

Xander/Spike (Will)

NC-17

Disclaimer: These characters are not mine, I'm just borrowing them for fun, I'll give them back soon, I promise!

Spoilers: Up through season 7 of BtVS, and through the first couple episodes of the last season of Angel. Spike comes back as a ghost, goes AU from there.

Summary: After getting a message from the PTB, Xander comes back from Africa to find his destiny.

Gifts from Beyond

by
Jenny

Prologue - Africa

The wind was hot and fierce, a constant rustling through the grasses of the savanna, pushing and prodding at the

tent walls. Xander shifted yet again atop his cot, finally settling on his back with a groan.

“Gods, it’s friggin’ hot! I mean, I’m from California, so I know hot, but this is miserable. Giles could have mentioned that it was over 100 degrees here even at night!”

The brunette’s commentary went unremarked upon in the empty tent. Sighing to himself, Xander scrubbed at his face, wiping away sweat and grime and resettling the eye patch. Settling back and closing his eye, he tried yet again to sleep.

With his eye closed, it was only the sudden drop in temperature that alerted Xander to the presence in the tent. Slipping his hand beneath his pillow, Xander grabbed the knife he kept there and sprang up out of the cot, ready to defend himself, only to drop the knife from limp fingers and fall to his knees in shock. Shakily, Xander reached out a hand towards the glowing figure.

“A.an..Anya?”

The blonde smiled softly at him. “Hello Xander.”

“But...but, what...how?”

“The Powers that Be let me come back and see you, they have a message for you.”

“An, I don’t understand. How are you here, are you real?”

Anya smiled sadly and reached out a glowing hand, brushing it softly along Xander’s cheek. Xander felt a cool breeze against his face, but no pressure, no solid presence. A muffled sob escaped from his throat. Anya shushed him, “It’s okay Xander. I’m dead, but dying while helping to save the world helped cancel out my time as a demon. I’m in a heaven dimension now. I’m happy. I want you to be too.”

Xander shook his head, still dumbfounded by her presence. “I’m fine Anya, I miss you, but I’m fine.”

Anya frowned at him. “No, you’re not fine Xander Harris, don’t you lie to me. You’re hiding out in Africa, avoiding your friends and everyone else, beating yourself up about me being gone. You’ve got to stop this. You’ve got to move on. You’re going to be needed somewhere else soon. You won’t want to go, but you have

to. There's someone there, someone important. If you keep yourself closed off like this, you'll never find the person you're meant to be with. I just want you to be happy Xander."

Xander gaped at the woman standing before him, scolding him like he was a child. "An...I don't want anyone else. I don't deserve anyone else. I fuck up every good relationship that I've ever had. Anyway, I'm good here. I'm doing important work, rounding up Slayers. I'll be fine."

Anya shook her head. "You deserve to be happy Xander. Once the call comes, listen to it. Go where you are needed. It's important for the future. Please listen to me Xander."

Anya began to fade out and Xander reached for her again. "An, please don't go. I love you!"

She smiled sadly at him, "I have to Xander, my time is up. Please remember what I said. I love you too and I want you to be happy." With that, Anya was gone, and Xander was once again alone with the wind and the heat.

1 L.A. Two weeks later

Xander pushed his way through LAX terminal, overwhelmed by the noise and crush of people. His flight had been long and crowded, he hadn't slept in days, and now he was pretty sure he was lost. "How big can an airport be anyway?" he grumbled to himself. He looked around, trying to see over the sea of people for any sign of an exit. Finally he glimpsed what looked like a green arrow and started pushing his way towards it. "Goddamn Watchers and their goddamn council! There have been some new developments, Xander. We need you to go to L.A. and keep an eye on things, Xander. I'm not a Watcher! I'm not trained for this!" Finally Xander broke through to freedom, or at least to the outside of the terminal. Trying not to choke on smog-laden air, he flagged down a taxi and gave the driver the name of the hotel he was staying at. "I don't care what kind of developments have come up, I'm not going to see Deadboy until I've showered, eaten, and slept for at least 12 hours."

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The next day, Xander stood outside of the law offices of Wolfram and Hart, staring up at the building. “Damn, whoever said evil doesn’t pay didn’t work for these guys.” Making his way inside, Xander checked in with the front desk, got directions and a visitor’s pass, and made his way to the elevators. Stepping into an elevator empty except for a tall, snappily dressed, green skinned demon with red horns, he took a deep breath before pressing the button for Angel’s floor. “Well, here goes nothing.”

“What’s the matter cupcake? Not happy to be here?”

Xander eyed the demon warily. “Um, no actually. I’ve gotta go see an old acquaintance, we don’t get along very well.”

“I’m sure it won’t be that bad, a sweet thing like you? Who wouldn’t get along with you?”

Xander blushed, “Um, thanks. But really, I don’t see how it couldn’t be a bad scene.”

The demon 'tsked' softly, "No self confidence but such a yummy package." He held out his hand, "I'm Lorne by the way."

"Xander. Nice to meet you."

"Tell you what, baby doll. Why don't you hum a few bars for me and I'll tell you if you should be worried or not."

Xander considered for a second, but then shrugged, what did he have to lose? He sang a few lines of the song he had heard on the cab ride over.

Lorne's eyes widened. "Well, sweetie, first off, no worries. No one gets along very well with our Angel Wings. He just tends to rub people the wrong way. Secondly, can I give you a hug? Poor baby, such a hard last couple of years." Lorne threw an arm around Xander and pulled him close, and Xander tried not to cringe at being hugged by the strange, and obviously gay, demon he had just met. Lorne let him go and smiled down at him. "Don't worry so, sweetcheeks, Angel's not the real reason you're here anyway."

Xander relaxed, "He's not?"

Lorne shook his head. “Nope, and I’m not gonna say who is. But can I just say, you two will make an adorable couple! I can’t wait to see everyone’s face!”

Xander grabbed hold of the sleeve of Lorne’s lavender sequined suit. “What do you mean? Who are you talking about?”

Lorne patted his hand just as the elevator finally slid to a stop. “Don’t fret so sweetness, you’ll be fine.”

Reluctantly, Xander pulled away from Lorne and got off the elevator, only to be confronted by a more familiar demon: a blonde, bouncing, squealing demon. “Xander! Oh my god! What are you doing here? And what’s with the eye patch?”

Xander groaned, “Hey Harmony. Why does it not surprise me that you work for this place too?”

Harmony pulled him into a hug, which he gamely returned. She pulled back and looked at him, “So, really, what’s with the eye patch? See ‘Pirates of the Caribbean’ one too many times?”

Xander scowled at the ex-cordette. “Actually, the patch is for real, I lost my eye in the final Sunnydale fight.”

Harmony shrugged and tossed her hair over her shoulder. “Tough break. So, are you the guy the Watcher’s council sent to watch Angel?”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

Harmony flounced back over to her desk. “Let me just tell Angel you’re here.” She picked up a phone and hit a button, “Angel, the spy from the Watcher’s council is here.”

“Hey! I’m not a spy!”

Harmony just rolled her eyes. Before Xander could further protest his innocence, the double doors at the end of the room opened, and Xander’s least favorite Vampire stepped out.

Xander stood, uncomfortable under Angel’s scrutiny, as the dark haired Vampire walked around him. “Xander Harris.”

“Brood boy.”

Angel smirked, "What on earth was Giles thinking when he sent you to watch me?"

Xander scowled at the Vampire, "Probably knew I wouldn't complacently believe whatever you tell me."

Angel laughed darkly, "Always suspicious of me Harris. Good. There's nothing I like more than being second-guessed at every decision. Though you'll have to fight with the others for the pleasure of contradicting my every statement." Angel waved for Xander to follow him as he walked back into his office. "Come and meet my coworkers."

Bemusedly, Xander followed the Vampire into his office. Two men and a woman lounged around the various couches and chairs. Wesley, the ex-watcher, Xander already knew, and Xander immediately walked over and shook hands. "Wesley, good to see you again. You look good."

Wesley smiled and shook his hand, "Mr. Harris, it's been awhile."

"Xander, please."

The other man, tall, dark, and dressed in a well-tailored suit stood next. "Hey man, I'm Gunn."

"Gunn, nice to meet you."

Xander turned to the petite woman last, "Hello."

"Hi. I'm Fred."

"Fred, very nice to meet you."

She smiled shyly and blushed, and Xander was reminded of the Willow of old. He decided he liked her immediately.

They all took seats on the couches while Angel sat behind a large desk. Xander glanced around, "Um, Dead boy?"

Angel glared while Gunn snickered, and Xander decided he and Gunn would get along fine. "Where's Cordy? She was working with you, wasn't she? She may be my ex, but it would still be good to see her again."

The room fell silent and Xander got a very bad feeling in the pit of his stomach. Fred's tiny voice was the first to

respond, "You...you and Cordy knew each other?"

Xander nodded, "We grew up in the same town, dated in high school."

Angel came and stood in front of Xander, handing him a framed picture of Cordelia, looking very glamorous with short hair and a huge smile. "Cordy died recently. I'm sorry, Xander."

Xander just held the picture and stared at it for several minutes, letting the memories of Cordy war with the idea of her being gone. "How come no one called us? How...how did she go? Was it..."

Angel seemed to know what he needed to hear. "She died to save us, if that's what you were asking. We didn't call because everything has been so busy here we haven't had a chance to deal with it ourselves."

Xander nodded, sighed and set the picture aside. "Dying fighting the good fight seems to be the death of choice for Sunnydale class of '99."

Everyone shifted uncomfortably and Angel went back to his desk, trying to resume the meeting. "So, Xander here

has been sent by the Watcher's council to 'help' us in our fight to reform Wolfram and Hart."

Wesley smiled bitterly, "You mean he was sent here to make sure that we don't go over to the dark side, so to speak."

"Hey!" Xander scowled. "I didn't ask for this assignment, alright? I was fine in Africa. Giles just told me there had been some new developments and he wanted me here to keep an eye on things. I have no idea what I'm actually supposed to do."

Angel grinned, and suddenly Xander was frightened. "He was right, there have been some new developments, and you are just the person to take charge." Angel stood and walked out of his office, "Follow me."

Nervously, and not liking the looks on the faces of the rest of the gang, Xander followed Angel down the hallway and into the elevator. They rode the elevator up several floors and got off on a floor of what looked more like apartments than offices. Angel knocked briefly on a door, then pulled out some keys and opened it. Angel gestured for Xander to step inside, so he did, only to freeze in shock and confusion. "Holy Shit! Spike?"

2 Wolfram and Hart

The figure curled up on the couch flinched, then turned wide, shocked eyes towards them. “H..harris? What’re you doing here?”

Angel smirked. “Xander is here to keep an eye on you Spike.” Angel pressed a set of keys into Xander’s unresisting hand, “Have a good time, boys.”

Xander barely heard Angel leave, he was too focused on the improbable sight of Spike being undead, again, and here in L.A. Shakily Xander made his way over to the couch and sat down opposite Spike. “So, uh...”

Spike rolled his eyes and flopped back onto the couch. “So, did his great poofiness decide to fob me off on you?”

Xander shrugged, “Something like that. Spike, how...I mean, how are you...”

Spike snorted, “How am I back? I don’t rightly know. Last thing I remember was burning to ash beneath the Hell Mouth, then nothing, until I wound up back here. Something about the amulet I wore.”

“What? It was just like, ‘poof’, here you are?”

“Not really. Angel received the amulet in the mail, I came out of the amulet. I was a ghost for a while, then about a month ago...” Spike waved his hand to encompass his now corporeal body.

“Wow.” Xander took a moment to check out the new corporeal Spike. The Vampire had deep circles under his eyes, his hair had grown out and was now a two toned honey blonde, right now it was messily pulled back into a short tail. He was wearing an old but comfortable looking pair of black sweat pants and a tee shirt that seemed to hang off him. He looked gaunt. “No offense, but being solid again isn’t doing too much for you, you look like shit.”

Spike laughed harshly. “Yeah, well. Being ‘solid’ s’not all it’s cracked up to be.”

Xander rubbed his hands nervously on his jeans. “Um, so...got anything to drink around here? Of the non-blood variety I mean.”

Spike gave him an odd look but gestured to one side of the apartment, “Kitchen is in there.”

Xander gratefully went in search of drinks. He really just needed a few minutes to himself to deal with the feelings warring inside. How was Spike back? Why was Spike back? If Spike got to come back, why not Anya? Spike’s return, coupled with the news of Cordy’s death, was just too much to deal with at once.

After several minutes and a lot of deep breathing, Xander blindly grabbed a couple of beers out of the fridge and made his way back to the couch and Spike. The Vampire was where he had left him, curled up on one end of the couch, idly twisting his shirt in his hands and staring off into space. Xander handed him a beer. “Earth to Spike. Come in Spike.”

Spike jerked slightly and grimaced at Xander, before reaching for the beer being offered him. “Thanks, mate.” Spike looked him over as he sat down. “So, why are you here Harris?”

Xander shrugged. "Don't know, really. I was in Africa till a few days ago, traveling around and rounding up slayers. Then Giles called me and told me he needed me to come to L.A. and see to things here. I don't know why, I'm not trained to be a Watcher or anything. Hell, Andrew would have been a better choice, at least he's been training Andrew."

Spike glanced down at his hands, "How is everyone else? Are they...okay?"

Xander understood what Spike was asking. "Yeah, everyone's good. Buffy and Dawn are in Europe, Italy I think. Dawn's in school and Buffy's going back to college. Willow and Kennedy got sent to South America, they're based in Brazil. They go to Rio to party a lot."

Spike smiled at that.

"Faith and Wood took a bunch of new slayers to the Hell Mouth in Cleveland. Giles and Andrew are back in England rebuilding the Watcher's Council and training new Slayers."

Spike looked at him curiously, "What about your

bird? Anya?"

Xander winced and a look of sorrow dawned over Spike's face. "Anya didn't make it, Spike. She died in the final battle." *Like you* hung in the air between them.

Spike grimaced, "Your girl died, but now here I am back, and you wonder why she didn't come back too. I'm sorry, whelp. If this is too hard, you don't have to hang around."

Surprised by the understanding from the normally self-involved Vampire, Xander shook his head. "No, it's okay. I've had time to deal with her being gone. It still hurts, but I know she got to go to a better place. I'm trying to move on, it's hard but I'm trying."

Desperate to change the topic, Xander focused again on the reticent Vampire, "So, Spike, tell me more about being back..."

Suddenly Xander froze. Words forgotten, he watched, silently, as Spike took a breath. The Vampire was breathing. "Um, Spike...are you..." Xander reached out a shaking hand and grasped one of Spike's pale hands. It was warm.

“Oh my god.”

Spike’s laugh, short and pain filled, broke Xander’s awed silence. “Something like that, though I’m more inclined to think curse rather than blessing.”

“Spike, you’re human!”

“Bloody Hell, Whelp! Did it really take this long for you to figure it out? Didn’t the Great Poof tell you?”

Xander shook his head, “None of the others told me. They didn’t even tell me you were back.”

Spike snorted, “Figures, Peaches is doing his bloody best to forget I exist.”

“But, why?”

Spike rolled his eyes. “When I came back, as a ghost, well, let’s just say it was bad. Not being able to touch anything, anyone, just drifting around...” Spike seemed lost in memory for a moment, then shook himself, shuddering. “Fred was working on a way to bring me back. Before she could come up with anything, I got a

package in the mail. I opened it, there was a flash, and next thing I knew I was a Vampire again. I was back for about a day before the Powers That Be decided that having two Vampires with souls running around was too dangerous. I guess they thought I'd interfere with their chosen Champion's Shansu."

"Huh?"

Spike scowled. "Some prophecy about peaches, a Vampire with a soul fights for humanity and when he redeems himself he becomes human again. The PTB decided I'd be less trouble human than undead."

Xander ran his hands through his hair, trying to wrap his head around what the ex-Vampire was telling him. "But doesn't that just fulfill the prophecy anyway?"

Spike shook his head, "No, I'm not redeemed."

"What the hell does that mean? Redeemed?"

Spike averted his eyes. "It means I have all the memories from my time as a Vampire. It means that I'm friggin' haunted by my victims, worse than with the First. I hear their voices all the time."

Xander stared, open mouthed at the blonde in front of him. “Haunted? Do you hear their voices?”

Spike shrugged, “Most of the time. It’s not so bad when I’m with other people.” He looked thoughtful for a minute. “They’re pretty quiet right now.”

Spike laughed at Xander’s horrified expression, but the laughter was pained sounding. “So here I am, human again, but fit only to be locked in a loony bin. Hearing voices, not strong enough to fight demons, or humans for that matter, no purpose left, I’m just...” Spike stared off into space and waved his hand, at a loss for words.

“Lost.” Xander filled in and Spike nodded.

Despite their history, or perhaps because of it, Xander felt a sort of kinship to the now human Spike. They were both floundering in a post-Sunnydale world, both trying to find a purpose and adjust to a life turned upside down. Lost was definitely a feeling Xander could relate to. He quickly made a decision.

“When did you last eat?”

Spike looked confused at the change in topic. “I...I don’t remember, why?”

Ignoring the question, Xander went on. “When did you last sleep?”

Spike looked guilty, “A couple hours the other day. I don’t really sleep much anymore.”

Nodding, Xander stood. “Wait here.” He wandered into the kitchen and began checking the cabinets. There wasn’t much, but he found pasta and sauce and even some ground beef in the freezer. “Spike! When did you last go grocery shopping?”

Spike’s voice floated in from the living room. “I don’t. I haven’t left the building, Fred brought me some stuff last week.”

Xander paused and walked out to stare at Spike. “You haven’t left the building since you’ve been human?”

Spike shook his head and scowled, “His high and mightiness thinks I’m too unstable to go out on my own. Plus it’s one crisis after another around here so no one has any time to go out with me.”

Xander frowned, "You're not a child. You can take care of yourself. Are the voices really that bad?"

Spike shrugged, "Only at first, they become more manageable as time goes on."

Suddenly, Xander grinned. "Hey, your accent is different!" Then he had to laugh, because Spike actually blushed.

"It's not." The blonde grumbled.

"Yeah, it is. You sound more like Giles now."

"Sod off."

Laughing, Xander went back into the kitchen and started making dinner.

Spike's voice floated in from the living room. "What're you doing in there?"

"Cooking. I'm hungry, aren't you?"

"Since when can you cook whelp?"

“Hey blondie, I can cook just fine!”

To prove his point, Xander whipped up a big batch of spaghetti and meat sauce and brought two heaping plates out to the main room, presenting the shocked looking ex-Vampire with one. “Eat. You look like you’re about to disappear.”

Spike took the plate gingerly. “Why’re you doing this Harris?”

Xander took a big bite of pasta and chewed thoughtfully. “Well, cause you helped me figure out one of the reasons I’m here in L.A.”

“Why’s that then?”

Xander grinned at the man. “Spike, I may not have Slayer powers or Witchy magic, but if there’s one thing I know how to do, it’s how to help an ex-demon learn to be human again!”

3 Outside

The next few days were almost surreal for Xander. After making sure Spike had eaten, the two men had talked for

a little longer and then Xander left, heading straight back to Angel's office. He had informed the Vampire in no uncertain terms that as a human, Spike was no longer under his control and Xander and Spike would be coming and going as they pleased. He had then gone back to his hotel and called Giles, filling the man in on the 'developments' and started making arrangements for more permanent housing for himself here in L.A.

The next day, upon his return to Wolfram and Hart, Xander was treated to exactly what it was Spike meant by being 'haunted by his victims'. Xander entered the [apartment](#) to find Spike hunched in a corner, eyes wide and unseeing, desperately trying to fend off an attacker only he could see. Spike didn't recognize Xander at all, and worst, for Xander at least, were the tears streaming down Spike's face as he begged forgiveness from whomever it was tormenting him. Xander felt sick to his stomach to see the once-proud Vampire reduced to crying at ghosts. Xander had finally just overpowered Spike, easy to do in his weakened state, bundled the blonde into the bathroom and dumped him under a cold shower. Spike had sputtered back to consciousness and fixed Xander with an indignant stare. Xander had left the pissed off man to dry off and change, and when Spike joined him in the living room for pizza and movies; they

hadn't mentioned the episode at all. When Spike fell asleep halfway into the first movie, Xander just threw a blanket over him and let him sleep, figuring it was the first time in a while that Spike had slept at all.

The next couple of days had been spent just hanging out and talking with Spike, making sure he ate at least one meal a day and trying to convince him to leave the building. It was several days before Xander could convince Spike to leave.

Xander remembered that moment with a smile. They had stood at the entrance to a courtyard inside the Wolfram and Hart complex. The courtyard was brick paved and sunny, studded with small leafy trees and benches, but surrounded by buildings on all sides, quiet and private. Spike was nervous and Xander relaxed. It was a typically sunny and hot L.A. day, and Xander just stood there in the courtyard while Spike ventured into the sunlight for the first time in over a century and a half. The beautiful smile on Spike's face as he sat in the sunlight brought tears to Xander's eyes. Of course, later on they were tears of laughter when, after barely two hours in the sun, Spike came in with a sunburn on his nose.

So now, a week later, they had progressed to being out

among people. They stood at the entryway to Wolfram and Hart, with Xander waiting patiently and Spike eyeing the crowded sidewalks anxiously. They were walking to a nearby café that Xander had chosen for its laid-back atmosphere and outside seating. Xander had something important to ask Spike, and he wasn't sure how the blonde would react to it.

After several minutes of nervous fidgeting from Spike, Xander finally just grabbed Spike's hand in his and stepped out onto the sidewalk. Once they were in the crowd, Spike didn't have any choice but to move with the flow of people. As they walked, Spike seemed to calm down and begin to take in his surroundings, but Xander figured the ex-Vampire was still nervous. The fact that Spike kept a firm hold on Xander's hand was a pretty good clue. They finally reached the café and Xander led them inside, asking the waitress for an outside table. Once they were seated and food had been ordered, Xander relaxed back in his seat and eyed Spike. He was still very gaunt looking, and the circles under his eyes hadn't improved at all. "Spike, haven't you been sleeping lately?"

Spike shrugged, "I told you before, I don't sleep much 'cuz of the voices."

“That might explain why every time I bring a movie over, you fall asleep within the first thirty minutes. And here I thought I was just making bad movie choices.”

Spike kept his eyes on the table. “The, um, the voices aren’t really loud when you’re around.”

Xander wasn’t sure he heard the other man correctly. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, that when we hang out, the voices shut the hell up for a bit, and the only time I can really sleep is when they quiet down.”

That shocked Xander a bit, but it gave him the perfect opening for his big question. “Spike, look, this may sound weird, but I have something I wanted to ask you.”

“Sure mate.”

Now it was Xander’s turn to fidget. “The council needs me here in L.A. for a while, so they got me an apartment. It’s too big for just me, really. It’s got two bedrooms and lots of space, anyway, I really don’t think being at that law firm is good for you, and seeing how we’ve lived

together before and we're friends now, I wondered if you wanted to move in with me?"

Spike looked a little stunned as he tried to translate the onrush of Xander babble. Finally he blinked at Xander in confusion. "Let me get this straight. You think we're friends? You want us to live together?"

Xander nodded.

"And this isn't some sort of 'keep an eye on the insane Vampire' council plot?"

Xander shook his head, "Nope, Giles doesn't even know I'm asking you. He suggested I turn the second room into a library and research room."

Spike laughed, "Yeah, like that would happen. You having a research room?"

"That's what I told him!"

The men shared a smile. "So, you really think we're friends, then?"

Xander grinned at the blonde, "Yup. Wanna be roomies

too?”

Spike nodded. “Sure mate, that’d be great. Anything to not have peaches barging into my room every day, accusing me of something or other.”

The food arrived and they began to eat. About halfway through the meal Spike put down his fork and looked seriously at Xander. “So, Harris, if we’re friends then, can I ask you something?”

“Um, sure Spike, what?”

Spike took a deep breath. “I was wondering, since I’m human now, it just feels kinda weird to go by Spike. I mean it feels like I’m pretending to be something I’m not.” He gestured to his clothing, a pair of blue jeans and a dark gray tee-shirt. “I’m trying to make a new start of it, clothes in colors other than black, not bleaching my hair...I think that looking in the mirror and seeing Spike the Vampire would be too much of a reminder of what I lost by becoming human, not that Vampire’s have reflections, but I do, now, so anyway, I guess what I’m asking is, wouldyoucallmeWillinstead?”

“Wow, good babble there. Looks like Willow and I

rubbed off on you.” Xander smiled reassuringly at Spike, now Will. “Will it is then. What’s the matter, was William too poncy?”

Will laughed, “Definitely too poncy.”

4 Field Trip

The next couple of weeks were spent moving into the apartment and setting it up to be comfortable for them. Luckily they had plenty of council funds at their disposal. Even though they were busy setting up house, Xander tried to make sure they went out every day. Sometimes it was just to the grocery store or the park nearby, but they had also started to be more social, going out to movies and once or twice even to a bar to play pool. Gradually, Will was relaxing into the routines of daily human life. With Xander making sure he ate three meals a day, he had finally started to fill out and not look so skeletal, and even Will had to admit he looked better once he’d gained a few pounds. Also, Xander was both grateful and

flattered to notice, after the first couple nights in the apartment, Will stopped having nightmares and started sleeping the night through. The circles under his eyes were diminishing and he seemed to have more energy. One morning Xander just stopped in shock when he realized that he was having more fun this last month than he could remember having in years. It was like he was living life more by teaching Will to live.

Of course, not all human experiences were all they were cracked up to be. Will quickly learned that as a human he had almost no alcohol tolerance. They had gone out drinking one night at the bar down the street. Will had started in on shots of JD, just like he had as a Vampire. The night quickly spiraled out of control and ended with Will huddled over the toilet for hours with Xander wiping his face with a cool washcloth and bringing him water and Aspirin. Will had been sick for two days afterwards and sworn off alcohol all together. The alcohol avoidance didn't last long, but at least he never got that drunk again. Another time, at the movies, some guy had gotten pissed because his girlfriend had been hitting on Will. The blonde had egged the angry man on, seemingly forgetting he didn't have Vamp strength anymore. Will had ended up with a black eye and bloody nose, and it had only been Angel's quick intervention as their 'lawyer'

that had kept Xander from being arrested after he beat the man bloody for daring to lay a hand on Will. Will's brush with being a punching bag kept him quiet and withdrawn for days and had Xander about to pull his hair out with worry. Also, the whole episode had Xander admitting that he was maybe being a little too overprotective of the ex-Vampire, but he couldn't help it. Something about the newly human Will brought out Xander's white knight persona something fierce. Still, despite these setbacks, Will was settling into human life quite well. In fact, he was even starting to complain about being bored with the small excursions they had been making. It took Xander a few days to come up with a plan, but he could barely keep from bouncing around like an idiot once he did, they were gonna have so much fun!

One morning, about three weeks after Will had moved in, Xander came to his bedroom door and knocked loudly. "Will! Wake up."

Will stumbled out of bed, impatiently pushing his tousled blonde hair out of his face. "What is it Xander? It's bloody 8:00am!"

"Get dressed Will, we're going somewhere."

“Where would any sane person be going this early in the morning?”

“Just get dressed, wear something light and comfortable. We’ll be out all day.”

Will grumbled, but finally gave in, stumbling out of his room twenty minutes later fully dressed. Xander checked the other man’s outfit to make sure it was appropriate for the day. Will was dressed in a pair of cut off jean shorts and a light colored tee shirt. Xander checked that Will was wearing comfortable shoes, then found his eyes trailing up the long swath of pale, muscular leg left on display by the shorts. Wrenching his eyes back to safe territory he handed Will a cup of coffee.

“So, where are we going then?”

Xander just smiled, “You’ll see.”

They quickly ate the large breakfast Xander had prepared for them, poured more coffee into some travel mugs, and headed for the door.

Before they left, Xander stopped them and handed Will the sunscreen. Frowning darkly, the blonde took the lotion and rubbed some on his face, neck and arms. Xander smirked at Will's frown; he knew the blonde man hated the fact that he sunburned so easily. Will had his back to Xander now, and bent over to rub some sunscreen on his legs. Suddenly Xander was treated to an up close view of Will's ass. Will's very tight ass... Frantically, Xander turned and walked back into his room, on the pretense of looking for his sunglasses. He was not just thinking about Will's ass, or his legs! This was ridiculous. "Christ Xander, get a grip. Has it really been so long since you've gotten laid that you'll start lusting after your male roommate?" Xander quietly chastised himself as he grabbed his sunglasses off his dresser and then headed back out into the main room. Will was standing there, coffee mug in hand, looking at Xander curiously. Xander blushed and held up his sunglasses. "Forgot these."

Nodding, Will followed him out of the apartment.

~*~*~*~*~

"You've got to be kidding me!" Will exclaimed for the

fifth time as Xander parked the car.

“Nope, I’m serious.”

“But Xan, I’m not a child! What is this crap?”

Xander turned off the car and turned to the baffled man. “Will, have you ever been on a roller coaster before?”

Will opened his mouth and closed it with a snap. “Well, um, no.”

Xander smiled. “Well, then. Shut up and get your ass out of the car. We’re going to Disneyland!”

Grumbling, Will got out of the car and followed Xander towards the gates of Disneyland.

Will grumbled through the gate and grumbled some more as they walked into the park and onto Main Street. Will looked around at the crowds of tourists dressed in pale heat resistant clothing, with bright spots of colors as Disney Characters meandered through the crowds. “I can’t fucking believe this, Xan.”

Xander laughed, "Get over it Blondie. Just relax and enjoy yourself."

Will snorted. "I'm a grown man at freakin' Disneyland! I don't want to deal with hundreds of bloody little kids screaming all day."

Xander turned and smirked at Will. Will looked at the brunette warily. "What?"

"Will, look around. Do you see any children here right now?"

Will looked around at the crowds. It took him a moment to realize that all he saw was adults, and mostly men at that. "Um, Xan, what's going on?"

Xander smiled innocently and handed Will his pass. Will looked at it, a small crease in his forehead as he read. "Bloody Hell! Gay Day?!"

Xander laughed. "Calm down. I just figured that you'd be a little more comfortable without a thousand kids running and screaming around you all day. This way we only have to deal with hundreds of adults running around and screaming all day."

Will scowled at him. Laughing, Xander grabbed Will by the hand and dragged him towards Frontier Land.

Will grumbled and scowled all the way through the line up to the Big Thunder Mountain Railroad. As they took their places as next in line for the car, Will began eyeing the fake mining carts warily. “What is this all supposed to be?”

Xander grinned, “It’s the Big Thunder Mountain Railroad ride! They’re mining carts, like during the gold rush. It’s fun and historical.”

Will mumbled under his breath about bloody American’s and their school system and kept on frowning. Will’s frown lasted for about the first minute and a half of the ride, before changing to an expression of thrilled joy and barely contained excitement. They went on that ride twice more before Will dragged a laughing Xander towards the next big roller coaster ride. After several rides on the Matterhorn Bobsled, the log fume ride, and quite a few rounds through Space Mountain, Xander finally called a halt and drug Will towards the Haunted Mansion. They talked idly as they rode through the Haunted Mansion, with Will loudly complaining about

the realism of the ghosts. He appreciated Pirates of the Caribbean more, and encouraged the animatronics pirates in their pillaging.

Finally, they grabbed some food and wandered the park as Xander slowly steered them towards his intended goal. Several times Xander noticed Will getting appreciative looks from other men, and each time Xander scowled and moved closer to the blonde. He didn't think Will noticed, and he was glad. Mentally he chalked his actions up to being protective, but he didn't think that argument would fly with Will and he was reluctant to examine his actions any closer. Finally Xander steered them towards a particular ride. Will didn't really notice much of their wait in line, intent as he was on his cotton candy, but as they climbed into the little boat, he finally glanced around him. "Where are we, Xan?"

Xander just shrugged. "It's air conditioned, out of the sun, and no one can be human in America today without the experience of getting this song stuck in your head."

Will looked at him questioningly, but the unspoken question was soon answered as the boat took off and the song started up. As the first strains of "It's a small world"

started up, Xander flung his arm across the back of the seat and relaxed, a smug grin on his face.

Will groaned and buried his face in his hands before eyeing Xander ruefully. “This is payback for all those times I purposefully taunted you isn’t it?”

Xander just shrugged and hummed softly as the boat wound it’s way through the ride. Will sighed and leaned back against the seat, sliding sideways so he was leaning lightly against Xander. As they floated past the Africa section, Xander pointed to a round house that several African children were standing in front of. “They have those a lot in Africa. They’re called rondivals. I stayed in one, once.”

Will looked over at Xander. “Did you like Africa?”

Xander shrugged. “For the most part. I liked traveling; I liked looking for new slayers. I especially liked learning about all the different places there, getting to meet so many different people.”

Will raised an eyebrow. “Why did you come back here then?”

Xander shrugged, "Giles asked me to."

"Yeah, but if you liked where you were so much, you could have told them to send someone else."

"True." Quickly Xander weighed his options, but it wasn't much of a decision. What could telling Will about Anya's visit possibly hurt? She hadn't told him that it was a secret or anything. Taking a deep breath, Xander told Will about Anya's visit, her message from the PTB, and the following two weeks of soul searching that had led him to accept Giles's offer to come back to the states. The explanation took the rest of the ride and Xander finished the story as they sat beneath a tree, sipping lemonade.

As he finished his story, Will looked thoughtful. "So, do you believe her? Do you really think you'll find the person you were meant to be with here in L.A.?"

Xander thought about it for a minute. "Yeah, I guess so. I mean, I sang for that green guy at the law firm, Lorne? And he confirmed it."

"Did he tell you who?"

Xander shook his head. “Nope. I have no idea who it could be. Frankly, I haven’t been thinking about it much lately, I’ve been too busy hanging out with you.”

As they stood up to go, Xander noticed that Will looked pleased at that statement, but something was in the blonde’s eyes, some worry or idea that he wasn’t telling Xander. The brunette shrugged it off, he and Will were friends, if the blonde had any input, he’d let Xander know soon enough.

The two men stayed all day, eating both lunch and dinner at the park and riding every ride that Will deemed suitably adult before sitting in the grass to watch the parade of lights and the fireworks show. As the park closed, they wearily made their way out to the car and climbed in exhaustedly. Will almost immediately lay his chair back and dozed off.

Will slept the whole drive home. He was still asleep when they got back to the apartment, so Xander just scooped up the sleeping man and carried him up the stairs. He fumbled with his keys, but managed to open the door and maneuver them inside. He gently carried Will into his bedroom and laid the man down on his bed. Will murmured softly and sighed before beginning to breathe

deeply again. Smiling to himself, Xander gently slipped Will's shoes off and tossed them aside, before moving to his shirt. Will's shirt was easily peeled off and tossed aside as well. Suddenly Xander began to get inexplicably nervous and wondered if he should just leave Will in his shorts, before shaking his head at his foolishness and unbuttoned the jean shorts. Quickly Xander pulled them down and tossed them aside. Then he looked.

"Oh gods, I shouldn't have looked."

Will was laid out on the bed, the light from the hallway bathing him in pale yellow tones. His long, lean body was pale cream. Well-muscled chest, flat stomach, strong thighs, and his long, pale cock lying half full in the crease of his thigh, anchored in crisp light brown curls. Hands shaking, Xander pulled the sheet up to Will's chest. Slowly, Xander stood only to have his hand grasped. Surprised, he looked down at Will, to see his eyes had slit half open. "Xander?"

He sat back down. "Yeah, Will?"

"Thanks, mate. I had a really good time."

Xander smiled. "Me too."

Will squeezed his hand, yawning loudly. "And Xan?"

Will was mostly asleep again, talking in soft, whispered half-phrases. "I hope you find someone to love."

"Me too, Will."

"Wish it was me..."

"Wha...? Will?"

Will breathed softly, yawning and turning over, falling deeper into sleep.

Shaking slightly, Xander stood and left the bedroom, closing the door softly.

He rested his head against the door and took a deep breath. "Gods. Anya, what do I do?"

5 First Date

Anya never answered, not that Xander expected her to. Besides, despite Anya's frankness around sexual matters, he wouldn't have felt comfortable discussing his sudden attraction to his male roommate with her. Instead, Xander went on with Will as if a whole other possible future hadn't just opened up in front of him. Will didn't seem to remember his sleepy commentary and Xander didn't bring it up, not ready to discuss it yet. They went on as they had been, but every once in a while Xander would catch Will staring at him with a sort of sadness in his eyes, and it steeled Xander's resolve to sort out his confused feelings, and fast. In the end it was the combination of an intensely sexual dream with Will as the staring figure, and an attractive shop clerk hitting on the blonde that made his decision for him. Being both horny and jealous was great for motivation.

Once Xander decided that moving from being friends to being a couple was what he wanted, he had to figure out how exactly to go about it. He was pretty sure that if it were Spike the Vampire he was dealing with, Anya's patented frank approach to asking for sex would work perfectly well, but it was Will he wanted, and Will was

human, and slightly shy and a little nervous and had these incredible blue eyes...

"Gah!" Xander smacked himself on the head. "Get a grip Xander! You're trying to plan a date, quit daydreaming!" Xander ignored the concerned stares he was getting from passersby and continued walking down the street. He was on his way to a bookstore about four blocks from their apartment. Will had been going there for books, and discovered a poetry group that met there weekly. Will had immediately deemed himself too shy and a bloody awful poet, "Too awful to inflict on those poor people." but Xander had seen the longing in his eyes. It had taken Xander several days of cajoling but eventually Will had given in and gone. Now he went every week, and Xander always met him afterwards then they went to dinner together. It was as he was walking past a marquee that he saw it, the poster for an upcoming play. It was perfect. The plan started to come together in Xander's mind.

The play didn't start for another week, so Xander had plenty of time to get the rest of the plan together. He and Will were going on a date, not just any date, but the ultimate date. The most romantic date Xander could possibly come up with. The problem was keeping it from

Will. In the time they had been living together, they had become good friends and told each other almost everything. Xander was very excited about his plan, and keeping it from Will was torture.

Finally, he had everything planned but the restaurant. He just didn't know where to take Will. All the places they normally went were nice, but not romantic enough. Xander briefly spared a sad thought for Cordy, she would have known exactly where to go and what to do and she would have been happy to help him, as soon as she quit laughing at him. Out of other options, Xander finally talked to the only other person he could think of, Lorne.

Xander had been going by Wolfram and Hart once a week anyway, in pretense of keeping an eye on Angel and company. So when he made his weekly visit, he quickly popped in to say hi to the AI gang and glare at Angel, then he went looking for Lorne. He found the green demon in his office in the middle of a conference call. When he knocked, Lorne waved him in with a smile and quickly finished up his call. "Well hello sweetness! What can I do for you?"

Xander blushed. "Hey Lorne. Um, I need some advice. I was wondering, where, restaurant wise, would you take

someone on a really romantic date?”

Lorne eyed him speculatively. “Why handsome, are you offering?”

His blush deepened. “Um...no, it’s for me and W...someone.”

“For you and someone, eh? They must be very special. Listen up sweetie, I know just the place, there’s a lovely, terribly romantic French restaurant that overlooks a park. You can have dinner, take a walk through the park and end up at the Regency Hotel, just on the other side.”

Xander’s face flamed, “H...hotel?”

“Why of course! Such a special night needs a special end to it, don’t you think?”

Xander had to admit, it was a good idea, but he just hadn’t dared to think that far ahead. “No, no you’re right. That is a good idea.”

“Of course it is sweetie. Of course it is.”

Lorne had made reservations for Xander at the

restaurant, telling him with an innocent smile that he had gotten him the most romantic table he could. When Xander finally left the law firm that afternoon, his plan was cemented; he just hoped that Will would go along with it.

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On the day of the date, Xander woke up early and crept quietly around the apartment, trying not to wake Will. He set up what he could at the apartment and then gathered what he needed and headed out to finish his preparations. Will would probably be confused when he woke up and found Xander gone, but hopefully the note would explain enough for Will to go along with everything. When Will woke up, he would find a breakfast of croissants and tea waiting for him, with a note asking him to be dressed and ready to go out at 6:30 pm. Hanging in Will's room was a new suit, one that Xander had picked up the day before.

Xander went several places to pick up the last of the supplies he needed and then headed over to the hotel to check in. Once in the room he set up plenty of candles and the bucket of ice for the champagne, then showered

and changed into his own suit, bought specially for the date. Finally, with half an hour until he was going to pick Will up, Xander stood staring in the mirror, checking every detail and hoping against hope he wasn't about to make a monumental fool of himself. He had to admit to himself at least that the suit was a good thing. It was a deep brown in color; form fitting, made of something soft and expensive. His shirt was lighter, almost a peachy color, and while Xander would never had mixed the two colors, he had to admit that the salesman had been right, he looked good. Finally, Xander ran a comb through his hair and settled his patch in place. Taking a deep breath, he left to pick up Will.

Flowers in hand, Xander stood outside the door to his own apartment and knocked. It was several seconds before the door opened. Will stood there, a confused look on his face as Xander held out the roses. "Hi Will."

"Xander? What's going on, where have you been?"

Xander smiled at the man and continued to hold out the flowers. "You look nice." That was actually an understatement, Will looked amazing. The suit Xander had bought for him was a slate gray and draped over him like a second skin. The shirt was a pale, pale purple and

brought out the blue of his eyes. Finally Will took the flowers and stared questioningly at Xander. "Xander?"

"William? Would you do me the honor of accompanying me out tonight?"

Will gaped at him, mouth opening and closing like a fish. "Um, like, a date?"

The last word was almost a squeak. Xander smiled. "Yeah, like a date."

"Oh." Will stood still for several minutes, gazing down at the roses in his hands. Xander started to get really uncomfortable, and began to think that this really had been a bad idea. Suddenly Will looked up, a shy smile on his face. "Thank you Xander, that would be lovely."

Xander let out the breath he had been holding, then held out his arm to Will. Blushing slightly, Will took it and allowed himself to be led to the car. As they settled into the car, Will turned a curious gaze to Xander. "Xan, where are we going?"

Xander smiled. "It's a surprise."

“Another surprise? We’re a little overdressed for Disneyland.”

“Not Disneyland Will, promise.”

“Well, okay then.”

They talked about this and that as Xander drove them to the theater. Xander knew the second Will realized where they were going. The blonde drew in a sharp breath and turned wide eyes to Xander. “A play? Really?”

Xander laughed. “Really. Not just any play either, a Victorian play!”

They parked and made their way into the theater. It didn’t take them long to find their seats, and they sat and talked quietly as they waited for it to begin. Then the curtain went up and they settled back into their seats to enjoy the show. Xander found the play fast paced and funny, but he kept missing out on parts of the dialogue because he kept sneaking peeks at Will. The blonde’s eyes were wide and excited; he was relaxed and laughing easily. Xander wasn’t sure he had ever seen Will looking so comfortable. It took until after the intermission for Xander to steel his nerves enough to reach over and hold

Will's hand. When he finally took Will's hand in his, the blonde stiffened in surprise and glanced over at him sharply, but then, when Xander didn't show any sign of letting go, Will relaxed and squeezed his hand softly, shooting a shy grin his way. Xander smiled, did a mental victory dance, and tried to pay attention to the rest of the play. This proved to be more difficult than it sounded, because Will's hand was soft and warm and seemed to fit into his perfectly.

After the play, they drove to the restaurant. Will's eyes were shining and he was talking animatedly about the play as they made their way into the restaurant. They were shown their table, and Xander said a silent thank you to Lorne. The table was out on the patio overlooking the park, screened from other tables by cleverly placed plants and illuminated by candlelight and small, twinkling white lights strung up overhead. After they were settled and had ordered, Xander grinned at Will.

"So, did you like the play?"

"What, my blathering on about it for the last twenty minutes wasn't a clue?"

Xander laughed. "I'm glad you liked it. I was afraid you'd

have seen it before.”

“No, Oscar Wilde didn’t start getting big until a few years after I was turned. I think “The Importance of being Earnest” came out after we left England.”

They talked all through dinner, lingering over their food and dessert. Lorne had been right; it was a terribly romantic place. They were both very relaxed, and when Xander reached over and took Will’s hand in his again, Will didn’t even blink, just blushed slightly. Eventually, they couldn’t draw out dinner any longer and stood to go.

“This is a nice place pet. Thank you for dinner and the play.”

“You’re welcome, Will. Don’t worry, we’re not done yet.” Xander took Will’s hand in his and led the blonde towards the entrance. He was starting to get nervous now, the rest of the evening could go several ways, and Xander had no idea how Will felt about any of this. Suddenly, a familiar voice caught Xander’s attention. “Well, well, well, isn’t this a pretty picture.”

They turned and found Lorne approaching them from the

lounge. Xander grinned at the demon, “Hey Lorne! How are you this evening?”

Lorne hugged the two men and then held them at arms length, looking them over.

“Well, hello gorgeous! Don’t you two look fabulous!”

“Hello Lorne, it’s good to see you again.” Will and Lorne talked for a minute before someone caught Lorne’s attention in the lounge. “Well you two, that’s my client I’ve got to get back to.” The green skinned demon gave them both a once over then looked pointedly at Xander. “You two make an adorable couple. See you later, call me and tell me how everything went!”

Xander suddenly remembered the conversation with Lorne in the elevator so many months ago.

“I’m not gonna say who is. But can I just say, you two will make an adorable couple! I can’t wait to see everyone’s face!”

The last of Xander’s fears and hesitation melted away. This was right. He was supposed to be with Will. Feeling much less nervous, Xander led Will out of the restaurant.

When Will tried to head back to the car, Xander tugged him towards the park. “Xander?”

“It’s a really nice night tonight and I’m not ready for this to be over, would you like to go for a walk?”

Will blushed and nodded, “That would be nice.”

They meandered slowly through the park, mostly just holding hands and talking quietly. Eventually, Will pulled them towards a bench and they sat down. Will took a deep breath and turned questioning blue eyes towards him. “Um, Xander? This is really wonderful but what’s it all for? I mean, why are you doing this?”

Xander looked down at their joined hands and thought hard about how he wanted to say this. “Will, when I came back to L.A., I was feeling pretty lost, just like you were. Helping you gave me a purpose and helped to ground me. But it wasn’t long before being with you quickly stopped being a job and started being a pleasure. Being with you these last couple of months, I’ve felt more alive than I can ever remember feeling before. When you asked me about Anya’s message, it got me thinking. I hadn’t thought about it since I got to L.A. and I wasn’t sure why. Then it hit me, and realized that I

hadn't been thinking about it because I don't want anyone else in my life, just you. I want you, Will."

Will's eyes were wide with surprise. "You...you want..."

"You, Will. I can't explain it, I don't know how it happened, but I'd really like to be more than just friends, if you want to, that is."

Will was doing a really good impersonation of a fish, mouth opening and closing in silent shock. Xander decided to take a chance and leaned over, one hand cupping the blonde's cheek, and gently pressed their lips together. The other man remained frozen for several seconds before finally relaxing into Xander, returning the soft kiss. Will's lips were soft and warm against his, and even though the kiss was gentle and chaste, it took Xander's breath away. By unspoken agreement, they drew apart at the same time and rested their foreheads against each other.

Will sighed softly, his warm breath ghosting over Xander. "Xan." Just a single word, but his tone spoke volumes. Lust, longing, tension, it was all there in that single word.

"Can I kiss you again, Will?"

“Yes Xan. Please.”

Xander pulled the other man close, pressing their bodies together as closely as possible, wrapped one arm around Will's waist, and with the other tilted Will's head up to recapture his lips. The kiss started out soft and sweet, but soon Will's lips parted and Xander slipped his tongue inside, eagerly exploring the new territory. Will moaned softly and Xander deepened the kiss, eager to cause more moans if he could. Will's hands were on his shoulders, gripping him tightly as he plundered the blonde's mouth. One soft hand slithered down his arm and slipped beneath his jacked, tracing warm patterns on his back. The kiss was long and deep, and an intense heat began to build between them. Soon, Xander's hands were around Will's waist and he pulled the blonde into his lap, trying for more contact. Will's tongue was thrusting into his mouth now, and he eagerly straddled Xander's lap, tilting his body forward to bring their erections into contact. Xander's hands found their way to Will's ass, grasping the firm flesh, as his mouth made its way down the pale throat displayed so temptingly before him. Will moaned and gasped before pulling away. “Xan, oh gods, Xan, we...we have to stop.”

Xander tried to focus his passion fogged brain enough to respond. “Why?”

Will blushed and looked around. “I really don’t want our first time to be in the park, for everyone to see.”

“Oh, right.” Xander released Will and the man moved to sit back down beside him on the bench. Taking a couple of deep breaths to clear his mind, Xander grasped Will’s hands in his and looked deeply into the shockingly blue eyes. “Will. Please tell me if this is going too fast, but I’d really like to make love to you tonight.”

Will gasped, then let out a forceful breath. “Bloody hell Xander. This is all so sudden, you’ve got me so turned around with the flowers and the play and dinner and the kisses, I feel like a virgin on her first date, all gasping and speechless!”

Xander chuckled ruefully. “This was all very sudden, I admit that. I guess I just figured that if I hit you with all the romance I could, all at once, you’d be too overwhelmed to say no. Kind of a hit and run approach to romance.”

Will opened his mouth and Xander quickly overrode him.

“Will, we can take this slow, please don’t feel pressured, okay? We can go home, sleep in our separate beds, go on a few more dates, take the time to get to know each other more...”

“Xander, listen to yourself, ‘get to know each other more’? We already know practically everything about each other, friggin’ hell, we’ve done nothing but talk for months now. Since you got back to L.A., we’ve spent almost every second in each other’s company. I feel like I know you better than I know myself.” Will pulled one hand out of Xander’s grasp and began tracing Xander’s features gently with his fingers. “Xan, luv, it’s just that I had resigned myself to another unrequited love, and here you are, suddenly offering me everything I ever wanted. It’s just a mite overwhelming.”

Blinking back sudden tears, Xander leaned in and kissed Will thoroughly. Before the blonde could move closer, Xander broke off the kiss and stood, pulling Will up after him. At the blonde’s questioning look, Xander smiled. “Come on, I’ve got one more thing to show you.”

They headed through the park hand in hand, away from the restaurant and toward the large, formal looking hotel, lit up by spotlights in the darkness. “Um, Xan, what

about the car?”

“It’s okay, I made arrangements for it to be brought around.”

They headed into the formal lobby and Xander paused to give Will a chance to take in the regal settings before steering them towards the elevators. They rode up to the room in silence, hands tightly grasped and sneaking little glances at each other as they went. Xander paused outside the door to their room and looked deep into Will’s eyes before kissing him softly. “Wait here a minute, okay?”

Will nodded. Xander slipped into the room and kicked off his shoes before running around frantically, lighting the candles, getting the champagne out of the minifridge and placing it in the ice bucket, and turning the bed covers down. Blushing slightly, he tucked the lube under one of the pillows, before dimming the overhead lights and heading back to the door. Taking a deep breath, he swung the door open and gestured Will inside. Will stepped inside and paused, taking in the luxurious hotel room, lit by candles placed in several spots throughout. Smirking slightly at the large, soft bed already turned down, Will turned to Xander and wound his arms around

his neck, pulling him into a deep kiss. “Thank you love, it’s perfect.”

Xander returned the kiss with fervor, eagerly devouring Will’s soft, sweet mouth. The kiss turned frantic as they slowly walked back towards the bed. They stumbled a few times, once bumping into furniture, once when Will tried to slip his shoes off, but eventually they made it, stopping when their legs hit the mattress. Xander cupped Will’s face, ran his fingers through the shoulder length blonde hair, and slid his hands down to ease the jacket off of Will’s shoulders. Will returned the favor then attacked Xander’s shirt. Fingers fumbled as their tongues dueled, but eventually both of their shirts and jackets were off and flung across the room.

Will broke off the kiss with a gasp, pulled back and held Xander’s eye in a serious gaze as he moved his hands down his own chest and towards the button on his slacks. Xander’s already quick breaths turned to panting as Will’s slender fingers slowly undid the button on his trousers and eased the zipper down. Will raised his hands from his hips and gave a little shimmy, causing the soft slacks to slip down his legs and puddle at his feet, revealing his body in all its naked glory.

Xander groaned loudly. “How did you get away with wearing those pants without underwear?”

Will smirked, “I never wear underwear luv, you should know that by now.”

Nodding dumbly, Xander reached out to touch, only to have his hand batted away. “Now, now pet, your turn. It’s only fair.”

Blushing slightly, Xander directed his hands to his own pants and slowly undid the button. Will was watching him avidly and he teased the other man by lowering the zipper slowly, tooth by tooth. There was no way he could copy that hip shimmy, so he settled for slowly sliding his hands down his legs, being sure to catch his boxers on the way down. Then he was naked and hard, facing Will, who immediately stepped up to press against him, arms going around his neck and lips capturing his. Xander moaned into the kiss, overwhelmed by the feel of all that naked skin pressed against him. Without breaking the kiss, he scooped Will up in his arms and crawled up onto the bed. He laid Will out on the bed, finally breaking the kiss so he could gaze down at the body spread out beneath him. Will stared back at him, eyes dark with passion. Slowly he lowered himself on top of Will,

gasping softly as their cocks rubbed together. Brushing Will's hair from his face he nuzzled the pale neck, licking and sucking all the flesh he could reach.

They spent time just learning each other's bodies, exploring with hands, lips and tongues. Xander slowly worked his way down the pale body beneath him tasting every inch of skin he could until he was face to, well, face, with Will's pale, leaking cock. Keeping constant eye contact with Will, Xander leaned over and delicately licked the precum welling from the tip. Will gasped and dug his fingers into Xander's hair, holding on tight. He licked up and down the length, exploring the foreskin with his tongue before taking the head into his mouth and sucking. Will was babbling and thrashing beneath him, so Xander figured he was doing pretty okay for his first blowjob. He was only able to get about half of Will's cock in his mouth, unfortunately, but he promised himself that they would get plenty of practice and soon he'd be able to deep throat the man. Xander hummed contentedly as he sucked on Will, he was surprised to find that he loved how the other man tasted, salty and earthy. Too soon though, his jaw began to get tired so he released the cock with a soft slurp and crawled back up Will's body to kiss his breathless and dazed lover.

Will pulled Xander down on top of him and kissed him fiercely. His legs wound around Xander's and Xander settled in between his thighs, bringing their cocks together unexpectedly. They both pulled back and stared at each other, then Will grinned and thrust up against him, eliciting a startled groan from Xander. Eager to repeat the sensation, Xander quickly recaptured Will's mouth with his and set up a steady rocking motion, thrusting down into Will's soft flesh. They were lost in each other, devouring each other's mouths, thrusting against each other, hands roaming and grasping, seeking out every inch of skin they could reach. Xander trailed his tongue down the pale column of Will's throat before biting into the flesh and sucking, pulling up a dark bruise. His hands were tweaking and rubbing Will's nipples, torturing the stiff dusky peaks. Will was chanting Xander's name over and over again as his nails dug furrows down Xander's back. Xander's orgasm hit him without warning, one minute he was watching his lover's face as the blonde came with a loud cry, the next he was shaking and shuddering as his cum shot in strong pulses over their stomachs and mingled with Will's.

They collapsed onto each other, panting harshly. Eventually Xander regained his breath enough to roll off of Will and stagger to the bathroom to fetch a damp

washcloth. He wiped Will down tender, then tossing the used cloth aside, Xander climbed back onto the bed and pulled Will into his arms with a happy sigh. “So, um...”

Will silenced him with a kiss. “You, love, are amazing.” Xander smiled happily.

“I can’t believe you did this all for me.”

Xander kissed Will thoroughly. “You’re worth it. I’ll do all this and more if it means I get to be with you.”

“Since when did you learn to talk so sweet, whelp? The Xander I knew couldn’t get a single sentence out without screwing it up somehow.”

“Yeah, well, the Spike I knew would never have let me fall in love with him.”

Will gasped and sat up, looking down intently at Xander, blue eyes filled with emotion. “Do you mean that love?”

“Yeah Will, I do. I love you.”

Will leaned down and brushed his lips against Xander’s. “I love you too Xander.”

Xander wrapped the long blonde curls around his fingers and pulled Will closer, deepening the kiss. Will moaned and crawled on top of Xander, laying himself out on top of the larger man. Gasping, Will pulled away and rained kisses down on Xander's face. "Love, I want to feel you inside me. Please Xan, fuck me, make love to me."

Xander groaned and fumbled under the pillow for the lube. "God, yes!"

Will knelt up, straddling Xander's chest and eyed the lube in his lover's hand. "You know how to use that?"

Xander blushed. "I have a general idea. Have you ever...?"

Will shrugged. "When I was a Vampire, yeah. But since I've been human? As far as I can tell, I'm a virgin."

Xander grinned, "Well, not so much anymore."

Will opened the tube and squirted some out onto Xander's fingers, then guided the slicked digits around to his opening. Xander held his breath and rubbed one finger against the puckered skin, then gently pressed the

tip inside. Will gasped and held still, keeping his eyes locked on Xander. Xander pressed forward until his whole finger slipped inside. Gasping at the silky feel, he twisted and wiggled his finger around, spreading the lube as much as possible before pulling out and pushing back in with two. As Xander continued to stretch him, Will groaned and thrust back against his fingers, head rolling back and eyes squeezing shut when Xander found that particularly wonderful spot buried deep inside. Xander was intent on Will as he finger fucked him, watching the play of emotions across Will's face with awe.

After a particularly intense minute of prostate pressure, Will grabbed Xander's wrist and forced his hand away from his body. "Enough love, want to come with your cock inside me, not just your fingers."

Gulping, Xander squirted some more lube out and covered his cock, hard and aching after watching the erotic display Will made. Will scooted backwards a bit and positioned himself above Xander's cock. "Hold still love. Let me do this, alright?" Silently, Xander nodded and lightly grasped Will's thighs, then watched as his lover slowly lowered himself onto his cock.

All his breath left Xander in a whoosh as the head of his

cock pushed past the first tight ring of muscle. Then all he could do was try to keep from coming right then as Will took more and more of his cock, until eventually the blonde was seated firmly on top of him.

“Oh gods! Will, fuck, you feel so amazing.”

Will groaned and let his head fall back. “Shit love, can’t believe how good you feel!”

Slowly Will levered himself up, paused, and then slid back down, starting up a slow, deep rhythm. Xander’s hands came up to circle Will’s waist, helping the blonde gain leverage as he gradually sped up, until finally he was bouncing on Xander’s cock. Xander watched his lover in awe as Will rode him. The candlelight bathed Will in a golden glow, flashes of light reflected in his hair and his passion fogged eyes trained down on Xander, lying in worship beneath him. “Fuck, Will, you’re beautiful!”

“Xander...”

Hearing the longing and need in that sexy voice, Xander planted his feet on the bed to gain more leverage and began thrusting hard up into Will’s slick channel, meeting every downward thrust with an upward thrust of his

own. Soon their moans filled the room, accompanied by the squeaks of the mattress and the wet slap of flesh on flesh. Xander felt his orgasm building this time, a deep tingling starting in the base of his spine. With one hand he released Will's waist and grasped his cock instead, fisting it in time to their fucking. Will screamed his name and came hard, shooting all over the bed and Xander's chest as he shuddered and shook above him. Once his cock had stopped pulsing, Xander released it and grabbed Will's waist with both hands again, holding his lover still as he bucked hard and fast up into Will's body. "FUCK! WILL!" Xander screamed as he shot load after load into Will's tight channel.

Eventually his shaking stopped and he became aware of Will, lying cuddled atop his chest. One hand was stroking through Will's blonde curls and the other was rubbing soothing circles on the small of Will's back.

Blue eyes met his. "Xan, that was amazing. I love you."

Xander kissed him softly, lazily. "I love you too, Will, thank you."

Will sat up and moved off him with a soft groan. He curled up in Xander's arms and sighed happily. "I like

cuddling with you like this.”

Xander echoed his happy sigh. “Me too.”

“So, when we get home in the morning, can I move my stuff into your room?”

“You’d better! Otherwise I might have to beg, and it wouldn’t be pretty.”

“I don’t know love, I’d kinda like to see you beg.”

“Well, maybe for you...”

“You know what this means love?”

“Nope, what does this mean?”

“We’ll have a spare bedroom. You can have your research room after all.”

“Oh gods! Giles will love that.”

“We can use it as a bribe to help convince him that our relationship is a good thing.”

Xander caught and held Will's gaze. "Giles will just have to deal, he's in England so there's not much he can do about it."

Will smirked. "Somehow I think the Watcher will still have something to say about all this." A sudden frown darkened Will's features. "What about the others love? You still have to work with them and they don't exactly trust me."

Xander rolled over and silenced Will with a kiss. "Shush Will, no more worries. You're mine. We belong to each other. I have it on good authority from both future seeing demons and ghosts of ex-girlfriends that we belong together. If the other's don't like it, they'll just have to deal."

Will practically purred with contentment. "I'm yours, eh?"

"That's right, and I'm yours. This relationship is like the ultimate gift. After all the shit we've been through, all the sacrifices we made and all the friends we lost, I figure the PTB owe us big time."

Will smiled softly. "I'm your pressie then?"

Xander let his gaze rake over the body laid out next to him. “Oh yeah, the best present possible.”

“You’ll have to take good care of me, be a shame to let a prize like me get away.”

Xander kissed Will thoroughly. “I’m never letting you go Will, never.”

The End