"I'm bored."

"No you're not."

Exasperated glare. "Yes, I am."

Smirk. "No, you're not."

The couch squeaked in protest as Xander flopped back into the flabby cushions beside Spike.

"Ok, smartass, if I'm not bored, then what am I?"

Bigger smirk. "Frustrated and horny."

"Frustr- How d'you figure?"

"Easy, pet. I'm a vamp, remember? I can smell it on you."

"You can smell moods." Disbelieving.
"Not exactly moods, pet, but arousal isn't a mood, is it then? It's chemicals; pheromones and hormones and such. Those I can smell."

"And the frustrated part?"

"Your demon girlie hasn't been around much lately, so you haven't been getting your end away. I have been around, and you haven't been tossing off, although you want to." At Xander's questioning look, he tapped his nose. "If you'd tossed off, I'd've smelt it. And I've got eyes, you know. You've been half-hard all day."

Several moments passed in silence. Xander's brow was faintly creased in concentration. The concentration was replaced by a flicker of surprise, which was in turn replaced by a speculative, weighing look.

"What?"

"You're awful interested in my sex life, Spike. Why is that?"

Spike stayed quiet, but the speculative look moved to his face from Xander's.

"You know, we both have the same problem." Xander's expression was intent now.
"We do?"

"We do. And there's a common cure for our common problem, too."

"There is?" Spike's speculative look had faded into brief surprise, followed by anticipation.

"There is."

"And that would be...?"

"This."

Xander moved aggressively into Spike's personal space, pinning him back against the couch cushions. He wound one hand through Spike's short hair and slid the other under Spike's shirt, letting it rest on Spike's abdomen.

"Xander?"

"Hmm?" Xander found it hard to answer when his mouth was full of the soft spot behind Spike's ear.

"I've never known you to go for the blokes." Spike found it hard to concentrate, what with Xander doing such delicious things to the soft spot behind his ear. His neck had always been a hot spot, even before he'd been turned.
Xander pulled back enough for Spike to see the brief flash of irritation cross his face.

"You've never known me at all."

"Looks like I'm about to know you better, pet."

"Biblically better." Xander went back to licking the tiny hairs at the edge of Spike's hairline.

Spike fumbled briefly for a moment, then found the hem of Xander's t-shirt. He tugged until Xander got the idea and sat up, allowing Spike to pull the t-shirt off over Xander's head. Xander returned the favor, and both shirts unceremoniously hit the floor.

Xander leaned back, stretching out on the couch and pulling Spike down on top of him. Spike went willingly, rolling as Xander again pinned him against the back of the couch.

Their mouths met and held, the shock of warm and cool sizzling through them both. Warm mouth on cool, cool skin on warm, a study in contrasts that made them both groan.

Hands wandered, stroking smooth satin skin, kneading sleek muscle. Mouths wandered, nipping and sucking.
Legs tangled, providing leverage for increasingly urgent thrusting.

Xander pushed himself away from Spike and tried to sit up. Spike tightened his grip, unwilling to let go.

Xander answered Spike's unasked question. "Not enough room. Bed."

"Too far. Floor?"

"Works for me."

Spike wrapped his arms around Xander and rolled them both off the edge of the couch. He hit the floor with Xander on top of him but didn't let go.

"Oof!"

"You ok?"

Xander rolled off of Spike, pulling them both to their sides.

"No, still got me trousers on, don't I."

"Is that all? Here, let me..."

In a surprisingly fluid move, Xander turned until he and Spike were face to crotch. A quick jerk popped Spike's buttonfly open, and Spike groaned at the combined
sensations of relief and the feel of warm breath gusting across his thighs.

Deciding that they were good where they were, Spike untied Xander's sweats and slid them down, lifting the waistband over Xander's impressive erection.

"Not half-hard now, eh, pet?"

Xander reached back between Spike's legs and groped for a back pocket. Finding one, he grabbed the other one with his free hand and pulled Spike's jeans down until they were below his knees. Spike kicked them the rest of the way off as Xander did the same with his sweats.

There was a brief moment of stillness as each saw what they'd uncovered. Pale and solid, loose skin stretched back; rosy and hard, scar nearly invisible. Both wet and intoxicatingly musky. The curls surrounding the base of both cocks were nearly the same color. Spike moved first, and Xander jumped and thrust, then tried to pull back.

"God, Spike, your mouth is cold."

"Make me a cup of hot tea then, shall I?"

"Hell no. Do that again."
Spike did, pulling Xander's bottom leg forward and resting his head on Xander's thigh as he went to work with a will.

Xander, taking advantage of their height difference, also propped himself on Spike's thigh, but nuzzled Spike's balls, then moved back to tongue the tight, pale pink pucker before returning his attention to Spike's cock.

Gradually they fell into a rhythm, one easing back as the other pushed forward, one sliding in as the other slid out. Then Xander slid all the way out of Spike's throat.

"No, not- not now. I want it to last." Panting.

"Easy, pet, we'll make it last. You do to me what I do to you, right?"

Breathless laughter. "Thought I was."

"No, I mean exactly what I do."

"'k."

Spike stroked the thighs in front of him, calming instead of rousing. When the tension in the quivering muscle under his cheek had dropped a few notches, he leaned forward and licked Xander's cock from tip to base. After only a brief delay, Xander did the same. Spike licked the
crease between balls and thigh, and Xander doing the same to him. Next, he took Xander's cock in his hand and slowly covered the head, sucking gently. Xander did the same, and slowly took Spike deeper. With a pleased murmur, Spike repeated the gesture, and slid his hand down Xander's shaft, cupping his balls.

Again they fell into a rhythm, twined around each other, Xander's hair dark against Spike's pale ivory skin, Spike's hair bright against Xander's honey gold.

Spike groaned when Xander pulled Spike's hand up to his mouth, his tongue thrusting between Spike's fingers in a way that made Spike's balls tighten. He did the same for Xander, slurping obscenely, until Xander pulled Spike's fingers free with a pop and put said fingers on his hip.

It was Xander's turn to groan as Spike slid one finger deep into Xander's ass, then another. Xander thrust himself back onto Spike's fingers and forward into Spike's throat a few times before he remembered what he was doing.

He pulled his own fingers from Spike's mouth and slid them slowly up the back of Spike's thigh, leaving a cool, wet trail. He circled Spike's hole with his fingers, swirling his tongue around the head of Spike's cock in the same motion. Spike's deep shudder nearly tipped them over.
When they had regained their balance, Xander dropped his jaw and swallowed Spike down whole, sliding two fingers into Spike's ass at the same time.

Setting up a new rhythm, they moved faster and deeper, each mirroring the other's actions, each racing closer to the edge of oblivion.

Xander got there first when Spike crooked his fingers and rubbed ruthlessly against Xander's prostate in time with his swallowing around Xander's cock. Xander's strangled scream vibrated along Spike's shaft as he spurting down Spike's throat.

Xander released Spike's cock and panted, his fingers still stroking into Spike. When he'd recovered, he slapped Spike on the nearest cheek.

"Give a guy a warning the next time you're going to blow his brains out."

"Good, eh?"

"Must be the hundred years of experience you've got."

"Must be."

"Hey. Fair warning; it's your turn to get your brains blown out."
With that, he thrust his fingers deeply into Spike and went down on him again, staggering his actions so that Spike didn't know what was coming next.

For long, endless minutes the only sounds in the room were the wet sound of Xander's mouth on Spike, and Spike's groan that was nearly a growl and definitely continuous.

With a wet slurp, Xander let go of Spike's cock.

"Bite me, Spike."

"Eh?"

"Bite me. You know, use your fangs, Fang Boy. It won't hurt you if I like it, too."

Spike needed no further encouragement and felt his gameface slide into place. As Xander went back to his self-appointed task of blowing Spike's mind, he groaned as the icy heat of fangs sank through the delicate skin of his inner thigh. The burn went straight to his cock, which hardened again in near record time. The suction on his thigh was nearly as good as suction on his cock.

Xander's sucking timed with Spike's, thrusting in tandem, they surged to completion. The feel of Xander's fingers thrusting deeply, his throat rippling around Spike's cock,
and the sweet, hot taste of blood and come in Spike's mouth was enough. Spike came hard, barely retaining enough presence of mind to not gag Xander as he tried to get deeper. Xander came again, his heartfelt groan accompanying the splatter of come on Spike's chest.

Exhausted, sated, they lay there on the floor, still twined around each other, the contrast of light and dark still visible in the fading light. Xander was trying to catch his breath, while Spike was trying to collect his wits.

"Still bored?"

Spike felt the lazy shift of muscle as Xander grinned against his thigh.

"Nope. Not anymore. Not frustrated and horny, either."

"Good."

"Yep, that it was."

Gemini: Crop & Zoom
Xander paused, taking stock. Spike's cock was right in front of him, hard and pale, dripping slightly at the tip. The shaft was smooth, just one big vein running from the base only to be lost in the usually-loose skin that was bunched like a collar around the crown. The balls beneath were drawn up tight in their fragile sacs, nestled deeply into a curly, silky brown bush. Xander spared a thought to note that Spike wasn't a real blonde, not that that was a surprise, and then spared another thought to wonder how a being with no circulation worth mentioning could get and maintain an erection, let alone one of such obvious firmness.

He jumped as Spike licked him and then took him in, sucking hard, the shock of Spike's cool mouth startlingly chilly against his hot flesh. He thrust into the suction and then pulled away from the chill, shuddering. His nervous system didn't know whether to come or go.

"God, Spike, your mouth is cold." And doing delicious things to the soft skin of Xander's belly.

"Make me a cup of hot tea then, shall I?" Spike murmured between nibbles.

Interrupt this, just to warm up that mouth? Especially when the cool was such an amazing sensation? To
borrow a phrase, not bloody likely. "Hell no. Do that again."

Spike did, pulling Xander's bottom leg forward and resting his head on Xander's thigh as he went to work with a will. Xander, knowing a good idea when it happened to him did the same, and propped himself on Spike's thigh.

From there he had a great view of Spike's great ass. Hmm, now there was an idea. He'd had it done to him, and had liked it, an understatement if ever there was, but had never done it to anyone else. Well, no time like the present.

He nuzzled Spike's balls in passing and leaned in to lap at the pale pink pucker hidden between the muscular curves of Spike's ass. The flex of muscle against his tongue told Xander that Spike like it as much as he did, but the cock prodding insistently at his collarbone gave him other ideas.

He returned to Spike's cock, wondering as he did if the contrast between his hot mouth and Spike's cool flesh was as startling to the vampire as it had been to him. Not that Spike was complaining...
He lost himself in the rhythm, a counterpoint to Spike's, one sliding in as the other slid out. All too soon his toes were curling, and he reluctantly pulled out of Spike's wet grasp altogether.

"No, not- not now. I want it to last." He was panting, gasping for breath.

"Easy, pet, we'll make it last. You do to me what I do to you, right?" Spike's voice was soothing, but Spike's cock was still dripping steadily.

He laughed breathlessly. "Thought I was."

"No, I mean exactly what I do."

"'k."

Spike stroked Xander's thighs and slowly the tension, the urgent need to explode in pleasure, eased. Spike licked his cock and belatedly Xander returned the action. He stifled a giggle when Spike licked the ticklish crease between his balls and thigh and did the same to Spike. When Spike took Xander's length into his mouth, Xander decided to up the stakes a bit, and he took Spike deeper. Taking one of Spike's hands in his, he sucked on his fingers, thrusting his tongue in the gap between them. Spike played along, sucking on Xander's fingers with obscene slurps.
Trailing his fingers up the back of Spike's thigh, he rubbed his wet fingers around Spike's hole, swirling his tongue around the head of Spike's cock. Enjoying the resulting shudder, he put one foot flat on the floor to maintain their balance, then dropped his jaw and deep-throated Spike, pushing two fingers in deeply at the same time.

They mirrored each other, sucking and thrusting, the rhythm building until Spike crooked his fingers against Xander's prostate, and Xander came, screaming around Spike's cock.

Xander released Spike and panted, his fingers still stroking into the blond. When he'd recovered, he slapped Spike on the nearest cheek.

"Give a guy a warning the next time you're going to blow his brains out."

"Good, eh?"

"Must be the hundred years of experience you've got."

"Must be."

"Hey - fair warning; it's your turn to get your brains blown out."
With that, he thrust his fingers deeply into Spike and went down on him again, staggering his actions so that Spike didn't know what was coming next.

Spike's groan deepened, got growly, and didn't seem to have an end. It reminded Xander that Spike wasn't exactly human, and that there might be other things to do. Was it something he really wanted? Yes. Did he dare ask for it?

With a wet slurp, he let go of Spike's cock.

"Bite me, Spike." Yes, he dared.

**Gemini: Rotate 180°**

"Bite me, Spike." Xander's voice was husky, the demanding growl nearly matching Spike's.

Slick and bitter, the hot flavor of Xander lingered on Spike's tongue, nearly as sweet as blood and just as distracting - he couldn't *possibly* have heard that right. "Eh?"
"Bite me. You know, use your fangs, Fang Boy. It won't hurt you if I like it, too."

The words shot through his system like lightning, his body understanding the possibilities before his lust-fogged brain could process them.

Spike took a deep breath; the musk of renewing arousal filled his senses, but there was no fear, no hesitancy, and the pulse thrumming under his ear was strong and fast. His body already knew, and when he licked his lips he found his fangs already descended.

Fine then, he could do this. He could - as long as he didn't intend to cause pain, as long as he didn't cause pain inadvertently.

Carefully, so very carefully, he slid his fangs through the tender skin high up, near the juncture of leg and hip. The tiny pops his fangs made as they broke through the skin were accompanied by Xander's lush groan and the distinct stirring of his still-sticky cock.

Spike froze, waiting for the bolt of agony that he was sure was going to explode behind his eyes. It never came. Instead he got a mouthful of blood, hot and coppery. Giving in, he lost himself in the rapture of blood and sex.
A dispassionate observer in the corner of his mind kept him from biting too near the femoral artery.

Xander's renewing passion nudged his cheek, but Spike had no intention of letting go. The corner of his mind that Spike had always attributed to his demon took note of the fact that he was feeding, pain free, from a human. Apparently willingness made a difference. Vague stories of humans who allowed vampires to feed from them, for a price, flitted through his mind before that voice too was distracted.

It was distracted by Xander, who was gasping and writhing on Spike's impaling fingers, and it took Spike a bit to figure out that Xander was also thrusting his thigh against Spike's mouth.

Momentarily stunned, Spike quickly matched his sucking and thrusting to Xander's desperate movement. His own need was crackling in his spine, gathering to pool in his belly, his balls. The rippling around his cock intensified as Xander deepthroated him, and he pushed himself almost brutally onto Xander's fingers.

The taste of sweet hot blood, combined with the previous slick bitterness overwhelmed him, and he sucked harder. He lost himself to the rocking and rushing, remembering barely in time that his mortal lover
would gag if he thrust as his demon was demanding. Xander's deep groan echoed his own, more muffled groan as he spent himself, and the the heat of Xander's second climax puddled on his chest.

Spike was in awe. Even knowing his true nature, this mortal had willingly, trustingly given the one thing that Spike would never have asked for. Or maybe he was looking at it wrong, and what Xander had given was trust, written in blood. He didn't quite know how to react.

He felt Xander's breathing slow to a more regular pattern. Spike decided to go for casual, and sort the rest out later.

"Still bored?"

Spike felt the lazy shift of muscle as Xander grinned against his thigh.

"Nope. Not anymore. Not frustrated and horny, either."

"Good."

"Yep, that it was."

The End