be a virgin anymore. Toys are good, very good sometimes, but they can't replace the feel of a real dick up there...so I've heard. I want you to do it. That's why I'm here."

Spike assessed Xander's demeanor and then raised his eyebrows. "Wait. You said you've 'done this so many times...'. The hell do you mean by that?"

"You're not the first one I've asked, Spike. And if you turn me down you won't be the last."
For the second time that evening Spike found himself gobsmacked...and a little insulted.

Insulted that Xander hadn't asked him first. He didn't want to be last on a long list of blokes who'd already turned the git down! He wanted first crack at turning him down!

Also, he was a little affronted that Xander wouldn't take time to wallow in Spike's rejection before peddling his ass elsewhere.

He was hard to get over, damn it!

"Christ, you make it sound so glamorous and worthwhile," Spike replied dryly. "Telling a bloke he's not first choice is real flattering, you twat."

"Sorry." Xander had the grace to look at least a little remorseful, with the tinge of embarrassment colouring his cheeks. "It's just...like I said, I-I've done this a lot and have had to prepare myself for utter humiliation and let down every time in advance so I don't act like a complete moron when I am turned down."

Spike felt oddly sorry for Xander and found himself
blurting, "How many times have you done this...exactly?" before he even realised what his lips were doing.

Xander leaned forward and braced his elbows on his bent knees. "First, there was J-Jesse..."

He was fourteen when he figured out he liked boys more than girls but he couldn't talk to Willow about it, even though she was his best friend in the entire world.

That would've been weird.

So, he went to Jesse.

To confess and maybe ask if he'd like to do a little experimentation. He'd seen Jesse watching him more than once and was pretty confident that his best guy friend had some sort of lusty feelings toward him, too.

Only, he was more wrong that he'd ever thought he could be.

Jesse's face screwed up into a rictus of outrage and disgust and he shoved Xander back away from him when he'd tried to kiss him. "What the hell, Xander? That's sick!
You thought I--! Gross! I don't like boys and I sure as hell don't like you that way, man. Get over that shit quick because people will beat you into a greasy pulp if they ever find out you're a fag."

And Jesse had proceeded to start chasing Cordelia right after that, leaving Xander heartbroken and crying his eyes out at night with his face shoved into a pillow so he wouldn't disturb his parents.

"...and that didn't turn out so well. He was my best friend and I thought we were that kind of close, you know? But I guess I was wrong and read him wrong or something. I should've known that would only be the beginning of the embarrassment of my...well, as you put it, 'begging' for someone to teach me about the big gay sex."

Spike felt sorry for Xander. A twinge of empathy snagged a corner of his heart and yanked hard.

Boy had as much luck in love -- or whatever it was -- as...well, Spike did.

"Then, there was Giles. I know what you're thinking: he's way too old for me, but...you're older than him. Age
doesn't matter to me, really. I just thought...well..."

Xander looked around furtively and listened at the library doors to find out if anyone other than Giles was there.

No one was so he sneaked in as silently as possible and nibbled his bottom lip nervously.

He glanced around quickly and was reassured of its empty status as he wandered further into the surprising dimness.

He'd never known a library to be as forbidding and creepy and dark as this one. Normally, schools were well lit and almost too cheery and bright.

He shook himself, took a breath and cracked his knuckles as he ventured toward the office where Giles was probably brewing some of that English tea he practically drooled over when he thought no one was watching.

But Xander watched. He watched Giles a lot.

He liked Giles. He had wet dreams about the older man, about his possible experience and what he could do to
Xander's body.

It sent shivers down his spine and his cock filled inside his baggy cargo pants.

He wiped his sweating palms onto the jeans and swallowed hard as he got to the door.

Giles was inside, poring over some ancient, musty books and drinking occasionally from a dainty cup that looked tiny in the large hand that lifted it.

He was debating how to make his presence known when Giles turned his head and looked at him.

His heart fluttered. He felt like he was going to throw up.

Giles frowned slightly and took off his glasses to rub at his strained eyes. "Xander? Is something the matter? Is it Buffy?"

"Oh. No! Nothing's wrong. I just..." He hesitantly stepped further into the office and closed the door.

Giles' eyebrows rose. "Do you need help with something private? You know I'm always here for you children if you
should ever need an ear or even a shoulder."

"Y-you could say that," he mumbled, looking away from those intense blue eyes.

"You do know you can talk to me about anything that's bothering you, right? I know your family situation is less than--"

"I don't want to talk about my family, Giles," Xander ground out, interrupting. "This has nothing to do with them."

"Oh," Giles replied, perplexed. "What is it, then?" He swiveled his chair and began to stand up.

But Xander stopped him, pushed down on his shoulders to keep him seated and planted his lips on Giles' before the older man could realise what was happening.

When Giles' lips didn't respond and Xander's heart plummeted into his feet as Giles' hands gently disengaged his own from Giles' shoulders, he knew he'd done the wrong thing in coming here.

Giles pushed his chair back and left him standing there,
bent over with his mouth puckered like an idiot.

"Xander," Giles began, and it was then that Xander wished for the first time he could just fucking die already. "This...this is wrong. I know you probably feel some sort of admiration or pseudo son-like feelings for me that might cause you to think you feel...certain things that you shouldn't but..." Giles looked flustered. "All right. Er...Let's put it into terms you'll understand better because I really don't have experience in...this sort of thing. You're...extremely...er...underage. I could lose my job over something like this. You're like a son to me. Erm..."

Xander groaned, straightened and turned his back as he buried his flaming face in his shaking hands. "Oh, this was such a bad idea," he mumbled into his palms.

"What was it, exactly, that you thought you were doing?"

Xander sighed. "I-I want to know what it's like with another guy. You're attractive and you probably know lots of stuff and--"

"Bloody hell," Giles said, chair squeaking as he leaned back in it, body lax with shock. "You came here to
"propose me?"

"Yes..." Xander cringed.

Giles sighed and Xander didn't need to turn around to see that the older man probably had an expression of pity, possibly regret, on his face.

"This couldn't happen even if I were interested, Xander. You'll find someone your age to...have experiences with in time. There's no need to rush growing up. Believe me, I know. It'll all take place when the time is right."

There was a single moment of painful silence while Xander was trying to figure out a way to use his nonexistent telepathic, telekinetic...powers or whatever to make the Earth open up and swallow him whole. But when that didn't happen he decided he'd probably have to get over this if he was going to face Giles day in and day out for the next, oh, four years.

He took a breath but didn't turn to face the older man because he couldn't do that just yet and probably wouldn't for a few weeks.

"Can we just pretend this didn't happen? That would just
"Good Lord, I hope so. Pretense wouldn't be quite as satisfying as a good bout of selective amnesia but it'll have to do." Giles' cup rattled as he poured some scotch into it with a slightly unsteady hand. "We'll just put this behind us and go on with our lives and that'll be that, I should imagine. And hope. There's no reason why we can't remain as we were. It was such a...small thing."

Great. Giles didn't want to remember his crappy attempt at seduction and was being all...blasé about it too.

He sighed, shoulders slumping, but he didn't reveal how bad Giles' careless rebuff had made him feel. He'd probably want to talk or something.

"Yeah. It was a mistake. It'll be good to forget. Sorry."

And Xander walked out on Giles drinking his doctored tea, crying only when he was nearly all the way home where no one could see him.

"...I just thought it'd be different with Giles, you know? He liked me and he was experienced and he's a fucking
British guy like you so I didn't think age would play any real factor in what I was proposing but I guess he just didn't want that. I get that he didn't want to put his job in jeopardy and the impressionable young person/older adult father figure thing would've been weird after that but..."

Xander shrugged but Spike knew that one had really hurt.

Spike ground his teeth and took another drink.

He was feeling sorry for the kid. Feeling things that shouldn't be felt. He should be thinking he was an utter twat and not worth the attention of any of the people he'd asked to fuck him and he was pathetic for even trying. He should cut him down with a good tongue lashing and get his entertainment in because that was all he could do.

But he didn't. He couldn't do that. He was burdened by the weight of the boy's poor self-esteem and getting turned down at every corner.

It reminded him of himself.
He was starting to relate to Xander's small ego getting crushed under the heels of practically everyone's shoes.

Oh, *that* wasn't good.

"He had no right to treat it so callously, though, mate. Could've broken it to you more gently, like... Or something." Spike shrugged and fingered the lip of the bottle he'd propped on his thigh once again. He stared off into the distance, eyes unfocused and fuzzy as he remembered many instances in which he'd been shunned and emotionally squashed flat. "Hurts having your feelings trampled on like it was nothing. Don't know how you managed to bounce back as good as you've done..."

Xander blinked, biting his lip, picking at the hem of one jean leg. He cleared his throat. "Angel was next," he went on.

Spike choked, spraying liquor down the front of his shirt. "That git?! Christ, that's a bad choice all around. Surprised you're even alive to tell about it."

"Yeah," Xander said, smiling wryly. "I realise that *now*. But I was getting kinda impatient by that point. But, hey,
at least it wasn't Angelus."

Boy had a point.

He didn't really want to go to Angel's apartment -- it was out of the way, in an abandoned building outside of town in between two cemeteries, and also creepy, dark and soulless in character, snicker -- but he was on a mission.

Yeah, he was going to attempt to seduce Angel. He figured that Angel was a centuries old vampire, he was all soulful and remorseful and trying to atone for his gajillions of sins...

...and probably really desperate for a lay because the soul wouldn't allow him to have an anonymous fuck -- Xander had read up on Angelus and after the soul had been implanted Angel didn't screw around; he'd been stuck in a world of endless emotional torment and didn't consider himself worthy of having any sort of relationship with someone else.

Or that's what Xander was putting all his money on, anyway.
He could be used in desperation. He had no problem with that whatsoever.

His standards were really low. He hoped Angel's were even lower.

He'd read up on vampires' sexual appetites and discovered they weren't too picky about who or what they fucked so long as it wasn't trying to kill them. A vampire would fuck anything he could hold down and stick his dick into.

Xander wanted to be the hole Angel buried his long-unused cock inside. He wanted to be ridden hard and put away...satiated and dripping jizz.

And here he was. He finally arrived at his intended destination and was trying not to hyperventilate because that would've been attractive -- smelly armpits and nerves like wet noodles? So not attractive. He was also attempting to control his heart and hormones since he knew Angel would smell the arousal on him.

But he knew he'd never control the latter because he was nearly always horny. He was a teenaged boy, after all. It was what he did.
He stared up at the imposing figure of the mostly dark building -- Angel owned his own fucking building, how was that for cool and sexy? -- and eventually convinced his legs to walk him up to the apartment Angel was residing in.

He started to sweat.

Oh, great. Now he was going to stink. Hopefully, he was having a Sure day.

He made the slow, nerve-wracking journey on shaking legs and stumbling steps. His mind was assaulted by thoughts of just fucking killing himself already and putting himself out of his misery but he found himself at Angel's door in ten minutes, feeling as if he could hurl at any moment.

He couldn't turn back now. Angel probably knew he was there, anyway.

He shoved trembling, sweat-dampened hands through his hair, making it stick up all over. He took a deep breath, let it out, but before his brain could catch up with what the rest of him was doing he was knocking on Angel's
door.

It opened a moment later with a stoic looking brunet vampire with obviously straight from the bottle, sun-kissed highlights looming over him quite frighteningly, his shirt buttoned half-way up and out of order.

Holy crap, Angel was so hot.

"Xander? What are you doing here? Is Buffy okay?"

It was always about Buffy with everyone, wasn't it? Wasn't anyone ever glad to see him?

He sighed and calmed...a little. "Buffy's fine. Umm...can I come in?"

Angel kept up his frowny face and stood there a moment, contemplating something or other that was probably very deep and meaningful and boring, and then stepped aside, blinking.

Xander assumed that meant he could come in so he did.

The door shut behind him like a gunshot.
"I'd offer you something to drink but...I'm not really prepared for human guests. Unless you'd like water...?"

"That's okay. I'm not really that thirsty."

Not thirsty for beverages, anyway.

But he wasn't going to say that, was he?

Angel settled on the couch, bare feet attractive, long and pale against the dark Persian rug, knees spread, elbows propped on his thighs as he leaned forward to give Xander his undivided, penetrating attention.

Damn, Angel was attentive. He'd never known that before. Xander had never been the focus of Angel's attention like this before.

He wasn't sure if this was a good thing or not. It was kind of freaking him out.

He could see down Angel's shirt. Angel's man-cleavage
was a dark shadow but...Xander could see that he had really nice pectorals.

Angel blinked slowly, long fingers lacing together between his knees. "So...you, umm, needed to see me about something? It's not anything about girls, is it? I'm really not that good with women."

Yeah, right. Angel could get any girl -- or guy for that matter -- he wanted if he chose. He was just...too involved with the whole repenty thing to go for them.

And why did Angel assume Xander needed girl help, anyway? Did he have 'desperate' tattooed on his forehead or something?

Well, he might. He hadn't looked in the mirror for a few hours and he was living on a Hellmouth.

"No. No. Nothing about girls. In fact, it's more about...boys," Xander blurted.

Angel's eyes widened a little and he cleared his throat. His posture changed abruptly when he sat up straight, appearing uncomfortable and tense. "Uh...what makes you think I know anything about boys, Xander? Have you
been sneaking looks at the Watchers' diaries? Because, I swear I told Rupert to lock those up so--"

"You're a guy, aren't you, Angel?" Xander asked sardonically, but secretly dying to know what the Watchers' diaries said about Angelus.

"Oh, right. I guess...fire away, then."

Xander took a deep breath, stared at Angel until the other man couldn't seem to sit still under the scrutiny and then just...

"Will you have sex with me? I know this is kind of weird and sudden and...well, I just want to know what it's like with another guy. I want someone who has some experience...who knows what he's doing and I figured you'd be a good candidate for the job. I know you don't really like me and that's totally okay. I don't really feel the love for you either and it'd just be sex, anyway... Umm...Angel?"

Angel was blank-faced, almost frighteningly so, but his mouth had fallen open somewhere in the middle of Xander's pathetic babbling spree.
Angel didn't look very happy, though, from what Xander could tell.

Not that it was easy. Angel had about three different facial expressions and they all kind of looked the same.

Xander's scalp tingled and tightened as he began to sweat and contemplate the astounding idiocy that he chronically suffered from.

This had been a bad idea all around and he was going to suffer for it.

When Angel finally snapped his jaw shut, Xander was panicking and looking for a way out. The door was behind Angel and Xander was certain he'd never make it before Angel tackled him and probably sucked him dry -- not in the good, sexy way -- so he'd have to sit there until Angel kicked his ass out, dead or alive.

This was worse than his eighth grade year during Speech class when he'd had to come up with a persuasive paper 'for' the use of condoms instead of the Pill and had had to watch everyone laugh at him when he stammered his way through the 'ickiness' the girl had to feel when the guy...well...
This was about even with the time Giles turned him down, though.

He'd never thought he'd ever have the opportunity to actually die from embarrassment but he was getting pretty close right now.

"Damn," Angel finally muttered, coming out of his semi-catatonic state. "Uh...what? You didn't just say that... Did you? No, of course you didn't. Umm...you're Buffy's friend and...umm...do you want me to walk you home? It's dangerous out there and you shouldn't have been walking alone to get here in the first place. Let me, uh, grab my jacket and I'll get you home safely. It's getting pretty late and you should be in b-b--you should go to sleep soon."

It was eight freaking o'clock. Right. Sleep.

Xander watched as Angel disappeared in a blur of vampiric speed and sunk back into the surprisingly plump, comfortable cushions of the chair he'd barely noticed while he was putting everything on the line again.

He guessed that pretty much settled that, then. If Angel
wanted to repress...Xander could do that.

Especially if it meant they never had to talk about this ugly little incident again.

Angel, apparently couldn't even tell him no...he was just going to ignore what happened until it disappeared permanently.

Xander, also, didn't have a problem with that despite the hurt it caused.

Though, he thought a little less of Angel for this. The guy couldn't even talk him down gently or tell him to get the fuck out or something?

Centuries of living had absolutely no effect on suaveness, apparently.

Angel reappeared, looking everywhere but at Xander, and Xander followed quietly when Angel billowed out ahead of him in his nifty, long coat.

The walk back to Xander's house was pure hell but they never spoke of 'The Incident', as Xander had come to think of it, again.
They actually never spoke to one another at all.

And then Angel eventually left for LA, making that situation a little less painful for Xander.

"And he acted like nothing happened. Like I hadn't gone to his place and asked him point blank to have his wicked way with me. What kind of person does that? He should've at least had the decency to tell me 'no' or to get the hell out or something. That would've hurt less than the ignoring thing. It was like I wasn't even there."

Spike snorted and swallowed another mouthful of whisky. He shook his head. "That's actually very surprising considering how much he used to love little bright-eyed, innocent boys willing to bend over at his command, beg for his cock up their ass. The soul really has made him a dick."

Xander coughed out a laugh. "If Angelus hadn't been so...Michael Myers psychotic I'd've asked him. I mean, he still had Angel's body..."
Spike's eyes widened. "You've got balls, boy."

Xander looked at him funny. "Funny you should mention that..."

Part Two

Larry was alone in the locker room after football practice. Everyone else had showered already and gone home...except for Xander.

He'd cut across the parking lot to reach the football field after his last class and watched Larry and the other jocks messing around, running drills and laps and getting sweaty and hot, then sneaked into the gym.

Most had removed their shirts, some their shoes and socks, but Xander couldn't keep his eyes off Larry.

Larry was the epitome of manly athletic buffness...but he was also the bane of Xander's existence.
Which was a real problem considering Xander wanted to jump his bones despite the obvious hatred on Larry's part.

He tended to tease Xander and make his life hell in front of the other guys but there were times when Larry wasn't with those other jerks and his gaze would soften and he acted as if he wanted to say something to Xander.

But he didn't.

So, Xander was going to make the first move.

He always seemed to be doing that. He hoped this time went better than the last few.

What did he have to lose? Larry would only beat him up like he normally did in front of all of his friends and the rest of the school. It wasn't as if there'd be any real loss of cool points. Xander didn't have any cool to lose.

He was a perv, he admitted readily as he watched Larry soaping up his muscular body, the suds and water making rivulets down his naked flesh that Xander's tongue would love to follow.
He watched Larry bend over to wash one foot, then the other, bracing himself on the shower wall. His buttocks clenched and spread a little. His balls were heavy and full and dripping water between his legs.

Larry washed those parts last, like he was saving them. He vigorously soaped and cleaned his cock and scrotum, stroking thoroughly until Xander thought he was going to go for it and jerk off right there, then he turned and rinsed himself.

No jerking off. Damn.

Xander's cock filled and he swallowed hard.

He spent the next few seconds fantasizing about being taken by Larry underneath the shower head, pressed face first into the wet tiles. Water and Larry both pounding into him.

He nearly creamed his shorts.

Larry finished washing the rest of his body, rinsed the soap away and then washed his hair. He turned to face Xander and Xander was treated to a perfect view of Larry's half-hard cock.
He spared a moment feeling intense fear about being discovered and watched Larry's closed eyes carefully between peeks at the rest of his body.

Larry's thighs clenched, muscles moving fluidly under tanned skin, and Larry's dick swayed to and fro with each movement he made, sometimes pressing against one thigh or the other.

Xander's mouth watered and his own dick throbbed impatiently.

When Larry was finished showering, the faucets went off, a towel went around his hips, and another was plonked onto his head as he rubbed vigorously at his wet hair.

He walked blindly back into the locker room where Xander had hidden.

Xander breathed hard as he watched Larry dress then, gathering all his courage, he stepped out of the shadows and sat down on the same bench Larry was, waiting to be noticed.

It didn't take long.
Larry raised an eyebrow and sort of sneered at him, water still dripping down one side of his face and into his open-necked shirt collar. "What the hell are you gawking at, Harris? What the hell are you even doing here? Aren't you supposed to be frolicking in a field of pansies or something with your little girly friends?"

Frolicking in a field of pansies? How could Larry not be gay?

"Umm...I wanted to ask you something."

Larry's demeanor changed a little. It was subtle but Xander noticed.

He grew subdued and wary, glancing out of the corner of his eye at Xander as he finished doing up his sneakers. "Okay. Just this once I'll give you a free pass. Next time, you won't be so lucky. What do you want?"

"You," Xander blurted before he could stop himself.

Larry looked surprised, then his mouth fell open and his eyes turned shifty. "Excuse me?"
Xander groaned and shook his head. "That could've gone better. I didn't mean to just...say it like that outright. I was going to try to be all suave and...debonair or something but... Okay. Just listen, okay? Hear me out and...I don't know. I hope you say yes but my track record's not that great."

"Say yes?" Larry repeated, in a state of shock, eyes widening.

"Uh, yeah. See, I want to have a gay experience and...I want to be fucked, right? But...I need someone to do it. Someone who kinda knows what they're doing and what they want so it's actually mostly good. I don't want my first time to suck and...will you do it, please? We wouldn't have to tell anyone, I swear, if that's what you're worried about. I'd actually kind of prefer if it was kept secret, anyway."

Larry's mouth opened and closed several times before his face hardened and his gaze went cold. He stood up abruptly and slammed his locker shut after grabbing his book bag and slinging it over his shoulder.

Xander saw a brief flicker of terror cross the other boy's face before it was gone.
"Look, I don't know what you're talking about or where you got the idea that I'm some kind of..." He huffed in a breath, unable to complete the sentence, visibly shaken. "You're lucky I'm feeling generous today or I'd totally kick your ass around this locker room and outside across the field."

And then Larry was gone and Xander was left, flummoxed.

That could've gone better but it also could've gone a lot worse.

He hadn't actually thought he'd been that wrong about Larry, though. Larry made his gaydar ding-a-ling-ling like no one else.

Spike snickered, unable to prevent his amusement.

Xander glared at him and then, unable to keep his own amusement at bay, lost it and started laughing. "The ironic thing? He turned out to actually be gay and came out a few months later."
"Didn't get another shot at him, then?"

"Nah. He and Andrew Wells got together and they were...God, they were just sappy and in lurrrrve. I wouldn't have tried to break that up just for a quick deflowering...or a slow one." Xander's eyes got a bit glassy. "I'm not like that. Well, not usually, anyway."

Spike nodded sagely, leaning his head back against his chair. His eyes felt fuzzy and he was kind of drunk after downing half of his bottle but at least he was being entertained. Staring at the walls or his incredibly fuzzy, stolen cable got boring.

Wasn't a lot to do in Sunnyhell since the damn chip grounded him. He felt like a damned kid being punished after sneaking out and coming back way after his appointed curfew.

"Sounds like you've had a hell of a time convincing people to bugger you, boy," Spike murmured, amused. "You'd think giving it away would yield results...but you can't even do that, can you?"

"Yeah, really. I mean, is it really that much to ask? All I want is someone who knows what he's doing, or at least
knows the basics, to fuck me up the ass so I know what it's like. Plus, I don't want to be a virgin forever. I want to keep my options open in case I ever come out and start dating, you know? Virgins scare people off."

Spike huffed out a laugh, rubbing the bottle along his thigh unconsciously suggestively. Dark eyes followed the movement hungrily. "Don't know the half of it. Virgins are fun to try out, if you want to hurt people, but if you just want an uncomplicated, quick shag...well, they're not too good to go to for that. They get attached and then I have to kill them and...can't do that anymore, thanks to your bloody government..."

Xander's nose wrinkled with distaste. "Eww, Spike."

"What? Just stating the facts, here. You brought all this crap up. Can't blame me."

"Yeah, right."

*The van was parked behind The Bronze in a dark corner that no one would think twice about looking in but what led Xander to it was the plumes of smoke curling out of one of the half-open windows.*
Without trying too hard, Xander identified it as marijuana.

Oz was mellowing out after the band's gig. He wondered if the werewolf was alone.

He found out soon enough when one of the doors opened and Devon stumbled out with his pants down around his knees. He nearly fell before he was able to pull them back up and fasten them but he was laughing hysterically the whole time and had a joint in the corner of his mouth as if it had been sewn there.

Xander blinked and watched the older boy take off and stumble back into the club without ever having noticed him.

How the hell was that guy still alive, anyway? He was easy vamp or demon chow, being fried all the time like that.

With a shrug, he peered anxiously into the dark, smoky interior of the van and found mellowed out, blood-shot, amused green eyes staring at him from beside a small lantern they'd been using as light. He was reclining and
his shirt was unbuttoned.

It smelled like sex in there, which was kind of a surprise because Xander had thought Oz was with Willow now.

Not that Xander could really point fingers at infidelity. He was trying to get laid and was going to ask his best friend's almost-boyfriend if he'd do the laying.

Speaking of...

He cleared his throat and crossed his arms nervously as those piercing green eyes bored holes in him. "Umm..."

Yeah, he had nothing. Oz had always made him nervous. Wasn't really the werewolf thing; the cool as a cucumber demeanor Oz had most of the time was what got him unsettled and kept him there.

You could never tell what that guy was thinking!

"Hey," said Oz, voice smoky like the rest of himself and his van.

Xander flushed, uncrossed his arms and shoved his hands deep into his pockets before he did anything stupid with
them like trying to shake Oz's hand. "Hi."

Oz sat up, didn't bother to fasten his shirt and buttoned the rivet of his jeans. "What's up?"

"Nothing really. Umm...nice show."

"Thanks." Oz smiled slightly, digging through a bag for something and coming up with an unused ashtray. The other one was over-flowing with cigarette and doobie butts. He crushed out his own mostly smoked joint and put the ugly ashtray down. "You need anything? You look like a guy who's got something on his mind."

"Well," Xander began, fidgeting. "You see, here's the thing--"

"Why don't you come inside? Sit down and get comfortable. This seems like a conversation best held in privacy, am I right?" Oz asked, gesturing to the empty spot beside him that Devon had most likely just vacated.

Xander swallowed. "Yeah, you'd be exactly right."

~~~~*~~~*~~~
Oz just sat there and stared at him with those unreadable eyes of his and Xander fought the urge to cough because the smoke was still overwhelming, his eyes were burning and itchy, and he'd never been a fan of smokiness. He'd rather keep his lungs as healthy and pink as possible.

So they could get ripped out of his ribcage by a demon and it would have a nice, nutritious meal.

"So what you're saying is...you want me to, uh, take your virginity?"

"That's about it," Xander replied, voice high and thready because he couldn't breathe and also from the anxiety he was nearly quivering with. He shoved his hands between his bent knees and clasped his fingers together. "The way Devon fell out of this van with his pants down..." He trailed off, looking around and shrugging. "I figured you'd be the man for the job."

"Huh."

Oz was always a man of few words but this was ridiculous.
He probably shouldn't smoke all that dope because it was making him even more monosyllabic than usual.

"Can't say I'm surprised you swing that way, Xander, but I am surprised at what you're asking me. Think Willow'd mind?"

Xander jumped. "Huh? Willow? What's she got to do with this?"

Oz arched a cinnamon coloured eyebrow. "She's my girlfriend. She has a right to know."

"But...you and Devon!"

Oz pulled a full grin and waggled his eyebrows. "Oh, she knows. I won't lie to her. We've got an understanding. Honesty, you know? It's what makes or breaks a relationship."

Well, shit.

"Okay. Thanks. Never mind. Willow doesn't need to know about this, okay? Just between us, right?"

Oz let the silence eat at Xander until, "Yeah, sure. It's not
like we did anything. If we had, then I'd have to tell her. Talking's cool."

"All righty then. I'll just be going now," Xander choked out, reaching for the door handle.

"Be careful, Xander."

He stepped out of the van and nearly fell, feeling the effects of just being around the marijuana smoke coursing through his veins. "Yeah, I will."

He went home and showered, masturbated and finally went to sleep but he woke up around two a.m. with a hell of an attack of the munchies.

"The one bloke who'd've actually done it and you turned him down? That's rich," Spike scoffed, looking down at his own obviously interested crotch with some amusement. He shifted.

"Yeah, well, I didn't want to go there with Willow, okay?"

"I definitely get that. She's...frightening sometimes."
"Don't I know it," Xander snorted, shaking his head. "This hunk of stone is hard on the ass, Spike. You need to get some more seating in here."

"Why would I want to do that? Would only invite visitors." Spike watched Xander hop off with a grimace, stagger across the room until he was only a few feet away. "What are you doing?"

"Gimme a pillow. My ass hurts. If my ass is going to hurt it's not going to be from sitting on something uncomfortable. It's going to hurt from the good reaming you give me."

Bemused, Spike sat up, yanked a pillow from behind him and gave it to Xander, who placed it on the floor almost at his feet and sat on it.

"Ahh," he sighed, "That's better. Now, then, where was I?"

"There was more disappointment in your lack of sex life?" Spike asked, bewildered.

He hadn't thought the boy would have the balls to keep asking people after having been turned down so many
times.

Showed initiative. Also, stupidity.

"Oh, yeah. Then there was this other Watcher, younger than Giles. He came to replace Giles as Buffy's Watcher but that didn't work out so great but that doesn't matter. His name's Wesley Wyndam-Pryce..."

_Cordelia had a crush on Wesley but Xander knew the uptight, British Watcher was gayer than a three dollar bill. He just had that look about him._

_Prissy acting, mannerisms kind of flamboyant, really unathletic; his clothes weren't the latest fashion but they were dressy and...well, just _really gay_.

So, _Xander had a little crush on him, too, but he wasn't going to say anything about it. He'd get locked up and his head examined, probably. He had enough to worry about._

_He watched Wesley boss, or attempt to, anyway, everyone around him and act superior. Everyone seemed to hate him -- Xander and Cordelia excluded, of course --_
but that wasn't affecting his work ethic.

His tried to train Buffy and Faith together and still had his nose in Giles' books and business.

He had this...thing about him that made Xander want to strip naked, grease himself up and announce he was ready for the taking.

Didn't the English go to public schools that were renowned for everyone having sex all over the place? That thought was really appealing.

Xander jerked off a lot to thoughts of young Wesley having all sorts of boy-sex with his classmates in dark dorm rooms or custodial closets or anywhere they could remain hidden from teachers.

Xander's dick grew sore and his hand chapped but he still couldn't stop himself when he thought about Wesley.

Wesley was quick-witted and acerbic and almost unlikeable but Xander knew beneath the layers of tweed and superiority and contempt lay a good man who cared about...well, something other than being a Watcher.
Yeah, Xander was kind of a romantic. That was probably going to be his downfall some day.

Currently, everyone was out in slaying groups. Except for Giles. Giles was back researching -- in other words, still avoiding Xander like the plague even though the altercation had been months and months ago.

Buffy was with Angel, who still wouldn't look Xander in the eyes. Willow was with Oz, who didn't seem to remember the Xander asking for sex incident.

That left him, Faith, Wesley and Cordelia. Until Cordelia got fed up with Faith's snide comments and her unsubtle flirtations towards Wesley. She flounced back to her car in her short skirt and high heels and then they were three.

"Well, this is a quiet night. Wonder if B's hoarding all the baddies to herself. Girl doesn't like to share, does she?"

Xander didn't answer and Wesley stuttered for a full minute before Faith rolled her eyes and quit talking to them altogether.

She wandered off in her tight leather pants and tiny shirt in search of something to beat to a pulp, leaving Xander
and Wesley alone.

Wesley took out his handkerchief and wiped his glasses before replacing them on his face. "That girl doesn't follow direction well. Gwendolyn Post should've been dismissed years ago. She may well have ruined what we were trying to do with Faith. She's so unpredictable and wild to start..."

"Yeah, well, plus she was evil and wasn't even a Watcher at that point... Right?"

"I wasn't speaking of Ms. Post." Wesley spared him a scathing glance and sniffed. "Insubordination and insolence aren't traits well suited to a Slayer. I'll have to speak to Mr. Giles about her attitude. Miss Summers isn't helping her acclimate to her new role very well with her mooning over...that vampire. Mr. Giles should really nip that in the bud. It won't do to have a Slayer involved with a vampire. It's no wonder the Council won't have anything to do with her."

Xander raised an eyebrow. "Buffy quit the Council, Wes. She didn't like being told what to do. I mean, the Watchers are a bunch of old dudes trying to boss a young girl around. They don't even have the power. Why should
they have the right to control what she does? It's not their lives on the line, is it?"

Wesley bristled. It was kind of hot. "It's necessary for the good of humanity to exercise control over the slayers. If they were allowed to run loose and do as they pleased the world would in all probability spin off into chaos. The Watchers' Council was designed to negate the side effects of--"

That was when Xander lost it. Seeing Wesley ranting about this and that, righteous in his certainty, was so fucking. hot.

He grabbed the taller man, slammed him against the nearest tree he could find and smashed his lips against Wesley's.

Wesley stopped talking, moaned and responded with little coaxing and for a moment they were kissing.

It wasn't the greatest kiss. It was actually kind of disappointing and sloppy. Really slobbery and full of teeth clacking.

He'd figured Wesley would have more expertise at
kissing.

Apparently, he was wrong and Wesley was more of a novice than he'd thought.

And then Wesley regained his senses, loosed his grip on Xander's shirt and forcibly pushed him away.

Xander had to let go of Wesley's ass and step back. His lips stung, he felt hot all over and Wesley looked debauched.

Oh, how he wanted to just strip them both naked and rub himself against Wesley's whip-chord thin body.

Wesley panted, blue eyes bright and confused and dilated, licking his lips absently as he propped himself against the tree shakily. "What the devil do you think you're doing, young man?"

Xander rolled his eyes. "If you don't know then you're more of a virgin than I am."

Wesley flushed hotly and gave an indignant snort. "It's none of your business how tried I am. You can't go around kissing adults like that. You know the law states--"
"Screw the law, Wesley. The law is bullshit. I know what I want and I know that you're pretty damn gay, so why don't we cut the crap and just get it on? My enthusiasm will so make up for lack of experience, I swear."

Wesley's eyes got wide and he cleared his throat as he smoothed the edges of his jacket together and buttoned it up.

But not before Xander saw his arousal evident in those excellently fitted trousers.

Xander moistened his lips and cocked his head. "Wesley, I can see that you want me. Can practically smell it, too. You were really...enthusiastic there for a minute. Why'd you stop me? We could head back to your place, get naked and sweaty and hot and you could be the first to sample what I'm trying to give away here. Most people would take it and run. What gives?"

Wesley sputtered, opened his mouth and then shut it. He took off his glasses and frantically wiped at the lenses before shoving them into a pocket and pinching the bridge of his nose. He looked pained.
"I'm quite flattered, truth be told, but it can't happen. Whether or not you're of legal age makes no difference in my eyes. I work with the slayers and haven't the time for romantic entanglements. I wasn't sent here to dally, Mr. Harris, and I won't waste the Council's time with unimportant things when I could be helping save the world."

Xander blinked, breathed hard, and watched Wesley stiffly walk in the direction Faith had gone.

Shockingly, he was still hard and still wanted the other man.

"Ouch." Spike winced. "Leave it to a fellow Brit to shoot you down all poncey, like, and with lots of meaningless drivel."

"It was still hot, though," Xander said, looking distant and a little dreamy.

Spike rolled his eyes and took a drink from his bottle out of sheer desperate self-preservation.
If the boy liked to be insulted, got off on it, took it and enjoyed it and wanted more of it, he was definitely in the right place.

Spike didn't need to think about that. He wasn't considering taking Xander up on his proposition.

He wasn't.

He shifted, attempted to make some space for his erection without it being noticeable but looked down into laughing, hungry eyes that saw everything.

He grimaced and almost stuck his tongue out.

"That looks uncomfortable. Want me to..."

Spike growled and his nostrils flared as the pheromones crowded the immediate area in a thick cloud. "Don't even think about it. You weren't finished, were you? Got more humiliation to reminisce about? Was having a bit of fun listening to all your failures."

Xander sighed and boldly laid his head down on Spike's knee.
Spike stared down at his dark head but didn't push him away. The heat was brilliant and it felt good to have someone this close again.

"Yeah. Just one more. It's a doozy. But that's not why I'm telling it last. It's because it was the last one and I'm doing this in order, earliest to latest." He paused, pursing his lips and looking thoughtful. Turning his head just so, without lifting it, he gazed into Spike's eyes, the substantial mound of Spike's arousal mere inches from his face. "You seem...interested. You any closer to saying yes?"

"What makes you think I'm even contemplating saying yes to your pathetic attempt at seduction? Couldn't even call it seduction because you just flat out asked me to bugger you, didn't you? Don't you young people have any finesse anymore? Sad, it is."

"This." Xander suddenly reached up and grabbed hold of Spike's heavy erection and squeezed gently before stroking his palm over it.

Spike inhaled sharply and felt himself twitch inside the denim encasing it and Xander smiled smugly.
He wanted to knock that smug grin right off his face. Or fuck it away. Either would do, really.

"Your dick seems interested and, Spike, we guys always think with our dicks."

Spike slumped and arched under the boy's touch, spreading his legs a little more. His fingers convulsed around the bottle he still absently held and his throat contracted as he swallowed hard and began to breathe rapidly.

"Yeah, you'd be right about that," he finally said and Xander kept rubbing him lightly, too lightly for his tastes, as he began speaking again.

Part Three

Riley was a poor replacement for Angel -- a washed out version of the vampire -- but he was better than that
Parker guy who'd used Buffy like toilet paper before tossing her out and bragging about it.

Not that Xander had considered -- only briefly! -- screwing Parker.

But Xander realised something else about the extremely tall, buff guy who had an all-American smile, muscles enhanced by the military training he'd been through, and the ability to get all girls who weren't gay to swoon over him: he had a big dick. And Xander knew he had a big dick because some of Riley's pants were this side of too tight and he could see which way he dressed.

Xander wanted that big dick inside him.

He figured he had as good a shot as anyone, regardless of the military 'don't ask, don't tell' thing.

Plus, barracks were close quarters, they didn't get leave often, there weren't any women and...well, it didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what that meant.

He watched Riley and Buffy tip-toeing around one another for weeks. It was a slow process; Buffy had been burned and Riley had apparently never had a serious
relationship and was a little scared of it, but eventually they settled into a comfortable rut and Xander was able to get away with seeing the other man almost all the time instead of having to follow him around Sunnydale U's campus like some sort of weirdo stalker guy.

He wasn't even required at the almost nightly meetings held at Giles' apartment most times but when Riley had started being part of their little group Xander couldn't seem to make himself stay away.

He pretended to research, watching Riley from beneath his tangle of hair, and tried not to scowl as Buffy and Riley made goo-goo eyes at each other and practically melded into one being as Buffy took her place on his lap.

Okay, he loved Buffy like a sister, in the past -- when he was stupid and in major denial -- like more, but this was sick and he didn't want to see it.

But he endured it because it was the only way to get any contact with Riley.

They had nothing else in common and Riley seemed to only hang out with his fraternity friends and Xander wasn't going there again after the cross-dressing
incident.

So, he settled, and watched, and waited, and finally the opportunity presented itself.

"Wait a tick," Spike interrupted, eyes narrowed. "You skipped over me for the git who had as much personality as a plank of really dry wood? You even think of asking me first?"

Xander grinned and thumbed the head of Spike's cock.

Spike hissed and bucked into the touch. His bottle nearly went flying.

"Well, I considered it for about half a second but then figured you'd find some way to rip my head off, chip be damned. It wasn't worth the risk."

An eyebrow arched, the scarred one. "What made you decide the risk was worth it this time?"

Xander blushed and changed the subject quickly. "Aaaand, back to the story..."
At Buffy's encouragement and Willow's prodding, Riley and Xander found themselves out together for a guys' night out at The Bronze playing pool and drinking (beer for twenty-one year old Riley, Pepsi for nineteen year old, sulking Xander; sulking because Riley had refused to buy an under-aged kid alcohol even if he was his girlfriend's best guy friend).

That probably should've clued Xander in right there. If you liked a guy you bought him a brewski. Even if he was under age!

Riley whipped his ass at pool and paid for the drinks good-naturedly like the good guy he was.

Xander watched his ass when he bent over or when he walked away -- which was often because Xander was thirsty a lot that night -- and was in heaven despite losing face when he didn't win a single game of pool. He just drank his Pepsi and nodded in all the right places and noticed as Riley's eyes grew glassy and his reflexes turned increasingly slow and sloppy.

When the other man got good and drunk, he was so going to hit on him.
Riley was a happy drunk, if a mostly quiet one. He stared intently at Xander and took a few moments to respond to whatever Xander was saying but when he did he smiled big and laughed a lot and touched Xander even more.

Xander didn't have a problem with that.

Xander guided Riley back to his empty dorm -- his roommate Graham was having his own private party somewhere or another, Riley didn't seem to remember or care -- and helped him flop limply onto his bed. He locked the door and eyed the nearly insensate man thoughtfully.

Should he or shouldn't he? Taking advantage of someone drunk was akin to date-rape, wasn't it?

Or was it, since this wasn't a date?

Xander figured Riley had enough mental faculties to say yea or nay to this so he soldiered -- mental snicker -- on. He crawled onto the bed with the sprawled man and, when he was finally face to face with him, dropped down
on his body.


"I certainly am, aren't I?" Xander stared at Riley's mouth, groaned and lowered his head. He was surprised when Riley's hands came up not to push him away or beat the crap out of him – because, let's face it, a drunk Riley still had more combat skills than a sober Xander any day -- but to pull him closer and angle his head so his open mouth could be plundered easily.

Wow. Soldier boy could kiss. And grope. And didn't seem to mind getting humped by a horny guy.

This was a reaction that led Xander to believe his advances were very welcome.

So, he proceeded, with caution, and had his mouth probed like it had never been probed before.

"Fuck me?" he gasped out, barely able to put the two words together in his excitement.
Riley stared up at him cross-eyed, lips red and swollen and wet. "Xanner, are you a girl? 'Cuz I don't fuck boys. Military dun like that too much. Don' ask, don' tell, y' know? But still. Can't hide it much from people y're around a lotta percent of th' time. So, I don't. But if you're a girl. Like Buffy. Oh, yeah. Could have sex with you then."

Xander pouted, then Riley went lax and passed out underneath him. Xander hovered for a moment, then got up, shrugged and left.

He didn't mention what happened to Riley and, since Riley didn't avoid him at all costs or act strangely around him, he figured the other man didn't remember what had happened.

It was just as well.

Spike sat there, cringing inside but otherwise the picture of emotionless detachment.

Riley Finn didn't bear thinking about, especially the way the boy had, and the thought made him sick.
"You picked Finn, got him drunk, took him back to his room and would've taken advantage had he not given the 'I'm straight and only screw women' spiel?"

"Yeah. Pretty much."

"Poor, misguided little boy. You've no taste, have you? Nor a knack for getting who you want when you want them. You need lessons in seduction. It's a wonder you're still trying when all you've got is shit after all this." Spike looked at his liquor bottle, shrugged, and offered it to Xander. "Here. I think you need this more than me at this point."

Xander looked at him strangely but sighed and took the bottle. "Probably. So," he said, after taking a small sip of the amber liquid that made him cough and splutter and wheeze. "Gonna give me my answer or are you going to keep me in suspense all night?"

Spike sighed, dropped his head onto his chair and tapped his foot. His fingers drummed arrhythmically on the bedraggled upholstered arms.

He should really say no but his body was definitely saying yes.
His body always did answer for him.

The boy made for an attractive virgin sacrifice. Had started the elegant art of begging, which Spike could definitely use -- he really did like that one. He wanted him.

But then Spike was the last man he'd tried to give himself to after a long list of failures and that made Spike feel like total crap.

Why should he take what no one else wanted, freely given?

Xander looked up and he looked down and those eyes and mouth and taut, curved line of neck decided it for him...along with the hand still on his crotch, that is.

He pushed the boy away, ignoring the hurt look sent in his direction, and turned off the tv. He casually, and gracefully despite being a bit more than tipsy, made his slightly unsteady way toward the secret hatch to his bedroom.

"Guess that's my answer, then," Xander mumbled,
standing up and turning toward the exit; he sounded despondent, radiated painful rejection.

"Where are you going, boy?" Spike asked, flipping the rug away from the hatch and opening it up, preparing to jump down below. "Thought you wanted a good rogering?"

"Huh?"

Spike smirked. "Bolt that door, would you? Don't want any unexpected guests while I'm deflowering your virgin ass, now do we? I do like to take my time."

~*~*~*~

Xander would've fallen down the ladder had Spike not been directly under him, prepared for such an event. He caught Xander neatly, sneaked in a quick grope that had the boy squeaking and set him down on the floor, then ascended the ladder to pull the door down and slide the rug back over it as best he could.

Xander swallowed audibly and stood there like a brick until he nervously eased himself onto the bed, a bundle
of nervous energy, but couldn't look away from Spike when Spike turned around.

The candles Spike had hurriedly lit while Xander stood up top fidgeting, obviously more than a bit nervous, flickered and cast shades of orange and yellow over the room, over Xander's hot skin. The shadows merged with colour and created a beautiful picture Spike would've loved to capture on film.

Maybe later.

Spike licked his lips and removed his shirt, shoes and socks, unbuckled his belt and let his pants droop low on his lean hips.

"Well, now that you've got a nice, real dick to do the fucking...what do you want to do about it, eh? Foreplay or no foreplay? Kissing or no kissing?"

Xander swallowed hard, his smoldering eyes dropping to Spike's chiseled abdomen.

Spike flexed his abdominal muscles, heard a gasp and smiled cockily as he tilted his head and ran a hand down his torso. He canted his hips and spread his legs a little.
His fingers rested on the opening of his still, mostly closed jeans and tapped pointedly on his erection.

"I want it all," Xander finally said hoarsely, breathing heavily.

"Good choice," Spike murmured, slinking across the room and forcing Xander backward on the bed without so much as a touch. "Good boy."

~*~*~*~*~

Spike took his time stripping Xander. He grazed his mouth and tongue and fingers over every piece of flesh he uncovered. Xander shuddered and writhed beneath him. Spike smirked smugly and continued, eventually ridding Xander of all his clothing and lying face down on the bed between Xander's spread, trembling legs, throbbing erection trapped between his body and the mattress.

He humped the bed as he licked every place but where Xander wanted, his jeans growing soaked with his excitement.
When he reached between Xander's legs, caressing the heated flesh of his balls lightly before slipping back and touching the little puckered entrance behind, he froze and sat up, hard cock jutting obscenely out against his still fastened jeans as the denim tightened over it.

He inhaled, caught the scent of cherries, and thumbed the wet hole between Xander's thighs. "What's this, then?"

Xander flushed and refused to look at him but when Spike shoved a finger easily into his ass he groaned and threw back his head, eyes shut.

"Well?" Spike prodded, both literally and figuratively.

"I-I got myself ready before I came."

God, that image was so hot. The boy fingering himself to get ready for Spike's cock before he came.

Must've been real sure of Spike's answer.

"That's what I've been smelling, then. Cherries for the virgin, eh?"
Xander's blush spread halfway down his chest. "I guess."

"Tell me about it. I'd like to know how you got yourself ready for me before you came. Would like to know how you figured I'd even consider doing this to you."

Spike began to fuck him with the finger he'd pushed inward, watching Xander's skin glisten with sweat as he began to pant.

Despite all his playing, the boy was still incredibly tight. Muscles fluttered around his slick digit and it was so damn hot inside.

He couldn't wait to get in there.

"I-I didn't know if you'd say yes or no but I figured being prepared wouldn't hurt and I didn't even think about you smelling...stuff." Xander sounded embarrassed and looked it when Spike raised his eyes from watching his finger to see his expression.

"Vampire. Enhanced senses and the like. Can't get away with much around me, pet. You'd do well to remember that." He caressed the spongy nub the pad of one finger found and grinned delightedly when Xander squirmed
and gasped. "Go on."

"Don't know how you expect me to talk about...this
when you're doing that," Xander grumbled. "I-I took my
favourite dildo and put it inside me for a while...fucked
myself with it..."

"You think about anything while you were doing that?"
Spike asked coyly.

Xander bent his knees and raised his arms to pull his legs
up and apart. He thrust his hips as best he could. "God,
please, deeper. Please?"

Spike pushed another finger inside and obliged him,
tucked his tongue behind his teeth in concentration.

"I-I thought about you, dammit. You know I did. I put that
silicon cock in me and fucked myself deep and hard and
pretended it was you!"

Spike began to breathe, shallow and quick, and the front
of his jeans began to cause him pain. He hurriedly took
his free hand and unfastened the denim, letting his
swollen arousal tumble out into his hand.
Xander's eyes fastened on the column of flesh and he moaned. "I-I want that. I want that in me. Please, now?"

"Not just yet," Spike chided, pushing his jeans down a little more to release his balls too. "Just getting warmed up here."

"I think I'm plenty warm, Spike," Xander said dryly, eyes rolling up in the back of his head as Spike fucked him with one hand and used his other one to cup and massage his scrotum. "God!"

"That's it. You won't think of any of the others you talked to when I'm done with you. Won't even remember you offered your tight little cherry ass to anyone before me, will you?"

"Noooo," he moaned, in response. "No one else!"

Spike licked his lips and lowered his head to suck the head of Xander's cock into his mouth.

Xander gasped, arched and released one knee so he could slam his clawed hand against the wall behind him.

Spike raised his head. "You were telling me a little story,
weren't you, boy?"

Xander panted ragged breaths, cock twitching in Spike's hand. "You're an evil bastard."

Spike grinned, eyes twinkling in the flickering candle light. "Yeah. That's exactly what I am."

~*~*~*~*~

"Y-you're all I've been thinking about the last few weeks when I..."

"When you touch yourself," Spike completed, staring down at the tiny hole that still encased his curling fingers so damn tightly.

Xander whined. "Yeah," he breathed, clutching the sheets beneath him.

"That's very flattering, pet, picturing you pleasuring yourself while thinking about me."

"Uh huh."
"Did I do things like this or did I get right to the down and dirty stuff? Fuck you good and hard and proper till you were unconscious and all fucked out? Till you were too sore to move and didn't want to until you begged me to go again? Or was it nice and slow and deep and lasted for hours until you thought you couldn't take anymore?"

Xander gasped unevenly. "Yeah."

Spike chuckled. "I like a bloke who knows what he wants."

"Let's cut the shit, Spike. I think we're both ready. Get naked and get in my ass already. I can't take this anymore. We can do this crap later if you want but...please? I've never needed something so much in my life more than I do right now."

Spike pulled his fingers free with a slurp and frowned down at Xander thoughtfully.

He'd never been depended on so heavily before.

That was a bit daunting. He'd have to do his best to give the boy what he wanted.
What he deserved after so much strife in getting where he was.

And if Spike got his end away in the process...well, that was just the benefit of his good deed for the decade.

Right.

He skinned out of his jeans and leapt back on the bed. Reached for the lubricant hidden between the two mattresses and slicked himself up quickly because Xander was right. They could do more later if they both wanted to. Right now they needed a good fuck with lots of mutual screaming and sticky orgasms.

He slid into Xander without much effort, groaning as the tightly grasping satin flesh closed around him and clenched like a fist.

"You do that very much," he rasped, hanging his head, "and this'll be over before it really begins. Your first'll be shite and you'll always remember it that way. What would that do for my reputation, such as it is?"

Xander yanked him down by his hair and plunged his tongue into his mouth. "Get on with it. I've been waiting
long enough, don't you think?"

Spike shut his eyes, groaning, as he fought his body for control. He didn't want to cum prematurely and embarrass himself.

"Best for last. Patience is a virtue. Blah blah fucking blah," Spike gasped as he began to thrust.

"Not a virtue in the place now, Spike. You took care of that for me. Now, shut up and fuck me."

Xander clutched at his shoulders, fingernails digging stinging divots into his flesh that spurred him on.

"This okay? Not really an optimal position for first-timers..." Spike muttered absently, eyes trained on Xander's swollen, dripping cock pressed between their bellies. It bounced as he fucked him.

"Spike! I don't care! Just fuck me!" Xander nearly yelled, impatient.

Spike chuckled breathlessly and for once did as he was told because he was far too busy to take offense at being ordered around.
He kind of liked being ordered, truth be told.

As long as it was something he wanted anyway.

His hips moved like a well-oiled machine, driving his cock deep inside Xander at a pace that suited them both -- hard thrusts just short of fast. His shoulders flexed and burned as he kept his body poised above Xander's. The corded muscles in his back knotted and released with each thrust. His open mouth neared Xander's and that's when he realised he was lowering his head and Xander was raising his own.

Then they were kissing. Finally.

Spike's hips stuttered and his tongue explored Xander's mouth, coiling around his tongue, keeping time with his body instinctively.

The hard planes of his abdomen brushed Xander's blushing prick with each movement his body made. He felt wet where the cockhead slid against him and undulated to get even more slickness on his skin.

Xander cried out and whimpered and babbled and
gasped and groaned. It was music to his ears.

He panted and broke away from their kisses to bury his face in Xander's neck. He had a brief lapse in judgment when he thought of biting Xander but the chip would've ruined that, would've ruined the fuck.

He settled for sucking noisily on the tender skin of Xander's neck until he raised a red mark that matched the shape of his mouth and would last for weeks.

He raised his head and looked down at Xander then rolled them over, much to the boy's surprise.

Xander yelped as he was flipped and sank down on Spike's cock with a breathy moan as he settled on his knees astride the vampire.

"Shit."

Spike rolled his pelvis and grabbed hold of Xander's hips. He couldn't take his eyes off the place where they were joined and Xander's swollen arousal as it jutted out in front of him. He licked his lips. "Your turn to drive."

~*~*~*~*~
Spike watched Xander move on top of him until the boy's thighs were visibly shaking and he took pity on him. Flipping them again, he eased out and worked himself back inside Xander from behind.

They lay on their sides with Spike's mouth affixed to Xander's neck, teeth barely scraping sweating flesh, one hand in front of them to stroke Xander's prick while he fucked him leisurely with sure, smooth flexes of his pelvis.

The taste of Xander's moist skin was alluring, the smell of their coupling exciting, the feel of his tight body closing around him slick and wet and hot...

Spike could spend all week here if he was able. Too bad the boy was human, or he might have given that some serious thought.

A long time they spent like that, Spike pressed up against Xander's heaving back, lower stomach grazing against the upper swells of his ass, chest rubbing deliciously against his shoulder blades, his teeth itching to embed themselves in Xander's sweet neck. When Spike felt Xander's orgasm building, felt he was truly desperate
enough, he rolled his hips and angled his prick into Xander's prostate, stripping the flesh in his hand until Xander was bucking against him and then freezing as his release washed over him.

Spike finished milking the orgasm from Xander's body and then began working for his own.

Xander lay there panting, eyes closed, body glistening with sweat.

Spike pounded into him, watching his slack face. It only took a few more thrusts before he was falling over the edge himself, gasping into the back of Xander's neck as he held the boy against his body, hard.

When it was finished, he fell against the pillows and wrapped his arm tightly around Xander's torso because he wasn't yet prepared to relinquish the heat of Xander's body.

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"I lied," Xander suddenly mumbled into Spike's chest, hot breath causing Spike's nipples to pucker.
Spike didn't bother to open his eyes, just remained prone with an arm around Xander, one hand carding hypnotically through his hair. "Hmm?"

"I lied," Xander repeated and Spike felt the heat of his blush against his skin.

"'Bout what?" And then, "You want to talk now? Just had a brilliant shag, a nice little kip, and I want to lay here and bask a bit before you toddle off. You shouldn't even have enough brain cells left to rub together, much less form coherent thoughts and words."

Xander sighed. "This is kind of important, Spike."

"Fine. Go on. Know you won't shut your trap till you get whatever it is off your chest. So, on with it."

"I lied about asking everyone to fuck me."

Spike's eyes flickered open and he blinked for a few seconds, frowning. "Say that again."

"You're the only one I ever asked. Only one I really wanted to...to be with that way, all right? I came up with
this big plan to fake you out...to make you think me asking you didn't really matter, that I'd already had experience in at least the asking part. I was kind of trying to protect myself and act, umm, cool, I guess, but...I don't know. Stupid idea even if it did work."

Spike opened his mouth, then snapped it shut after a moment because he couldn't think of anything to say to that.

After a while, Xander got fidgety and tentatively asked, "Spike? Would you say something? You're making me nervous."

Spike's gaze narrowed, then he suddenly laughed and his expression returned to its smugly sated state. "You're a better liar than I gave you credit for. Didn't have a bloody clue you lied about all that. You should go into the movie business or something."

Xander sagged, relief radiating from him in waves. "Got you good, didn't I, Spike?"

"Yeah, but I got you better, didn't I?" Spike leered, even though Xander couldn't see it from his position.
He must've heard it in his voice, though, because Spike could feel the hot flush racing further along his skin again and his heart rate quickened. "Can't argue with that one."

"Damn right, you can't," Spike agreed. "Still can't believe you pulled a fast one on me like that. It's...quite admirable, honestly. Didn't know you had it in you."

"Well," Xander said, sitting up and straddling Spike's pliant body easily, grinning. "You ain't seen nothin' yet."

Spike latched onto Xander's hips and bit his lip as the boy's body rubbed against his.

His gaze fastened on Xander's still passion swollen mouth and he gave a slow smile that caused the boy's cock to rise between them. "Then I suppose you'd better show me, hadn't you?"

Here Endeth the Story