

Spike and Xander run into a little trouble on a routine patrol the summer after Buffy's death. Disclaimer: Joss said I could. No, really. Okay, so he didn't so much as say, "Beamer, write this story." as much as he said "yeah, fans should write fanfic now that Buffy is over." so, I'm a fan, and I wrote this. I don't own a single part of it, except the cheesy Big 80's compilation CD that inspired it.

Feedback: Come on, stroke my fragile ego.

Author's Note: Thank you Green and Kes for the incredible beta work, and not making too much fun of my stupid typos. Thank you Circe and Miss Murchison for the cheerleading.

Author's Note part deux: I blame it all on Tommy Tutone.

Happy Birthday, Saussy.

7,355 Total words

Male Bond-age

by

Beamer

Spike and Xander are running.

It's the kind of running that Xander would describe as 'hell bent for leather', even though he has no idea what that really means. It's just something he heard some place, maybe in a movie, and he thinks it sounds cool. Thinks it describes this kind of running perfectly, but what they're really doing is running for their lives.

There's a demon hot on their tails. Xander would like to say he knows what kind of demon it is, but he's not really sure. He didn't stick around to examine it after it swatted at Spike, sending him flying twenty feet through the air - limbs flailing and leather duster flapping - into the dumpster behind the Double Meat Palace. He has no desire to come face to face with a creature that strong. What he does know is that this thing - whatever it is - it's ugly. Real ugly. As in, U.G.L.Y, You ain't got no alibi ugly. Far worse than anything he's ever seen in his entire life, and seeing as he was born right smack dab in the middle of Hellmouthville - that was saying something.

Spike's in front of him, leading the way. As they twist and turn through some of the seedier alleyways of Sunnydale, Xander hopes that Spike will find someplace to hide real quick, because his lungs feel as though they're going to pop any moment, and his legs are screaming their dissent at this sudden outburst of marathon running. Just when he doesn't think he can run another foot, Spike takes a sharp turn and bursts through a door, pulling Xander in after him. They run a few more feet and the door slams heavy behind them. Spike takes a sharp left through another door and shoves it closed nearly catching Xander's foot in the process.

Xander tumbles head first into a stall, nearly hitting his head on the toilet. Spike locks the latch before leaning heavily on the door.

"What the hell *was* that thing?" Xander asks once he gets his breath back enough to talk.

"Hell if I know," Spike says, panting unnecessarily. "Never seen one like that before."

"Maybe it's one of those ones that came through when the portal opened," Xander mumbles as he crawls out of the bathroom stall. Spike says nothing, but his lips are pressed thin and tight, and Xander thinks he might see a slight nod of acknowledgement. It's a touchy subject, and no one has healed enough to discuss it yet.

One look around lets him know where they've ended up, and Xander knows he should move, because the floor of the men's room at Willy's can't be all that sanitary. Xander reminds himself that he isn't going to be eating off of it, so it doesn't matter just what has been spilled on this floor - besides, his legs don't seem to want to work at all right now, so he'll just have to be content with the floor. He leans up against the wall under the condom dispenser that seems so very out of place in a bar whose major clientele are demons.

"Yeah, could be." Spike finally says absently. Xander only nods in silent understanding before leaning his head back and closing his eyes to rest.

"You think it followed us in here? Into Willy's, I mean?" Xander asks after a

silence long enough for Spike to smoke three cigarettes.

“Nah. Coast is clear, I think,” Spike says, standing upright. Xander pushes himself up off the floor, dusting off. He watches as Spike flicks the sturdy deadbolt and pulls on the door. He thinks about how nice it will be to get home to Anya, who is most likely sound asleep seeing as it has to be well after midnight.

“Sonofa...” Spike curses, giving another hard yank on the door. “Fuck.”

Xander stands back, watching curiously as Spike rocks forward and back slightly, his forehead banging on the door. He knows exactly what this means, but he’s not going to accept it. He refuses to accept that the door has somehow been locked from the outside. He starts making wild plans to move to Egypt for the remainder of his years, because he refuses to accept that he’s locked in the bathroom at Willy’s with Spike.

“Kick it in,” he pleads.

“I can’t kick it in, you fucking dunce.” Spike says through his teeth. “We are in. I’d have to kick it out and there’s a three inch steel bar and two padlocks that’ll break my leg before I even come close to kicking it down.”

Xander knows exactly what Spike’s talking about, because he’s seen that kind of lock on the public bathrooms in Braxton park that have been closed for as long as Xander can remember. “Who the hell locks a bathroom from the outside?” he asks angrily. His plan to live in denial is going down in flames.

Spike turns and leans back against the door, allowing his head to fall back heavily.

“Willy,” he says, as if that’s all the explanation Xander needs, and the only one he’s going to get.

Xander looks down at the floor and contemplates his current situation. His thoughts wander again to Anya, who is at this moment at home, warm and naked in their bed. He can’t help but think about how there is nothing he wants more at this moment than to slip in between the obnoxious pink and teal flowered sheets she so proudly brought home from Bed Bath and Beyond, and then slide into her tight inviting

body. Instead, he has to do the one thing he was hoping to avoid for the rest of his life - spend the night with Spike.

Alone.

Again.

He groans in despair.

“Something wrong?” Spike asks as he lights another cigarette, drawing heavily.

“Only I would escape the ugliest demon to ever grace this dimension to be stuck over night with the most annoying one.”

“Could be worse,” Spike states with a smirk, smoke curling around his head like an evil halo. “Could be Harmony.”

There are many different ways Xander could be spending his Friday night, and being locked in the men’s room of Willy’s isn’t one of them. Being locked in the john with a fidgety vampire is even further from the top of the list.

“Spike!” Xander barks as he watches the vampire pace in front of him for what Xander would say is the hundredth time... if he were counting his undead companion’s laps around the small room, which he’s not.

“Yeah?” Spike responds, but he doesn’t stop. He continues following the course he’s set out.

“Spike, stop. You’re making me dizzy.”

“Can’t stop,” Spike says, almost off handedly. Xander knows there’s a reason hanging there, if only he’d ask. But he won’t. He’s not going to do it. Isn’t going to give in and ...

Xander sighs heavily as Spike passes him again, and he asks, “Why can’t you stop, Spike?”

“Don’t like closed in spaces,” Spikes replies with a shrug.

“Spike we’re in a bathroom... a big bathroom for a seedy little dive bar.”

“Can’t get out though, can I? Be fine if I had my smokes, but no... someone had to go and flush them.” He states, his voice full of indignation.

“Don’t know where you’ve been for the last 40 years, blood breath, but second hand smoke kills humans.”

“Not like a few hours of breathing it is enough to char your lungs , ya wanker... or like you’re going to be around long enough for it to make a difference. What with you living on the hellmouth and all.”

Xander decides that it’s useless to argue. It’s not as though Spike would care if Xander inhaled enough smoke to give the cells of his body a reason to mutate and spread their cancer all over his lungs. He decides to ignore the vampire who has just altered his course into a figure eight and is mumbling something under his breath about walls closing in... when the realization hits him, and he lets out a whoop.

“You’re claustrophobic!”

“What of it?” Spike growls.

“Nothing... just a little strange is all... shouldn’t be too shocked. Knew you were psychotic, guess I shouldn’t be surprised to discover you’re neurotic too.”

“Not neurotic... just don’t like it.” Spike says with a hint of a pout in his voice.

“Whatever,” Xander sighs, not wanting to get any further into it, because Spike is looking and sounding more human at this point than he ever has in the entire time Xander has had the displeasure of his company. “Just stop pacing. Find something else to do.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know... go read the graffiti on the wall or something. I don’t care. Just. Stop. Pacing.”

Spike brightens up, nods his head a little, “Yeah... I could do that.”

It’s been over a year since Spike had stayed with him in his basement, and Xander had forgotten just how tiring Spike sitting could be. He sighs as Spike shoves the door to the first stall open, certain that this little activity will give him at least 10 minutes, which is enough time for him to lull himself to sleep so he won’t have to deal with it when Spike resumes his laps around the john.

“Azriel Grrattcozth has crabs,” Spike informs him with a chuckle, just as he is dozing off.

Xander groans, knowing he’ll regret this but asks anyway. “Who’s that?”

“The barber over on Bishop Street.”

“Huh... wonder why some one would write about him on a bathroom wall in a demon bar,” Xander puzzles, closing his eyes again, hoping sleep will try and overtake him again before Spike starts up with more chatter.

“Cause he’s a demon.”

“What?” Xander says with alarm in his voice. “Nah. He’s just an old man who runs the same barber shop his grandfather set up when Sunnydale was founded.”

Spike’s voice has a slight echo to it as it comes over the stall. “You mean the same shop he set up when Sunnydale was founded.”

“No way! He used to cut my hair when I was a kid. He looks so human.”

“Not all demons are ugly whelp, some of us are quite fetching.”

Xander can't help but snort at that. He's about to say that every demon he's ever seen looks as though they'd gotten the beating of their lives from the ugly stick when he remembers Anya, and although he has no idea what a vengeance demon truly looks like, Anya is far from ugly.

"We have to remain human looking," she had told him once when they had talked about the day D'Hoffryn had come and offered her what she still refers to as the 'opportunity of a lifetime'. "No one really trusts strangers when they're scary and veiney, and that's one of the first rules of good vengeance. Gain their trust, so they'll make a wish. That's the problem with a lot of vampires. They let themselves go. You can't really lull someone into a false sense of security if your clothes are gross and you have dirt in your hair from when you clawed your way out of your grave. And have I mentioned the blood underneath the fingernails? That's just bad personal hygiene. No one said good grooming had to end with death?"

"Got a pen?"

"Huh?"

"A pen. You know, a writing implement?"

"I'm not going to help you deface public property, Spike.

Spike's blonde head pokes out of the stall. "S'not public." He tells Xander.

"S'private. Belongs to Willy. 'Sides, I'm not going to write anything on the wall. I want to write this number down."

Xander pats his coat pockets, finding a pencil he'd grabbed during his and Anya's last trip to the bowling alley. He tosses it to Spike who flashes him a gleeful grin before ducking back into the stall. Xander's not even going to ask, because even though he knows that a guy has needs, there has to be a better way for Spike to get laid than by calling a number found on a bathroom wall.

The door flies back, slamming into the toilet paper dispenser as Spike strides out holding a slip of paper out to Xander, grinning from ear to ear. Suddenly Xander is reminded of the Cheshire cat - and look how well that turned out for Alice.

“Give this number a ring, mate,” Spike says with a grin, shaking it in Xander’s face when he hesitates. “Trust me, you won’t be sorry.”

“Spike, I happen to be in a very happy and committed relationship.”

Spike looks at him blankly in silence. Blinks once, then twice. “So?”

Xander’s flabbergasted, but then again, what did he expect? Spike is morally bankrupt. Which is funny when he thinks back to the conversation he had with Dawn just a week earlier about how Spike is so unfair, with his ‘outdated Victorian values’ that kept her from the most important social event of the summer - the Annual Skinny Dip In The Sunnydale Municipal Pool, a time-honored rite of passage for Sunnydale High students. Which is followed up with the post Annual Skinny Dip in the Sunnydale Municipal Pool All You Can Eat Feeding Frenzy. Funny how no matter how many kids die on their way home, the following year some group of idiots is going to do it again.

Xander tried to explain this was the real reason Spike put his foot down and refused to let her go. It wasn’t outdated Victorian values at all; he just wanted to protect her like the rest of them did.

Dawn had scoffed, “No. He just wants to make sure I make it into my thirties without ever being felt up.”

“What she doesn’t know won’t hurt her,” Spike says as he slaps the paper into Xander’s hand.

“Spike, she was a vengeance demon for 1100 years. She can smell infidelity on a man a mile away.”

“Your loss,” Spike says with a shrug, as he turns away.

Xander contemplates the piece of paper for a moment, not because he’s thinking he might take Spike’s advice - like that would ever happen - but because it’s a receipt from the sex shop on Graver. He’s so stunned he can’t scold Spike, and tell him to stop trying to jimmy open the condom dispenser. He’s not shocked that Spike frequents an adult bookstore. After all, he and Anya have a preferred customer card

at Bernie's Adult Emporium over on Addley Avenue. It's the fact that Spike actually paid for something that has him so dumbfounded... until he notices he paid for it with Giles' credit card.

The sound of tearing metal fills the room and Xander looks up to see that Spike has succeeded in pulling the door off the dispenser, but he doesn't go after the money like Xander thinks he's going to do. Instead he pulls out the condoms, tears into one and blows it up like a balloon, humming a senseless tune as he ties it off and starts batting it around.

As long as he stays occupied.

Xander just shakes his head as he looks back down at the credit card receipt. He's expecting to see a masculine chicken scratch that's nearly impossible to read, but he's astonished to find that Spike has the most incredible handwriting he's ever seen from a guy. It's small and loopy, looking old fashioned in a manner that makes Xander think, 'This is what they mean by good penmanship.'

He follows the slant of the cursive, a grin creeping across his face as he catches the name and number for the first time.

Jenny - 867-5309

"This isn't a real number, Spike." He manages to get out before he's completely incapacitated by laughter.

"Sure it is."

"Spike this is a song." Xander says once he's managed to control the laughter a bit.

"Yeah." Spike's response is long and drawn out.

"Spike, it's just a song some guy wrote. It's not even about a real girl."

"Course she's not a real girl." Spike snarks, standing in the middle of the bathroom, attempting to juggle three condom balloons. "She's a succubus."

Xander chokes, “A succubus?”

“Yup. And a righteous shag too. I met up with her in New Orleans, back in 83. Amazing stamina - rode me for hours, she did. Sweetest fuck I ever had from a girl outside of Dru. She really knows just what to do with a bloke’s cock. And tits... Mmm, bloody hell. Tits like none other in the world - big, pert, succulent and ripe.”

Xander stares at Spike, rapt. Watches as Spike’s face tells tales of ecstasy, and for just a moment - a few seconds really, Spike isn’t some obnoxious undead thing that has tied his best friend up in an attempt to make her love him. No, for just a few seconds he’s the regular guy friend that Xander has always wanted, always hoped Oz or Riley would have turned out to be. The kind of guy you can sit down with and tell stories about conquests. He considers the number in his hand for just a second before two of the condoms pop loudly as Spike gives them a sharp squeeze.

Anya... They’re engaged. There’s a twinge of guilt for having even thought about straying. He holds out the receipt to Spike, trying to give it back. Better to not even have the number. Because it would be just his luck that Anya would find it in his pocket while doing the laundry, and that’s a scenario that he doesn’t even want to imagine.

But Spike’s not even looking at him anymore. His attention is focused on the wall above Xander’s head.

“Hello there.” He drawls.

“What are you looking at,” Xander asks with a frown.

“The way out of here,” Spike smiles as he crosses the room. “Give us a boost.”

Xander stands before Spike steps on him. “What are you talking about?”

“The vent.” Spike says, pointing, his voice full of snark.

Xander’s eyes follows Spike’s finger, and sure enough, there’s a vent in the wall.

“Oh hell no.” Xander affirms, “You’re even crazier than I thought if you think I’m

going to help you get out of here. You'd leave me here in a heartbeat - well, the same amount of time it would take for a heart to beat if you had one."

"I have a heart," Spike says defensively. "Just doesn't work."

"Whatever," Xander says, standing firm. "I'll go through."

"Right, like you could even get your birthing hips through there."

"I do not have birthing hips," Xander shouts in righteous indignation.

"No? Then what do you call it? Middle Aged Spread at 21?"

Xander knows Spike is right. He'd never fit through the vent, but how does he know Spike won't find the way out, and just leave him there?

"Have a little faith in me, Harris." Spike says with a pout and - oh god, he's batting his eyelashes. "I'll just shimmy through, see if I can find a way out. 'Snot like I can leave you here, Nibblet would kill me if anything happened to her favorite pet monkey."

He has a point there, and it's odd to think that his safety while with Spike actually lies in the hands of a 14-year-old girl. He really has no choice but to concede.

"Fine," Xander says, sounding just a little bit disgruntled as he cradles his hands together to give Spike a step up. "But be quick about it."

Spike shucks the duster, hanging over the door to one of the stalls. Xander can't say that he blames him either, after all he's pretty sure it's the most important possession Spike owns. Spike steps into his hands and proceeds to rip the vent off the wall, sending it clattering to the floor after it narrowly escapes hitting him in the head.

Once Spike boosts himself through the vent, Xander takes a step closer and examines the coat for the first time. It's old - real old - the leather worn and soft. It's in surprisingly good condition considering all it must have been through - the latest being a header straight into a dumpster. He tries to imagine the kind of action

this coat has seen over the years, wonders what sordid tales the coat would tell if it could speak.

“Shit,” Spike curses from the room next door. “It’s just a store room. Locked from the outside too.”

Xander deflates just a little “Can you get back?” He calls.

“Yeah... if I move this keg here.”

Xander can hear shuffling and the sound of a keg hitting to floor heavily. A minute later, Spike’s head pokes through the vent, and he’s grinning.

“I may not have found a way out, but I found some friends,” he says before disappearing again. Xander only has a second or two to wonder what Spike is talking about when Spike pops through again, handing Xander two bottles. “Meet my friends Jack and Johnny. Mighty nice blokes that know how to treat a man right.”

“Spike, this is stealing,” Xander says, looking at the two bottles of booze he’s now holding.

“So?” Spike blinks after he drops from the vent. “Oh that’s right, you’re a white hat. Never done anything morally questionable in your entire life.”

He grabs the scotch out of Xander’s hand and opens the bottle, drinking long.

Xander is sitting on the floor next to Spike, open bottle of Jack Daniel’s half empty between his legs. He’s laughing, quite hysterically.

“You expect me to believe you’re the inspiration for Interview With a Vampire?”

“Don’t care what you believe, but it’s the truth, mate,” Spike states, finishing up the

bottle of scotch. He lights another cigarette from the pack he's stolen out of the storeroom.

"Let me see if I got this straight," Xander snickers drunkenly. "You say you met up with Anne Rice... where was it again?"

"San Francisco, 1975." Spike answers stoically.

"Right," Xander chuckles, as he takes another slug from the bottle. "And the two of you had a drink."

"More than one," Spike amends, snatching the bottle. "She was quite the sot back then. All depressed because her brat had just gone toes up."

"You're all heart, Spike."

"I do try," Spike grins. "'Sides, it's not like she meant anything to me... just another drunken human crying in her beer."

Spike had a point there. Xander knew he stuck around out of some strange deluded sense of duty. He'd never admit it, but he was firmly aware that the vampire had truly loved Buffy. But he didn't want to think about that right now. Right now, he was drunk and happy to laugh at Spike's ludicrous stories.

"Spike, I happen to know for a fact that Anne Rice wrote the book as a way to deal with her daughter dying of leukemia."

"Closet fan, eh?" Spike snickers. "Anything else you're hiding in the closet there, Harris?"

"Nothing about me is in the closet Spike," Xander says harshly snatching the bottle, angered by Spike's insinuation. "And I'm not a fan at all. But after sitting next to Harmony Kendal in seventh grade homeroom for a whole year, I know more than I ever needed or wanted to know about Anne Rice."

Spike roars with laughter.

“Harmony was more than vocal on how Anne Rice had written Louis as a male persona for herself.” Xander continues.

“Never said I was the inspiration for Louis, ya sodding nonce.” Spike smirks as he crushes out his cigarette.

“You’re Lestat?” Xander asks, disbelieving.

“Yeah. Both blonde blue eyed, ain’t we?”

Xander chokes on the whiskey he’s trying to swallow. “That’s how you got into Harmony’s pants, isn’t it? Told her you were what Anne Rice was thinking of when she wrote Lestat.”

“Not difficult to get into Harmony’s knickers mate, but no that’s not how. I told her that all that rubbish about vampires being impotent was just that - rubbish.” He grabs the bottle from Xander and takes a swig, waggling his eyebrows. “Then I showed her; in many different ways and many different positions.”

Xander shudders at the thoughts of Spike and Harmony naked and fucking that start to fill his mind. *So* not the images he wants to have emblazoned in his brain.

“I don’t know where the bint got the idea that vampires were impotent anyway.” Spike grouses. “Not as though I didn’t give her first hand knowledge that we weren’t.”

Oh god... that was worse. Xander takes another drink, a big one. He’s going to drink himself into a stupor just so he wouldn’t have to remember any of this. He’d happily bow down in prayer before the porcelain god tomorrow morning, just to ensure that this night would remain one very big blur.

“Not surprised she can’t remember though. She was quite drunk.”

“Okay, maybe you did meet up with Anne Rice at one point.” Xander says. His tongue is getting heavy and he slurs his words just a bit. “But really? And don’t kill me for this - but what I have read and heard about Lestat, he really seems more to me like a blonde version of Angelus.”

Spike scowls at him as he lights up another cigarette, “So she got some of his finer exploits confused with mine. Like I said mate, she was drunk.”

Xander just laughs, drinking more. “Whatever you say Spike.”

“Okay, I fulfilled my end of the bargain,” Spike tells him, lips curled in a smirk that could rival the Grinch’s. “Your turn.”

“What?”

“You asked me a question. Wanted me to tell you if I had ever met anyone famous, said I could ask you anything I wanted in return. So now it’s my turn.”

“Right. Guess it is. Ask away, oh undead annoying one.” Xander lifts the bottle to his lips and drinks, swallowing fast and hard, reveling in the burn as the liquid slides down his throat. He winces at the leering look Spike is giving him. He has a feeling he was going to need to be much drunker than this.

“Have you ever shagged a bloke?”

Xander chokes, then coughs so hard he thinks he may throw up.

“I’m going to take that as a no,” Spike chuckles.

“I’m not gay!” Xander sputters. This is bad. Very *very* bad. Suddenly he’s back in high school and having to defend his sexuality to Larry. He’d have thought he’d grown out of this. He was older now, mind a little more open. His best friend was gay, made with the smoochies with girls now. He was big on the acceptance.

“Neither am I,” Spike states nonchalantly as he takes the bottle away from Xander.

“You!?! Oh man! But you’re such... a...” Xander sputters, tripping over his tongue. He stumbles to find the right word, because Spike has just dropped a bombshell on him, so you’ll have to forgive him for being a little tongue-tied. “A guy!”

Spike chuckles. “So that’s your problem, is it? Afraid that accepting a poke now

and then might compromise your manliness?”

“No.” Xander spits out defensively. “I’m very much a man. I’m very manly. Burly even.”

“Oh yes, you’re a macho, macho man.”

“And don’t you forget it!” Xander tells him pointedly.

Spike turns his way, and casts a glance at him. He’s got his eyebrow raised and Xander thinks there might be a grin just about to be born across that face of his. Twitch... twitch ah yes, there is. The look is cool and confident and how can Spike be so calm about this? It’s wrong; guys just don’t start talking to other guys about being butt pirates like they’re asking you to pass the salt, and then expect everything to be okay.

“You’re so concerned with masculinity that you’re not one bit bothered that I’m one who’s sounding reasonable,” Spike shoots at him, eyebrow cocked like the hammer of a gun.

Spike has a point, and Xander ponders this, the possibility of Spike being the voice of reason in this situation and that is just wrong beyond all reasonable explanations of wrongness. Suddenly the idea that Spike has taken it up the ass a few times just doesn’t seem so disconcerting.

Nope, still of the bad.

“But you’ve... eew.” Xander stutters. “With a... right. I suppose you’re going to tell me that you and Angel...”

“Among many others,” Spike shrugs before taking another drink.

Shock does not even begin to describe what Xander’s feeling, because Spike... Angel. Spike and Angel together, touching, and grunting and.... He was right; he’s going to need to be very drunk to deal with this, just not for the reasons he thought.

“I think you’ve had plenty,” Spike says as he holds the bottle out of Xander’s reach.

“I don’t think I’ve had anywhere near enough to deal with this information,” Xander protests. “I don’t think there’s enough alcohol in all the world. My god you and Angel... that’s just wrong. I cannot even begin to describe the levels of wrongness that this reaches. He’s so straight! He slept with... Oh god. Did Buffy know?”

“Don’t imagine Soulboy felt the need to tell her about his sexual past.”

“You and Angel,” Xander says amazed and disgusted. “I can’t believe it. That you... No. It’s just wrong. You’re not even gay!”

“It’s not about being gay. Jesus, you humans are all so repressed,” Spike says with disgust as he drains the bottle dry, setting to his side. “With you guys it’s all about black and white. Gay and straight, good and evil.”

Xander just looks at him. He’s finding the whole scene very disturbing.

“It’s sex for the sake of having sex. That is all, nothing more, nothing less. It’s forgetting all the rules and stricture handed down by people who were too afraid of what they felt to just let it go and feel. It’s about losing your inhibitions and accepting...”

“Hold it right there, fangless. It’s not about accepting anything, except a guy’s dick up your ass.”

Spike snickers at this, and Xander can tell he is enjoying this just a little too much.

“Well, yeah. But who else is going to be able to give you what you need?”

“What are you talking about?” Xander asks.

Spike sighs, running his hand through his hair, letting it rest on his neck. “When Red told you she was gay, what did she say about it? Did she tell you that Tinkerbell gave her what she had never gotten from Dogboy? That she knew exactly what she wanted and how to give it to her?”

Xander nods, unable to find words to speak, because he can't admit that this is happening, that he's talking about sex with Spike - let alone gay sex.

The problem is Spike is too comfortable with this whole situation, like he talks about this all the time. It's all out in the open with him, and Xander doesn't know if he can handle this, even in his drunken state. Because the Scoobies just don't talk about sex. They fumble around it, embarrassed and stuttering, trying to find the perfect words that will make them sound less like idiots. Except for Anya who is blunt and forthright and has left Xander red faced on more than one occasion.

Spike's continuing, prattling on as though he can't sense Xander's discomfort, which he probably can't because Xander's just realized he's not as uncomfortable as he is interested.

And things just keep getting worse.

"Right, it's because Tinkerbell and Red have the same parts and they know their way around those parts better than any man ever will. No matter how much time we spend exploring, no man's ever gonna know his way around them better than a chit.

"Same goes for a bloke. No woman is ever going to know how to suck cock better than a man. There might be some pretty fine cocksuckers of the female persuasion, but they'll never be able to do it better than a man." He pauses, considering. "Not unless they've had pretty extensive surgery and keep their bits and pieces in a jar under the bed."

"Okay fine," Xander says, ignoring the stirring he feels in the pit of his stomach. "Let's say that's true. Men just weren't designed to play receiver."

"Oh?" Spike blinks. "Bollocks. What about the prostate?"

"What about it?" Xander asks innocently.

"If men weren't designed to take it in the arse now and then, why is it so happy to take a prodding from a cock?"

Xander knows about it, has listened to Anya go on ad nauseam about how many

men find prostate stimulation very pleasurable, but he doesn't buy it. He'll never understand.

Spike's face is serious. "Do you know what it feels like to have your prostate probed?"

"No." Xander enunciates, drawing it out. "Like I said before. Not gay."

"And as I said. It's not about being gay," Spike sighs in exasperation. "It's always going to be about gay and straight with you, isn't it? I suppose you're going to tell me you and your bird have never buggered each other senseless."

Against his better judgment, Xander just shakes his head. He thinks back to the package Anya had brought home from Bernie's just a couple weeks ago, wanting to use it on him. He'd refused, shoving the package to the back of the closet before she could even try to talk him into it.

Spike leans in closely, his lips almost touching Xander's ear, and whispers. "It feels like your world is going to implode and explode at the same time."

Spike's breathing in his ear and his voice is thick and heavy. "You're suddenly aware of things you've never been aware of before, of feelings and sensations and sounds."

A shiver runs down his spine, and this is so wrong, because his cock should not be stirring.

Spike just needs to shut up - that's what needs to happen, but it won't, because Spike is going on about hands being in places that no man's hands should be unless he has the letters M.D. after his name.

"It doesn't have to be a man, Harris. There are appliances that make it possible for women to give a good buggering." Spike tells him, and his mouth is so close to his ear, and for just a millisecond Xander wants to know what it would feel like for Spike to just stick his tongue out and lick. "The point is, that it feels good. Feels good to give too. Better than a cunt. Hotter 'n tighter than any virgin."

Xander swallows heavily, very aware and very much in denial about how hard his cock is. Harder than he thinks it's ever been before, throbbing and tight inside his pants. Spike's got him in some kind of thrall. That has to be it. Like Dracula, only it's his voice that's done it. Cause it's like caramel and honey and maple syrup and every other sweet sticky gooey substance that Xander has ever wanted on his tongue. "The way you describe it..."

"Yeah," Spike says, pulling back. His tongue slithers out between his lips and licks.

"Rather show you," Spike rasps, and Xander bites his lip, and thinks he might even be nodding in agreement. He knows he should be freaking out, because Spike is leaning closer to him, nostrils flaring. But he's so very drunk and so very horny and it's taking forever for Spike's lips to reach his and there's nothing he wants more in this moment than to have Spike's tongue in his mouth and his hands on his cock.

The sound of the door splintering shatters the quiet of the bathroom, and before he can figure out what has just happened, he's got an arm and lap full of Anya.

"Is that for me?" She asks. The look on her face lets him know that she's discovered his hard on, and flashes him a grin as she wiggles.

Xander nods as the blush rises in his cheeks. Like Spike said earlier, what she doesn't know, won't hurt her.

Next to him Spike sighs and stands up off the floor, dusting himself off before reaching for his duster. "Seems as though the cavalry has arrived just in the nick of time."

Xander looks up to see that Giles and Willow have followed Anya into the bathroom.

"God, Xander," Anya says in-between frantic kisses. "I called Giles when I woke up and you weren't home. I was afraid that some demon had eaten you for dinner while you were patrolling."

"Nothing happened to your whelp," Spike says on his way out the door, pausing briefly to light up a cigarette. "Kept him safe as houses, I did."

“We were already doing the locator spell when he got to the house,” Willow explains. “Dawnie woke up and kind of freaked when Spike wasn’t in his usual spot.”

“Yes Spike,” Giles says, rubbing his temple looking very tired from lack of sleep, and maybe just a little bit drunk. “I should think you might want to stop by the house and let her know you’re okay before heading back to your crypt. I’ll give you a lift.”

Spike just nods. He casts a glance Xander’s way, and nods before he quietly slips out the door.

Xander has only a moment to try and puzzle out just what the look means before Willow is leaning over and kissing him gently on the top of his head.

“I’m very glad you’re okay, and no demons made you a Xanderkabob. You can tell me all about it tomorrow,” she says before she follows Spike.

“Yes, it’s good that you’re both well,” Giles agrees. “I shall be wanting a full report on tonight’s happenings tomorrow.”

Xander blanches, swallowing hard. “Yeah. Sure. Full report tomorrow.”

“Oh Xander,” Anya coos as Giles leaves. “I was so worried. If something had happened to you.”

“I’m fine Ahn,” Xander assures her, kissing her softly.

“Was it horrible?” she asks him softly. “I mean being stuck with Spike?”

Xander shakes his head, refusing to think about what would be going on if the Scoobies hadn’t come to the rescue. It was thrall, sinister vampire thrall. That’s his story and he’s sticking to it. “Nah. He has some interesting stories.” He kisses her again. “Let’s go home.”

He follows Anya out the door and to his car parked haphazardly on the sidewalk.

“Hey Ahn, you know that thing you’ve been begging me to try?”

“You mean with the...”

“Yeah.” He swallows, interrupting her before she can actually say it. “With the... that you brought home from Bernie’s. I think I just might be up to it.”

The End

Sequel to [Male Bond-age](#)

Rated NC-17 for language and imagery.

This one I'm blaming on Mama Cass.

Dream a Little Dream

by

Beamer

There is this dream that Xander Harris keeps having. It sneaks up on him when he is least expecting it; it seeps into his mind, his body, and his soul.

And it's vivid, damned vivid.

If you asked him to tell you about his dream -- which you never will because he'll never tell a single living being about it, but if he did tell you and you happened to ask -- he could tell you in shocking detail about how the sheets feel bunched up beneath his hands and knees. He could graphically describe the events that led to his being on his hands and knees, tell you about the heat and weight of the muscular thighs pressed up against the backs of his. Ask him about the hands of the other man, and he could show you exactly where on his hip the right one was, and tell you how the left one felt tangled up in his hair, holding it like a horse's reins.

He could describe to you the tongue that runs up his spine, collecting the sweat between his shoulder blades as if he were reading an excerpt from some erotic novel.

Even awake he could tell you exactly how it feels to have strong, non-callused hands running their way down his arms, entwining with his own when they have completed their journey. The dream is so vivid that he could describe in lurid Technicolor detail what it feels like to have another man's cock in his ass, despite that fact that no man has ever gone there.

It's a dream that culminates each morning with his rolling over; slipping into his fiancée's tight embrace and riding her like she was Seabiscuit and the Triple Crown were at stake. Whenever he has this dream, and he's fucking Anya as though his life depended on it, he never comes until she slips her finger in his asshole.

He's had this dream four times now.

Last night was the fifth.

He hasn't quite come back to his senses, but he knows Anya is not happy. It can't be because she didn't come. Because she did. Three times before he finally came with a soundless scream.

“You okay?” He stupidly asks her once he can finally breathe again.

And therein lies his first mistake of the day.

When he finally turns and looks at her, she is not wearing the look of a sated lover. Instead she's wearing a look that reminds him what she used to do for a living. A look that gives him a shudder, and he slips out of bed and slinks off to the shower.

He's rinsing the suds from his body when she slips in behind him. They do a dance of avoidance as she tries to slip under the stream of water until he's squeaky clean and he steps out of the shower, wrapping a towel around his waist. He's finishing up shaving when she steps from the shower and any thing he may have had resembling an erection brought on by the sight of his wet and glistening girlfriend is killed the moment his eyes meet hers.

Xander knows he's in big trouble.

All is not well in Xander land, and he blames it all on Spike.

Spike and his warm, sticky sweet butterscotch smooth voice.

Spike and his evil, sinister vampire thrall.

If it hadn't been for Spike and his voice and his thrall and his talk of implosions and explosions, Xander would have never drunkenly agreed to allow Anya to fuck him in the ass. And that strap on Anya had bought would still be in the back of the closet where it belongs, instead of sitting on top of his chest of drawers where it has been ever since he freaked out the first time he felt it's bulbous head nudge up against his asshole begging for admittance three weeks ago. He's begged Anya to put it away, get rid of it, but she hasn't, so there it sits, mocking him every time he goes to change his underwear.

Sounds kind of odd, doesn't it, that a man who can't seem to get off unless he's being finger fucked would be so freaked out by the prospect of getting a little action in the back door. But it's not the idea of being penetrated that bothers him. What bothers him is the fact that once he was greased up like a pig at a country fair, with that thing poised at the crack of his ass, something in his mind clicked. Deep back in the recesses of his sub-conscious he became so acutely aware that it wasn't real. That it wasn't flesh and it wasn't blood and that it wasn't attached to a sleek well-muscled, yet compact vampire with bleach blonde hair and a voice that makes his toes curl and his dick throb.

But he'd never tell you that either.

The End