







Major thanks go to Bear and  [greenstone_j](#) for the great beta. I'm in your debt. I miss you,  [tehshiny](#). Come home soon.

Crossposted with  [sickchicks](#) and my first posting on  [hadesinwaiting](#)

This is an all human AU with the main pairing of Liam/Spike with references to Spike/Xander and Liam/Xander and various other odd pairings.

Warnings: This contains lots of nastiness. Includes daddy!kink, prostitution, mentions of incest, child abuse and underage sex. Let's just say that my depression must have been good for something. lol Don't say I didn't warn you.

I had a little fun with this one. Bonus points for anyone who can find the quote from an episode of "Firefly", the passing mention of  [snowpuppies](#) tasty fic "On the Other Side" and a popular phrase used by the  [sickchicks](#)

Poker Night

by
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Part One

The weekly ritual of poker night started out innocently enough. The five men met at the same place, the same night like clockwork. Every Thursday night, with the exception of Thanksgiving, they congregated in the basement of the home of Rupert Giles to talk shit, smoke some high priced cigars and drink themselves silly. Oh, and play some poker. It was a great way for the friends to stay in touch and a great stress reliever.

The men were all tied together by a central figure and mutual friend who had moved away and the gathering of five had dwindled to four. But Joss had to get out of LA. He loved the entertainment industry, but he had been burned one too many times by the powers that be in this land of silicon and sunshine. So he left for the east coast, hoping that theater and foreign markets would be more accepting of his eclectic mix of clever dialogue and smart pop culture references that the reality show watching morons that populated American markets would never understand.

Each man left at the table agreed to continue the game, enjoying each others company even though they all came from distinctly different backgrounds.

Rupert Giles hosted the game and was Joss' oldest friend. The two men had gone to university together at Oxford and Joss had even introduced Rupert to his first wife. When Rupert's wife

died, he left England and his grief filled memories and went to stay with his college buddy in Southern California. He had stayed after meeting Joyce, immediately falling in love with the divorced art gallery owner. They were married soon after, Rupert smiling happily at his new wife and his step daughter, Buffy, with Joss as his best man.

The next to join the group was Charles Gunn. The former professional basketball player turned sportscaster had met the film maker one day in the parking lot of the studio where Gunn's new sports show was being shot. The two men both had the same vehicle, a Volvo XC90 with the full sports package. They laughed about it and talked shop for a while. Then Joss discovered that Gunn's wife Anne ran the homeless shelter that he had used as a location shoot once. The families met and Joss was immediately taken by the former ball player's extensive brood. It seemed that Gunn was out to start his own basketball team with his four little boys and the one on the way. Joss asked him to join the game and soon it was apparent that Gunn was as good a card player as had been a ball player.

Wesley Wyndam-Pryce was next. The two men had met when the film maker was working on a period piece and needed an expert opinion on the best type of sword for his villain. Since Wesley was an expert on weapons and antiquities, he was the one to ask. His wife, Willow, was a professor at the same university where Rupert had taken a senior position. Their families soon began socializing and Wesley joined the men on Thursday night.

The last to join the game was Liam Connelly. Joss had found himself in need of a consultant for a police show he was wrangled into writing for and he found his way to Liam. The tall man was retired from the force and had started his own private detective agency. Liam and Joss got along great, but for some reason, the film maker wasn't too fond of his friend's wife. Darla had a reputation for being a controlling, overbearing bitch and it was well deserved. Even Liam, whose physical prowess was evident in his every movement, was afraid of her. She was the main reason he normally pulled out of the game earlier than his buddies. If he lost too much money, he'd have to explain that to his wife, and no one wanted that.

And so the four friends gathered together every week and left an empty space for the man who brought them all together, hoping someday he might return.

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Six months after their friend's departure, the four remaining men were enjoying a box of fine cigars that Rupert had procured for them. It was one of their favorite things which drove their wives crazy. It was the main reason Joyce always left, leaving her daughter hidden in her room upstairs listening to whatever bleached Britany clone was popular that week and fled to her gallery to escape the crude jokes and wretched smoke.

The game that night had barely started when Wesley cleared his throat. The other men were surprised by the serious expression on their friend's face.

"I have a dilemma," he said quietly. When all eyes were on him, he looked up and sighed before continuing. "I would like you gents to cover for me."

"What?" Gunn asked, unsure what the younger Englishman was asking.

"I want you to cover for me, as in an alibi." When no one responded, he finished his thought. "I've started seeing my assistant, Fred, and poker night is the perfect excuse to spend some time with her away from the office. Willow knows I come here every week. All I'd have to do would be to show up here first so that Joyce would know that I came by, smoke a bit so that Willow would smell the smoke when I arrive home, and you gentlemen could verify that I was here until eleven, just like always. Besides, she's been spending so much time with her new teaching assistant, Tara, I hardly believe she would miss me at all."

The room fell silent as the three friends took in the information the young Englishman had just set before them. Wesley continued before he could chicken out. "I will not go ahead if any of you object. The last thing I want is to damage our friendship and what we have going here. But this thing with Fred looks quite promising and I can't wait to take it to the next level. I mean, you've all seen her, right?"

Suddenly, Gunn started snickering. That started Liam chuckling until finally all four men were laughing heartily.

"This is fucked up, but I don't have a problem with it," the former ball player said, as he clapped the smiling Englishman on the back. "As a matter of fact, I know a pretty piece of tail that I could be chasing on Thursdays myself."

"No shit!" Liam cried, looking at his friend in shock. "I thought things were good between you and Anne."

"They are, but Dawnie's been hitting on me lately and I've just got to get me a piece of that."

"Dawn?" Rupert asked. "As in your babysitter, Dawn?"

The sportscaster had the decency to at least look slightly embarrassed. "Yeah, she's hot and apparently into the whole pro sports thing. She tried to kiss me the other night when I took her home after she'd been watching the boys. She could be good for a run or two."

"I suppose I could find some way to occupy my time," Rupert practically purred as his mind drifted toward the occupant of a pink and yellow decorated room upstairs.

Liam shook his head. He couldn't believe this was happening. His friends were all good, hard working family men and now they were figuring out a way to use their game night as a way to get a leg over with some hot young girls without their wives knowing. He had no prospects, nor did he care to. Darla would easily cut off his balls if he ever had an affair. Finally he sighed. "I don't care. I suppose I could find something to do."

The men laughed and agreed on a plan. The game was slow that night and Liam left having won nearly fifty dollars for once, but he knew from now on, poker night would never be the same.

Part Two

Seven months later, Liam parked in his normal spot and set the alarm on his car. He bought a space in an exclusive parking structure not far from the Sunset Strip. It wasn't cheap, but it was worth it to keep the easily recognizable car off the street. He had started coming down to this area of town ever since that first night the guys decided to do something more than just play poker.

He could remember the name of everyone he picked up. Liam found something out about himself that first night out on his own. Liam liked boys, little boys, a lot. Darla was such a control freak that she was often the dominant party in all their lovemaking, making the large man feel so small.

But these boys gave him the power back, making him feel strong and invincible.

There had been quite a string of little bottom boys: Andrew, Scott, Jesse, Danny, Parker, just to name a few. But just the week before, he had found the best one to date. Xander had been standing in front of an unimposing shop, one leg bent at the knee with his foot resting on the metal grating that protected the shop windows. His face was shadowed by his slightly curly, shaggy brown locks.

Liam had noticed the boy was smoking as he had approached so he used the line he knew worked so well. "Excuse me," he had asked quietly. "Mind if I bum a smoke?"

The boy's eyes had shot up at the question, chocolate brown eyes had locked onto Liam's smiling face. The youth then had looked long and hard before slowly nodding his head and reaching into his back pocket to pull out a battered pack of cigarettes. He had handed one to

Liam, he then pulled out a lighter and offered it to the taller man.

Liam had taken in the sight of the pretty boy before him. He was tall, almost as tall as the former cop, and thin. He looked young, younger than most of the other boys Liam had taken before and it made him all the more enticing. "I'm Angel," he said after a couple of drags, staring at the boy. He used the nickname his mother gave him as a child instead of his real name. It was one of the first rules he had learned.

"I'm Xander," the boy had offered quietly. He had started to look around as if he were trying to find someone.

"Waiting for someone?" Liam had asked.

"No," he had blurted quickly. "No. No one."

"Good," Liam had purred as he leaned into the boy's lean body. It had been easy from there for the former cop to get the boy to tell him he had a room upstairs. Liam had taken the boy long and hard, marking him with bruises and bite marks until the boy had cried out for him to fill him, punish him, make him come. When Xander had called him 'daddy', Liam cried out his orgasm as he filled the trembling boy to overflowing.

Liam had never used the same boy twice before but this night he went looking for the dark haired boy, needing more of what the boy had to give. Walking down the strip, he was pleasantly surprised to see Xander in the same spot he had found him the week before.

However, this time the dark haired boy wasn't alone. He was leaning against the same store front that Liam had found him in front of before. The boy's hair was once again hanging loose, obscuring part of his face as he bent his head, his forehead touching that of man standing in front of him.

Liam noticed that the man with Xander was young and blonde and obviously fairly intimate with the boy. The former cop wondered if the blonde man was another john until the man reached up and gently trailed his fingertips over Xander's sun kissed cheekbones. 'No,' Liam thought. 'Not a john, maybe a lover.' The idea that this new man was his conquest's lover made his cock come to life.

As he approached, he tried to make some noise as he walked so the boys didn't think he was trying to intrude on their conversation. As Xander noticed the taller man approach, his eyes shot quickly between Liam and the blonde man before he smiled.

"Hi Xander," Liam said genially.

"Hi Angel," Xander replied, leaning into his friend's touch as he spoke. "Out for a walk?"

Liam smiled and leaned in to get a better look at the two boys before him. “Something like that,” he replied with a predatory smile on his face. “Who’s your friend?”

“Oh, Spike, this is Angel,” Xander said, nodding at the boy, who visibly tightened his grip on the dark haired boy. “Angel, this is Spike.”

The two men took each other in, appraising the other with a careful eye. Liam realized that this ‘Spike’ was trying to be protective of Xander, clutching him close as if the darker man would harm him in some way. He noticed Xander’s friend had stunning bleached blonde hair that was short in the back and slightly longer on top with light blue tips. Some of the hair was spiked up, probably as a nod to its namesake, and some of it curled around his forehead making him look both hard and vulnerable at the same time. He was dressed like a punk rocker, complete with a “Clash” t-shirt, black jeans with several sets of chains hanging from the belt loops and had multiple piercings in multiple places, from just what was visible in the low light on the street. The more he looked at the blonde boy, he realized that was exactly what he was, a boy. He probably wasn’t even that much older than Xander. Now Liam was really curious.

Finally, Liam asked, “You a friend?”

“You could say that,” the snarky punk responded. The English accent that rolled off the boy’s tongue hit Liam like a cool breeze and the skin on his arms broke out in goose bumps.

The dark man shivered lightly as a bolt of desire shot through him and his plans for the evening suddenly shifted. He smiled at the two young boys and, then looking directly at Spike, he asked, “So, you have any plans for tonight?”

Spike looked quickly between Liam and the boy in his arms, obviously confused by the taller man’s question. He thought for sure the man had come looking for Xander, but he never turned down a paying client. “Not really. What did you have in mind?”

“Do you have somewhere we can go and talk?” Liam asked, looking at Xander out of the corner of his eye. He watched as Spike nodded quickly before leaning in to whisper in the younger boy’s ear. The former cop tried to listen in and see if he could pick up any of the conversation, but the two boys were quiet and he was able to only pick out a few words here and there.

Suddenly, Spike leaned in and kissed Xander gently and fully on the lips before cupping the boy’s face in his hands. “You’ll be alright, luv. He’ll be careful with you and I’ll be right next door, in our room.”

Liam watched as Xander nodded his shaggy covered head forlornly as the blonde punk pulled away and led the taller man down the alleyway. Liam felt a strange sense of déjà vu as they went through the same hallways as he had with Xander the week before; however, his blonde-

haired guide took him one doorway further along than the room in which he had fucked the dark haired boy. Once they were standing in front of the closed door, Spike turned around abruptly and stared at the taller man.

“So what’s the deal?” the young punk asked. “You a cop?”

“Former,” Liam admitted. “Retired.” With that out of the way, he decided to get right to business. “So, you have the same deal as Xander?”

“Depends on what you want,” the boy answered defiantly.

“Everything,” the dark haired man purred as he stepped into the boy’s personal space, rubbing lightly against the smaller body before him. “A hundred,” he offered quietly.

Spike nodded, satisfied that the man wasn’t a police officer out for a quick bust. He opened the door before them and led Liam in without a word.

The first thing Liam noticed was that this room was larger than the one Xander had taken him into, but the dark haired boy was obviously using this room as well. The bed was large enough for both boys and several of the personal effects certainly did not belong to the young blonde boy. As he stepped further into the room, he noticed a small picture sitting on what was probably passing as a dresser for the boys. Picking up the frame, Liam saw the boys as they once were; smiling youths without a care in the world. Xander was much younger and Spike had much darker hair, that curled around his face, making him look almost angelic. A tall man stood behind them, a supportive hand on each boys’ shoulder.

“Give me that!” Spike shouted, as he yanked the picture out of the darker man’s large hands. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing? That’s my personal stuff. Did you come here to fuck or spy on my personal life to play fucking Miss Maple?”

Liam, suddenly angry, turned on the boy, fisted his hands in the worn t-shirt and thrust the smaller form into the wall. “I came here to fuck,” he snarled. “You ready for that, boy?”

“I’m ready, old man,” Spike snarled back, placing his hands on the larger man’s broad chest. “But I ain’t seen no cash yet.”

Liam smiled as he reached into his pocket and pulled out five neatly folded twenty dollar bills. Spike snatched them out of the large hand and quickly stuffed them into the front pocket of his jeans.

The dark man smiled; satisfied that he was now going to have his way with this beautiful, feisty, young boy. He leaned in to take the tempting lips before him when he was stopped by the boy pushing against him.

“I don’t kiss,” Spike said forcefully.

Liam leaned in again, determined to show this boy that he did kiss, whether he liked it or not, until Spike shoved him back, hard. The taller man sighed and reached into his pocket again, pulling out another twenty. “Do you kiss now?”

Azure eyes studied the cash for a few moments before he snatched the bill out of the large hand, hiding it away with the others. Spike relaxed his arms and Liam surged forward to capture the pale lips with his own. He sucked the enticing bottom lip into his mouth before biting down, causing the smaller man to gasp in pain.

Once the boy opened his mouth, Liam thrust his tongue into the warm, wet cavern, mapping every inch of the young boy’s mouth. Spike couldn’t help but moan as the man took, possessed and owned every piece of his mouth. As the demanding mouth sucked and bit and licked every piece of the boy it could reach, Liam’s hands were exploring the tasty flesh pressed against him. He pulled at the clothing hiding the skin from his hungry hands.

Spike leaned back long enough to let Liam tear his shirt from him before it was thrown across the room. Once the pale skin was exposed to him, Liam couldn’t help but touch and pinch the silky flesh. He was amazed at how pale the boy was, knowing it must be his English heritage, but loving the way it seemed to shimmer in the low light of the room. The sight of the pale chest and spiked hair helped to make the boy look even younger, and Liam growled as he grew even harder.

Spike watched the man as he stared at his exposed body. He had remembered him from what Xander had told him about his encounter with ‘Angel’ from the week before so he had an idea of what to expect. Xander had carried the bruises for days. Spike wondered how damaged he would be after this encounter.

Satisfied with his appraisal of the boy, Liam swooped in once more, licking and kissing at the long neck and shapely collarbone. He sucked hard enough that at one point, Spike thought he could practically hear the blood vessels breaking beneath the skin.

Soon, the taller man’s teeth were digging into the muscles of the pale pectorals, pulling and wrenching skin and flesh, making the boy cry out.

Liam smiled at the sounds he was pulling from the boy. It was delicious. Each cry and whimper made him harder, made him want to hurt the boy even more. Already aching hard, the dark man decided he couldn’t wait much longer. He stepped back and began to slowly strip himself. He knew he was good looking, even to men. Some of the boys he had taken had offered to see him again, often at reduced prices. The thought made him smile.

Spike stared, in shock, as Liam quickly removed his clothes. The man was gorgeous, no doubt, but no one he had ever been with had ever displayed this amount of bravado or exhibitionism.

This 'Angel' guy wanted to be watched and desired, even if he had to pay for it. Spike tried to remain detached but once he saw the size of the man's endowment, he felt the shock spread over his face. The man was hung like a horse. Xander hadn't lied when he had said the man had hurt him.

Smiling at the look on the boy's face, Liam leaned in and whispered, "Don't worry, baby boy. I bet your little whore's hole is stretched enough to take me in. Now, strip."

Spike shivered at the whispered words. With trembling hands, he reached down and slowly unbuckled his belt and opened his jeans. Before they fell to the floor, he kicked off his boots and toed off his socks. Without looking at the man watching him, he bent over to pull off the tight jeans and tossed them onto the pile of his discarded clothing.

Liam watched the pale body with hungry eyes. As each inch of flesh was revealed, the more he wanted to possess this boy, make him cry, make him scream. When the boy was naked and stood before him, completely unashamed of his form, Liam devoured him with his eyes. He was beautiful. Not handsome or pleasant, but beautiful. "On the bed," he commanded, his voice husky with want. "On your back."

Spike moved to comply with the order, walking backwards toward the bed until the backs of his legs hit the mattress and he tumbled onto the soft surface.

Liam sighed at the sight. The pale body was spread out, wanton and needy, begging for Liam's touch. Kneeling between the boy's parted knees, the needy man began licking and biting his way up the lithe, muscular legs. He left several bruises and bite marks on the quaking inner thighs, smiling against the smooth skin at each cry he pulled from between the parted lips.

Passing by the hard cock that was resting against the boy's trembling abdomen, Liam worked his way up to the tempting dip of the pierced navel. Pulling the metal stud into his mouth, the dark man sucked and twirled the cool metal between his lips and over his tongue.

Spike gasped when the stud was pulled taut, the skin around the metal aching as it was pulled, almost to its limits. Liam left it go with a snap and smirked up at the tear filled blue eyes.

The unadorned nipples were next. After a lick to each puckered pink bud, the man chuckled, "What, no metal here? What's a matter, baby? Nervous?"

"No," Spike gasped as a sensitive nub was bitten harshly. "Didn't have the cash. Maybe someday."

Liam snorted as he imagined the boy saving money for something so trivial. Although the thought of coming back and finding the boy with metal hoops penetrating his pretty nipples was

extremely tantalizing. Growling low in his throat, Liam bit brutally, imagining the cry of pain as the one the boy would make when the needle pierced his flesh.

Laying his body fully over the boy like a blanket, the former cop stared down at the beautiful face as he began to thrust lightly, his hardness seeking out the boy's hidden entrance.

Spike froze and pushed against the muscular chest above him, hard. "I don't bareback," he growled. "I don't give a shit how much cash you have."

Liam smiled down at the defiant glare. "Fair enough. Don't go anywhere." He stood quickly and went to retrieve his supplies from his pants.

"No," Spike said, grasping the large wrist in his smaller hand. "I've got it." The blonde boy quickly slipped off the bed and opened the top drawer of the dresser by the bed. He pulled out a large bottle of slick and a small foil package, quickly tearing open the package and pulling out the small piece of latex.

Liam's eyes grew wide as the boy sank to his knees and slipped the condom into his mouth.

Smirking as he leaned forward, Spike opened his mouth and slowly unrolled the protective plastic with tantalizing caresses of lips and tongue. Soon the boy's nose was buried in the dark curls surrounding the man's hard cock and he lightly sucked on the flesh in his mouth as he pulled back.

Liam groaned at the warm wetness surrounding him and reached down to thread his fingers in the blonde locks, surprised by the softness. He pulled the boy's head back and smirked as he stared into the azure eyes. Without breaking eye contact, the dark man slowly thrust his cock slowly back into the waiting mouth before him. He surged forward until the boy's nose was once again buried in his crisp curls. He held the blonde head tightly to him, fisted his hands in the curls when Spike began to fight him. Finally, when the boy's face began to turn red, he released his hold, laughing lightly when the youth fell onto the floor, gasping for air.

"What's the matter, baby boy?" he asked in between chuckles. "Is daddy too big for your little boy mouth? Let's see if we can find a better place for daddy's cock, shall we?"

Spike felt his anger rise as the taller man smirked at him and talked to him like a child. He wanted to lash out and show him how much of a man he really was. But he knew there was no way he could pass up a hundred bucks, no matter how much of an asshole this guy was.

Besides, if Xander could put up with this guy, then he could too. What he really didn't want to admit to himself was that he wasn't being totally put off by the treatment. That much was obvious by the red, swollen cock that was currently brushing against his belly.

After staring at the cowering boy for a few moments, devouring him with his eyes, Liam

pounced, grabbing the boy by the blonde locks and tossing him onto the bed. He stalked over to the dresser and picked up the lube. Smirking down at the wide eyed boy sprawled on his back before him, the dark haired man flipped open the lid and slicked up his fingers before running them over his latex covered cock.

“You ready for me baby, or do I need to prep you some, huh?” Liam purred as he stroked himself slowly. “I bet you’ve been fucked good and hard already tonight. I bet you’re all ready for me, aren’t you, boy?”

Spike shook his head lightly. The dark man had scared him with his mood swings. One minute the man was treating him like a special little boy, then the next, he was lashing out in unexplained violence. From experience, he knew that sometimes it was best to let these men have their way so they would get the hell out and away from him.

When Spike didn’t answer, Liam purred, “Not going to answer me, baby? Very well. Let me see that pretty little hole.”

The trembling boy reached down and slipped his hands behind his knees and pulled his legs back, exposing his tender hole. Liam may have expected an open, well fucked entrance, but most of Spike’s clients went a cheaper and faster route, using either his hands or mouth to get off.

Seeing the tight passage, the former cop reached down and palmed the round globes of Spike’s ass. He brushed the pads of his thumbs over the puckered opening, smirking as the flesh quivered under his touch. “Like that, do you Spikey?” he asked. As he pressed first one thumb through the guardian ring and then the second, he practically purred. “Oh, so nice, baby boy. You’re almost as tight as my Xander.”

“Not your Xander,” Spike growled.

Liam was surprised at the rage that flashed in the sapphire eyes. He realized they must be lovers and he smirked evilly. “Hit a nerve, did I? Alright, not my Xander. Must be your Xander then. Been there more than me, have you? I wonder if he squeezes you as tight as he did me. I thought he was going to squeeze my cock right off, he was so tight. He has a perfect little ass. But it’s not as nice as yours.”

As he taunted the boy, he slipped first one thumb and then the other into the loosening hole, sometimes dipping both inside and pulling them apart, causing Spike to hiss in pain. After just a few moments of this torturous talk and preparation, Liam pulled his digits free and reached down to grab the boy by the ankles. He pulled them up until they rested on his shoulders, leaving only the boy’s shoulders and head resting on the bed and smiled down at the waiting figure before him.

“Ready for me, baby?”

Spike nodded silently and gasped as Liam pressed his cock against the barely prepared hole and sank to his knees on the mattress in one fluid motion. The older man filled him to the brink and he cried out as he was stretched beyond measure.

Liam immediately leaned forward on his hands, placing one on either side of the blonde head and began to pound into the body below him. Heedless of the boy’s cries, he muttered false words of endearment and comfort as he took and possessed the body beneath him.

Knowing he was close, Liam leaned down and began to kiss and lick and bite every piece of flesh within his reach. He whispered, “You want to come, baby? You want daddy to make you feel good? Want to make you feel so good.”

Spike shook his head violently. He didn’t want that. Didn’t want to come. Didn’t want to feel good. Didn’t want to think that this treatment could make him hard, make him come. He continued to deny it even when Liam reached down and began to stroke his cock and Spike bucked into his hand, his own body betraying him, giving in to this man.

Liam felt the boy shift as he arched into his touch. “You know what to do, baby boy,” the dark man whispered, biting harshly on the pale neck, marking it with his teeth for all to see. “Just say it and you can come. Say it, baby. Say my name.”

Spike bit his tongue, trying to physically keep the words in his mouth but they would not obey. “Angel,” he moaned softly at first, then louder as the man changed angles and began to batter his sensitive nub hidden deep inside.

“Try again, bitch,” Liam purred as he leaned down further to scrap his blunt teeth over the already tender nipples.

“Daddy!” Spike called as he was sent over the edge, arching and coming harder than he ever had before.

Hearing the boy’s submission and feeling the orgasm pulsing through the body below him pulled the orgasm from Liam so suddenly, it took him by surprise. He cried out wordlessly as he trembled under its force.

As soon as the wave of pleasure passed, Liam fell forward, crushing the smaller boy into the mattress below him. After a few moments, Spike began to squirm under the larger man’s weight, trying to get Liam to release him.

Before he removed himself from the wiggling body, Liam leaned over and whispered in the pale ear, “Such a good little bitch.” Pushing himself up onto his forearms, he looked down into

the listless blue eyes before leaning down to place an almost tender kiss on the swollen lips.

Liam slipped gently from the abused hole, gripping the condom tightly before pulling it off and throwing it in a small wastebasket. He quickly dressed in his discarded clothes, watching the boy doing the same. He took in the various bruises already beginning to form on the porcelain skin, marking the boy and giving Liam the satisfaction of knowing that the boy wouldn't be forgetting him any time in the near future. Smirking at the somewhat shy glances coming from Spike, Liam was amazed that this little whore could still seem coy.

As the two men stepped into the hallway, a groan and cry could be heard in the next room.

Through the crack of the slightly opened door, Liam could see Xander pressed against the wall as a tall, muscular man pounded into him from behind. The aggressive man had the brown eyed boy's arms pinned behind his head as he forced the wincing face into the wall.

"You like it hard, don't you, you sick fuck!" the tall man shouted at the boy.

"Sir, yes sir," Xander cried out as tears streamed down face to drip off his trembling chin, ending in a puddle at their feet.

"Say my name, grunt!" Xander's client growled as he pounded into him.

"Yes, Riley. Yes sir," the dark haired boy whimpered.

"Military," Liam muttered. "Sick mother fuckers."

"Leave him alone," Spike whispered to the taller man, pulling on his elbow as he tried to usher him back outside.

Liam suddenly had an idea. He pressed Spike against his now closed door, reached into his pocket, pulling out yet another twenty and holding it in the shocked boy's face. He whispered in Spike's ear so the men next door wouldn't hear him. "This is for you right now if you'll promise that next Thursday, at eight; both you and Xander will be in your room, ready and waiting for me. You'll be mine for two hours. I'll make it worth your while."

Spike thought it over quickly. "How much?"

"Three hundred," Liam answered.

"Not worth it," Spike said, sneering at the dark haired man.

"Fine, four," the taller man conceded. "That's a hundred each per hour. And that's guaranteed. Can't beat that."

The blonde youth considered the offer for several long moments. In the background, he could hear the grunts and cries from the other room. If he could have spared Xander this life, he would have, but it was the only way for them to survive, at least for now. They really could use the money, but could he really do that with his lover, his best friend...his baby brother. As he heard the sad cry of the younger boy in the other room, knowing the one he swore to protect was in pain, he looked into the chocolate brown eyes and nodded.

Liam smirked and shoved the twenty into boy's the jeans pocket before turning and quickly leaving the building, heading to his car.

Once he was safely inside his 1967 Plymouth GTX convertible, Liam flipped open his cell and pressed the familiar speed dial.

The voice on the other end growled when it was answered. "Giles!" the man snapped.

"Jesus, Rupert. What a wonderful reception," Liam said chuckling lightly, knowing his friend didn't like to be disturbed when he was with his girl. "You do know what time it is?"

"Fuck!" the Englishman yelled. "It's almost ten thirty? Buffy, you have to hurry up, love. So Liam, how much did you lose tonight?"

The dark haired man mentally calculated how much he paid his little blue eyed whore. "One forty," he said finally. "We need a big excuse for the next game. I'm going to lose a bunch next week."

"Already planning ahead? How resourceful," Rupert jested before yelping loudly. "Christ, Buffy! Watch your teeth!"

Liam smiled to himself as he heard the tinkle of high pitched laughter. "You know, Rupert," he said teasingly. "They reserve a very special level of hell for child molesters...and people who talk in the theater."

"Well, Liam," the other man responded. "I suppose you should save me a seat on the bus."

Liam nodded to himself. "Goodbye, Rupert. See you next week." As he hung up the phone, his thoughts drifted to the two beautiful boys he would have, soon, but not soon enough. It was going to be a long week.

Daddy's Boys

Part One

Liam cursed and swerved, barely missing a very pissed off pedestrian in the middle of the street. He was late and the last thing he wanted to be today was late. He had to go and meet his boys. Shaking his head, Liam wondered when he started thinking of Spike and Xander as 'his boys', but in his mind, that was how he thought of them.

He parked his car in the private parking garage that he paid too much for and quickly made his way down the street. Several young boys called to him as he zipped by, ignoring them all, even the ones who knew his name. Finding the rundown, brick building he was looking for, Liam rushed up the rickety stairs, hunting for the boys he'd paid for.

The hall was quiet and Liam slowly crept its length, his police instincts kicking in, making him cautious and curious. As he reached the end of hallway, Liam heard the sound of quiet talking behind a nearly closed door. Staking out next to the cracked door, Liam listened to the boys' hurried whispers.

"What if he doesn't come?" Xander asked.

"He'll come," Spike answered. "Guy like him, he's aching for this. He'll be here, don't worry."

"But, Jesus, Will, four hundred dollars? For us? What if he wants something really weird?"

Liam smirked. Spike was really Will, probably short for William. And Xander was short for what? Alexander? Liam figured this was really going to get interesting.

"If he wants something really weird, we'll just say no," Spike answered, sounding reassuring.

"He seems to just be the domineering daddy type. We've dealt with his kind before."

"Yeah, but never together before, Will," Xander replied, the plea evident in his voice. "It'll just be too much like da..."

There was the sound of a scuffle, followed by a loud rattling and when Liam peeked in through the crack in the door, he saw Spike had Xander pinned up against the small dresser.

"Don't say that! Don't you ever say that! I told you I'd take you away from that and I have. This is just pretend. Some lonely guy who wants to fuck a couple of kids that call him 'Daddy'. This is nothing like Da!"

As Liam watched, Xander's hands came up to stroke the older boy's sharp cheekbones.

"I know, Will," the dark haired boy whispered. "You've taken such good care of me. It's just that he's paying so much. I'm just scared."

"I know," Spike answered, rubbing his forehead against the other boy's in what was obvious a familiar form of comfort for the two. "But just think, that's nearly half the rent for one job. If we can get him every week like this, you could be off the streets the rest of the week, except for weekends. You'd be able to concentrate on your school work more."

"Will," Xander whined. "You know how much I hate school."

"Yes, but you're going to finish high school, Xan. That was the rule, remember? You finish high school and got a real job and then I get my GED. Then we can get out of this hellhole and not have to worry about shitheads like Ethan Rayne ever again."

The mention Liam's former colleague from the Vice Squad caused the hair on the back of his neck stand on end. Liam knew something was off about the man. Maybe it was something worth looking into later. For now, Liam had two boys to take care of.

Turning his attention back to the quiet room, Liam heard Spike speaking in that silky voice he remembered from the week before.

"We'll just do what he wants, ok? It'll be the two of us and I'll take care of everything, right? Remember, it's just like with Da. He can't touch us when it's the two of us."

Xander simply nodded. Liam figured he was unable to speak because of the tears glistening in his hazel eyes. Spike took the younger boy's face in his hands, leaning forward to lick the salty tears as they fell. Liam nearly gasped at the tender gesture, knowing that this was how they were when no one was watching.

It was exactly what he wanted.

Spike moved from licking the sweet tears to kissing Xander's sweet mouth. It started out as a sweet, innocent kiss. It quickly shot past that into something hot and wicked.

Liam was already hard from watching these boys, so open and willing. He had to have them...now! Pushing open the door with a bang, Liam stormed into the room. He tried not to smile as the boys split apart with a jerk, staring at him in fear.

"Did I say you boys could start without me?" Liam thundered threateningly.

Spike had placed himself in front of Xander, trying to protect the younger boy. As soon as he recognized Liam, he practically growled. "Don't pull that shit, Angel! That's a good way to get shot or something. Besides, you're late."

"Late or not, you boys are mine for the night."

Spike glared at him hard. "Not until we get the cash."

Liam reached deep into his pocket, pulling out a thick stack of bills. Handing them over to Spike, he smirked as he purred, "Don't worry, William. It's all there."

Both boys' eyes shot to Liam at that and the man knew he had been right in guessing the boys' names. He smirked at them, an evil glint in his chocolate eyes.

"Not to worry, my pretty boys," the dark haired man chuckled. "I won't reveal your secrets. Daddy'll take good care of you."

Spike finished counting the money and tucked it away deep in the pocket of his jeans. Glaring at the smirking man, he said, "Ok, Angel, this is how it's going to go..."

Liam cut him off before he could finish. "No, **William**, this is how it's going to go. I gave you boys four bills, so you'll do what I say, when I say it. I'll address you as William and Alexander or maybe Will and Xander, which ever I like. You will address me as Daddy or Sir. If that is not acceptable, I'll take my money and leave now."

Xander peered out over Spike's shoulder, nudging the other boy slightly. "Yeah, fine," Spike spat, obviously not happy.

Liam smiled. "Good. Now, you boys were a little involved when I came in. Let's see a bit more of that."

Xander gasped and shook his head. When Spike turned to him, the younger boy whispered, "No, Will. You said that was just for us."

"Shh," Spike whispered, trying to comfort and quiet the upset boy. "It'll be ok. We'll just make like he's not here."

"But he is here, Will." The boy was near sobbing and Spike took him in his arms, carding his fingers through the sable curls. Slowly, Xander began to calm and Spike pulled him down, claiming the boy's lips again.

Liam watched, entranced as the boys danced, lips and tongues that knew what to do, moving in a way only two who knew each other could. He wondered how long they had been involved, how long they'd loved each other like this. It was erotic, watching as the boys kissed and touched, completely ignoring him, only concentrating on each other.

Unzipping his pants, Liam pulled out his aching cock, stroking it slowly while he watched. Unable to remain passive, he called out, "Maybe you two should move to the bed."

Two heads turned to look at him as if they had completely forgotten he was there. Liam supposed it was quite possible considering how lost they seemed in each other. Spike began to direct his brother toward the bed and Liam stopped them before they were able to rest on its surface.

"Strip first," he commanded.

He watched as Spike leaned in, licking the younger boy's ear. "Let's put on a good show, pet."

The boys kissed and touched, hands reaching under worn t-shirts to play at the flesh below slowly revealing it to the other man's view. They were stunning together like this, one tan and gangly, the other pale and lightly muscled. They were like a study in contrast and Liam was more than willing to learn.

When they paused at the waist line of their jeans, Liam prompted, "All of it."

Spike moved first, pulling at Xander's button fly, loosening all the buttons in a single motion. Liam was impressed. Denim slid down long, slim thighs, hairier than Liam expected, to lie pooled on the floor in a heap. He wasn't surprised to see that neither boy was wearing underwear. Less to get in the way, he supposed.

Now naked, the boys turned and waited for further instructions.

Liam stroked himself, long and slow. "Show me what you do when it's just the two of you."

They gaped at him for a moment before Spike turned to Xander and whispered, "It's ok." Slowly, he pushed Xander down onto the bed so the younger boy was on his back, staring up at his brother. Spike crawled up onto the bed, settling between Xander's parted thighs. As he lowered himself down and their flesh touched, both boys moaned quietly.

It started slow; a shallow thrust, a gentle roll, hands caressing, stroking, loving. Liam watched, entranced as Spike slowly began to increase the pace while Xander rolled and arched beneath him. They were beautiful like this, needy, wanton, and open to his gaze.

Their bucking had turned near frantic when Liam asked, "Do you always take him this way?"

Spike shot him an angry look, annoyance shining in his azure eyes. "Usually," the blond boy growled.

"You don't fuck him?" Liam pressed.

"Most of the time, no."

"Why? Afraid you'll wear him out for the clients?"

Spike nearly came off the bed then, the only thing holding him back was Xander's pleading hands clinging to him. "No, dickh...*Daddy*," Spike bit back the insult on his tongue and drawled sarcastically. "Xan gets sore so we save that kind of thing for special occasions."

Liam nodded and motioned for the boys to continue. Spike returned to the task at hand, losing himself in his brother again as they raced toward their completion. Liam knew the boys were close. They were sweating, arching, striving to find their end.

Quietly, Liam whispered, "Come for me, my boys."

As if on command, both boys gasped and arched, freezing in a tableau of ecstasy. The sight alone nearly took Liam's breath away. He was aching hard by now, more than ready to have a taste of his boys, but he'd give them a minute or two to recover.

When Spike reached up to grab a tissue, Liam stopped him.

"No, leave it on you."

Spike nodded and Xander made a face. It made Liam laugh. "Xander," he called, soft and light. "Come here, baby boy."

Xander looked up at Spike as the older boy nodded in confirmation. Silky, Xander slid off the bed to his knees before crawling over to the dark-haired man still stoking his aching erection. Liam smiled down at the sable haired boy at his feet. He looked like pure debauched innocence; his lips swollen and kiss bruised, his hair curling around his ears and sticking up in some places. Liam could smell the sex on him. It made him irresistible.

"You know what Daddy wants, don't you pretty boy?"

Xander smiled a wicked smile that showed Liam that the boy knew what he was doing and how to tease. That wicked mouth opened wide, swallowing the head of the hard cock, sucking hard.

Liam cried out, amazed at the feeling of that sweet mouth around him. Xander's hands rested on the older man's parted thighs as Liam's strong fingers carded through the soft, sweaty locks. Instead of letting the boy do as he pleased, Liam began to direct the act, showing Xander what he wanted, how he wanted it.

He looked over at the bed and smirked at Spike. "Come prepare him. I'm sure he'll appreciate it when you're fucking him."

The blond haired boy nodded before sliding off the bed, reaching for the drawer.

"No," Liam stopped him. "No lube. **You** prepare him."

Spike nodded, crawling toward the kneeling boy. He manhandled his brother into position and licking each round cheek before moving in to lick the puckered hole.

Liam watched and thrust, loving the feel of the warm, whimpering mouth on him, his eyes locked with Spike's seductive blue over Xander's back. He was close, too close. It was time to move things along.

"Enough," he panted, barely holding onto his restraint. "Alexander," he groaned, pulling the boy up by the hair. He settled the boy in his lap, taking his mouth with a passion. Xander kissed and squirmed, moaning so prettily against him lips. Liam pulled him away and smiled at him, kissing him lightly on the tip of his nose. "Go lie down on the bed, pretty boy, on your back."

"Yes, Daddy," Xander answered, moving quickly to comply.

Motioning Spike forward, Liam kissed the boy like he had his brother, claiming him completely. Spike kissed and writhed just like his brother, his need escalating as they kissed. When they pulled apart, Liam asked, "You bareback him?"

"Never."

"Go get them," he commanded. "One for you, one for me."

Spike left and returned quickly. With a nod, he slicked his erection with a swipe of lube before slipping on the latex before doing the same to Liam. Once he was done, he waited for his next instruction.

Liam pulled the blond boy into his lap so they were both facing the bed. Looking at Xander over the blond boy's shoulder, the older man began to trace the lines of Spike's lithe body.

"Look at him, William. Isn't he beautiful?"

Spike could only nod in response. "I want you to get on the bed with him. I want to see you in him. Consider this one of those special occasions."

With little prompting, Spike was on the bed, kneeling between his brother's parted thighs. He reached down, wanted to further stretch the boy, but Liam stopped him with a warning noise. Spike looked to the dark-haired man, who shook his head.

"Just relax, Xan," Spike whispered as he directed his hard cock to Xander's needy hole. Slowly, he pressed forward, breeching the boy below him. Xander gasped and moaned, trying to relax

as his brother entered him.

Liam groaned and fought to restrain himself from jumping on the boys immediately. They were lost in each other, oblivious to everything around them, when Liam crawled onto the bed behind them. Spike gasped and bucked, breaking his rhythm as strong fingers gripped his hips tight.

"Do you need something, William? Do you want me to prep you, to stretch you, or are you so worn I could just slip inside? What do you want, baby boy? Tell me, Will, and I'll give it to you."

Spike practically growled as he kissed Xander roughly. He pulled away and blurted, "Just do it already."

"Ask nicely."

Spike sighed, pushing his ass back against the flesh behind him. Finally, he whined, "Please, Daddy."

"Good boy," Liam purred as he thrust forward, entering the boy to the hilt. He froze, surprised at the how tight the boy could be after everything, all the fucking, all the whoring and he still felt like heaven. Waiting until his need was reined in, Liam pulled out before slowly thrusting back in just as slowly. As he pushed in, he forced Spike forward into Xander, making both boys moan in need.

They started a rhythm, slow and sure, thrust and retreat, Liam into William, then William into Xander. They moved, danced, thrusting and touching. Closer they raced toward the edge, both boys begging and pleading for Liam to give them what they wanted, what they needed.

Finally, Liam growled, "Yes, my boys, come for me," right before he bit down hard on the soft flesh between Spike's neck and shoulder.

Eventually, Liam found himself nestled between two panting, sweaty boys. They cuddled on his chest, the two of them kissing as he caught his breath. It was sweet and soft and almost...homey. They stayed that way for a long time, just resting, touching, and kissing.

The peace of the night was broken by an insistent beeping. Liam cursed and quickly shut off the alarm on his watch. It was time for him to go home...his real home.

"Daddy's gotta go so soon?" Spike asked, his voice teasing and light. Xander giggled and snuggled deeper into the large man's chest.

Strong hands came down hard onto both boys' cheeks. Liam chuckled as they yelped in surprise. "Yes," Liam said grudgingly. "Daddy's gotta go." He hated to do it but Darla would be

waiting and if he didn't leave now, there would be more questions than he really wanted to deal with from his wife.

Reluctantly, he slid out of the bed and began to pull on his discarded clothes. The boys slid into the spot he'd vacated, curling around each other and smiling at their client. Watching them, he felt an ache he didn't recognize. They had something. An innocent, but twisted love he longed to immerse himself in, one that he might not ever know.

He watched as Xander yawned wide, his dark hazel eyes heavy lidded. "So, Daddy?" he asked, half teasing, half needy, "Should we leave next Thursday night open for you?"

Liam watched them as they snuggled, a study in contrasts, light and dark. They were beautiful. But there was no way he could afford another four hundred dollars. There is no way he could sneak around, could get it past his wife.

One more look at the boys and all he could say was, "Yeah. I'll be here. Be ready for me."

"Ok, Daddy," Xander giggled as he drifted off. Liam caught Spike's eyes before he slipped out the door.

"Don't be late next time, Angel."

"I won't be."

The ride home was long and gave the dark-haired man time to think; to think of a way to make those boys his own.

One Step Closer

Angel sighed and laid his hands on his desk once more. His fingers ached as the short nails fought to dig deep into the polished wood. It was the best the private investigator could do at the moment since his true desire was to wrap his clenching fingers around the delicate throat of his secretary until she would just shut the fuck up.

He hated to be in the hot seat like this, especially with Cordy staring him down. She could really be scary when she put her mind to it.

Cordelia refused to accept Angel's simple answer to her complex question. Why had he decided to take this case?

Angel, of course, simply told her that they needed the money and the job was benign enough that he didn't feel bad doing it. But the former cheerleader hadn't bought it.

Since he had started his own investigation business, Wolfram and Hart had sought the former police officer for some of their trickier jobs that they didn't want handled by their own security team. Angel always refused. He didn't like the way they operated. There was something about them that he didn't trust. It might have been the fact that some of their lawyers had butchered him on the stand more than once when he had still been on active duty or it might have been the fact that he witnessed more than a few of his fellow officers take money to 'conveniently forget' certain details. It bothered Angel more than he cared to admit.

But this job was different. It was simple. It paid well. And it would give Angel the perfect alibi.

He needed this job.

Everything was finally in place for him to finally make the boys his own. He'd contacted Ethan and he knew that everything could hinge on having the perfect alibi. The last thing he needed was for anyone to suspect him, to look too deeply at his life, to question his motives.

No, he needed this job to get what he wanted. And what he wanted was Spike and Xander.

Running his fingers through his hair, causing the perfectly gelled strands to stand on end, he sighed before looking at his employees. Cordelia glared, her arms crossed beneath her perfect breasts in annoyance, while Doyle smirked from his spot leaning against the doorway to Angel's office.

"I don't see what the big deal is, Cordy," Angel tried once more. "We need the money, alright? You've been bugging me for months that you need a raise and we desperately need to upgrade our surveillance equipment. We're being left behind with all this archaic machinery and we're going to start losing business."

"But Wolfram and Hart," the brunette woman protested. "Why them? When we first started up, you swore you would never, ever do jobs for them? Why now?"

"New blood," Doyle supplied genially. "Right, Angel?"

"Yeah," Angel agreed, bobbing his head heartily. "McDonald and Morgan may still be asshole lawyers, but they were willing to listen to all our demands and even get us set up with all the equipment we'll need, no questions asked. I'm not saying I trust them or that we're going to take every job they throw our way, but this once, I think we're safe taking their money."

Cordelia huffed, stamping her Steve Madden wedge on the parquet flooring. "Well, I'm glad we've decided to take a job that will give us some decent income, I'm still not happy about working for them. It makes me a little wiggy inside."

Angel smiled his best 'ah, Cordy smile' and relaxed, knowing he'd won this battle. Doyle chuckled as he turned and left the office. "Come on, Princess," the Irishman called as he walked into the lobby. "I'll show you how the new toys work. The boss man went all out for communication so you'll be able to nag at us all day."

"I do not nag," the young woman complained as she followed Doyle out of the office. "You two are just so high maintenance; I have to keep an eye on you all the time."

Both Angel and Doyle laughed at that. Angel had once told Doyle that if he looked up 'high maintenance' in the dictionary, he would find a picture of Cordelia right next to it. Of course, that hadn't stopped the young Irishman from trying to winning the budding actresses' heart, but at least Angel had warned him.

Finally alone, Angel reached into his desk and pulled out the file to review one more time. He had to make sure everything was perfect.

His future – his boys – were depending on it.

Broken Toys *an interlude*

Spike sighed at the feeling of the warm, wet lips pressing against his own. The taste of cheap cigarettes and even cheaper alcohol assaulted him as the strong tongue snaked out to lick the seam of lips, which he obediently opened.

He loved these moments, when he was a little high and more than a little buzzed and he felt safe and warm in the arms of his friend.

Penn was a dick most of time, but he was Spike's best friend and he never asked questions about Spike's home life like some of his old friends. The friends that saw too much but never understood. The friends that turned a blind eye to the truth right in front of them. The friends that rarely talked to him anymore.

His old friends missed William. They didn't want him to change. But he had changed.

Everything had changed.

They didn't like Spike.

But Penn liked Spike. He liked Spike's torn clothes barely held together by safety pins. He liked Spike's screamingly white, spiky bleached hair. He liked Spike's eyebrow ring and lip ring. He liked Spike's smudged black eyeliner and shiny lip gloss. But mostly, he liked spending time with Spike, whether they were smoking or drinking or making out. Whatever they did, they didn't talk and that was fine with Spike.

The blond boy sighed and melted into the soft warmth of his friend. Penn liked to kiss and touch and never pushed too far after the one time Spike freaked out when the older boy tried to slip his hand beneath the waistband of Spike's tight jeans. Spike liked the distraction, the feeling of floating in another world, forgetting the rest of his life.

The only other time he felt like this was the nights when his father was so drunk he went to bed as soon as he got home and Xander would sneak into his room. He would pretend to be asleep while his brother slipped beneath the soft covers of William's bed, curling into his arms. Spike loved the way his brother felt in his arms, the way the warm skin felt pressed against his own, knowing that there, in his room together; they were safe, safe from their father.

Spike's eyes suddenly flew open in shock and dismay. He pushed Penn away, looking around frantically. "What time is it?"

"Jesus, Spike!" Penn cursed. "Switch gears, why don't you?"

"Just tell me what fucking time it is!!"

Penn shook his head at the frantic boy and pulled out his cell phone. "It's only a quarter after ten. Chill out, it's not that late."

But Spike was late. Over an hour late and he knew this could be very bad.

"I'm sorry," Spike muttered as he untangled himself from the mass of limbs he and Penn had become. He rushed out the door, ignoring the slew of obscenities being hurled at his back as he raced out of the room and out of the house.

Racing through town on his motorcycle, Spike cursed himself for losing track of time. He hoped that Xander had stayed for dinner at Jesse's house, or his father had stayed late at the bar. He prayed that his father would be in a good mood or that Xander wouldn't do anything to

provoke him.

But he knew that wasn't going to happen. They didn't need to do anything to provoke the man they called father anymore. And the way the eldest Harris insulted Spike's appearance at every turn while stroking Xander's curly mop and telling the youngest boy how much he looked like his mother was really starting to unnerve Spike.

As he raced down the street toward his house, Spike cringed as he saw his father's car parked crooked in the drive. His father was home and he'd been drinking. Jumping off the bike, Spike raced into the house, noticing the only light visible from outside was the one illuminating Tony Harris' bedroom.

Downstairs, the house was quiet. The silence chilled him to the bone.

Slowly, he began to make his way up the stairs. He could hear the soft sounds of whispered words and quiet whimpers. He begged the universe to tell him this wasn't happening, even though he knew better. This very thing had happened to him more times than he could count.

Finally reaching the bedroom, Spike peaked in through the door of his father's room, hoping to see through the small opening. His heart froze at the scene before him.

Xander lay across the large bed, his body bare with his shirt wrapped tightly around his wrists and his pants and boxer enslaving his ankles, holding him captive for their father's desires. Tony Harris lay over the top of him, his body completely bare as the larger man held the boy's fabric wrapped wrists captive while he licked and bit at his son's tender back.

Spike watched in horror as his father reached down and tried to position his half hard cock to his youngest child's virgin hole. The blond boy thanked whatever being was watching over broken boys that day since his father had apparently had too much to drink and though he tried, he couldn't penetrate Spike's baby brother.

But he was going to try.

As Spike stood in silence and horror, he stared at the "Semper Fi" tattoo on his father back that rippled and waved as the man rolled and thrust his hips, trying to satiate his need with his child's body. He'd gotten the mark when he was in the Marines. "Always faithful, ever loyal" is what his father had told him it meant. But he was never that. Faithfulness and loyalty meant nothing to Tony Harris when it came to his children.

The very idea made Spike wanted to laugh.

One brutal thrust pressed the nearly hard flesh too harshly against the young boy and Spike flinched as Xander yelped and began to squirm. As the sable-haired boy began to beg his father

to stop, don't, please, Tony Harris simply laughed.

"Hush now, boy," the drunken man chuckled darkly. "You just need to learn your place."

Spike stood trembling, fists clenched at his sides at the tone of his father's voice. Then, without warning, Tony Harris leaned down and bit into the tender flesh just beneath Xander's right shoulder blade. Shocked and in pain, Xander cried out, arching his back and fighting the large weight on top of him.

White rage filled Spike and, despite his own survival instinct, he darted into the room, charging at his father. Catching him off guard, Spike knocked the larger man off the crying boy beneath him and onto the floor. The blond boy fell on the shocked man, his fists flying, although he couldn't tell how many punches he landed through the veil of tears.

Spike finally stopped, whether it was ten seconds or ten minutes later, he didn't know. All he knew was that his father was unconscious beneath him, passed out either from the drink or the blows was anyone's guess. Once he got his breathing under control, Spike heard a quiet whimpering coming from the other side of the room.

Slowly, Spike crawled off the prone form and made his way toward his brother on hand and knee. Finally, he found Xander curled in a ball just beyond the bed. The younger boy flinched as Spike reached out to comfort him.

"Shh," he whispered, trying to calm the trembling boy. Xander looked at him, in shock and fear. Suddenly, the hazel eyes seemed to focus before Xander collapsed in tears.

Spike cooed and crooned to the weeping boy as he untangled the raw wrists from the t-shirt and removed the pants from Xander's bound legs. As gently as possible, Spike picked his brother up and carried the shaking boy to the bathroom. Never letting Xander leave the circle of his arms, Spike turned on the shower before depositing the boy beneath the spray. Once he was sure Xander could stand on his own, Spike stripped himself before joining his brother in the shower.

Using gentle hands, Spike quickly cleaned the sweat and stink of alcohol from the younger boy's body, inspecting it for signs of their father's abuse. He frowned when he found several bite marks to match the one he witnessed; the last angry and red where teeth had broken skin. Xander flinched and hissed as the marks were cleaned.

Spike was washing one particularly nasty mark when Xander whispered, "How am I going to change for gym on Monday?"

The blond boy turned Xander to face him. "You just be late. Wait for everyone to leave and then change, 'k?"

"But Jesse always waits for me. If he sees those, he'll ask. I know he will."

"Just be really late," Spike instructed, lightly stroking Xander's wet cheek. "You can do that, can't you? You're good at being late."

"So are you," Xander whispered, nearly too quiet to be heard.

Spike froze, his heart in his throat. "I'm sorry," he choked.

Xander's hazel eyes looked up into Spike's own azure orbs. He must have seen what he was looking for because he leaned forward, brushing his lips against Spike's own. The older boy sighed and leaned into the kiss, relieved and honored by his brother's forgiveness.

Several minutes later, the kiss ended and Spike turned off the flow of water before directing Xander out to stand and wait. Softly, reverently, Spike toweled the beads of moisture from his brother's skin before doing the same to himself.

Warm from the shower, Spike laid Xander in his bed before climbing in beside him. He pulled the soft, thick covers up to their chins and cuddled in as his baby brother rested his wet head on Spike's chest.

"Will?" Xander asked. He was so used to be called Spike, hearing the name only his brother used made him feel special. Smiling into the damp sable hair, Will answered, "Yeah?"

"That's what he's been doing to you, huh? That's what you've been trying to protect me from, isn't it?"

Will thought hard for a long time, trying to think of what to say to that. Finally, he settled on the truth. "Yeah, Xan. That's what I've been trying to protect you from. I'm sorry I couldn't. I'm sorry it happened."

Xander lifted his head and smiled at his brother. "I know. You've been so good to take all that for me. I know you wouldn't let him hurt me, if you could."

Will lifted his hand, letting his finger trace the younger boy's features before settling them, tangled in the thick, dark mane of Xander's hair.

"I swear, I'll never let him touch you again," Will vowed.

"I swear, I'll never let him touch you again," Xander repeated.

They sealed their agreement with a kiss, although they both knew it was a lie. To their father, they were no longer his sons, only toys to be broken to his will.

But they would make it through this all, because to each other and only each other, they were always faithful, forever true.

Hierarchy of Needs *an interlude*

Liam rushed toward the dilapidated building. Four weeks. Four weeks he'd been coming to spend time with the two tempting boys. Four weeks he'd been indulging in his every wicked desire. Four weeks that he'd been happier than he'd ever been in his entire life.

If only he could figure out how to afford it.

Four hundred dollars a week was pretty expensive for a man with a limited income. He growled low in his throat when he thought about how Darla held her riches over his head, giving him a meager thousand dollars a month allowance while she easily dropped that amount on shoes in a single outing.

He took a deep breath, trying to let the anger bleed out of him before he went to his boys. He didn't want to hurt them, never really meant to, but sometimes his anger rose in him so high that it just burst out of him. He'd always made sure to take care of them, cuddling and kissing every bite mark and bruise he left on their perfect skin.

Thinking about his perfect little jewels caused a wicked grin to cross the tall man's dark features. They were quite the find and one day he'd make them his and his alone, if only he could figure out how.

Passing through the battered door of their building, Liam rushed up the stairs two at a time as he glanced at his watch, making sure he wasn't late. He was early for once, nearly ten minutes early, and he was sure he'd catch them unawares. They had started a little game with him, always starting without him, kissing and rubbing all over each other when he arrived. One night, they were already naked and sucking each other's cocks gently on the bed.

Liam's dick gave a delicious twitch at the memory and he wondered how he'd find his boys tonight.

When he reached the hallway, the dark-haired man could hear the soft pleas and whimpers

emanating from the room at the far end. It sounded as if they had started without him long ago. As he approached the door, he heard Xander cursing loudly between harsh pants and strangled whimpers. He wondered what they were doing inside since the younger boy only cursed so creatively when he was in the throes of passion.

Slowly, Liam pushed the door open, working hard to remain as silent as possible.

As he peeked about the door, the sight before him stopped him dead in the tracks.

Xander lay on the bed, naked and glistening with a sheen of sweat. His face was contorted with pleasure as his mouth hung open, the pink tongue darting out to lick his dry lips between whimpers and curses. The only part of his body touching the mattress was his broad shoulders while his brother held him up, bending the lithe body nearly in half. Xander's large hands were holding the round globes of his ass open, the tips of his fingers nearly white with the strain of keeping himself open.

Spike was there, his long, pale fingers tucked behind the younger boy's knees, holding him up, pressing him back almost painfully, while his face was buried between his brother's muscular cheeks.

Liam watched, transfixed, while the older boy licked and sucked, feasting on Xander's tender opening, thrusting his tongue in and out of the gasping boy. The older man hardened painfully, his need pressing hard against the zip of his pants. This was what he wanted, what he needed, his desire, his addiction.

Xander let out a particularly wicked moan and Liam couldn't wait any longer. He rushed into the room, stripping off his belt and ripping open his trousers as he approached the bed. Both boys looked up at the charging man, shock and surprise crossing their faces as Liam loomed closer. Spike's surprise changed into a smirk just as Liam reached the bed. Without care or thought, the larger man grabbed the thin blond and jerked him bodily from the bed, not caring that the boy lay crumpled on the floor.

Single-mindedly, Liam knelt on the bed, not even bothering to strip further, released his cock from the confines of his underwear and pressed the swollen head to the spit-slicked, stretched opening. Grabbing the trembling boy's ankles and holding them up high, Liam stared into the boy's wide hazel eyes before whispering, "Say please."

Xander whined lightly before whispering, "Please, Daddy."

With a sigh and a groan, Liam slid home in one long, harsh thrust. Xander yelped and struggled, but he was no match for the bigger man's strong grip on his legs or the weight pressing him further into the mattress. Liam pressed and thrust, forcing himself into the boy's hot body. The small whimpers and loud groans coming from the boy's parted lips and the sight of the pain

filled face only urged him on. He thrust harder, squeezed the thin ankles even tighter, pressed down rougher, wanting, needing to hear the boy scream.

And scream he did.

Xander began to arch and yell, asking him to stop and begging him to never stop.

Liam reveled in the sounds and leaned forward to swallow the addictive, needy cries. Holding Xander's body in the uncomfortable position, he rubbed himself against the boy's needy cock pressing hard against his belly, providing him with all the relief he would allow.

Xander finally came with a strangled cry as he wrenched his mouth away from the older man's, shouting, "Daddy!" as he spurted wildly between them.

Liam was completely undone by the boy's cries and the clenching of his needy hole, coming deep inside the delicious boy beneath him. He collapsed forward, leaning heavily on the smaller body beneath him. It wasn't until he began to rub his face against the boy's cheeks that he realized the wetness he found there was not sweat but tears.

He pushed himself up to stare at the boy's face before dropping his head to lick away the streams of wet saltiness.

"Did Daddy hurt you, Baby Boy?" Liam whispered softly, nuzzling Xander's cheek with his nose. The boy's only answer was a silent, sad nod. "I'm so sorry. Daddy doesn't mean to hurt you. You were just so beautiful."

Slowly, Liam rose up from his perch on top of the boy, his cock slipping from the boy's tender opening. They both gasped and shuddered at the loss before Liam heard a small whimper from the floor. He'd nearly forgotten about the other boy until he looked down to see the dejected looking blond boy lying on the ratty carpet.

"Oh, poor Will," Liam purred. "Did you get forgotten on the floor?"

The blond boy snarled at the smirking man. "You're a right git, you know that?"

Liam just laughed.

As he sat up, leaning his back against the dull, white wall, he reached over and pulled Xander to his side. He reached over to card his long fingers through the curly sable locks before leaning over to place a gentle kiss on top of Xander's head. They stayed like that for several long minutes while Liam smirked at Spike's icy stare.

Slowly, the anger began to burn out of the blond and Spike finally dropped his head in

submission. Liam smiled at his victory.

"Would you like to come up here with us, Will?"

The platinum blond head bobbed slowly as Spike nodded miserably.

"Come on then," Liam prompted as he held out a hand to the sad boy.

Spike reached out and took the offered hand. Liam pulled him up until the boy of settled over his lap. Threading his fingers through the white-blond locks, the older man pulled the boy down until their lips barely met. Quietly, he whispered, "What do you say?"

"Thank you, Daddy," Spike purred as he nudged the lips before him gently. Liam took the hint and leaned forward, taking the boy's mouth gently, slowly coaxing him to open to him. The older man stroked the boy with his tongue, exploring the cavern of the hot, mouth. Spike squirmed and made needy, whining noises as he rubbed his hard cock against the still clothed man.

Liam reluctantly broke the kiss and leaned over to whisper to Xander loudly, "I think someone needs some help over here."

"Bloody well right someone needs some help," Spike complained. "Put on a great show for you and I end up on the soddin' floor."

A loud crack of Liam's hand against his ass caused Spike to yelp and quiet suddenly. He snarled at the older man and Liam chided him. "Will, you'd best not play with me."

"Sorry, Daddy," Spike apologized mockingly as he playfully dropped his head and looked up at the older man through his sinfully long eyelashes. Liam chuckled as he maneuvered the boy so he was in his lap, the pale back pressed to former cop's darker chest.

"Xander," the dark-haired man purred. "I think your brother needs some attention."

The younger boy giggled as he moved so he was between the two men's spread legs. Spike tried to shift to get himself into a more comfortable position as his brother's pink tongue snaked out to lick him from root to tip. A shaky moan escaped from Spike's lips and Liam laughed heartily.

"Such a lovely little whore," the older man groaned as he reached into his pocket to pull out the small tube he always brought with him to see his boys. Slicking his fingers quickly, he pressed between Spike's cheeks. The boy in his lap squirmed and pressed back, trying to get the man inside him, but Liam continued to circle the waiting hole, teasing the boy.

Finally, Spike whined loudly. "Please, Angel! Christ, I'm dying here."

"You're not dying, Will. Don't be so dramatic. Ask me right and you'll get what you want, baby boy."

"Please, Daddy!" Spike practically yelled. "Need you inside me, please!"

On the final "Please", Liam thrust his slick fingers inside, roughly fucking the boy with three strong digits. Spike arched his back wildly, moving away from the questing fingers, but his action thrust him deeper into his brother's mouth. Xander gagged lightly at the sudden intrusion.

"Shit, sorry, Xan," Spike groaned as he pulled away from the greedy mouth, but Xander followed, taking him all the way down. When he tried to settle back, Spike found himself once again impaled on the thick fingers. Slowly, began to rock between them, fucking himself on the invading fingers and thrusting into the hot, wet mouth.

He seemed to lose himself in the circle of pleasure and Liam smirked at the beauty of his boys. "So fucking hot," he whispered in Spike's ear. "Love seeing you like this. Needy and wanton. Needing me, needing your brother. Look at him sucking your cock like a pro. He wants you. Wants to taste you. Wants you to fuck him, take him, make him hurt. Look at him."

Spike's eyes flew open and locked with Xander's tear-filled hazel eyes.

"Fuck!" he shouted as he came hard, shooting down his brother's throat. Slowly, his breathing returned to normal as two sets of hands slowly stroked him, calming him down.

Xander and Spike slowly kissed at Liam's prompting. The older man loved to watch his boys kissing. They were so beautiful, so gentle with each other. He smiled as they turned to smile at him.

"Got you all worked up, didn't we?" Spike said, an evil smirk on his face.

"That you did," Liam agreed.

"Come on," Xander said as he reached over to begin to strip the older man. "You still have an hour or so and you're not even naked yet."

"Yeah," Spike agreed. "It's not fair, what us being naked and you still havin' your clothes on."

Liam laughed as the four roaming hands began to remove his clothes. "Well, you two were already naked when I got here so I think it's fair."

"Whatever," Xander snorted as the last of the older man's clothes were discarded onto the floor. "So, what do you want to do first?"

Staring at the boys for a long moment, Liam began to smile. He wrapped his arms around their shoulders before pulling them all to lay down on the bed. "How about a nap first? I could use some snuggle time before we start round two."

The two boys began to laugh. "Whatever you want, old man," Xander giggled.

"You are the one paying," Spike breathed against the strong chest.

"That's right," Liam agreed. He was paying alright, sometimes with more than just cash.

One Step Closer *an interlude*

Angel sighed and laid his hands on his desk once more. His fingers ached as the short nails fought to dig deep into the polished wood. It was the best the private investigator could do at the moment since his true desire was to wrap his clenching fingers around the delicate throat of his secretary until she would just shut the fuck up.

He hated to be in the hot seat like this, especially with Cordy staring him down. She could really be scary when she put her mind to it.

Cordelia refused to accept Angel's simple answer to her complex question. Why had he decided to take this case?

Angel, of course, simply told her that they needed the money and the job was benign enough that he didn't feel bad doing it. But the former cheerleader hadn't bought it.

Since he had started his own investigation business, Wolfram and Hart had sought the former police officer for some of their trickier jobs that they didn't want handled by their own security team. Angel always refused. He didn't like the way they operated. There was something about them that he didn't trust. It might have been the fact that some of their lawyers had butchered him on the stand more than once when he had still been on active duty or it might have been the fact that he witnessed more than a few of his fellow officers take money to 'conveniently forget' certain details. It bothered Angel more than cared to admit.

But this job was different. It was simple. It paid well. And it would give Angel the perfect alibi.

He needed this job.

Everything was finally in place for him to finally make the boys his own. He'd contacted Ethan and he knew that everything could hinge on having the perfect alibi. The last thing he needed was for anyone to suspect him, to look too deeply at his life, to question his motives.

No, he needed this job to get what he wanted. And what he wanted was Spike and Xander.

Running his fingers through his hair, causing the perfectly gelled strands to stand on end, he sighed before looking at his employees. Cordelia glared, her arms crossed beneath her perfect breasts in annoyance, while Doyle smirked from his spot leaning against the doorway to Angel's office.

"I don't see what the big deal is, Cordy," Angel tried once more. "We need the money, alright? You've been bugging me for months that you need a raise and we desperately need to upgrade our surveillance equipment. We're being left behind with all this archaic machinery and we're going to start losing business."

"But Wolfram and Hart," the brunette woman protested. "Why them? When we first started up, you swore you would never, ever do jobs for them? Why now?"

"New blood," Doyle supplied genially. "Right, Angel?"

"Yeah," Angel agreed, bobbing his head heartily. "McDonald and Morgan may still be asshole lawyers, but they were willing to listen to all our demands and even get us set up with all the equipment we'll need, no questions asked. I'm not saying I trust them or that we're going to take every job they throw our way, but this once, I think we're safe taking their money."

Cordelia huffed, stamping her Steve Madden wedge on the parquet flooring. "Well, I'm glad we've decided to take a job that will give us some decent income, I'm still not happy about working for them. It makes me a little wiggy inside."

Angel smiled his best 'ah, Cordy smile' and relaxed, knowing he'd won this battle. Doyle chuckled as he turned and left the office. "Come on, Princess," the Irishman called as he walked into the lobby. "I'll show how the new toys work. The boss man went all out for communication so you'll be able to nag at us all day."

"I do not nag," the young woman complained as she followed Doyle out of the office. "You two are just so high maintenance; I have to keep an eye on you all the time."

Both Angel and Doyle laughed at that. Angel had once told Doyle that if he looked up 'high maintenance' in the dictionary, he would find a picture of Cordelia right next to it. Of course,

that hadn't stopped the young Irishman from trying to winning the budding actresses' heart, but at least Angel had warned him.

Finally alone, Angel reached into his desk and pulled out the file to review one more time. He had to make sure everything was perfect.

His future – his boys – were depending on it