Rating: PG-15-ish
Characters: Spike(Will)/Xander, Faith
Prompt: 69. Writer's Choice -- UST

Warnings/Notes: Loads of UST. And just about the only sex in this fic concerns Will and his own hand, though he doesn't exactly get a lot of that, lmao. Sorry about that, it's just how it turned out.

Summary: When Will's step-sis Faith comes back from college for an unplanned visit she brings unexpected complications with her. Complications in the form of a very attractive Xander who seems to be very much attached at the hip to Faith. Spike's not at all jealous...of Faith.

Disclaimer: It may come as a surprise but I'm not Joss Whedon or Mutant Enemy and therefore I do not own Spike or any of his many shagging and verbal sparring partners. I weep for the injustice of it all and play with these characters in the fiction I write because this is pretty much all the fun I have.

Smut table: Spike/bunches of people.
Progress: 29/69
Beta: kitty_poker1
You know that explosive moment when you meet someone's eyes across a room -- crowded or not -- and it feels like everything disappears and slows down and there's nothing else but the two of you in the entire world?

It feels like forever. Your heartbeat quickens, your skin tingles, you can't breathe. Somehow you just know this person could be the one.

The gaze is electric and you know they feel it too and you're prepared to move heaven and earth to get to know them.

That wasn't how it happened in Will's case.

He thought all that love at first sight crap was
absolute bullshit. Those who believed in it got what they deserved when the relationship went to shit.

He was hunkered down under the open hood of his car, fiddling around and checking things, when he heard a throat clear.

He lifted his head and looked at a puppyish, fidgeting young man, wiped his hands with the rag he'd stuffed in his ragged old jeans' pocket and leaned curiously against his fender.

The boy standing in Will's driveway held a duffle and looked painfully shy. Didn't say a word.

He was beginning to grate on Will's nerves as he stood there, silent and staring.

Will scratched his stomach idly with a greasy hand, made some black smudges on his skin, and watched with a narrowing gaze as dark eyes followed the movement. His pants slipped a little lower on his hips and he hoped, in a vague sort of way, that they didn't go any lower, seeing as he wasn't wearing
any underwear. Though, maybe that would shock some words out of this wanker.

"Going to tell me what you want or are you going to make me kick your ass off my property?"

The boy flushed but didn't stop staring at Will's washboard stomach. He tried to stutter something out but gave up after about a minute, gaze wide and unblinking at Will's midsection.

Will arched an eyebrow, sighed and started toward the stranger but then his eyes widened when his baby sister stepped out from behind the broad shouldered boy with an impish grin.

"Hey, big bro! What's up, you dirty grease monkey?"

Will grinned and Faith shoved the big, goofy brunet aside and was about to jump on Will when she realised how truly disgusting he was.

She made a face, nose wrinkling, though she still
dimpled as she smiled. "Ain't touching you with a

ten foot pole, bro. You're sweaty and nasty. Maybe

after you shower for about six hours."

Will rolled his eyes. "What are you doing here?

Didn't tell me you were coming down for the

summer!"

The unintroduced boy watched them both with
dark eyes, fingers tight around the handles of his

bag.

"Spur of the moment thing. I was sick of campus

shit, yo. They're all so fucking uptight. Thought I'd
give it a rest and go back fresh from a well deserved

summer off."

The floppy-haired git shifted, bringing Will's

attention back to him. When Will's hard gaze swept

over him, the boy flushed and his eyes flickered

away. Happened to roam Will's hard, naked upper

body.

Will's chest puffed out. He jerked a thumb towards
the puppy. "Who's this wanker?"

Faith tugged the boy close to her side and he sort of huddled there, looking a little lost but completely at ease against her. "Don't be rude, asshole."

"I'm not being rude, petal," Will protested, watching Faith pressing even closer with a narrowing gaze.

Faith gave him a long-suffering glance and flipped thick hair over one bare shoulder. Her spaghetti strap slid down her arm and, almost absently, Xander kindly put it back in place. She grinned at him. Xander froze.

Will's glare was stony as he looked at Xander, who seemed to shrink and pull his arm into himself as if he was afraid Will would rip it off and beat him with it.

Sounded like a good idea, actually.

Dark eyes trained on his abdominals and he felt them tighten reflexively. The dark smears of grease
danced on his skin.

"Was gettin' off the bus trying to find my shit when I met Xan, here, and he helped me load my crap into the cab. We got to talkin' and turns out we had similar destinations in mind so we shared. He lives over thataway."

Will glanced across the street out of reflex. "Convenient."

Faith smirked. "He's a real sweet guy, sensitive, and ain't he pretty? Little shy, though, but I can fix that with a little time and..." She looked at Will's dirty stomach, "...elbow grease."

Xander quirked a tiny grin.

Will glared at Faith, who merely blinked innocently. "The hell are you on about?"

"Nothin', nothin'. Just thought you two'd get along, is all. I mean, you don't have that many friends--"
"I do so!" Will interrupted, waving his oil-stained rag around. "You've just...never really met any..."

Yeah, he really didn't have many friends. More like acquaintances he drank with on occasion. Or fucked.

He just didn't meet a lot of people he had much in common with.

Also, he tended to keep to himself because he didn't really like people all that much most of the time.

People pissed him off when they weren't doing things for him.

"--and so I thought I'd bring you one of your very own. I mean, I grilled him and he passed my test so I know he's a good guy. Meet Xander Harris. Xan, this is my big bro, Will Sutton."

"Nice to meet you, Will," Xander murmured, holding out his hand timidly, with a small smile,
apparently unafraid of touching Will's unclean skin.
"You and her don't look or sound alike... You're, like, British, aren't you?"

Will stared at the outstretched hand with a sneer. "He's a brilliant one, all right, Faith. I'm her step-brother, idiot. Also, I'm, like, English."

Xander's face fell. He lowered his unshaken hand back to his side and wiped it on his jeans, looking incredibly out of place.

Will smirked.

Faith stepped forward, almost a blur, and punched Will hard on his bare shoulder.

"Ow!" Will exclaimed, holding his bicep, rocking back on his heels. "What the hell was that for?"

"For being a prick. Be nice to Xander. See? This is why you don't have any friends. You're a complete bastard to anyone who shows you any interest just because they're not you."
"Like hell. This is my house--"

"It's Daddy's house, William. Or have you forgotten Dad's only letting you live here while you 'find yourself'?" Faith arched an eyebrow.

Will gawped. "You little bitch."

Xander's mouth dropped open and he took a step back.

Faith smiled sweetly. "Got that right, Iggy."

"Iggy?" Xander choked.

Will sputtered.

She hadn't called him that in years but he didn't hate it any less than he had the last time she'd done it.

God, he hated his mother for giving him that grievous family name to carry forever.

Xander's lips twitched. "And I thought my middle name was bad."

Will blanched. "You little whore! I'm going to fucking kill you!"

Faith laughed and dashed away from a bemused Xander's side as Will tore after her, cursing.

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Will tumbled out of bed naked the next day, forgetting Faith and the annoying little git Xander and everything else as he stumbled his way into the bathroom to relieve himself.

He was half asleep and rubbing his blurry eyes when he shuffled into the kitchen, still undressed, ready for some coffee.
He watched black liquid drip into a mug with half-opened eyes gleaming and barely focused. When it was finished he turned around and leaned against the cabinet with the hot drink steaming up into his face.

His eyes widened marginally when he met Faith's and saw Xander sitting beside her, apparently gobsmacked, with his large gob hanging open nearly to the table.

"This is a side of you I've never seen, bro. Have to tell you I really don't want to ever see something like this again. Seriously."

He grimaced and fought the flush of embarrassment that swept through him. He cleared his throat and tried not to shift because that would've drawn more attention to his naked bits. "Christ, Faith, why didn't you say something? I forgot all about you and I'm used to wandering around starkers here!"

"I should probably be insulted you forgot but I think
we're even now." Faith dimpled and stirred a spoon into some sugary looking cereal Will knew he didn't have in the house. "Was funnier this way. Don't you think, Xan?"

Xander snapped his jaw shut and it clacked audibly. His eyes were trained on the soft cock hanging between Will's legs.

Will's thighs quivered with the need to draw together.

Faith elbowed Xander, grin widening.

Xander started and wiped his mouth. "Uh. Sure. Sure. Fun had by everyone."

Will felt the looks the boy was throwing at him on his skin and had to focus really hard on not getting...hard.

Will drank half his near scalding coffee without caring that it probably burnt the top layer of his tongue off and sighed as he carded a hand through
his disheveled hair, smoothing it from his forehead. "You see why she's a bitch, don't you, boy?"

Xander jerked, deer in headlights expression flitting over his face. "Huh?"

Will rolled his eyes. "You pick some real winners, baby sis. Fucking hell. Next time say something, you little bitch," he grumbled, stalking into his bedroom with as much dignity as he could, which wasn't much at all considering he could feel eyes on his naked ass.

"Nice ass, Willy!"

"Sod off, bint!" he yelled, slamming the door.

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Will settled in front of the telly with a sigh, large glass of hot cocoa in one hand, remote in the other, a large bowl of popcorn practically swimming in butter at his side.
For the first time since a very uncomfortable lunch (after his little morning nudity incident) where Faith actually cooked a half decent meal and made Will sit between her and Xander, he was alone.

He was going to enjoy his alone time with a little alone time.

The idea of a good wank held promise and he could feel himself getting a little hard just thinking about the possibility.

He shifted and bit his bottom lip as his nice, comfy, well-worn sweats rubbed deliciously against his growing arousal.

He watched telly and ate and drank, dipped popcorn in his chocolate drink and continued feeling the buzz of arousal sweep over him, a warm glow that spread deliciously.

When he had free hands, slightly greasy from popcorn, he eased his left one into his pants and
fondled himself. He pulled his aching flesh free when room got to be an issue and breathed a sigh of relief as air hit his cock.

He massaged precum into his skin with each long, slow pull, hips rising even more slowly to meet his clenched fist. His free hand clenched on his thigh rhythmically, sometimes brushing his clothed balls.

His pace was languid, touch just firm enough to keep him hard but not bring him off. His bare back rubbed against the fabric of the couch. His eyes were slits as he stared inward, his own fantasies serving to bank the fires of arousal.

Toes curled into the rug as he pushed up with his legs. His eyes fell shut, head back against the couch cushion as his hand began to stroke faster.

He could feel his balls draw up and his spine get that tingle he always got when he was near the point of orgasm when the front door slammed open hard enough to rebound against the wall.
His eyes flew open, he quickly shoved his pulsing erection into his pants, which tented obscenely, and breathed harshly through clenched teeth as he sat forward, trying to compose himself, as Faith and Xander walked in, talking animatedly.

Xander was the one who noticed Will's presence and when he stopped, Faith did.

They both looked at him and Will knew what they had to be seeing. He was flushed and sweating, near shaking from his want, pants tight around the groin cupping his needy bulge.

Faith bit her lip but the smirk got away from her anyway. Her nostrils flared as she smelled his sex scent. "Bad time?"

Will's upper lip curled.

"Well, you have guests, asshole. You should be in your own room doing that shit! C'mon, Xan, let's go get something to eat. Leave Will here to his...dirty alone stuff."
Will blinked at them, watched Faith tugging Xander away. Xander stared back, strangely flushed himself, though he appeared appalled at interrupting what Will had been doing.

"It's my fucking house, you stupid bint," he said sullenly, slumping back into the couch and rubbing his eyes, resigned. His erection throbbed painfully between his thighs.

He eventually got up and had a cold shower, which didn't work like it always did in the movies. Ended up tossing off in the shower to an unsatisfying, cold orgasm but at least he finally got off.

He stayed in his bedroom with the door shut the rest of the night, listening to the sounds of their laughter and flirting and conversation.

He sighed and punched his pillow before shoving his head underneath and moving onto his stomach.

Eventually, he slept, but it was a fitful rest.
Faith was absent the next afternoon when Will got up for his usual coffee. Xander wasn't.

He seemed to have taken up residence as much as Faith had and Will felt a bit weird about it.

Xander was a complete stranger and Faith had known him less than two days, which was even odder.

Will didn't like people on good days but having some puppy-eyed ponce with big feet, gangly limbs and floppy hair eating his food and watching his telly and...touching his baby sis got on his tits.

That didn't prevent him from lusting after Xander a bit. He was a pretty little boy, after all, had a nice body from what Will could tell even if he decided to hide it all under hideous, spine-meltingly bright clothes that made Will want to tear out his own
eyes.

But he'd never do anything about his little problem because Xander was Faith's and he wasn't that sort of man. He'd just have to wank himself silly and hope this lustful infatuation went away quickly.

Will wore sweatpants out of his bedroom this time, slung low on his hips and showing an indecent amount of skin as he leaned against a counter with a steaming mug cupped in both hands. He didn't look at Xander but felt dark eyes on him.

He didn't say anything, either, mostly because he wasn't a morning/early afternoon person but also because Xander confounded him.

The babbling and stuttering were almost beguiling, not unattractive to Will, and he couldn't figure out why he didn't want to clock the kid for not shutting up because normally that bothered him.

He finally looked up and caught Xander's gaze. The boy flushed and ducked his head, playing with the
spoon in the multi-coloured, marshmallow cereal that probably had enough sugar in it to rot every tooth in his head right out.

Will sighed and shifted, took a drink of his coffee then put the mug down. "So, where's Faith this fine...afternoon?"

Xander still refused to look at him. "She, umm, said something about laundry."

Will frowned. He had a washer and dryer right here in the house; even if she'd had to go out for soap and dryer sheets or something she should've been back. That didn't make sense.

Which meant Faith was hiding something and sneaking around.

His eyes narrowed as he pushed off the counter. "She say when she'd be back?"

"Not really. Just said it'd probably be several hours because she had, and I quote, shitloads of dirty
clothes to do. Apparently, she doesn't do laundry till she doesn't have anything left to wear." Xander shrugged and pushed his cereal bowl away. "Umm, I can leave if you want. She, she told me to just stick around because she'd be back but I, uh, can get out of your way..."

The kid looked frightened and Will reveled in that for a moment before huffing out a breath and throwing himself down in the chair across from Xander. "Guess you can stay. Not like you're doing any harm, is there? And she'll be back in a while...might as well stay till she returns."

Xander finally looked up at him, brown eyes sparkling as he grinned.

Will took a breath and found his heart thudding in his chest. He swallowed.
Part Two

Will ended up cooking dinner for himself and Xander when Faith didn't return within a couple of hours; he'd tried her cell and got no answer other than an overly cheery voicemail message. Apparently, she was dodging his calls. Will would chew on her ass for that later but for now he'd just whip up an easy stir-fry and forget about his missing sister.

They ate in front of the television, something Will didn't do very often except when eating popcorn, saying very little to one another.

Stuffing his mouth full of vegetables and chicken was a good excuse for not holding a conversation.

But when they were finished, Will *had* to say something because the silence was terrible and he felt compelled to eradicate it somehow.
Yeah, it was one of those sorts of silences.

He scratched his ribs and wondered if he should get up for a t-shirt because of the company but decided he couldn't be assed to do so because he was comfortable and full. Not to mention the fact that they were both men and it...shouldn't matter.

"So...you met Faith at the bus depot, eh?"

Xander started and glanced at him, as if surprised Will was speaking to him; frankly, Will was a bit surprised at that himself. He laughed. "Umm, yep. I was coming in after visiting my Uncle Rory, who is really, really weird, by the way. He has animal heads on his walls -- which scared the crap out of me when I got up to get milk one night -- and guns everywhere. He says he hunts and that he killed all the animals but...the guns are rusty and he's too drunk to handle a gun, though I suppose that wouldn't stop him if he was really motivated. He didn't do it when I was there, thank God, or he'd probably have killed me or something. Um, anyway, I was digging my stuff out from under the bus when
I saw Faith trying to get hers; it was way in the back. Apparently, as well as sharing a bus we share a common street through you. How's that for a coincidence?"

Will blinked as Xander went on and on and, bloody hell, there was the babbling thing again. He turned his head and stared.

"I helped her get her stuff out and we started talking. She's a real spitfire, isn't she? Isn't, uh, too afraid to say whatever, is she? She said straight out she thought I was hot and wanted me to come home with her while she visited you. And, um, here I am. I guess. Anyway..." He finally trailed off, looking embarrassed.

Will cleared his throat, shifting. "Well. Interesting. You bloody babble a lot, don't you?"

"Um, yeah, kinda. It's sort of a thing I do. When I'm nervous." He coughed. "Or, really, all the time. Mostly."
Will raised an eyebrow but only said, "Could be taken as endearing by the right person, I expect," as he took their plates and glasses to the kitchen so he could put them in the dishwasher.

Xander followed him into the kitchen, stared at him for a bit and then actually struck up an interesting conversation that included likes and dislikes, things going on in the world, random things that Will wasn't opposed to talking about.

Will discovered that Xander wasn't half bad, after all, and they had quite a few things in common.

He could see what Faith saw in him.

Damn it.

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Clouds were ominous in the sky but that didn't stop Will from deciding to go to the movies, anyway.
He was bored. He went out when he was bored, weather be damned.

Only thing, though, was when he told a recently returned Faith about going so she'd know where he was, she got this gleam in her eye, put down her videogame controller without consulting Xander first -- who whooped and beat her player into the ground victoriously, and unfairly -- and announced she was going with him.

She did that sometimes, invited herself along despite Will's obvious desire to do something alone.

But it was okay; she was his sister and he wasn't going to see her for much longer. Thank Christ.

He could only handle her in small doses nowadays. She was...potent.

She grabbed Xander and dragged him along with them. They sat in the back seat while Will drove, jaw set, lips in a thin line, both hands on the wheel, careful not to look too much in the rearview mirror
because that probably would've conveyed interest he didn't want to alert either one of them to.

Tickets were insane prices and popcorn was outrageous -- he had to pay for extra butter -- and the drink was just as bad but it was essential to get screwed at the box office; it added to the experience and it wasn't as if he did it a lot.

They filed into the back row, Faith forcing Will to go ahead with a sharp shove, then Xander and then she followed with a quirked eyebrow when Will stared at her darkly.

Will grudgingly shared his popcorn with Faith, who had to lean across Xander, and with the boy, who was extra quiet for once and ate little, scrunched up in one corner of the chair, the one furthest from Will.

Will wasn't sharing his goddamn drink, though. They'd just have to go get their own.

The film was actually very enjoyable. Will almost
never saw a movie featuring Johnny Depp that he didn't like, despite the potential strangeness or darkness, and was really involved in it until Xander shifted and his knee came into contact with Will's. Will suddenly found himself clutching the popcorn bucket with both hands and an erection the size of the phallically impressive iron and steel sculpture in front of the theatre pressing into the bottom.

He nearly jumped out of his skin when Xander shoved his hand into the nearly empty bucket to rifle around for some stray kernels.

Will clenched his jaw tightly and squeezed his eyes shut as Xander took an amazing amount of time to get what he wanted.

The popcorn bucket rocked and rubbed against his arousal. He began to sweat and pant. Nearly came.

He eventually shoved the tub into Xander's lap, the boy blinking at him curiously before smiling his oblivious thanks, and shoved himself against the other side of the chair, as far away from the boy as
he could get, which wasn't really that far.

His breath whooshed in and out like a pregnant woman in La Maze class and he thought he'd just about conquered his arousal when Xander moved again. This time it was to put the popcorn bucket down because it was empty.

Bloody boy had fidgety ants in his pants or something.

He leaned in Will's direction, shoulder grazing Will's tense thigh, and that's when Will decided he couldn't take it anymore and absolutely had to go to the restroom to have a fast, dirty wank before he came messily in his pants.

He made his restroom intentions known, hobbled out of the theatre quickly and locked himself in one of the two stalls in the men's room -- the corner one, adjacent to the wall and furthest from the door.

The movie was long forgotten as his pants were
frantically lowered, hand shoved inside to pull out his aching cock and then he was stroking slick, throbbing flesh furiously with an unsteady hand that felt entirely too good.

What the hell was Xander doing to him? It was like he held some sort of power that made Will's blood boil and relocate to his groin. The rest of him lost cognizance and his body thought for him.

It was steadily pissing him off. Losing control.

He leaned against the wall and bit his lip to stifle any cries threatening to escape. His legs shook and he had to lock his knees to keep from dropping to the disgusting floor.

His hand moved faster and his jeans slipped down his ass to rest just below. Balls freed, his other hand crept down and rolled them in their tightening sac.

He muffled a groan against his shoulder and then froze when he heard the door open and footsteps creep in. Bloody brilliant timing someone had.
Music and loud rumblings from films echoed and covered whatever sounds he'd made but he couldn't be too careful -- he could get arrested for something like this.

He kept his hand on his dick because he was too close to move it without shooting and cumming and getting caught and when sneakers stopped in front of his stall he held his breath, though he knew he recognized those battered shoes.

The door rattled as Xander leaned up against it. "Umm...Will?" came a tentative voice.

Will's balls tingled in his hand, drawing up, and he had to use everything in him not to cum all over himself right then.

He took several deep breaths and squeezed the base of his cock hard until he didn't feel the immediate need to climax. "What?" he practically snarled.
"You, you've been in here for a while... Faith sent me to check and see if you were all right. You're not sick, are you?"

Will banged his head against the wall a few times, groaning inwardly. "No, I'm fine. Just needed to use the loo, is all."

"O-okay, um...the movie's over and Faith's waiting outside."

Damn, he'd missed the finish of the film. Hell, he'd rent it later. Probably buy the damn dvd and wank to pretty Johnny in period clothes with long, curly hair and a mouth like a dirty sailor.

"Yeah, I'll be out in a minute," he said, voice strained.

Xander stood there a moment longer and then the ugly florescent orange sneakers squeaked away.

Will swallowed hard, looked down at his poor prick and sighed as he carefully stuffed it back into his
pants. He stood breathing raggedly against the wall, jaw clenched.

He was finally able to leave the restroom minutes later but his erection hadn't fully gone down.

All three made for the exit, only to discover a typhoon had begun sometime while they were inside the movies. Three groans and a shoving match to decide who would brave the sheets of water – between Faith and Will -- had Will running out alone to get the car and come get them; not that he'd have let Faith drive his car, but still.

He was soaked by the time he'd stumbled to the car, splashing through puddles and not so successfully dodging rain drops that were nearly horizontal. He managed to shove his key inside on the fourth try and fell into the car, water spraying everywhere.

His feet were squishing inside his boots, toes wriggling and sliding slickly against one another. His jeans clung wetly to his legs, nearly up to the thigh.
Only saving grace was his duster; that kept him mostly dry up top and behind and he hoped wasn't ruined by the rain.

He wiped his face and shoved hair out of his eyes, cringed in the mirror at his reflection -- Christ, his hair was sticking up in curly-cues all over his head! -- and sighed as he drove to the entrance. The car rocked as two giggling shadows leapt in, successfully sending water everywhere Will hadn't managed when he'd gotten in.

"Watch it!"

"Oh, like your car can get any damn wetter, bro!" Faith exclaimed, crawling into the back with Xander, again, and slamming the door shut. She shook out her hair and shoved it out of her face. "Xan, you're fucking wet to the skin."

Xander's teeth chattered audibly. "You don't say. I would've never noticed if you hadn't told me, Faith."
Faith rasped out a laugh.

Will moistened his lips and peered through the curtain of darkness at the silhouette of a shivering Xander.

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Faith sprinted ahead of them, unlocking the door and running into the house without even waiting for Will. He rushed after her with Xander close behind.

"Faith, you stupid bint! You're going to drip all over the bloody place!" Will almost screeched.

Faith merely giggled and slammed the guest bedroom door after leaving puddles all over.

Will scowled from his place on the rug in front of the door and glanced at Xander, who'd actually stopped when Will had.

Xander was still shivering and looked like a drowned
rat, face dripping and hair stuck to his skull like a cap.

His clothes clung to a surprisingly well-defined body, a second skin of soaking, heavy fabric.

He looked very pretty wet.

Will glared, arousal igniting once again. "Strip."

Xander's teeth snapped together, eyes widening as his breath caught audibly. "Wh-what?"

"Take off your clothes. You're not bloody dripping all over my floors like Faith, there. So, get 'em off. Now."

"Uh..." Xander started, appearing completely terrified at the prospect of getting naked in front of Will.

Will rolled his eyes and ignored the faint spark of hurt that flared through him briefly. "I'm not going to attack you, git. I'll get you some spare clothes."
Xander looked faintly discombobulated but he slowly cooperated as best he could considering his joints were cold and his fingers didn't seem to want to move to undo his buttons and zip.

Will tried not to watch him but as Xander got nearly naked he couldn't stop looking at all the tanned flesh bared. The skin was damp, his clothes having soaked through, and goosebumps were prominent. His dick swung as he moved, big even though it was flaccid (and the conditions were against men at the moment: his boxers were wet and the air was cold).

Will swallowed hard and removed his own clothing, cold fingers nudging sensitive flesh causing goosebumps to break out and sharp inhalations.

He stood in his tight, wet boxerbriefs, trying not to get an even bigger hard-on, and Xander shivered in his cartoon boxers, seeming not to notice his libidinous state.

He met Xander's dilated eyes and hugged his arms
close to his body. "Well, come on, then," he said gruffly.

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His room seemed tiny with the two of them in there, stifling almost. He shuddered, feeling the cold intensely as water kept dripping down his back and chest.

He bent down and rifled through a drawer, searching for the sweatpants that had always been much too big on him -- he'd gone through a slightly chubby period a few years back and hadn't gotten rid of all the larger clothing yet; he was a bloody packrat.

He found that and a large tee and turned on his knees to face Xander, who had to raise his gaze from Will's ass to look him in the eyes.

Will's gaze narrowed as he tossed the pile of clothing to Xander. "Here. Might want to leave off
the cartoon shorts because they're soaked and would just get your pants wet, as well."

The clothes bounced off Xander's wet chest and fell in a lump at his feet; his nipples were puckered and deep pink because of the rain and the air.

Will didn't look at them, much, and turned back around to dig for something to put on.

When he found what he wanted he noticed Xander hadn't left yet and stood up with his own set of clothes in his arms.

"What are you still doing here?"

Xander swallowed. "I, uh, well..."

Will sighed. "It's extremes with you, innit? Either you won't shut the hell up or you completely clam up. What is it?"

Xander's expression was petrified as he lurched forward and slammed their mouths together.
Will froze, hands convulsing into cloth. The soft lips touching his own opened slightly and he couldn't help but respond, with a low groan that sounded slightly more needy than he'd ever wanted to escape.

The kiss became heated very quickly and soon the clothes were dropped to the floor and chilled flesh grazed as their arms wrapped around each other.

Will angled his head and opened his mouth to thrust his tongue into Xander's. When the boy whimpered and responded in kind, Will's arousal grew painful.

Xander thrust against him and shoved a big hand into the small of his back, just above his waistband.

Will grabbed Xander's ass and ground against him, felt Xander's erection through the thin material of their underwear, hot and hard and good.

"Hey, bro, Xan, where the hell are you two?"
They broke apart, panting harshly, arousal thick in the air as they stared at each other with wide, passion-glazed eyes.

Will opened his mouth then shut it and took a breath. He looked away from Xander. "Giving him some clothes, you stupid bint. He actually did what I asked and didn't ruin the bloody floors!"

"Oh, fuck you, Iggy! You know Dad'll just pay to have them redone or whatever. It's not like you'd have to do anything. Anyway, come on out here so we can have some hot cocoa. I'm sure y'all'd like something hot after all that."

"Yeah. I'm sure we would," Will mumbled, catching Xander's eye briefly.

Xander flushed.

Will bent and grabbed both piles of clothes and shoved Xander's at him. "Get dressed."
Xander frowned a little but took the clothes and went into the bathroom. Will yanked on his clothing quickly while he was alone and took a moment to go over what had happened.

He wasn't given much time to berate himself, however, because Xander was coming out of the bathroom looking truly fuckable in Will's clothing, wet hair sticking up all over his head, boner tenting the sweats in a very obscene yet delectable way.

Will sighed and shoved a hand through his ruined hair, making it flop over his forehead.

Xander didn't look at him as he left the room, yanking down his borrowed t-shirt, and Will was almost glad he hadn't brought up their dirty little moment.

He didn't know what he'd have said, anyway.

Part Three

A couple of days later, Faith got sick. Exorcist-puking-thousand-degree-fever-dripping-snot sick.
Will made sure to stay as far away from her as possible because he hated being sick. He doubled up on his Vitamin C and disinfected everything that she came in contact with, hoping like hell he didn't catch whatever it was that was making her so violently ill.

She probably brought it home from University. Those places were crawling with infestations and germs and the like.

Xander stayed at her side, seemingly unconcerned for his own health or the danger Faith's immune system lapse held over him.

Will was delegated to going to the store to get some things to help her through her time of hell. Faith made him take Xander, no matter how much he fought her about it.

As if Will didn't know how to buy chicken soup and tissues!
But he didn't argue with her because she was *dying*, she said with a wet, hacking cough, nose dripping and peeling, eyes red and swollen. So, he set his jaw, shoved his feet into his boots, grabbed his keys and barked at Xander to shift his ass because he wanted to get there and get the shit Faith needed so she'd quit whining.

The supermarket was busy as all hells and it gave Will hives to be there at this time of the week. Fridays weren't optimal times to go anywhere if you wanted to get in and out without a fuss.

Xander ambled along slightly behind him to his right and let him lead the way as if they were going to war.

That's sort of what it felt like.

He got a cart at the door and didn't know immediately that it was a clunker until one wheel refused to turn when he started around an aisle and the whole buggy skidded and made loud grating noises that set Will's teeth on edge.
He managed to get it to the aisle of choice, forcing the cart to stay to one side as it tended to want to pull in one direction more than the other, arms shaking from the effort.

Xander helped him with the medicines and foods. Seemed to know what he was doing, too, so Will let him. Settled back like a lame idiot pushing the crappy cart while the boy threw in things without saying anything of real importance.

Figured if Faith found fault in whatever they brought back she could rip the hide off Xander instead of him because it was the boy's idea.

Will watched him covertly, wondering if he was thinking about what had happened the other night. What had almost happened.

He didn't exactly know what would've gone on if they hadn't been interrupted but...

Well, he probably shouldn't think about that. Didn't
pay to dwell on things that couldn't happen.

And Faith was seemingly on her death bed so he had to cater to her needs at the moment. He really didn't want to hurt her, especially now.

Several cans of condensed soup. Three boxes of Kleenex with the lotion. Popsicles. Vap-o-Rub. Ear drops. **Eye drops.** Vaseline. A new heating pad (apparently Will's ancient one was a fire hazard and Faith wouldn't have it). Cold medicine for both day and night time needs. Trash bags to collect all the snot-covered things Faith touched. New waste basket because Faith had used his as a puke bucket.

And then they were good to go.

The car ride was silent because his radio was on the fritz, and he rolled down the window so he could at least hear the wind and not have to endure the silence.

The tension was palpable and he could feel Xander's gaze on him ever so often, see him looking out of
the corner of his eye.

His gaze narrowed and he kept it on the road despite the urge that flashed through him to meet Xander's.

He really needed to get that radio fixed.

~*~*~*~*~

Xander was at his own home, for once, leaving Will to cater to all of Faith's sickly needs. He was sitting at her bedside, waiting for her to finish eating so he could take the tray back to the kitchen when she started in on him.

"So, Xander pretty much thinks you hate him. I wonder why that is..."

"Leave off, Faith. I don't have to like your little boyfriend if I don't want to. I don't have to have anything to do with anything about him."
Faith arched an eyebrow and moved some eggs around on the plate. "Well... For some reason, Xander likes you and wants you to like him, Will. You could be nice for once, asshole."

Will sighed. "What if I don't want to?" he asked petulantly.

Faith nudged him with her knee, splotchy face pulled into a frown. "What's wrong with him? You've been acting funny since I introduced you. Even more so the last few days -- and so has he. Is it really that hard to be nice to the guy? Maybe hang out a little and bond or something? It's not supposed to be a chore to make friends, you know. All this stilted crap is making me uncomfortable and I'm sure it ain't doing much for you, either."

Will's lips pursed. "Why are you so dead set on me 'bonding' with your little friend, anyway? I won't see him again once you're gone, you know."

"I find that hard to believe. I mean, you have so much in common with him and...well, shit, you live
across the street from him!"

He shrugged. "So? Hadn't seen him before you turned up....shouldn't see him again, right? Two ships passing and all that rot."

Faith sighed. "Whatever, dude. You're being a hardass prick and I want you to be nice. Don't scare him off. He's a real nice guy and I want him to stick around for a while. Don't meet many like him and I wanna keep him."

Will's eyes narrowed. "Whatever you say, Faith. You done with that, yet?"

Faith's eyes were dark and challenging but she only said, "Yeah. I'm finished."

Will didn't look at her as he took the tray away, exiting the room with a soft snick of the door when he really wanted to slam it.

~*~*~*~*~
He gave Faith's suggestion some thought and decided he could humour her – to a certain degree. She wouldn't be here much longer and he wanted to at least enjoy her little visit because he wouldn't see her again until Thanksgiving or Christmas.

So. He let the boy tag along whenever he wanted but didn't really talk too much to him -- which was rather difficult when Xander didn't shut his mouth more than a few seconds every day. Let Faith invite Xander along with them or take him along whenever he had errands to run or just wanted to go out and do some drinking or pool sharking.

They went to guy movies, the ones with explosions and nudity and lots of sex, which wasn't exactly good for Will considering the company he was keeping and the raw tension that seemed to be constantly around them when they were together, but Xander didn't offer any complaint so that was something, at least.

Xander helped him tune up his car, clean the house,
make meals when Faith wasn't around and do a number of other things that were a pain in the ass to do on his own.

It was like the kid became Will's obedient puppy, following him nearly everywhere, desperate for attention and love.

It wasn't exactly a hardship. Turned out, Xander wasn't bad company and Will didn't mind him around so much anymore.

Though, he did have to tamp down his constant arousal and learn to grow used to the feel of it tingling beneath his skin, ever present and ready at all times.

The tension between them simmered and became almost sentient. They never talked about that rainy night but Will knew Xander had to think about it.

It had been one of the hottest experiences of his life and he'd like to think it was the same for Xander,
too. When he bothered to allow himself to think about it, anyway.

~*~*~*~*~

He went down to the basement to get some light bulbs and since Faith was fuck knew where Xander followed closely on his heels because he didn't seem to have anything better to do.

When they got to the bottom of the stairs, the upper door slammed shut, startling Will.

Xander gasped and almost jumped out of his skin.

They nearly bumped into each other as they turned and Will had to step quickly away, catching his breath.

Will's eyes narrowed and he leapt up the stairs to shove ineffectually at the door, rattling the knob uselessly. He sighed when he realised it was impossible to budge the thick door and trudged
down the stairs, bare feet making loud slapping noises, the stomping stung his soles.

"Well, that's just bloody wonderful. We're stuck."

"You can't get it open?"

Will quirked an eyebrow and leaned against the billiard table he didn't get to play at nearly enough.

"Guess not," Xander muttered when all Will did was stare.

"Door's stuck solid and it's a big chunk of metal. If I could find a screwdriver down here in all this useless crap I could take the hinges off but then we've got the problem of the hinges being on the other side. So, yeah. Screwed."

"Oh," was all Xander said, biting his bottom lip until it plumped and reddened.

Will stared at it before turning around and clearing his throat. "Faith should be back anytime and she'll
get us out."

"How will she know we're down here?"

Will opened his mouth and frowned when he realised he didn't actually know how.

"Uh...my car's still here! She'll see we're not in the house and the car's still in the drive and know we have to be somewhere," he said brightly, marveling at his own genius.

Shouldn't take any time at all for Faith to open that door and let them out.

~*~*~*~*~

Five hours passed, as Xander repeatedly continued to helpfully, and annoyingly, tell him, but it felt like five days.

Christ, Will was bored. No telly, no food, no bloody windows to stare out or possibly wriggle through to
get out; nothing.

Well, except the pool table and a toilet, which was bloody marvelous because he'd have had to delegate a corner to piss in if it hadn't been there.

His cock hadn't gone down since he'd been here trapped with the boy and the heat started to simmer again as the moments passed. He could feel Xander's eyes on him, sense he wanted to say something, or possibly do something, but he wasn't going to go there -- no matter how much he wanted to.

They were sitting on the floor a few feet apart, an occasional word or two passing between them after exploring the basement had become even more boring. Will's ass hurt and went numb so he had to get up and pace.

Xander watched him with dark eyes that seemed to bore into the deepest depths of him.

Will cursed the way his mind was betraying him like
this. Thinking things about the little git.

He was going mad because he didn't have telly and food, that was all.

Good wank wouldn't hurt, either, because he'd been hard all bloody day with this boy under his ass.

And wouldn't he like to have him under his ass?

Fuck.

Xander's lips were so soft and firm, his ass equally so and a right good handful.

He shut his eyes and bit back a moan.

Stupid, stupid thoughts.

"We're going to die down here, aren't we?" Xander suddenly blurted, sounding more than a little scared, as if he'd thought a lot about the possibility.

Evidently, Xander had been thinking about being
trapped and possibly dying while Will's thoughts had been on the more...carnal aspects of life.

"What?" Will stopped and stared at him, frowning. Boy looked pale and out of sorts and not completely together.

Oh, Christ. Just what he needed: trapped with a nutter!

"All the air's going to get used up and we'll starve and Faith will eventually find our dried up, stinking bodies down here, unable to identify them because we'll just be rotted pieces of skin and bone! They'll have to identify us by our dental records!"

Both Will's eyebrows rose. "Uh, mate, you're losing it..."

"Damn right I am! We've been down here for hours and Faith hasn't come back yet. What if she doesn't? What if she's out partying all night or all week or decides she wants to go see her dad earlier than she said or something and then where will we
be, huh? We'll be dead!"

Xander started hyperventilating and Will rolled his eyes, sighed and stepped over to the frantically rocking brunet who looked this close to banging his head against the wall in an attempt to tunnel out.

He yanked him up by his shirt front, slammed him into the wall and slapped him a good one.

Will ignored the soft skin under his palm and the slight stubble on Xander's jaw that felt good against his skin. He ignored the heat and hardness of Xander's body so close to his own.

"Shut the hell up, moron. This room isn't sealed; we've got plenty of air. We've got water and a toilet and light and everything. We won't starve because we won't be down here long enough for that. Faith won't abandon us. When she gets back she'll look because she'll know we've got to be here somewhere, right? And the house isn't a ruddy mansion so she'll bloody well get us out, okay?"
Xander's eyes were big, pupils dilated, but he swallowed and nodded.

Will let him go and patted him on the back, looking around. "Now we've got that taken care of... How 'bout some billiards?"

~*~*~*~*~

Turned out, Xander didn't know how to play pool so Will had to teach him. Every. Single. Thing.

Like how to hold a pool cue.

Which meant Will had to press himself up behind the younger man and nearly hump him to align the cue right in Xander's hands.

Oh, Christ, but he was hard. He had to angle his hips away from Xander's ass so he wouldn't just give in and rub himself off against the pert backside.

Xander remained oblivious, even had fun
attempting to beat Will at billiards.

Will won, just, and celebrated his win by going to the bathroom and having a heated, fast wank over the toilet and then drinking out of the faucet to quench his thirst.

Xander went in after him and gave him a startled, intent look but Will didn't really care if he did smell sex in there. At least he wasn't hard anymore.

~*~*~*~*~

Xander cleared his throat. "Umm, shouldn't we talk about the other night? I mean--"

"No," Will said abruptly, not even looking at him. "Nothing happened. Let's leave it at that."

"But--"

Xander sent him a hurt look that he could see from the corner of his eye but Will pointedly refused to look at him and closed that subject as quickly as possible.

~*~*~*~*~

A couple of hours later had them sharing the small futon in one corner of the room, sleeping for lack of anything better to do.

Will was sure sex would've been better but they didn't have any lube, anyway, even if he wanted to make even more of a mess of things.

Will stayed as far away from Xander as he possibly could and Xander snored only a little.

Will slept fitfully, eventually, and dreamed he was fucking a sweet, tight ass and woke up humping Xander's. Thank God the boy slept on because that would've been difficult to explain away.
Also would've been hard to keep Xander from wanting to talk.

He spent a moment or two savouring the feel of Xander's body against his, the heat and solidarity of it, how good it felt to have someone at his side and then pushed himself away with a resigned sigh.

He went back to sleep and didn't wake again until he heard the door at the top of the staircase open and footsteps on the stairs.

He woke groggily, shoving Xander's arm off his stomach and squinting at Faith, who glared at him.

"What?" he rasped.

Faith sighed, shoulders slumping. She looked a little disappointed. "Nothing. Sorry it took so long. Didn't know you two were down here till just now. I've been gone all day."

Will watched her speculatively as she wrapped a
lock of hair around her fingers and played with it the way she did when she was little and was hiding something.

He stretched, popped some vertebrae, got up and walked over to Faith. "Thought me and the boy were going to be stuck down here forever. Should've heard some of the shite he went on about. Was enough to drive a bloke 'round the bloody twist, it was. Thank God, we're free, though. Could use a hot shower. Maybe a sandwich or something, too."

He hugged her and kissed her cheek and jogged up the stairs.

He heard Faith wake Xander and they chatted for a moment but he couldn't quite make out anything they said.

He was slipping out of his clothes and into a steaming tub of water instead of a pounding hot shower because it was one of those days and he figured he deserved it.
Sometimes, even a bloke needed a little poncey pampering.

~*~*~*~*~

Soaping up his body almost always got Will aroused -- few things failed to, actually. The slick of the soap, the firmness of his own touch, the sensation of the water all around him...it was all highly erotic.

So, after he'd finished washing himself and ducking underneath the water to clean his hair, he emptied the tub and refilled it with almost unbearably hot water and settled back with one leg drawn up and the other stretched over the lip of the tub.

He pinched and rolled his nipples first, then grabbed hold of his balls and squeezed them gently. His forearm grazed his cock, the little hairs creating delicious tremors in him.

His cock rose in the water and he took hold of it,
stroking gently. Squirted water-proof lube into his palm and then began to wank with purpose.

The water lapped over his skin like a lover's touch and he arched. Eyes falling shut, he turned his head to the left and jerked faster, elbow knocking against the tub's side.

His balls had begun to tighten and draw up when the door opened.

His eyes shot open and he nearly shot his load as he met Xander's shocked gaze.

They were frozen for what seemed like forever when Will finally managed to grit out, "What is it with you? Have you no sense of privacy? It's like you want to see me naked the way you go about seeking me out like this."

Xander took a breath, blinking rapidly. "Umm..."

Will drew his leg back into the tub and tucked his knees up to his chest, attempting to hide his raging
erection. "You going to stand there gawking all bloody day, or what?" Then he added, mostly to himself, "It's like I can't get a single moment of private time to myself in my own house! Fucking hell, might as well sell tickets."

"Wouldn't mind paying to see that, actually..."

Will's eyes snapped up to Xander's. "What. are. you. doing. in here?"

Xander clutched the door. "Faith's in the other bathroom and...um..."

Will fell back against the tub and sighed. "Fine. Use the loo."

Xander bit his lip but walked over to the toilet, sneaking glances inside the tub as he went. He looked skittish to Will, who didn't stop staring.

"Do you think you could...?"

Will rolled his eyes. "What? You expect me to give
you privacy when you've seen me naked?" He snorted. "That's almost funny, you git."

Xander's shoulders sank and he stood in front of the toilet with his head twisted around to stare pitifully at Will. He did a little shimmy, a tell of how badly he really needed to urinate.

Will's upper lip curled. "Fine. Piss and be gone, then. Want to get back to what you interrupted before it falls off or something."

Xander swallowed hard but waited until Will had shut his eyes to unzip and start urinating.

Will let him have about a second of privacy before opening one eye cautiously and giving Xander's tackle a good once over. It was only fair.

His mouth dried as he saw what he'd been aware of but never seen before now.

Boy was certainly blessed.
When Xander finished and shook off, began doing up his pants, Will figured he'd better pretend like he hadn't been playing a bit of the voyeur and shut his eyes again.

The toilet flushed and Will reopened his eyes to find Xander's gaze heavy on him.

"What?" he asked, perplexed when Xander just stood there.

Xander bit his lip, flushing. "Nothing."

Then he left.

Will took a moment to compose himself and then frantically tossed off.

Part Four
Will hadn't had a wet dream in years but he'd been in the middle of quite an erotic one when banging and bright light jerked him right out of it -- before he could get to the payoff.

He was painfully hard and the sheet -- the only thing actually covering him -- was damp in the front where he'd leaked precum. He felt his cock twitch a bit and breathed hard.

Xander stared at him wide-eyed, hand still on the light switch, flushed and gawping.

"I-I thought you were having a nightmare," Xander stuttered, eyes fixed on Will's swollen groin.

Will swallowed hard. "Did you now?"

"Uh...y-you were...making noises and stuff."

"I was," Will said woodenly.

"Y-yeah," Xander breathed.
Will cleared his throat. "And you thought you'd take it upon yourself to come in here to ensure my safety?"

Xander shifted. "Umm...yeah, pretty much. Sorry."

"Seriously, what is it with you and walking in on me naked? It's like you've got some sort of sixth sense about it or something."

Xander grinned faintly. "Just lucky, I guess."

Will quirked an eyebrow and rolled onto his side, pulling the damp sheet away from his crotch for a false sense of modesty. "Faith didn't think I needed...assistance?"

"She, uh, told me to come check because of, you know, the fact that you might be naked or something..."

"Ah. Right. Makes sense. So..." Will propped his head up on his fist.
Xander fidgeted.

Will curled in on himself, balls rubbing against his inner thighs. He moistened his lips and prayed to God that the boy would leave so he could just wank in peace.

But Xander stood there like an idiot and just stared. It was the most uncomfortable moment ever.

Well, one of them, anyway.

Seemed like Xander had been a part of the most embarrassing and uncomfortable moments in his life. Also the more erotic ones.

Strange bit of business, that.

Finally, Will sighed and gestured toward the door. "I don't want to be blunt or anything but...could you just leave? I really need to take care of what you walked in on. You know how it is."

Xander started. "Oh. Oh. Yeah. I really know all
about *that*. Umm...again. Sorry. I'll, uh, just go now."

"You do that."

The door shut and Will flopped onto his back, biting back a whimper as he took his cock in hand.

~*~*~*~*~

Will managed to successfully avoid Xander for two days before he was forced out of his bedroom to go to the grocery store.

Faith refused to do such mundane things as long as she had Will to do it.

She'd be in for a real awakening to reality when she eventually had to do it on her own and Will would be laughing his ass off and pointing at her when the time came.

For now, though, she was sleeping the sleep of the
truly hung-over. Apparently, she'd been to a party last night and had drunk her weight in beer.

The store was crowded with women and their screaming brats. The mothers wouldn't shut the kids up and it gave Will a headache by the time he was ready to check out and leave.

He was putting food away when Xander ambled into the kitchen, got a soda from the fridge and popped it open as he plonked down onto one of the kitchen chairs.

Will barely glanced at him and put away tons of frozen TV dinners and other microwavables.

The black gaze was hot between his shoulder blades as he continued to put bread and cereal and snackables into cabinets.

His bare toes curled into the tile but otherwise he showed no reaction.

He was putting away some canned goods when his
brain suddenly threw Xander's image at him, naked and wanting and underneath him, which caused his fingers to slip and a heavy can to drop hard down onto his right foot.

"Oh, fucking Christ!" he yelped, whimpering like a little girl and holding onto his offended foot as he hopped around in a circle and crashed into the lower cabinet.

Xander jumped up and he tried to shake off his touch because that only made the situation worse but Xander forced him to the abandoned chair and pushed him down onto it. He got a frozen bag of french fries out of the freezer and knelt as he grasped Will's throbbing foot and placed it gently on top.

Will's watery, pain-filled eyes met Xander's compassionate ones. "Thanks," he mumbled, teeth gritting together as he sat stiffly, hands tensely fisted on his thighs as pain radiated up his leg.

Xander's lips quirked. "Ice'll help the swelling."
Hopefully, nothing's broken. My mom dropped a can on her foot once and it broke a couple of bones in the top. She had to wear this ugly boot thing for six weeks and she complained constantly.

Will scowled at the thought of *that* level of hell. "Bloody better not be broken. Not wearing a ruddy hospital boot."

Xander propped Will's aching foot onto one thigh and lightly caressed his ankle with two fingers. "Umm, Will..."

"What?" Will asked sharply, wanting to wrench his foot away because it was tingling where Xander was touching it.

Xander met his gaze evenly. "We have to talk."

Will shifted and looked away. "No, we don't," he said quickly.

Xander sighed. "Oh, we so do. You can't keep hiding from me and what keeps happening won't go
away."

"Well, you don't know that, do you?" Will asked irritably.

Xander laughed. "Why are you fighting this so hard?"

Will frowned. "Fighting what so hard? I don't know what you're talking about!"

Lips thinned. "Oh, really? Then what's up with the hard-on, huh? Didn't have one till I came in and it didn't get this, uh, bad till I started touching you."

To Will's horror, he found himself flushing.

Xander grinned triumphantly.

Nothing else was said; they just stared at each other.

Will swallowed hard and found himself leaning forward as if pulled. Xander eagerly started in to
meet him.

"Fucking ow, man! Will, where's the goddamn Tylenol? Head hurts like a motherfucker!" Faith wailed from down the hall.

Xander and Will leapt apart as if scalded, Will only just managing to hold his foot up so it didn't hit anything, and Xander moved to the opposite side of the table.

Will bent and picked up the discarded fries and winced as his sore foot pulsed with his rapid heartbeat. It was already swelling and turning pretty purples and reds.

"Where the fuck do you think it is, Faith? It's where it always is! In the sodding bathroom cabinet, innit?"

"Don't yell! It hurts too much!"

"Deserve it, you stupid bitch," Will muttered.
"What?"

Will sighed and stared at Xander, the moment lost. "Nothing. Nothing at all."

~*~*~*~*~

Later that night, Will had his still aching foot propped up with a pillow on a chair just off to the side of the couch. Xander and Faith sat on the other side of the couch, Faith in the middle for once.

The movie they were watching was bloody boring, a choice made by Faith, of course, and after all the excitement of the day, of the last few days, really, Will's eyes were heavy and his body sluggish.

He fell asleep between one commercial break and the next.

He was vaguely aware of channel changes, soft murmuring, of a switch in the seating arrangements when Faith got up to get some more soda for
herself and Xander and when Xander got up to go to the bathroom, and then he was soundly asleep, head slumping forward awkwardly towards his chest.

When he woke up he was lying full length on the couch, belly down with his face buried in the warmth of soft skin, someone's neck. He didn't want to move, so he didn't -- not immediately. His eyes slowly opened and he stared at the tanned flesh in front of his face.

He sighed softly and lay there, twitched his right foot and then groaned as agony swept up his calf to his groin.

Fuck, that hurt!

"You okay?" came a scratchy, sleepy voice from underneath him.

He shifted, careful to not move his foot again. A warm arm he'd vaguely noted when he woke tightened around his waist.
"The hell's going on here?"

The rumbling continued, almost mesmerizing in its cadence. "You fell asleep. Didn't look comfortable so me and Faith repositioned you. I must've passed out at some point because here I am, too."

Will frowned. "How'd you get under me?"

Silence.

He finally propped himself up on one elbow. His gaze narrowed as he stared down at a suspiciously quiet Xander, who refused to meet his eyes.

Will grabbed the brunet's chin and forced his head towards him. "Xander?"

"Okay, so I might've climbed in and then rearranged you before falling asleep. You looked uncomfortable, okay?"

Will raised an eyebrow. "Right. A nice, soft sofa was
uncomfortable but lying on a bag of bones like you was like sleeping on a cloud, right?"

Xander's eyes glittered. "Something like that."

Will snorted, let go of Xander's chin and maneuvered himself around until he was sitting.

Xander reluctantly sat up as well, scratching his neck. "Umm..."

Will turned towards him and got the shock of his life when Xander yanked him down and practically climbed on top of him as he kissed the hell out of him.

Will was too shocked to respond at first and then couldn't help himself as Xander's soft lips opened and his tongue breached his mouth.

He groaned and Xander took advantage by thrusting his tongue inside Will's mouth.

The kissing went on for a few moments and then
Will forcibly shoved Xander away from him as the boy tried to hump his leg.

His own arousal bulged out the front of his sweatpants.

"What are you doing?!!"

Xander blinked. "If you don't know then...somehow I must be doing it wrong. Though, I haven't gotten any complaints before now..."

The brunet leaned forward in preparation to attempt some more kissing but Will held him at bay.

"What?" Xander asked, confused.

Will licked his lips. "Can't do this. Get off me."

"No. Why not?"

Will sighed, rolling his eyes. "You know damn well why. Now, get the hell off me so I can go take a piss."
"Enlighten me, Iggy," Xander replied testily.

Will's eyes narrowed. "Don't even go there. Just get the fuck off me before I have to use force."

"Dammit, Will," Xander exploded, still unmoving. "Why are you doing this? We could be so good together."

"No, we couldn't! Get off me!"

Xander's bottom lip trembled but he moved.

Will got up as fast as his wounded foot allowed and hobbled away from the couch.

"Explain to me why, then. Why can't we?"

Will took a breath. "Because you're not mine, that's why. Now, leave off. I don't want to talk about this anymore."

He turned but Xander's next words stopped him
from leaving the room.

"I could be, though. If you'd let me," Xander said softly, sounding dejected.

Will looked over his shoulder. "Not when you're hers, you can't."

Xander frowned. "Hers? What the hell are you talking about?"

"Faith. You remember her, don't you? Your bloody girlfriend and my lovely little step-sis. She might be a pain in the ass but I refuse to do that to her. I know how much it hurts being cuckolded."

Xander's mouth opened and then closed and then opened again as he started laughing so hard he nearly fell off the couch.

Aghast, and a little angry, Will stalked, okay, more like hopped indignantly, to his bedroom and slammed the door.
A little while later, Faith came in uninvited. Didn't even knock, the bitch.

"Go away," Will mumbled into his pillow.

"Uh uh, brother. Not till we've had it out. I wanna know why Xan's in there laughing his ass off and you're in here sulking. I heard yelling and it didn't sound pretty."

Will sighed. "Your little boyfriend seems to have a yen for cock like he does cunt, I guess."

"Huh?"

"He keeps coming onto me and it's getting bloody hard, quite literally, to say no, all right? Should keep a leash on him. Guys like that don't deserve you. Gonna cheat on you eventually."
And then *Faith* started in with the laughing bit and Will got pissed.

He leaned upright on one elbow to glare at her. "What is it with all the fucking laughing? Am I the butt of some unknown joke? It's like the fucking universe is out to get me!"

"Now I know why he was laughing his ass off." Faith sobered, rubbing tear tracks from her face. She took a seat beside him on the bed and patted his back. "Will, seriously, you don't know what's been going on?"

"No!" Will wailed, flipping over to meet her eyes. "I don't! Enlighten me, why don't you?"

Faith rolled her eyes. And explained.

And Will didn't blink or breathe for what seemed like forever.

"Will? You doin' all right there? You do remember you have to breathe, right? You're starting to look
Will sucked in great gulps of air and shut his eyes. "You mean to say that you brought the little git home for me but didn't have the decency to tell me about it. Just figured you'd fuck with me and get me all...juiced up and me thinking he was yours...? You knew I wouldn't fuck someone over like that, Faith! How'd you think I'd react to all this, huh? Steal your boyfriend just because I wanted to fuck him?"

Faith's expression turned sheepish and remorseful. "Yeah, I didn't really plan it all that well but...it was a spur of the moment thing, all right? But, I mean, really, nothing I could've planned could have ever turned out like this. Especially with you wandering around bare-assed all the time and Xan catching you and ogling you. Was a fucking riot watching you two dance around each other and you fighting your attraction, pretending to hate him. I was so onto you by the end of day one, big bro."

"Oh, stuff it as far as you can stick it, Faith," Will grumbled.
Faith smacked him. "All these chances you had to get it on with Xan and you didn't. You got more willpower than I'd given you credit for. I mean, if it'd been me I'd've been all over his ass. Especially if I'd been locked in a basement with him, like, all damn day."

"Believe me, I'm kicking myself now, but hindsight's twenty-twenty, and all that bullshit."

"You could've done something then! I mean, you were down there for, like, twelve hours!"

Faith really was beating this subject into the ground and it was starting to annoy him.

"When are you leaving again? You're getting bloody annoying." Will paused and thought. "How do you know exactly how long we were down there? Unless..." He scowled. "You knew about it all along! You locked us down there, you stupid bint!"

She didn't deny it. "And you didn't even take the
opportunity handed to you on a fucking silver platter to bend Xander over the pool table and fuck him into next week, did you, dumbass? I even hid lube under the futon cushions!"

"You did? How the hell'd you think I'd find it even if I did give in and bugger him?" Will scoffed. "Not that I would have, you know. Know what it's like to be cheated on and I thought he was yours so I didn't."

Faith snorted. "Well, you can't blame me. If you had half a goddamn brain you could've figured out what was happening. I mean, Xander's so gay he practically has rainbows shooting out his ass when he walks."

"Lovely bit of imagery, that."

Though, Xander's ass was a bit of all right.

"Knew you'd like it."

"I fucking well hate you."
"You love me."

"Fuck you."

"You're welcome," Faith said smugly and got up to leave. "Now, if you'll excuse me I'm goin' to head out and do some...thing. You'll have the house all to yourself. This time? Use the alone time wisely. Don't wanna come back to find you two watching TV or some bullshit."

Will grabbed a pillow and threw it at Faith's head. She caught it deftly and lobbed it right back at him.

"Get the hell out of my room, Faith."

"Now, that sounds familiar," Faith mused. "Toodles, bro. Don't do anything I wouldn't do!"

"Leaves a lot of wiggle room, dunnit?" Will mused.

And then she was gone and Will was staring gobsmacked at the door.
But not for long. He tested his foot and it was still sore but he managed to grab onto the walls and furniture to get him to the living room.

Xander was where he had left him but sitting upright, looking confused and wary.

"Umm...Faith said you wanted to talk to me about something. Also, I'm sorry for laughing. It wasn't what you thought and--"

"Shut up," said Will.

"O-okay."

"Help me into my bedroom, yeah?"

"Didn't you just come from there?"

Will smirked. "Yeah, but I had to come in here to get you. You're going to help me back to my room and then we're going to have some long overdue sex, right?"
Xander's eyes widened. "I-I don't fuck on a first date...or a no date. We haven't even been on a date, I mean. Yet. Though, I'd like to if you're up to it..."

An eyebrow arched. Will leaned against a nearby wall, looking cool and collected but needing the prop-up because of his damned foot. "You mean to say that just because we haven't been on a real date you're going to not let me have my wicked way with you?"

He rubbed a hand down the center of his body, pausing only briefly on puckered nipples and sculpted abdominals, and tucked a thumb into the waist of his sweats. They pulled down a little and he knew a lot of skin revealed itself to the boy.

Xander flushed, looking thoughtful and also looking at Will's naked hip bones and the little trail of hair beginning just under his belly button. A few seconds later: "Okay, so maybe I do put out on the first date."
"That's what I thought," Will drawled, expression smug, eyes roving Xander's body as he rose from the couch.

Xander flushed and helped him down the hall, making all sorts of cute little squeaks and whimpers when Will took the opportunity to get in a few good gropes.

And then Will had his wicked way with Xander, keeping in mind to be careful with the sore foot.

Here Endeth the Story