Smirking, Spike leaned against the wall, cigarette burning down rapidly. The demon was nervous – as he should be – desperate not to offend the Master Vampire as he performed his service.

“Master Spike, we are ready for your Pet. May we go
ahead with the procedure?” Spike nodded curtly, watching with a careful eye as his boy was brought through. He looked a bit dazed but it was to be expected – the pre-healing session tended to do that to humans – and for a change he wasn't struggling or cursing against his fate. The Boy never seemed to give up, ever, and it was so bloody refreshing to have someone push against him instead of grovelling and trying to give him everything before he could even ask.

Vrashnavla clapped his hands and his two assistants lifted Xander to the table, carefully locking him into place with the leather straps. Xander was spread-eagled on the table, Vrashnavla moving to his seat in between his legs.

“No scarring, right? Don't want his skin marked more than what I've asked for, got it?”

“Yes Master Spike, I mean no Master Spike, I mean – no Master Spike, there will be no scarring – just the requested marks. Errr, Master Spike - ”

“Wot?”

“Are you sure you do not want your Pet put under?
Most Masters prefer that this happens whilst their possessions -”

“’m not most Masters am I? No, he stays awake. Want him to know he's being marked as mine, yeah?”

Vrashnavla nodded nervously – it made his job harder but the kudos behind being the demon to mark Master Spike's pet and the fact that said pet was an ex-minion of the Last Slayer was worth all of this.

~*~*~*~*~

His evening started the way it always did. He woke tied face-down on the bed, a pillow shoved under his hips and Spike fucking his ass. To his everlasting shame, his arousal was automatic – Spike knew just the way to move, knew all of his hot spots and before long he was scrambling to his knees and shoving his hips back, moaning into the pillow as the blunt head of Spike's cock rammed into his prostate over and over.

Strong fingers digging into his hips, pressing against old bruises, making new ones and he knew Spike was close to coming. Reflex had him tilting his head to the side and offering his neck, his balls tightening and his
orgasm overtaking him as fangs sliced into his neck and he felt Spike come deep in his ass.

What wasn't usual was that Spike kept drinking, his head feeling lighter and lighter. Was this it? Eighteen months of being the vampire's pet and this was how he left the earth? He couldn't even decipher his feelings, couldn't decide if he was glad to finally be free of all the confusion inside him or if he was sad? Did he want to die?

He came back to himself as he was lifted into a huge barrel-shaped tub that surrounded him with sludge all the way to his neck. He hissed as the oils in the sludgy substance seeped into his skin, particularly stinging as they worked into the claim bite high on his inner thigh. He couldn't stop himself getting half-hard – it was programmed into him, the scar like an instant link to his cock.

Spike loved the effect it had on him, sometimes strapping him down on the bed and just stroking and licking his scar over and over again until Xander was thrashing around, desperate to come. He hated the fanged bastard having that much control over him, it made him angry, humiliated and confused, all emotions
that Spike loved even more – he said it made Xander's blood taste so much sweeter.

He still felt light-headed, realised that Spike had half-drained him to make him more malleable. It didn't happen often, but he hated when it did because when he woke up it left him muzzy-headed and unable to fight back. He didn't know how long they left him in the tub, but he couldn't focus when he was taken out, could only stumble alongside the two J'raf demons as they half-carried him into another room.

As he was strapped down and his legs spread he slowly started to come back to his senses, realising that someone was sat between his legs. Lifting his head as high as it would go, he looked down the length of his naked body, flinching as he focused on the demon sat there. Vrashnavla was a Dicroile demon, like a cross between a lizard and a crocodile, scales instead of skin; talons instead of fingers, its face like a blunted crocodile's face. Xander wracked his brains, trying to remember all that he could from his forced research sessions with the Scoobies.

“Ya paying attention, Pet? Wanna know what he's going to do to ya?” He flinched again as Spike walked
into his field of vision, dropping his eyes in a fake show of submission. Spike knew it too, the smirk that crossed his face letting Xander know that he hadn't fooled the vamp for a second. “He's gonna mark ya as mine – 'bout time it happened, yeah? Knew you'd want to be awake for every second of it, how much you've been looking forward to this.” The mocking tones made Xander clench his fists and he opened his mouth to scream abuse, regardless of the punishment, but nothing came out. Panicking, he looked at Spike with widened eyes. “Oh don't worry, luv, s'not permanent. Like the noises you make in bed too much to take your voice away from ya for good like. Nah, s'its just part of the procedure – stops the pets screaming themselves hoarse while it's happening. Mind you, dunno why they bother – *apparently* most masters have their pets put out for it. Too traumatic or some such bollocks. Nah, knew you'd wanna be awake so just the voice numbing for you.”

Sucking in deep breaths of air, Xander looked down at the demon again then back at Spike. What the hell was the fanged menace on about? What procedure? A small table was brought over to Vrashnavla and Xander struggled to see what was on there. He could see bowls of what looked like syrup – inky black, deep red,
shimmering silver. He watched as the Dicroile dipped its talon into the bowl of black then moved its hand back towards him. And it dawned on him what Spike was going on about – what the demon was about to do. He didn't want to wear Spike's mark, hated the very idea of bearing his tattoo. He knew how much it meant to Spike, hell to all demons – they loved to mark their territory, let the world know what belonged to them. He'd been surprised when Spike had made his claiming bite where it was – very few demons were allowed to see Spike's property naked enough for the bite to be visible – but he knew Spike's scent was infused with his so that everyone knew who he belonged to. Not that he ever went anywhere without his Master.

He cried out silently as the Dicroile started jabbing into his right thigh, low enough for whatever he was drawing to be seen if Xander was wearing shorts. He knew what the symbol would be – had seen it often enough around the mansion. A combination of the House of Aurelius crest and a spike – how clichéd. Xander struggled to hold back the tears, desperate to deny Spike the pleasure of seeing him cry but the jabbing continued – a steady, continuous stabbing into the tender flesh of his thigh. Before long he couldn't hold back the silent sobs anymore and he slumped
back onto the table, eyes squeezed shut.

“Sssh, ssh Pet, not gonna last long yeah? Know how much this means to both of us. You're mine now and everyone can see it. Not just about scenting a claim anymore – now they can bloody well see it can't they? Looks so good on ya, luv – nice to see my mark on you.” Xander tried to turn away but Spike had both hands on his head, holding him in place as the vampire licked and supped on his tears. The litany of words continued as Spike crooned at him, kisses fluttering over his eyes, lips and nose as the pain in his leg turned into a low-hum in the background. He slowly stopped crying, the occasional hiccupsing sigh erupting from his chest.

“Master Spike – would you like to see it before we continue?” Spike's hands disappeared and he felt one of them stroke down the length of his body as Spike moved down the table. “Are you happy with it sir?”

“Very good Vrashnavla, very good. Nice clean lines, mate – looks like I won't have to kill ya for this part of it.”

“Thank you Master Spike.”
“Can I touch?”

“Well it won't smear the actual tattoo but it might hurt…..” Before the sentence was finished, Xander felt the coolness of Spike's finger tracing the tattoo, scratching it lightly with his nail and chuckling when it made Xander jump.

“Beautiful. And the other – ya ready for that?” Xander tried to stir when he heard that – what other? - but he felt so exhausted, wiped out.

“Yes Master Spike. Where do you want this?” Vrashnavla stood up, bowing his head respectively whilst gesturing to one of his J'raf assistant to bring in the next load of equipment.

“Shoulder mate. S'got summat I want covered up. My Grand-sire has insisted.” Xander frowned, tried to think what Spike would want covered on his shoulder. He felt even more muzzy-headed, wanted nothing more than to fall asleep and forget for a while: forget that all of his friends were dead, or might as well be; forget that he was the toy of one of his biggest enemies; forget just how that enemy could make him feel...
“Ah yes, I see. I think you are going about it the right way – other masters have been requesting abrasion or skin removal in cases like these. This way, you kill two humans with one talon as it were.” Xander was aware of Spike coming around to his left side, dragging a chair and sitting down so that he was on the same level as Xander's face.

“Want ya looking at me, pet, ya hear? Don't be listening or trying to figure out what's going on – you just pay attention to me, yeah?” Xander tried nodding but he couldn't stop himself from turning to his right, away from Spike and trying to see what the Dicroile was doing. He whimpered as he saw one of the J'raf demons push a brazier with a metal bar hanging out of it. “Bugger! Told ya to look at me.” Xander moaned as Spike yanked his head around and kissed him, for once trying desperately to sink into the feelings caused by the vampire's passionate kiss as he felt the sensation of heat coming closer. The last thing he recalled was screaming silently into Spike's mouth at the first burning touch of the brand before passing out.
Part Two

“Willie, my boy, you made it!”

Spike scowled, lowering his head the barest amount to signify submission.

“Grand-sire.”

“What took you so long? You should have been here with family, celebrating.”

“What's to fuckin' celebrate? So you bagged your first slayer, well done. I've done two mate and you don't see me expecting a fuckin' party.”

“Tsk tsk, Spike, no need to get so touchy. You didn't manage to end the entire Slayer line though did ya me boyo?” Spike fuckin' hated Angelus and his fake bonhomie – always drove him up the wall the way the bloke had to big himself up. And yeah, okay, so Angelus had managed to end the line – big fucking deal. Taking a Slayer was like snorting lines of a-grade coke, and Angelus had managed to remove that buzz from the
world. Not something to celebrate in Spike's book. “Look, can we let bygones be bygones?? I spent a hundred years locked under that fuckin' soul and all I want is my family back – is that too much to ask?”

“Wasn't us who walked away the first time mate. 'Sides, got no idea where Dru is.”

“Oh Drusilla's already here – I've given her her present. It's pretty much time for you to get yours but you might wanna wash up and everything first, get yourself ready for the ceremony.”

“What fuckin' ceremony?”

“Stop asking so many questions and do as you're told for once. I promise, you'll like it. You – take Master Spike to his suite of rooms and be quick about it.” A minion hustled over from the side, gesturing to Spike to follow and shrugging he did so – might as well see what the present was going to be.

~*~*~*~*

Sometimes it felt like the world's biggest joke at his expense. Out of all of his friends, he was the one who
was alive although he wasn't free, hadn't been free since it happened. Angelus had torn through them like tissue paper, but he'd been cunning about it. For months after his moment of true happiness with Buffy, he'd played the role of the loving boyfriend, all the while rebuilding a court and plotting. His plan had come to fruition, and he'd destroyed the Watcher's Council and killed off the Slayer line before even one word of warning could reach Sunnydale. It was a simple thing for him to rip the throat out of the small blonde girl who was passionately in love with him, and for once he didn't let his ego get in the way, no mindfucks, just swift bloody murder.

Cordelia was given pride of place at Angelus's side after he turned her. Queen C had been vicious before – as a vampire, she almost surpassed Angelus in her cruelty. Xander knew it was down to her that he was still alive, that something was being planned for him but he didn't know what.

Willow, well what they had done to his Willow just about broke what was left of his heart. The three of them had stood in front of Angelus – Willow, Giles and him – awaiting their sentence but none of them expecting what was to happen to them. Shaking his
head, unwilling to dwell on what had happened to his friends, Xander awaited his fate.

~*~*~*~*~

Spike strode back into the main court, fully refreshed and ready for whatever bollocks his Grand-sire had a mind for. Part of him was intrigued – he had to admit Angelus certainly knew how to make a splash. Not only had he ended the entire Slayer line, he'd managed to do what many had thought was impossible – demons had officially taken over and without having to bring Hell to earth. It was impressive.

On the dais ahead of him sat Angelus with his new vampire bride. Stories had reached Spike in Prague of her inventiveness and cruelties, and it didn't surprise him when someone said she used to be a cheerleader. Those chits could be such evil bitches, made sense they made evil vampires with Queen C being one of the most evil by all accounts. Spike was pleased to see Drusilla on the dais, swaying gently from side to side to music only she could hear. Tucked at her feet was her present from her Sire.

The minion who had taken him to his suite of rooms
had filled him in on a little of the court gossip, enough that Spike wouldn't be showing any surprise to his Sire any time soon. It would appear that the Slayer's little red witch had been turned into a lovely piece of darkness, with 'Gelus forbidding anyone from turning her in case it affected her ability to do magic. Instead, her dark side had been unleashed with some careful magic done by the old chaos Mage, Ethan. For a nice little fee as well apparently – all he wanted was control over one Rupert Giles and Angelus had been happy to take the deal. She was apprenticed under Dru and the two of them were, well close. Spike wondered momentarily if that precluded him and his Dark Princess having a reunion then brushed it aside. Time for that after he discovered Angelus's plans for him.

“Hello my William. The stars told me you'd be home soon and I wanted to share my little Tree with you. But we can't yet – you need to tame your Dark Kitten. Daddy says he's all for you!”

“Hello Princess! Yeah, I heard about your little tree – hope she's treating you good or she'll have me to answer to.” Spike scowled at Willow for emphasis and she recoiled, trying her best to hide in Drusilla's skirts. Drusilla smiled and rested her hand in the glowing red
hair, still swaying from side to side.

“Right, William. As a way to welcome you back to the family and in recognition at long last of your status as Master, I have two gifts for you. Firstly, I would like to cede you the territory of Sunnydale – I know you are strong enough to build a worthy court and hold the Hellmouth.” Spike managed not to gasp in shock, eyes held by Angelus as he made his proclamation. Fuckin' hell, it looked like the poof actually meant it when he said he wanted them to be family again. “And secondly, a gift to you, worthy of your stature.” Angelus gestured to the side and the door opened and two minions dragged someone in.

Spike stood, arms folded across his chest as the boy was dragged over to him in chains. He wore a harness that criss-crossed over a tanned chest and silk sleep pants, an incongruous sight given the fact that his hands were chained behind his back. The minions forced him to his knees in front of Spike and it was obviously a struggle to make the boy obey. He was sweating heavily, panting for breath and looking around the room in a nervous fashion. Spike leaned over and grasped his chin, forcing his head up and meeting his gaze and for a moment, time stopped.
Wild hazel eyes met his, widening in fear and recognition, nostrils flaring as the boy dragged in air. He struggled to release his face from Spike's grasp, a low moan escaping him as Spike tightened his grip. The boy was lovely, no two ways about it. Big eyes dominating his face, smooth tanned skin and pouting red lips, topped off with shaggy dark hair that fell back in heavy waves as he looked upwards. Even the fingertip bruises from Spike's grasp on his chin looked beautiful, showing up a glorious red against the smooth brown of his face.

“He's mine?” Spike looked up at his Grand-sire, still holding onto the chin.

“Oh yes, he's yours. Don't you remember the last time you passed through? I gave him to you then but you didn't have time to claim him. This time, I am making sure you get what you deserve. He's one of the slayer's minions, very loyal. Mind, he's got quite a mouth on him – he used to piss me off on a regular basis. I had half a mind to have him killed but my dark Queen convinced me that this would be a far more fitting fate for him.” Smirking, Angelus caressed Cordelia's thigh through the slit in her skirt.
“So it's more about revenge than a proper pressie then is it? Not interested, mate. Not gonna be used to get your jollies over someone.” Stepping back, Spike released the boy who slumped to the floor, held in place by the minions.

“Oh come on, Willie, look at him. He's a gorgeous piece – look at that body, those legs. Can you imagine breaking him in? He'd be a challenge for you and I know you love a challenge. How about this – you take him and I owe you one? Hmmm, you know you like having me in your debt.....”

“Fine, I'll take him but you definitely owe me one, right?” Reaching down, Spike grabbed the boy by the hair, yanking his head back and taking another look at his property. Fuck, but the boy was gorgeous, the hate shooting from those eyes so challenging. The thought of breaking him was intoxicating and he could feel his demon prowling inside, desperate to be set free on their new toy....

“Good. CALEB!” What was the poof up to now?

Spike watched as the side door opened once more, and
a tall, broad man walked through dressed in priestly garb. He held a book in his hands, looked a lot like a bible but somehow Spike doubted that was what it was, couldn't see Angelus letting one in his sight.

“Caleb will perform the ceremony, and we have – where's Midnar? - we have a professional here to do the rest.” What? He couldn't possibly mean - “Why are you looking at me like that? I want this done good and proper William. The boy's yours but he's also a symbol to some of those rebellious humans. I want him broken and I want him marked and I want it happening sooner rather than later. He was the Slayer's right hand man and I want him on his knees with a Master to show those bastards that we are in charge and we intend to stay that way. Even if by some miracle the resistance managed to get him away, he'd crawl over hot coals to return to his master. They will have no hope.”

“Calm down Peaches, s'fine. I said I'll take him an' I will.” Bloody hell, looked like one hundred years under a soul had messed with Peaches' demon a little more than Spike'd first thought. Shrugging it off, Spike prepared himself mentally – physically just looking down at his new pet was more than enough preparation for what was to come.
Whatever was going to happen was happening now and Xander tried to psyche himself up for it. He'd been dragged from his cell, thrown into a shower of freezing cold water and scrubbed all over with a vigour that made him wonder whether his attendants had been bullied at school and this was their revenge. After that, they clipped him into a weird harness thing that was a bit like a leather waistcoat but with way less material. He was shoved into white silk sleep pants that felt so soft against his skin after the abrasiveness of a concrete floor for who knew how long, but made him blush as they took away his underwear and didn't give it back. He was surprised he could still blush, felt almost too weary to be embarrassed, but nevertheless he felt like he was being prepared for some sheikh or something and it sent chills down his spine. Angelus hated him, he knew that – was all of this in preparation for something to do with Deadboy?

He wasn't given the time to think about it more, two minions grabbing hold of his arms and dragging him towards the great hall in the mansion. It didn't bode well as that was where Angelus held court and Xander
tried to stiffen his spine. He wouldn't beg, he wouldn't. It didn't do any good – it hadn't helped when Willow was be-spelled by Ethan and went trance-like to Drusilla's side; it hadn't helped when Giles was given to Ethan in payment, clubbed into submission and taken away; begging Angelus did nothing but feed Deadboy's giant ego and he wouldn't do it.

Entering the hall he was dragged across the room and for a moment he felt relief. He wasn't being taken to Angelus but away from him. The relief didn't last long as he was forced to his knees in front of Spike. Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck – this could only mean one thing, and he was almost afraid to let his brain go there. Buffy was gone, dead. Willow belonged mind, body and soul to Drusilla. Giles was lost to them, taken who knows where by Ethan for purposes that Xander didn't want to contemplate. And if Angelus wasn't going to kill him -

He winced as his chin was grabbed and he was forced to meet Spike's eyes. Incredibly deep, bright blue eyes that mesmerised him and took him away from the terror in his mind for a few precious moments. Then his ears stopped roaring and he felt Spike's hands in his hair, so tight and hard that it brought tears to his eyes
and a shaft of something fierce and unexpected in his belly.

Focussing at last, he watched as a small creature walked towards him. It was the size of a small child but was obviously an adult, and it looked a bit like a scorpion or lobster with claws instead of fingers. It chittered at Spike who turned to look at him once more before replying in the same language. Xander lurched backwards as the creature came closer but was forced to be still by the grip of the minions on his shoulders and Spike's hand still in his hair.

His head was wrenched to one side as Spike looked him over in an assessing manner, and he winced as retaining his hold on Xander's hair, the vampire walked behind him and shoving a knee into his back held him in place. With no warning, the chittering creature struck out with it's claws, clamping his right nipple and dragging a shout from him. Just as quickly, it skittered backwards and Spike released his hair, walking back round and examining the silver ring now dangling on his chest. He nodded in what Xander could only assume was approval before chittering something else.

As he watched, the creature moved back to the side of
the room then returned, standing behind Spike this time. What the hell was going on? The vague ache from his nipple made him look downwards and he could see that although it was slightly swollen and achy, it wasn't bleeding. The creature was obviously good at its job. Xander looked up as a man dressed as a priest walked up in front of him and begin orating.

“I am here to bless this union between this abomination that followed the demonic whore of a slayer and the Master, William the Bloody. This union is our hope to bring an end to the unholy rebellion and cause people to accept their place. The Lords of the Underworld reign on earth now, and these humans need to release themselves of the shackles they have been bound with, accept the freedom of being mastered and learning their place. Angelus has decreed this and it will be so. Master William, if you will prepare to begin the ceremony.”

Xander looked up as Spike nodded, and walked back around behind him. Before he could think, the two minions at his side shoved him down until he was flat on his face, and he felt his sleep pants being ripped off of him. Oh God, no, not that, not here in front of all of these witnesses – this couldn't be happening to him.
He struggled as much as he could with his arms bound behind his back, screaming his head off as the minions knelt beside him and held him down. His legs were wrenched apart and he began to sob as the priest began an incantation and he felt hands grasping his hips and tugging him upwards until he felt like he was open and on display.

A chittering sound was all he heard before he felt a tight pinch behind his balls and fire sparked behind his eyes. He felt like he was going to faint from shock and fear, the blood rushing to his head as his hips were released and he was once more dragged to his knees. Confused, he tried to turn his head but once more his hair was grabbed and his neck was wrenched to one side.

“I bind thee to the demon within.
I bind thee to the man without.
I bind thee to the whole.

Your mind, your body,
your soul is tied from now til
Time ceases to be.”

At the final words, a loud cry escaped him as Spike struck, his fangs digging into the juncture of Xander's neck and shoulder, biting deep and true. The
combination of fear, pain and shock was too much, and Xander was aware of his eyes rolling back in his head and then nothing more.

~*~*~*~*~

“I know you're awake, pet, can tell cos you're breathing's changed; can feel a bit of you in my head. Oh and aren't you a pretty piece, all mine now.” Spike stroked his hand down Xander's spine, enjoying the feel of the warm skin beneath his fingertips. Spreading his legs a little further, he rolled his hips, enjoying the feel of all that warmth clinging to his cock as he lay buried inside his new pet.

He moaned once more as the boy struggled fully awake, a groan escaping his captive as the boy thrust his hips back, pushing into Spike's weight. Oh yes, this was lovely – the boy had no idea what he was doing, was out of his head due to blood loss and the slow-releasing venom from the piercings the scorvino Midnar had inserted, otherwise Spike somehow doubted his new toy would be quite so accepting of his position. Aware that he needed to complete the binding, Spike reached around and began to tease the boy, rolling and tugging the new nipple ring before
reaching down and grabbing hold of the swollen cock.

Strong strokes, squeezing the leaking head, he began to match the movement of his hips with that of his hands. The boy was grunting rhythmically now, thrusting his hips back so that Spike's hips were slapping into his arse at every entry, the tightness making Spike groan as he pushed himself in and out of the boy's depths. Fuck, he had to do the ritual now, before the feel of the boy sent him over the edge and he missed his opportunity.

“Xander, I need you to answer me. Can you do that for me?” Still jerking at the boy's cock, Spike pushed himself up onto his knees, grasping the boy's hip with his other hand. “You listening boy? ANSWER ME!” His grip on the boy's cock turned cruel, squeezing tight at the head and he heard the boy cry out.

“Yes! Yes, yes, I hear you.”

“Good boy. You answer me when I ask you a question, luv, and this'll go nice and easy, right?” The boy nodded, hiccuping sobs coming from him as he panted heavily. Spike groaned — he wished he could see the tears in the boy's eyes, the pain in them as he once more changed his grip but he needed to do this now
and there wasn't time to change position. “Good boy, won't hurt ya if I don't have to – well, unless I want to. You want to come, boy?”

“Y y yes oh God, yes,” the stuttered reply came quickly, the boy obviously not needing another reminder.

“Okay then. You get to come only if I say so – got it?” Another frantic nod, the sweaty dark strands tossing back and forth before the boy's head hung down once more. “When I ask ya, you answer straight away – ok?” One more nod and Spike knew it was time. Releasing the hot and heavy dick, he dug his hands into the boy's hips and began a pounding, driving rhythm.

“I bind thee to my demon. Do you accept?” A twist of his hips, a stab at the boy's prostate and the answer came.

“Yyyyyyes”.

“I bind thee to the man. Do you accept?” A hesitation but impatiently Spike jabbed harder, thrusting himself in deep.

“Oh god! Yes!”
“I bind thee to the whole, from now til the end of time. Do you accept?” He could tell the boy was close to coming, was pretty much out of his head with no clue what he was saying. But this was the important bit, this was when he needed complete acceptance, and he used the tools available to him. Reaching down and through the boy's legs, he tugged at the ring piercing the boy's perineum, knowing how it would feel as he shoved himself in as deep as he could, pounding against the boy's prostate.

“YES!! oh fuck, yes!”

“COME!” Holding himself in the tight, warm depths, Spike groaned as the boy's asshole clenched around him as he climaxed, dragging his own orgasm out of him as his hard cock was milked by the boy's contracting muscles. Spike groaned as the boy collapsed onto the bed in a dead faint, slipping free and climbing off the bed on shaky legs.

He staggered over to the bedroom door and threw it open, coming face to face with the priest as he had expected.
“The binding ritual is complete and the boy said yes, not that there was ever a doubt. Now fuck off back n report to Peaches and leave me alone.” Before the priest could say a word, Spike slammed the door in his face and walked back to the bed. It was time for him to get to know his new pet without the world and his dog watching.

*If you want to know what Xander's piercing looks like, go here:* [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Guiche_piercing](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Guiche_piercing) *but be warned it has images as well as text.*

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**Part Three**

It was amazing what humans could heal from. A bit of Master's blood, a visit from the demon healers and they were as good as new. Okay, they might flinch a bit when you came close – couldn't write the memories of a good thrashing from their minds that easily, and really, would you? Wasn't the point that they accepted that Master could do that to them just because he felt like it? Hell, a bit of fear tasted good on the air. Considering the body swaying in front of him, Spike nodded to himself. This was definitely the way to go – he had to do this, if only to find out why the boy had woken today whimpering and going on about Pack....
HE was gone. She wasn't sure how she felt about HIM. Was HE the new alpha of the pack? HE fed, clothed, dominated and mated with them. He'd marked them – although not in a manner totally acceptable to her because he had had others hold them down. It felt wrong like HE had cheated. She wanted to dip her head to HIM but she wanted the chance to fight HIM and HIM win absolutely, with no assistance. It was..... confusing. And all of this talk of leaving, returning to the place with the fuzzy bad feelings that made her vessel constantly hum nervously – she wanted things resolved before they returned there. HE would have to be made aware of the right way to do things.

“Boy keeps going on about pack. Now unless you want to lose another layer of skin, Red, I suggest you fill me in. Don't fancy another barmy one after my Dark Plum...”

Willow whimpered in her chains, tears dripping down her face. She wanted to protect Xander, she really did,
but this was so far out of the realm of her experience. Drusilla had never whipped her – bitten her, yes. Made her feel a wealth of confusing emotions that challenged her views on her sexuality. But no physical violence ever. She screamed as Spike laid the whip on once more, aware of her skin peeling from her back in long threads. God, would no one save her from this?

“He isn't anything special – he went for coffee and and donuts and things. He's just Xander. Please, I don't know what to tell you!” She screamed once more as he flicked the whip, whimpering as the tip licked around her body to lay a stripe over her hip.

“...'m not gonna keep asking. Don't care how important Peaches thinks your magic is – if I have to flay you alive, pour blood down your gob to revive you and start again, I bloody well will. Now tell me!!”

“I'll tell you, please no more – whatever you want to hear, I'll tell you!” Snot, spit and tears streaked her face as she was turned roughly in her hanging chains to face Spike again.

“Better, pet, much better. So spill – not got all day. Boy's gonna wake up soon and I wanna know if I'm
gonna have to kill him or not.”

“NO!! Please please don't kill him!! It's not his fault – he was possessed by ….by a primal hyena! Giles – we thought we'd exorcised it but but…..Xander's just Xander! Please, you don't understand – he's nothing special, he's just there – always been there to help us and support us. God, I beg you, don't - ”

“A fuckin' Primal?! Well well. Bet Peaches doesn't know about this. Don't think he'd have handed the boy over if he'd known that one. Right, better get you back to Dru. Never know when she's gonna get pissed at what I've done to her dolls.”

“I'm not a DOLL!” The rage was unexpected, and Spike turned back to her. So whatever spirit that made the witch back up the Slayer hadn't completely been knocked out of her. Interesting. Spike allowed his hands to trace down the slight curves of her body, enjoying the feel of her smooth white skin beneath his hands as she hung helplessly in her chains. He stroked her, digging nails into the bleeding shoulder blades before sliding round to the front of her body. Her breasts were small but very nicely formed, pretty pink nipples hard and pouting in the cool air. He plucked
them gently, smirking as a waft of pheromones hit him.

Spike stepped up close, sniffing at her neck. “God, she lucked out with you didn't she? Wouldn't mind tasting ya meself but think I might just have my hands full with the boy.” He walked around behind her, leaning forwards and licking the damaged skin of her back. “You taste spicy, lil witch – part my Dark Princess and part something else. Maybe I'll convince Dru that we three should play sometime.” In a lightning change of mood, he stepped back, throwing the whip into the corner and gesturing to a minion in the doorway. “You! Take her down and return her to Mistress Dru's quarters. And ya better not be sneaking a taste – Dru tends to just know these things and she don't like sharing. Bye Red.”

Sobbing, Willow twirled slowly in her bonds, shaking with fear and adrenaline and wondering if she had done her lifelong friend a favour or a disservice.

~*~*~*~*~

The boy was not on the bed where Spike had expected to find him, and slamming the door closed he looked quickly round the room. In the furthest corner from the
door Xander was crouched naked, eyes locked to Spike. Scenting the air, Spike was aware of a sense of 'other' and wondered if it really was the hyena the witch had told him about. A long talk with Queen C had filled him on more details, and he had a better idea of what had happened and why the boy was going on about pack. Looked like the bonding ceremony had released a few things as well which meant Spike wasn't dealing with a bog standard human. Made things a mite more interesting.

"'ello Pet. Wasn't sure you'd be up an' about so soon but I've learnt some interesting things about you today, I 'ave. Wonder if it's you I'm talking to. Wanna come here and have a bit of a chat?" Xander's lip curled, his hands clenched into fists and he growled, eyes sparking green and Spike mentally rubbed his hands together. Looked like he was right – wasn't just the boy in there.

“You own US now?” The slurred tones didn't match the voice he expected from his boy, and Spike hesitated.

“Who's us then?”

“WE are one. The vessel is hiding – your actions have sent him away. But WE are here and need to know
what you intend.”

“Not sure you're in a place to negotiate mate, and I ain't talking to an anonymous possession. Name yourself.”

“Names hold power. I would have your name before WE give ours.”

“Name's William the Bloody, Spike, Slayer of Slayers and Master of the Hellmouth.”

“OUR name is Itanya Kilinda. WE are bonded to Alexander and protect him in times of need.”

“Wassat mean then?”

“OUR name stands for Protector of Hope. WE are important in ways you cannot imagine. Your actions will define what happens.”

“I know what's gonna happen. You're mine, Pet. Sire gave ya to me, bonded to me demon. So dunno what ya think you're gonna achieve by fighting me.”

“You did not claim US fairly. You had others assist you –
that is not the way, not acceptable. If you cannot claim US through your own strength, you cannot claim US at all.” The voice was sneering, brushing off the bonding ceremony as nothing. Spike's demon prowled restlessly within him, angered at this denial. No-one was going to take his bonded away from him, not without a fight. And it was more than ready to stake a personal claim with no assistance required. “If you cannot make US submit, WE will lead this pack and WE will not return to this Hellmouth of which you speak.”

Before Spike could take another step into the room, the boy sprang at him with almost lethal animal grace. Taking the hit, Spike allowed himself to be knocked to the floor, turning smoothly so that Xander landed at the bottom. The boy snarled at him, a loud grunt escaping as he hit the floor before he head-butted Spike and scrambled away.

Morphing to his true face, Spike smiled. Oh this was so much more fun than he had had in a long time. There was no fear emanating from the boy but there was a whole lot of anger/confusion/lust – a cocktail that had his dick rising in his jeans in anticipation. Maybe the whelp would be a worthy opponent instead of just a fucktoy. They stared at each other, assessing weakness
as they both crouched to the floor. Ha! Telegraphing his move Spike leapt to take advantage as the boy charged sideways, giving a grunt of surprise as he went the opposite way – nice feint but not enough to beat vampire speed or strength. Adjusting, he rammed his shoulder into the boy's stomach, smashing him into the far wall as they travelled the length of the room.

Xander was growling and snarling, using his hands to dig into Spike's back at the same time as he tried to bite a chunk out of the vampire's cheek. Snapping his teeth in Spike's face, he tried to knee the vampire in the balls, putting his whole weight behind the blow. It was his downfall, Spike shifting to take the blow to his thigh, shoving Xander round until he slapped his head on the wall.

“Ya ain't gonna win, but you're welcome to try Pet.” Laughing snidely, Spike stepped back, giving the boy his freedom. Xander looked over his shoulder warily, shaking off the dazed feeling from smacking his head into the wall. His human face sliding back, Spike smiled again then made a beckoning gesture with his hand, knowing it would annoy the crap out of his pet.

Growling at Spike's arrogance, Xander leapt at him
again. Throwing his whole weight into Spike, they crashed to the floor, rolling and tumbling around the room as they struggled for dominance. They destroyed a table, knocked over some chairs and ended up at the fireplace, Xander face-down with Spike on top of him. Panting for unneeded breath, Spike shoved the boy's knees apart and pressed his rampant cock into the heaving arse beneath him. Nibbling at the nape of Xander's neck, sweeping the damp, sweaty strands of hair aside, he whispered in the boy's ear.

“Ooooh Pet, that was fun. Not had a proper dance in a while and that was a good one. Know what's gonna happen now?"

Chest heaving, Xander pushed back with his thighs trying to throw Spike off of him, whining as it made no difference.

“Now, Pet, I'm gonna tie ya to that bed and I'm gonna claim my prize good and proper. No drugs, no minions, just me an' you and whoever else you've got in residence cos I won fair and square.”

~*~*~*~*~
Spread-eagled on the bed, wrists and ankles shackled, Xander whined and bucked. He could feel Spike's cool, hard body along the length of his, the sharp fangs slicing down his spine. A thin line of blood pricked up, marking where Spike had travelled. Xander shuddered as a cool, raspy tongue lapped up his spine, cleaning away every trace of blood.

“Taste right good, ya do Pet. All dark and crisp, desert sand n'night sky. Finer than some o'the best wines. Can taste the hyena in ya, can taste the power – ya must 'ave been some kinda demon magnet cos ya smell like food and sex and everything a demon could want. Gonna be mine, luv, gonna belong only to me – don't care if I have to break ya into little pieces n'rebuild ya to suit meself. Gonna fuck ya n'own ya n'vever let ya go – don't care if it's the hyena or the whelp – just don't care!”

Xander cried out as Spike bit his ass, hands squeezing the taut cheeks as he decorated every inch of it with teeth marks. He clenched defensively as Spike began to pull the cheeks apart, shouting incoherently as he felt that raspy tongue lapping up the cleft of his ass. Xander grabbed the headboard as the vampire began to eat
out his ass, nibbling, biting and sucking before the strong tongue forced its way through the resisting muscles to thrust deeply.

He whined as he felt Spike release one ass cheek and slide a slender finger from the top of his ass to the guiche piercing, tweaking it from side to side, before moving back up and shoving into his ass. Fuck, it felt huge, that one finger wriggling and pushing until he felt it press against that special place inside him that made sparks go off behind his closed lids and his hips buck helplessly into the bed.

Xander could feel various places on his body oozing blood, from his ankles to his neck all bearing the marks of Spike's teeth. His mind was in a state of confusion: he was there but he was not, almost watching what was happening to his body from the sidelines even whilst he was experiencing it all. It felt right in an uncomfortable way, better than the previous night when minions had held him down; better than the drugged haze of the bonding ceremony. This was how it should be done, a claiming in blood after a submission well earned, although Xander couldn't explain why it was right.
A persistent twist of the finger in his ass, pressure as it was joined by another, and he couldn't think anymore.

~*~*~*~*~*

The blood was hypnotic, fizzing and crackling on his tongue and heightening all of his senses. The boy tasted of darkness and light combined, of ancient power, of lust and Spike was as hard as a rock as he licked, sucked and marked his boy from top to bottom. His demon was riding him hard, wanting more of the blood, wanting to stake an irrefutable claim.

Sliding up the bed and laying himself completely over Xander's body, Spike whispered in his ear.

“Ya gonna submit then? Gonna admit that you're mine and you lost. I won, and you are going to bow your head to me.” A subvocal growl was Xander's only response and he tossed his head, trying to catch Spike with his teeth. Spike chuckled – oh even now his pet wasn't going to make things easy – tying him to the bed had been a struggle he had heartily enjoyed, the heated limbs and body pushing against his. He looked down the length of his boy's body, his demon almost purring at the visible evidence of his ownership.
Ducking his head once more, Spike spoke into Xander's ear. “You're tied arse up on my bed. I won this, fair and square. You will submit to me and ya know it.” Xander whimpered, holding his body taut for a few more moments, then suddenly he relaxed, sinking into the bed and dipping his head to the side, baring his neck to Spike.

Biting into his own wrist, Spike shoved it in front of the boy's face, a heated moan coming from him as the boy instantly attacked the limb, sucking at the bite mark. He could feel the blunt human teeth nibbling and gnawing at the jagged edges, making it bleed further. Unable to shake off his true face, Spike realised he was growling loudly as he shoved his knees between the boy's, spreading his legs wider. Reaching between their bodies he flicked the buttons of his jeans and tugged his cock out, giving a sigh of relief at being free.

“ENOUGH!” Yanking his arm free, wincing at the tear of flesh as the boy refused to let go, Spike shifted down the bed, pushing Xander's knees up. The primal within the boy had submitted – tasting and accepting his blood. Now it was his turn. With no further warning, he struck, digging his fangs into the flesh high on Xander's
inner thigh. He threw his head back and roared, the primal blood rushing through his system like a grade A drug. Biting into his other wrist, he covered his hand in blood and slicked his cock. Grabbing Xander's hips, he pulled the boy up onto his knees then pried his cheeks apart once more.

He wasn't going to damage his property any more than he had to – he had too much respect for the fight the primal had put up – but there needed to be blood. Everything came back to the blood in the end. Digging into his pocket, he took out a small tube of lube and squirted a dollop hastily into the boy's crack, smearing it around the spasming hole winking at him between the smooth cheeks. With no further preamble, he lined his cock up and thrust all the way in.

The howl that came from the boy was eerie, his head lowered to the pillow, the whooping sound coming from his mouth setting Spike's hair on end. His cock was surrounded by such heat it bled into him, searing into his bones as he began a heavy, thrusting rhythm. He hooked his hands over Xander's shoulders, tugging the heaving body back towards him with each thrust, hips snapping back and forth as he fought towards his orgasm.
Blanketing the boy's body, he mouthed, lipped and bit at the broad back, sliding his hand through the blood that oozed sluggishly from each wound. Wrapping his arm around the trim waist, he reached for and grabbed the boy's cock, sliding his fingers over the tip, soaking his hand with the pre-come that was practically flowing from it. Goddamn, the boy was hot, and whether this was the primal, the boy, or a combination of both, he didn't give a flying fuck – he wasn't giving this up for anyone.

Ramming himself in as deep as he could go, Spike jacked the throbbing cock quickly, a smile splitting his face as the eerie howl echoed through the room once more and the boy screamed his way through a body shaking orgasm. The tight clench of the boy's ass muscles practically sucked the come out of him, and he wrapped his come and blood stained hands around the boys hips and held him tight as he jerked once, twice and then he shot into the steaming hole.

Rolling off of the panting body onto the bed, he looked over and smirked. Xander's chest was heaving, face buried in the pillow, his body decorated all over with bite marks, blood and come. It was a beautiful sight
and Spike's demon purred within him. Fuck yeah, the Master of Sunnydale was coming home and bringing with him the Slayer's minion and a primal demon as his claimed mate. The demons at the Hellmouth would have no clue what had hit them.

“You have claimed US.” The voice was more slurred than previously, but the words were still clear, the boy's head now turned towards him. Spike looked up at the boy's face, enjoying the look of the flushed cheeks, the red pouty mouth and dazed eyes. No, the voice didn't match what the body was saying, but the words were more than agreeable to him.

“Too fucking right I have.”

“WE accept, William the Bloody, Spike, Slayer of Slayers and Master of Sunnydale. WE will aid you in keeping your territory.” Spike laughed, tucking his cock back into his trousers and buttoning himself up.

“An' just how do ya think you can aid me?”

“How else do you think the Slayer lasted as long?” Cocking his head, Spike looked the boy in the eye once more. Could this boy be part of the reason the Slayer
had lasted so long? If his Sire hadn't ended her, would she have been one of the oldest Slayers?

“Easy for ya to say, Pet. Proof is in the puddin' an'all that.”

“As you say. WE will prove our worth to you. But you have work to do also.” Head propped up on his elbow, Spike ran his fingers through some of the stains decorating his boy, the come and blood mingling and drying in patterns over the tanned flesh.

“I know I've got work to do. Peaches wants me runnin' the Hellmouth, make myself proper Master of Sunnydale.”

“No. WE mean you must make Xander accept your claim. And perhaps that will be harder for you to do than claiming Sunnydale.”

“Well bloody hell!”

~*~*~*~*~

Staking the minion, Angelus slammed the door and stomped over to the bed. He threw himself down,
ignoring the annoyed sound that came from his Queen. Folding his arms beneath his head, he turned towards her, eyes travelling the length of her slim, golden body as she stretched out on her side of the bed.

“Loud, much. If you're going to have a tantrum, take it outside. I have no interest in watching you brood.” Ah, there was his sharp tongued Queen.

“I am not brooding, but I don't like the news the minion brought to me.” Rolling to his side, Angelus ran his hand down her body, curving long elegant fingers around her breast before squeezing hard. He smiled at her gasp, lurching back as she raked her nails across his face, narrowly missing his eye. “Bitch.”

“Broody bastard. Okay, fine. What news?”

“Disturbing news about the Slayer line. When you were part of those ridiculous Scoobies, did you ever hear the name Faith Lehane?”

*Itanya means Hope and Kilinda means Protector in Swahili*
Tangent 1

Thoughts of a watcher
Locked in a box, his ears plugged so that the only thing he could hear was his own heartbeat. A steady thump in his ears. There was no blindfold. No need of one when he was kept so completely and utterly in the dark, and how ironic was that since the Council had done such an amazing job of that very thing for years. He wondered if they were returning to England or whether Ethan had settled in the States. Perhaps he wanted to stay close to his new allies.

The tears surprised him. He had thought he had none left. Watching his life destroyed before his very eyes – the loss of his surrogate daughter and the metamorphosis of Willow into an instrument of darkness had broken something inside him. He couldn't bring himself to consider what might be happening to Xander. Not now he knew exactly how much control Ethan had over him, that he could see and hear all of the thoughts in Giles' head like watching a television screen.
“Bloody hell, Ripper, you should have buggered him when you had the chance. Of course, now, well I would imagine he's been handed over to his new master. Shame – no doubt you would have made his first experience something special, something to be treasured. After all, I should know since you did that for me.

“Did you think you loved him, old chap? Did it take you back to the good old days when we were young and innocent? Not that you're really innocent though is it?? You may think you wiped the taint of Eygon from you, but believe me, it's visible.

“Left me behind without a second glance didn't you? And now, you've left him behind to his fate. Will they share him, do you think? Pass him round the family til he's broken and worn out, then hand him over to the minions? Tsk tsk, old boy, no need to cry. How about a cup of tea? No? Right then, time to shut the lid again. Try to breathe shallow, no knowing when the oxygen may run out.”

He had never suffered from claustrophobia before but he was pretty sure he would by the end of this journey.
Somehow he didn't think he would care by then. Every time he closed his eyes, images of Xander being beaten and raped by Angelus and his vampire flunkies flashed before him and the tears threatened to choke him. Xander – recklessly brave, foolhardy, mouthy Xander at the mercy of Angelus after all of his taunting of Angel. His only protection a witch who had been swayed to the dark side with an ease that had scared Giles to his very soul. How long had that been hidden by perky helpfulness? Ethan had barely flexed his chaos muscles to effect the binding to Drusilla.

Was it terribly wrong of him to hope that the lid never be removed and he simply be allowed to die?

Part Four

He knew he couldn't hide in his head forever. SHE wouldn't allow it – was already making noises about him coming out of his funk and playing a fuller role in pack. As SHE put it, if he didn't make his worth known,
how was Pack Leader meant to value him? Huh, as if he would ever accept Spike as Pack Leader – it would take more than a drugged rape and an over-active hyena possession for him to accept Spike as anything even resembling his leader.

But they were returning to Sunnydale and he realised it meant he would be completely and utterly alone. Giles was gone – who knew where – and he was trying very very hard not to think of how the man might be suffering. Buffy was dead – there was going to be no magic spell to bring her back to life, no sacrifice they could make, prayers they could chant so that suddenly she would pop out of heaven and make things right again. Willow might be alive but she couldn't help him. He wasn't sure if she would even if she could. The last time he had seen her, she had seemed – different. It was hard to put his finger on why.

Firstly Willow had flinched away from Spike which was strange because like him, she didn't take the bleached menace seriously as a threat. There was something so human about Spike that he just didn't give off major vampire menace – well not normally. But something had happened because when he and Spike entered the great hall, Willow had gone paler (if that were possible)
and tried to hide herself behind Drusilla. Even after Spike presented himself to his Grand-sire and Queen and informed them that he intended to return to the Hellmouth and bring it officially under the control of the House of Aurelius, Willow hadn't reacted. She hadn't reached out to him, tried to say goodbye – nothing.

It made him feel completely abandoned, and it was only then that he realised that some small part of him had expected that they would find a way, like they always had before. That he and Willow would be able to do something, anything, to escape their demon rulers and make a run for it – join the Resistance, make a difference. It was only then that he realised – and accepted – that Willow had given up. She had wholeheartedly accepted her role as belonging to Drusilla, complete with collar and nervous obedience – and he felt like he had eaten broken glass. There was no one left. Any attempt to escape, make a difference was going to have to come from him and him alone. And what could he do? He was just the Zeppo, the bringer of coffee and donuts, the maker of the inappropriate comment that brought nothing to the conversation and barely raised even a giggle in the latter stages of things.
He accepted being loaded into the car with no resistance, staring through the necro tinted windows and ignoring Spike as he and another demon got in on the other side. He vaguely wondered if the chauffeur was a vampire but decided he actually didn't care. He didn't care about anything anymore – he just wanted to be left in peace. He got the feeling a big part of his attraction for Spike was in having one of the Slayer's own and in breaking him. Maybe Spike would leave him alone once he realised Xander was already broken. He wondered what happened to vampire's toys that were broken? Did they throw them away? Kill them? Eat them? Share them with minions? He really didn't know. Curling up on the seat, vaguely surprised that he wasn't shoved onto the floor, he looked out of the window and prepared to watch the world go by. His own family never wanted him, and his new family had pretty much left him behind before it had been destroyed – he just wanted to be left alone to grieve.

~*~*~*~*~

Guess the boy didn't realise that the claim meant he could sense what was going on in his head. Spike smiled to himself – the boy might be acting broken,
might even be feeling a bit broken but he was far from it. Spike had scented so many different things from him during the course of the evening, he was starting to be able to read him quite well.

Hatred for Angelus which wasn't surprising really. A little bit of lust in there too, which grew when he looked at the new Queen – bit o'history there. Sadness when he looked over at Red which would make sense – she was too busy hiding from Spike to take the chance to say goodbye to her lifelong friend. That had to hurt – he vaguely remembered the boy from before and he got the feeling that if the situation were reversed, the boy would have risked more than a beating to say goodbye. Loyalty like that wasn't to be ignored, and Spike could use that. But first, first he had to get his pet used to the idea that belonging to Spike wasn't necessarily a bad thing.

He turned and spoke to the Quaestor that had climbed into their car, obviously planning to talk finance to Spike all the way to Sunnydale.

“Listen, mate, not interested in the money talk now, yeah? Get yourself in another car and once we get to Sunnydale I want you to go over the entire financials
and let me know who's on the take, who's just too stupid to be on the take, and who we can trust until we get our own people in – got it?” The demon nodded mutely then was unceremoniously kicked out of the car before it sped away leaving him stranded.

Mentally rubbing his hands together, Spike turned once more to his new pet. From what Queen C had said, the poor lad was used to being used, abused then rejected – by his family, his so-called friends, hell, even by her when she was human. He was loyal to a fault, always ready and willing to give love, effort and time to those he loved and Spike wanted all of that for himself. The boy was obviously feeling cut adrift, definitely something Spike could work with. He needed to reel the boy in carefully – play on his emotions, get him dependent on all of the things Spike had to offer, and pretty soon his Pet would be his body and soul.

“Come over 'ere Pet.” Xander looked over his shoulder at Spike, then returned his eyes to the window. Spike felt a spurt of temper and barely restrained himself from grabbing the boy by his long dark hair and dragging him across the seat. Instead, he sighed, then shifted over until he was next to the boy. “Pet?”
“What?” The tone was belligerent but underlying it was weariness. Ah, the aroma of despair was beautiful.

“You looked like you needed…..” A few moments silence, then the boy couldn't help himself.

“Needed what?”

Spike shrugged. “Dunno. You just seemed a bit alone, yeah? Know how that feels – lost my Dark Plum to the poof when he came back without his soul. Tossed aside cos I was no use anymore, wasn't needed anymore. Huh, was always the runner up prize, never the first one chosen. An' it don't matter how many years I devoted to her, how much time and love and effort I put into keepin' her safe, keepin' her happy, it was never enough. Kinda makes you feel like you're not worth anything to no-one, that they've all just left ya behind and you're all alone.” While he was speaking, Spike gently eased Xander over towards him with an arm around his shoulder, moving slowly, so slowly until the boy was lying with his head in Spike's lap. Carding his fingers through the heavy curls, Spike lowered his voice as he went in for the kill. “I'da done anything for her, anything. But it was never enough – no matter what I lost because of it, what it did to me. Just got left
behind – oh, they still call ya when they need summat. Still make the right noises. But they don't really want ya around. Not anymore. You remind them of what they have left behind, what they think they are above. They forget what ya lost, what ya gave up for 'em. Just – guess I just wanted ya to know ya weren't alone. Yeah, I'mma demon and there's not been much in the way of choice in this, for either of us. But – ya know I'll never leave ya behind. Ya know that I want ya – if I didn't, you'd be dead by now. I want summat of my own, ya know? Want someone's that's gonna see what I've got to offer and offer me summat in return. Don't wanna be used anymore – want..... I want to be loved for meself. I want.... I want a family of my own.” He paused, waiting. Had he gone too far? Pushed too hard, too soon?

Xander nodded and Spike scented salt in the air as the boy finally released his tears, shoulders shaking as he succumbed to all the fear, hurt and pain inside of him, let out his grief. A smile crossed Spike's face and he turned to look out of the window so the boy wouldn't see it. Got ya pet.
From his position at Spike's feet, Xander tried desperately not to look. The court had assembled to welcome the new Master officially, and as his Pet Xander was on display. Wearing ridiculously diaphanous trousers over a chastity belt, buffed/puffed to within an inch of his life and wearing a collar, the humiliation factor was incredibly high. But that was nothing compared to how he felt when the latest acolyte came in to pay his respects.

Dragging a tall, dark haired boy the Master Vampire stalked up to the dais Spike was sat on. He wasn't anything special – tall, thin, ugly even with his human face on. But he was obviously powerful, and he seemed to share the demonic bigotry that all humans were inferior, kicking at his companion and knocking him to the floor. From beneath his bangs, Xander's eyes widened as he slowly recognised the boy on the floor.

One eye was swollen shut and blood was smeared across his face from a cut on his forehead. His neck was a mass of ugly bite marks, small chunks of flesh missing from his Master's less than careful eating habits. He was gaunt, mottled bruising covering his torso and down his legs and as he huddled at his Master's feet,
he was shivering from cold and obvious terror. He looked on the verge of complete collapse, a pitiful wreck compared to who he had been.

“My Lord Spike, I come to pay homage. It is a good thing for demons everywhere that the Aurelius Clan has decided to claim the Hellmouth.”

“Don't talk complete rot, mate, whadya want?? I know you're a double dealing bastard, Angus, an' I wouldn't trust ya as far as I could throw you.”

“I wish to align with your house, Master Spike.”

“An' what makes you think we want to align with you? You've got a nasty rep, Angus, and not in a good way mate. 'Gelus wants only the best – not interested in second rate shit. S'why I'm here – sort the shit from the sugar.” Throwing his leg over the arm of the chair, Spike reached down and began to run his fingers through Xander's hair. “Who's your pet?” He nodded towards the boy at Angus's feet.

“Him? He's nothing – one of the Hellmouth children. I had heard that they were a hardy bunch but this one is worth less than nothing. I paid a debt to some
Sprang'den demons with him and he cost me a fortune in health bills. I see you have taken one of your own – I hope he is made of sturdier stock than this one.”

“Oh yeah, my Pet is from the best stock. Used to run with the Slayer before she met her natural end. He's – special. But you look like you got what you deserve – need to learn summat mate. Use 'em for fucking or feeding, not both.”

“Well that hardly seems worth the inconvenience. Please – pay Master Angelus my respects and consider my offer. And, if you ever decide you want to move on, I would be most interested in your Pet.” He eyed Xander assessingly, a lascivious look in his eye.

Spike scowled. “I don't share, mate, and I suggest you get your eyes off 'im. Else I'll pluck 'em out and make you eat 'em.” Angus instantly bowed, stepping back.

“My apologies – I meant no disrespect.” Still stepping backwards, he tripped over the boy at his feet, landing heavily on the floor. “You useless waste of space!” Leaping up, he kicked out at the figure curled on the floor, the snap of bone clear to everyone there as he stamped on the boy's arm. Sickened, Xander tried to
drag his eyes away, caught by the pain on the other's face. Unable to hold back any longer, he reached up to Spike's arm.

“A boon Master.” Turning towards him, Spike lowered his head towards Xander, aware that this was the first time Xander had approached him for anything.

“What?”

“Please – don't let him take him away.” Bowing his head, Xander pressed his forehead to Spike's leg. He couldn't bear the thought of what the other might face if this was how Angus treated him in public. Given to demons to pay off a debt? Treated like food? However much he might hate – well, not hate but resent - okay, not resent but – whatever it was, at least Spike didn't treat him like that.

“An' what do I get, Pet?”

Lowering his eyes, Xander wondered whether he knew what he was getting himself into. His gaze flickered to the floor where the boy lay sobbing quietly, cradling his obviously broken wrist. He caught Xander's eyes and mouthed the words *Kill me – please.*
“Whatever you want, Master.”

“ANGUS!! We'll consider the alliance – leave your pet and fuck off.”

“Leave..... but Master Spike....”

“I said leave 'im!” Angus moved in front of the boy and into a defensive stance.

“Master Spike – I protest!! Simply because your Pet wants - “ Spike snarled at the sign that Angus had been eavesdropping, leaping from his chair and throwing the other vampire to the floor.

“Told ya what I'd do if ya looked at him – fuckin' keep your ears to yourself as well!” He grabbed Angus by the ears, pulling sideways as though he intended to rip them from his head. When that failed, he scowled once more and with a wrench, he twisted Angus's head until his neck snapped, slapping his hands together to get rid of the dust that had formerly been the Master Vampire. “The rest of ya – pay heed. You got a pet – keep it as a pet. Don't mix your food with your fuck, I don't like it.” He squatted down beside the whimpering
boy, grabbing him by the head and looking down at him. “Luv? This one ain't gonna be good for man nor beast.” With a swift move he snapped the boy's neck, letting his head drop to the floor. “Somebody clean this up – don't like bodies cluttering up the place, they start to stink. Court's over – fuck off out of it.”

He strode back to the dais, grabbing Xander's arm and yanking him in the direction of the door. Struggling to keep up, Xander looked back and tried to decide whether he had done Warren a service or not, and just what he had let himself in for.

Part Six

“Dance for me.”

“What?”

“I want you to dance for me. Cheerleader told me summat about a club in Oxnard – got a hankering to see it for myself. So dance for me.”
“I...... that – well, um, that wasn't what I expected.” Shocked, Xander stood in the middle of the room, totally confused.

“What did ya think I was gonna ask for – a fuck?? Got that don't I? An' as much as you pretend you don't enjoy it, the buckets of cum you shoot speak different. So no, not gonna ask ya for sexual favours. Not this time anyway. I want ya to dance for me.” Spike threw himself onto the bed, arms folded beneath his head as he relaxed against the numerous pillows.

“There's no music.”

“Stereo works.”

“I - I don't have my costume.”

“Don't need one, 'specially in those pants. Must thank Hasnuv for putting you in that – for such an ugly demon he's got good taste.”

“I - “

“Nuff excuses Pet. You asked for a boon an' ya got one.
Time to pay the piper ain't it?”

Xander shuffled over to the stereo, his mind racing. He had expected Spike to want something sexual, had psyched himself up for it in fact. Dancing for Spike—that was just something he hadn't even considered and he found himself hating Cordelia all the more—vampire Cordelia had all the memories but even less tact than before she was turned. She'd been a bit of a bitch before—now she was most definitely Queen.

He flicked through the cds that were there absent-mindedly. He didn't recognise most of the stuff that was there—the Ramones, the Clash, Sex Pistols. He stopped when he reached a song he did recognise, wondering why he had done so even as he loaded the CD into the stereo, chose the correct song and pressed play. Eyes closed he began to sway as the guitars began to play. It wasn't a raunchy dance, nothing intentionally sexy about it at all—there were no pelvic thrusts, no grinding, no shaking his ass—just slow, sensual movements as the sadness in the song spoke through him.

He wasn't aware of Spike's eyes bleeding golden as he
watched, admiring the sleek lines of Xander's body, the tanned, smooth skin as he twisted and turned.

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His boy was beautiful. Eyes closed, head thrown back so that the over-long shaggy hair hung down between his shoulder blades as he span, twisted and turned. Spike had expected either the spasmodic dancing of so many young people – all jerky movements, no grace. That, or some overtly sexual display – thumping beat of music, grinding hips. Instead it was like watching water spilling over silk, smooth, sensuous – not trained in any way, just feeling the music and letting it feed his movements.

He didn't realise he had stood up until he was standing behind the tall figure, hands not quite touching as he followed the movements of the youthful body. He could feel the heat emanating from the boy, scent the sweat, feel the emotions the boy was struggling to deal with: guilt, fear, sadness. Underlying it all, though, was a deep vein of lust. Whether he knew it or not, Xander wanted him. And that was an incredibly powerful aphrodisiac. He followed the lines of Xander's body, so conscious of the boy's body space that even as the
movements shifted with the chorus of the song he didn't lay a hand on him – grazing the air that he stirred.

He moved closer until his crotch was pressed against the slowly moving ass, enjoying the feel of the firm shape as Xander shifted his movements, sliding himself against the front of Spike's body in a caress that was as sexy as it was unconscious. He lifted his arms to wrap around Spike's neck, hands slipping into the tightly gelled hair at the nape of his neck. Reaching out, Spike pressed repeat on the stereo, unwilling to break whatever trance-state Xander was in. His demon was almost purring, exulting in the boy's unconscious exhibition of attraction – it was like an mating dance, Xander's hands drawing attention to his body as they stroked and slid over the tanned flesh. He followed the movements with his own hands, finally touching for himself, relishing the warmth that was emanating from the boy's skin.

There was a pause before the song began again and Xander froze, hands gripping the short blond hair, head tilted back so that his face was pressed against Spike's jaw. Uncharacteristically, Spike didn't move, waiting to see what the boy would do. He wanted to heed the
warning Itanya had given him, knew he needed to bond the boy to him and yeah, there was something inside that wanted - *more*. He was enjoying this – the hesitant caresses, the strength of the body voluntarily pressed against his. The smooth music started up again and Spike huffed out a breath as Xander began to move again. He slid his hands up Xander's chest, gently flicking the nipple ring as he plucked at the other nipple. A low rumble came from Xander's chest, his ass pressing back more firmly. Following the lines of his body, Spike trailed his fingers down the flat stomach, swirled around the indentation of his belly button, pushed underneath the light elastic of the diaphanous pants through the forest of dark curls. The rumble became louder as Spike stroked the base of Xander's cock, squeezing gently before slipping up the shaft to rub the leaking head. Xander's hips thrust forward into Spike's grip, his face pressing harder against Spike's jawline.

Game face taking over, Spike concentrated all of his senses on Xander – learning from the gasps and rumbles what felt good, the twitches of Xander's body as he swayed in Spike's embrace, the slide of his ass against Spike's rock hard erection. His lust was rising, the demon taking over but still he kept the rhythm of
his hand movements slow, sweet, gentle – more gentle than he could ever remember being, even with his Dark Princess.

The words of the song were buzzing through his head.

You're running with me
Don't touch the ground
We're the restless hearted
Not the chained and bound
The sky is burning
A sea of flame
Though your world is changing
I will be the same

Xander was panting for breath, hands digging into Spike's hair as he thrust his hips back and forth – forward into the tight grip of Spike's hand, back into the grind and thrust of Spike's cock against his ass. He could feel the changed aspect of Spike's face, the planes of his demon aspect altering the sensations as Spike pressed his face against Xander's.

Spike was crooning in his ear – the words meaningless,
mingling with the song as Xander moved closer and closer to orgasm. He couldn't explain what he was feeling – anger at the way things had gone; sadness for Warren and for the other humans who were trapped as nothing but Pets, often treated worse than animals; fear and resentment. But deep down, every fibre of his being was aware that he was in the arms of a demon – that he had voluntarily put himself there on this occasion, and that given the choice he wasn't sure whether he would be able to walk away. That the cool skin pressed against his sweaty temple belonged to a blood-sucking murderer; that just because he wasn't Spike's food didn't mean that someone he might well have known wasn't. And Xander wasn't sure what it said about him that at that point in time he didn't care.

*Slave to love*
*And I can't escape*
*I'm a slave to love*

*Slave to love*
*And I can't escape*
*I'm a slave to love*

*Slave to love*
*And I can't escape*
*I'm a slave to love*
“Come for me Pet.” And obeying his master's voice, he did.

*Song Fic - Bryan Ferry - Slave to Love*

**Part Seven**

Xander groaned and tried to shift sideways, scowling as his harness tugged at his balls. Jumping wasn't good – the chain attaching his nipple ring to his guiche piercing meant that shifting even his chest meant that his balls were squeezed and tugged. He was sure being in a constant state of arousal was bad for his health but Spike liked him horny all the time, so horny he was.

He tried to concentrate on the conversation going on around him but it was boring to say the least. Spike was visiting his local territories and on this occasion he was speaking to the manager of his demonic sericulture. The giant s'ilkworms were making Spike an absolute fortune, their woven silk bringing in huge amounts of money. Xander thought they were creepy and ugly, their skins a mottled grey, slimy as they writhed whilst doing their work. But making money made Spike happy, and a happy Spike meant less pain which was definitely of the good. Unfortunately, the sericulture
wasn't making as much money as it should and Spike was in a bad mood because of it. The Hellmouth was having a detrimental effect on the s'ilkworms and they were not producing the same quality or quantity of silk as expected.

There was something off about the foreman. He couldn't put his finger on it, wasn't sure why he felt that way, and he resented the inner voice that told him he should tell Spike what was going on. He didn't belong to Spike – he wasn't owned regardless of what the hyena would say. But the inner pressure was starting to get really uncomfortable, making him squirm and shake. He felt no loyalty to Spike – no, he wanted to feel no loyalty to Spike, but in this instance his inner senses told him it was the right thing to do, that it was part of his duty to serve Spike the best way he could. Despite himself, he wanted to warn Spike, and how sick did that make him that the demon that owned him, fucked him, bit and beat him inspired such loyalty? Unable to hold back any longer, he shifted forward and tugged on the hem of Spike's duster.

“Wot boy?!!” Angry at being interrupted, Spike scowled down at Xander.
“Master – I need to speak to you.”

“Speak then – busy here, pet.” Smoking furiously, he wondered what his pet wanted now. Ever since the day he had given Xander the boon, he had been feeling disquieted. The boy had gotten too close – it seemed like instead of Xander falling under his spell, he was falling under the boy's spell and he didn't like it. Wasn't the way things were meant to be – he was the Master. He wasn't gonna be the bitch in this scenario – he'd had enough of being led around by his heart and his cock and it wasn't gonna happen again.

With a flick of his wrist, he gestured the overseer away then turned to Xander once more. This had better be good.

“He's lying to you Master.”

“WOT?!?”

“I – I can't explain how I know, but he's lying to you. The stuff he was saying about why production being down – something's not right about it.”

“Where's this coming from Pet?? This guy's been
running the s'ilk farm for a bloody long time – what makes you think you know better than 'im?” Squatting down on his haunches, Spike looked Xander in the face, reaching out to stroke the broad tanned shoulders enhanced by the black leather harness. No two ways about it, his boy was a gorgeous piece – the platinum silver of his nipple ring with the chain reaching down his long body and under to his guiche.

“I can't explain it Master, but – something inside me says he's lying to you. I'm sorry – I shouldn't have spoken.” Lowering his gaze, Xander tried to hide his face and his confusion – there was no logic in what he was feeling but something within him was positive that master was being cheated and he had to do something about it.

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Turning to look over his shoulder at the foreman, Spike considered the other demon. He was an ugly bastard – hooked claws instead of hands, beady black eyes in a scrunched up face. He tried to recall what type of demon it was, what it's characteristics were, but he couldn't quite remember.
“S'that right, Norfchuk? You cheating the Master of Sunnydale?” He remained crouched but was ready to leap into action if necessary. Norfchuk was shifting from foot to foot, obviously nervous, and Spike suddenly realised where the boy was coming from. Was this what the hyena meant about being of use to him? Could this be part of it's Protector duties to look after, to serve Spike's best interests whether Xander wanted to or not?

“NO!” Xander's scream pierced the air and faster than Spike could react, he was shoved to one side as his pet tried to jump to his feet. Like a slow-motion movie, he could only watch as Norfchuk threw himself at both of them, claws becoming sword-length as he attacked. Landing awkwardly, Spike saw one claw slice through Xander's chest, the other slipping as the demon fell, stabbing into the ground as he hit the dirt. Xander's scream of pain was matched by Spike's howl of anger and belated vampire speed brought him to his feet quickly, grabbing Norfchuk's head by his antennae with both hands and twisting until the demon was facing his own back.

Spike flew to Xander's side, easing the boy to the ground as he scented the blood oozing sluggishly from
the wound high on the boy's chest. Spike registered minions streaming past him, gathering the writhing Norfchuk and pulling him to his feet. But all Spike could see was the blood flowing from Xander's chest, the pained look in the hazel eyes as he tried to make his boy comfortable.

“Master Spike? Master Spike – please, let us take him. A healer has been called but we need to take him back to the main house now.” Spike watched as Xander was lifted carefully and carried away by several of the entourage that had accompanied them on the visit, a thin trail of blood marking Xander's passage. Standing, fangs dropped and demon fully unleashed, Spike turned to where Norfchuk was held captive.

“If anything - **anything** happens to my boy, I will keep you alive simply to make you wish you were dead. Get that fucker out of my sight and lock him up!” Stomping up and down, Spike could barely believe what had happened. Xander had risked his life for him – had taken a sword through the chest for **Spike**. He'd been fighting his feelings for the damned boy and he'd gone and done something like this, It was so fucking unfair – how dare his pet allow himself to be damaged this way? He looked down at the ground and realised the
slight glint he could see in the dirt was Xander's chain. It had obviously been ripped off when he pushed Spike out of the way, and Spike couldn't hold back a wince as he realised just how much that must have hurt. The boy had obviously moved instinctively, but to bear the pain of the chain wrenching loose from both his nipple ring and his guiche piercing in defence of Spike – it just beggared belief.

Standing, trailing the thin chain through his fingertips, Spike wondered what the hell he would do if his boy was damaged beyond repair?

Part Eight

Rolling over, Spike growled at the healer who had interrupted him, brushing off the hand that tried to sneak onto his groin.

“What the fuck do ya want?”

“Master Spike – you asked to be kept informed of your
Pet's progress and any methods that might prove helpful.” Bowing low, the healer tried to make himself as small as possible.

“So?” Spike sat up and lit a cigarette, now paying full attention. His boy had been locked away in a healing coma since the incident at the S'ilkworm Farm with strict instructions that he not be disturbed. So far, his healers had come up with nothing and he was getting seriously pissed off about it. He wanted action and he wanted it now – he didn't want to have to make do with the demon-fuckers that hung around the court like the smarmy little bastard currently trying to worm his way into Spike's affections simply because Spike used him as a bedwarmer.

“You wish me to speak frankly in front of your – er, pet?”

“Who him?” Turning to his bed companion, Spike grabbed at the dirty blond hair, yanking the boy's head backwards. “What's your name mate?” With his other hand, he continued smoking, smirking as he heard the human heartbeat falter then kick into high gear.

“A....An......Andrew” the boy finally stuttered out.
“Andrew, right yeah. Andrew – you wouldn't repeat anything you heard here, would you?? I mean, no-one interested to tell, and you know all about not messing with demon business don't you boy?”

“Yes, I mean, no, I mean – whatever you say master Spike.” The boy was shaking, his heartbeat speeding up until it was a loud thud-thud-thud in Spike's ears. Annoyed with the hyperventilating that was getting louder and was so unnecessary, Spike flicked his cigarette towards the end of the bed and turned towards Andrew, wrapping his hands around the boy's throat.

“Anything I say?” Andrew nodded, the sharpness of his chin digging into Spike's hands at the exaggerated head movements. “Then stop being so noisy Andrew,” Spike said, moving both hands with a quick motion like jerking the reins of a horse, and snapped Andrew's neck. He kicked the limp body off the bed, dragging the sheets to his waist and sitting up near the headboard. “Right, you were saying?”

“I – sir, I - “
“'less you're planning on joining him, I suggest you get on with it.”

“Master Spike, it requires a sacrifice be made.”

“What sort of sacrifice?”

“A essence of life, Master Spike.”

“Right – somehow doesn't surprise me. Mojo always seems to be about blood, sex or life. Okay, get the boy ready and do what you need to do. I want me boy back.”

Angelus had been generous, not a surprise though. The sacrifice he sent to Spike wasn't without benefits to him although Spike decided he wasn't going to question it. Seemed quite poetic really, using a Watcher in a demonic sacrifice. He wondered if this would ever end up in any chronicles, then shrugged. Somehow he doubted it – Angelus wasn't really the literary type. He turned back to the main hall, watching as the final preparations were made.

Xander was laid on a pallet, breathing shallowly. His
body was completely healed but his mind seemed to have gone walkies – Spike wondered if it had anything to do with the hyena? The pallet was next to the huge crate that Angelus had sent from L.A and Spike admitted to being impressed. Took someone major to create what was in that box in L.A. weather – he wondered if Drusilla had helped out at all? He hoped not – somehow, mojo with Dru always seemed to go wrong and he didn't see the little red witch helping out with that much,

The crate was opened and Spike looked down into the streaming, red-rimmed eyes of their sacrifice. The man was encased in a hard, white substance that covered his entire body apart from his head. Various wires and leads went into the white casing to parts of his body, and a beeping machine in the corner of the crate seemed to be keeping track of his vitals. Cocking his head, Spike realised the person in the crate reminded him of – in fact, it took Spike back a few years and he realised his captive looked like nothing so much as a giant snowman! It was a surreal thought and perhaps the reason for the grin that crossed Spike's face.

“Sorry mate, they didn't tell me ya name. Who are ya?” Blinking in the sudden light of the room, the man
squinted slightly, obviously missing spectacles of some kind.

“What do you need my name for?” Spike shrugged – he didn't give two shits but he had a feeling his boy would want to know.

“Watcher ain't you? Woulda thought you'd appreciate knowing that all this is gonna be chronicled in some way. Wouldn't you want any ancestors to know what happened to you?” The man tilted his head slightly, or as much as he was able, thinking it through before nodding once and Spike found himself admiring the quickness of the decision and the resolve the man was showing – it was a real shame. The English accent had reminded Spike of home, and he got the feeling that if things, life, had been different he and Percy here could have been friends.

“My name is Wesley – Wesley Wyndham-Pryce. Am I correct in thinking you are William the Bloody?”

“You are indeed, mate. So what's this about the Slayer – Faith summat?? Hear you and she ran Angelus ragged for a while there mate. Almost made a difference.” Wesley looked sad for a moment then obviously took a
deep breath and met Spike's gaze.

“We were not all that remains of the Resistance. Humankind will never give up fighting you know. I would have thought you would know that out of all demons, having been human yourself once.”

“You're right there, Wes. And that's what I love – you humans are always good for a decent fight. Be right boring if everyone just turned round and did whatever I wanted, whenever I wanted it. Damned shame what 'Gelus did to your slayer though – no class having an army take her out instead of doing the job himself.”

Spike looked up and caught his healer's eye, nodding briskly. It was time.

“Look, Wes – my boy woulda wanted to say thanks so I'll say it for him. Know this ain't voluntary but sorta feels like it's only polite an' all that. So yeah – thanks mate. What you're giving is going to make a helluva a difference and if it makes you feel any better the boy's got fighting spirit to spare. If he wasn't bonded to my demon, I can almost guarantee you he'da been part of your resistance. Fare thee well on your journey.”

Stepping back, Spike moved to where he was directed,
well out of the way of the spell. He didn't want the deadness of his body getting in the way – not much point sacrificing Wes and taking his life-force and jamming it into Xander if the magic got high-jacked in some way. And Spike certainly didn't fancy being 'full of life' again – he was happy being a vampire and felt no need to change that. He just wanted his boy full of life.

The boy came out of it very quickly, much quicker than Spike had expected. One minute he was lying on the pallet next to the emaciated husk that had once been the Watcher Wesley, the next he was flying up and attacking Spike with what would have been tooth and claw if he had been able to transform into the hyena.

The howl coming out of his mouth was feral, the grip he had on Spike's head was fierce and if he'd had fangs they would have been embedded in Spike's neck. All of this had the expected effect of turning Spike's cock rock hard in seconds as he threw the boy off him and attacked him right back. Minions and healers scattered in an attempt to get out of the way and out of the corner of his eye, Spike saw them hurry to clear the room. It hadn't been his intention to reclaim the little bastard with a corpse in the room, but if the hyena
needed reclaiming he wasn't gonna get all poncy and insist on dinner, wine and flowers!

The main hall didn't have much in the way of furniture which was a good thing because the hyena was well pissed off and in need of wearing out. Which seemed to consist of needing to be thrown around the room by Spike, each and every time coming right back to beat up on and be beaten up on by Spike some more. They were both covered in blood and bruises by the time the animal had calmed down enough for Spike to try talking to it, and it was a bloody close thing as to whether Spike snapped it's friggin' neck or came in his jeans. The boy was so turned on his cock was pushing straight up, brushing his belly and bobbing as he moved around, leaking pre-come all over the place and throwing out scents so distracting anyone not used to the gorgeous smells the boy emanated would have lost the battle simply because they were drowning in their senses.

“You gonna tell me what you're pissed about?” Bent over in a defensive position, Spike spoke through gritted teeth, pausing long enough to spit out some blood and what looked like one of his back teeth. Bastard hyena had a fuckin' mean right hook.
“Mate smells of someone else.” And right there Spike realised what this was all about. The hyena wasn't upset that it/Xander got hurt. It was pissed off that Spike had fucked someone else. Well bugger, he didn't remember signing any marriage vows or promising fidelity.

“Yeah, and?”

“We protected you and you mated someone else.”

“No I fucking didn't!! Get it right, Pet. Yeah right, you protected me and I did everything I could to get you well. An' a vamp gets lonely – so what if I dipped my wick elsewhere?” The sentence was barely out of his mouth before the hyena attacked again, shoving it's shoulder into Spike's stomach and ramming him into the nearest wall, growling the entire time. Arms over his head, Spike slammed them down onto Xander's back, lifting his knee into the boy's face and knocking him backwards. “I didn't 'mate' anyone! I didn't claim anyone else – it was fucking, pure and simple pet.” Straddling the prone body, Spike looked down. “Honest. Hand on my unbeating heart – I didn't claim anyone else.”
“You speak truth?”

“I speak truth. Only person I'm looking to claim is you, luv. Wouldn't have gone to all this trouble for anyone else – got it?” He waited then grinned as the head tilted and the hyena telegraphed its submission with the baring of its throat. Rougher than he had intended, he flipped the body over onto its front, dropping his full weight onto the hot, sweating body beneath him. He inhaled roughly, taking in the beloved scent. Beloved scent? No, not beloved – he just appreciated a decent ally. And the hyena had risked its life for him – that was an ally he could rely on, would protect. “You smell wrong, luv. Gotta get my scent back onto you good and proper – you smell a bit like that Percy fella, not all you.” All the while he was talking, Spike was rubbing his body up and down, scent marking the strong back beneath him. Pressing his hands against the floor, he rubbed from the top of Xander's shoulders all the way down his back, sniffing, nibbling, taking little bites as he slowly infused the boy with his scent. He smelled wrong – not just feral like he did when the hyena was at the forefront, but wrong and Spike's demon was protesting vociferously. But quicker than he'd expected, the boy's scent was coming back and now he
was smelling more and more like his Xander.

Splitting the taut brown cheeks, he rubbed his face between them, relishing the scent of his boy, reminding himself of all that belonged to him. He continued down Xander's body – the strong, muscular thighs, tight calves, long narrow feet, then worked his way back up. Splitting the boy's legs as he moved between them, he could feel his erection rubbing against his jeans as it reacted to having Xander back. Fucking was fucking, but this – this belonging only came when he was with his boy. And he wanted to claim his boy back, mark him once more. He didn't kid himself – he knew once he'd fought the hyena, he would once more be back to fighting the more human side of Xander, but he didn't give a fuck. He had them back and he was going to make sure nothing like that ever happened again. Wasn't risking this kinda loyalty. He would get the boy trained up in proper fighting; make sure if he was going to stand at Spike's side he was ready and able to defend himself as well as Spike. This time, nothing was coming between them. Their bond remained – that was one of the first things he'd sensed when the boy came back to consciousness. The piercings – well the nipple one would be re-done but he was wary of having the guiche done again. Too
many bad associations. But his claiming bite – oh yeah, he was looking forward to doing that and he knew **exactly** where he was going to put it.

Sliding up between Xander's thighs, he turned his face and pressed his lips against the lower curve of one tight buttock, licking and sucking up a mark before letting his face change. Holding the boy down by his hips, forcing the writhing body to be still, he bit down and made his claiming mark, cum flooding his jeans as he finally re-tasted his boy. At the edge of his consciousness, he heard the moans coming from Xander, smelt the come as the boy released with not even a single touch and his head reared back and he roared his triumph. He had everything he had ever wanted – he couldn't give a flying fuck what else Angelus did with the world. With Xander back, with Itanya back, Spike had everything he needed to make his life complete – the boy was his and his alone.

The End