Xander stretched long and hard, letting his muscles ripple under his tank top. "You do that just because I think you look sexy, don't you?" the vampire in his bed
complained. Xander turned to Spike and grinned. "Oh yeah, definitely do it 'cause I'm watching."

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not, whatcha gonna do about it?" Xander laughed slightly. Spike growled playfully and launched from the bed. Xander easily got out of the way before Spike caught him. He leapt onto the couch, pulled down the bottom of his eye, and stuck his tongue out at his lover.

Spike smirked and went around the couch to grab Xander around the waist. Xander let out a laugh as Spike brushed his fingers against a particularly ticklish rib. The squirming caused Spike to fall to the floor and the warmth almost wriggled away. "Come back here you," Spike growled and dragged the boy back into his arms. He flipped them so that Spike was on top and Xander was grinning up at him.

Spike leaned down and inhaled the sharp scent of biting arousal. He leaned down and began to suckle on the pulsing jugular vein. His fangs itched to slice into that vein and he would have if not for someone at the damn door. He looked up and glared at the door.

"Better answer it," but Xander didn't sound like he enjoyed that idea. Spike snorted, almost blowing steam,
as he rose and stalked to the door. He jerked it opened, prepared to snarl, and just stared.

"....Angel?"

~*~*~*~*~

Angel looked up as he heard the phone ring incessantly. "Cordy?" he called. "Are you going to get that?"

There was no answer, and he sighed heavily. With a snarl of frustration, he stood and stomped over to the phone. "Angel Investigations; we--"

"It's time."

Angel frowned. "Excuse me?"

"It's time, Angelus. My son is of age; the contract we made is binding, and the time has come to fulfill it."

Stunned, Angel groped for a chair, sitting down in shock. "Zakari?" he gasped out.

A deep chuckle greeted that astounded exclamation. "Ah, you haven't forgotten me. Good."

"You're not exactly...forgettable. And it's Angel now."
"Yes, I heard about that. Pesky business, sticking a vampire with a soul. Some people just don't know how to leave well enough alone."

With a wry snort, Angel replied, "I've gotten used to it."

"Hmm. I'm sure. But we've gotten off track, old friend. You must ready your Childe, Angelus. He has until the next full moon to prepare."

"But--"

There was a growl, one fierce enough to make even a master vampire quake. "Are you trying to renege on our agreement?"

"No! Of course not!" Angel protested, swallowing hard. "It's just...I never exactly *told* him about..."

"Well then, I suggest you rectify that. Oh, and Angelus?"

"Y-Yes?"

"See you next month." There was a bark of laughter, then the line disconnected.

Angel stared at the phone blankly, hanging up only when it started to emit an annoying beeping. He stood then, and walked rather dazedly to his room, where he began to pack.
Spike stared at his Sire, felt Xander coming up against his back. "Spike." Angel said, "Can I come in?"

"Why?" Xander asked, looking a little weary.

"I just....really need to talk to Spike. It's really important."

"Okay, come in, Angel," Xander and Spike stepped back. "Buffy know you're in town?"

"No, I didn't have any time to tell her, there was no time. Spike, you might want to sit down. You too, Xander." Angel waited until they had both listened to him and he took a deep breath. "Spike, you're going to be getting married."

"WHAT?!!" It was a mix of outrage, shock, and pleading. Angel winced, "I'm sorry, but it was arranged awhile ago. It was when I was hitting hard times..." Angel sighed, running a hand through his hair. Spike couldn't remove the shocked expression from his face as he looked to Xander. The expression on Xander's face broke his heart; his entire being seemed to tremble and he had a lost puppy dog look in his eyes.
"You...you...he can't--" Xander turned to Spike, lip trembling. "He can't make you get married...can he?" he asked in a pleading whisper.

A hard glint appeared in Spike's eyes. "Not bloody likely!" Arms crossed over his chest, he glared at Angel. "Bugger of, wanker. You upset my Xanny...I don't like you!"

Eyes narrowed, Angel loomed over his Childe. "I am still your Sire, Spike. You will do as I tell you!"

Snarling, Spike shot up out of his seat. "Yeah, well I don't have to if you're dead, now do I?" he hissed angrily, baring his fangs at the other vampire. "Chip won't do a soddin' thing to stop me, 'cause you're not human!" He leapt, tackling Angel to the floor. "You fuckin' tosser, I'm not lettin' anyone take me away from Xander! Especially not 'cause you used me to pay off some debt. You don't own me!"

Struggling underneath the enraged vampire, Angel managed to roll them over, using his larger frame to pin Spike to the floor. "Spike! Listen to me! It wasn't like that." He struggled to find a way to explain the situation so Spike would feel a bit less, well, homicidal.

"Get out, Deadboy."
Angel looked up, receiving yet another shock. Xander stood above him, stake in hand, bloodthirsty statement in his eyes. "Xander? Now, just calm down. I--"

"Calm down? You want me to calm down?" Xander shoved Angel off of his lover, helping Spike stand up again. "You come in here, threaten Spike, and try to drag him off to get married to some...I don't even know what!...and you expect me to fucking well call down!?"

"Well, yes actually I do considering we're friends!"

"Deadboy, I don't think we were ever friends, just get out before I turn Spike loose again." Xander glared at the elder vampire before turning back to Spike. Angel sighed and left. As he got out the apartment, he gazed up and could see them through the window.

Spike had his arms wrapped around Xander's waist while Xander tried to smooth out the vampire visage. Angel sighed; this was just going to make things even harder.

~*~*~*~*~

"Angel!" Buffy gasped in surprise when the vampire showed up at Giles' door. "Is the world in trouble??"
"It might be," Angel waved her away. "I need your guys' help..."

"What is it? Of course we'll help." Giles commented, polishing his glasses.

Angel took an unneeded breath, "I need you to help me convince Spike to marry a...friend of mine's son." And he was met with dead silence.

~*~*~*~*~

"Spike? He's gone. You ok?"

Spike struggle to regain control of himself, collapsing into Xander's embrace. "God, pet. I just can't fuckin' believe it!"

"What was he talking about, Spike? About you getting married?"

Spike shrugged listlessly. "Dunno. He never said anything about it before. You know, before the soul." He glanced up into Xander's eyes a bit fearfully. "Luv? He...he's m'Sire. He can...he can force me to...do what he tells me to."

Xander growled softly. "Not while I'm alive, he can't!"
Spike tore out of his arms. "You don't understand!" he shouted. "He's my Sire! There was a time when he could have told me to take a walk in the sun, and I'd have bloody done it!"

Xander went after him, grabbing the vampire and wrapping his arms around him securely. "Not anymore," he stated firmly. "He won't take you from me, by God. I swear!"

Spike tilted his head up, smiling sadly. "Not much you can really do 'bout it, if the pouf's got his mind set."

Something flickered in Xander's eyes. "We'll see about that."

~*~*~*~*~

"E-Excuse me?" Giles replaced his glasses, coughing nervously. "Why in the world would you want Spike to marry anyone?"

"Ew, yeah. I mean, gross!" Buffy shuddered dramatically. "I mean, if someone married the bleached wonder, they'd have to actually sleep with him. I wouldn't wish that on my worst enemy!"
Giles waved her back, and Buffy pouted, but reluctantly sat down. "Angel. Come in." He closed the door, waiting until Angel had made himself comfortable. "Now, would you care to explain exactly why Spike needs to get...married?"

"Yeah, and why we should help," Buffy piped in, unable to hold her tongue.

Angel leaned back, "I was having rough times and I met this really old vampire...He helped me out and I said I would do anything to pay him back." He ran a hand through his hair, "Turns out he had a son; not a legal son or anything but...one he bonded to. He asked for one of my Childer to become his concubine, or married...Penn was too cruel and Dru was too insane."

"And Spike was the one left!" Willow piped up happily, then looked kind of nauseated. "Oh...When would anyone think of Spike as the nicest or sanest? No offense, Angel, 'cause they're all really nice except for the...homicidal tendencies and the drinking of blood..."

"Why should we help?" Buffy asked again, twirling a gold lock of hair, "I mean...he's the Blond Blunder and he should duke it out with the other vamp."
"You don't understand, my friend is...hundreds of years old. Maybe thousands, older than the master. If he isn't happy, he can do damage. And...with the way he bragged about his son, he'd do anything for him."

"Angel?" Buffy frowned, looking confused. "Are you...afraid of this guy?" Her face hardened. "If he's evil, we can kill him."

"No!" Angel backed up a step, throwing a hand up as if to ward her off. "No," he repeated more calmly. "That would not be a good idea."

Rolling her eyes, Buffy slouched down in her chair. "Whatever." A thought struck her suddenly. "Woah, wait a sec. His son? And...Spike? They're both guys?" Buffy mimed puking, finger down her throat. "Oh, gross! I so did not need that mental image!"

"Buffy, do grow up a bit." Giles gave her a quelling look, and she subsided. Then Giles looked back at Angel. "That is a point, though. Seriously, does this...gentleman...know about Spike? Perhaps he wouldn't want his son to be wed to him."

"Oh, he knows. He probably knows just about everything there is to know."
Buffy clapped her hands, brightening "Hey, if this guy's so powerful, and his son is too, maybe he'll end up killing Spike, and we won't have him bugging us anymore." She smiled delightedly, relishing the thought of a Spikeless existence.

"Um, no," Angel shook his head. "His son isn't a vampire or really aggressive demon. He's a Waremonochuui Akuma; Fragile Demon," he translated.

Buffy furrowed her brow, "Then we kill his son."

"That would be ten times as bad." Angel broke in, eyes wide, "He loves his son more than his own life, they're bonded as family. We kill the son, the father will murder us all. At least if I refuse to let his son marry Spike, he'll probably just kill me."

"Well we aren't going to let that happen!" Buffy said fiercely. She hadn't been upset at the threat of the end of the world, oh no, but at the threat to her ex-boy toy's life. "We'll...go to his son and ask him to talk with daddy! Who's the son?"

"...I don't know."

"You know the guy and you never asked his son's name??" Giles looked shocked.
"It wasn't as if he invited me over for a cup of tea, Giles," Angel ground out.

"Well, I don't see why not," Giles muttered under his breath. In a louder voice, he added, "If you don't know who it is you're trying to foist your Childe off on, how are you going to convince Spike to go along with this?"

Angel groaned loudly, throwing his hands up in the air in exasperation. "I don't know! Why do you think I'm here?"

Buffy stood, tossing her hair. "Well, if there's not gonna be any slayage involved, you can count me out. I have better thing to do with my time than try to set Spike up." She gave another shudder at the mental image of Spike and a guy...hell, Spike and anyone! Then, grabbing up her bag of weapons, she flounced out.

The others watched her go. Shaking his head slightly, Angel shot Giles a pleading look. "Giles...please. I don't...I don't think I can do this on my own."

Giles hesitated. Glancing over at the witches, he saw them making shooing motions at the vampire. Taking the hint, he gave Angel a sharp nod. "Very well, we'll see what we can possibly come up with."

Angel sighed in relief. "Thanks. Really, thanks."
When Angel remained standing where he was, Giles cleared his throat. "Yes, well, we're going to need to do a bit of research." He blinked, staring meaningfully at Angel.

"Oh. Right." Angel backed to the door, leaving hastily.

Once he was sure the vampire had gone, Giles turned to Willow and Tara, quirking an eyebrow. "Well? What have your devious little minds come up with?"

Willow grinned. "He said Spike is engaged to one of the Waremonochuui Akuma. You don't think it could be..." she trailed off suggestively.

"There's no call to be making assumptions like that." Giles admonished with a frown. "If it was our place to know these things, I'm sure someone would have told us."

Willow nodded wisely. "Of course. But it'd be really big coincidence, you have to admit."

Tara grinned. "Besides, even if it were...you know..., we'd still have to figure out how to get Spike to marry him."

"She has a point. So I suggest we get busy."
Spike nuzzled Xander's throat and the boy sighed. "What's wrong, pet?"

"Mmm...Nothing, nothing," Xander commented, shaking his head. The glare Spike sent him stopped anymore protests. "It's just...Angel coming here and all that...reminds me of someone."

"Who, luv?"

"Just someone..." Xander looked at Spike, "Y'know...I don't really blame Angel for using you to pay off a debt. Odds are, he didn't know it was gonna be you."

"You saying you want me to leave?" Spike sort of growled and gripped Xander's shoulders.

Xander looked shocked, "What are you? Nuts?! I'm just saying I understand! I don't like, but I understand."

"What're we gonna do?" Spike leaned back against the couch, Xander snuggled on his chest.

"We could elope. It could be lots of fun. You, me, the open road..."

"Nice idea, but Angel would track me down. He's got people all over."
"Well damn the man. Er...Vamp."

Spike snorted. "He's been to hell already, think that's pretty much a moot point by now."

"Yeah." Xander sighed. "Can't we just stake him? I'd enjoy that."

"Nice idea as that is, luv, I think I'd rather be staking you."

Xander licked his lips, grinning. "Yeah? But...what if I don't wanna be staked. I'd have to...put up a fight."

"Mmmm." Spike nibbled at Xander's ear. "You know I love it when you struggle. Makes me go all tingly."

Xander squirmed a bit, rearranging himself so he was draped across the vampire's lap. "And should I scream? Beg for mercy?"

Groaning, Spike slid his hands up under Xander's shirt. "Love it when you beg, Xanny."

The boy nuzzled Spike's neck, nipping gently. Licking his way up to a delicate ear, he whispered, "Spike? Fuck me...please?"

With an aroused snarl, Spike's hands clenched, twisting and ripping the fabric covering Xander's upper body.
Throwing the shredded bits of shirt to the floor, he attacked Xander's chest, homing in on erect nipples and sucking one into his cool mouth while he inched at the other.

Xander's head dropped back, baring his throat. He hands flew up to tangle in Spike's hair, holding the vampire tight. Unconsciously, he began to rock against the other man's body, pressing himself down onto Spike's denim-covered hardness.

"Keep that up and one of us might not last long," Spike commented, moving up to bite Xander's ear lobe.

"I want you in me now," Xander said in a fake sweet voice. Spike growled softly and tugged at Xander's pants. Xander shakily tried to get Spike's pants off. Their erections were free for they had been forgoing underwear. The vampire picked some of the oddest times to make love.

Xander gasped and moaned at the pressure. Spike flashed him a playful evil leer and ground their cocks together. Xander gasped louder and gripped Spike's shoulders. "Lube, lube, lube," the younger man gently chanted. Spike groped around and found a tube on the coffee table. This kind of told them why no one ever sat on the couch.
The pants were thrown off to the side in a heap. Spike lubed up his hand and slipped a finger into the tight passage. "No matter how many times we do it, you're still as tight as the first time."

"I'm special like that."

"Oh, you're special, all right." He crooked his finger, pulling a moan from Xander as his prostate was caressed.

"More. More, Spike."

Spike paused. "Y'know, that sounded like a demand. What happened to the begging?"

Xander whimpered as Spike made as if to withdraw his finger. "Pleeese! Pleasepleaseplease! Want you, Spike. Need you. In me. Oh god, please, do it Spike, fuck me, please!"

"Oh yeah, that's more like it." He moved, turning them so that Xander was on his back, half draped over the arm of the couch. Muscular legs wrapped around his waist, drawing him closer to Xander's heat. With a growl, Spike steadied the human's hips, then plunged inside the slick channel.

Xander howled as he was impaled, jerking his hips up and down to make Spike move inside him. A snarl in his ear
stopped him, and his eyes flew open to meet a golden stare.

"Ah ah, pet. No moving, now. You begged for it, now you're gonna get it. So just be a good boy and take it."

Part Two

"Easy for you to say," Xander groaned.

"This hurts me as much as it hurts you." Spike laughed but moved slightly, just barely touching Xander's prostate. Xander writhed down at the sensation. Spike gently moved his hips in and out, grinning at Xander's pleading whimpers for more speed.

Xander grunted and twisted himself to get anymore of Spike's delicious cock in him. Spike pushed in until he was into the hilt. Xander moaned as Spike began a rhythm. At first it was slow and sweet but then it became pounding. Xander arched into it with little pants and mews.
Spike's hand slithered between them and griped Xander's cock firmly. He buried his face into Xander's neck, lapping at the flesh. Stroke, thrust, lick. It was tearing Xander apart with the sensations. He moaned with need and gazed into Spike's eyes. Spike knew what he had to do and he didn't care if it brought on any pain. His fangs sliced into Xander's neck and they both moaned in ecstasy.

Spike savored the unique flavor of his lover, the almost sweet blood trickling down his throat. It was like nothing he'd ever tasted before. He slammed himself in harder, barely even registering the hands clawing at his back, driving him onward.

Xander felt as if he were being consumed by Spike; sucked in, turned inside out, filled, completed. Pierced by fangs, cock...he submitted himself totally to his lover, merely holding on tight as Spike did with him as he wished.

With a groan, Spike removed his fangs from Xander's flesh, not wanting to relinquish this bond with Xander, but at the same time not wanting to hurt him irreparably. He grinned at Xander's whimper of protest, taking the boy's mind off his loss by stroking more firmly on his cock. With a wicked look on his face, he pulled back,
shifting so Xander was practically lying in his lap, still impaled.

Xander was confused by this change in position, but wasn't going to argue so long as Spike was still fucking him. He did wonder what the vampire was up to, though...

Spike cocked his head, then bent forward, grateful that he had always been extremely flexible. He licked his lips, then opened wide, his mouth closing over the tip of Xander's cock.

"Fuck!" Xander's eyes bulged open in shock, and he howled, thrusting up into that cool, sucking mouth as far as he could. "Spike! You can't...how...? Holy fuck!" With one last gasping cry, Xander came, pouring himself down his lover's throat.

Spike swallowed Xander's offering, then released him, once more looming over the boy as he thrust hard. The passage holding him rippled convulsively with the aftershocks of Xander's orgasm, and Spike couldn't hold back. Pushing himself in as far as possible, he came, wave after wave of his essence flooding into Xander.
Shakily, Spike collapsed onto Xander, who let out a soft grunt. The vampire simply gave a satisfied purr, licking at the marks he'd left on the boy's throat.

It wasn't until then that Spike realized he had bitten Xander. And it hadn't set off the chip.

~*~*~*~*~

Angel sighed, lying back on the motel bed, eyes closed. Things were not supposed to be this hard. Spike really must have done a number on Xander to get him so protective of the vampire. And it appeared that the Scooby Gang had no clue the two were in a relationship. This could be very, very bad.

He reached into his pants pocket and pulled out Zakari's number. Steeling himself, he picked up the phone and called. He had to tell the older vampire about the happenings, maybe save himself from a horrible painful death.

"Yes?" Zakari's voice came through.

"Zakari, I need to talk with you...It seems...uh, it seems Spike's already in a relationship at the moment and he's
not really...happy to get out of it." Angel tried to word this very carefully.

"Well I suggest you get him out of it." Zakari's voice seemed a bit miffed. "I've got everything arranged and I will be out there soon to see Dasani. You'll have a few more days after I arrive, but they will be wed, Angelus."

"A-Arrive? You're...coming here? To...Sunnydale?" He stood and paced nervously, stretching the phone cord to its limits.

"Of course!" Zakari sounded rather surprised at Angel's reaction. "It's the Hellmouth, boy. Where else would a son of mine get married?"

"Oh, god...Buffy," Angel muttered, dreading the scene that would occur if his ex met his childe's soon to be father-in-law.


"No, not you! I was just...thinking out loud."

"Hmm. Well." Zakari cleared his throat loudly. "I just have a few business matters to wrap up here, and I'll be on my way. I'll most likely arrive in about a week." His voice lowered in warning. "And Angel? You'd better
make *damn* sure that I find your childe willing...hell, *eager* to wed my son. Do. You. Understand?"

"Um, y-yes sir."

"Good." The voice turned pleasant. "Have a lovely night, Angelus."

Again, Angel found himself staring at a phone in shock as its dial tone began to ring shrilly. "This...is *not* good." He hung up the phone with a sigh. "Hell, if we all manage to get through this, I'll be happy to marry Dasani."

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"Pet? Xander? You awake?" Spike demanded, eager to see if his love was all right.

"That was...heh." Xander stretched slowly. He seemed to recognize the concern in Spike's voice. "What's wrong?"

"I bit you," the vampire stared hard.

Xander nodded, "Yeah I guess you...Oh. *Oh!*" Xander chuckled nervously. "Yeah, well, I'm a Nummy Treat, as I have told you."
"Xander," Spike tried to explain to him in as rational voice as he could manage, "I...bit...you!"

"Um, I think we established that, yes." His dark eyes darted away from the vampire's, refusing to make contact.

Calmly, Spike continued. "It didn't hurt me, Xan."

Xander smiled happily. "Great! That's good! You're happy, I'm happy," he squirmed his naked body closer to Spike's, "why don't we be happy...together?"

"Xan, I--"

"Talk later. More sex now." He laved a nipple with his tongue, circling it around the hardened nub.

"Oh...hell yeah, pet."

~*~*~*~*~

"We could blackmail him."

Giles rolled his eyes. "Lovely suggestion, Willow, but for that, we would need actual blackmail material. Somehow, I doubt Spike has done much of anything that he's ashamed of."
"Oh." Willow pouted.

Tara hugged her supportively. "It was a good idea," she offered.

"Yes, good, but not something we could use." He was cut off by the phone ringing.

"Hello? Poe? Poe...Yes! Yes, this is Rupert Giles. My parents? Oh yes. Your child is doing just fine, I assure you. Really? Oh yes, it will be a pleasure." He hung up the phone.

"Who was it?" Willow asked eagerly.

"A guy named Poe?" Tara smiled.

"Yes," Giles smiled, "Xander's father is coming for a visit. He wishes to check on him."

"I always wanted to meet him." Willow commented with a smile.

"You never have?" Tara seemed surprised then blushed. "Right, I'm the only one who's actually seen him..."

"When's he gonna be here?"

"About four days, a week at the most."
"What's in a week?" The group turned at the chirpy voice.

"Bu-Buffy. Um, well, nothing important. Just...and old friend coming to visit." Giles avoided her gaze, flipping through one of the books in front of him.

"Ah." Buffy nodded. "So," she said, flopping down into a chair, "how's your setting up of Spike going? Not that I care." She wrinkled her nose.

"It's...going."

Buffy rolled her eyes. "Look, if it's such a problem, why don't you just knock him out, tie him up, and store him in the closet until it's time for him to get hitched?"

"It...would probably be best if it didn't come down to that."

"Whatever." She shrugged. "Just a suggestion."

"Yes, well, we'll keep it in mind."

~*~*~*~*~

It was nearing a week since the day Angel had upset their lives by breaking the news of his childe's impending and
unwanted marriage. Xander and Spike had so far managed to avoid any more meetings with Angel by the simple expedient of remaining firmly locked in their apartment. Of course, this left the two with nothing to do other than eat, sleep, and have sex. Unsurprisingly, neither had voiced any complaints about the arrangement.

Xander crawled out from under the covers, yawning with his tiredness. He looked back at the sleeping vampire and felt a smile light up his face. He was the luckiest guy in the world. Buffy wasn't lucky because her vamp had that pesky soul.

He walked to the kitchen and rummaged through the fridge to calm his stomach. He munched happily on a sandwich that had been made a few days ago. He blinked as someone knocked on the door. Normally no one ever visited. He quietly shut the door, concealing Spike.

He walked to the door, still eating. "Hello, welcome to Carnage Is Me, may I take your - Daddy?!

"Well, I don't think that would be quite appropriate considering our relationship, but I will settle for a hug."

Xander beamed and pulled his father into the apartment, clasping him close. "God, Dad, I missed you!"
"You too, son. It's been too long."

"Yeah, well, I would have visited, but..." Xander rolled his eyes.

"Don't make me turn you over my knee, boy."

"Oi, I'm the only one gets to spank my Xan!"

Xander blushed as his father looked over his shoulder at the blonde who lounged in the doorway, surly expression on his face.

"Who's your...friend, son?"

Xander ignored Spike's mouthing of the word 'son' and replied with a bashful look, "That's Spike. He's, uh, he's..."

His father raised an eyebrow, sniffing the air. "You've been sleeping with him."

Xander gave a very nervous laugh as his blush deepened. "No, no, what makes you think that!? He's just this guy I kinda have to live with and we happen to share the same bed because I can only afford one and you're not buying one little bit of this, are you?"

"Dasani," he rolled his eyes, "do you think I would believe that?"
"Hey! I'm still here!" Spike glared, he recognized this person as another vampire. "Who the hell are you?"

Xander stepped between them to prevent any carnage. "Dad, Spike. Spike, this my dad Poe."

"Your dad never looked anything like that and, pet, he's a vampire." Spike and Poe were now glaring at Xander, who was trying to look impossibly small.

"Oh look at the time!" Xander looked at his wrist, although there was no timepiece. "Well I'll be off and all that," he began walking. "Ow! Ow! Ow! Dad! Let go of my ear!!"

~*~*~*~*~

Angel sat down carefully, giving the gang a hopeful look. "Well?"

Giles cleared his throat and rubbed the back of his neck before walking across the room, determinedly not looking at the vampire.

Frowning, Angel turned his pleading expression on the witches. His face fell when they gave him apologetic
glances, shaking their heads. "Damn," he muttered. "Now what am I supposed to do?"

Giles snorted. "I suppose we could always go with Buffy's plan," he muttered facetiously.

Angel's head jerked around. "Buffy had a plan? What?"

"Succinctly put, she advised that render him unconscious, restrain him, and lock him in the closet."

"Lock him in the closet?"

"I believe that's what I said, yes." Giles removed his glasses to give them a quick polish.

"You're kidding right?" Angel shook his head. "That won't work." He sighed heavily, then brightened a bit. "Maybe if we use a cage instead?"

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Poe fixed his son with a stern glare. "Xander, I think you have a bit of explaining to do."

"Explaining?" Xander chuckled nervously, edging away from his glowering lover. "Explain what? I can explain lots of things."
"Why you're sleeping with a vampire." Poe cocked his head.

"Well...what do you expect? You leave me alone, on the Hellmouth I might add, and you don't expect something like this? Come on, Dad, this is me we're talking about." Xander opted for the I-don't-deserve-love look that choked up those close to him.

"Nice try...not going to work, but nice try." His father chuckled, "I know you. You could have called and told me what was going on." He gestured to the still glaring Spike.

"Um, Spike, could you like...go fight evil bad things?" Xander suggested.

"Oh hell no, this bloke is not gonna-" Spike stopped at the puppy dog eyes. He growled at both them before stalking to the door. "I'll be back in an hour, got it?" He slammed the door shut.

"Dasani...." Poe started.

"Dad," Xander broke in, "you're always moving around and I haven't seen you in so long...how was I supposed to know you still cared?"

Poe sighed, "Come here, you foolish boy," he pulled his son into a hug. "You could have reached me at any time,
my people would have transferred you. And I thought you needed time to grow up."

"I'm only a hundred," the boy commented wryly.

"Wasn't it just awhile ago you were saying you were all ready fifty?"

"Aw, Dad!" Xander relaxed into the hug, sighing deeply. "It's just...it got kinda lonely. I mean, sure I've Giles, and the girls. Anya for a while there." He smiled fondly in remembrance.

"Thought you might like that one. She was certainly eager for the job."

"But Spike...he's..." A goofy grin plastered itself on Xander's face.

~*~*~*~*~

Spike kicked a can across the street, muttering angrily to himself. "Go fight something, Spike," he mocked the words sarcastically. "Here, have a pint o' blood and go sit in the corner, there's a good puppy. What am I, some effin' pet?" He snarled, glowering at the sidewalk as he strode along.
He was too caught up in his furious ranting to notice the shadowed figure skulking in the alley he was walking by. Not until what felt like an aluminum baseball bat introduced itself to his skull.

Buffy stood over the unconscious vampire. She tossed the bat aside, then bent and hefted Spike's limp body. Moving as quickly as possible, she carried him back to Giles' magic shop. It was a testament to the mindset of Sunnydale that a young girl lugging around a body didn't even rate a curious glance or two.

Slightly out of breath, Buffy made her way into the back area where her training room was set up. She dumped the vampire into a cage that had been set up there, locking the door securely. "There," she panted. "Now they can't say I didn't help. All that's left is to get him hitched and out of town, and things will get back to what passes for normal around here." With a satisfied smile, she left the shop.

~*~*~*~*~

"And there was this time when--" Xander broke off, looking away from Poe toward the clock on the wall. He
frowned. "That's strange," he mused. "Spike said he'd be back in an hour, and that was over two hours ago!"

"Do you really have to be so worried?" Poe asked. He wasn't exactly worried himself over his son's...lover, but that was because of the first shock.

"Yes," Xander commented in a stressed tone. "See, he has this chip and it kinda prevents him from hurting humans. The Hellmouth has a lot of bad humans!"

"A chip?" Poe allowed Xander to hurry to the door, following closely.

Xander nodded, "When he came back to town some commando freaks got to him." He looked around, "Where could he be?"

~*~*~*~*~

Spike groaned at the throbbing in his head. This wasn't a good headache; not from too much alcohol or too much sex meant bad. He opened his eyes slowly and touched the back of his head. He hissed as he felt something sticky touched his fingers. Some idiot had smashed his head in!
"Spike, this is for your own good," Angel commented, walking over to the cage.

"The bloody hell is going on?!"

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Part Three

"Spike, as much as I hate to say it, we're just trying to help."

Spike glared at the Slayer as she emerged from the shadows to stand beside his wanker of a sire. He growled furiously. "Help?! By doing what, exactly? Clobbering me over the head and chaining me up? How exactly is this helping?!" He lunged at the bars, reaching desperately through them to try and get some hold on his captors.

"Spike, just calm down now," Angel advised. This is only temporary. You'll be freed when everything is ready for the wedding. Until then...well, just make yourself comfy."

"I'll show you comfy, you spineless, backstabbing, son of a diseased whore!" Eyes sparking with fury, Spike
continued to rail against his cage. "And you, Slayer. You haven't experienced the kind of pain I'll show you. When I get my hands on you, I'll--bloody hell!" Spike flinched back, clutching at his head.

"Aw, shouldn't think naughty thoughts," Buffy admonished him, not making much of an effort to keep the humor from her voice.

"Buffy," Angel chided, then turned back to his childe. "Spike, just...try to understand, ok? Everything will work out. I'm sure you and your future spouse will eventually be very happy together." With that remark, he turned and left the room, dragging a still gloating Buffy with him.

Spike slumped to the floor. "You don't understand," he whispered brokenly. "Xander..."

~*~*~*~*~

Xander ceased his pacing. "That's it," he declared. "I've gotta go find him."

"You said that before." Poe smiled gently.
"But we haven't yet! Dad, I'm scared! When he says he's gonna do something, he does it! Especially if me and sex is involved. Oh....You didn't want to hear that?"

"Not exactly." Poe grimaced. "Where do you think he might be?"

Xander thought for a moment. "The Magic Box! Maybe he went to go annoy Buf-- er, um, Giles. He does that you know."

Poe raised an eyebrow as he rolled his eyes. "Well, let's go check," he said resignedly. Xander hugged him and he sighed slightly. "The things I won't do for you."

"Which makes you the coolest." Xander grinned as they hurried along, soon arriving at their destination. Poe looked in the Magic Box, glancing around and felt a smile split across his face as he witnessed who all was in there. "Is he there? Is he??"

"No, I don't see him anywhere."

"Maybe he's in the back!"

"I doubt it. Giles is out there with Tara and Willow and he looks quite pleased."
Xander frowned. "Giles looks pleased? That can't be good..."

"Nonsense. And you shouldn't talk about your guardian like that." Poe gave his son a stern glance.

"Aw, come on Dad!" Xander pouted appealingly.

Poe snorted. "Dasani...after almost a hundred years of being your father, I'd say it's a pretty safe bet that I'm immune to that."

"What!?" Xander protested innocently. Then he sighed. "Oh, fine. Well, let's go in. Maybe one of them has seen Spike around."

Giles glanced toward the door as it opened, admitting Xander and another man. "Xander! Who's your, ah, your friend?"

There was a clatter as Tara jumped to her feet. She took a step forward, bowing slightly. "My liege," she murmured.

Poe grinned. "Ah, Tara, my dear. It's been much too long. How have you been, child?"

Giles' eyes widened. "Oh my. You're...you're..."
"Poe, Mr. Giles, I hope your parents have told you about me?"

"Oh yes, of course, I d-do hope that your son has grown to your standards." Giles nervously polished his glasses, he would most likely die a slow painful death if Poe found out his child had been abused by his parents.

"Hey, my beautiful, beautiful chicks AKA my protectors," Xander smiled, hooking his arms around Tara and Willow's necks. "Have you guys by any chance seen Spike?"

"Spike?" Willow squeaked, "N-no, why would you need to know where Spike is?"

Xander laughed, "I need to harass him! Haven't been able to harass him for a few days." Poe rolled his eyes, realizing his son hadn't even told his guardians of the relationship.

"Well he hasn't been here for some time," Giles offered. "Poe, could I interest in a cup of tea?"

"I would love one, yet the sun is rising and someone needs to get to bed." Poe looked at Xander.

"DA-AD!" Xander whined. "I'm not a little kid anymore and I don't need a bed time!"
"You've been throwing off your sleeping schedule, haven't you?"

"...Mmmmmmmmaybe." Xander wrinkled his nose as he smiled a charming smile. His father shook his head and herded him out.

In the back room, Spike angrily kicked at the bars.

~*~*~*~*~

Xander was officially worried. He'd slept for only a few hours, his father keeping watch from a chair by the bed to make sure he didn't try to sneak out. But he finally managed to persuade Poe that he was fine, he didn't need a lot of sleep, and could they please go look for Spike now?

And so the great search had begun. Xander had dragged his father to every haunt that Spike frequented, becoming more and more anxious as he was told repeatedly that no, Spike had never shown up last night. Desperate by this time, he found himself reduced to calling down sewers and peering into crypts, thinking that maybe the vampire had been forced to hole up for the day.
Still nothing. Xander was on the verge of tears by the time Poe forcibly returned him to his apartment when it was nearing dusk.

Xander sat miserably on the couch, sniffing softly. His father had forgone taking a seat beside him, as his sensitive nose could easily detect some rather questionable scents on it that he really didn't want to know any more about.

Poe sighed. "Maybe it's for the best, son."

Xander glared at him through red-rimmed eyes. "The best?" he spat out sarcastically. "Spike could be hurt, or--or dust! Or--"

"Or he could have simply left."

"No!" Xander pounded the couch with a fist. "He wouldn't just leave me! He-he loves me! And...and I love him," he finished dejectedly. "How can his being...missing be for the best?"

"Well, it does make it considerably easier for you to marry your chosen consort if you aren't currently involved."

"My...what?" Xander's eyes narrowed, and he sat up straight.
"Your consort." Poe frowned. "All males of our line are betrothed as children, to be wed on their 101st birthday; surely at some point Giles informed you of this?"

Seething, Xander forced himself not to yell. "Actually, no, I believe he must have skipped over that little bit of information."

"Ah. I shall have to speak to him about that oversight."

"Father. I am not getting married." He really was doing his best to stay calm, but it wasn't working too well.

"Well of course you are. On your birthday, which is in two days, so you'd better get used to the idea." Poe glanced at the clock. "Now, I'm going to go meet your betrothed's father, and have a look at the boy himself. I suggest you stay here and think about acting your age." With a final stern look, he turned and left the apartment.

Xander blinked. Shaking off the shock, he jumped up and raced to the door. Sticking his head out, he shouted at his father's retreating back, "I'm not getting married!"

~*~*~*~*~

Poe nodded at the vampire. "Angelus."
"Z-Zakari." Angel looked over his shoulder. "Um, he's nearby, I'll take you in the back way." He quickly led the older demon through some back alleys, soon arriving at their destination. As he ducked inside the doorway, he looked back. "Um, he...wasn't exactly reasonable about the whole situation," he said in an apologetic tone.

His meaning became obvious when the shadowed cage came into view. Easily visibly was a shock of white-blond hair, attached to the head of a pale and restlessly slumbering Spike.

Poe quirked an eyebrow, an amused smirk appearing briefly on his face.

This would definitely get him back within the good graces of his son. Maybe, just maybe, he could learn to like the vampire.

~*~*~*~*~

"Dasani, you're not convincing me of your age at this moment." Zakari glared at his adopted child. Xander continued to glare angrily out his picture window. "I'm sorry if you're upset, but this has been planned for years."
Xander tried to keep up the silent treatment even as angry tears slide down his face. "It's not fair," he ground out.

"This is very fair," Poe placed a hand on his shoulder. He was pleased to see Xander didn't shake it off. "Your kind need to have a mate, and the safest way is by arranged marriage."

"No we don't," Xander commented. He tucked a foot under himself, then yelped as Poe grabbed his ear roughly. "OW! What are you doing!"

"I told you when I came I could still take you over my knee. That still stands."

"What!? You can't s-spank me!" He tried to pull away, wincing as fingers pinched his ear. "Ow! Lemme go!"

With little effort, Poe hoisted his son under an arm, carrying the struggling boy over to a chair. He sat, arranging Xander face-down over his lap.

Xander froze, unable to believe that his father would actually spank him like he was some...child! He sniffled.

Poe held one hand firmly across Xander's back to keep him in place, raising the other over his head. He stopped, however, when Xander gave a weak shudder, sobbing
quietly against his leg. With a sigh, he flipped the boy over, pulling him up and tucking him against his chest. "Dasani," he said quietly, "what am I going to do with you?" He stroked the shuddering boy's back comfortingly.

Xander buried his face against Poe, sobbing brokenly. "Daddy," he gasped out in a small, sad voice, "I...I love him so much. And it...it hurts inside. Like a knife digging around. I-I can't lose him. I can't."

Poe rocked his distraught child, stroking him soothingly. "Dasani, listen to me. Everything will turn out fine. I promise. Have I ever lied to you?"

Xander snuffled, wiping at his nose, then shook his head. "And I'm not going to start now. Have a bit of faith in your father, all right?"

~*~*~*~*~

And so the final days of freedom for Xander came and went. His birthday arrived and there was still no sign of Spike. The young demon had pretty much had to give up hope on him. Odds were Spike really didn't love him,
or...Spike was dust. He prayed it wasn't the last one; he'd rather have Spike alive and disliking him than dead.

His father was directing the setup for the wedding and reception. Giles and the girls were helping him too, while Buffy stood there looking confused. Xander shuffled over to Poe and leaned heavily against him, wanting some attention and comfort.

Poe stopped his working and looked down at Xander. The boy's eyes were red-rimmed, clearly telling a tale of their own. Willow looked at Poe in concern but he waved her off. "It's going to be okay, Dasani." He wrapped his arms around Xander. "I think you'll like this boy."

"How?" Xander's voice was muffled by Poe's white shirt.

"Didn't we agree a few nights ago you would have faith in me?" Poe chuckled, "But you have to get ready. Go on now, we'll talk in a little while."

Heaving a last, beleaguered sigh, Xander trudged off to prepare for his impending doom--er, his wedding.

~*~*~*~*~

Spike curled in a forlorn ball in the corner of his cage, not
even acknowledging his sire. Likewise, he ignored the packet of blood that Angel had tossed in moments before.

Angel crouched beside the cage, shaking his head sadly. "Spike, you have to eat. Come on now...it's human." He smiled, nudging the heated packet temptingly closer.

Spike growled weakly, lashing out with his foot to kick the plastic baggie away from him. He edged further away from Angel, pressing up against the bars on the opposite side of the cage.

"Damn it Spike!" Angel scooped up the packet, once more thrusting it toward the vampire who had to be starving by now. "You're not going to do this. You will eat, understand? I order you to." He folded his arms over his chest in warning, glaring at his recalcitrant childe.

Spike sniffled. He slowly uncurled, creeping toward the baggie which held the delicious substance his body craved. His hand trembled with hunger as he reached out and carefully picked it up.

Satisfied, Angel watched as Spike weakly tore away the corner of the packet with his fangs. Exhausted yellow eyes gleamed faintly as Spike pulled the baggie away from his mouth and...
With a snarl, Spike flung the opened baggie across the cage, and it smacked into Angel's chest, spraying its contents all over the older vampire and the floor. "I bloody hate you, you bastard," Spike hissed. "Do us all a favor an' take a walk in the sun."

Angel growled in impotent fury, slamming his hand against the top of the cage. "Fine! You want to starve? Then starve. But you are getting married tonight, so I suggest you deal with it!"

But Spike didn't deal with it. He was too weak to even fight as Angel dragged him out of the cage. He couldn't even voice his distaste for the white outfit he was forced to wear. He did work up the energy to snag a bag of blood from Angel when the blood-hunger was getting to be too much. He wanted to tell this idiot who forced him through all of this off.

"Everything is so friggin' white," he snarled to no one particular but he got an answer anyway.

"Would you rather it be hot pink?" the person serving as priest asked. "We can still do that if you'd prefer it!" Any reply from Spike was caught off by the entrance of his 'husband'. And his eyes nearly bugged out.
The demon was nothing what Spike expected. Fangs that could be as sharp and dangerous as a wild cat or a cute fuzzy kitten. Long claws arched from his hands and feet, aided with dewclaws on the back of his ankles. Sharp silver and gold eyes gazed out from under dark locks.

Spike's mouth worked for a moment before he mentally smacked himself. He had to remember Xander! Not some gorgeous...deadly...demon...

~*~*~*~*~

"Well," Poe commented with satisfaction, "I do believe everything is ready. Guests are here, grooms are here...I'm missing something. What am I missing?" He frowned thoughtfully, pacing a track in front of Buffy and the rest of the Scooby gang.

Buffy primped in front of a mirror. Not that she cared what Spike thought of how she looked at his wedding, but who was she to argue with the opportunity to get all fancied up? "Hey, where's Xander? You think he'd show up today if only to make fun of the bleached wonder tying the knot." She snickered, still highly amused by the thought of *Spike* being forced to marry some demon, and probably a slimy, nasty smelling one at that.
Everyone turned toward the side door as Xander slipped resignedly inside. Xander sighed, avoiding the curious stares as he made his way over to his father. "Dad, please," he whispered, trying desperately one last time to talk some sense into him.

"No. Don't even start. Now, it's almost time. You should change." He placed his hands on his hips, giving Xander a warning stare.

"Oh, don't be such a baby, Xander. This will be fun!" Buffy punched him on the arm, trying to cheer him up. She took a quick step back, though, when he turned an icy glare on her.

"Am I late?"

Again, every head in the room twisted to stare at the newcomer. Oz gave a little half-grin as he straightened his collar. "What?"

Buffy threw her hands up in the air. "Ok, this is getting weird. No offense, Oz, but why are you here?"

"You kidding? Wouldn't miss this for the world." He walked over to Xander, pulling him into a hug. "Hey man, congratulations."
Xander mumbled a half-hearted thanks, while Buffy grew ever more confused.

"Hope you don't mind, I brought a date." Oz walked back over to the door, guiding his companion inside.

Xander's eyes flew wide and a huge grin spread over his face. "Lindsey!"

Lindsey's face lit up. "Dad!" The two men were soon locked in an embrace, laughter sounding in the room.

Poe quirked an eyebrow. "Oh, Dasani. Would you care to explain this?"

"Um," Xander said, "You see...and then...and that was after...but this was...LOOK! A BUTTERFLY!" Xander released his hold on Lindsey and ran from the room.

"You won't be getting away that easy!" Poe called, glaring after his son. Then he turned to he's son's 'son'. "You want to explain for me?"

"I feel loved," Lindsey commented to Oz, then said to Zakari "Um, he met a girl a while ago, and when two people love each other they..."

"What is this?" the old vampire threw his hands in the air, "The family of vague answers?!!"
The lawyer paused for a moment before nodding. "Yeah, pretty much. Actually my mom died giving birth to me and he took care of me for a while." Lindsey smiled, "He's a really great guy."

"And now I have a son-in-law AND a grandson," Poe sighed.

"Look what I found!" Xander squealed in delight as he returned, dragging in the half demon, Francis Doyle. "He was in the car!"

Doyle blushed slightly, "You weren't supposed to find me yet."

"Whhhhhyy?" Xander looked confused.

"Because he was my wedding gift!" Lindsey pouted, "I figured you'd want to see your mortal brother."

"Ah, not that mortal," Doyle commented, grinning at Xander before wrapping him in a hug.

"Doyle..." Angel flowed in silently.

"No angst!" Willow scolded angrily.

"Wait..." Suddenly, the light bulb went on over Buffy's head. "*Xander* is getting married to -" She was cut off by
Willow trying to silence her. "OH WIGGY!" She glared at Poe, "You're Xander's father?!

"Um, duh?" Doyle offered.

"But...but that means...Eeeeewwwwww!!! Spike's marrying Xander!!!"

**Part Four**

Xander blinked. "Excuse me? I'm *what*?"

But Buffy was already shaking her head. "No. Oh, no no no. See, that's not right, because Spike is marrying some weird slimy icky demon thing, and Xander's a human, and this is *so* not processing in my brain." She shot a perturbed glare at Lindsey. "And you! I don't know who you are, but you're just making my brain hurt more every time you call Xander 'Dad'. That is just freaky."

Angel finally noticed the lawyer's presence, and he vamped out, snarling. "You!" he spat out angrily.

Eyes wide, Lindsey ducked behind Xander. "Dad, he's a bad person. He cut off my hand!"

"What!?" Xander spun around, snatching Lindsey's wrist.
Lindsey wriggled his fingers. "Well, I have a new one now...but it hurt! A lot!"

Furious, Xander rounded on Angel. "You fucker," he hissed, "you waltz in here, rip my life to shreds, ruin my chance at happiness, and hurt my son?! Oh Deadboy, you are so gonna pay."


"No bloodshed before the wedding!" Poe scolded, "Maybe after the wedding as part of your honeymoon, but not right now. You need to stay clean."

Xander suddenly grinned, "I think Spike might like me covered in the blood of his sire."

"Ew! Xander! You're not wigged out by having to marry Spike and...you're not a demon!" Buffy protested.

"Um, actually," Xander coughed, "you see, it won't be a problem ‘cause....uh, we....kind of have been...sleeping together since...that whole issue with the Gentlemen..."

"What?!" Buffy screeched, "But he said he loved me! Not that I would ever date him but...God!" She started stalking towards Xander but Doyle grabbed the back of her neck. "Hey! Doyle! He...let me go!"
"I wouldn't be much of a big brother if I let you do anything, y'know."

"Don't make me hurt you, boy." Buffy glared at Doyle, eyes flashing with warning.

Doyle laughed. "Oh, that's funny. You...hurt me?" He rolled his eyes. "I'm scared. See me shake?"

Xander tuned out their bickering for a moment, turning an annoyed look on his father. "So...I'm marrying Spike? And there was a reason you didn't let me know this? You know, like sometime between when I was bawling my eyes out in depression over his being missing and when I was rigid with terror that he might have been staked?"

Poe shrugged. "Oops?"

"Oops?!?" Xander flung his hands up in the air. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"You know, none of this would have happened if you'd just been honest with me from the start, Dasani." Poe gave Xander a disapproving, fatherly sort of stare that Giles would have been proud of.

"Oh, so all this is my fault?" A thought struck him. "Woah, wait a sec. If I'm supposed to be marrying Spike, then where the fuck is he?"
Angel spoke up. "Well, we've been keeping him in a cage in the back, and--"

"Ahhhh!!" Xander tore at his hair. "You fucking caged my lover? I'm...I'm...well, I don't know what I'm gonna do, but it sure ain't gonna be pretty!"

Poe sighed deeply. "Yes, this is my family."

Buffy sunk weakly into a chair the Willow helpfully pulled out for her. "God, I'm so confused."

Poe sighed loudly. "Would you like us to spell it out for you? Fine. The vampire Spike, childe of Angelus, was contracted to wed my son Dasani, who you know as Xander. This was, oh, a century ago give or take a decade." He held up a hand to forestall Buffy's imminent protests at this. "Contrary to your beliefs, Dasani is not human, he is in fact one of the Waremonochuui Akuma. Today is his 101st birthday, hence he shall be wed to one William the Bloody. Case closed, end of story, those with objections may see me after the wedding for an up-close tour of one of my torture chambers." He sat.

Angel scratched his head. "Um...Spike is marrying Xander?"
"Argh!" Poe cradled his head in his hands, whimpering softly. "Why me?" he muttered. "What did I do to deserve this?"

Xander kicked the leg of the chair he was sitting in. "You made me angst, that's what!" He pouted.

Willow walked over and punched him lightly on the arm. "Oh, cheer up! All's well that ends well, right?" She peeked around Xander to where Lindsey had wiggled his way back into Oz's arms. "Hey, Oz."

Oz waved. "Long time no see. How's the girlfriend?"

Willow beamed across the room at Tara. "She's fine; we're fine."

"Yeah? Cool. Thought you two would hit it off."

"Oh yeah. Thanks so much for introducing us."

Tara crossed the room, linking arms with her girlfriend. "Yeah," she agreed. "We might never have gotten together otherwise." She wrinkled her nose. "Mom wanted me to join a coven closer to home, but when Oz convinced Poe to send me to watch over his son...well, things couldn't have turned out better."
Buffy frowned. "Oz? I thought you, like, seriously hated Tara. Because of the whole girlfriend stealing thing. And why am I the only one who seems at all shocked about Xander being a demon? Which I still don't believe, by the way!"

Everyone -- well, except Angel and Buffy -- exchanged amused glances. Willow snickered. "Um, maybe 'cause everyone already knew that."

Buffy opened her mouth, then paused. Slowly, she turned to glare at her Watcher. "Giles?" she squeaked. "Tell me you didn't know about this?"

"I'm afraid I did, Buffy," he polished his glasses. "You see, for the past few years I've been his guardian, during the time that he was grounded."

"Grounded?" Buffy exclaimed, shaking her head.

Xander coughed, a blush rising in his cheeks. "Never assume that rose hips are the same as actual roses. Let's just...leave it at that, okay? Shut up, Willow," he glared at the snickering witch.

"Why didn't anyone tell me he was a demon!" Buffy screeched, causing Poe, Angel and the other hearing sensitive people to wince.
"We were afraid you might...react badly before we had a chance to explain," Giles tried to soothe her.

Buffy was playing with a stake she had brought along. "I react fine!" To punctuate the last word, she threw her weapon, letting it sail right towards Xander. Luckily the boy jumped out of the way quickly enough.

Unluckily, his movement left Poe directly in the path of the flying object.

Poe quirked an eyebrow at the extremely sharp stake that he now clutched in his fist, bare millimeters from his skin. He looked up at Buffy, eyes flaming red with rage. "You just threw a stake at my son," he remarked in a calm, even tone.

Xander gulped and backed away. Giles, Oz and the witches followed suit, eyes wide. "Linds!" Oz hissed, tugging him back as well. "Trust me...you don't want to be in the line of fire."

Doyle had inched away too, flattening himself against the far wall, soon joined by all the others who know what an angry Poe was like.

Buffy stood in place, hands on hips. "You got a problem?"
With a quick flexing of muscles, Poe snapped the stake into splinters. "As a matter of fact, I do." He casually brushed the splinters off his clothes.

"I'm really starting to quiver," Buffy mocked. But then she was dangling in the air, her throat clasped in Poe's harsh grip. His nails dug into the flesh and her face was now mere inches from his.

"No one threatens my child. You could have killed him; I should kill you. My family is important to me, be they extended," his gaze flicked to Giles and the witches, "or true blooded family," now he turned to look at Lindsey, Doyle, and Xander.

"But," Buffy croaked, "he's not even your son! You vampire, he demon!"

Poe dropped her, "I won't even bother with you. You are like the other Slayers I've killed; you never understand what you're going to face." Buffy's face was flushed with indignity and lack of air. She would have said something but Angel laid a hand on her shoulder. Poe's entire attitude changed from deadly rage to fatherly caring in seconds.
"The wedding is soon, Dasani, I'm not telling you again, go get ready." Xander and Doyle looked at each other before erupting into giggles for unknown reason.

"We're gone, Pops!" Xander laughed and they left.

Poe turned his gaze to Lindsey. "And you, young man. You and I shall be having a little heart-to-heart later, hmm?"

Eyes wide, the lawyer swallowed hard. "Um, y-yeah. Sure." He relaxed when the steely eyes moved on to a new target. To Oz, he whispered, "I'm dead, aren't I?"

Oz quirked a grin. "Nah. He's just a little tense right now. He'll be much calmer after the wedding. And reception. And maybe a few weeks recuperation. And--"

"All right, I get the point!"

"Oh, don't worry. I'll protect you!" Oz pulled the taller man down for a bruising kiss.

Over their hushed conversation, Poe's voice sounded again. "Tara, Willow." The witches rushed forward. "I need you to make sure everything for the spell is in place. There's no room for errors here." They nodded, then hurried out.
"Giles. While I commend you on your job of looking after Dasani, I know he can be a handful at times, there are a few minor...details that you seemed to have overlooked." He held up a hand to forestall any stammered explanations. "Now, while I'm sure you had your reasons, it was hardly in my son's best interests to be left in the dark about some matters. We'll speak about this in length later."

Giles nodded, somewhat relieved that he'd escaped so lightly. For the moment, anyway.

Poe clapped his hands together. "Well, what's everyone standing around for? We have a wedding to get to, people!"

~*~*~*~*~

Spike fidgeted a lot more as the demon walked up to stand next to him. There was a soft smile playing on the edges of his mouth. Spike shook his head, Xander, Xander, Xander....

"We're gathered here today," the person working as priest started. Spike just let the words fade in and out. He still wanted to be with his Nummy. It didn't matter if
the demon smelled so delicious...had the exotic look..."Hey, Bloody! Wake up!"

The demon snickered softly as Spike blinked. "What? What is it?"

"I need your wrist," the priest said in exasperation. He already had a wineglass filled with the other demon's blood. So. This was it. Spike was never going to see Xander again. He held out an arm and the priest cut a knife across it. He watched his blood drip into another glass.

The priest gave each of them the others' blood. Spike closed his eyes and slowly drank the thick liquid. His eyes popped open at the unique flavor.

Eyes shining with humor stared into his own, and Spike came as close to fainting as he ever had in his unlife. "Xan?" he whispered in disbelief.

"Hey Spike, like the new outfit?" Lips stretched into a wide grin, revealing long fangs that Spike found himself dying to lick.

Never one to hold back, he grabbed Xander and pulled him close, uniting their lips in a fierce, bloody kiss. His hands groped madly, plastering themselves to his lover's
heated body, mapping out the new shape in intimate detail.

"Ahem."

They broke apart to find the priest glaring at them with affronted dignity.

"Bugger off," Spike growled before reattaching himself to Xander.

"You can't do that yet! It's not time!"

With a snarl, Spike released Xander, shooting the priest an evil glare. "Are you human?" he asked.

Baffled, the priest responded, "Only half. Why?"

Eyes narrowed, Spike lunged forward, determined to rip this annoying person to bloody bits.

Xander caught his arm, yanking him to a halt. "You can't kill the priest, Spike. Because then we won't be able to get married, and my dad will get upset, and he'll lock us in separate rooms until he finds another priest to marry us."

"Interrupt us again..." Spike drew a finger across his throat.
The priest's eyes widened and he coughed. "Uh, yes, well, I now pronounce you wed. You may...nail the consort!" he offered.

Xander and Spike's lips met again. Spike made a move that Xander had often pulled on him. He wrapped his tongue around one long fang and sucked hard. Xander's hands griped tightly on Spike's shoulders. The vampire nearly moaned in bloodlust as the claws pierced his flesh slightly.

They pulled back; Xander still had the need to breathe. "Don't stop on our account!" Oz called up. He and Lindsey seemed about ready to try the action with each other. Giles looked slightly uncomfortable, tugging his collar, while Poe was grinning slightly and shaking his head. Willow and Tara had these little smirks on their faces. Doyle gave Xander two thumbs up.

"So, luv," Spike commented as they walked from the priest, "when we're you gonna tell me we were getting married?"

Xander shifted back to his human form, "Trust me, I just found out like...a half hour ago."
Spike looked Xander's body up and down. "Now that I've seen you in all your glory....Might have spoiled me right off the bat."

"Guys," Lindsey broke in, "you can have sex under a table at the reception but this isn't the reception!"

Spike, just to spite everyone, pulled Xander into a hot kiss. The vampire was looking better than he had in days.

~*~*~*~*~

"You're bloody well joking!" Spike glared at his consort.

"Hey, don't look at me like that! I don't make these rules up!" Xander crossed his arms defensively, matching Spike glare for glare.

Spike pouted. "But they said we could! That one bloke said we were allowed to shag under the table now!"

Xander sighed, caressing the protruding lower lip. "Now love, my son can be a bit hasty sometimes, sex fiend that he is, but he means well. And we can shag...but first we open presents!"

Spike perked up. "Presents? How come no one mentioned any pressies? And--hold up...your son?"
Xander chuckled. "Um, I'll explain later."

"Uh-huh." Spike eyed him closely, not believing for a minute that Xander wouldn't try to weasel out of that. Then he shrugged. On to better things! "Well, let's get this done so we can get naked."

"True romantic," Xander smirked, "I got the very last, didn't I?"

"Damn straight," Spike grinned back.

"Just don't *shag* under my table," Doyle commented tossing them a small package.

"Awwww..." Xander whined as everyone else gave them their gifts.

Spike looked to Xander, "How am I supposed to use these? I mean you got them lovely claws," he looked a tad dazed, "so you won't be needing these." Mostly everyone had gotten them weapons and instruments of torture. "But I can't hurt humans, remember?"

Xander flew to Poe's side, bouncing up and down. "Can we tell him now, Daddy?! Can we?! Canwe canwe canwe?! Pleeesease, for the love of god can we tell him now?!!"
Poe laughed, placing his hands on the boy's shoulder. "Yes! Go on and tell him before some part of you explodes!"

Xander clapped his hands and scampered back to Spike's side. "Spiiiiike, as my gift to you, Dad found a way to get rid of the chip!"

Spike gaped at him, dropping the dagger he held with a thunk. "He...you...what?"

Xander nodded excitedly. "Yep. He found this really cool spell, and the girls are getting everything set up, and the nasty chip will come out! Ain't it awesome?"

Spike's jaw worked up and down without producing sound. His eyes just stared hugely at his consort.

Xander frowned. "Spike?" He poked the vampire with a finger, producing no reaction. "Uh, Spike?" Still nothing. Xander whirled back to his father. "Daddy! I think he's broken!" He pouted. "And we haven't even gotten to the honeymoon part yet!"

"Xander," Spike whispered hoarsely, "please, by all you hold dear, tell me you're not joking."

Sighing with relief, Xander hugged Spike close. "Would I lie to you?" He paused, considering his words. "Ok, yes,
since I've pretty much lied to you about the whole me being a demon thing, although really, that was more like avoiding telling the truth, not outright lying. But would I lie about this?"

"You better not be," Spike pulled him to rest on his hip. Xander smiled and kissed his cheeks. "Well let's get going! I'm wasting killing and shagging time!"

Poe shook his head. "What have I done to my poor child?"

"Well, they were shagging for a while before," Oz offered.

"Don't remind me...and you knew?"

"...Heh, no, I guessed?" Oz hid behind Lindsey. "Look! Xander's son! Talk!"

Xander and Spike hurried to find Willow and Tara before the carnage started to mock Spike. The girls were ready for them with the candles and like. Xander gave a kiss to each of the witches before scampering off to the side.

The spell was simple enough; it amounted to simply turning a switch off. The only problem came at the end of the spell when Xander gave a strangled yelp. The witches and vampire turned to see Angel holding Xander tightly
and Buffy with a stake. "Don't worry, Xander, we'll get rid of Spike and you'll be fine," she commented.

She rushed at Spike but was shocked when he punched her. Spike grinned viciously at her before stalking forward.

Angel's grip tightened harder on Xander until the boy yelped loudly for his father.

Poe's head shot up as his ears caught the sound. He growled when he saw the spectacle across the large room. Rage burned high within him as he stalked over.

Angel held on to the struggling demon, deftly evading wild swings by hands that once again sported long, wickedly sharp claws. "Xander..." he gasped as a knee managed to connect with his groin, but managed to stay upright and keep his hold on Xander. "Xander, stop it. This'll be over soon, just let Buffy do her job."

Xander slammed his head back, trying to knock the vampire off balance. Twisting his neck, he sank his teeth into Angel's upper arm, making him grunt in pain.

Angel was beginning to get annoyed with Xander. Here he was, just trying to help, and-- A shadow fell over him, and he looked up.
Immediately, his arms fell slack, releasing Xander. Angel took a step back, cringing under the malicious glare being directed at him. Somehow, it hadn't quite sunk in that Xander -- goofy, quirky, underachieving Xander -- was Poe's son. Poe's son.

Xander scrambled to hide behind Poe, whimpering softly. Poe's face was contorted in rage, which was multiplied by his vampire visage. "Dasani, are you okay?" his voice was soft to his son. Xander nodded, still hiding. Angel had really freaked him out, although he shouldn't have been surprised.

"Poe...it's uh, not what you think," Angel tried to explain.

"What am I supposed to think then?? You made me a promise long ago, Angelus."

"I didn't know your child was Xander!" Angel spread his hands. "I mean, I may not like Xander, but I want to protect him, and Spike...."

"Yes well, I may not like Spike but he is now a Zakari." Poe drew himself up to complete height, looking like he was stretching his shadow to make himself larger. "No one messes with the Zakari family."

"Yes, yes, quite," Giles broke in. Angel felt everything about him droop in relief at the return of sanity. "Get
Spike and go speak with Lindsey. We can deal with Buffy and Angel." Spike grinned viciously at the bleeding Slayer before sauntering to his consort.

Xander let Spike lead him away, but paused midstep, turning back to Poe. "Um, Dad? That thing you said about not liking Spike? You didn't, like, mean that, did you? You do like Spike, don't you?" His eyes widened hopefully.

Poe cleared his throat. "We'll talk about it later, Dasani," he replied, avoiding the question.

Xander pouted. "But--"

Spike tugged his arm. "Xan, he said later! I wanna go shag now." Spike gave Xander his own version of puppy-dog eyes, complete with a quivering lower lip.

Xander melted immediately. Grabbing Spike's hand, he yanked the vampire close and planted a deep, possessive kiss on his lips.

Spike held back a snicker at the abrupt change attitude, not wanting to jinx his luck. "Say bye to your father now, luv."

Xander waved distractedly in Poe's general direction, keeping the majority of his attention on various parts of Spike's anatomy as the vampire squirmed in his arms.
"Boys!" Poe barked out, glaring. "Take it to your room!" He rolled his eyes almost fondly as the newlyweds stumbled away, hands still groping insistently.

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"Hey, pet," Spike growled nipping an ear, "how about showing me that demon side of you?"

"What?" Xander smiled coyly, claws and fangs popping out, "You mean this? Why, love?" Spike pulled him close, running a hand over those dangerous claws. Their lips joined again and Spike let his vampire face fall into place. Their fangs devoured at each other.

Spike crowded Xander to the bed, pushing him down and crawling over his body. His hands skimmed up under the loose white shirt, finding a nipple to toy with. Xander threw back his head and moaned softly as Spike suckled on his neck, leaving a mark.

Spike's hard cock was pushing against Xander's, and Xander needed relief so badly. It was obvious Spike did too.

But then, Xander did so love to torment his vampire, and certainly didn't want this to be over too quickly. After all,
he hadn't been able to touch that pale, silky skin for days now, and he was going to make up for the lack.

With that thought in mind, he rolled them both over until he was above Spike. With a feral grin baring his gleaming fangs, he slowly sliced Spike's pristine white clothing off his body. "Thought white was for virgins," he snickered as he peeled the clinging bits of cloth away.

Spike gasped as a clawed finger traced around his nipples. "Would you...ah! Would you have as much fun with...yes!...with a bloody virgin?" He snarled as the touch disappeared.

Xander sat back, cocking his head thoughtfully. "A bloody one? Hmm, maybe..." Then his eyes flashed wickedly. "Well, we'll just have to pretend you're a virgin, and I'm about to ravish you."

Spike smirked up at his love. "Oh, feel free to ravish away." He sprawled his body out invitingly.

"Yeah, but...something's missing." Another thoughtful pause, then Xander snapped his fingers. "Got it!" He pawed through the tattered remains of Spike's wedding apparel, retrieving several long strips of material. "Spike, be a good 'virgin' for me and hold onto the headboard."
Spike blinked blankly for a moment, then smirked. "An' what if I don't wanna?"

Xander narrowed his eyes as he perused his husband. "Oh, you'll want to. Trust me."

Spike just chuckled softly and rolled onto his stomach, tucking his arms under him.

Xander stared at the pale skin that shone in the moonlight, glowing almost surreally. He couldn't help himself; he reached out a hand and traced a winding path up Spike's back, ending at the nape of his neck so his fingers could curl into silky strands of hair.

Spike purred softly, arching as his scalp was massaged briefly before the hand once more made it's way across his back, petting, stroking, teasing his sensitive skin.

Xander grinned as he let his fingers play over Spike's trembling body. Moving lower, he gently stroked down the vampire's thighs, tickling softly in that spot just behind his knees. Spike groaned and parted his legs, offering himself up for Xander's further examination. He shivered as a warm gust of air ghosted its way along his body as Xander drew closer. Hand slid back up, stroking over the curve of Spike's ass. Xander lovingly squeezed
each cheek, then leaned forward and, with a devilish grin, nipped one sharply.

Spike yelped, bucking upwards. He tried to turn over, but Xander's hands held his hips insistently in place. Then, a soft, wet tongue slid over the tingling spot, laving the wounded flesh. Spike's head fell against the bed with a thump.

Xander resisted the urge to torment the vampire mercilessly with teasing little nips and bites, since he didn't actually think he could hold out much longer himself. Not with Spike laid out so invitingly under him. Instead, he carefully parted the mounds of flesh, stroking his thumb over the quivering ring of muscle that was revealed.

Spike hissed at the slight touch. Twisting his upper body, he flailed about with an arm for the tube that he vaguely remembered having seen nearby. After only a minor amount of blind searching, he came across it. With a muttered litany of thanks, he tossed the tube over his shoulder toward Xander.

With a laugh, Xander took advantage of Spike's change in position, quickly binding his hands to the headboard. "That's better," he growled softly, making Spike shiver. Then he picked up the tube and expertly opened it with
one hand, while the other resumed its teasing. He squeezed a bit of the lube out onto his fingers, rubbing the slickness into pale skin, pulling back slightly when Spike tried to impale himself on the slippery digits.

"Bloody hell Xander! Just do it!" He did his best to glare over his shoulder at the human, but the effect was ruined by the whimper that escaped him when a finger abruptly made its way inside his body.

Xander loved this part. The sight and feel of Spike's taut flesh slowly relaxing and accepting a part of him inside. Become greedy in its demand for more, the mindless contractions of muscle as he found that one spot inside and nudged it repeatedly. Spike's broken moans and curses as he tried to get him to move faster, harder.

Breathlessly, Xander removed his fingers, moving to kneel between parted legs. He bent down, covering Spike's smaller body with his own, pressing feverish kisses onto the vampire's damp shoulders and neck as he slowly pushed himself inside.

Spike let out a low moan as he was entered, filled by Xander's heat and hardness. Nothing else could ever compare to being taken like this, by this wonderful, beautiful human. His human. His Xander.
Xander knew he couldn't last long. Not with Spike's cool body encasing him snugly, rippling around and under him. Panting, he pulled out, then quickly plunged back in. His mouth worked at the curve of Spike's neck, sucking fiercely at the tender area.

Spike made what little movements he could while pinned down by Xander's greater bulk. He clenched his muscles, jerking his hips up and down, grinding his own hardness into the mattress.

Xander sped up, sliding quickly in and out of Spike's clinging passage. Soon, he was moving with almost bruising force, hands leaving red welts on Spike's body as he gripped it harshly with each thrust.

~*~*~*~*~
Poe sighed slightly, looking to the others. "I don't think Dasani and his mate will be joining us anytime soon."

Lindsey giggled, "They're making out," he whispered loudly. Oz laughed but choked it off at the glare. "Sorry, sir," he grinned.
Poe rolled his eyes, "No you're not, don't lie." He pointed a finger at Oz, "You two do not leave, got it? I'll be having a talk with you. I have to check on Giles and the others."

"Bye, grandpa!" Lindsey called and laughed at the vampire's shudder. Poe walked down the stairs and into something like a dungeon. He always did have good tastes in buildings. Angel was in a cage while Buffy was chained to the wall.

Giles had gone into Ripper mode while Doyle and the witches had a bowl of popcorn in their laps. "What kind of spell are you guys under!?!" Buffy cried, "This is wrong!"

Willow munched the food as she answered, "No see, you're wrong. No spell, we're just doing what we're meant to. I couldn't let you hurt my friend of childhood."

"He's a demon! A very old demon!" Angel tried to reason.

"And who says I wasn't old??" Willow huffed slightly, "I just look really good. I just never remembered what Poe looked like. Bad memory."

Angel snapped his gaze to his former friend who was supposed to be dead. "Doyle...what's your part in all of this?"
Doyle sipped from a bottle of beer. "He's my baby half brother. Same mom, different dads. I thought I was the only demon in the family..."

Part Five

"Everything...you told me was a lie?" Buffy looked at Willow.

"Yup! Including that I'm old...I wanna be special like everyone else." Willow pouted angrily but grinned once again when Tara put an arm around her.

Buffy glared, "I can't believe this happening!" She blinked rapidly, "I am the Slayer! I am supposed to be stopping things like that!!"

"Don't call my son a that, he has a name," Zakari matched her glare.
"Dad and dad are done having sex!" Lindsey suddenly called down.

Zakari's body tensed and his eyes shut. "God...mental image...I did not need to have that picture of my son..."

Lindsey grinned evilly, "I just thought you might want to know and all!"

Oz pulled his lover close, "Linds, try to keep it so he only lectures you, not bites your head off."

"He wouldn't! Would he?"

"Just try me," Zakari smirked, his fangs glittering. He stared at Angel and Buffy, sniffing the air. "Useless bags of meat."

"Well, I wouldn't say totally useless..." All eyes turned toward Xander as he sauntered into the room, followed by a dazed and suspiciously cheerful Spike.

Zakari firmly banished any thoughts involving Spike and/or Xander in a state of...undress. Instead, he raised an eyebrow and asked curiously, "Oh? And why is that?"

Xander snickered. "Well, she does come in a bit handy when we end up having to save the world. All the baddies tend to go straight for her, since they don't see
the rest of us as much of a threat. Plus, she can be a
lough a minute."

Spike snuggled up to his husband. "Xan's right," he
agreed, which surprised most of the people in the room.
"What? It's bloody hilarious watchin' her screw up her
love life. She's either all googly-eyed over some clod, or
depressed 'cause she'd been dumped. And trust
me...drunk Buffy is always good for an evening's
entertainment."

Buffy's face turned almost purple. "Why you--!"

"Attractive, deadly, sexy as hell...What?" Spike grinned.

"Dad, in the afterglow of sex..."

"No more talk of sex!!!" Zakari glared at everyone, "Is
that understood?!"

"...You're just mad 'cause you're not getting any," Xander
smirked. "I got this really neat idea." He leaned over,
whispering in his father's ear. The smile that slowly
curled the old vampire's lips could only be described as
truly evil.

"Wonderful. Absolutely...evil."
Xander bounced on the ball of his feet with a huge grin. "I learned from Spike!"

Zakari gazed at his son-in-law. "Maybe Spike will be a good member of the family." Xander giggled, latching onto Spike. "Well then, Dasani has decided to be...nice."

Everyone looked at Xander except Buffy and Angel, who gave sighs of relief, thinking their friend had come back to his senses. "Angel, he got an idea of how to keep your soul in place." The same evil grin twisted his lips, "Guess how."

Angel glared. "I don't trust you," he said flatly. "Why would I listen to anything you say? And why you even want to help me?"

Zakari gave him a measuring look. "Who said anything about helping, boy? Do I look like I want to help you?"

"Then what are you talking about?" Angel frowned in consternation.

"Angel! Don't talk to him!" Buffy hissed, still giving Spike the evil eye.

"Buffy, it's my soul they're talking about, I want to know what's going on!"
Zakari gestured toward his son. "Dasani? Care to enlighten him?"

Xander grinned. "I think it should be a surprise, he could-hey!" He paled a bit, glancing between Angel and his husband. "Um...Spike? He's like your Sire and all, right?"

Spike stared at him. "At the risk of sounding like Buffy over there...duh!"

Xander swallowed. "So, would that make him, like...my father-in-law?" He shuddered. "Ewww, gross!"

Spike patted his head. "There, there. There, there. Even if the poof doesn't get what you two are saying. Can I get in on it?"

Xander wrapped his arms around the vampire's neck. "That could be fun. Fun time for all, except Angel."

"What do you mean?" Angel furrowed his brow in confusion.

"Gee, Gel-For-Brains," Xander smacked his head, "What caused you to lose your soul?" He waited for the look of enlightenment. "And how do you suppose we'll get rid of it? Keep in mind me and Spike and dad don't exactly like you but...you work for the Powers that Be, we can't kill you for that. Any ideas?"
Angel went paler than he all ready was as it clicked.

Buffy frowned, "What are you talking about?"

"I'm not explaining further! The hints were blunt enough!!!" Xander pointed a finger, which had grown a long claw, at her. "Sorry, okay, better now. Let's get this over with so I can have more....not-sex-things with Spike."

Zakari groaned. "You did it again! Stop that!"

"What?" Xander shot him an innocent look. "I didn't say anything about sex, did I Spike?"

"Didn't hear a word, pet." Spike took hold of his hand and kissed it. "Now, could we bloody well get to doing some not-sex-things so I can take Xander here and do some...erm, other not-sex-things with him?"

"Argh!" Zakari glared at his son and son-in-law, shaking a fist. "Enough! My son may be a married man now, but he is still as pure and innocent as a newborn babe. I won't have you trying to make me think otherwise!" He crossed his arms over his chest.

Spike blinked, glanced at Xander, then mumbled, "You think he means newborn Wargol demons? I'm telling you, those boys are born with a sex drive like you
wouldn't believe, and spend their whole lives doing nothin' but eating and shagging." He cocked his head as he stared at Xander. "Dunno how he could mistake you for one of those, though."

"Ahhhhh!"

~*~*~*~*~

Angel sat in the back of the cage, arms wrapped tightly around his legs even as blood pooled under him. Buffy was off to the side, vomiting whatever she had eaten. Doyle frowned at Angel. "He gonna live?"

"Unfortunately," Spike said between licking at Xander's fingers. The young demon giggled at the sensation.

Zakari made it a point to not look at the two lovers. "If he's not dust, he'll be fine."

"Xander, why?!" Buffy demanded when she had control over herself again.

Xander pouted, even as Spike went to clean his other hand. "I just wanted to make sure he'd never lose his soul again. This was the only way. ...Okay, not the only way but...the only one we were willing to try. Hey, Spike,
what are you...ohh..." Xander's protest melted into a
groaned as Spike neatly bit into his wrist.

Spike grinned and suckled gently, grinding his hips
against his husband's thigh. With a heady moan, Xander
reached down and started stroking the insistent swelling
that Spike kept rubbing against him.

Buffy watched this display, and it only added to her
nausea. "Would you stop that?!"

Zakari wrinkled his nose as he watched
his son twist and
slice his own fangs into Spike's skin. "Yes, please do.
You’re ruining my illusions of my son's innocence."

Doyle snickered. "Innocent? Xander? Are you on drugs or
something?"

Zakari glared. "Don't make me take you over my knee, boy."

Doyle blinked, then wilted back.

Zakari snorted, then turned his attention to Buffy.
"Now...what should we do with you, my dear?" A
positively evil smirk crossed his face.

"Let me go?" she offered.
Zakari’s mouth dropped open, "Of course! What a positively evil idea!" Buffy beamed and he glared. "I'm not stupid."

Xander dragged Spike up for a kiss, keeping them there for a minute. "Oooh! What about that water pump thing you said you did to that one kid?"

"Refresh my memory, I'm old." The old vampire looked to his son and son-in-law.

It was becoming increasingly hard for Xander to think as Spike wrapped around his back and began to nibble at his neck. "Remember? You like...shoved him onto the water pump and...gah."

"Oh yes! That was amusing, gave me a blood supply for my patients for weeks."

"Let's not get hasty!" Buffy exclaimed.

"Hasty. Hasty is good," Xander mumbled as Spike continued to nip and lick at him. He arched his back, hissing.

"You boys do have a room, don't you?" Zakari tapped his foot, waiting.
Spike left off his torment of Xander long enough to answer, "Yeah. That place where Xanny went all alpha and fucked me through the mattress, right?" He darted his head back down.

"Might I remind you that we're trying to get something done here? So either go somewhere I can't see you and...do things, or stay here and help with her!"

Spike froze, then he and Xander groaned simultaneously. "You mean we gotta choose between sex and torture? That's not fair!"

Xander glared, "You're so mean to me."

Zakari chuckled, "I am a soulless vampire, Dasani." He clapped his hands together. "So, boys, what'll it be?"

Spike pondered that, head resting on Xander's shoulder. "Well...torture of Buffy only happens now...And we can have sex the rest of the time."

Xander giggled and Zakari rolled his eyes. "Well, then would you two mind being at least a few inches apart? You look like you'll become one at any moment."

"Mmm, I like that idea."
A frustrated scream brought their attention to Buffy.
"Either kill me or stop doing icky thing! I mean...ewww!"

Spike smirked. "Well, you heard the chit. And since we're prob'ly not gonna stop doing 'icky things', I guess we have to kill her."

"Yeah, I mean, wouldn't want to disappoint her when she asked so nicely." Xander's evil smirk matched Spike's.

Buffy paled. "Um, I mean...look, that's not what I meant. I..." She started backing up as spike and Xander advanced upon her. A pair of hands fastened onto her shoulders, and she twisted her head around to see Doyle holding her fast and grinning.

"What, leaving so soon?"

Buffy shook herself, seeming to remember that she possessed enhanced Slayer strength. Moving quickly, she grabbed hold of Doyle's arm and flipped him over her head. Winded, the half-demon glared up at her from the floor.

"Ha, take that. Slayer one, bad guys nothing." Buffy smiled.

Lindsey looked to Oz, "I thought we had like...fifty or something on her."
"Sssh, she doesn't know that."

"Okay, that pissed me off! No one messes with my big brother except me! And...maybe Spike!" Through his anger at Buffy, Xander had slipped back into his demon body. "I had to put up with you for six years and I don't need it!"

Doyle now smirked at Buffy, who was looking a bit worried. "Nothing like a few years of repressed aggression to come out in a violent matter."

Buffy was back to looking rather pale and even the slightest bit intimidated. "Now Xander, you don't really meant th--"

Xander jumped forward and grabbed Buffy by the throat, cutting of her hasty words. He tightened his grip as he lifted, ignoring the tiny feet kicking at his shins. "Do not tell me what I mean, Slayer!" he snarled, snapping his fangs at her.

Buffy clawed at the hand holding her up, choking and gasping for air. "Xa--an...c-can' br..."

Spike sidled up next to his husband. "Now luv, if you kill her now, you'll take all the fun out of it. 'Sides," he pouted, "you said I could have a go at her, too."
Xander flashed a look at Spike. "But-" Spike gave him a long kiss. "Okay, I guess. But I'm not liking it. At least not until I get another kiss." Spike was only too happy to do so.

"Uh, Xan," Doyle broke in, "she's turnin' blue."

Xander blinked, "Oh. Oops..." He dropped her to the ground, slipping his arms around Spike's neck. The vampire smiled cruelly at Buffy, who was still trying to come to grips with her rising downfall. "Could we hurry up her death? I wanna go to my room," he purred in Spike's ear.

Lindsey shook his head, leaning against Oz. "I must say, this is the best wedding reception I have ever been to."

"Hey, demons know how to party," Oz grinned at his lover.

Lindsey kissed him eagerly, showing with his tongue how much he agreed with that statement.

Buffy glared up at them as she coughed and rubbed her neck. "I changed my mind," she rasped out. "You can definitely kill me now."

Xander twitched as he watched his son sucking face with the werewolf. Finally, he growled. "Lindsey! Not in front
of me, ok? My god, what are you thinking making out in front of your father?"

The sound of crickets chirping filled the room as everyone stared at Xander in bemusement.

"What?" Xander turned to his husband. "What?? Was it something I said?"

"I have only been saying that...oh never mind. No one listens to me," Zakari sighed.

"Maybe we should find you a girlfriend or boyfriend and you can make out with them and we can be all 'ew! That's yucky!'" Xander looked from Buffy to Spike, who were giving him weird looks, "What? I'm only 101, I'm still a kid!"

Zakari shook his head, "I knew I should have had a teenage pregnancy talk with him..."

Buffy yelped as Spike suddenly grabbed her by the throat. "Think we forgot about you, luv? Nope."

Buffy thrashed in his grasp, "You said you loved me!" She was willing to try anything to get out of here.

"Consider it a mid-death crisis."
"You said you loved her?" Zakari stared at his son-in-law with something suspiciously like disappointment.

Spike glared back. "Sod off," he growled. "Maybe you should have a chat with your little guardian, Red. She's the one almost made me marry her that time." He shuddered in remembrance. "Think it was left over from that spell. Never did like all that mojo, tends to go wrong too often."

"Indeed?" Zakari mulled that over. "Perhaps I will have a chat with young Willow."

Satisfied that he had diverted attention from himself and his momentary lapse in judgement, Spike turned back to Buffy. "S'pose you should be glad you're not a bloke," he commented. "No prick to chop off, we'll have to find something else."

Xander looked thoughtful. "Tongue? She tends to be less annoying when you don't have to listen to her whine."

"How delightful," Spike rewarded him a kiss before his fingers worked into Buffy's mouth and was able to rip out her tongue. She gave a gargling scream. Xander grinned approvingly. "What's next, Xan? I'm taking requests."
Xander draped himself against Spike. "Show me why they call you Spike? Ever since Giles read that I just had to know."

Spike frowned slightly, even though his eyes glittered with amusement. "Well, not sure..."

"Pleeeeeeesease?" Xander batted his puppy dog eyes.

Spike rolled his eyes and grinned widely. "Oh, all right." He shook his head and sighed. "Y'see that?" he said to Lindsey. "Got me wrapped around his little finger, he does."

Xander nipped at the finger in question. "Not yet," he growled in a husky voice before yanking Spike towards him and kissing him soundly.

Zakari covered his eyes and whimpered softly, while Oz and Lindsey started to clap enthusiastically. "Whooo, go Dad!" Lindsey shouted.

Xander was grinning when he released a rather dazed Spike. He gave a parting lip to the vampire's pouting lower lip, then turned to his son. "Linds, would you go get Spike some of his new 'toys'." He smirked at Buffy, who was kneeling on the floor coughing blood. "I think it's time for my husband to break in some of those lovely presents he got."
Spike wrapped around Xander's body. "How did I miss you for so long?" he questioned as Lindsey practically *skipped* to get the weapons.

"Drusilla?" Xander offered. He frowned as he noticed Buffy trying to crawl away, leaving a trail of blood. Looking rather innocent, he kicked her. Hard. "Ooo, I knocked out some of her teeth!" he giggled as said teeth were spit out.

Spike grinned, "Dru ain't got nothing on you. Plus you're sane."

Zakari shook his head, "I'm pondering if I should be disturbed by this all or proud my son's growing into a healthy young demon."

"Both?" Xander grinned and took the weapons that Lindsey held out. "Hey, Linds, you and Oz don't have to stay here, you know. There is a bedroom around here."

Lindsey smirked, "How did you know that's what I was thinking, dad?"

Xander cast a look at Spike, waggled his eyebrows and leered, then looked back at Lindsey. "You really have to ask?"
Lindsey snorted with laughter. "Great minds think alike, huh?"

"Whatever." Xander waved a hand. "Go on, go on. Go do...things with Oz there, and I'll just pretend you're showing him some...paintings."

Oz snickered and looped his arm through Lindsey's. "Yeah, Lindsey," he breathed in the other man's ear. "Why don't you show me your paintings."

Lindsey swallowed hard, lashed his father a grateful smile, and then dragged Oz out of the room.

"God," Zakari muttered. "My entire family is composed of nymphomaniacs. What are the chances of that?"

"Well, obviously the odds were somewhat good-" Giles commented polishing his glasses. He coughed as Zakari gave him a look, "Oh was that a rhetorical question?" The vampire gave a sarcastic smile and nodded.

Spike twirled the knives in his hands before having Xander sit on the floor. "Hey, if I'm a good boy and watch this all the way through, will you show me your paintings?" he leered.

Spike snorted, "Anytime, luv, anytime." He grabbed Buffy by the back of her neck, hauling her up before slamming
one knife into the palm of her hand and to the wall. The gesture was repeated on the other hand and Buffy was pinned. "Oh it is so good to be back."

Buffy writhed against the wall, opening her mouth to make gurgling sounds of protest. The only thing she managed to accomplish, though, was to send a spray of blood across Spike’s face.

Spike lifted a hand, swiped it over his face, then licked his bloody fingers. His eyes glittered with malice as he studied the Slayer. "I ever tell you that the blood of a Slayer is rumored to be an aphrodisiac?" he called over his shoulder to Xander.

"Oh really?" Xander shivered at the thought.

"Good lord." Zakari moaned. "Like the two of you need any help?" He growled at Spike. "Would you just get on with it already?"

Eyes wide with pain and fear, Buffy sought Giles out, shooting him a pleading glance. More garbled sounds issued forth from her mouth.

Giles blinked. "I'm afraid I didn't quite catch that," he said smoothly before turning his back on her.
"Woah, go Giles," Xander said quietly, giving the older man an admiring look. Then he blew a kiss at Spike. "Hurry up, oh husband of mine. The honeymoon chamber awaits."

Spike raised an eyebrow but began to slice into Buffy's flesh. The girl writhed back and forth, gurgling a parody of a scream. Spike rummaged through the small pack that held his weapons now and pulled out an old railroad spike, from Willow no less. "Where to put this one....where to put this one...Any suggestions, Buff?"

Her eyes widened and she shook her head. "What?" Spike looked mockingly shocked. "You want me to put it down there? Really, isn't that what Farmboy was for? But you ARE the one dying."

The air was filled with the sound of ripping fabric as Spike shoved the spike up and into her. Xander fell back, giggling madly like it was the funniest thing he had ever seen. "You'll have to have it cleaned before you use it again, Spikey. We don't want anyone catching Buffy germs."

A look of distaste crossed Spike's face. "Damn." he muttered harshly. "Didn't think of that." Then he shook himself. "Well, we'll just leave it there for now then, shall
we?" He sifted through his toys again. "Ah!" He held up a pair of long, thin metal spikes.

Xander's eyes widened dramatically. "Whatcha gonna do with those?"

Spike gave him a mischievous grin, then grabbed Buffy's head tightly. "Try not to move, luv, unless you _want_ me to slip."

Buffy shrieked loudly, squirming as much as she could in Spike's grasp as the needle-like objects slowly punctured each of her eyes.

Spike pulled back, grinning evilly although Buffy couldn't see it. Xander pressed against his back. "You are _such_ an artist," he commented, nipping at Spike's throat.

Zakari raised an eyebrow at his son-in-law, "I am...in awe. I guess you really are good for my boy."

"That's what I've been trying to say!" Xander complained. Zakari shook his head. "Damn selective hearing." He cuddled against Spike, pouting and enjoying Buffy gurgling whimpers.

Spike frowned at the Slayer. "You know, somehow, I thought this would be more fun. Not much of a challenge, is she?"
Zakari shrugged as he studied the Slayer. "Personally, I think her looks have been much improved. Then again, that is just my opinion."

"Oh, I agree. Definitely." Doyle nodded. "Don't know her too well, but I am really liking this look."

"Well," Giles added, "I do know her well, unfortunately. And I must say, I enjoyed the bit with the tongue. Not one of her best features, she'll be better off without it."

Xander rolled his eyes. "Well, glad everyone's happy. Me? I'm horny. And I have a new hubby who needs to shag me unconscious." He turned soulful eyes on Zakari. "You mind finishing up here, Dad?"

"If I can rid myself of that image, yes." Zakari shook his head, "Welcome to the family, William."

Spike smiled and pulled Xander to him, kissing the man lovingly. "Glad to be here. Daddy."

Zakari groaned.

The End