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.

Beta'd by kitty_poker1

Bit of a note: I'd had this idea for a while but couldn't really get motivated, then I was listening to my Adema cd and this song came on and...voila! This popped out in a night. Lyrics are before the fic. I love this song and this cd.

Note about the story: No warnings or anything. Just lots and lots of sex, lmao. Kind of one of those "Oh, it's just sex, we're going to keep having it, blah blah, there's no feeling, blah blah, oh my god, I think I love you, blah blah".

Umm...hope there aren't any typos or mistakes. I edit again after Kitty sends it back, so...lmao.

Giving In To You

by

Eyezrthewindows
Adema
Giving In

will you walk me
to the edge again
shaking lonely
and i am drinking again
wake up tonight
and no one's here with me
i'm giving in to you

take me under
i'm giving in to you
i'm dying tonight
i'm giving in to you
watch me crumble
i'm giving in to you
i'm crying tonight
i'm giving in to you

caught up in life
losing all my friends
family has tried
to heal all my addictions
tragic it seems to be alone again
i'm giving in to you

take me under
i'm giving in to you
i'm dying tonight
i'm giving in to you
watch me crumble
i'm giving in to you
i'm crying tonight
i'm giving in to you

i look forward to dying tonight
drink till i'm myself
life's harder everyday
the stress has got me
i'm giving in
i'm giving in
i'm giving in
NO!

i'm killing all the pain
take me under
i'm giving in to you
i'm dying tonight
Part One

Xander was already a little drunk when they went to the movies together, which seemed to be a prerequisite. Spike had sneaked in a big flask full of whisky and they'd passed it back and forth getting even more drunk, snickering at the poorly done effects and by the time the film was half over Xander was feeling...well, no pain and no inhibitions.

He'd been thinking about Spike for a while, you know, *like that*, but he hadn't had the guts to do anything about it. He'd figured Spike would laugh, would mock, would use it against him as blackmail to get him to do something truly disgusting and morally wrong.
But right now? Xander could care less as he slumped down in the seat in the back and made sure no one was watching -- not that anyone was; he was just that paranoid.

He licked his lips and glanced out of the corner of his eye at Spike, who seemed to be fairly engrossed in the film. He smirked and, while something on screen was exploding and some of the people were screaming and dying messily, he unbuttoned Spike's pants before the vampire could react and shoved his right hand inside.

He took hold of Spike's cock and squeezed. It felt good in his hand.

Spike nearly jumped out of his seat, whipped his head around so fast it nearly spun three hundred and sixty degrees on his neck and stared wide-eyed, startled at Xander as he began to move his hand.

"What the bloody--?"

"Sssshhhh," Xander purred, eyes glued to his moving hand and the hint of skin he could see in the poor lighting, "Watch the movie."
Spike swallowed, gazed at him for one long moment, then melted into his seat and spread his legs. He stared at the screen blankly like a good little vampire slut while his thighs trembled and his body reacted to what Xander was doing to him in the privacy of his nearly too tight jeans.

Xander could feel his body shake, his cock pulse, and hear the creak of the plastic arm rests as Spike clutched them with white-knuckled hands.

He fought the urge to laugh gleefully.

He'd surprised Spike. That was a very hard thing to do.

He also had Spike's cock in his hand, which was a step toward having it in his mouth or in his ass, whatever.

He so ruled.
Xander had Spike writhing and panting in the worn seat by the time ten minutes had passed. He squeezed and rubbed and rotated his wrist and stroked Spike fast and hard then slow and rough. His fingers grew wet with Spike's precum and slid along the shaft easily.

The skin of Xander's hand chafed against Spike's zipper and the constriction of the tight jeans wasn't comfortable or making his job easier but he couldn't stop now because the slick cock in his hand felt too good. And Spike was far too pretty.

Spike bit his lip and Xander watched him, his own cock hard and swollen against the zip of his jeans. He shifted and spread his legs, leaned closer to Spike to watch his face as he tried to keep his composure.

"Fuck," Spike cursed softly, hips bucking up into Xander's tightly clenched fist.

"Watch the movie, Spike," Xander whispered into the vampire's ear as he leaned closer and without warning stuck his tongue into the outer shell, sucked on the lobe and the fragile cartilage.
Spike inhaled unevenly and arched out of the seat; his eyes opened wide, revealing gold midst the blue and he threw back his head and came inside his jeans, hard. His face was thrown into sharp relief by the light from the film filtering back on him, made him appear other worldly.

When he was wrung out he collapsed against the seat back and panted with his eyes only partially open. He looked intensely satisfied with himself.

Xander pulled his hand from Spike's pants, tugging briefly on wiry curls, making Spike whimper softly.

His prick pulsed its need and he groaned softly as he brought his hand to his mouth and licked Spike's essence from it.

Spike turned his head to gaze at him intently, then did up his pants and took Xander to the restroom.

Xander was treated to the best blow-job he'd ever had by a very enthusiastic vampire in one of the stalls.
It was so great, in fact, that he didn't even care that he'd left his Junior Mints and soda in the theatre.

~*~*~*~*~

And it had started there. Simple and straight to the point. Sex, sex and more sex.

But that's all it was.

Xander and Spike had an unspoken agreement about their little arrangement. No feelings involved, no poncey kissing, no love.

It was about lust.

It was a hot fuck.

Xander would go to work, leaving his empty bed -- it was another condition of their 'thing' that Spike not stay the night -- and come back and shower and eat and sometimes Spike would show up with a movie; sometimes they would go to The Bronze or The Harpy or Raging Joe's Pub or one of the seedier bars in Sunnydale that catered to demons and humans alike.
Sometimes they went on patrol together and snarked at one another the entire time.

It was like foreplay, set the stage for the fuck that would come after they went back to Xander's place.

It was comfortable, it was like an old pair of shoes.

It started to get too comfortable. He was starting to wish for that old angsty friction that meant they didn't like each other and only tolerated each other's presence because they absolutely had to.

Spike began to look at him...funny. The vampire got this expression on his face whenever he and Xander went to movies or to bars or even just stayed in.

It was sort of sappy.

But when Xander would catch him at it he'd school his features and it would be like it never happened.

But that didn't last long. The vampire wasn't a good actor and he certainly wasn't known for his patience.
Spike started coming over earlier and staying later and being *nice* to him, even when they weren't fucking.

The first time they had penetrative sex Xander thought his head would explode and Spike's reactions...well, they weren't solely pleasure at getting off anymore. He had such an expression of bliss and complete adoration on his face that it made Xander's heart go pitter patter in his chest.

The blow-jobs and frottage and mutual wankings had made it easier to distance himself from Spike, and Spike from him, but Spike wasn't really trying that hard anymore.

Spike let Xander take him first and when Xander saw how good it made Spike feel he decided that he wanted to try. Not right away, of course; he had to give this fucking Spike in the ass thing a good run.

Three months later, Spike was fucking *him* up the ass. He had to be gentle and easy and slow at first because of the chip but when Xander had been 'broken in' it grew frantic and desperate.

It was hot and dirty and fast and hard and slow and...soft
and....

...It was almost as if Spike were *making love* to him.

The vampire's hands, surprisingly not as cold as Xander had thought they'd be, swept over his body, worshipped him like he was some sort of god, like Xander was the most precious thing in Creation.

Afterward, Xander would lie awake and stare down at the tousled blond head lying on his chest, at the arm hanging possessively over his waist and the pale thigh resting atop both of his own and wonder how he came to be at this point.

He didn't want this, couldn't take Spike feeling...*feelings* for him. Because he knew the vampire did.

Spike started doing things for him, buying and/or stealing him things, bringing and *making* him food, doing the dishes, picking up his own wet towels not only after showers they sometimes shared but all the time, making the bed at some point during the day when he picked the lock and sneaked into Xander's apartment -- Xander always knew it was him because *he* never made the bed, didn't see the point in making it when all he was going to
do was get back in it later and possibly get it dirty with bodily fluids again.

Spike protected him at all costs on patrol, took a sword in the chest once when a demon with a yen for the Knights of the Round Table came straight at Xander, screaming his war cry, chain mail glittering under the street lamps and moonlight.

That was when Xander knew it was serious. The old Spike would never have tossed himself onto the literal sword for him.

The old Spike didn't care about him like the new Spike did.

The old Spike would've let him die. He'd have laughed at him as he lay bleeding out on the ground, would've watched his life blood drain away, maybe bent down and licked the blood bubbling up from the massive wound, maybe taunted him and told him to save him a seat in hell.

That was the old Spike. Pre-fucking Spike.

Post-arrangement Spike *liked* him.
Maybe even...well, Xander didn't want to get into the L word. Didn't want to think about the possibility of Spike...feeling *that* way about him.

Spike loving him was a scary thought.

But.

But Xander found himself caring about Spike, even if he didn't love him. Found himself thinking about the vampire during the day at work, found himself missing him in the evenings and at night when Spike was out fuck knew where and he was stuck at home watching old eighties movies on TBS and eating popcorn they normally shared between them in a bowl on the couch.

He found himself doing it all the time since the sword in the chest incident.

When he inevitably found himself at Giles' place with Buffy, Willow, Giles and Tara and Riley, he caught himself biting back defensive comments about Spike when the others had nothing better to do than make rude statements about 'the pathetic, impotent vampire'.
He really knew he was in trouble when Willow, sweet Willow who he'd known forever it seemed, made a snide comment about Spike and pig's blood and mooching and he felt anger so intense, so focused on her that he had to swallow down the urge to get up and wrap his hands around her tiny neck and choke the life out of her.

She didn't know Spike, none of them did, and when they talked about him like that it pissed Xander off.

He'd gotten to know the vampire; he knew things about Spike no one else did and no one else cared to know.

Of course, before they'd begun having sex, before they'd even started hanging out together, Xander had been the same way and he felt shame like a tsunami crashing into him and pounding him into the rocky shore of his conscience.

After six months, Spike was practically living with him. They stayed in some nights, went out others, patrolled as always, now officially permanent patrolling partners and Xander was feeling twitchy.

He didn't know how to say no to Spike. The vampire would just look at him with this expression he didn't even
bother to hide anymore, an expression of total love and devotion, and Xander would melt.

They had sex, they fucked, they cuddled.

Spike spent the night more often than not.

Spike slept right smack in the middle of Xander's bed, forcing Xander to sleep scrunched up on one side. He'd wake up with a vampire blanket at different times in the night.

Funny thing was...he didn't so much mind anymore as crave it.

Odd thing was, though, that they'd never even kissed.

Every time Spike got close enough, looked like he wanted to, Xander froze.

Kissing was for girls, right? For a guy and a girl to do when they felt all lovey dovey and mushy and...all the shit he and Spike weren't, right?

He stared at Spike's lips long after the vampire gave up and had just lowered his mouth to Xander's chest. His
nipples enjoyed those pouty, pink lips. He knew his mouth would.

But it was in their verbal contract. The one they never talked about.

Xander was starting to feel stifled, like he didn't know who he was anymore.

He didn't feel like himself without Spike there.

Spike, it seemed, was changing him in ways he hadn't known possible.

Part Two

Spike pounded into him, hard and deep and slow. Xander couldn't get enough; it was just how he liked and Spike knew that, liked to give him what he wanted.

Xander clutched at his back, scratched Spike's skin, threw his head back and arched his spine so he could fuck himself up into each of Spike's thrusts.
In the moments before orgasm when his abdominals were burning along with the throbbing of his cock, the tingling of his balls, he wondered if by fucking Spike and getting fucked by Spike he'd get abs of steel and buns of...iron or whatever.

Spike loomed over him, a study in contrasts. He was pale, so incredibly pale and perfect, his bright blue eyes piercing in the darkness. He was surrounded on either side by Xander's slightly darker skin, his legs up around Spike's rib cage as the vampire fucked him. He braced himself on pale forearms and rolled his hips, touched that place deep inside that Xander thought was too good to be real, never wanted it to stop.

He grunted, groaned and Xander watched when he wasn't too busy trying not to cum too quickly.

Spike's eyes were shut, a grimace of pleasure on his face, his mouth open as he panted and Xander watched those sharp, white teeth when they were revealed as his lips pulled back. His tongue flicked up over the top row; he chewed on it lightly, groaned, and then he began to lean down toward Xander.

It was expectation. It was in slow motion, black and
It was something Xander couldn't handle.

As Spike drew closer, Xander swallowed hard, squeezed his inner muscles around Spike's cock causing the blond to throw back his head and forget about the almost-kiss and then they were cumming as Spike pummeled his ass steadily, hard, without rhythm.

The vampire collapsed on him with a sated sigh and Xander let his legs fall to the bed, allowed his arms to encircle Spike's shoulders.

He felt Spike's breath, fast and almost warm, on his clammy skin.

He'd almost felt those lips on his.

He would probably have come undone if Spike had managed to kiss him.

He didn't know what he'd do about that. Spike was becoming increasingly tenacious about trying to kiss him.

Xander didn't know if he wanted that and what
complications would come with it. Anya hadn't been so contradictory, so difficult to read, so...needy and passionate about that need.

She, at least, had been straightforward about what she'd wanted from Xander. Spike, he didn't have a clue about.

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He began to distance himself from Spike. Spike looked hurt and surprised but didn't say anything.

Xander didn't know what he'd do if Spike did ask him what was going on. He was grateful Spike wasn't the talking type.

They weren't in a relationship, dammit, but Spike didn't seem to remember their deal or heed its rules.

Xander did. That would have to be enough for both of them.
He started to work more and shower in the tiny bathroom in his office trailer at work so he wouldn't have to go home and face the possibility of Spike being there - no matter what Xander did to his front door, Spike managed to somehow break in. He went straight to Giles' afterward, ordered pizza or Chinese, joked with the girls, made fun of Giles, forced smiles, forced good humour while researching the latest oogedy boogedy.

Ignored thoughts of Spike that didn't seem to want to go away.

Spike had long since stopped showing up at Giles' place, long before the seriousness of their 'thing' had happened, but often waited outside for Xander to leave so he could escort him home. It was like Spike was trying to provide the old fashioned chivalry that was trendy when he was still mortal.

Not that Xander had anything against it. It was comforting and sweet.

But he didn't know what to think of it. He wasn't a chick, didn't have a vagina or boobies for Spike to protect...but he was Xander, and Xander was the least capable of protecting himself out of all the Scoobies.
It did make sense, though, how protective Spike was. It just didn't sit well with Xander, though. He didn't feel manly when Spike did it.

Spike stared at him blank-faced when he finally exited the complex, neither said a word on the way back to Xander's place, and Spike just watched him out of the corner of his eye -- Xander could feel his penetrating looks.

Spike settled down on the couch, right in the middle, forcing Xander to choose to either sit on his right or left. Whichever he chose, he'd be nearly on top of Spike -- it was a relatively small sofa.

He really had to get some more seating for the living room.

Xander pointedly looked away, sighed and went to the kitchen. He drank an entire soda down while barely breathing between swallows, then went into the bedroom to change into a comfortable pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt.

He took his time, it dragged by, and finally he looked up
and nearly jumped out of his skin when he saw Spike standing in the doorway watching him with the same expression he'd held for the last three days.

"What?" Xander asked defensively, fingers twitching, heart palpitating, skin itching.

Spike had taken off the boots and the duster and looked smaller than he was but somehow managed to fill up the entire room.

The vampire shrugged and stepped further inside the room. "You're acting off, pet. Have been for a while. There a problem?"

"Nope," Xander said brightly, quickly striding across the room and shoving past Spike. "Why would there be something wrong? It's all spiff-a-riffic, Spike."

He winced at his crappy acting but thankfully his back was to Spike.

He plopped down on the couch, in one corner, took the remote and flicked from channel to channel almost too fast to be able to tell what was on them.
Spike just stared at him, then sighed and came to join him.

That night Spike didn't stay, they didn't have sex, and it was the first time in a long time that Xander didn't feel like he was being smothered.

It was also the first time in a long time he'd felt as lonely as he had when Anya had left.

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Spike didn't come over early the next night and Xander began to worry and started pacing all over the apartment.

When he finally did show they both acted as if nothing were wrong and went on patrol.

They came back, showered separately and then ended up in the bedroom, in the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

"You want I should leave?" Spike finally asked, voice toneless and flat.
They didn't look at each other.

Xander sighed.

He didn't really want Spike to leave, but...

"Maybe you should...this," he made a weak gesture between them as his breath hitched painfully. "I don't think this is working anymore."

He could hear Spike's jaw crack as he clenched his teeth. The vampire turned to look at him as he sat up in preparation for leaving the bed. "This was working out bloody brilliantly till recently. What the hell happened? Tell me what I did so I can fix it! It's killing me to be like this. It's like...we're strangers. We know everything about one another, know every facet, every aspect of each other's bodies and, well, soul for you, demon for me. We know each other...it shouldn't be like this."

Xander looked away from perfect skin and beautiful man who apparently cared a great deal more about him than he should've done. He swallowed hard, audibly -- it hurt his throat. "I don't know what you're talking about. You knew what this was right from the start, Spike. It's not a relationship. It's just sex. That's all it is, all it was ever
meant to be. It's just fizzled out, that's all. We should just end it now while we're still on speaking terms. It'll make patrolling a lot easier if we can get along."

Spike growled and launched himself across the bed to straddle Xander. His eyes blazed down at Xander, angry and gold and blue. He spat, "You can't tell me the flame of passion went out, you git. I still feel it and I bloody well know you do! I can smell you, for Christ's sake. Every time I come in the ruddy room you're up and about, cock nearly exploding out of your shorts to get at me, but you never touch me, won't let me touch you. I want to know now what bug's burrowed its way up your ass so I can go in after it and beat it senseless."

Xander stared up into Spike's face. Spike was so damned beautiful when he was angry.

Spike was so damned beautiful just when he was.

Xander's eyes began to burn. He blinked quickly. "I don't want to talk about this...not that there's anything to talk about. Get off me. I want to go to bed. Go back to your crypt, Spike. I don't want this anymore."

"Liar! You can't tell me you feel nothing, Xander. I know
you. I know this," Spike hissed as he rolled his erection against Xander's.

Xander twitched under the sheet separating their naked bodies. His fingers itched to rise up and touch Spike.

But he wasn't going to because that wasn't what he needed.

That was what this whole thing with Spike was about in the first place! He'd thought Spike was safe.

Turned out that was so very far from the truth.

He'd never felt this way for Anya, had never been this deep.

"Just go. Please." His voice trembled and cracked. The tears that threatened slipped free and scalded his face.

Spike frowned down at him, demeanor suddenly changing. "I'll go. But I'm coming back. We've got to talk this out, pet. I'm not going to let it fester and boil over till we both hate the sight of each other. I could never live with that and I don't think you could either."
He leaned down and started to buss his lips against Xander's but Xander turned his head sharply and Spike only kissed his tear-streaked temple.

Spike's lips tightened but he let it go, got off the bed and dressed.

He was gone within a few minutes and Xander was left alone.

Xander tucked himself into a ball beneath the sheet and forced the tears back.

He didn't know what his problem was but he wasn't about to let this, whatever it was, consume him and undo him.

He was more than Spike's lover. He had work, a life, friends...

He finally went to sleep and dreamt Spike was making love to him and in the dream Spike kissed him on the lips and he was the happiest he'd ever been. He felt loved.

He woke up crying.
His subconsciously, unconscious, *something* was out to get him.

~*~*~*~*~

It had been a hectic, busy day at work. Xander was covered in sawdust and dirt and sweat. His hair clung in clumps to the top of his head, the back of his neck. He shoved a hand through the wet, greasy mess, grimacing as his palm came away grimy and his scalp itched.

He took a shower, tried to eat but couldn't, then plonked himself down in front of the tv.

The hours passed and he barely blinked as the tv flickered. The remote slipped from his nerveless fingers and he fell sideways on the couch.

He slept.

He was woken from his fitful rest when a hand pushed his still damp hair from his face. His eyelids flickered open and he saw Spike kneeling in the space between the couch and the coffee table.
He frowned. "Spike?"

"Yeah, luv."

"What are you doing here?"

Spike sat back on his heels and braced his bare arms on the cushion in front of Xander. "Here to talk, aren't I?"

Xander's heart sped up. He sat upright. "Look, I--"

"No." Spike's heated glare and hand on his chest stopped him. "We're going to have that long overdue chat and you're not going to babble your way out of it. We had it good for a long time and I want to know what happened. Spill."

Xander swallowed sickly, looked away from the vampire peering into his eyes so intently and pushed Spike's hand away so he could get up and out of the uncomfortable zone he'd found himself in. He stopped in front of the balcony doors and hugged himself. "Spike, we agreed that this wasn't a relationship. No touchy feely crap, no kissing, no emotions. It's just fucking! You're...you've changed the rules. You can't change the rules like this."
Spike sighed and stood up. His bare feet made soft thudding noises as he padded over to Xander.

They stood in front of Xander's balcony and stared out at the lamp lit street for a while.

Spike finally said, "I agreed, Xander, because I figured that's the only way I could have you. Then, we began to spend more time together and...you were different. It was as if you wanted me as much as I wanted you. At least half as much, anyway. I thought...well, you gave me hope. Made me feel like there was a chance to have it all with you. But you've been pulling away these last few weeks..."

Xander whirled around, eyes spitting fire. "You--you...God, Spike! You lied to me and you thought you'd force your feelings on me just like that? Like if you gave me what I wanted you'd get what you wanted eventually? You bastard!"

Spike stepped back, holding up his hands, eyebrows raised, eyes full of emotion. "Hey, I didn't do anything wrong here. It's not like I expected you to even want the shagging bits. Surprised me that night in the cinema, didn't you?"
Xander stopped, hands curling into fists. He was tempted to hit Spike, to just beat the holy living crap out of the vampire, but...he didn't. He couldn't.

He sighed and sat down on the couch. He buried his face in his hands. "This is too damn complicated now. I was in it for the not being complicated. After Anya...well, I didn't want anything serious. Wasn't ready. Why'd you have to do this to me, Spike? I know you're evil but this is beyond that, even for you."

Spike sighed, knelt between his legs and forced his hands from his face. "I didn't try to do anything, luv. I just wanted you. I wanted to have you any way I could and when you came up with that...deal," he spat distastefully, "I figured that it was the one chance I had. I'd've been more than a fool to give up the one chance you were willing to give me." He pursed his lips, curled a finger beneath Xander's chin and forced his eyes up to meet his own. "Why are you so dead set against me and you, anyway? We've had some really good times, we work well together...We even mostly live together. It's not all bad, not even by half. I've had worse relationships, ones based on less, ones based on hate, believe me. You and I are better than anything I've ever had."
Xander stood up so abruptly Spike fell backward onto his ass. He retreated into the bedroom and slammed the door. His voice was muffled as he called through it, "I don't have to explain a damn thing to you. This is all your fault. You were a rebound fuck, anyway. I don't know why you expected anything from me when you know I was still getting over Anya. Rebounds never end up going anywhere, Spike. Leave me alone."

Spike breathed unevenly and opened the door then went inside and shut it behind him. He leaned against the solid wood, eyes full of hurt and vulnerability Xander would've scoffed at before he'd known him so intimately.

"I don't think we're a rebound, luv. Anya was never the one for you. You know that and I know that. Just let me show you..." Spike carefully stepped closer and cupped Xander's unshaven cheek. "Please?"

Xander inhaled sharply, dark eyes glittering and focused on Spike's. "Why?"

"What do you mean, why?"

Xander took himself out of Spike's grasp and sat down on
the end of the bed. "Why do you want to show me, anyway? Why not just go? It'd be easier."

Spike snorted and sat down beside him. "You know me, luv. Since when have I ever taken the easy way?"

Xander smiled tremulously. "Oh, yeah."

Spike sobered. "I've been trying to show you all along how good it can be between you and me but you won't see it. Can I give it one more go? Just one more chance to show you how much I--"

"Don't say it!" Xander interrupted quickly, eyes wide.

Spike swallowed his words painfully. "You don't want me to say it?"

"I-I want to believe it, believe you, I really do, but...I don't think I can take--"

Spike pressed two fingers to Xander's lips. "I understand. It hurts but I get it." He removed his fingers. "Now, you get naked and lay on the bed and I'll show you what I mean, all right?"
Xander found himself obeying without comment and soon was naked in the center of the bed, on his back with his legs spread, his hands twitching nervously in the sheet beneath him, while Spike dug through the nightstand for lubricant and got undressed himself.

Spike climbed back on the bed, bit his lip and stared down at Xander. "You want to roll over?"

Xander searched Spike's face, then wordlessly rolled onto his stomach. He felt Spike settle between his spread thighs and sank into the mattress, face pressing into the pillow.

There were fingers at his entrance, circling just at the outer rim, then plunging in slowly, gently, lovingly.

He groaned as he was massaged inside and his prostate was stroked; his cock hardened in response and he found himself grinding down into the mattress only a few times before Spike was pressing a hand to his back and stilling his movements.

He made a disappointed sound and Spike chuckled. "Don't worry. I'll take care of you."
Spike pressed inside him and began a sure, perfect rhythm with short, deep, satisfying thrusts of his hips. His stomach and chest slid smoothly against Xander's back with every movement.

Spike kissed his shoulder, mouth creeping along his skin creating chaos beneath his flesh. Spike's hands moved up to grasp his own and he couldn't prevent himself from spreading his fingers apart so Spike could lace theirs together.

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Xander had no idea how much time passed but the slow build of fucking that was turning into more, into something that was breaking down his defenses and everything that had been holding him back was undoing him just as the vampire wanted.

Spike pulled out, let him go, and through his passion-hazed desperation Xander found he didn't want to be separated. He wanted Spike in his ass forever if he could have him that way.

"Flip over, pet," Spike said quietly.
He did. He discovered he didn't have the will not to.

He found Spike smiling a real smile at him, found himself staring from the vampire's face to the almost visibly throbbing erection bobbing between his legs.

Spike shoved a pillow beneath his hips and then thrust back inside him in one long movement.

Xander groaned, raised his legs so that they rested on Spike's shoulders and raised his lower body to get Spike deeper as the vampire rode him.

Spike soon had them gasping with pleasure, tearing at each other's skin, and he pushed Xander's legs up and apart and pounded into his ass.

As Spike's face neared his own, Xander suddenly stilled.

Spike moistened his lips and stopped thrusting. His body shuddered with the effort to keep still. "Look at me. Don't turn your head."

Xander's pupils dilated as Spike's face neared his own, closer than he'd ever allowed before.
Spike's lips lightly caressed his own, softer than any touch; he could barely feel them.

His lips parted. He found himself wanting more.

Spike pushed his tongue inside and sealed their mouths together.

Xander groaned and wrapped his arms around Spike's shoulders, pulled him closer.

Spike began to move again. Slow and sure and deep.

He rolled his hips, rocked his body into Xander's.

Xander discovered that kissing Spike was better than anything that ever was.

He let the vampire shape his mouth with his own, mold his lips to his desires, suckle his tongue and count his teeth with the tip of his own as it danced inside Xander's mouth.

Their mouths opened wide with their passion and Spike's body moved faster. He reached between their bodies
and stroked Xander.

Xander cried out, separating their mouths, and Spike jerked his head back with his free hand. He fixed their mouths back together and kissed him hard and wet and dirty.

And it was sweet and romantic and...

...Xander felt full everywhere.

He had a cock in his ass, he had a Spike on top of him, covering him, he had Spike's tongue in his mouth, his fingers in his hair, trailing over his needy flesh.

He shook and came apart and climaxed so hard over Spike's fist that some of it hit his chin.

Spike gasped into Xander's mouth, groan of completion muffled in it and shuddered against him as he filled his ass with seed.

"God, I love you," Spike rasped and Xander could almost feel it flow down his throat and warm his insides like a sweet, tangible line of heat.
Spike collapsed on top of him and he lay there panting, Spike's mouth only a short distance from his own. Spike's head rested on the pillow beside his head.

They lay there long enough for Xander's legs to cramp up and Spike's spent cock to slip out on a sea of his own spunk.

He let his legs drift down but didn't move otherwise. Spike didn't either.

"Spike?"

Spike shifted and groaned. "Yeah?"

"Kiss me?"

Spike raised his head and his lips curved into the sweetest smile Xander had ever seen on him. He licked the drying semen from Xander's face then pressed their lips together and, when it was over, said, "Always."

Xander combed his fingers through Spike's hair and when Spike settled down just to the side of him, leg hiked high over Xander's thigh, arm thrown casually, possessively, over his rib cage, sleeping the sleep of the shagged out,
Xander wondered why he hadn't just given in before.

He'd have saved them a lot of trouble if he had.

Giving in to Spike had been one of the better things he could've done. Probably in his entire life.

He looked down at the messy cue tip-head sleeping on his chest and rubbed the back of Spike's skull until an involuntary purr vibrated their bodies.

He smiled and whispered, testing the words, "I love you, Spike."

That wasn't bad at all.

Spike purred louder, as if he'd heard, and settled more firmly against his side.

Here Endeth the Story