The sand is warm between Xander’s toes.

The setting sun still warms his skin.

The only cool thing is his virgin Long Island Iced Tea.
Sure he’s just drinking a plain old iced tea which shares no ingredients with a Long Island Iced Tea but since it’s Xander’s head and since Xander’s the only one in his head, he can call it whatever he wants.

Plus, he likes reminding himself of his new responsible life as the (mostly) sober Xand-man, role model to an endless string of young impressionable girls – all of whom would kick his ass if he ever called them impressionable to their faces.

Or if he used ‘Xand-man’ out loud, come to think of it.

In fact, Buffy has banned him from using it. Something about him being too old to use silly nicknames or refer to himself in the third person. Ah, the perils of maturity.

He smiles the smile of a man on vacation (from Cleveland, at least), free from slayers, free in his head, and free to bask in the warmth of the Bermuda sun.

Make that residual warmth, since the sun has set and Spike is already settling down beside him, beer in hand.

Damn vampires, not having to worry about being good role models, or being lightweights, or any of the other
perils of alcohol.

“Looking pretty smug there, Harris.”

Xander shrugs. He’s okay with smug.

“You do remember I killed four times the zombie bastards that you did?”

“Yeah, so?” Xander nods at the water he knows is clear and blue even though he can’t really see it right now (moon’s not up yet). “You never know. Maybe I just happened to kill the one creepy underwater zombie that would have done you in if I wasn’t here.”

Spike snorts but otherwise lets Xander have his point.

“Where do you think they came from? What are zombies doing in the waters off Bermuda? How fucked is that? And why did it never occur to me that zombies can walk underwater? It’s like Sea of the Dead out there! That should be George Romero’s next movie.”

Spike lifts an eyebrow. “Yeah, a vampire and a one-eyed guy who shrieks like a girl fighting off the living dead as they emerge from some sunken zombie-infested ship.
It’ll be a blockbuster.”

“Hey! I’ll have you know my shrieks have lowered in timbre significantly and some would say they’re manly now.”

“You don’t count as ‘some,’ Harris.”

“Willow says so too.” Xander swishes his iced tea around, wishing for it to be perhaps a little less virgin, slightly more worldly. He did fight off zombies in warm, warm, very-not-Cleveland Bermuda – he deserves to celebrate.

“Your BFF doesn’t count.” Spike drains his beer and pops the top off a new one in a smooth single movement.

“BFF?” Xander struggles to keep the hysteria out of his voice. “Did you just say BFF?”

“What?” Spike shrugs like it’s no big thing. “I thought that’s what you kids are using nowadays.”

“Kids? Nowadays? Oh my god, or I guess I should say oh-em-gee.” Xander puts his head in his hands for a moment. Things have gotten a bit too surreal for him.
Spike lights up a cigarette, *looking* like a badass vampire at least. “Bit’s always talking about her BFF, Vi or Vee, something like that. I looked it up.”

“The idea of you using a computer…” Xander has no more words.

“What?” Spike actually looks offended. “‘M not some luddite who doesn’t even know how to use his cell phone, like certain people I could mention. Bastard still hasn’t returned my calls.”

Xander grabs the beer from Spike’s hand and takes a long drink. “Okay, now we’re in whining about Angel territory? Just when I thought things couldn’t get weirder.”

Spike proves him wrong.

Xander gasps into the kiss in shock. Although the shock doesn’t stop him from kissing back and running his tongue along Spike’s lips. They’re not as rough as he thought they could be, almost soft.

His thinking derails when Spike’s tongue gets into the act.
It’s dirty.

Nasty.

And *fucking* hot.

It goes right to Xander’s cock, which just heard the word *fucking* and is definitely on board with that.

His hands second the motion by hauling Spike up and dragging him to Spike’s – thankfully close – beach house.

Hut.

Whatever.

It’s got a bed.

His back hits a tree before a bed.

A tree that’s only two feet from the door.

Two feet that seem really, really far when Spike is grinding against Xander and biting down his neck in a
way that should be scary but just makes Xander grip Spike’s ass and grind back with everything he has.

Until it’s not enough and he’s shoving Spike off him and through the door as if it’s no big deal to manhandle a vampire.

He keeps shoving until he’s got Spike on the bed, jeans already yanked off.

Spike writhes beneath him like the dirtiest prostitute Xander ever only imagined in his teenage masturbatory fantasies, and Xander can’t get his shorts off fast enough.

“Lube,” he gasps into Spike’s mouth as Spike’s hand wraps around his cock and teases him with slow suggestive strokes.

The lube is quickly produced – *Of course Spike has lube under his pillow*, he thinks for a brief hysterical moment – and Spike is already putting it to good use on Xander’s cock while Xander’s still busy gaping.

His mind has finally caught up with him and is reminding him that this is *Spike*. The vampire he hated for years, who fucked his best friend and tried to kill them all.
And who’s possibly a mind reader, because Spike stops and asks, “Problem Harris?”

Problem? Problem? He marshals the remaining brain cells – the ones not still *very* interested in naked Spike, who’s all cheekbones, abs and paleness – and, wait, what was he trying to think about?

He decides to just go with the hotness that is the not-so-evil vampire who’s lying naked beneath him.

“Just,” Xander slides a lubed finger into Spike, who breathes out an unnecessary and long breath, “why haven’t we done this before?”

Spike clenches around a second finger and smirks. “You really want me to answer that?”

“Good point.” Xander is ready to move on, or in, if he’s being technical about it. “No time like the present.”

“Then bloody well get on with it.”

No one can accuse Xander Harris of not following instructions, and he’s more than happy to oblige in this
They both stop when Xander’s fully in and just stare at each other. Xander’s brain randomly notes that Spike’s eyes look bluer with just a hint of tears in them, until it shuts down completely when Spike clenches around him and grips Xander’s ass pulling him impossibly closer.

He was going to start off slow, be restrained and make things last.

So because it’s a Xander plan it doesn’t go as planned.

He blames Spike for demanding, “Harder Harris.”

What could he do but let go? And thrust harder. Deeper.

Spike scrapes his nails down Xander’s back.

When they scratch over Xander’s ass he loses all rhythm and fucks Spike, who just digs his nails in and pulls Xander closer.

He comes when Spike bites down with blunt teeth at the base of his neck.
It’s a few minutes into him gasping on Spike’s neck and wanting to never move again that he realizes that Spike came. He doesn’t remember when but can feel it sticky on his chest.

He reaches down and runs a finger over Spike’s cock. “Too bad, coulda given you a blowjob.”

Spike huffs into his hair. “Give me a few, then do your worst.”

“How many cocks’ve you sucked, Harris?”

Right, Spike has a point. “It’s not about experience, it’s about having the skills. And come on, you have to admit I’ve got mad skills.”

“Do have a nice prick,” Spike says, like he’s conceding.

“And?”

“Fine, mad skills, whatever.” Spike fumbles under his pillow and emerges with a cigarette that he lights up. “Just as long as I get that blowjob later.”
Xander sighs. “Well, if you insist. But that’ll mean I can’t go back to Cleveland right away. And in the middle of winter too.” He steals the cigarette and takes a drag – thankful there’re no slayers around to see him in this moment. Really, really thankful.

“Can’t leave yet.” Spike regains his smoke and inhales deeply. “Could be more zombies.”

“You’re right.” Xander props his hands behind his head and watches the ceiling fan circle above him. “We should stay for a while, make sure we got ‘em all. Don’t want to leave the good people of Bermuda infested by the living dead.”

“Besides, could be more chances for violence. We are near the Triangle.”

“We really owe it to the world to stay here.” Xander nods to himself. “At least for a while.”

“A while.” Spike passes the cigarette to Xander. “Could work.”

Xander drifts into sleep to the sound of the fan and Spike
lighting up another cigarette.

A while doesn’t sound so bad.

The End