Set somewhere in season 2 of Angel and uh, pretend that 2 coincides with 4 of Buffy.
Beta'd by kitty_poker1

Irresistible When You Get That Look in Your Eyes

by
Eyezrthewindows

Part One
His eyes widened as he watched Xander lean forward to grab his beer. The rounded curve of taut buttocks stood out in stark relief as the sweatpants the boy was wearing pulled tight over the muscles.

He blinked.

Now, those were new thoughts. Or, well, not *new* new
just...he hadn't really had a lot of them about the boy before. He did admit he'd had a passing thought or two about bending him over a table or having him suck his cock but...

...all of a sudden he found himself mesmerized and nearly panting for Xander Harris.

With a tilt of his head, Spike tucked his tongue between his teeth, slumped down and spread his legs, getting more comfortable and looking at Xander.

The boy wasn't all that bad looking, really. Floppy hair, thick and dark like Drusilla's...like Angelus'; eyes nearly as black as the night, also like Angelus'...

Okay, maybe he was sublimating. He'd always been a stupid twat.

They were slouched on the boy's second-hand couch watching tv and drinking beer, having a silent bit of companionship for a change, when Spike found himself inexplicably aroused.

And attracted to Xander.
The thought sent mild shock through him but he figured he had either gone too long without getting laid or it was a spell -- otherwise known as: hellmouth related.

He shrugged to himself.

Since he hadn't been thinking sexy thoughts and they definitely weren't watching anything interesting -- fucking Star Trek: The Next Generation reruns on Scifi -- he figured the latter was more likely.

Though, he hadn't gotten laid in a while...

Ah, well, it would make the night more interesting, at any rate. It wasn't as if he had anything better to do with his oodles of spare time.

Spike put down his beer and scooted closer to an oblivious Xander. He stared at the boy hard, watched him swallow, watched his mouth open and his lips wrap around the curve of the bottle and felt his cock respond.

He'd really like to feel those blood hot lips and that wet cavern of a mouth wrapped around his dick.

"You gonna sit there all night and watch this crap?"
Xander stopped drinking and looked at him sideways, trying to keep one eye on the tv and one on the vampire. "Huh?"

Spike gestured to the flickering tv screen with a roll of his eyes. "You've been parked in front of the telly for hours watching a programme you've seen about a million times. It's been off the air for bloody years, you git. Don't you have anything better to do?"

Spike watched Xander frown, put down his beer, covet the remote control when he thought Spike might be scheming to steal it, and barely turn to face him in order to confront him.

"This is a classic show, Spike. It's my tv, my apartment, my couch...in fact, that," Xander said, pointing to the abandoned bottle, "is my beer. What makes you--"

He couldn't take it anymore. He suddenly found himself leaping across the short distance between them and shoving his tongue down an extremely surprised Xander's throat.

The beer went flying, landed on the floor and spilled. The
two of them were pressed together from sternum to crotch and attached at the mouths before the boy could blink.

Xander was frozen beneath him, arms flailing uselessly at his sides while Spike groaned and rubbed his aching erection into one of Xander's thighs because the friction was just right...and....oh, yeah, there.

Xander finally managed to turn his mouth away from the plunder and gasped as Spike's wet lips sucked a fiery trail down his neck. "What the fuck are you doing, Spike?"

The vampire was amused in the midst of his red haze of arousal. Xander wasn't trying too hard to get away. Sounded almost...peppy about being molested by Spike.

Spike rolled his hips, feeling the stirring he was causing down below, and grinned into Xander's throat. "I think you know what I'm doing. Now, shut your gob. Got a plan. Doesn't include yammerin'."

Spike was preoccupied with his sucking and groping and humping, so much so that he didn't notice Xander forcing his way out from underneath him and rolling onto the floor beside the couch until it was happening.
Xander cracked his head on the coffee table and winced, jerking his knee up and knocking it on the table too.

"Ow, damn."

Spike whined, panted, started to reach for Xander again but his hand was slapped away. "What?" Swollen, pouty lips trembled and Xander rubbed at them with shaking fingers. "You--you're macking on me! Why are you macking on me? No touching! Don't touch me!"

Spike sat up and relaxed against the back of the couch. His erection jutted out against the harsh, cold metal buttons of his jeans and he noted that Xander's eyes were very fascinated, even drawn to it. He wiggled his hips and watched the boy's eyes widen.

He grinned and tucked his hands behind his head. "Two blokes of the world here, nobody else around...why do you bloody think I'm 'macking' on you? Wanker," he scoffed. "Couldn't you just go with what was happening? Felt like you were enjoying it, too."

Xander blinked. "Well, duh, shit-for-brains! It was friction
and sexy-touchy-feely-stuff! I'd get off if it was Giles...okay, scratch that. I wouldn't. But that's not the point! I'm young and a walking mass of over-active hormones and...you were rubbing all the right places...and damn you know how to kiss. I mean, really."

Spike smirked smugly and spread his legs a little. "Had a little practice, haven't I? Now, if you're finished, get back up here so I can get on with the snogging and frotting."

"Frotting?"

Spike licked his lips and leaned forward. His finger trailed up Xander's mouth. "Frottage. Humping. Bumping our bits together without penetration. Doesn't even require nudity, really. Though, that is preferable and more pleasurable." He shrugged and leaned back again. "I'm open-minded, not picky, so...give us a kiss, won't you?"

Xander swallowed hard and pushed himself up from the floor. He knelt on his throbbing knee and pointed. "You have to be insane to even think that I'd make out with you or let you hump me or any of that! This has got to be a spell or somethi--urk!"

Spike grabbed Xander by the collar and jerked him back
onto the couch. He'd positioned himself between the boy's legs and opened Xander's pants and tugged them and his boxers down far enough to get his cock out before the brunet could inhale fully to try to tell him off some more.

He licked a stripe up Xander's cock.

Xander gasped and twitched.

"You were saying, pet?"

"Umm," Xander breathed as Spike sucked the tip of his cock. He arched his hips and Spike's tongue flickered out over the head. "What?"

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He sucked Xander until he had the boy at the edge, until he knew he wouldn't be able to resist any longer, and then he stopped.

He was the ultimate prick-tease and enjoyed the whiny whimper Xander made when he realised Spike was no longer sucking him off.
He sat up, ripped off his shirt and unfastened the front of his jeans and then pulled out his cock.

Xander watched glassy-eyed and unblinking beneath him, hands clenched in the sofa fabric, body taut with unreleased tension. He panted.

Spike began to pull himself off slowly as he knelt over Xander, his eyes heavy-lidded and fixed on the boy's horrified yet rapt expression. Precum dribbled out the end and fell on Xander's shirt.

Xander's eyes slowly fixed on the wet drop. His own cock welled up in sympathy.

Spike gasped, thrusting into his own hand. "Might want to get rid of that shirt if you don't want it all messed up..."

Xander blinked, stared at the stroking hand and the large erection leaking precum from the tip, then released the cushion and nearly ripped his shirt off. He almost upended them both from the couch in his haste to remove the offending, and last, piece of clothing.
Spike chuckled and grabbed the back of the sofa to keep himself from falling off it, then settled back astride Xander's thighs as the boy flopped back down, cock slapping against his stomach as he lay back down expectantly.

"Want me to continue? Or would you rather..." Spike tilted his head to the side and flicked his tongue out over the curve of his upper lip, "...do something that's a bit more audience participation friendly?"

Xander gazed up at him, then without a word, faster than Spike would've ever thought he could move, he tossed Spike to the floor and leapt atop him.

Spike hit his head on the same table Xander had hit his on, then the floor when it bounced off. He grabbed it with a wince.

"Bloody hell, Harris--!"

"Shut up, Spike. You started this and I'm going to finish it and then we're going to Giles' to see what the hell's going on with you. And with me since I can't seem to resist your...unholy good looks and lean and classically beautiful body."
Spike rubbed his throbbing temple and then inhaled sharply as Xander began to hump him for all he was worth.

His eyelids fluttered shut, he opened his thighs, brought up his knees, wrapped his legs around the brunet's writhing body and moaned.

Oh, how he loved the slick sounds two bodies made when they were in a passionate rutting.

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Xander showered first by default since it was his apartment, his running water, his heterosexuality Spike had put a chink in.

That was fine, though. Spike just settled back on the floor, sprawled and replete and smug with a mixture of seed drying in the fine hair on his belly. He scratched as it started to itch.

He wasn't sated for long, maybe twenty minutes, and started when he felt his cock fill and lengthen and his
balls tingle and...Jesus, the after-glow certainly had shortened.

He'd never been this horny, this much, this long before.

Though...it wasn't exactly a bad thing. He could probably coerce a few more orgasms from the kid...

Xander avoided his eyes when he exited the bathroom and disappeared into his bedroom for the clothes he'd forgotten in his haste to get away from Spike to rid himself of the evidence of their mutual, hot orgasms. The towel he wore clutched around his hips tightly didn't hide much and the boy knew it. Both hands squeezed the edges shut and he shuffled awkwardly, quickly, past the lounging vampire.

Spike shrugged, amused, and got up to utilize the rest of the hot water.

He wanked off like he'd never had a release at all, redressed and sauntered out of the bathroom like he owned the place and everything in it. Felt like he did; he was in a pretty good mood.

He eyed the lonely figure propped against the kitchen
counter drinking a glass of orange juice despondently. He licked his lips, tucked his chin into his chest and stalked over.

He felt very much the predator at this moment. Especially when Xander clapped eyes on him and froze like a helpless little deer waiting to be slaughtered. The orange juice sloshed over the rim as his hand shook.

"Uh...Spike? Whatcha doing?" Xander quickly put his glass down and began to edge away from the nearly naked vampire.

Spike grinned and waggled his eyebrows. "Seems as though I can't get enough of getting off. Your lucky day, it is. What say you forget this nonsense about going to see what's wrong and I give you a good seeing to?"

He boxed Xander in and snuffled along his collar bone. He licked Xander's Adam's apple and nibbled up his jaw line.

Xander shuddered and shoved the very amorous vampire away with great effort. He snatched his hands away from wet Spike skin like they'd been burned and forced himself to ignore the towel that was slowly slipping down
Spike's hips. "You're not going to get me to lose my head again, Spike. Going to Giles' place and that's that."

Spike pouted, rubbed his erection against Xander's quivering thigh and backed up sullenly. "Don't know what you're missing, pet."

Xander swallowed, Spike watched, and he ran a hand through his damp hair. "Oh, I think I do, buddy."

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Before they reached Giles' apartment, Spike slammed Xander up against a handy, nearby wall and rubbed against him.

He couldn't take it anymore. Couldn't keep himself from mauling the boy, from fucking up against him, couldn't seem to think straight anymore.

All his efforts until this point had been thwarted but he wouldn't be put off any longer.

He unzipped the protesting boy's pants, undid his own, and began to wank them off simultaneously.
Xander gasped, threw his head back into the wall and grasped Spike's biceps hard. His eyes squeezed shut.

Spike thrust and stroked and grunted with each forceful tug.

As they came, finally, Spike buried his face in Xander's neck and rode the boy's thigh and Xander just leaned against the wall, propped there by the vampire, and blinked up at the lattice covered by some kind of clinging greenery.

"Well, now that that's out of the way I can work on my resisting you. This is so not going to happen again," was all Xander could say.

Spike snorted and rubbed the tips of his fingers in the puddle they'd created between them.

It would happen again, and again, most likely.

Well, unless the Scoobies came up with a cure, that is.
Part Two

Giles wasn't at his flat but Willow and her little witchy woman were. When Xander told them of Spike's plight, at first they laughed.

That is, until Spike started giving them lecherous looks and groping Xander when he couldn't seem to control his impulses anymore.

"So, see? This is why we need some good old researching done. Spike's been...like this for hours now and it's...God, stop that, Spike, you undead, horny, asshole! What did I say about the naughty touching?"

Spike quirked an eyebrow causing Xander to flush guiltily, then he rubbed the back of his neck and covertly slid an appraising glance up Willow's body to the pert little breasts hidden by a grotesque, over-sized sweater.

A throat cleared.

Spike traded his attention to the more lush curves of
Red's girlfriend.

"Spike! Quit ogling Tara! And me!"

"What? Oh. Can't say as I'm sorry...don't seem to have control at the moment. Not that I don't do this when you can't tell I'm looking but I have no bloody tact at it tonight. Just ask Mr. I-Have-No-Willpower here," he said, jerking a thumb in a very flushed Xander's direction.

"Xander? You..." Willow blinked. "You and Spike?!

"It's not my fault!" Xander denied, raising both hands. "It just happened! You should see him when he's motivated. It's like I couldn't say no. I mean, gah!"

"I don't want to know. See?" She covered her ears. "This is me not wanting to know the details. Don't say anymore. I'll see what I can do. Me and Tara will both hit the books and see if we can't bring Giles back from the coffee house sooner."

"That would be so very good. But..." Xander fidgeted, eyes bulging.

Spike grinned and sidled closer to hide the view of his
hand...which was fondling Xander's ass.

"What do I do with him?"

Willow was suddenly amused. "I think you know what to do with him, Xan. Seems like you've already...got it well in hand. But first...Spike?"

Spike dragged his eyes up from where he'd been watching himself play with Xander's tensed ass cheek. "What?"

"Did anything unusual happen to you earlier? While out on patrol, I mean." She sighed. "And could you please stop groping Xander? You can go back to doing that after."

Spike pouted but tore his wandering hand from Xander's firm ass.

Xander sighed with relief and sat down on the couch, covering his crotch with a pillow.

Spike thought for a moment. "Well...went on patrol like always...killed some fledges, killed some demons, got in some fights at Willie's, got drunk, got in some more..."
fights. Got kicked out, after that. Was on the way back to the boy's flat when I got in another fight and the bloody demon sprayed some kind of something in my face, then up and disappeared." He shrugged. "That's it."

Willow and Tara looked at each other and then at Xander. They all turned to stare at Spike.

"What?" he asked, frowning.

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"You really didn't think, oh, that it was odd that some demon was spraying you with something and then running away, tra la la, and you not giving chase or whatever? You're supposed to be a cunning killer, demon hunter, whatever, Spike! I seriously don't know how you've lasted as long as you have."

Spike growled, eyes flickering golden for one moment before he crossed his arms and tucked himself into one corner of the couch sullenly.

Xander was way on the other end, pointedly keeping his distance from grabby Spike.
"Well, how was I supposed to know it would be different this time? I get slimed and sprayed and gouged with all sorts of ruddy demonic bits and nothing ever happens! Don't know why this was so different."

Xander snickered and when Spike cast a leering glance his way he shut up and tucked his hands in his lap.

"Okay, so...we need a description. Maybe we can find an antidote or a counter-spell or something..."

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"There's no mojo'd up cure," Spike repeated for about the seventeenth time after hearing the results of the search.

Xander stayed out of his way but Spike had already begun shifting across the expanse of the sofa and was now nearly in the boy's lap.

Spike thought Xander was secretly enjoying all the attention. It wasn't as if he got it from anyone else.
One of Spike's hands latched onto the inside of Xander's thigh and the tips rubbed gently into the tightening flesh.

The muscle twitched.

"Spike."

Spike blinked, quit stroking but didn't remove his hand. "What? Oh, sorry. You were saying?"

"No antidote, blah blah blah, it'll wear off in a day or so but you're going to be...umm..." Willow uttered what sounded suspiciously like a snicker and Tara bent her head so that her hair hid her face.

Spike still saw the little blonde witch grinning, though.

"What? Non-stop horny out of me bleedin' mind? What the hell'm I supposed to do? Boy here's going to get tired eventually, not that I care, but he'll also probably get sore and him in pain's not exactly a good thing for ol' chipped Spike, now is it?"

Every human eye looked at him.

"What?"
"You're such a selfish bastard, Spike."

Spike squeezed the boy's thigh and moved his fingers a bit.

Xander wheezed and squeaked and Spike felt a little better.

No one said anything when Xander shifted and opened his thighs, allowing Spike to gently massage his balls with the tips of his fingers.

Tara and Willow definitely did not watch, either.

"Xander, I think Spike should stay at your place. Spike, don't leave. Don't be around anyone else...I don't know what else to tell you, though. It'll run its course and your, uh, potential targets won't really have much of a say since you'll be exuding a...pheromone type thing to get them to accept you, as the book said, and it'll be over before you know it. Until then...have fun, boys!"

"At least there's a reason why I couldn't say no. I feel much better now," Xander mumbled grimly, twitching as Spike rubbed his crotch into his thigh after shifting over
and flinging a leg over both of Xander's own.

Spike nearly fell when Xander abruptly stood but he righted himself and continued to stay glued to Xander's side.

"Oh, and Xander?"

Xander sighed and turned to Willow as he opened the door.

Spike took the opportunity to burrow into Xander's neck and rub his aching erection against Xander's upper thigh.

"What?" Xander whimpered as vampire hands made themselves right at home underneath his shirt to tweak his nipple.

"Do you want me to call Giles? Or Buffy?"

"Sweet Jeebus, no!"

Both girls giggled. "I think they have a right to know. It's hellmouthy business...they'll have to take care of that demon..."
"No!" Xander nearly shrieked.

Spike winced and growled at him, then began nibbling his ear lobe.

"Okay, fine. It'll be our little secret. I will have to tell them that...we saw a demon. They're rare and relatively harmless except for...Spike's little predicament, so there's really no threat there, I guess. You should just enjoy the, uh, moment..."

"I hate you."

He slammed the door on the girls' laughter and dragged his vampire leech back to his place.

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Several hours later, even Spike had to admit he was slowing down.

Well, not his erection, or the needs of his body due to the lust mucus that demon had sprayed on him in defense...
Okay, he wasn't slowing at all, actually. He continually thought about sex. Wanted it, needed it, craved it.

His dick was no longer going soft after climax and Xander was gobsmacked about it. The boy did nothing but stare and gape and go all glassy-eyed and cringe away when Spike tried to get close to him.

Xander couldn't get it up anymore and was getting no pleasure from Spike's dilemma. His hair stuck up all over his head, his face was alternately sweaty and flushed and pale and drawn and he was wheezing and whistling when he breathed. He could scarcely lift a hand anymore and Spike was merely using his body as a full-sized sex toy to rub off on.

Spike was beyond thought, beyond words; he just had to get off and keep getting off because it wasn't slowing down and it was consuming his every waking moment and he didn't know how much longer he could do this.

The boy was worn down and couldn't keep up anymore and Spike wasn't really having any fun.

His orgasms were dry; he simply had too many for his body to keep up with. He'd lost count of how many he'd
had but he'd be willing to bet he had beaten any record he'd set in all his years as a fully functional and active vampire.

So, now they were on the boy's bed, which was covered in spunk -- when Spike had actually still been able to shoot -- human sweat and tears and a little blood.

He'd never live that one down. He'd gone to get a snack, to keep up his energies for the coming, uh, cumming, and he'd started shaking so hard he could hardly hold his mug. He'd spilled pig's blood on Xander's sheets but the boy hadn't even yelled, he'd barely looked. He'd just laid there and cried exhausted tears.

Spike was too tired to care by that point and it wasn't boding well for him either.

He needed a plan. The little red-haired bint's wasn't working out too well so far. At the current rate they'd both shrivel up and dry into husks before the mucus wore off.

Spike glanced at the clock, bare knee jiggling as he sat on the side of the bed beside a nearly comatose Xander.
Christ, only three hours had passed.

He sighed. "This is getting me nowhere. My dick won't go down, you're useless, and...Christ, this just...sucks!"

Xander laughed weakly, eyes barely slitted open. "You don't have to tell me, you bastard. I never thought I'd say this...but I never want to have sex again. I don't think I'll ever get it up again. God, I'm so tired."

Spike snickered and prodded Xander. "Give it a couple of hours or so and you'll be percolating just fine, boy. It's me I'm worried about. I'm so bloody Horny I can't think straight."

Xander snickered.

"No jokes, git. Pot and kettle and all that shit." Pause. "You know...if you're too tired to use your hands or anything you could just lie there and suck my dick as I feed it to you..."

Xander spluttered, choking. The bed rocked. "Yeah, right."

Spike's face fell.
Xander rolled his eyes. "Don't give me that face, Spike. I am officially immune to any puppy eyes of doom." Heavy pause. "Except Willow's and that's only because she's got some...hypno power when she uses it. It's creepy."

Spike sneered. "What? You're too good to suck my knob? I'll have you know lesser men than you have killed for the opportunity."

"Yeah, 'cause your cum tastes like double chocolate chip ice cream. Whatever, lame-ass. Not putting my mouth anywhere near your ding-dong. Quit asking."

Spike sighed and trailed a finger down the inside of his own thigh. His cock twitched predictably. "That's really not fair, is it? Sucked you off good and bloody proper, I did. Reciprocity, wanker. It's a novel concept for you but you've got to learn that things in this world aren't bloody well free."

"I'm not paying you for what you've done to me, you sex-fiend!" Xander arched an eyebrow, the only part of his body he could move without groaning in pain. "I don't care. Still not sucking your cock. I wouldn't suck your dick with your mouth."
Spike bit back a grin. "That made no sense but I think I should be insulted."

"The operative word is should. God, I think you killed some brain cells that last time."

Spike smiled, pleased and smug. "Really? Thought I did rather well, myself."

Xander sighed and shifted minutely. "Don't get all smug about it. That's annoying. Anyway, I don't want to hear about you wanting me to suck you off. I'm not doing it and that's it." Xander's bloodshot eyes blinked up at the ceiling thoughtfully. "If you're so focused on someone sucking your dick, why don't you do it yourself? You're a vampire, you must have special skills or powers or something that allow you to be all bendy and stuff..."

"If I could suck my own prick I wouldn't be having this conversation, you twat. I happen to like the taste of cum, especially my own. It's a bloody palatable treat for the senses. You should be so lucky to get even a thimbleful."

Sleepy brown eyes blinked slowly, uncomprehending, for a second. "What? You've--no, wait. What?"
"You heard me, pillock."

"I really don't think I did, Spike."

"I've eaten my own spunk. Tasty, nummy, ruddy snack, it is." Spike leered.

Xander shuddered, sweat still cooling on his body. "You're not serious. You can't be serious."

Spike arched his scarred eyebrow silently.

"You are serious?"

Spike nodded slowly.

Xander swallowed. "Why the hell would you want to eat your own jizz? This is a joke, right? Fuck with Xander's already fucked with head until he goes fucking, bat-shit insane and lets you do whatever you want to his body?"

Spike snickered. "Talking about yourself in the third person, mate. That's not good for your sanity. You all right?"
"No, I'm not all right! You're fucking with me!"

Spike's eyes fell to Xander's unresponsive groin. "If it'd be willing and eager...but no. Not this time."

"Funny."

"No."

"Not funny?" Xander gulped.

Spike shook his head, losing patience. Obviously the boy was off his nut. Couldn't quite get the concept Spike was throwing at him.

Poor, slow little bastard.

"Oh, God, you're a pervert!"

"Well, yeah. Vampire, mate."

And he finally got it! Give the boy a bloody cigar. Or, perhaps, the stonker to end all stonkers so Spike could get his end away. He really wasn't much for taking pleasure without it being mutual -- even those he killed he gave a good one before he offed them; if they were
attractive, that is. Where was the fun in fucking an unresponsive body? He wasn't Angelus, after all.

Spike's gaze was focused, calculating. "Don't tell me you've never tasted your own cum, boy. I'd know you were lying."

"Well, it's not like I tasted it and thought: Oh, this is a culinary delight. Why can't they have food flavoured like man-cum? I must have some more, please."

Spike arched both eyebrows. "If it tasted like mine you would."

Xander's eyes flitted down to Spike's ever-hard cock, the one they'd been discussing like baseball scores. The one that had gotten him into this mess, that had made him weak and stupid and susceptible to Spike.

"I really don't think so. No. Uh uh."

"Well, I do."

"Well, I'm me and I don't. I happen to know me very well, pal."
"Don't think you know yourself half as well as you think you do, mate. You want to suck me."

"I do not!"

"You do so!"

"Do not!"

"Do so!"

"Do not!"

"Yes, you bloody do!"

They went back and forth heatedly until Spike suddenly changed tactics.

He shrugged, indifferently. "Okay, you're too much of a nancy to take on my cock. You definitely wouldn't."

Xander stopped, blinked, then glared. "Don't presume to know jack about me, buddy. I so would. I'm not a coward."

Spike leered. "Then, get to it. Put your mouth where my
hard, throbbing cock is and suck."

Xander gaped and pointed at Spike weakly. "You tricked me! You used Bugs Bunny's arguing tactic against me! That's...diabolical!"

Spike glanced down at his fingernails smugly. "Vampire. Evil. Duh."

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Eventually, Spike force fed Xander his cock and used his mouth while Xander simply lay there and took it with a scathing glance.

Xander choked and inhaled sharply, panicking over the shortage of air until Spike tapped him on the nose.

"Breathe through your nose, git. You've got other airways. Now, tighten up that suction. My cock can't suck itself, now can it? Though...that would be a treat..."

Xander glared up at him but he began to suck anyway.

He wouldn't tell Spike but...he kind of liked the feel of
the vampire's dick in his mouth. He was also finding Spike was right about the taste, too.

**Part Three**

*There's a sooper seekrit, umm, thing in this part. Anyone who gets it...is awesome? *snickers* Well, can't give prizes away or anything because I'm lame like that but...seriously? If you catch it...well...you're awesome. And really, really observant. And to _tayler? You accidentally quoted something Xandery from this chapter in your last comment. That's skeery. O.O*

His jaw ached, his throat was sore, he'd swallowed Spike's cum -- what little came out upon completion -- and still couldn't really do anything but twitch helplessly in bed while the vampire panted and shuddered beside him.

He noticed Spike's cock was *still* hard and started to feel for the guy. He had no idea what a constant hard-on felt like but it didn't seem like too much fun, considering Spike's tensed body and his scowling face.

Spike hung his head as he knelt on the bed beside Xander
and groaned. "Oh, this is bullshit."

Xander frowned. "What do you want to do? I can't keep up and...and there's nobody else to go to for, uh, help with this. Not anyone who knows about your chip-i-fied, undead condition and doesn't really care about it or wouldn't take advantage of it."

Spike's eyelids lowered, then his eyes lit up and he stared at Xander. "How would you feel about paying Peaches a visit?"

"Peaches? What? What does fruit have to do with anything and why would we want to visit it? I don't want to go to the supermarket. Is this a kinky sex with fruit thing? Because, ick. I draw the line there. I mean, kinky sex with an undead body is enough for me."

Spike rolled his eyes, eased off the bed and rounded up his clothing. He eased his jeans over his unflagging erection with a hiss of pain and a grimace and buttoned up. He finished dressing and practically dragged a limp Xander out of bed.

"You and me are going to LA."
"I don't want to go to LA to find fruit either, Spike. I couldn't make it to the corner market, much less two hours north."

Spike sighed, exasperated. "We're going to see Angel, fuckwit."

"Oh."

Pause.

Recognition.

Limbs tensed. Eyes widened.

Xander began to struggle weakly.

"No, no, no, no, no! We're not seeing him. We don't need him. Give me a minute and you can just...rub off on me again. I'll lay there and not complain at all, I swear! I can be your human-sized dildo, your human blow-up doll, whatever you want! Just no Deadboy!"

"You've been doing that anyway, ponce." Spike forcefully tossed some clothing at him. "Get dressed or I'm hauling your naked ass down to your car and taking you there
that way. Imagine Angel'd get a right kick out of your nude body...as would that Cordelia bint ... Isn't she your ex?"

Xander's eyes widened but he continued to be difficult, just because he felt like it. "Why should I do anything you say, anyway? I could just let you suffer..." Even as he bitched and moaned, Xander slowly pulled on his clothes, wrestling with them when they didn't seem to want to cooperate with his tired limbs.

"Oh, you won't. I know you. White hat to the core. Plus, you like the sex bits. Best you ever had, ain't it?"

Xander scowled as Spike grabbed his keys, then panicked. "You are not driving! I don't care how good the orgasms are!"

~*~*~*~*~

Spike drove but only because Xander was far too exhausted to lift his foot to hit the brake and gas peddles. He belted himself in securely, grinned at Spike until the vampire did too, and only cringed and hung on for dear life a few -- hundred -- times.
Spike pulled over an hour into the trip when raw need won out over getting to his destination and wanked in the driver's seat as passing cars periodically lit what he was doing. The smell of them was strong. Their sex filled the close quarters, drove him mad.

Xander watched him, fascinated, still limp and feeling like a wet noodle, dick finally making a small comeback. He wasn't nearly aroused enough to want to touch himself again, still chafed and sore and raw, but at least he knew he wasn't rendered impotent by all the sex.

When they finally made it to LA thirty minutes later, Spike was near desperation again and felt like trying to crawl out of his seat and into Xander's.

Xander breathed slow and deep and tried to put himself in another, happier mental place because Spike's foot had become lead and they were outdoing the speed limit by at least thirty miles an hour.

They roared on two wheels around a corner and squealed to a halt beside a hulking, old hotel. Spike crawled out, hobbled to Xander's side and yanked him out of the car. He dragged the nearly unresisting boy
behind him into the hotel.

"You did get my keys, didn't you? I don't want my only car to get stolen."

"Like anyone would steal that piece of shite. Calm down, got your keys in my pocket. Want to have a go at finding them?" He leered.

Xander backed away from temptation, despite the hand on his collar holding him upright. "No, that's okay. You can keep them. Hey, where's Angel?"

"Dunno. Perhaps we should ring the bloody bell?" Spike pointed to the little bell sitting on the counter a few feet away from them.

Xander shrugged, walked unsteadily to it and banged on it repeatedly until the little bell nearly shot off the counter under his enthusiastic use.

"Sweet Jesus, fucking cut it out. That's annoying, it is."

Xander rolled his eyes and leaned on the counter.

"Spike."
Spike looked up and met the eyes of a disgruntled looking Angel descending a long staircase.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

"Thought I'd pay my favourite sire a visit, didn't I?"

Angel's lips thinned.

Spike sighed. "Fine. I..." He cleared his throat and looked away. "I gotta problem. No cure for it...has to be...worn off. It'll go away in a day or so but...I can't seem to..."

Angel took a noticeable sniff in Spike's direction. His eyes narrowed. "Are you hard?" He took another breath and then made a face. "And you stink to high hell of sex. Christ, Spike. Don't you bathe?"

Xander blanched as he realised Angel could smell what they'd done together. He knew they should've had a shower or twelve before coming here.

Spike rolled his eyes, twitching as the need swelled up inside him again. "Was in a hurry, git. Been hard for hours. I'm in this sort of...vamp heat or something. The
boy here is absolutely no bloody help. He can't even get a hard-on anymore. Think I ruined him for life, I did."

Angel's shoulders shook as he coughed and tried to cover the laugh that escaped.

Xander glared. "I'm not broken. I'm just fine. I just need some rest, maybe some Gatorade and some snacks...some ice and lotion. I'll be good as new in no time."

"Too bloody long for my tastes. I can't wait anymore. Wanking myself just isn't doing much for the problem."

"What exactly is the problem?"

"Well," Spike started, looking up from beneath his drawn eyebrows. "There was a demon--"

"A Sret'sram demon?"

"Yeah, that. How'd you know?"

Angel snickered openly this time. "Only you, Spike, would somehow get in the way of the rarest breeds of lust demons."
"Didn't answer the question, mate." Spike shifted, throbbing cock rubbing erotically against the front of his rough jeans. He spread his legs and rolled his hips a bit.

He caught Xander's eyes flickering down to sneak a peek at his aroused goods.

He grinned.

Angel, on the other hand, was focused on his face and amused at his plight.

Bastard.

"Never mind how I know. That's not important. What is, though, is the reason you came here, of all places. It'll wear off in twenty-four hours or so....why aren't you locked away somewhere you can wank yourself into oblivion? If I recall correctly, you seemed to really enjoy touching yourself. Couldn't keep your hands off yourself years ago..."

Xander coughed loudly. "That much hasn't changed."

Spike spared him a glare, then returned his attention to
Angel, who hadn't moved from the foot of the stairs where he'd paused. "Whether or not I enjoy a good wank is not the issue here. The problem is this sodding venom or whatever it is flowing through me, making me constantly horny. It'd be bloody brilliant if it wasn't so relentless and never-ending! I've been hard for four hours solid despite the ten orgasms I've had!"

Angel arched an eyebrow and finally came down the bottom step and closer to the fidgeting, younger vampire. "I don't know what you want me to do about it. You want me to lock you in a magical room where you can't get out with an endless supply of lube?"

"No, you git, I want you to fuck me!"

Even Angel was taken aback by this.

Xander simply blinked and leaned heavily against his place at the counter, suddenly nerveless legs barely holding him upright.

Spike stalked closer to Angel. "Well? Fuck me, let me fuck you, I don't care! I need something and you're the only one I know that can help me. You need a good leg over...I'll be doing you a favour! You can alternate ever
so often with the boy if you want. He's good for a couple of orgasms an hour after some rest..."

"Hey!" Xander exclaimed, straightening. "What? I don't know where you got the idea that I'm--"

Spike looked at him and the boy shut up. "You're accompanying me and Angel to his boudoir and you're going to bloody like it. Got it?"

Xander swallowed and nodded and didn't look at Angel because he was far too embarrassed to meet his eyes.

Angel stared at Spike, then shrugged. "You're right. You'd be doing me a favour. I've needed a good, hard buggering for a while now. It's just not fair that I can't get a good, hard fuck without the emotional ties most involve. Damned Gypsies. Good thing I have you, isn't it? Follow me up. Oh, and Xander?"

Xander started. "Umm...what?"

"If you need a break there are human snacks and drinks in the fridge through that door," he said, pointing as he began to ascend the stairs he'd just come down. "I'm sure you'll need the nourishment later."
Xander gulped hard and found himself following the two vampires up the stairs.

Spike quickly fell into step behind Angel and helplessly ogled the ass in the well fitted designer trousers that seemed to be right in front of his face.

He was going to have that ass, and soon.

~*~*~*~*~

Spike shuddered, eyes rolling up in the back of his head as his hips stuttered. He fucked Angel and Angel groaned and moaned like a dying animal beneath him -- just like he remembered.

They rocked together and the boy sat in the corner, wide-eyed and smelling of arousal. Looked like he'd recuperated nicely, though he wasn't touching himself yet.

"Boy."

Xander jerked. "What?" He sighed and mumbled, "I do
have a name, ass-face."

Spike barely looked at him, jaw taut as he struggled to keep up his rhythm and not pound his sire into the headboard -- that would've pissed Angel off and ended the fun. "Don't touch that. I have plans for it later."

He heard Xander swallow and grinned as the pheromones positively poured off him -- but he did as Spike said and Spike kept fucking Angel. Angel begged for him, not so much in words -- he never was good with those -- but he rolled his hips desperately back into each of Spike's thrusts and moaned and whimpered and breathed.

Angel came with a sound that tore the orgasm right out of Spike's body. They both shuddered and collapsed onto the bed, panting.

Xander stared, eyes wide and fixed, cock throbbing with his rabbiting heartbeat.

Spike licked the saltiness of Angel's neck and growled, "You're as good a fuck as I remember."

Angel moved so fast Spike didn't have time to retaliate or
prepare. He had Spike caged beneath him with his body, an evil smirk on his face that reminded Spike of Angelus.

Spike grinned up at him saucily.

Angel rolled his eyes and leaned down to kiss him. "Better?"

"Yeah, a bit. Your turn to fuck me next time."

Angel's eyes glittered. "Can't wait. Want a shower?"

Spike thought. "Nah, just get dirty in a bit anyway. Waste of hot water."

~*~*~*~*~

Thanks to vampire constitution, Angel was ready to go when Spike was...six minutes later -- Xander actually timed it.

Apparently, his condition was worsening.

Angel fucked him like a vampire: good and hard, snarling and biting and drinking his blood just like he needed it.
Spike whimpered and thrust back onto Angel's cock, back into his fangs. His own face melted into demon, yellow eyes squeezing shut as Angel fucked and fed. Blood dripped down his skin onto the bedding.

He climaxed hard and then his arms and legs gave out and he had a mouthful of pillow before he could even blink.

Angel removed his teeth, licked the wound and snorted in amusement even as he grunted out his own climax. Spike sighed as it washed through him, face melding back into human.

He'd missed this closeness with Angel.

He inhaled once, pleased and happy, and passed out.

He didn't even feel Angel slip out, or see the embarrassed, uncomfortable exchange between the sire and the boy, or feel Angel pull the blankets up over him and slip into bed beside him.

Apparently, he was a bit knackered.
Part Four

Spike didn't know how much time passed this time, either. He was having issues with the flow of it.

When he woke up it was with a pained grimace, throbbing erection mashed between himself and the mattress under the weight of a heavy limb across his shoulder blades and his own body weight.

He twitched, Angel mumbled and then he remembered he'd just been royally buggered by Angel and grinned.

Xander was nowhere in the room so he turned to Angel again with a shrug.

The vampire woke with a growl when Spike none-too-gently nudged him with a pointy finger, petulant pout curving his lips, and Spike took it upon himself to bring him back to consciousness properly.

He climbed astride Angel and rode them both into oblivion.
And after three more times in fifteen minutes, Angel officially passed out and Spike was left panting, noodle-limbed and weak on the bed and still horny.

Time to look for the boy, then.

He forced himself out of bed, put on his jeans, didn't button them all the way because he'd be out of them again soon enough and his hard-on was keeping them up anyway, and headed downstairs where his nose led him. He could smell popcorn and figured Xander had found food and was stuffing his mouth.

When Xander wasn't spewing out useless talk he was filling the void with the most un-nutritious, awful shit.

He crept quietly on bare feet into the belly of the hotel. It was dark, he heard crackling and clattering and suddenly he was aware there was someone else in the office. He frowned and headed toward Angel's dim office instead of toward the kitchen where he could hear the microwave running.

With a smirk he leaned against the jamb and crossed his arms. His pants slid an inch down his hips as he cocked one leg.
He waited for the thin man wearing spectacles to see him.

Wesley looked up from his book and nearly fell out of his chair. "William the Bloody!"

Spike grinned, preening. "That's me, but I prefer Spike now. Who might you be?"

Wesley stood up and edged over to a cabinet with little finesse. Without taking his wide eyes off Spike, he reached inside and knocked everything off one of the shelves before he came up with a loaded cross-bow. He banged his elbow on the metal cabinet as he took it out and aimed it with a wince. "Stay right there, evil fiend. I was trained by the Watcher's Council in all forms of weaponry and I know how to use this quite well. Answer me this or I shall pull the trigger ending your marauding days as a blood-drinking murderer: where is Angel?"

Spike rolled his eyes and stepped into the office.

"Not one more step, vampire!" Wesley's voice quavered as his hand shook.
"Look, git, I didn't do a bloody thing to Angel...well, not anything he didn't want anyway...he's upstairs, sleeping the sleep of the truly satisfied."

"What did you do to him? Where are your clothes? For God's sake, pull up your pants before they fall off you!"

Spike didn't move to do up his pants. He didn't do anything but smirk and flex his pectorals. "Told you: fucked him good for a bit, he fucked me...bloody brilliant in the sack, he is. Should give him a go if you've a mind..."

Wesley's eyes widened more if that was possible. "You had sex with Angel?"

"He's not gonna lose his soul over me, you twat. Don't worry about that. Just needed a good leg over, is all. Should provide that service yourself since you...work for him, right?"

Wesley cleared his throat, eyes narrowing. "I do work with him, yes. He's my employer but I don't...sell myself that way. Why are you here talking with me when you..." His eyes flickered down quickly to look at the obscene amount of silky flesh Spike was baring. "...obviously have other things you'd rather be doing? Why would Angel
allow you to...touch him that way, anyway? He's no longer Angelus. He's good. He's got a soul."

Spike arched an eyebrow. "I'm his childe, mate, you figure it out. Spent twenty years together...you think we didn't get up to all sorts of...things during all that time?"

Wesley's hand and eyes lowered. "I suppose it's foolish to think Angelus never took advantage of the proximity...but Angel--"

"Oh, shut your gob, Percy. Angel's more like Angelus than you know. Likes a good rogerin' same as anybody else. Think you need one yourself. You're wound way too tight."

Wesley's spine stiffened as did his finger and he nearly shot himself in the foot as the arrow slid from the bow and hit the floor. He jumped, shocked.

Spike's lips quirked. "Yeah, I can see you're a real star with the Watchers..."

Wesley huffed and put down the now unloaded weapon. He wiped his palms on his slacks, looking distinctly nervous. "I'm no longer a Watcher, I'll admit, but I still
have numerous skills and was trained for most of my life under the very best at the academy."

"Disappointment, were you?" Spike asked, moving closer.

Wesley watched him with rapidly blinking eyes. "I'll have you know I achieved high marks in nearly every class. I was head boy!"

Spike snickered and sidled even closer, boxing Wesley in. "Were you, now?" he breathed against the taller man's neck.

Wesley shuddered, eyelids fluttering behind the lenses of his glasses. "Wh-what are you doing? What's happening?"

"Figure it out," Spike murmured, lowering his lips to Wesley's neck and sucking hard.

Wesley groaned and leaned into the suction for a moment, then regained his senses and tried to shove Spike away. When the vampire refused to budge, he whimpered.
"You've no right to do this. Angel--"

"Angel's unconscious -- doesn't give a toss about anything right now but having good dreams about me, I reckon. Forget about him. Think about the here and now. It's far more...titillating, yeah?"

Spike licked a line up Wesley's throat.

The other man shuddered and swallowed hard. "Spike..."

"What?"

"Get away from me."

"No," Spike murmured, taking one of Wesley's earlobes into his mouth as one of his hands began to roam the whipcord-lean lines of Wesley's body.

Wesley shivered against him. "I-I--"

"Shhhh, pet. Let Spike take good care of you..."

~*~*~*~*~
He had Wesley's shirt unbuttoned and his slacks open and gaping with a hand inside when he heard a heartbeat closing in on his position. He stroked Wesley's cock once more and took his hand out of the other man's pants.

Wesley whimpered, eyes glazed and unseeing, breathing shallow and desperate. He tried to reach for Spike, to bring him back. "I was so close. What--?"

"Someone's coming. Unless you want to give 'em a good show..." Spike shrugged and tugged his thumbs into his still open pants, pulling them lower on his hips, making his erection even more obvious. "Not that I mind...bit of an exhibitionist, me..."

Wesley blinked, blanched, then hurriedly did up his clothing and tried to straighten his hair and glasses. He reseated himself behind his desk to hide his arousal. His mussed hair and flushed, sweaty skin hid nothing, though.

Spike grinned and leaned against a file cabinet, facing the door. The cold metal felt good on his almost heated skin.

A black man just a little taller than Wesley entered the
room, looked from Wesley to Spike and back again with a frown, and then asked, "Who's the nearly naked white boy hanging around the office? We started hiring out for...stuff I don't want to know about?"

"Er, this..."

"Spike."

"Spike? Don't sound like a good guy name...You a bad guy? Or one of them male escorts...?" Gunn asked, eyes roving Spike's body.

"Well..." Spike assessed the new person with a critical eye and enjoyed what he saw. "Yeah, I'm real bad. Want to punish me, big boy?"

Gunn raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms.

Wesley shot up from his desk before either one could utter another word, forgetting about his erection for the moment. He looked crazed and ready to vibrate right out of his epidermis.

Gunn raised both eyebrows this time as he saw the tent in Wesley's trousers. He unconsciously moistened his
lips. "Whoa, English, you...sure are packin' somethin'
unexpected in those pants. I interrupt? No, wait, don't
tell me. I did. I can see it now. Nearly naked dude with a
hard-on and you with a...damn, a hard-on...I'll just leave.
Let you get back to your business...."

"Charles, wait! It's not what it appears! I swear! He's a
vampire! He was seducing me against my will! I tried to
fight him but...I was rather unsuccessful. It seems that he
has some sort of power that made it difficult to form
coherent thoughts...some sort of mind control that
causedd me to be unable to say no. It was coercion!"

Gunn uncrossed his arms and widened his stance. "This
true?"

"Which part?" Spike asked idly, shifting in place to
accommodate his still pulsing erection.

"You one of the evil undead? Trying to seduce my boy
here with your...supernatural vampire thrall?"

Spike burst into laughter. "Oh, would that I could, mate.
That thralling crap's a myth. Old Drac really pulled the
wool over some unsuspecting town villager's eyes with
that shite. It's all gypsy spell crap, is what. Any dandy
could do it."

"So, you're a vampire? Why ain't we killing it?" Gunn gestured. "Ain't we in the business to kill things like this? If ya'll have gone and changed your tune...I gotta get back with my old crew."

"Hey! Not an it! All man, me!" Spike reached down and cupped his bulge pointedly...and nearly came at his own touch.

"Yes, why aren't we killing you?"

"Wasn't hurting you, was I? Matter of fact..." Spike wiggled his eyebrows and grinned lasciviously as he rolled his hips. "Was gonna give you a good, rough--"

"I think we should go get Angel to explain--"

"Is that other white dude in the kitchen with you?" Gunn asked, interrupting. "'Cause it looks like he's eating all the food we got in there. Already eaten a bowl of chocolate ice cream and some cereal. Boy knows how to put it away. Don't know where he's puttin' it, though."

"Oh, you mean Xander? Yeah, with me. Can suck like a
pro, he can," Spike said dreamily, staring off into space.

Both humans looked at each other, then at Spike, and shifted uncomfortably.

"You mean to say that you and Xander Harris--"

Spike rolled his eyes. "Don't say it. Mystical circumstances. Not my fault. That's why I'm here. Now, if you'll excuse me...off to find a boy who needs a good buggerin'...ta."

He started to exit the office but Gunn didn't move from his place blocking the door because Wesley was waving his hands. He sighed and looked at Wesley. "What?"

"I think we need to clear this with Angel. Why would he allow someone that's tortured him with hot pokers and tried to kill all of us at one time or another to stay in his hotel?"

"You tortured the angsty, brooding one with pokers?"

"It was a thing." Spike shrugged a bare shoulder.

"What's stopping you from killing us all right now?" Gunn
Spike leaned against the wall with a sigh. "Government types who experiment on demons captured me in Sunny D and put a bloody computer chip in my head. Can't do anything even remotely bad to a human without getting a nasty shock for my efforts. Satisfied? Angel's down there sleeping off a good, hard fuck and I'm going to fucking die if I don't get off again and we're standing here chatting each other up! Let me go find the whelp so I can fuck him!"

Gunn grinned at his outburst and stepped aside to allow Wesley past when he lurched across the room toward the door.

"I'm going to speak to Angel."

"He don't know about the chip, mate. Just knows I'm here under extreme circumstances."

"What are these circumstances, anyway? What's this spell you spoke of?"

Spike twitched, aching cock rubbing against his jeans in just a way that made him want to turn and hump the
wall, or that nice, hard, well placed file cabinet, and get it over with.

"Not a spell, per se...but close enough. Er, apparently, Angel's run into 'em before, rare bastards that they are. Sret'sram demon. Sprayed me in the face last night when provoked and I've been this way ever since. Getting increasingly bad. Can't go without an orgasm for more than a few minutes and I'm not even getting soft anymore afterward. I'm a fucking walking hard-on!"

Both men's eyes dropped to Spike's bulging pants and throats bobbed nearly in tandem as they swallowed.

"As I-I said," Wesley stuttered, eyes still trained on Spike's groin as if hypnotized, "I-I'll go speak with Angel."

"Good luck waking him up. Was unconscious when I left him. Three times in a quarter hour? That'd put even the most energetic vampire through his paces."

Wesley's mouth dropped open. "Three times in fifteen minutes?"

Gunn's eyes bulged. "You got off three times in fifteen minutes?"
"New bloody record for me. So, go on," he said, waving a hand, "Go have your talk with Angel if you can get his fat ass out of bed. I'm going to find the boy, wherever he is."

Wesley blinked. "Er, yes. Angel."

Wesley scurried off, still blinking oddly, and hobbled out of sight.

Gunn cleared his throat and came further inside the office. He shut the door and started drawing the blinds.

Spike frowned, watching. "What are you up to, tall, dark and chocolate?"

Gunn grinned. "We ain't been properly introduced, so I'll forgive the lame-ass nick. I'm Charles Gunn. Call me Gunn if you want. Now, tell me somethin'..." He sat down on the edge of the desk and crossed his legs at the ankles and his arms over his chest.

"What?"

"You're a vampire and evil and all that shit, right?"
Spike rolled his eyes. "Yeah, what of it? You're burning up night here, mate. Need to go find the little wanker."

Gunn grinned. "That mean you'd fuck just about anyone?"

Spike's eyes flared golden. He took a step toward the seated man. "Well, I do have standards, taste even, but if you're asking..." He flicked a glance up and down Gunn's body. "Charlie, boy, I'd say you've got a helluva good chance at getting lucky."

~*~*~*~*~

"He'll be gone a while..." Gunn panted, Spike's mouth trailing down his naked chest.

Spike wrapped his lips around a dark nipple and sucked hard, then looked up. "How'd you know that?"

Gunn rolled his eyes. "Won't want Angel seeing him up and at 'em like that...especially knowing you're the cause of it. Too embarrassed to show his, ha, face so it'll be a while."
"Good to know," Spike growled, going back to his task of trying to suck the nipple right off Gunn's pectoral.

Gunn ran a big hand through Spike's hair, tugged on the disheveled strands and groaned. "You...got one hell of a mouth on you, man."

"Ain't seen nothin' yet, Charlie boy," the vampire purred with a gleam in his eyes as he knelt between Gunn's legs on the floor and began to open his pants.

Gunn stared down at him wide-eyed and then gasped when Spike wrapped a hand and then his lips around his aroused cock.

"Fuck.

Part Five

"Why can't I say no? I don't really want you but I sorta do...I'd be confused as hell if I didn't give a rat's ass right now 'cause your mouth feels too fucking good."

Spike stopped sucking Gunn's cock to look him in the eye with a smirk. "All part of this demon spell thingamabooie.
Apparently, I'm irresistible to anyone I set my sights on. Just sit back and enjoy it."

Gunn blinked drowsy, liquid eyes. "Yeah, okay. But you can't tell anybody about this."

Spike went back to sucking, all the while laughing inside.

He wouldn't have to tell anyone. Angel would smell it when he came downstairs and know immediately what had happened.

Until then, though, he'd suck this magnificent cock down his throat, cup and massage the taut balls and drink in Gunn's pleasured gasps and moans that were music to his sensitive ears.

~*~*~*~*~

With those sensitive bat ears of his he heard footsteps and stifled the urge to grin around the mouthful he had.

He heard the rattle of the door knob and Gunn grabbed a handful of his hair and moved his head up and down his shaft. Spike shut his eyes and let himself be used, and
waited.

The door creaked open and he got an enticing whiff of male arousal, besides Gunn's and his own.

"What the hell are you doing?"

Gunn started and came down his throat with a miserable howl, clutching Spike's head to his groin and spending in hard spurts. He collapsed back on his hands on the desk and panted unsteadily as he watched Angel, Wesley and Xander enter the office.

Spike leaned back on his heels and licked his lips smugly.

Xander's eyes flickered down to Gunn's softening cock and Gunn hurriedly stuffed it back inside his jeans and zipped up with an uncomfortable clearing of his throat.

"This ain't what--" Gunn started, grabbing his sweatshirt from the desk and beginning to tug it on over sweaty flesh.

Wesley breathed heavily as he stood there. "Don't tell me what it looks like, Charles. You were having your...prick sucked by that vampire!"
Spike's eyebrow arched. The git sounded almost jealous. And by the looks of him...he appeared to be.

"What the hell's your problem? I walked in on you and him doing the same damn thing...only thing is, you hid it better and tried to pretend nothin' was happening. I don't see the big deal. He sucked my dick, it was good, and that was it. Not that it's any of your damn business, English."

Wesley's spine straightened, eyes flashing behind his glasses. "That's right. It isn't, is it? None of my business. So, if you'll all excuse me, I'll be going back to my own apartment. Minding my own business."

As Wesley left, Gunn shot out of the office after him, following behind and trying to get him to see reason.

Spike chuckled. "Those two just need to get it over with, already, before someone explodes from frustration."

"Gunn and Wes?" Angel asked, frowning.

"Are you even on the same planet as the rest of us? Didn't you see that? Ponce was jealous of Charlie, he
was. Wanted him all to himself."

"Huh."

Spike stood up. "So..." he said, looking down at the unfulfilled cock nearly breaking through his jeans. "This isn't going to suck itself... anyone fancy a taste?"

~*~*~*~*~

The funny thing about magically enhanced... well, pheromones or whatever it was affecting the others around Spike, was that Angel and Xander put aside their mutual dislike of one another and catered to Spike's every desire.

They switched off when one grew tired. There was mutual pleasure for all when one fucked Spike and one sucked him or one rode Spike and one kissed him... but it was all for Spike.

And Spike was going out of his head from all the orgasms. They were dry and nearly painful in their intensity most of the time.
He didn't know how much longer he could handle this non-stop orgasming business. It sounded good when you thought about it but when you actually had to endure it...

He thought his balls were going to shrivel right up and drop off his body like over ripe figs.

~*~*~*~*~

He laid on the bed panting, nearly sweating, which was impossible for a vampire, and enjoying the sight of Xander's head between his legs as he sucked him off.

Angel was on one side of the bed watching, waiting his turn, caressing the bed like it was one of them instead.

Spike was having a thought, though, amidst all the pleasure as he watched the long fingers of Angel's hand move seductively.

"Angel?" he moaned, eyelids fluttering, fingers clenching, body restless.

"Yeah?"
"Why don't you and the boy..."

"What?"

"Get behind him."

Angel's eyes darkened. "You want me to..."

Spike looked at Angel, pupils dilating until almost nothing of the steely blue remained. "Yeah."

Angel moistened his lips and crawled to the end of the bed, kneeling between an unsuspecting Xander's spread legs.

At his touch, Xander stiffened and stopped sucking Spike's dick. He looked up, mortified at who was behind him.

"Hush, Spike wants this. We're going to give him what he wants this once and we'll never say another word about it, okay?"

Xander swallowed and turned to look at Angel. He nodded after a moment. "O-okay."
"Kiss me."

Spike watched the two brunets kiss for the first time and groaned, hips working in a tight circle as the sight made him even more aroused than he already was.

Angel plundered Xander's mouth and the boy grew increasingly active in his participation. He started kissing back and touching Angel and they apparently both forgot Spike was there because all they focused on now was each other.

Spike breathed and brought his hand to his cock. "Yeah, you two have a nice, long snog there...forget all about the one that desperately needs it and all..." he grumbled, crossly.

Angel and Xander broke apart, the latter dazed and swaying on his knees, only Angel holding him upright.

"What do you want, Spike?"

"As if you don't know. I want you to fuck him."

"Can do that...if he wants me to...do you want that,
Xander?

Xander breathed unsteadily. "I-I think so."

Spike arched an eyebrow. "If you're not bloody sure the ponce'll back out."

Xander cast a glare over his shoulder at the lazily stroking vampire before returning his attention to Angel. "All right, already, I'm positive. Fuck me before I change my mind. God, this is all your fault, you know. Stupid peroxide vampire and your horny smelly stuff."

Both vampires bit back their amusement as Angel said, "Turn around. Go back to what you were doing. I'm sure Spike'll want some interaction during our...play."

Spike let go of his prick as a slightly flushed and disgruntled Xander leaned over and took it back into his mouth. With a low groan he settled back and watched as Angel got Xander ready.

When Angel slid into the boy, Spike was watching Xander's face. Xander pulled away from his cock, hissing and groaning and widening his stance so Angel could press deeper. Spike saw his face contort with pleasure,
with discomfort, with awe.

It really was a beautiful sight to behold. His sire and the boy together like this and it was all because of him, for him.

Angel was embedded fully after a few moments and paused, staring at Spike when Spike finally looked up at him.

Their eyes met over Xander's trembling form.

"Spike."

"Angel," Spike breathed, eyes never wavering.

Angel began to move and it was as if he was fucking Spike instead of Xander.

Xander panted and bucked and shut his eyes.

Spike tapped him on the forehead. "Got a job to do yet, don't you, boy?"

Xander laughed breathlessly at him and rolled his eyes, then bent down to take Spike's cock back into his mouth.
and sucked in rhythm with Angel's thrusts as he was pushed forward each time the vampire fucked into him. He moaned and the vibrations sent scorching fire up Spike's spine, into his balls.

He could feel them drawing up once more and with a stifled shout he stretched himself taut and came.

Xander continued sucking him through his orgasm and stopped once Spike pushed him away.

"Christ, I'm never going to be able to stand this," Spike groaned as he curled onto his side and tucked his still hard cock into the protective space his body provided.

He watched Angel fucking Xander and from this angle he could finally see his sire's shaft move in and out of the boy's ass; wet and slick, going deep and stretching Xander with his girth, filling him with his length.

Spike felt a twitch and his cock started to respond once again.

"Oh, God, when's it going to end?" he whined pitifully. "Has it been twenty-four hours yet?"
Angel grunted with each thrust, hands clenched on Xander's hips as he helped the boy move backward onto his cock. "Sometimes...it varies...should be...over soon...I think..."

Xander didn't say anything. Spike thought he was beyond words; looked like he was, anyway.

Xander was spread wide for Angel's prick, leaning forward on his forearms, face tucked into the sheet he was clutching and breathing like he'd just run a marathon but he didn't appear to be complaining. He sought out each new thrust and shuddered each time Angel's cock plunged deep inside him.

Spike watched, eyes wide, prick moving to respond yet again, palm itching to wrap itself around his aching cock to strive for a completion that wouldn't even help. Angel tossed his head back and dove into the boy's body until he came.

Xander climaxed with a shudder and collapsed on one of Spike's lower thighs, hot breath harsh and damp against Spike's skin.

Angel fell with him, panting like an out-of-breath water
buffalo.

"I think my soul died after that one," Angel rasped.

Xander twitched. "You lost your soul?!

Angel laughed weakly. "I didn't say I lost it. I said it was dead. There's a difference, you know."

Spike snickered.

Xander sighed. "Just as long as it's still in there and I'm not being fucked by Angelus."

"I think you'd know if you were, boy. Angelus wouldn't have been so gentle."

Xander wheezed under the weight of the larger vampire and Angel shifted and collapsed beside him on the bed.

"That was gentle?" Xander mumbled, disbelieving due to the ache making itself known in sensitive areas, eyelids heavy, body relaxing as he started to fall asleep.

"That was ruddy romantic compared to how he used to do me without the soul." Spike stared at the two replete
bodies with a sigh, then looked at his unrelenting hard-on, glaring. "If I cut it off would it grow back, do you think?"

Angel turned just enough to be able to look at him. "Probably, but I think it'd take a while...you might not like having to do without it for...months."

"Guess I'll just have to suffer through this then. Christ, never thought I'd say this but...I really don't feel like going again...but I do. Stupid sodding demon."

Angel snickered. "Want me to take care of your problem, little boy?"

Spike's eyes flashed. "You got another room? Xander's exhausted, needs a bit of a rest."

Angel stood up, walked around the bed and hauled Spike up and slung him over one broad shoulder.

Spike's indignant 'hey!' was abruptly interrupted when Angel smacked him on the ass.

Spike's cock ground into Angel's shoulder as the older vampire took them to another room, one next door to
Angel's.

"Will this do?" Angel asked as he tossed Spike down on a plain but clean bed and crawled on after him.

Spike blinked and smiled slowly. "Yeah, think it will. Got any slick?"

Angel stuck his finger up Spike's ass without warning, causing the younger vampire to start and moan. "I don't think we need any. The amount of fucking we've both been doing? We're plenty slippery."

Spike shuddered.

~*~*~*~*~

The bedclothes were destroyed, there was blood everywhere, the mattress was half off the bed, the side table had been knocked over and the lamp that had been on top of it was now broken in pieces on the out of date carpet.

Spike and Angel lay panting on the floor, partially on the ruined mattress. Angel was still inside Spike, softening,
and Spike...

...was still hard.

But!

He could feel his body calming a bit. He wasn't quite as aroused as he had been and this was a fine thing.

"Hey! I think I can feel it wearing down. Still hard, of course, but...it's better!"

"Good for you," Angel grumbled, tilting his pelvis so he slipped out on a sea of his own emissions. "I don't think I ever want to have sex again. Maybe the curse is a good thing."

Spike snorted. "It's not the sex, you ponce; you need that, after all -- you're a man with normal male needs, of course. It's that you forget who you are in those moments during orgasm. Want to pretend you're all human when you're bloody not. Can't hide who and what you are. You're still a vampire. Still got the demon and the bloodlust and everything that comes with it inside you. Gotta come to terms with that or you'll go insane. Think that's why Angelus was such a ruddy nutter when
he got loose."

"Huh. I'll take that into consideration." Pause, more panting. "You think you could stand to take a break? Maybe an hour?"

"Well, I'll wait as long as I can but I can't guarantee it'll be an hour."

Angel groaned and rolled away from Spike. He threw an arm over one eye and spread his legs. "Have your wicked way with me if you want...I'm going to take a nap."

"My bum hurts," complained Spike as he stared dazedly up at the ceiling from the floor beside the bed.

"Well, my ass isn't feeling fresh as a daisy itself," Angel said dryly, face down beside Spike with his legs draped
over the younger vampire's at a diagonal.

Spike snorted weakly. "Your ass has never been daisy fresh, wanker, and I wouldn't use that particular phrase to describe your shiny, white bum anyway."

"How can you expect me to use good metaphors or...words, phrases, or whatever, when I've been fucked more and harder than back when I was soulless?"

Spike took the opportunity to be smug and stayed that way. His cock was barely hard, he was slowly coming down from the Sret'sram demon's lust spray and he was feeling very lethargic; his limbs felt like they weighed a ton.

"I feel like crap."

"You're coming down. It's like a withdrawal," Angel mumbled into the carpet, eyes still closed, body limp.

"Get off me, fat-ass. You're crushing my legs."

"I think I need a nap. It's daylight and I haven't slept more than three hours in the last twenty-four. I don't even think I can move from this spot." Pause. "My ass is
"That's debatable," Spike mumbled eyeing the extreme paleness and width of his sire's backside. Then, he said, "Well, you'd better...think I hear one of your human pets coming right now..."

Spike grinned as Angel moved faster than he'd ever seen him move. The older vampire was back in his clothes and resettling the mattress before the heartbeat Spike had heard was outside the door.

Angel glared at him as he sat on the bed. "Why don't you cover yourself with something?"

Spike shifted minutely and smiled smugly. "No need. It's just the boy." He tried to lift an arm and grimaced as it barely twitched. "Besides, don't think I can."

Angel rolled his eyes. "I hate you, Spike."

"You too, princess. Let the git in before he dies of curiosity and wears a hole in your rug."

Angel sighed, grumbled under his breath and opened the door, surprising Xander in the process. "Watch where
you step," was all he said as he stalked out, shaking his head.

"Angel?" Spike called just before Angel disappeared.

Angel's head reappeared around the jamb, face stoic, eyes dark. "What?"

Spike fidgeted. "Thanks."

Angel half-smiled. "Any time, little boy."

Angel departed and left a warmth that spread throughout Spike's body.

How he'd missed the pillock.

Xander bit his lip, scuffed his toes on the floor, refused to look at the vampire who was lying there naked as the day he was...reborn.

Spike rolled his eyes. "Come in, git. Won't attack you. Haven't the energy, anymore. Shut the door, yeah?"

Xander shuffled inside, closed the door and sat down on the bed Angel had just fixed. "So...I woke up alone
and...heard stuff and...good God, you've got some stamina and Angel sounds like a dying animal. I didn't realise that when we were..." He flushed, eyes darting quickly to and from Spike.

Spike grunted as he forced himself onto his forearms and finally sat upright. "Yeah. Not the kind of sounds that strike a chord of passion within a person but...he gets the job done beyond well...I forgive him his faults."

Xander laughed, nodding. "Yeah."

"So...what are you doing here? Heard you out there pacing...why didn't you just come in?"

"I didn't want to interrupt..."

Spike arched an eyebrow as he sat forward and propped himself up on crossed legs. He scrubbed a hand through his messy hair. "You'd've heard it if you were interrupting something, as you well know."

Xander flushed again. "Well...I wasn't sure if you didn't have him gagged or something..."

Spike burst into laughter. "Now, there's a thought."
"Is it over?" Xander asked after several minutes of silence.

Spike winced as he picked himself up from the floor and sat next to him on the bed. He rolled his neck, cracked some vertebrae and groaned. "Not quite yet," he said, looking down at his semi-erect cock. "Close, though. Thank bloody God. Never thought I'd get through the twenty-some hours... I've never been so sodding tired in my life."

Xander rubbed his hands on the boxer shorts he was wearing. "You, uh..."

Spike's eyelashes fluttered, half smirk on his face. "Want to give me a good time, eh, pet? One last one for the road before we go back to the hum-drum lives of forgotten and neglected sidekicks?"

Xander snapped out of his discomfort and looked into Spike's eyes to glare at him. "You're such a prick."

"Well, yeah." Spike moistened his lips and grabbed Xander by the t-shirt. He slung the boy down on the bed and crawled on top of him with new found energy.
"Want to have a go?"

Xander breathed, blinked up at him. "You've got Angel cooties."

Spike rolled his eyes but stayed where he was. "You had Angel cooties up your ass not too long ago, pet. Don't think it's going to matter any if we share a little Angel fluid. It's all in good fun..."

Xander made a face but didn't make any effort to move from beneath Spike. "You're gross."

Spike wriggled his eyebrows. "Yeah. Your point?"

~*~*~*~*~

They emerged from the room disheveled. Xander was flushed, Spike was smug, but they were both clean and dressed...at least partially, in one case. Spike's clothes were still on Angel's bedroom floor.

Xander scurried into Angel's room for the rest of his clothing. Spike took his time, wishing he hadn't run out of cigarettes before he'd arrived. His legs were still weak
and he moved like he had something rammed awkwardly up his ass but he made a good effort to walk normally and figured the pain was a badge to be worn proudly until it eventually faded away.

When he got into Angel's apartment, Xander was already completely dressed and tying his shoe laces as he sat on Angel's bed. The boy looked up when he went inside and flushed more deeply as Spike sauntered over as best he could, naked.

"I'm gonna..." Xander made a gesture that probably meant something but Spike didn't know what because all it looked like was his hand flopping back and forth like a landed fish.

Spike shrugged and leaned down to get his jeans, consequently giving Xander a bird's eye view of his ass.

Xander squeaked and Spike stood upright, smirk firmly in place. "Do what you want. Gonna get dressed. Once the sun's down we can head back to Sunnyhell."

"Yeah, okay," Xander mumbled quickly, scooting out of the room.
Spike shook his head and dressed silently, still wishing for a cigarette.

And perhaps, he thought as he winced when his jeans touched raw, throbbing flesh in both the front and the back, he could use a new certain part of his anatomy as well.

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Angel was in the lobby when Spike came down and looked up when the younger vampire stopped and stared at him.

He raised an eyebrow and straightened something on the counter. "Spike."

Spike inclined his head, moving closer. "Angel."

Angel cracked a smile. "Xander's in the kitchen, I think. Said something about a snack before you two hit the road."

Spike rolled his eyes and canted a hip. "Figures. Boy can't be without something in his mouth at all times."
Angel's grin grew lopsided and he chuckled.

Spike drew closer and Angel stood and they met in the middle behind the counter.

The kiss was full of fondness and family and gratitude.

~*~*~*~*~

Spike found Xander. And also Gunn and Wesley.

They were all in the kitchen, talking, eating and drinking respectively. Everyone looked up when Spike entered the room. Two flushed, the other merely raised an eyebrow and stared at Spike's mouth thoughtfully.


Gunn removed his gaze from Spike's mouth, frowned as he rubbed his smarting belly, and asked, "What? I was just looking. Nothing to get your panties in a bunch over."
Wesley sighed. "No need to look any longer since the mystical aspect is over...right, Spike?"

Spike casually crossed the room and got into Wesley's personal space. "Dunno. You tell me. Do you feel all...seduced just by my presence? Find yourself incapable of thinking of anything but bending me over this table and--"

"Stop! It's over. No need to go on. Xander, it was a pleasure catching up with what's been happening in Sunnydale but I'm afraid Charles and I must...go do something that can't be done here. Give my regards to Mr. Giles."

Xander grinned, biting into the already half eaten sandwich he was holding. "Sure thing, Wes," he said around his mouthful. "Nice to meet you, Gunn."

Gunn grinned and nodded. "You too, bottomless pit. Don't be a stranger. Come visit any time."

Wesley stood and glared silently at Gunn, who sighed and rolled his eyes.

"What?" he asked again as he followed Wesley out of the
Seemed like Wesley was the one that wore the pants in that newly formed relationship.

Spike chuckled and sat down beside Xander, watching him finish his meal. The boy's throat convulsed with each swallow, his lips straining around the thick sandwich, his jaws flexing...

He was getting hard. Again.

Wasn't the spell over? He'd thought it was.

Maybe there was some residual lustiness left...

He angled his head and looked down. Xander's crotch was quiescent and unresponsive and the boy was ignoring him completely in favour of eating the massive sandwich he'd made.

"You almost done with that? Want to be on the road as soon as the sun disappears."

Spike sighed and settled in to watch Xander consume food, hard-on growing harder by the moment.

~*~*~*~*~

Well, the mystical ever-hard part of his life was over, so long as he stayed clear of that Sret'sram demon, anyway. And he knew this because as soon as the boy finished eating and they were able to get in the car and leave and his mind went to other things, his stiffy went away.

Sweet God, he was finally free of his cock!

Well, as he ever was, anyway.

Xander refused to let him drive on the way back and he pouted nearly the whole way home.

It took three hours instead of under two this time. Boy drove like a blind grandmother.

~*~*~*~*~

Xander called Willow to let her know he was all right and
that everything had gone, heh, well and she informed him that Buffy and Giles were none the wiser about the reasons why he'd left. She and Tara had kept their little secret and would continue to do so.

But Spike was listening and was glad to hear that the witch was blackmailing Xander for a favour in the future.

Good on her.

When the call was over, Spike leaned back, shifted to get comfortable, and closed his eyes and listened to Xander do menial things around the flat. He cleaned half-assed, went to the bathroom, changed into clean clothes and finally settled on the couch beside the nearly asleep vampire with a soda in one hand and the channel changer in the other.

Spike didn't say a word about his choice in television. He was far too exhausted to give a toss this time.

Xander sighed.

Spike barely blinked.

Xander sighed again, only louder, and the couch rocked.
Spike sighed too rolling tired eyes and a head far too heavy that felt full of wool over to see what the boy was on about. "What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Is that spell thingy still affecting you?"

Spike raised an eyebrow, moistened his lips and flicked a glance down at the boy's groin. A small smile graced his lips as he saw Xander's erection.

He'd thought he'd been smelling arousal.

Boy was full of surprises, it seemed.

"Well...I think it's nearly over but...its effects are still lingering on a bit...why?"

Yes, he was lying. Yes, it had been over for hours. Yes, he wanted the boy. Yes, he was going to use the Sret'sram demon spray as an excuse because he was evil and he wanted to get into Xander's pants. Again.

Fuck being tired, fuck being sore...Spike was always in the mood for sex despite what he'd told Angel earlier.
Xander bit his lip and turned to Spike after he'd set down his drink and the remote. "You think..."

"Yeah?" Spike said, urging him on, widening his eyes appealingly.

"Umm...since it's not over you probably need another orgasm or three, right?"


Xander breathed deeply and then flung himself at Spike, much the same way Spike had thrown himself at Xander when all of this had started.

They ended up plastered together on the couch; unhurt this time, though.

Xander ground his pelvis down into Spike's, causing the vampire to groan and thrust up.

"We never got around to something, Spike. During all of the...fucking, I mean."

Spike's eyebrows drew together, he clutched the boy's back and arched. "What's that?"
Xander looked down at him, black eyes glittering. "I never got to fuck you."

Spike inhaled sharply and raised his knees. He rubbed his heels into the backs of Xander's thighs. "You didn't, did you? That...make you hot? The thought of giving it to me good and hard, the way I did you?"

Xander moaned brokenly. "Fuck, yeah."

Spike froze beneath him and stretched out, submitting. "Then by all means..."

Xander's eyes flashed and before Spike could think of anything witty to say they were naked and Spike's knees were up against his ribs and his ass was being stretched by two hot fingers and Xander was finally sliding into him.

Spike clutched the couch cushions and just breathed as he was taken because that's all he could do.

Xander plunged into him, hot length of flesh piercing him in a way Angel's never could.
God, a heartbeat pounding deep inside him where none had been in decades and heat where there was only coolness.

"Sweet Christ," he panted.

Xander continued to fuck him, hammering in and out with thrusts that rocked the couch and pushed Spike across it, burning his back.

Spike swallowed a loud cry as Xander's cock brushed his prostate and squeezed his eyes shut.

~*~*~*~*~

"You realise," Spike panted, after it was over and Xander had collapsed on top of him, squashing him nicely into the sofa, "The side effects of that demon stuff ended back in LA, right?"

Xander’s grunt was non-committal.

Spike poked him with the pointy end of one of his fingers. "Don't you?"
"Can't hear you. Think my brain is dead. Don't understand a word you're saying."

Spike rolled his eyes. "The spell's still on?"

"Oh, yeah. Spell's not over. Think Willow was wrong about how long it lasts and all that crap. I'm tired. Sleeping now."

Spike flicked Xander's ear and earned a twinge from the chip. "Stupid git."

"Hey!" Xander exclaimed, lifting his upper body so he could reach his ear and rub it. He glared down at Spike, eyes narrowing. "I can be as repress-y as I want. At least I didn't say forget about it completely. This way we get some damn good sex."

Spike sighed. "Well, at least I'll heal pretty quick from all the fucking. Still sore from Angel..."

"Ugh, don't mention that name in my presence. You'll make me sick and I'll possibly lose the ability to function. Not to mention my ability to keep a hard-on."

"You fucked him. Think the insults about him are over."
You'll have to admit you like him, now. Just isn't the same anymore, considering what all you did with him."

Spike defended himself as Xander leapt off him, grabbed a pillow and began to pummel him with it. "Take that back! It's not true! It was part of the demony thing!"

Spike giggled -- yes, giggled -- as he was hit repeatedly with a pillow. "Sorry to tell you...oh, wait, no I'm not. Fact of the matter is: the effect of the stuff was me on other people...not everyone around me to everyone else."

Xander groaned and dropped the pillow. His shoulders slumped. "Can't we just forget about that part? Amnesia's always a good excuse. Like...the demony stuff made us have amnesia!"

Spike stared at him speculatively for a moment, then a slow, wicked smile spread across his face and he got up from the couch and sashayed into the bedroom. "If you can give me...some nice incentive for keeping quiet about Angel and our sordid little trip...maybe I'll consider it..."

He lay down on Xander's bed and waited.
And waited.

He was just about to give up and actually put his clothes back on when the boy practically blew the door off its hinges after he finally decided to come in and join him. He propped himself up on his forearms and raised an eyebrow as Xander pushed his legs up and apart after he'd crawled onto the foot of the bed and knelt.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Xander huffed out a sigh and grabbed Spike's balls, squeezing gently. "Well...you said you wanted incentive...right?"

Spike's head fell back as Xander's hot mouth closed around one of his balls and made its hot, fiery way up the underside of his shaft.

"Er, yeah...did at that, didn't I?"

Spike groaned, gasping as his cock was finally engulfed and Xander sucked him until he couldn't see straight.

The boy had a knack for...incenting.
Anyone catch the Sret'sram demon thing? It's Marsters backward, lmao. So...basically, Marsters is a rare, horny demon that sprays you with pheromone-y stuff that makes you...insatiably horny. That was me being clever.