

*Rating: NC17*

*Spoilers: Through season 4 to be safe.*

*Summary: Xander and Spike undertake an undercover mission.*

*Notes: Humor, action/adventure, fluff; written for the [Anyone, Anytime, Anywhere Fuh-Q-Fest](#)*

*Challenge: Non-Fandom Specific Scenario: 'Let's Pretend' -- to successfully complete an undercover operation/away mission, the partners must pose as (or are assumed to be) a couple.*

*Random phrase: Include this line: "I am Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod" (and it can't be a Highlander story).*

*Feedback: It's ALL about the feedback (and naked Spike)! Don't make me beg, it's not pretty.*

*Disclaimer: I don't own these characters, just borrowing them for awhile. Everything belongs to Joss Whedon, Mutant Enemy, Kuzui Enterprises, Grr Argh, the WB, UPN and whomever else they really belong to, although I wouldn't mind having a Spike of my own. Who would? The story is mine, though.*

*Thanks: To Tammy, for the most excellent beta!*

*Written: December 13, 2003*

*20,148 words*

# Mission Implausible

by  
**Spikedluv**

## 1 Mission Briefing

“Good news.” Only those who truly knew him could tell that Giles was practically humming with suppressed excitement. “We’ve located the fellow who has the text I require,” he told the Scooby gang as they gathered around the research table Sunday night.

“Great!” Buffy said. “Does that mean research is over and I can go kill something?”

“Er, not exactly,” Giles said apologetically, whipping the glasses off his face with practiced ease and vigorously polishing them with his handkerchief. “We still need to retrieve the text.”

“So, call him and set up a meet,” Xander said. “He brings the book, you bring the money... No biggie, right? Uh, right?” he repeated when Giles didn’t answer immediately.

“He doesn’t actually want to part with the text,” the Watcher admitted slowly. “Nor is he aware that we know he is in possession of it.”

Spike snorted from his seat atop the counter, where he was amusing himself by kicking his heels into the side of it.

“Shut up, Spike,” Buffy said out of habit, not even looking over at him.

Spike’s eyes widened innocently, and he held his hands out in a ‘what did *I* say’ gesture. Xander frowned at him. Spike grinned back.

“How are we going to get the book, then?” Willow asked, biting her lip nervously.

“I’d suggest breaking in and stealing it if I thought we’d get away with it,” Giles mused. “But his house is like a fortress.”

“Yeah,” Willow added. “He spent *loads* on a top-of-the-line security system, and has a dozen security personnel stationed around the premises, inside and out, at any one time.”

“And we know this how?” Xander asked. Willow grinned, and made a typing motion with her fingers. “Cool,” he said. “‘Net girl strikes again!’”

“So if we can’t buy it, and we can’t steal it,” Buffy said, “how are we going to get it?”

“Oh, I didn’t say we couldn’t steal it,” Giles corrected her, slipping his glasses back onto his nose. “Just that we couldn’t break in.” He paused. “We need to get someone on the inside.”

Silence blanketed the room. Then Xander spoke. “Like an undercover sting operation?” he asked excitedly.

“Er, yes, very much like that,” Giles agreed.

“Will we have cool toys like James Bond?” he asked excitedly.

“I, um, well, we can get cell phones,” Giles said.

“I’m in!” Xander said with a grin.

“Excellent,” Giles said. “I was hoping you’d agree. We really couldn’t do it without you, Xander. You’ll need backup, though, and it’ll have to be someone who won’t blow your cover...”

“Cover? I’ll have a cover?” Xander asked, bouncing in his seat.

“...and I might be recognized—as a warlock who might have some interest in the book in question, of course—so Spike will have to go with you.”

“Spike?” Xander yelped in dismay.

“This has the potential to be a bit dangerous.”

“Wait! Uh, how dangerous?” Xander asked at the same time Spike loudly declined.

“Oh, no!” The vampire jumped off the counter. “You lot have no use for me until you need someone to do your dirty work. Well, count me out.” He headed for the front door of the Magic Box.

“There could be violence involved,” Giles tempted him. “Many of the guards are of the non-human variety. And we’ll pay you, of course,” he added.

Spike hesitated. “How much?”

“How much violence, or how much money?” Giles asked.

“Both,” Spike replied, turning back into the shop.

“I’ll pay you \$100, plus expenses,” Giles said. “As for the violence, that’s really unquantifiable. If everything goes well, you’ll get out with the book and both your skins intact without anyone knowing the difference. We all know that things don’t always go perfectly, however, which is why you’ll be there to provide Xander backup.”

“Two hundred,” Spike said, just to be difficult. He’d do it for the violence alone, but they didn’t have to know that. All that talk about not wanting to do the dirty work wasn’t completely true, he just didn’t like having to do *their* dirty work. Pillocks.

“One fifty,” Giles countered.

“Done,” Spike agreed.

Giles nodded his head, sealing the bargain. He’d have gone much higher to get his hands on this text. Now came the hard part.

“Kormac hangs out at a club. I’d like the two of you to start frequenting the club, see if you can make contact, possibly get introduced to him. Hopefully, he’ll find you both interesting and invite you back to his home for one of the parties he’s been rumored to throw, and you’ll be able to locate and secure the volume we need. Willow will print out all the relevant information you’ll need about Kormac so you can study him before meeting him. Now,” he rubbed his hands together, eager to get started. “The next thing we’ll need to do is get you both some new clothes. What you have on now will never be acceptable to get you in the door. This club caters to people of a...high caliber, shall we say?”

“What club is it, anyway?” Spike asked.

“Sin City,” Giles said matter-of-factly, and waited for the expected explosion.

“Are you bleedin’ *nuts*?” Spike yelled.

“Isn’t that a gay club?” Xander squeaked.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Spike couldn't believe he'd agreed to this. One hundred and fifty bucks was *not* worth the aggravation of having to play nice with Xander bloody Harris for one hour, much less however long it would take to retrieve the book the Watcher needed. Despite the promise of violence and new clothes. He glanced across the training room where the brunette was brandishing a sword. He struck a pose. "I am Duncan MacLeod of the Clan MacLeod, and there can be only one," he intoned deeply, and Spike rolled his eyes. Not even the incentive of fully-paid expenses could make this bearable.

He dropped onto the couch and pulled out his flask, shaking it to determine the level of liquor inside. He was *definitely* going to need more of this. He took a swig. Where were the silly bints, anyway? How long did it take to pick up some clothes? They'd taken their measurements the night before, Giles had entrusted them with his credit card and a list of requirements, and they were supposed to bring the clothes to the Magic Box so they could try them on to make sure everything fit.

As if his thoughts had conjured them, Spike heard the front door to the magic shop open as the three girls entered the store. Xander glanced towards the front of the shop, and then fumbled nervously with the sword trying to put it away. Spike heard his heartbeat speed up and could smell the anxiety wafting off him. In response, Spike shifted lower on the couch, assuming a careless sprawl.

"We're here, and we have clothes!" Buffy said as she pushed through the beaded curtain and into the training room with Willow and Tara following her. All three girls were loaded down with bags, and giggling. Spike adopted an expression of bored indifference. They'd better have gotten him black.

Willow and Tara stopped in front of him. "Hey, Spike," Willow said.

"Red," he growled. He nodded at Tara, who blushed in return.

"Wanna see what we got?"

"S'pose. Better be black," he said, watching the two girls set their bags down on the floor in front of him. He shifted forwards as they began pulling items out, and then

grabbed them out of their hands. Black leather pants, a thigh-length black leather jacket, a new pair of black boots, a blue silk shirt...

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Xander stood nervously in the middle of the training room. He'd been trying to distract himself, but that was no longer possible. The girls were here. How had he gotten roped into this? Oh, yeah, he'd *volunteered*! Undercover work had sounded like fun until he found out his backup would be Spike, that it would be dangerous, and that he was going undercover at a gay bar. And had he mentioned, undercover with *Spike*? At a gay bar?

"Xan," Buffy said with a grin as she stopped in front of him.

"Buff," he responded suspiciously.

"Gotcha some new clothes," she said, her grin widening.

"That's what I'm afraid of," he whimpered. He just knew that look was the last thing a vamp saw when she moved in for the dust.

"Don't worry," she said. "They're tasteful." She pulled out a pair of silver leather pants.

"Leather?" he gasped.

"Yep!" she chirped. "Here, try 'em on." She held them out.

Xander pulled his hands back, staring at the pants in shock. "What?" he squeaked.

"Try 'em on," Buffy said again. "We have to make sure they fit." She tossed the pants at him and Xander reflexively reached out to catch them. His mouth opened and closed in horror as Buffy pulled out a red mesh t-shirt. He barely saw Spike stuff his booty back into the bags, call the bathroom, and race out of the training room.

“I can’t wear that!” Xander yelled, finally finding his voice.

“Sure ya can,” Buffy encouraged.

“Uh, Buff,” Willow said. “He needs some privacy.”

“No!” Xander cried, and all three girls turned to stare at him. “I mean, uh, yeah, privacy, but I can’t...” He desperately held the clothes back out to Buffy.

“We want to see what each outfit looks like,” Buffy commanded as she pushed back through the curtain.

Xander looked at the clothes in his hands and swallowed hard.

“I’m counting to ten!” Buffy called from the store.

“Eep!” Xander dropped the pants and began undoing his khakis as he kicked his sneakers off. He pulled on the leather pants, and then shrugged out of his jacket and took his shirt off. He pulled the mesh t-shirt on. It was too short to tuck in, so he fastened the leather pants. They were *way* too tight.

“Buff?” he called, and the three girls immediately appeared. “I think these are too small.” Buffy looked him over critically, then grabbed his ass. “Hey!” he protested, jumping away.

“Nope.” She shook her head. “I think they fit perfectly. What do you think?” She turned to Willow and Tara.

“Oh, yeah,” Willow agreed.

“Mmm hmm.” Tara nodded.

“Just a tip, though, Xan.” Buffy leaned in close so she could whisper. “When you wear ‘em out, lose the boxers.”

“What?” he yelled.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Spike sauntered out of the bathroom, the clothes stuffed back into the bags. Giles and the three girls were gathered around the research table. He dropped the bags in the middle of the table. “They fit,” he said nonchalantly. Inside he was crowing. It might be worth hanging out with Xander Harris if he got to keep *those* clothes. It had been a while since he’d been treated as a Master Vampire, but now he could at least dress the part.

“Good heavens,” Giles said, looking into the bags. “Could you have stuffed them in here any more haphazardly?” He pulled the clothes out and laid them on the table. “We’ll be keeping your new wardrobe here, just to make certain they remain in good shape for our, uh, mission.” He pulled out a hanger as he spoke and hung the white poet’s shirt he held on it. Each of the girls automatically grabbed a hanger, and soon the clothes were all hung on a portable clothes rack that Giles must have assembled while he was trying on the clothes. At least, it never used to sit in the middle of the shop.

“Sure thing, Rupes,” he said, and then jumped up onto the counter. “Where’s Harris?” he asked. He could sense the boy in the back room; his heart was still pounding, and his anxiety seemed to have increased.

“Still trying on clothes,” Buffy replied with equanimity.

“Oh...my...god!” They all heard a screech from the training room.

Spike’s eyes narrowed as he watched the three chits exchange looks and struggle to keep straight faces.

“Buffy!” Xander screamed. “I am *not* wearing these!”

“I told you he’d balk at the red lace-up leather pants,” Tara said calmly, and then all three girls broke into sniggers.

“Try them on, Xander!” Buffy yelled back, in her best I-am-the-Slayer, do-as-I-say

voice.

Spike was horrified. Monkey boy was going to wear lace-up leather pants? In public? And he, Spike, the Big Bad, was going to be seen with him? Spike groaned inwardly. If he wasn't already, he was certainly going to be a laughing stock after this.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Giles sent Buffy out to patrol, and Willow and Tara home, so he could speak privately with Xander and Spike. When the three of them were sitting around the research table he looked closely at them and opened his mouth to speak, then took a deep breath and exhaled loudly before slumping in his chair and whipping his glasses off his nose simultaneously with the handkerchief from his pocket, and proceeded to forcefully clean the lenses.

“Uh, Giles?” Xander called softly to him.

“Was there a purpose to keepin’ us here, Watcher?” Spike asked in a bored tone.

It was the impetus Giles needed. He slipped the glasses back onto his nose, and the handkerchief back into his pocket. “Yes,” he said firmly. “I’d like to discuss the roles you’re both going to play in this...”

“Undercover operation?” Xander eagerly supplied.

“Farce?” Spike muttered, still stuck on the image of Xander in red lace-up leather pants.

“Er, yes. Undercover operation, that is,” Giles agreed.

“What’s to talk about?” Spike asked, trying to get the picture out of his head. “We go in, meet this bloke with the book, get invited to his place, snatch the book, and get our asses out of there. ‘Less monkey boy wants to stay,” he added with a sneer.

Xander opened his mouth to reply, but Giles forestalled him. “Yes, well,” he said,

automatically reaching for his glasses, and then stopping himself. “It’s not really going to be as simple as that makes it sound.”

“It’s not?” Xander asked, worry coloring his voice.

Giles threw him an exasperated look. “No,” he said. “At the best of times the two of you aren’t friends...”

Xander made a gagging noise.

“I bloody well hope not,” Spike drawled.

“...as you’ve just proven. Thank you,” he added with a good dose of sarcasm. “Despite the, er, *venue*,” he continued, “I certainly don’t expect the two of you to act as if you’re lovers...”

Xander’s eyes bugged as he struggled to speak.

“Sod that!” Spike cried.

Giles ignored them both. “...or even on a first date...”

Xander choked. Spike slapped him on the back a little harder than necessary and winced as the chip twinged.

“...but you must at least act *friendly* or you’ll never be able to pull this off,” he concluded.

“Lovers?” Xander gasped.

Giles sighed. “It *is* a gay club, Xander,” he reminded the boy.

“I know *that!*” Xander said. He looked at Spike with a frown creasing his brow. “But nobody’d believe we were *lovers!*” he spat.

“Certainly not the way you act now,” Giles interjected.

“Yeah, I’ve got better taste than him,” Spike snarked.

“Who in their right mind would believe I’d go out with...” Xander looked Spike over critically. “...this Billy Idol wannabe? I mean, look at those clothes. And his hair!”

“You’re one to speak, you...,” Spike started angrily, and then hesitated as he ran his hand over his hair. “What’s wrong with my hair?” he growled.

Dejected, Giles leaned back in his chair and mumbled to himself as Spike and Xander continued to argue. “I guess we could use someone else. Buffy can’t go, because she’s the Slayer. They’d recognize her immediately. I can’t go with either Xander or Spike. In addition to the possibility of being recognized, Kormac’s taste runs to the...younger set, he’d never invite me back to his home. That only leaves me with one choice. It’s unfortunate; they’re so innocent and naive still, but there’s no help for it. Willow and Tara will have to go...”

“What?” Xander yelped in mid-insult, his attention attracted by Giles’ casual pronouncement.

“Yes,” Giles continued as if he hadn’t heard Xander. “Willow and Tara. I should call them tonight to let them know of the change in plan...”

“You can’t send Willow and Tara there!” Xander objected.

“Better them than us,” Spike disagreed.

“Of course we’ll need to return the clothes so we have money to buy them each a new wardrobe for the...”

“Thank god!” Xander breathed a sigh of relief at the thought of not having to wear the red lace-up leather pants, and then realized that meant Willow and Tara would have to be the ones going undercover. And getting the cool phone.

“Wait, what do you mean, return the clothes?” Spike interrupted.

“Well,” Giles said happily, rubbing his hands together. “I’m glad that’s settled.”

“No!” Xander squeaked.

“Nothing’s settled,” Spike added ominously.

“What do you mean?” Giles asked, allowing confusion to slip into his voice. “I thought you’d both be happy I’d come up with an alternative solution, seeing as neither of you can stand the company of the other long enough to...”

“I can do it,” Xander said with resolve. He wouldn’t let Willow be put in danger because of Spike.

“Me, too,” Spike growled. He wasn’t going to lose those posh new clothes because of Xander.

“Wonderful!” Giles said with glee. “Then you’ll need to be able to act friendly towards one another, so here is your first assignment in preparation for the, er, undercover operation. Tomorrow night, the two of you, The Bronze, pool, get along, and try to make a point of saying at least one nice thing to the other.” He looked at the expressions on Xander and Spike’s faces. “Never mind, that might be too much for the first time. How about you both attempt to remain civil with each other for the duration of the evening. You know, be polite. If you don’t have anything nice to say, don’t...”

“We get it,” Spike hissed, already feeling jittery at the prospect of having to be *nice* to Xander Harris.

“Of course,” Giles said. “Now why don’t the two of you go home and get some rest. Tomorrow’s a big day!” He watched as both men stood from the table with determination and strode purposefully from the shop. He was just congratulating himself on a job well-done when he heard Spike say, “See you tomorrow night at The Bronze, moron,” and Xander reply, “I’ll be there at eight o’clock, fangless.” He sighed, and took his glasses off. It was a start.

## 2 Training Missions

That Friday night, Spike forced himself to maintain a leisurely pace as he walked from his crypt to the Magic Box. He raised the smoldering cigarette to his lips and took a deep drag, holding the smoke in his lungs, and then exhaling long and slow. There was a growing ball of excitement simmering in his gut. He wasn't certain whether it should be attributed to the new wardrobe he was picturing as he tried to decide what to wear to the club that evening, or to his anticipation of the nice spot of violence the Watcher had promised.

Deciding it didn't matter, he continued on his way. Outside the magic shop he drew one last time upon the cigarette before tossing it into the gutter and pushing the door open. His ears were assailed by a raucous noise, which he eventually determined was Xander and Buffy arguing in the back room. Willow, Tara, and Giles sat around the research table.

Giles was nursing a scotch, the tumbler gripped tightly in one hand while the other held onto his glasses and rubbed his temples. Willow and Tara were holding hands and giggling. They smiled at Spike and waved as he stalked past them. When he reached the training room, he leaned against the doorframe and watched as Buffy tried to dress Xander.

He was wearing a pair of silver leather pants, and nothing else. Spike was surprised to find he enjoyed the view. Maybe he wouldn't be embarrassed to be seen in public with Harris. Well, at least not because of the clothes.

Xander held his arms out to his sides and indicated the pants he wore. "I can't wear these," he insisted loudly.

Buffy placed her hands on her hips and leaned forward menacingly. "Why not?" she growled in reply, her tone indicating it wasn't the first time she'd asked, and that she hadn't liked any of the answers so far.

"They're too *tight*," Xander replied vehemently. "And they're really not my color," he added piteously.

“Did you take your boxers off?” Buffy asked, obviously deciding to take the tack of ignoring his objections.

“Buff...”

“I think they look fine. What do you think, Spike?” she asked.

Xander jumped and tried to cover himself when he saw Spike standing there. Spike just smirked and let his eyes roam over Xander’s body. “He’ll do,” he said, and then turned his attention to the rack of clothes, picking out his own outfit. As he headed for the bathroom in the front of the shop, Buffy handed Xander the red mesh t-shirt.

“Buffy!” he whined.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

When he stepped out of the bathroom, everyone was gathered around the table. Xander was no longer complaining about the clothes he had to wear, his attention captured by the cell phone he was fondling. As Spike watched, he closed it, and then flipped the top open. “Beam me up, Scotty,” he said into the makeshift communicator.

Spike moved silently until he was right behind him. Reaching around the other man, he snatched the phone out of his hand. With a squeal of surprise, Xander jumped and turned around to face him. “Q won’t give you any more of these if you keep treating them like toys,” he said.

Xander looked confused. Not that that was unusual. “Uh, Q wasn’t in the original...,” he said, his voice tapering off at Spike’s look.

“Not Picard’s Q, Bond’s Q,” Spike retorted in exasperation. “You’re the one who wanted to be all ‘Mission Impossible’,” he added.

“That’s not Bond...,” Willow started, and then clamped her lips shut at the narrow-eyed look Spike threw her. “But what do I know?”

“You know a lot. You’re a very smart witch,” Tara stuck up for her.

“Thanks.” Willow preened.

“Now, play nice, you two,” Buffy urged, and then smiled as if she was really enjoying this. “We should have made popcorn,” she whispered loudly in Willow’s direction, her eyes never leaving the sight of Spike and Xander dressed for a night out. “Their first date,” she simpered, pretending to wipe a tear from her eye.

“Hey!” Spike and Xander both cried.

“Are you both ready to go?” Giles asked suddenly.

“I’m ready,” Spike said. “Just need to put these in the back.” He hefted the clothes he’d changed out of. Tossing the phone to Xander, who bobbed it several times before catching it and clasping it tightly in his hands, he swept past and deposited his bundle on the couch in the back room.

When he returned, Giles was giving Xander a pep talk, and Spike took a moment to check out the boy’s outfit. Xander was wearing the silver leather pants and red mesh t-shirt with a pair of black boots and a brown leather jacket that fell to mid-thigh. He was nervously fingering the phone and nodding as he listened to Giles, sparing a frown for Spike.

“Well, kiddies,” Spike interrupted, rubbing his hands together gleefully. “Let’s get this show on the road.” He was eager to be seen in his new kit.

“Yes, well...,” Giles began, and then hesitated. He cleared his throat and started again. “I think it would be...best...if you were to have transportation this evening. In case you need to make a, er, quick exit. And also to give you more, uh, standing among the other patrons...credibility, as it were.”

There was silence as everyone waited for him to continue. Spike finally broke it.

“What do you want us to do, Watcher? Hijack a bus?”

“Oh, um, no. I...” He reached into his pocket and drew out a key chain with one key

on it. “I’m giving you, er, *Xander*,” he emphasized, “the key to my car.” He turned to Xander, took his hand, and placed the key into the palm. “Be careful, please. And do not let Spike behind the wheel or I will put itching powder in your laundry detergent. Am I clear?”

Spike pouted.

Xander’s eyes bugged and he nervously tugged his hand out of Giles’ grasp. “Very,” he squeaked.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Xander looked down at the key he held and was suddenly filled with confidence. The gang was trusting him, the Zeppo, to not only drive Giles’s new baby, but to go undercover and get the book they needed. He tried to ignore the fact that they were sending Spike with him as backup. He pocketed the phone, and then tossed the key into the air and expertly caught it.

“Ready, fangl—, er, uh, buddy?” he asked Spike, and then turned and headed for the front door. “Don’t wait up, G-man!” he called back. He thought he heard Giles groan. Without waiting to see whether Spike was following him, Xander pulled the door open and stepped out into the night. He paused on the sidewalk to let his eyes run over the red convertible.

“Nice,” he drawled to himself, and then swung around it and slid into the drivers’ seat. Maybe tonight wasn’t going to be so bad, after all, if he got to drive Giles’s car. He adjusted the mirrors, and then rubbed his hand on the butter-soft leather of the seat.

He watched Spike as the vampire climbed in beside him. Spike didn’t look so bad, either. He’d chosen to pair the blue silk button-up shirt with the black leather pants, black boots, and black leather jacket. He almost looked like he normally did, except for the blue. And the fact that everything was shiny and new. Xander found himself mesmerized by the patch of white skin visible where Spike had left the top three buttons of the shirt undone.

“The night’s not getting any younger, mo—, er, Harris,” Spike said, shaking Xander out of his musings.

“Huh?” he asked, and then realized what Spike had said. “Oh, yeah, right.” He put the key in the ignition and turned it. The car purred to life, and Xander smiled. He checked the mirrors and pulled away from the curb, driving slow and careful. When he reached the outskirts of town, he pulled over, found the button for putting the top down, and watched it retract.

After he pulled back onto the road, he increased his speed, enjoying the feel of the wind in his hair and the purr of the engine beneath him, secure in the knowledge that there was more power where this came from. He tried to pretend that he was alone, or enjoying the night with someone other than Spike. *Anyone* other than Spike.

He sighed as he admitted to himself that the evenings spent practicing being friends with Spike were a bit more fun than hours of boring research or being tossed about by the demon of the week while on patrol.

The first evening Xander had to bite his tongue at least a half dozen times to keep from spouting his usual insults at the blond vampire. As had Spike, though that had been almost comical to watch. Each time Spike caught himself about to say something offensive to Xander, his face had scrunched up as if he’d just tasted bad pig’s blood.

Neither one of them had been completely victorious, and it brought home to Xander just how many of the words he and Spike exchanged were barbed. In the end, they’d made it through the night, though it had taken a couple extra shots and long necks to do it.

After that hellish night was over, Xander went to sleep with the pride of a mission successfully completed. That feeling lasted until he reached the Magic Box the next evening where Giles informed him and Spike of their next assignment. They were to go out together once more, and in addition to not saying anything insulting, they actually had to come up with one nice or complimentary thing to say to the other by the end of the evening.

They'd both vocally protested on the grounds that it was morally objectionable and physically impossible, but Giles held firm, and the mention of Willow and Tara taking their place had both of them immediately backing down, though they continued to grumble and complain beneath their breath, existent and nonexistent. Giles just waved them out of the shop.

They played pool and drank, remaining silent for the most part, since removing insults from their conversation really cut down on their usual chatter. It wasn't until their evening was nearly over that they managed to say anything remotely nice to each other.

Xander had thought of and discarded several compliments that would leave him open to ridicule, like the time the bar lights and smoke had combined to make Spike's blue eyes sparkle. The fact that he'd even thought that, much less been about to say it aloud, had made Xander choke on his beer. Spike just glowered at him as he slapped him on the back a little harder than necessary.

Finally, one ball away from losing five games in a row, Xander said, "You, uh, you play pool really well."

Spike, who was lining up his shot to sink the 8-ball, paused and looked up at Xander through his lashes. "Yeah, well," he hesitated. "You don't suck."

He took his shot, but Xander wasn't even watching. He knew the ball would go into the pocket. He stared at Spike in disbelief. "Did you... Was that supposed to be a compliment?" he squeaked.

Spike grimaced in acknowledgment. "'S not my best, I know," he admitted as he placed his cue stick in the rack that hung on the wall. "But look what I've got to work with."

Xander sucked in an indignant breath. "Hey! That's not... You're not... I'm telling Giles!"

Spike grinned happily. "Sissy."

Xander's eyes went wide. "Look, you undead bloodsucker...!" he began, then

stopped.

“Feel better?” Spike asked.

Xander flexed his shoulders. “Yeah,” he admitted, without looking at Spike.

“Me, too. Now let’s go over to the bar so you can buy me another drink,” he said, leading the way.

Xander followed, but only so he could complain. “Me? Buy you a drink? Why?”

“Cause you lost,” Spike replied.

“Oh, yeah,” Xander said glumly, pulling out his wallet. Why did he continue to bet with Spike?

Xander hoped that was the end of their ‘training missions’, but when he reported to the Magic Box the next night, Giles was ready with yet another assignment. This time they had to spend the evening together doing something other than playing pool, preferably something where they could practice actually carrying on a conversation, which Giles expected they’d be required to do at the club.

They were immediately presented with a hurdle when they tried to decide what they were going to do. Xander suggested bowling. Spike gave him the evil eye and told him he wouldn’t be caught dead, or dead-er, in bowling shoes. Xander stopped himself from telling Spike he actually had his own pair and they were pretty darn comfy.

Spike suggested going to a movie, he’d heard there was a movie with lots of skin and gratuitous violence showing at the cinema. Giles reminded him it had to be an activity where they could actually hold a conversation. Spike had just looked at them, shrugged, and said, “Yeah?” Giles vetoed the movie idea.

Buffy suggested ice skating, and everyone looked at her. She huffed, “What? At least I didn’t suggest bowling.”

“Hey!” Xander protested.

Willow suggested dinner, which Spike gave the kibosh with a, “Don’t eat, Red.”

Tara supported her girlfriend. “You don’t *have* to eat, but you do.”

Giles suggested they go for a cup of coffee at the café down the street, or to the museum.

Xander and Spike looked at each other and shuddered. “We’ll figure something out,” Xander said, and he and Spike quickly made their escape.

Giles’ voice floated after them, “And no insults!”

As soon as the door closed behind them, Spike took off towards the outskirts of town.

“Hey! Where do you think you’re going?” Xander yelled.

“Patrol,” Spike yelled back. “Really need to kill something,” he muttered.

“We can’t go on patrol now!” Xander cried as he ran to catch up. “You heard Giles, we have to...*talk*,” he spat the word.

“Fine. I’ll tell you when to duck,” Spike offered.

“Thanks a lot, fangl—,” he paused as he caught himself about to insult Spike, and saw the vampire look over at him with a raised eyebrow and a smirk. “You know,” he said, “fangless isn’t an insult so much as a, uh, nickname,” he finished happily, glad he’d actually thought of something to excuse his lapse.

“Yeah, right,” Spike drawled. “So’s moron.”

After patrolling two cemeteries, during which Spike was able to dust three vamps and kill a Dothrahk demon, and Xander had managed to stay out of harms way while he watched Spike have the time of his life, Xander tried to make Spike go bowling with him.

“No way will I participate in such a poncey...activity—I won’t even deign to call it a *sport*—as bowling,” he declared.

“No fair!” Xander whined. “You got to pick patrol!”

“And you get to pick our next activity, so long as it includes lots of liquor,” Spike said.

Xander grinned. Spike obviously didn’t know there was a bar at the bowling alley. Xander led the way to the Sunnydale Bowl. When Spike realized where he had been brought, he growled.

“What are we doing here?”

“You said, ‘so long as it includes lots of liquor’,” Xander quoted smugly.

“I also said ‘no bowling’,” Spike snarled.

“So I’ll bowl, you can watch. And talk,” Xander said. Ignoring Spike’s look of disgust, Xander pulled the door open and went inside.

He had his rental shoes on and was picking out a ball when Spike stormed up behind him. “This is soddin’ ridiculous!” he barked.

“You’re just scared ‘cause there might be something I’m better at than you,” Xander responded reasonably.

“Am not!” Spike denied the charge.

“Whatever,” Xander said, slipping past him with the ball he’d chosen.

“I’m not!” Spike insisted, following Xander to the lane he’d been assigned.

“Fine,” Xander said. “You’re a master bowler.”

“Don’t call me that, ya poof!” Spike bit out.

“Tut, tut,” Xander said, shaking a finger at Spike, and then raising his ball. He held the ball beneath his chin and lined up the shot. He drew his arm back and rolled the ball down the lane. He knocked down eight pins, leaving a split, with one pin still standing on each side. He groaned. When the ball came back, he lined up his shot and threw the ball again, knocking down one of the two remaining pins.

Spike moaned theatrically. “This is worse than watching that wanker Angelus fix his hair,” he complained. “I need a drink.”

Xander bought them each a drink. He nursed his, and then switched to water.

Bowling worked up more of a sweat than it looked like it should. By the time Spike had finished his third scotch with a beer chaser, he was insisting that he could bowl better than Xander.

Xander, realizing that the weight of the ball wouldn't matter to Spike, held his out in a 'come-and-get-it' gesture. He knew the exaggerated expression of disbelief on his face would force Spike to prove himself.

Spike stepped up to the lane and grabbed the ball out of Xander's hand. He growled at the attendant when he tried to make Spike take off his street shoes. He held the ball as he'd seen Xander do, and then sent it down the lane...and straight into the gutter.

Xander wasn't sure how he held back the snicker. “Don't worry.” He patted Spike on the back. “You get one more shot.”

“M just warming up,” Spike said.

“Oh, yeah, I know,” Xander said, snorting as the laughter he was trying to suppress bubbled out.

“Shut up, git,” Spike growled, grabbing the ball when it rolled back.

### **3 The Mission - Introduction**

Xander pulled into the parking lot and parked Giles's car as far away from the other cars as he could. He looked around. "Well," he said. "Here we are."

"Thank all that's unholy," Spike said as he opened the door and staggered out of the car. "Where in bleedin' hell did you learn how to drive?" he demanded.

"Oh, please!" Xander responded distractedly. "Remember, I've seen *you* drive." He put up the top before turning off the ignition, and then got out and locked the doors. He pocketed the key and turned towards the club. "Well," he said again. "Here we are."

"Let's go," Spike said, taking a deep drag on the cigarette he'd just lit. "I need a drink." He started towards the door, not waiting to see if Xander would follow him. He wasn't really that shaken by the drive, but he had to have something to ride Xander about. Plus, alcohol was *always* of the good.

Xander shook his head and trailed after the vampire. When he reached the front door, Spike was already handing over the money for the cover charge. "C'mon," he said, inclining his head towards the closed door from behind which loud music spilled.

Inside the club the noise was deafening. Spike tried to tell Xander he was heading for the bar, but the sound of the voices trying to compete with the music was too loud, so he just pointed. When Xander nodded his understanding, Spike took off, clearing a path, and Xander followed in his wake.

At the bar, Spike found an empty stool and sat on it, and then ordered two drinks. Xander stood next to him and watched in surprise as Spike pulled out cash. "You're paying?" he asked in unfeigned shock.

"Course not!" Spike looked at him as if he was nuts. "Watcher's bankrolling us."

Xander, having never been in a gay club before, took this opportunity to look around. Same-sex couples were mixing it up on the dance floor with...demons! Demons dancing with other demons...and humans. Holy canoli, Batman! Giles didn't say there'd be *demons* here! He suddenly realized that he'd attracted the attention of several demons who were standing near the bar.

“Spike.” He tugged on the vampire’s leather sleeve. Spike, busy chatting up the fellow sitting on the other side of him, ignored Xander. “Spike!” he tried again.

“Wanna dance?” One of the demons walked up to Xander and assumed what it probably thought was a seductive pose. And Xander might have been tempted if it wasn’t for the pus oozing out of the holes in its neck. Not.

“Um, no, not really,” he said. “We just got here and, uh, and ordered a drink!” He picked up his drink and took a large gulp.

The demon was joined by another. “We don’t get many unattached humans,” it said. Xander wasn’t sure it had even spoke until he realized its mouth was in its forehead.

“Unattached?” Xander responded. “I’m not unattached. Well, I mean, I’m not married, or anything, but I am here with someone. On a, erm, date! Yes, that’s it. We’re on a date. Right, Spike?” Xander tried again to get Spike’s attention. Spike didn’t reply.

“He doesn’t look like he’s being very considerate of you. Some date,” the first demon scoffed.

“Want us to take him out for you?” the second tried to outdo the first.

“What?” Xander nearly shrieked. “No! Spike!”

Spike turned around and glared at the two demons. “Sod off,” he said. “The human’s with me.”

“I don’t think you deserve him,” the pus demon challenged.

“Oh, no, he does!” Xander exclaimed as he backed up even further, practically crawling into Spike’s lap as he clutched at his leather jacket.

Spike vamped and growled. “Mine!”

When the two demons reluctantly backed away, Xander turned to Spike. “Demons!” he cried. “Giles didn’t say there’d be demons!”

Spike just raised an eyebrow and tilted his head.

“Other demons, I mean,” Xander said. “Demons who might want to kill me.”

Spike’s expression didn’t change.

“And actually *be* able to kill me,” Xander dug himself deeper.

Spike’s eyes narrowed.

“Now, I mean, and not after the chipectomy.” He smoothed Spike’s leather jacket.

“They don’t want to kill you, moron, they want to shag you,” Spike said with an evil grin.

“Sh-shag me?” Xander asked in disbelief, not even paying attention to the insult, which just seemed natural. “Nuh uh!” He frantically shook his head ‘no’.

“Don’t worry, that won’t last long. After they get to know you, they’ll wanna kill you, too,” Spike assured him.

“Thanks... Hey!”

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

And that’s how Spike and Xander going undercover as a couple guys hanging out turned into Spike and Xander going undercover as a couple guys on a date.

The stool behind Xander eventually opened up, but he eschewed it in favor of remaining standing beside Spike. He did, however, manage to keep from clinging to the vampire in an unmanly display of...unmanliness. Spike, for his part, allowed Xander his proximity because, as it turned out, the boy really *was* a demon magnet.

After the first two demons buggered off, there was a steady stream of demons stepping up to the bar to ask Xander if he wanted to dance. Spike thought it would be funny to abandon Xander to their designs, but knew the Slayer would stake him if anything happened to the boy. Plus, Rupert probably wouldn't let him keep the posh new kit.

Xander, who was pressed tightly against Spike, shuddered as his last suitor drifted away. "I don't think this is a good idea," he whimpered.

"No, you're right," Spike said, finishing his beer and setting the empty bottle back on the bar.

Xander sighed in relief. He just wanted to get out of there. His butt hurt where a couple of the grabby demons who hadn't wanted to take 'no' for an answer had managed to sneak in a grope.

"We'll never find Kormac this way. Though he's probably seen us, what with the line of demons forming to the left," Spike grouched.

Xander quickly looked to make sure there really wasn't a line.

"There's no help for it. We need to mingle," Spike said, sliding off the stool and heading into the crowd. At the last moment he reached back for Xander's hand and nearly jerked the brunette off his feet.

"Mingle?" Xander yelped. "I thought we were leaving!"

Spike dragged Xander around the perimeter of the entire lower level of the club, turning heads as they passed. Unfortunately, none of those heads belonged to Kormac, as far as they knew. Giles had tried to procure a picture of the man, but his efforts had failed. Kormac was too smart to allow his image to be captured on film.

Spike growled to himself as he pulled Xander onto the dance floor. He let go of Xander's hand and began to dance to the pounding beat. Xander just stared at him.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

“Dancing,” Spike replied.

“I can see that,” Xander said, trying to remain calm in the face of obvious insanity. “Why?”

“Because Kormac will have to find us, and he’s probably not looking for two blokes hanging out at the bar and not enjoying themselves. So here we are,” he held his hands out to his sides as he gyrated his hips, “enjoying ourselves.”

He smirked as Xander continued to stare at him in disbelief. “C’mon, mo—, er, sweetums, shake your booty.”

Xander didn’t want to dance. He wasn’t very good. It was okay to make a fool of himself at The Bronze, in front of everyone he knew, but he didn’t want to look like an idiot at this swank club. Besides, had Spike just called him ‘sweetums’? “Sweetums?” he asked, and shook his head to clear it of the sound of Spike’s voice saying ‘sweetums’ to him. “I don’t...I don’t like to dance,” he said softly, as if confiding a secret.

“I don’t like to bowl,” Spike threw over his shoulder as he turned and twisted to the music. “But I did it,” he added when he once again faced Xander.

“And you sucked,” Xander reminded him, continuing quickly when Spike growled at the reminder. “Well, I suck at dancing.”

“Oh, please, at least you’re *used* to sucking at stuff,” Spike said.

“Hey!” Xander objected.

Spike paused in his movements as he stared at something behind Xander. “But you couldn’t *possibly* suck at dancing more than that...that...thing,” Spike said. Then looked at Xander in horror. “Could you?”

Xander turned to see the demon Spike was talking about. It had two stalks with eyes growing out of the top of its head and four arms that it was swinging wildly about.

“Uh, noooo, I don’t think so,” Xander said.

The rhythm changed to a slow song, and Spike's arm snaked around Xander's waist.

"Now what are you doing?" Xander squeaked.

"Slow song," Spike said.

"So we should maybe go get another drink," Xander suggested, trying to pull away from Spike or, in the alternative, lead him off the floor.

"No," Spike said, easily halting Xander's withdrawal. "We should maybe act like two guys who are on a date. Sweetums."

"I don't wanna be on a date," Xander whined as Spike pulled him closer.  
"Snookums."

"Me neither," Spike snarled. "But you're the one who announced to the entire bar that we were on a date, so suck it up and dance."

So Xander allowed Spike to lead him in a slow dance. Or pretended to allow, since he really didn't have any choice. He gingerly placed his hands on Spike's shoulders and moved stiffly.

"Loosen up," Spike said. "You look like a statue. Feel like one, too."

Xander tried to relax, and then gave up. "I can't," he said. "This just feels so weird."

"Cause it's a guy?" Spike asked. "It's really no different. Just close your eyes and pretend I'm a bird."

Xander attempted to do as Spike had suggested. He closed his eyes and relaxed against Spike as the vampire twirled him around the floor. Xander was almost there when he felt Spike's hands on his ass. His eyes popped open.

"What are you *doing*?" he squealed as Spike tugged him closer.

“Don’t fight me,” Spike whispered against Xander’s neck. “I think we’ve caught someone’s attention.”

“What?” Xander squeaked. “Who?”

“Could be our man,” Spike said. “Or another demon who’s taken a shine to you.”

“Please let it be our man,” Xander begged.

The slow song finally ended and Spike whispered into Xander’s ear, “Follow me. I’ve got an idea.”

“An idea, or a plan?” Xander tried to clarify as Spike led the way back to the bar.

“What’s the difference?” Spike asked after ordering two drinks.

“Your plans never work!” Xander cried.

Spike glared at him. He paid for the drinks with Giles’s money, and then handed one to Xander. Holding his drink in one hand, he took Xander’s hand in the other, just so he wouldn’t lose him, he told himself, and guided him to the stairs that led to the upper level of the club. He had observed couples disappearing up the stairs where plush chairs and dim lighting set the mood. He dragged Xander to an unoccupied couch and sat down, pulling the boy down beside him.

“What are you doing now?” Xander hissed.

“Acting like a guy on a date,” Spike replied calmly as he leaned back, keeping Xander’s hand in his. “Now sit back and act like you’re happy to be here,” Spike said.

Xander shifted back on the couch. He was sitting close enough to Spike that their shoulders brushed. He guzzled his drink, and then set the empty cup on the low table in front of the couch. He swallowed nervously and looked around. He could make out other couples sitting in intimate groupings, some of whom were talking while others were being more physical.

“We don’t have to do that, do we?” Xander asked worriedly.

“Not unless you want to,” Spike teased.

“Euww, no!” Xander cried.

“Don’t get your knickers in a twist, sweetums. Not like I’d want to do you, either,” he assured the boy.

“Oh, you would!” Xander responded automatically, and then frowned as he realized what he’d said.

Spike let go of Xander’s hand so he could drape his arm over the boy’s shoulders. He placed his glass on the table beside Xander’s, and took the brunette’s hand in that one. In this position, he was able to surreptitiously scope out more of the upper level.

“See anything?” Xander asked, nervously squeezing Spike’s hand.

Unconsciously, Spike reassuringly squeezed back. “Yeah,” he whispered, leaning closer to Xander to speak into his ear. “Remember that demon we saw dancing downstairs, and that first demon who asked you to dance?”

“The four-armed-stalk guy and the pus demon?” Xander asked.

“Yep. They’re over there in the corner, and I would’ve bet they weren’t anatomically compatible.” He paused. “Looks like I’d’ve been wrong.”

Xander looked at Spike as if he thought the vampire was lying to him. Which he very well could have been. But wasn’t, unfortunately. He turned on the couch to look, and Spike stopped him.

“I wouldn’t, if I were you. It’s...soddin’ disgustin’ is what it is. Oh, hell, I’m never gonna be able to get that image out of my head.” He turned around and faced forward. “Turns out...those weren’t all arms.”

Xander thought about that for a minute. “Euwww!”

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

And so Spike and Xander’s first night of their undercover mission ended rather uneventfully, other than the hand-holding and slow dancing, which Xander thought might give him nightmares. Also, the image of the pus demon and the four...appendaged...demon doing the nasty was gonna be with him for awhile.

And then there was the knowledge that he was in fact a demon magnet. He never thought he’d be glad to have Spike at his side, but he’d never been happier than when the vampire had vamped out to protect him from the demons that were interested in dancing with him, and who knew what else? And he’d also never felt like more of a girly-man to need the protection, but he didn’t let that stop him from accepting it.

When he and Spike returned to the Magic Box to change their clothes and turn the car back over to Giles, who was waiting for them despite Xander’s suggestion that he not wait up, Giles drove him home. On the way, he gave Giles a rundown of the evening, leaving out the line of demons vying for his attention, the slow dancing with Spike, and the hand-holding. He told him that, although they hadn’t been approached, Spike was certain they’d been noticed.

After he fell asleep, he dreamed about slow dancing. To his surprise, his partner had a hard, firm chest, rather than a soft, curvy one. His dream-partner nibbled and sucked on his neck, tickling him. A laughing dream-Xander looked into the eyes of his dream-partner. He woke with a gasp as he recognized the blue eyes staring back at him.

## 4 The Mission - Initiation

Xander and Spike returned to the club the next night. Xander was wearing a pair of copper-colored leather pants with an off-white lycra t-shirt that had shiny metallic bits and fit like a second skin. Spike was wearing a pair of black—surprise, surprise! Xander thought—leather pants with a white poet's shirt that had long-sleeves puffy with ruffles at the wrist. Spike complained that he looked like a poof, but Xander thought he looked hot. Not that he'd ever tell Spike that! And he was sure the thought was burning a hole into his brain at that very moment.

Before they left, Xander made a point of telling Buffy, Willow, and Tara that Giles had failed to inform them that there would be demons at the club. The three girls looked at the Watcher aghast, and Xander felt vindicated as the other man squirmed under the combined weight of their stares.

"I didn't know!" he finally admitted. "I mean, the club is billed as being for those with 'alternate' life-styles, I had no idea that included humans who love demons!"

"Sounds like an episode of Jerry Springer," Buffy commented "Not that I'd ever watch that," she added as everyone turned to look at her.

Spike, who hated to be left out, and who loved to make Xander's life miserable, spoke up. "Yeah, and it turns out, Harris really *is* a demon magnet!"

"Shut up, Spike!" Xander turned on him.

Spike, who never knew when to stop, kept on. "As soon as we walked in, the line started to form..."

Xander grabbed Spike's new leather jacket and shoved him back against the counter, pinning him with his body. "Shut...up," he growled.

Spike was suddenly struck by the heat radiating off Xander, and the long yearned-for feel of a hard body pressed against his. "Or what?" he whispered so only Xander could hear.

"You promised not to say anything about that!" Xander hissed.

Spike couldn't miss the pain in Xander's voice. He rolled his eyes and looked away from the hurt he saw in Xander's. "Sorry," he said reluctantly. "Hey! It's your own fault for believing me!" he said suddenly, looking back at Xander, who's eyes were now filled with amazement.

"What?" he yelled.

"I'm *evil*! You should have known I was lying!" Spike defended himself.

Xander opened his mouth to tell Spike he was full of shit, and then closed it. "You're right," he said sadly, letting go of Spike's jacket and stepping back. "I guess I forgot for a minute there that we were only pretending." He leaned against the counter beside Spike, making sure there was at least a foot of space between them.

"So, uh, did you recognize any of the demons?" Giles asked, trying to break the tension.

"No," Xander replied sulkily. "But I'd remember them again if I saw them!" he added with feeling. "Especially that one with the..." He stuck his arms out to his sides and swung them about wildly, hitting Spike as he did so. Instead of the snarky comment he expected, Spike burst out laughing.

"What?" Xander asked ominously.

It took Spike a minute to stop laughing enough to speak. "Re-remember up on the balcony...wi-with the pus demon?" he asked, bursting into laughter again.

Xander tried to keep a straight face, but cracked a smile, and then he was laughing as hard as Spike was. Through their laughter, they told the story of the four-not-all-arms demon dancing on the floor, and then making it with the pus demon in the balcony. As expected, all three girls 'euww'd', which sent Spike and Xander off on another peal of laughter.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Now that they knew the layout of the club, and what to expect with Xander's appeal to the demons there, Spike and Xander had a plan. When they first arrived they headed straight to the bar for a drink, and then to the dance floor, making themselves as conspicuous as possible. They alternated between dancing, both fast and slow songs, and refreshing their drinks.

Xander made sure he was never more than an arm's length away from Spike on the dance floor, and Spike always took a tight grip on Xander's hand before they fought their way through the crowd between the dance floor and the bar.

Spike found he liked having Xander's hand in his, and appreciated the heat emanating off the boy. He didn't find the feel of Xander pressed up against him and beneath his hands off-putting, either. For his part, Xander found he liked being held by Spike. He felt cared-for and protected when Spike had his hand, and oddly aroused when Spike moved them to a slow song. At one point he'd opened his eyes and looked down into Spike's, and felt a disorienting sense of *deja vu*.

After several hours of drinking and dancing, Xander was getting tired. Spike suggested they get one more drink and head up to the upper level. This time they leaned against the railing and studied the dance floor.

"Wish I knew what this bugger looked like," Spike said, throwing his arm companionably over Xander's shoulders, which was a little awkward, since Xander was a bit taller. "You'd think if he was such a swinger, he'd have a crowd around him, yeah?"

"You'd think," Xander agreed.

After a while, Xander gave up looking. He kept getting distracted by all the demons who were looking back at him. Afraid to catch their eyes, because they didn't need any encouragement, he stared into his glass, and sighed deeply.

"What?" Spike asked.

"Huh?" Xander looked up at him.

“What was the sigh for...sweetums?” Spike asked with a grin.

Xander rolled his eyes. “I don’t want to be a demon magnet,” he pouted.

“What brought this on?” Spike asked.

Xander indicated the lower level, and Spike looked down. Now that he wasn’t searching for Kormac, he saw what Xander had seen, almost every demon was darting glances up at them.

“You know,” Spike said conspiratorially, sidling closer. “Being a demon magnet isn’t a bad thing. Just means they can sense your...innocence.”

“I’m not a virgin!” Xander denied hotly and loudly, and then looked around in embarrassment.

Spike couldn’t help the smirk. “So I’ve heard. Viking in the sack. I remember,” he said.

Xander blushed.

“Sides, that’s not the kind of innocence I’m talking about,” Spike clarified. “They can sense your...goodness, for lack of a better word. It’s like an aphrodisiac to a demon.”

“Well, how come it never affected you?” Xander asked.

“Who said it didn’t?” Spike asked.

Xander blushed again.

Spike continued, “Back when Angelus first offered you to me, if I hadn’t had other things on my plate, I’d have tasted you then. At the time, I was a little more concerned about killing the Slayer and the fact that Angelus thought he could lie to me. And, of course, now I hate you,” he added lightly.

“Of course,” Xander agreed. “I hate you, too.”

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Giles agreed that showing up at the club during the week would look too suspicious, so Xander spent the week working and hanging out at The Bronze with Spike. Sometimes they played pool, and others they just sat at a table drinking and talking. On some nights they were joined by the girls. Once, when Willow commented on how they seemed to be getting along, Spike and Xander stared at each other in horror and assured the girls they were just practicing for their 'mission'.

On Friday night they were back at the Magic Box getting dressed for another night at Sin City. Xander only had one pair of leather pants he hadn't yet worn, the lace-up red ones. He held them in hands that shook and stared at them. He really didn't want to wear them. Especially since the shirt that came with them wasn't a shirt at all, but a matching leather vest. He really was going to kill those girls.

When he was dressed, he walked out into the shop, his leather coat wrapped tightly, protectively around him.

"Let's see," Buffy demanded.

"No," Xander replied firmly.

"Xander," Buffy said, a hint of steel in her voice. "Let us see."

"No," he stated even more emphatically.

"Come on, sweetums, let the girls get a peek," Spike teased as he emerged from the bathroom wearing his new duds.

"Sweetums?" Buffy asked. "Never mind. Don't make me have to come over there and take that coat off you myself," she warned.

"Buffy, please, can't you just let it go?" Xander wheedled.

"Absolutely not! That was my favorite outfit, and I want to see how it looks. Now.

Take off the coat.”

Xander hesitated, and Buffy stood up.

“All right, all right!” he cried, taking the jacket off. He angrily threw it on the back of one of the chairs, held his arms out to his sides, and rotated. “There, happy?” he snarled.

“Oh, very,” Willow moaned.

“Yep,” Tara squeaked and nodded.

Buffy just opened and closed her mouth without making a sound.

Xander grabbed his jacket and put it back on, and then looked at Spike, who was still staring at him with heat in his eyes. Xander thought it must be a trick of the light. “Are you ready?” he asked.

“For what?” Spike asked.

“To go to the club,” Xander said, speaking slowly.

“Oh, yeah, ‘course.” Spike pushed past Xander and tossed his clothes onto the couch, and then threw on his jacket.

Now that he wasn’t the center of attention, Xander took a moment to replay the image of Spike wearing black...all black. Tonight he was wearing a black silk t-shirt that hugged his body and showed off firm pecs and toned abs. He shivered.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

On the ride to the club, Spike was unaccountably quiet. “What’s wrong with you?” Xander asked.

“Nothin’!” Spike barked. Inside he was melting, and cursing. There was no bleedin’ way he was attracted to Xander Harris. No...bleedin’...way! It was the outfit and

nothing more. Leather had long been a turn-on for him, it was just...coincidence...that it was leather on Xander Harris that was turning him on this time. And red leather...the color of blood...

When they got to the club, Spike ordered three drinks, immediately downing one of them before handing one to Xander. On the dance floor, Spike was tense. He knew the bloody DJ was going to play a slow song soon, and he didn't know what he'd do once Xander was in his arms. He'd dodged the bullet the first time the DJ had played a block of slow songs because he and Xander had been at the bar, but he didn't think his luck was going to hold out.

Two fast songs later the DJ started a slow block. Spike sighed resignedly and pulled Xander to him roughly.

"Hey!" Xander protested his treatment.

"Shut up and dance," Spike snarled, trying to keep as much distance between them as he could. By the end of the block, Xander was pressed tightly against him, and his hands were cupped firmly over the boy's bum. "Hush," Spike said when Xander had started to complain. "We're being watched," he lied.

Hours later, Spike led a sweating Xander up the stairs to the balcony. Again they leaned against the railing and surveyed the crowd below. Spike finished his drink and set the cup on the railing. As if in a trance, he reached out and ran his fingers along the lacing on the side of Xander's pants, feeling the warm flesh of Xander's skin where the leather purposely gaped.

"Stop it!" Xander slapped his hand. "I know I look ridiculous. I don't need you pointing it out."

"You don't look ridiculous," Spike denied. "They look good," he said in gross understatement.

"Yeah, the pants are fine," Xander said. "They'd look great on someone else."

"Oh, no," Spike said, moving around behind Xander and lifting his jacket out of the way so he could see his bum wrapped up tight in the leather. "They look good on

you.”

Xander froze, and then slowly turned his head to look at Spike over his shoulder. “Are you drunk?” he asked.

Spike grinned. “Maybe,” he said, reaching out to cup Xander’s ass.

“Eep! Stop that!” Xander swatted at him.

Spike spun him around and pressed him back against the railing. He ran his hands up Xander’s chest, rubbing the leather over him, and then leaned in and sniffed him. Spike ran his tongue up Xander’s neck, catching a bead of sweat. The taste of Xander exploded on his tongue, and he was filled with desire. He began to suck on Xander’s neck as he pinched his nipples through the leather vest.

“A-are we being watched?” Xander squeaked.

“Oh, we are most definitely being watched,” Spike replied, knowing the eyes of almost every demon in the club were focused on them.

“Th-this is just pretend, for the mission, right?” Xander asked, his voice breaking as Spike continued to suck on his neck and play with his suddenly too-sensitive nipples.

“If you need it to be,” Spike replied enigmatically, and then pulled Xander’s head down and claimed his lips. Xander groaned when he felt Spike’s velvet tongue move over his lips. He parted his lips and Spike’s tongue slipped between them. Dropping his cup, Xander wrapped his arms around Spike and returned the kiss.

Spike kept one hand on the back of Xander’s head, his fingers tangled in the sweat-soaked strands, and slid the other down Xander’s body. When he reached the laces at his hip, he slipped his fingers beneath the material and squeezed. Xander bucked against him.

“Ahem.”

Spike growled into Xander’s mouth at the creature that attempted to interrupt them.

Xander shivered.

“Excuse me,” the creature spoke.

“You’re excused, mate, now beat it,” Spike snarled, and then returned his lips to Xander’s.

The creature grabbed Spike’s arm and pulled him away from Xander. Spike vamped out, and Xander reached for him, wrapping his arms around the vampire before he could start a fight. “What do you want?” he asked the creature breathlessly.

“My master would like to speak with you,” he said.

“Well, tell your master to sod off,” Spike said. “We’re busy.”

Xander pinched Spike. “Uh, who’s your master?” he asked the creature.

Spike, finally realizing they might be about to make contact, relaxed against Xander. ‘Sides, it felt bloody good to have the human’s arms wrapped around him.

“Come with me,” the creature said without answering Xander’s question, and then walked away without looking back, as if it expected them to follow without question.

Xander looked down at Spike, who had his head tilted back so he could look up at Xander. “Should we follow him?” Xander asked.

“S’pose we should,” Spike said with a deep sigh. Things had just been getting good.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Kormac was a half-human, half-demon hybrid. He looked completely human, other than his size, which made him look like a giant, but Spike could smell the demon. Kormac indicated that they should take a seat with an exaggerated flourish of his hand. Spike sat, pulling Xander down beside him. He needn’t have worried, Xander nearly sat on his lap and clutched his hand.

“Your Consort?” he asked Spike, paying little attention to Xander.

“Not yet,” Spike replied after a brief hesitation. He’d been about to just say ‘no’, knowing the half-demon part of Kormac could sense that he hadn’t bitten the boy, but then decided Xander would be safer if he indicated a plan to claim him. “This your club?” he asked as he relaxed into a sprawl. “Nice place,” he drawled.

“Yes, it is,” Kormac responded. “Would you like another drink?” he asked, playing the genial host.

“Would really like to get back to what we were doing ‘fore we were so rudely interrupted,” Spike said, glaring at him.

“I apologize,” Kormac said. “I haven’t seen you around before, and I thought I should introduce myself.”

Spike paused a beat. “And you are?” he asked.

Kormac smiled. “I am Kormac, and yes, I own this club. Welcome to Sin City,” he said, raising his glass in a toast.

Spike nodded his acknowledgment. “I’m Spike,” he said. “This is Alexander.”

“Ah, William the Bloody, childe of Angelus. How exciting to have you join us,” Kormac gushed.

“Yeah, whatever,” Spike responded.

“Does your...friend...know what you are?” Kormac asked.

Spike frowned. The other man/demon must have seen him vamp in front of the boy, so he wondered why he was asking. “Of course he knows,” Spike replied.

“And you plan on biting him?”

“Thought about,” Spike said in a bored tone, and it wasn’t a lie. He’d often thought

about biting Xander, only then it was with the intention to drain him, not claim him.

“Good,” Kormac replied gleefully, rubbing his hands together. “I’m having a party tomorrow night, and I’d like you both to attend.”

“We already have plans for tomorrow night,” Spike said, not wanting the other man to think they were overeager.

“Change them,” Kormac said, and then waved them away. “Gregho’r will give you directions to my home.”

After Spike and Xander had been sent on their way with directions to his estate, Gregho’r turned to his master. “They are too new,” he said. “You don’t know if you can trust them.”

“No, but that’s part of the excitement,” Kormac replied with a laugh. “Besides, the Circle will pay good money to see a vampire claim his Consort.” He turned to Gregho’r. “Make sure we have enough of the drug on hand.”

## **5 The Mission - Infiltration**

“I don’t have anything to wear!” Xander whined as he held his hands out for emphasis. The girls just looked at him with raised eyebrows. “What?”

“We just bought you a whole new wardrobe,” Willow reminded him.

“But I’ve worn everything!” Xander exclaimed.

“It’s called mixing-and-matching, Xan,” Buffy said patiently. “We bought you extra tops to wear with the bottoms. Come on,” she said, getting up. “We’ll show you. Again.”

Buffy led Xander to the training room and stopped in front of the rack of clothes. “Here,” she pulled out a plum-colored silk t-shirt and the silver leather pants. “Wear this.” She looked at Xander who was staring at the outfit in horror. “What?”

“Th-that shirt, it’s purple,” he said.

“Plum,” Buffy corrected, her tone indicating her patience was waning.

“Purple, and it’s a girly color,” Xander insisted.

“Dark purple, and it is a very manly color,” Buffy growled. “Now put them on.” She handed the clothes to Xander and stormed out of the room.

Xander had pulled on the leather pants and was looking for the tag so he could put the t-shirt on right, when Spike wandered into the room.

“Nice combo,” he said, making Xander jump and drop the shirt. “Or that way,” Spike said with a shrug, and then moved over to the rack and picked out a shirt to go with his black leather pants. He chose the red silk button-up shirt. He wanted to look every inch the Master Vampire tonight.

Spike shrugged his duster off and tossed it on the couch, then untied his boots and toed them off. When he reached for the button on his jeans, Xander shrieked, “What are you doing?”

“Getting dressed,” Spike said, turning his head to look at Xander, but not halting his movements. Moments later his jeans dropped to the floor and he stepped out of them. Xander’s eyes dropped, and then he slammed them shut. Spike wasn’t wearing any underwear!

“Oh, god, my eyes!” he cried, slapping his hands over them, even though they were already closed.

Spike just laughed and reached for the leather pants. “Best bum you’ve seen in, well, ever,” he said with no modesty at all. He stepped into the leather pants and pulled his t-shirt off before zipping and buttoning them. He pulled the silk shirt off the hanger and took a moment to revel in the feel of it against his skin before slipping his arms into the sleeves.

He sat down and pulled on the boots without buttoning the shirt. He loved the way it felt as the silk whispered over his flesh. Standing, he buttoned three middle

buttons, leaving the rest undone. He grabbed his new jacket, and looked over at Xander who was still standing there, just staring at him.

“What?” he asked.

“How’d you do that so fast?” he asked.

“It’s a talent,” Spike joked. “Hurry up, sweetums. Don’t wanna miss the party.” Spike sauntered out of the back room with an extra swing in his step.

Xander hurriedly pulled the t-shirt on and then the boots. He grabbed his jacket and followed Spike. When he got to the shop, Spike was leaning against the counter listening to the girls’ chattering. He looked at Xander and shook his head.

“What?” Xander asked softly when he reached the vampire.

Spike ran his fingers through Xander’s hair. “There,” he said. “That’s better.”

When they both looked back at the table, the three girls and Giles were all staring at them. “What?” they both asked.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

When Spike and Xander arrived at Kormac’s estate, the party was in full swing. Just inside the front door they were met by Gregho’r. The creature led them to the ballroom.

“Spike, William the Bloody, childe of Angelus, and his near-Consort, Alexander,” Gregho’r announced to those already assembled.

“What was that all about?” Xander whispered. A hush fell over the room as everyone turned to examine them.

“No idea,” Spike whispered back, though he had a bad feeling about the whole thing.

Kormac was immediately by their side. “Good evening, gentlemen,” he enthused. “I’m so glad you could make it. Please,” he turned to indicate the room. “Let me introduce you to everyone.”

As they were circling the room, Gregho’r appeared with a tray holding two drinks. Spike took them both and handed one to Xander. Because he was wary and wanted to keep his wits about him, Spike held the glass at his side, but didn’t drink from it. Too busy scouring the crowd and trying to remember the names and types of the different demons they met, Spike didn’t notice Xander drain his cup and take another from the tray Gregho’r conveniently showed up with at the exact moment Xander finished his drink.

It wasn’t long before Xander was listing against Spike. When the vampire found himself carrying Xander’s full weight, he turned to the boy in annoyance. “What is wrong with you?” Spike asked.

Xander stared at him with glazed eyes. “D-don’t know,” he replied.

“Buggerin’ fuck,” Spike snarled beneath his nonexistent breath. “How many drinks did you have?”

Xander frowned in concentration, and then held his fingers up and tried to count them. “Uh, just two, I think,” he finally said.

“You stupid sod!” Spike hissed. “You were supposed to stay sober. How are we supposed to find the book if you’re drunk? And not only drunk...” Spike leaned in and sniffed Xander. “You’ve been drugged,” he growled deep in his throat.

“Oh...no,” Xander said. “That’s bad, right?”

Spike lifted the glass he still carried to his face and sniffed. He growled and threw it to the floor, and then dragged Xander over to Kormac. “What have you done to him?” he roared.

“Just a little harmless potion,” he said. “I detest violence, but this was just too good an opportunity to pass up.”

“What are you talkin’ about?” Spike asked angrily.

“Why, the chance to see a Master Vampire claim his Consort,” Kormac simpered.

Spike froze, his mind awchirl as images of what the half-demon wanted filled it.

“And you’re not gonna see it now,” he snarled.

“See?” Kormac said reasonably. “I knew there could be trouble, so I took the liberty of, well, making sure there wasn’t any. The drug will make you and your near-Consort very...compliant.” He smiled brightly. “Now, all these nice people have paid an awful lot of money to see a claiming—blood and sex are such a draw!—and we don’t want to disappoint them, do we?”

“Wha-wha’s wrong, Spike?” Xander slurred.

Spike ignored him as he stared-down Kormac. “Actually,” he retorted, “I don’t give a bloody fuck if they’re disappointed. We’re leaving.” He turned, Xander clasped tightly to his side, to find his way blocked by Gregho’r. “Get out of my way,” he snapped.

“I would simply hate it if Gregho’r had to kill your near-Consort,” Kormac simpered.

“Thought you hated violence,” Spike responded without taking his eyes off the looming creature in front of them.

“Oh, I do! Unfortunately, Gregho’r doesn’t share my distaste for it,” Kormac replied.

“How convenient,” Spike muttered. “And your guests?” he asked.

“Well,” Kormac said with a ‘what can I do’ shrug. “No one likes to lose money.”

“No, I’m sure they don’t,” Spike retorted. What in soddin’ hell were they going to do now? He needed time to think. And they needed to get out of this room, somehow. But how? Inspiration struck suddenly as Xander made a choking sound.

“I think he’s feeling ill!” Spike cried. “Hell, he’s probably allergic to that stuff you gave him! If he dies, I’ll kill everyone of you! I’ll rip your bloody heads off!” he roared threateningly, hoping that wasn’t a bit over the top. “I need to take him somewhere he can recover from the drugs you fed him,” Spike demanded.

“Why?” Kormac asked suspiciously.

“Because, claiming a Consort is a momentous occasion, for both parties. I don’t want my Consort to be ill, or to not remember the claiming ceremony,” Spike asserted. “Besides, I’m not drinking blood contaminated with that stuff. How long is it supposed to stay in his blood stream?”

“The effects only last a couple hours,” Kormac said. “Three at the most. Depending, of course, on how much he was given.”

Spike growled low and deep. “And how much was he given?”

“Not that much, I assure you,” Kormac responded.

“Yeah, I feel so much better now,” Spike snarked. “I knew there was a reason I didn’t trust you. Find us a room. A private room. Now.”

Kormac nodded his head, and Gregho’r moved off. “Gregho’r will show you the way,” he said.

“He fuckin’ better,” Spike muttered angrily. He adjusted his grip on Xander and lifted him into his arms, and then followed Gregho’r out of the room.

“Spike,” Xander whimpered.

“What is it, luv?” Spike asked as he carried him up the staircase.

“I’m so *hot!*” he complained.

“They gave you a drug, Xander,” Spike said, speaking slowly and clearly so Xander, even in his dazed state, could understand him.

“A drug to make me hot?” Xander asked. “That’s stupid! And not very smart, either, ‘cause it also made you really sexy! Huh!”

“*I am* sexy,” Spike retorted, his mind only half on what Xander was saying.

“Yeah,” Xander laughed. “Dead sexy. Nice chest,” Xander said as he ran his hand over the bare skin visible between the gaping sides of the silk shirt. “Can I touch it?”

“Uh, Xan,” Spike said. “You’re already touching it, luv.”

“Oh, yeah!” Xander said with a slightly embarrassed laugh. “You noticed that, huh?”

“I bloody well did,” Spike groaned, wondering if he’d be able to hold Xander off until the drug cleared his system. Trying to ignore the warm hand exploring his chest, Spike carried Xander down the hall after Gregho’r. Finally the creature stopped before a door and indicated that Spike should enter.

Spike laid Xander on the bed, disengaged the hand that had slipped beneath his shirt, and turned to the creature that had followed them into the room. “Leave us,” he commanded.

Gregho’r frowned, but did as Spike asked, since his master had told him no differently. Spike waited until the creature stepped outside the room and pulled the door shut, and then turned his attention to Xander, who was struggling with his jacket.

Spike rushed over to the bed and grasped Xander’s hands. “What are you doing, luv?” he asked.

“Hot!” Xander said. “Need to get this *off!*” he whined. “Plus, you’re really *hot*, too,” he said, reaching for Spike’s chest again.

“Xan...Xander,” Spike said, grabbing Xander’s hands to keep them from roaming over his body, cursing himself as he did so. If only they were someplace else. And Xander wasn’t touching him just because he’d been drugged.

Spike lay on the bed beside Xander and pulled the boy's pliant body against his own, holding him tight with his hands trapped between them so Xander couldn't try to feel him up. "Xander," he said, "that pillock Kormac drugged you. It was in whatever they gave us to drink."

"Why'd he do that?" Xander asked.

"Because all those people downstairs paid him to watch us, well, have sex," Spike said. He left out the bit about the biting, not wanting to freak Xander out.

Xander's eyes got big. "Paid him?"

"Yes." Spike nodded, pleased to see he was getting through to Xander despite the drug.

"Do we get a cut?" Xander asked.

Spike growled. "No," he said. "Because we won't be having sex."

Xander frowned, and then his lips quivered. "You don't want to have sex with me?" he asked tearfully.

"That's not the...!" Spike stopped, realizing that losing his temper wouldn't help the situation. He only hoped Xander wouldn't remember this in the morning. "Yes, Xander," he began again. "I do want to have sex with you. But not in front of an audience, and not while you've been drugged. Do you understand?"

Xander nodded and sniffled. "I think so," he said.

"Good. Now, we're going to wait until the drug has cleared from your system..."

"Can we have sex then?" Xander asked hopefully.

"Not tonight, Xander," Spike said softly. "Tonight we have to steal the book. Remember the book? The one Giles sent us after? If you still want to have sex tomorrow, we will, okay?"

“Okay!” Xander nodded eagerly.

“You just rest for a bit,” Spike said. “And then we’ll get the book and go home.”

In the alternative, Spike thought, we just need to get out of here alive. Or, no more dead than usual. He got up and paced over to the window. Pushing the curtain aside, he looked out. Bars covered the window and an electrical wire ran around it, probably hooked to their security system. Or his luck, a bomb. No way they’d be sneaking out that way.

He considered their options. To steal the book they’d need to find it first, and with Xander out of it, it was going to be nearly impossible. Spike couldn’t take the boy with him and perform a covert search, nor did he feel comfortable leaving him here alone.

Not to mention the guests downstairs who were keen to have the two of them return so they could witness a claiming. Instead of being an anonymous face in a crowd, they were the entertainment, and sneaking around the house without being seen would be nearly impossible.

Too bad they didn’t have back up, he thought, and then mentally slapped himself. He strode over to the bed and reached into Xander’s jacket pocket, pulling out the cell phone.

Xander giggled as Spike’s hand tickled his thigh. “I thought we weren’t having sex tonight,” he said sleepily.

Spike shook his head as he flipped the phone open and checked for service. He patted Xander on the back. “Go to sleep, pet,” he said as he dialed the number for the Magic Box.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Spike explained their predicament to Giles, who ‘oh, dear-ed’ his way through the conversation. He asked if Willow could do an invisibility spell, or a confusion spell,

or just teleport them the hell out of there, but Willow told him that the place was warded against magic. He told Giles that they'd have to fight their way out, and of course, they didn't have any weapons.

"And there are humans involved," Giles added. "No matter how, well, evil and nasty they are, we can't just *kill* them..."

"What humans?" Spike interrupted. "Kormac's a half-demon, and most of his guests are demons. In fact, the only human I smelled was the one I was bloody *stupid* enough to walk in here with!"

"Demons, you say?" Giles asked. "Perhaps you could have mentioned that earlier. Say, like, last night?"

"Thought I had, Watcher," Spike said with a deep sigh. "How's that change things?"

"Well, if they're demons, Buffy can kill them!" Giles said.

"If Buffy can kill them," Spike grated, trying really, really hard not to lose his temper, "then why didn't you send her after this bloke in the first place?"

"Because we didn't know Kormac was part demon," Giles replied reasonably. "We thought he was human, and though we're willing to steal from him, although I would have felt very badly about it, we're not prepared to kill indiscriminately. However, his being a demon is excellent news! Also, we had no way to get into his estate, but since you and Xander are inside now, you can knock out the security system so we can get in. We just need to load up on weapons, and then we'll be on our way. It should only take us about twenty minutes to get there. Can you find the security room in that amount of time?" Giles asked.

"I don't know," Spike said. "I can't leave Xander alone, just in case someone comes in to check on us, and dragging him along in this state is going to be awkward at the very least. And that doesn't solve the problem of finding the security room and disabling the security."

"I'm sure you can handle it, Spike," Giles said. "I have every confidence in you."

Now, don't forget to place the phone on vibrate, we'll call you when we get there. Oh, and Willow says check the basement. There are stairs at both ends of the upper level, according to the blueprints."

Giles disconnected and stared at the phone in his hand. "Oh, dear Lord. We must hurry or Xander is doomed."

"Hello? Hello?" Spike stared at the phone and growled. Bleedin' Watcher! Every confidence my bum, Spike thought.

When Spike turned back to the bed Xander was sitting on the edge, crying. "What's wrong?" he asked worriedly.

"I'm just a liability, aren't I? I mean, I can't fight, right now I can't even walk by myself, and you don't even want to have sex with me!" Xander wailed and threw himself back onto the bed, sobbing.

Spike growled again, just because it made him feel better, and then walked over to the bed. "Xan. Xander. Xander!"

Xander just kept crying. Spike climbed onto the bed and lay down next to him, placing his hand on Xander's stomach. He pushed Xander's t-shirt up and rested his hand on the warm flesh beneath it. Xander's sob caught.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"We need to get to the security room before the rest of your Scooby gang gets here," he said. "And I never said I didn't want to have sex with you. In fact, I distinctly remember saying that I *did* want to have sex with you. *After* the drug wears off," Spike tried to reassure Xander. "But I don't want to see you cry."

Spike licked the tears off Xander's face, and then placed light kisses all over it. When he finally reached his lips, Spike gently ran his tongue along them and nipped at them. He covered them with his own and pressed for entry as his hand slid beneath the bunched-up shirt. He dragged his thumb over Xander's nipple and slipped his tongue between his lips.

Xander groaned and reached for Spike. Placing one hand behind the vampire's head, Xander held him as he deepened the kiss. Spike moaned when Xander's wandering hand reached his bum and squeezed, and then pulled back.

“Security room, book, get out safely, then sex, okay?” Spike asked.

Xander nodded, his eyes wide and bright.

## **6 Mission Debriefing**

Spike looked around the room for a weapon. He finally settled for removing the wooden bar from the closet and hoped the first security guard they came across had a weapon he could take and use. “Let me check the hallway,” he told Xander, who just nodded.

He casually opened the door as if he expected there to be a guard waiting outside with whom he needed to speak. When he saw no one, he stepped into the hall and looked both ways, then looked up to determine if he could see any security cameras. He didn't, so looked back into the room and motioned for Xander to join him.

When Xander got to the door, Spike took his hand and led him down the hallway in the opposite direction from the one Gregho'r had brought them. At the end of the hall he found another set of stairs, just as Willow had said. They were less ornate than the other set, and Spike hoped they didn't lead to the kitchen where he was sure many servants were busy preparing the night's feast, and that they didn't run into anyone on their way who would sound the alarm.

The stairs did lead to the servant-run area of the house, but not directly into the kitchen. Spike and Xander were able to descend to the ground floor without meeting anyone, and then searched for the stairs to the basement. Once found, they opened the door carefully and peeked in. It was dark, so Spike reached for a light switch.

Spike and Xander went down the stairs. The single dull bulb lit up a dusty and cobweb-covered room. It didn't look like anyone had been down here in years. Spike frowned, wondering how a house with so many servants to keep it clean was allowed to get dirty in the basement. And where were all the things you'd normally expect to be found in a basement? Canned goods, laundry room, wine racks...

Xander tugged on Spike's hand and when Spike turned, pointed. Spike followed his finger and shook his head in disgust. A dust-free path led through the basement and he couldn't believe he missed seeing it, or that the security personnel didn't do a better job of keeping their security room more secure. Spike followed the path to a wall, and then searched for a release. When he found it, he showed Xander where it was, and then stood back. He got into attack stance, and then nodded his readiness to Xander.

Xander triggered the release and a portion of the wall swung open. Bright light spilled out into the basement. Spike sprang into action, launching himself into the room. No one was sitting at the console. He crouched and spun around. There was no one in the room. He stood up and shook his head. What a bleedin' let down! Just when he was ready to kick some demon ass, no demons.

Kormac was an idiot, half-demon or no. Just like any other idiot, despite the lengths he went to to protect himself, once he felt safe, he was overconfident. Hence, no guards manning the security room.

He motioned Xander into the room, and they both looked for the catch that would close the door, making sure there was also a release that would reopen it so they weren't trapped. They shut the door, and once safely hidden inside, Spike carefully examined the console. He laughed out loud at what he saw there. Not only did he know where the book was hidden, because of the level of security in that room, he knew how to disable it, and the security at the gate.

In addition, Kormac, paranoid until he got overconfident inside his own home, had installed a gas tank that could be opened into the ventilation system. Once freed, the gas would disable all intruders. Spike pressed the button that would release the gas, and then sat down in one of the chairs and put his feet up on the console.

“Have a seat,” he said. “We’ll need to wait until the gas has done its job, and then been cleared out anyway. Wonder if they’ve got anything to eat down here?” Spike began to check the drawers.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Spike and Xander were already waiting at the car for the rest of the Scoobies when they finally arrived.

“Xander!” Willow cried and ran up to her bestest-oldest friend and wrapped him in her arms. “You’re okay!”

“How did you get out?” Giles asked. “I thought your circumstances were dire.”

“Turns out Kormac was a bit overconfident. No one was manning the security room. We were able to gas everyone unconscious, find the book, and disable the security so you lot could get in,” Spike said, holding up the book Giles needed.

“Is that...?” Giles’ voice was full of reverence.

When Willow was done making sure Xander was in one piece, Buffy took over the inspection.

“What about all the guards?” Willow asked, looking around.

“Dead,” Spike said. “Kormac didn’t get his money’s worth when he hired those wankers, they barely put up a fight.” He shook the book at Giles, making the other man’s eyes widen in alarm. “Next time you promise me some violence, you’d better deliver, Watcher. Anyway, what took you so long to get here?” he asked.

Giles removed his glasses. “Yes, well,” he said. “I, er, forgot I didn’t have a car, so we had to borrow...” He pointed to the rust heap they’d arrived in.

“Ah,” Spike said.

“So, does that mean I don’t get to kill anything?” Buffy whined.

“Knock yourself out,” Spike said, waving his hand towards the mansion. “There’s a houseful of demons in there.”

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

When Buffy had slayed, they drove back to town, dropping Xander at his apartment so he could get some sleep after his ordeal with the drug. The next night, Xander and Spike regaled everyone with tales of their harrowing experience as captives at Kormac’s estate. Spike refrained from mentioning Xander’s antics while under the drug.

“Oh, god!” Buffy shuddered. “A drug that makes you want to have sex with Spike! That’s just...diabolical,” she said. “It’s a good thing you don’t remember it,” she added. “You’d be in therapy for...ever!”

“You’re a bloody comedienne, Slayer,” Spike said, but he noticed that Xander didn’t respond to Buffy’s teasing.

They broke up that night after making plans to meet at The Bronze the next evening, and after Spike reminded Giles that he and Xander got to keep their new wardrobe. Giles reluctantly handed it over. Spike also suggested that Giles might want to give him the clothes rack and hangers, since he wouldn’t be needing them anymore. And then he held his hand out for the cash he’d been promised. Giles rolled his eyes and paid him.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Spike showed up at The Bronze early and kept himself busy by playing two games of pool before the others arrived. He joined them at the table, and they sat around talking until the three girls got up to dance. Spike looked at Xander, who had been uncommonly quiet all evening.

“You wanna dance?” he asked.

Xander flinched. “No!” he said adamantly.

“Wanna play pool?” Spike tried, seeing an empty table.

“No,” Xander said. “Thanks.”

Spike sat back in his chair, uncertain what to do next. Xander wasn't talking to him, was in fact uncomfortable around him. He knew it was too good to last. Now that the mission was over, Xander wanted nothing to do with him. Not that he wasn't disappointed they weren't going to be having sex, but it would have been nice to have remained friends. He should have bloody known better! He shoved his chair back so he could storm out just as Xander spoke.

“When are you going to tell them?” he asked.

“Tell who what?” Spike responded, confused.

“Everyone, about what I did,” Xander said, staring at Spike angrily.

“Could you be a little more specific, pet?” Spike asked.

“At the club and....at the mansion.” Xander's voice had dropped to a whisper.

Spike suddenly realized what was going on. Xander remembered everything he had done and said the night of the party. “You remember?” Spike asked, just to be sure they were on the same wavelength.

“Oh, yeah,” Xander replied, not looking at him.

“And you think I'm going to blab to the Watcher and your friends?” Spike asked, suddenly angry and hurt.

“Of course,” Xander said. “You're evil, remember?”

“Well, yeah,” Spike agreed. “But I wouldn't say anything 'bout that.”

“Why not?” Xander asked a little hysterically. “Seems perfect. You can tell everyone how I wanted to have sex with you and then cried like a girl when you didn’t want to.”

He couldn’t believe he’d been such a fool. Not only had he and Spike kissed at the club, he’d practically begged Spike to have sex with him at Kormac’s party. And even if Spike was telling everyone that it was the drug that made him want to have sex, Xander knew the drug only loosened his inhibitions, making him say things he thought, but might otherwise not say aloud, do things he wanted to do, but might otherwise not do. The drug had made him divulge and act upon his desire for Spike, but it hadn’t made him want the vampire. He’d already wanted him.

“I never said I didn’t...” Spike broke off.

“Does that mean you do?” Xander asked quietly.

Spike began to answer, and then noticed that the girls had returned. “I gotta go,” he said shortly. “Need to kill something.” He swirled out of the bar, not looking back.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

“I, um, I need to make sure Spike kills the right things,” Xander said, and then stood and ran after him. Xander bolted out the door, and then looked up and down the street for Spike. He saw a shock of blond hair and ran towards it. Spike had stopped below a streetlight to light a cigarette. Xander slowed before he reached Spike and walked up to him.

“Thought you were going to kill something,” Xander said.

“Thought you were going to cry in your beer...” Spike stopped when he realized what he’d said. He shook his head. “I didn’t...”

“I thought you said we could have sex if I still wanted to,” Xander said, calling himself all kinds of a fool even as he did so.

Spike stilled his fidgeting, and looked up at Xander. “Do you?” he asked.

“Did you mean it?” Xander countered.

“I did if you do, but if you don’t, then I didn’t,” Spike said.

Xander just stared at him. “I think I got that,” he said.

He took a step closer to Spike. When the vampire nervously raised the cigarette to his lips, Xander snatched it out of his hand and dropped it to the sidewalk. He rubbed it out with the toe of his shoe, and then took another step towards Spike.

“I did,” he said quietly.

“Oh, thank hell!” Spike sagged in relief.

Xander pushed the duster off Spike’s shoulders and down his arms. Spike clenched the sleeves in his hands so it didn’t fall to the ground. Xander pushed him back against the light pole, and ran his hands up and down Spike’s arms, admiring the way the muscles bunched, the way they felt beneath his hands. He leaned in and sniffed Spike’s neck, and then licked it. Spike’s head fell back against the pole, and he shivered.

“You taste good,” Xander said, after nibbling his way up to Spike’s ear.

Spike groaned. “Xan?”

“Yes, Spike?” Xander acknowledged him.

“Don’t stop, ‘kay?” he begged. He wanted to reach out and grab the boy, but he didn’t want to scare him off. However, if Xander thought he was going to get Spike all worked up and not follow through, the boy had another trick coming!

“‘Kay,” Xander agreed. “Oh, wait,” he said, stepping back. “We’re going to have to stop...”

“Why?” Spike growled.

“Is it cool or really, really scary that you growling just made me hard?” Xander asked.

Spike growled again as he reached for Xander.

“No, no, no! We have to stop, but just for a minute,” Xander assured him.

“Why?” Spike whined.

Xander tried not to smile. “Because we’re on the sidewalk, and I have an apartment...”

“Right,” Spike said. “Let’s go, then.” Spike straightened and pulled his duster up. He grabbed Xander’s hand and began leading him down the sidewalk.

“Uh, Spike,” Xander said, tugging on his hand. The vampire ignored him. “Spike!”

“What?” he asked, frustration clearly evident in his voice as he continued to pull Xander down the sidewalk.

“We’re going the wrong way,” Xander said.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Once safely inside his apartment, Xander pushed Spike’s duster off his shoulders. This time Spike let it fall to the floor. Xander gently shoved Spike back against the door and ran his hands over the vampire’s chest. He noticed Spike’s nipples harden, and rubbed his thumb over one.

Spike groaned.

Xander looked into his face as he pinched his nipple. “Does that feel good?” he asked. “Cause it felt really good when you did it to me.”

Spike grasped Xander’s hips and held on tight. “Yeah,” he moaned. “Feels good. Do it again,” he begged. Xander pinched both nipples. “Oh, yeah, harder.”

“You’re a sick puppy,” Xander whispered as he leaned into Spike. He sniffed him again, because he couldn’t believe Spike smelled so good. There was a hint of nicotine, hair gel, and leather, but there was something else, something purely Spike, that was nearly intoxicating. Cripes, he thought, a dead guy smelled better than he did!

“Ruff,” Spike whisper-barked into Xander’s ear, and then closed blunt teeth on his earlobe.

“Oh, fuck, Spike,” Xander groaned, his hips bucking into the blond. He ran his fingers into Spike’s hair and tugged his head back, and then attacked his mouth. Spike didn’t protest; he parted his lips and invited Xander in. Xander’s tongue invaded the vampire’s wet mouth, exploring, tasting.

Without breaking the kiss, Spike whirled them around and pressed Xander into the door. His whole body was on fire with his need for the other man. He took control of the kiss and rubbed himself against Xander. He rotated his hips, and his cock dragged over Xander’s.

“Oh, god, yeah,” Xander moaned into his mouth. “Do that again.”

Spike did, rotating his hips and grinding into Xander’s groin as he once again claimed the brunette’s mouth and kissed him breathless. “Like that?” he asked against Xander’s wet, swollen lips.

“D-definitely,” Xander said. “You’re stopping?” he asked, trying to pull Spike back against him.

“Bed, I’m thinking,” Spike said. “Less you want to use the floor.”

The two men looked down at the hard floor.

“Bed sounds good,” Xander agreed, and then pushed away from the wall and led Spike through the small apartment to the bedroom.

Spike immediately shoved Xander’s jacket off and lifted his shirt. Xander raised his

arms and Spike pulled the shirt off, and then pushed Xander down onto the bed and started grappling with the button on his waistband. Xander would have laughed at the look of intense concentration on Spike's face if he wasn't in such a desperate hurry himself.

Spike finally had the pants unbuttoned and unzipped, and pulled them down Xander's legs, only to get hung up when he reached his sneakers. Shrugging, Spike left them. He grabbed Xander's boxers and tugged them down, and then stared at him like a starving man at a banquet.

"Spike," Xander whimpered, and wiggled to catch Spike's attention.

Spike crawled onto the bed beside him and latched onto a nipple, sucking and biting, while his hand trailed a path over Xander's stomach and through the curls at his groin. Xander dug his fingers into Spike's scalp to hold the vampire's head against him, and lifted his hips in an attempt to force Spike's hand onto his hard, aching cock.

Spike pulled out of Xander's grasp and kissed his way down Xander's body. When he reached the delectable flesh, Spike blew on it. Xander shuddered.

"Please, Spike," he begged.

"Please what?" Spike teased, blowing on him again.

"Ah, god, you bastard," Xander responded lightly. "You just remember, payback's a bitch."

"That right?" Spike asked, licking the drop of pearlescent fluid off the tip of Xander's penis.

"Ugh, yes!" Xander cried. "Spike, please. Please suck m—...ahh!"

Spike didn't even wait for Xander to complete his request before closing his lips over the head of his cock and sucking as he twirled his tongue around it. He stopped long enough to say, "You taste like heaven, Xander," and then dipped his head back down and took Xander in to the root.

With his nose buried in Xander's curls, Spike breathed deeply, imprinting the scent of the boy on his mind. He sucked and swallowed around Xander's shaft as the brunette once again grabbed his head to urge him on while writhing beneath him. He felt Xander's body stiffen and saw his back bow, and then the boy was crying out and shooting into his mouth.

Spike swallowed the warm fluid filling his mouth and the taste of Xander pervaded his senses. When Xander was empty, Spike sucked the softening penis clean and then gently let it fall from his mouth. He stood and removed Xander's sneakers and pulled his pants, boxers, and socks off, then removed his own clothes before climbing back onto the bed to lay beside him.

"Holy...crap!" Xander moaned.

"That good, huh?" Spike teased.

"Better," Xander assured him. He reached for Spike and pulled him close. "Kiss me?" he asked.

"You never have to ask, Xander," Spike said, and proceeded to kiss his boy.

He wondered when exactly it was that he'd begun to think of Xander as his? The night of the party when he'd been drugged and Spike had to take care of him? The night before at the club, when he and Xander had kissed for the first time? Or even earlier, like the first night at the club when he'd told the other demons that Xander was his? Perhaps his desire for the boy could be traced back to the night his sire offered him his neck. Well, he'd think about that later.

"Mmm, that was nice, Spike," Xander said as the vampire pulled back to allow him to breathe.

"Nice?" Spike asked, offended.

"Very nice?" Xander corrected. "My turn?"

Spike swallowed nervously. He was so hard it hurt. "If you want," he said.

“Oh, I want,” Xander replied. “I want very much.”

Xander started by kissing Spike’s neck. It was so soft, and he smelled so nice. He kissed along Spike’s shoulder, and then down his chest. Sliding down on the bed, Xander took one nipple into his mouth, laved it and then closed his teeth gently around it. When he got the reaction he was looking for from the vampire, he moved on to the other nipple.

Xander kissed and licked his way down Spike’s body until he came face-to-face with his erection. Xander had never seen another man’s penis before, and he spent some time studying it. He touched it with his fingers and was amazed at how soft it felt despite its hardness, like steel wrapped in velvet. He squeezed it, and Spike jumped.

He sucked in a breath and let go. “Did I hurt you?” he asked worriedly.

“No,” Spike groaned. “Felt good.”

“Oh,” Xander said. He saw that Spike was leaking pre-come, so leaned closer and licked the tip of Spike’s cock. It didn’t taste as awful as he thought it would. He licked him again, letting his tongue swirl around the tip as if he were licking an ice cream cone.

“Xander, please,” Spike pleaded.

Xander grinned evilly. “Please what?” he asked.

“Pillock!”

Xander licked down the shaft, and then sucked on it, lightly running his teeth over it.

“Oh, fuck yeah!” Spike cried. “Do that again!”

Xander went back to licking Spike, up and down the shaft, around the head. He was driving Spike crazy. Enough pressure to make his balls ache, but not enough to

empty them.

“Xander, please,” he tried again. “Please suck me.”

Xander stopped and looked up at him.

“What?” Spike asked, nearly incoherent with desire.

“I’ve never done this before,” Xander said, his voice small, as if he was afraid Spike would make fun of him.

“No matter, luv. You’ll do fine. Just do what you think would feel good, yeah?” Spike suggested, and just managed to refrain from adding, ‘and do it now’.

Xander nodded and lowered his head to Spike. He took Spike into his mouth and sucked, working his tongue around the head. He slowly lowered his mouth over Spike, sucking up and down his shaft, taking a little bit more in each time. Before Xander had managed to take half of Spike in, the vampire was twisting the blanket in his hands to keep from forcing himself into Xander’s throat as he came.

Xander felt Spike shoot into his mouth and wondered for a moment what he was supposed to do, and then he swallowed, and swallowed again as Spike continued to jerk and twitch in his mouth. When Spike’s body was limp beneath him, Xander released his cock and slid up the bed to lay beside him.

Spike pulled Xander into his arms and they lay like that for a couple minutes. Finally, Xander couldn’t stand the suspense any longer. “Well?” he asked.

“Well what?” Spike responded.

“Was it...was it any good?” he asked worriedly.

“Oh, Xander,” Spike said, rolling them so Xander was on his back and he was leaning over him. “It was better than good.” He placed a light kiss on Xander’s swollen lips.

“Really?” Xander asked with a goofy smile.

“Really,” Spike assured him, and kissed him again. “Course, you can never have too much practice at things like this,” he added.

Xander’s eyes widened in protest, and then narrowed. “Is that right, fangless?”

“What’s this?” Spike asked in pretend ire. “Tossing insults about the minute the mission’s over?”

“Insult?” Xander asked with faked confusion. “I thought we agreed it was a nickname?”

“You thought we agreed, huh?” Spike said with a growl. He climbed to his knees and flipped Xander to his stomach. “I’ll show you something we agree on.”

Suddenly Spike was between Xander’s legs and had pulled Xander up to his knees. He spread Xander’s cheeks and took a moment to enjoy the sight of his boy’s virgin hole.

“Uh, Spike?” Xander squeaked.

Spike ignored him, attacking his ass with his tongue, kissing and gently biting the cheeks, and then licking along the cleft. Before Xander realized what was happening, Spike was lapping at his hole.

“Oh, god, Spike!” he yelped as his ass twitched in response.

Spike pushed his tongue against Xander’s hole. He breached the ring of muscle and curled his tongue, dragging it along the walls of Xander’s internal passage. Xander squealed. Soon he was writhing on Spike’s tongue and his knees slid out from under him. Spike followed him down and continued sucking and licking his ass. As soon as he hit the bed, Xander began rubbing himself against it.

“Oh, no you don’t,” Spike muttered. He pulled Xander back to his knees, and returned to tongue-fucking him. Xander reached for his cock. Spike let go of his hips and grabbed his hands to keep him from touching himself.

“Please, Spike!” Xander cried.

Spike used Xander’s hands like reins to pull him back onto his tongue, and Xander began to squirm against his face. Pulling his hands behind his back, Spike gripped them both in one, and then placed a finger against Xander’s lips. “Get it nice and wet,” Spike paused long enough to say, and Xander opened his mouth.

When his finger was wet enough, he pulled it out of Xander’s mouth and placed it at his hole. “Relax,” he whispered, and then slowly pushed it inside Xander’s slick and loosened entrance. Xander grunted at the initial intrusion.

“Bear down,” Spike instructed. Xander did, and Spike’s finger slid the rest of the way in. He gently twisted it about to further relax Xander’s muscles, and then began to move it in and out. The boy was so hot and tight around his finger it drove Spike wild. When Xander was used to the feel of the one finger, Spike searched for his prostate. He felt the nub beneath his finger just before Xander bucked beneath him.

“What was that?” Xander yelped.

“That, my boy, was your prostate,” Spike said, rubbing it again. Xander began to pant as he pushed back against Spike’s fingers. “Want me to stop?” Spike teased, touching it again.

“No, no!” Xander cried.

Pulling out of Xander, smiling at the boy’s whimper of protest, he wiped the leaking pre-come off his cock and used it to lube two fingers. He placed them against Xander’s hole and said, “Relax.”

He needn’t have worried. As he pressed his fingers into Xander, Xander pushed back, taking him all the way in. “Oh, Xander,” Spike groaned. “You’re so hot.” He wiggled his fingers and Xander mewled. “So bloody tight!”

Spike continued to finger-fuck the boy’s ass and stimulate his prostate. Sooner than he would have thought, Xander was stiffening beneath him. His back arched and he threw his head back. Spike touched his prostate one last time and Xander screamed as he came, shooting load after load of semen.

Xander's whole body seemed to melt. He couldn't remember ever coming so hard, or so quickly the second time. He'd never realized how sensitive his ass was. And his prostate—how could guys keep something like that a secret? He felt Spike flip him over so he was lying on his back beside the wet spot. And what a wet spot it was. Cripes, his balls felt like they'd been through the ringer.

He opened his eyes and looked at Spike. He knew he had a goofy smile on his face. "Hey, Spike," he said, giddily.

"Xander," Spike replied. "You okay?"

"I think...yes," he said. "Except, I can't feel my body. Or I can feel it too much. Am I still here?" he asked. "'Cause I think I might have dissolved into a puddle of goo and dribbled off the side of the bed..."

"That's... Okay, that's gross," Spike said. "But I can verify that your body is still here, and I'll prove it to you."

Spike gathered some of Xander's release on his fingers and wiped it in and around Xander's pulsating hole. He coated his fingers in it, and then pressed three inside Xander. He'd nearly come when he saw Xander's climax, but he wanted to be inside the boy. He knew that even the slightest bit of pain would set the chip off, so he had to make sure Xander was thoroughly prepared.

"Oh, yeah, I can feel that," Xander moaned. "Wh-what...what have you..."

"My fingers, Xan," Spike said. "Got three fingers in you now. Feel how tight you are?" he asked, gently stretching his fingers. "'M filling you up. Gonna fill you with my cock. Wanna be inside you when I come, Xan."

"Oh, god, yes," Xander said, and suddenly he wanted that, too, more than he'd have thought possible. "I wanna feel you inside me, too."

Spike pulled his fingers out and lubed up his cock. He placed the head at Xander's entrance, and forced himself to move slowly. "I'm gonna press in, now, Xan, so you bear down, 'kay?"

“Kay,” Xander replied breathlessly.

Spike pushed, and Xander bore down. Spike’s head popped past the ring of muscle, and he paused. There’d been no twinge from the chip, but he had to be sure. “You okay?” he asked.

“Uh, yeah,” Xander said. “Feels weird, but it doesn’t hurt...much. It’s like...pressure, but not pain. Am I making any sense here?” he asked.

Spike grinned at him. “Oh, yeah, you’re making a lot of sense, luv,” he said.

“You’re just saying that so you can get in my pants,” Xander pouted.

“Already there, luv,” Spike replied, and slowly pushed the rest of the way in until he was fully seated within Xander’s ass. “Oh, yeah,” he groaned. “Wanna stay here forever, Xan,” he said. The boy was so warm it felt like he was burning. Hell, how he missed the heat. And tight! It felt like he’d shoved his cock into a vise...

“Ahh!” he cried as Xander flexed his ass muscles. He looked down at Xander’s grinning face.

“Like that?” he asked.

“Do it again,” Spike said, and Xander did. With a growl, Spike began to pull out of Xander. The brunette grabbed for him and Spike quickly assured him he wasn’t stopping. When he had pulled out to his head, he slowly pushed back in. Xander sighed in relief.

Spike increased his tempo until he was pumping into Xander madly. He pulled the boy back onto him, his hold tight enough to leave bruises on his hips. Xander began to thrash as Spike stimulated his prostate, brushing past it with every thrust. The sight of Xander wriggling beneath him, the feel of him tight around his cock, and the smell of sex soon sent Spike spiraling over the edge.

He shot his release into Xander’s ass, and then fell forward, bracing his hands on the bed to keep himself from falling onto Xander. It took him a couple moments to

realize that Xander was panting below him as he worked himself. Spike knocked Xander's hand away, bent over, and took him into his mouth.

Xander cried out as Spike's cool mouth enveloped his cock. He whimpered as Spike sucked him, and he thrust into the vampire's mouth. The feel of Spike's cock pulsing inside him, and his cool sperm filling him, had been amazing and left him hovering at the edge. Spike rolled his ball sac and then tugged gently on it. When he felt one of Spike's fingers against his hole, pressing as if it wanted to gain entry right along side Spike's softening cock, Xander felt his load shoot from his balls, through his cock, and into Spike's mouth.

When he recovered from his third orgasm—and when was the last time that had happened in one night, much less one hour? he thought—he was wrapped in Spike's arms, his head resting on the blond's chest as Spike ran his hands over Xander's back.

“This is nice,” he said sleepily. “Can we stay like this forever?” he asked.

Spike hesitated. He knew what he wanted Xander's question to mean, but thought it was too soon to expect that from the boy. Hell, they'd gone from hating each other, to reluctant friends and allies, to kissing, to...this, whatever this was, in two weeks. He couldn't ask for more from him. Not yet, anyway. “Well, sure,” he said, trying to keep his tone light. “But forever's not gonna last too long if we don't get up to eat.”

Xander pinched him. “You know what I mean,” he pouted, hoping the vampire did, because he wasn't very good at spelling things out. Not emotional things, at least. Especially when he was afraid of being shot down.

Spike wasn't sure he did know what Xander meant, but he figured the boy didn't mean what he wanted him to mean, at least not at this stage. “I'm not sure I do, Xander,” he said gently. “I know this...thing between us is kinda sudden, but I enjoyed it, and want to do it again. If that's what you mean, then we can do this as often as you want. Tomorrow night, the night after that, and...”

“That's sorta what I meant,” Xander said, wondering if he was pushing things too fast, but needing to know. “But, can we do it whenever I want, like, forever?” he

asked.

Spike stilled his hands. Maybe the boy did want the same thing he did. “As long as you’ll have me, luv,” Spike said, tightening his grip on Xander.

Xander tilted his head back and looked up at Spike. He smiled. “So, forever, right?”

Spike grinned. “You don’t know what you’re getting into, Xander,” he warned happily.

“Oh, please! I think I’ve known you long enough to know what I’m getting into,” Xander replied, giddy with relief. “You’re annoying,” he counted off on his fingers. Spike preened.

“You cheat at pool, and probably poker, too.”

Spike growled. “I don’t cheat. Well, not at pool. You just suck.”

“You hate me and my friends, and want to kill us all.”

“I don’t hate you. Not anymore. And I promise not to kill your friends. Unless they really annoy me.”

“And you’re very sexy.”

“Now, that we can agree on,” Spike said, and decided to shut Xander up with a kiss.

**The End**