Summary: Xander's an old hat at working for the Council and getting paid handsomely for it. It's years after Sunnydale went boom and he's sort of lacking in the hero department because his life is...well, not all it's cracked up to be and he's spent far too much time alone. He goes on a slayer-seeking mission and finds someone he never thought he'd see again and discovers a perfect opportunity for revenge. It doesn't turn out quite how he expects, though. This is a bit dark but it does end happily. No worries, I swear! Just, heh, a bit of angst, is all. *g*

Warnings: There's het and X/OFCs (minor, really) and X/OMC which is pretty prominent in one chapter (or two, I forget how many, lmao), which I'll label. Spike...he ends up fucking quite a few people b/c...well, I'd spoil the surprise if I said why, wouldn't I? You'll find out pretty quick, anyway. :)

And this is dark!Xander. I don't think I deviated too much from how he was in canon!Joss-world but how can a person not change after going through all Xander did, anyway? It's more fun when they change! And I also am a writer and tend to do whatever the hell I want anyway.

Notes: Everything in Buffy happened save for one minor detail...Xander never lost an eye! That never sat well with me and...*sniffle* poor Xander! As for Angel? I pretty much go off canon immediately, lmao.
Written for and dedicated to QuietDiscerning simply because she wanted post-NFA Spander. Who was I to say no? Sorry it took so long, by the way, lmao. It ended up a tad bit longer than I anticipated. *cough88pagescough*.

Beta'd by Kitty_Poker1 and reread and semi-beta'd and stuff by Toobusy2Write.

Precious Jewel

by

Eyezrthewindows

Part One

Xander figured he'd been in the desert too long. Way, way, way too long. He must be chock full of malaria or some dementia-like illness that was causing him to suffer hallucinations. Or it could've been a spell...there were a lot of situations in his life where that happened.
Why?

Because he couldn't be seeing what he thought he was seeing.

Spike, who was supposed to be dead, really dead after having burnt up in a blaze of glory saving the world, was no less than fifty feet away -- give or take; he'd never been good at measuring distances. What the obviously formerly dead vampire wasn't supposed to be doing was working in a bordello Xander had been told by Giles was infested with baby slayers who were being used as sex slaves.

He'd set up shop across the street in a hotel with a small balcony three days ago, binoculars glued to his eyes for reconnaissance to find the girls, save them, and be on his merry way and instead he'd found a dead-ish vampire selling his ass in some godforsaken hellhole in the bottom of New Mexico along the border -- it was easy to traffic girls back and forth and business was booming with all the tourists and businessmen making their way to and from Mexico.

It was hard to see young girls, unwilling and sad, paraded around in skimpy clothes to be used however the
customers wished but what could he do about it? The Council was lucky he'd agreed to the job in the first place -- Willow had used her sad, puppy eyes of doom, which had been totally unfair. He'd seen a hell of a lot of bullshit in the other countries he'd visited and he'd tried to do something about it in the beginning but he learned they just started up their businesses elsewhere after he'd shut them down and it was a never ending circle.

He couldn't make a difference anymore.

Spike hadn't noticed him yet, not that he was likely to given the attention he was laying on the customers he was...selling his wares to day in and day out, so Xander had time to examine him closely.

He looked okay. As okay as an unwilling, unpaid concubine could be, that is.

He appeared to be the same old Spike Xander had known in Sunnydale but for one main difference...

..he was chatting up men and flirting and letting them touch him like it pleased him; he wasn't being a snarky bastard and telling them to keep their paws off him. He was wearing skimpy clothes that made Pamela
Anderson's Baywatch wardrobe seem positively grandmotherly.

It was making Xander sick to his stomach and maybe making it...wriggle around in a way that was...foreign to him. Mostly.

In fact, his intestines were doing the Watutsi and the cha-cha and all the other dances Xander never could learn -- he was rhythm retarded.

When Xander first noticed Spike, it brought back all the feelings pre-Sunnydale imploding and becoming a big hole in the ground. Feelings of anger and jealousy and...well, maybe some lust that he'd buried like everything else had been in that giant 'quake.

He'd hated Spike, everything about him. He couldn't forgive him for a lot of things but getting the soul had caused Xander to see him in a slightly different light.

He'd never forgive Spike for the things he'd done before the soul. He'd never forget what he'd nearly done to Buffy, what he'd done to Anya, what he'd done to him and Willow when he'd kidnapped them that one time. Those feelings and thoughts were a bitter taste in his
mouth.

But he'd gotten past that because everyone in the danger zone had been working toward a common goal: saving the world to see tomorrow. Not that Xander had thought there would be a tomorrow.

He could be civil and was to Spike for the remainder of the vampire's life. When Xander thought Spike was dead he'd made peace with all of that, had forced all the bad down inside and had planned on never dredging it back up because there would be no need to.

But now that he'd seen Spike, found him alive -- or whatever semblance of it a vampire was -- and well and right there in the nearly naked flesh, it brought it all back and those feelings boiled and raged and erupted inside him, too high and too hot and too fast for him to ignore anymore.

He'd been the bigger man before but he couldn't be anymore.

Hey, he wasn't perfect.

And now that he knew Spike was a part of the...stable, he
smiled. He smiled and felt lighter inside than he had in, possibly, years.

Why? Because it seemed Spike was getting a little comeuppance and Xander was here to see it happen.

~*~*~*~*~

This bordello, Shag-Real-Ahh, wasn't one that worked with the free will of volunteers who earned some of the profits like those showy ones in Vegas did. The owner tracked down pretties, kidnapped them and brought them here to live out a life of sexual servitude. They didn't get paid, they didn't get any luxury that didn't have something to do with their 'job'. They were collared with unbreakable chokers with spells on them so they couldn't have a hope of escape. They were trained in the acts of sexual pleasure no matter how perverse.

Xander just so happened to have the counter-spell to remove them and make their former wearers invisible to the magical eyes of the brothel owner and his magic gurus.

Xander just had to get close enough to the girls to
perform it.

He had a moment of real remorse for being unable to get the others out of that place, that happened from time to time, and he had to shake it off and remember what he'd seen elsewhere.

Yeah, his outlook on life had changed just a little in the last few years. If he'd been different, though...maybe if he'd still been that wide-eyed fifteen year old he'd been before Buffy had changed his life he might've tried to save them all.

But he wasn't that Xander any more. He wasn't disillusioned any more.

After seeing Spike and remembering the grudging respect he'd had for him in the end when he'd thought he and everyone else was going to die...well, he was going to have to amend his little mission a bit.

He was going to get Spike out, too.

He reckoned he owed Spike that much. Saving the world and sacrificing yourself was a big deal and Xander always paid his debts.
Even to those he didn't particularly like.

~*~*~*~*~

Willow had set up a glamour, anchored to a necklace Xander had to wear against his skin in order to be effective, that changed his appearance and his scent, made him invisible to any magic trying to 'see' him. He could go into the bordello as a different person every time if he wanted.

Simple, really, he supposed.

She also gave him a charm that allowed the proprietor and anyone else to be...accommodating when they weren't certain they should be. The Council wasn't going to finance visits to a demonic whorehouse, no matter that it was to release newly born slayers for the Council to use, any more than Xander was going to take it out of his own pocket in hopes he'd be remunerated.

Why he was being sent on the whorehouse mission he didn't know, though. Sounded more like a job for...well, anyone else.
Did he have 'dumbass' written on his forehead? Maybe. He tried not to look in the mirror much any more because his eyes weren't the same.

The slayers were pretty easy to spot and, really, all Xander had to do was ask for 'special' girls and get pointed in the right direction.

The brothel owner Xander now knew as Jerick Cript didn't know they were slayers, as such, just that they were uniquely strong and able to heal very fast no matter what was done to them; they had stamina to spare and were good stock that got him fistfuls of cash with little effort. Cript had heard about them through the demonic grapevine and thought they'd be perfect additions to his little business.

Xander wondered how Spike had wound up here; he knew the vampire had to be earning lots of dough for his master, considering his...vampire-y abilities, but Spike was the only male he'd seen in the place so far.

He peered through his compact spy binoculars, feeling very much like one of the guys in those double-o-seven films he'd admired as a kid, watching Spike charm his
partners into giving him money up front without so much as a flinch for their lost funds. He would then do whatever they wanted, wherever they wanted, with grace and the well-practiced hands and body of a whore. He smiled beautifully, hiding the hatred and pain and anger and the resignation he must be feeling.

That was probably why he'd been picked. The man had...charisma oozing out of his perfectly sculpted, pale ass and had the ability to act well to hide any inner turmoil.

Apparently, he was also the house favourite. Had been for the three months he'd been there, Xander found out after a little chat with one of the locals who hung out at the bar next door coveting Spike's ass, too poor or too cheap to afford him and being bitter and mean about it.

Getting the girls out was easy. He went in asking for those 'specially talented' girls, watching the little crystal Willow had given him that would reveal a true slayer, then scooted them off via the portal spell Willow had created that even a stupid, non-magic user like Xander could use. They were sent to the Council's headquarters after he gave them the skinny on what they were, what the fucked up dreams they'd been having were about,
what they were to expect, etcetera.

They were embarrassingly grateful and willing to do almost anything, despite the fact they weren't whores anymore.

Xander found it difficult to resist but managed because he wasn't barking up the young, nubile girl tree ever again. He found himself thinking of Dawn and that set his sights back on track where they were supposed to be.

It took several weeks to accomplish his slayer freeing goal; he had to spread them out so Cript wouldn't get suspicious. The owner grew more angry every time Xander laid eyes on him and took it out on the remaining whores, Spike being one of them.

Everyone Cript took his anger out on cringed when he came into the room with *that* look on his face -- the embodiment of a violent thunderstorm, he was. They looked fearful and hollow-eyed and more resigned to their fates every time they heard about another missing girl. Cript spelled them perfect again after using them as punching bags and holes to rut his frustration into and then ordered his lackeys to go find him more pretties to sell so he could make up for the losses.
Xander never did find out if the man knew what happened to the slayers or if he really was that stupid and thought they somehow got the collars off themselves and ran away without a trace. Though, he didn't want to think too deeply about it because he figured it was luck and should leave it at that or he'd jinx his good fortune.

After he was finished sending slayers off to find their destiny, Xander relaxed a little. The charms and spells Willow had given him to get the girls were good until the world ended or something so he wasn't worried about someone discovering who he was and what he'd been doing.

But that wasn't really why he was relieved the magical stuff had no expiration date.

No, he was having a bad thought. Actually, it was more like...a lot of them. Bad thoughts brought on by drinking far too much, seeing all he'd seen, and being alone for far too long in that dingy motel room across from whore! Spike.

It was times like these he missed Anya, even though they
had long been over at the end.

He found himself visiting the brothel for his own purposes when he couldn't deny the need that burned inside him to...take. He had two or three of the -- legal -- girls the manager, Nelson, introduced and recommended for such a fine upstanding gentleman such as himself. He buried himself in them, roughly and sometimes without regard for how it might feel to them.

He didn't do relationships, not after Anya, not after...everything and he also didn't like having one-nighters because some of them tended to expect something out of the one night. Strangers were tricky, often dangerous and so Xander spent a lot of time with his right hand and some skin flicks or magazines he bought using cash and not the Council credit cards.

So, the Shag-Real-Ahh was the answer to his desperate need for a fuck, for closeness. The girls he was with weren't...real to him. This was what they'd been brought here to do and there was no threat of attachment.

God, he was so unfeeling toward these poor girls but he couldn't really make himself care because they'd never see even a quarter of what he'd seen or feel what he'd
felt.

The girls were good, really good, and played out their parts even better, though he could still see the sadness and resignation burning deep down in the depths of their eyes when he caught their gazes unawares.

But that didn't matter. Xander was getting off using someone rather than his hand and in his book that was a very fine thing.

Yeah, he was getting pretty cynical. He was what years on the hellmouth and in the unwanted employment of the Council had made him. And he hated it.

But he had nowhere else to go and didn't know what else to do with his life at this point.

He passed Spike a time or two -- and it was then Xander noticed Spike took on women as well, just not many of them -- but the vampire never looked at him twice, just continued doing what he was doing, walking the sexy walk, playing the game he was forced to play.

He rather liked those nifty charms and spells Willow had unsuspectingly left him -- they were tools he could use to
do whatever he wanted, whether it was good or not, and
gave him a feeling of power that he'd never had before.

Willow really was too trusting.

Xander was jaded after Africa, after China, after
Mongolia and Sri Lanka and Australia, after Mexico and
Bosnia and Russia. It was time for him to take a break, on
the Council's dime.

And they didn't need to know what he was doing...he
was still getting them their slayers, wasn't he?

It really wasn't any of their business what he did. He was
working for them, doing his job with nary a retort or a
complaint and he hadn't had a break in three years.

Working had kept him from going insane...er. Routine,
learned and continued, was the best distraction.

So, he dialed up Giles, told him he needed a break and
some funds and that he'd call him when he was ready to
get back to work. Giles was as genial as he always was,
British to the core and polite as ever, acting as the father
figure Xander had never had but always wanted, and
agreed that he deserved a little vacation and some
money as recompense and an incentive to continue as he had been.

And that was how Xander was set up in a decent hotel room with enough money not to burn but to keep him in beer and pretzels for the next few weeks without having to worry about keeping a deadline.

And that was how Xander was able to keep an eye on Spike from both inside the Shag-Real-Ahh and from across the street, watching his every move and keeping tabs on what he did, who he did...and it was in no way stalking.

He felt this...obsession taking him over. Thoughts of Spike and what he'd done during his vampiric blood-thirsty days, before and even after the soul...they consumed him.

Watching Spike do things with these men...burned him.

The way he moved, the sound of his laugh, the glitter of his eyes, the shape of his scarred eyebrow as it quirked, the long curve of his pale neck...

Xander had never seen something so beautiful.
It didn't matter that Spike had saved the world for puppies of all ages and for the girl he...loved.

One act of good didn't erase a life-time, several life-times, of wrong-doing.

Xander couldn't help feel like he was losing something of himself in this new fascination with the mysteriously resurrected Spike. Never mind that the vampire was not as dead as they'd all thought, never mind that Xander hadn't liked him...

The important matter here, was...Xander found himself fantasizing.

Fantasies involving naked Spike doing naked things. Sometimes they involved Xander, sometimes it was just Spike but it was all naughty and sexy and...debasing and fun and arousing.

It filled some hollow Xander hadn't been able to fill on his own.

Which was, probably, why Xander was so...focused.
This time when he went to the brothel, he was on a mission of a different kind. No more pretty girls offered up on a silver platter, no more slayers to jail-break and babysit, no more Jerick Cript, the owner, pushing him into taking one of the less popular whores because they weren't earning their keep.

No, he was having Spike. One way or another.

He'd taken the appearance of a moderately young, professional looking businessman, handsome and to be respected, and rubbed the necklace in the specific pattern Willow had taught him to make it stick on this particular glamour.

Learning was fun when it involved deception -- and getting something he wanted.

He stepped up to the front desk, all official in its capacity with forms and clipboards and business cards and everything, and tapped the little bell.
A smiling Nelson came to the desk, no recognition in his eyes, and said a chipper 'welcome to Shag-Real-Ahh', as was his habit.

Xander secretly patted the necklace tingling against his skin and smirked back as he fingered his shirt collar. "I'd like the house special."

Nelson's eyes narrowed only slightly, body stiffening a little. "The special is...very busy, sir. He's quite the favourite...booked up for days in advance, sometimes weeks. I might be able to get you in," he looked down at his little book and flipped a few pages, "two weeks from next Thursday. If all goes well. Why don't I set you up for someone else, eh? I've got several lovely..."

Xander put his hand in his pocket and grasped the other little charm he possessed that ensured his easy entrance into the brothel. He rubbed it between thumb and forefinger and stared into the other man's eyes and suddenly Nelson was a little more amenable.

"Of course, sir. If you'll just sign this I'll go get you a preferred customer's card and you can revisit any time and ask for PJ. You'll get him whenever you like. Just hand over this card and you'll be treated accordingly. It's
nice doing business with you."

Xander smiled smugly and tucked the card into his empty pants' pocket. He followed Nelson through the den, where most of the whores were lounging about on velvet and satin pillows and couches showing off their goods in hopes of making a sale, and through a maze of dim corridors painted red -- for passion or lust or incredible tackiness -- with thick doors lining both sides.

They ascended two sets of stairs to reach the second floor and then strolled down a dark hall that was nearly silent, save for a few moans and a scream or two and the sound of flesh against flesh.

This hall was dark green and on second glance Xander noted that it was far nicer than the downstairs. The walls had swirling designs in pale gold and it was then he realised it was extremely nice wallpaper. The expensive rug made to fit covered most of a parquet floor all the way down to the end where a window overlooked a small courtyard out back. This floor smelled like citrus and sex.

Nelson stopped at the last door and smiled back at Xander in the darkness. Xander just stared at him blankly,
impatiently, and Nelson finally took a keychain from his pocket and unlocked the door.

Xander blinked at the entwined couple on the bed. Spike was on top, all pale skin and rippling muscles and peroxide hair with strangely alluring dark roots, moaning with plump pink lips parted, white teeth clenched, hands running down his own body while the fat slob underneath watched him and struggled to thrust up to meet him.

The binding collar was dark and tight, stark in contrast with the vampire's slim, pale neck.

He was pretty like that.

He was riding the portly, middle-aged man tied to the wrought iron bed slats with leather cuffs who was watching quite avidly, sweat beading his graying temples, his chest and his upper lip as he panted through thin lips and a splotchy face.

"PJ, you have...new business. Mr. Flattley, I'm going to have to apologise for the interruption. You'll be comp'd for this visit and your next will be free. You can have your pick of anyone other than PJ here because I'm afraid he's
just been booked solid for the next six weeks."

Huh. Maybe there were other guys here. Xander had never seen them, though...

Spike stopped what he was doing, looking odd sitting still with a cock up his ass like it was nothing, and looked at Xander, a slight frown wrinkling the flawless skin between his dark eyebrows.

Xander vaguely wondered what the vampire saw, what he thought, but then decided he didn't care as he watched Spike pull off the older man's cock, hole pink and swollen and wet, and climb off the bed surprisingly fluidly so he could unlatch the man's bindings.

"Now, see here, I've been waiting three weeks and paid a pretty penny to be moved up--"

Nelson sighed, moved a picture on the wall beside him and pressed a button -- this kind of thing must've happened a lot. Within moments, a big, beefy bodyguard, no doubt not fully human if the slightly longer than normal teeth had anything to say about it, was at the door and escorting out the unruly, cursing man, who'd barely had time to pull up his pants over his
painfully swollen erection.

Spike knelt on the floor, eyes downcast, hands clasped behind him when the man had been taken away.

Xander found himself extremely interested in his submissiveness and his silence.

Nelson was all smiles and fluttering hands. "PJ, you'll treat this gentleman with the utmost care and respect. He's going to be coming around a lot and is one of our preferred clients. He'll be one of your regulars. You're to do whatever he likes for however long he wishes. Three of your other regulars have been bumped but I'm sure they'll understand..."

"Yes, sir," Spike said softly, still and perfect as a marble statue.

Xander swallowed hard, examining the bound cock, hard and bobbing between Spike's thighs, and the smooth alabaster of his skin as it skimmed over his bones.

"I'll just leave you to it, then. Pleasure to meet you and have your business, sir."
And then Xander was alone with Spike.

Part Two

The door clicked shut behind Nelson, locking Xander and Spike inside, and suddenly Xander's gusto disappeared, the wind in his sails dissipated, and he found himself at a loss for what to do.

He noticed Spike casting covert glances up at him through dark, girlishly long lashes and smirked.

"So...PJ? You're the special, huh? What makes you so special? Don't look very special... You look like anybody else..."

A muscle in Spike's jaw ticked but he answered evenly and without the snide tone Xander knew he wanted to use. "I have many talents..."
"Name a few. I'm curious. I'd also like specifics and to know if I'm getting my money's worth." Xander crossed his arms and leaned against the wall, the picture of nonchalance and cockiness.

Spike sighed softly, eyes going unfocused as he began listing things from memory. "I don't bruise easily. I can handle rough sex better than ‘most anyone and often enjoy a bit of pain. I can do bondage and sado-masochism either way you want it, submissive or dominant. I've been told I'm quite good at sucking cock and eating cunt. I'm flexible and I can ride a man or fuck a woman better than anyone in this establishment. I have more stamina than you've ever seen."

Xander's breathing sped up slightly. He wanted to take Spike, make him do everything he wanted, use him like he deserved.

"Interesting. Really interesting. So, what's PJ stand for, anyway?"

This time Spike didn't try to hide the roll of his eyes or his embarrassment. He scoffed, "Precious Jewel. That sod...er, M...aster Jerick gave me the name when he discovered my...talents. He acquiesced when I...asked to
be called PJ instead of the whole kit n' bloody caboodle. PJ's a bit better than the other, I reckon. At least most don't know what it stands for and never ask." Spike sighed. "He tends to name the *dolls* as he sees fit. Makes it...less personal or more agreeable to clients, I expect. Us having names makes us actual people, right? Most just want a hole to fuck -- don't care about anything else."

Xander almost snickered. It was priceless. Spike's new name was Precious Jewel and he was here, first hand, experiencing the utter humiliation the vampire was being put through.

Ah, just like the good old days back in Sunny D in his basement. Except, here, Spike couldn't talk back and would never know it was Xander Harris using him and making his humiliation even more...well, just *more*.

"Well, Precious, I don't like sloppy seconds. Is there some place you can go...clean yourself out? That guy didn't look like he was...shower fresh."

"Yes, sir." Spike stood, glided elegantly to the other side of the room and opened a hidden door made specially to blend in with the rest of the wall. Inside was a nice but
small bathroom with a shower-slash-bathtub, sink and toilet.

"Don't shut the door. I'd like to watch," Xander said, eyes glittering, as Spike stopped short of closing the door and re-opened it without pause.

"Yes, sir," Spike said, strangely agreeable despite the odd gleam in his eyes. "Whatever you wish."

~*~*~*~*~

Watching Spike clean out his own ass -- hot water and soap and a few fingers sliding inside sensuously, slowly, muscled legs quivering and spread wide -- was...incredibly arousing. Xander didn't even know he had that kind of kink and he'd done a lot of weird shit with Anya.

The vampire did it kneeling in the shower cubicle facing away from Xander so he could get a perfect view of the tube from the enema kit going up a tight little ass.

Xander had to tamp down on the signals going to his little brain and squeezed his cock hard through his pants
to ensure he wouldn't blow his load before he got to have any fun.

He'd been called a lot of things but a premature ejaculator wasn't one of them.

After that was over and Spike had showered off and put away the kit, they went back into the bedroom.

Xander grabbed Spike's arm and stopped him before he could get to the bed. "Wait. I want you to kneel over the bed, brace yourself with your hands. I want to...see how good a job you did on your ass."

Spike looked at him silently, then turned and did as he was ordered.

Oh, it was such a fucking turn-on to have Spike doing whatever he told him to.

The sight of Spike's body bent for his appraisal was enough to make Xander's cock weep a little more in his pants.

And speaking of pants...
He opened his fly and let the jeans dangle from his hips, then massaged himself through his boxers with a groan. He saw Spike tense and grinned, sauntering over to stand behind the vampire. He could tell Spike wanted to turn and look but was too well trained to do so.

He positioned himself between Spike's spread legs and grabbed his ass and squeezed. He gave into the urge to thrust against his backside but only did it once...or twice.

He stared down at the firm flesh, licking his lips. "You've got a very nice ass. Taut and pale and...I'm sure you're virgin tight, right?"

Spike hissed as Xander's hands grew rougher, arms locking so he stayed in position. "Yes, sir."

"That's good," Xander murmured, one hand sliding over the curve of Spike's clenching buttocks and the other shifting toward the cleft to feel the wet skin of Spike's pucker. "Lube?"

"Drawer over there," Spike grit out as one of Xander's fingernails scraped against the sensitive flesh, jerking his head toward the bedside table.
Xander got the lube and squeezed some out onto his fingers. He rubbed them together and then unceremoniously shoved two of them up Spike's ass. They went in easily due to the washing out Spike had done -- and because Spike had been getting fucked when Xander had come in earlier -- but Xander wanted to be sure he wouldn't hurt himself on the way in.

Spike gave a choked sound but stayed put.

Xander's mouth went lax as he felt just how tight Spike was, even though he'd been getting fucked in the ass just a few minutes ago. His groin tightened painfully and he used every meditation technique he'd learned in Africa and the Orient to get himself back in control.

He fucked Spike with his fingers, found the little spongy gland he'd discovered was so much fun with Anya and a couple of others, and massaged it until Spike was gasping and quivering and trying to drive himself back on Xander's digits.

Xander shoved his pants and boxers down with his free hand and pulled his fingers free.

Spike whined his disappointment before he could stop
"What's that?" Xander asked, maliciously. "I didn't tell you you could talk, did I?"

"No, sir," Spike admitted. "But, technically, you didn't say I couldn't."

Xander chuckled. "I'll let you have that one. And just for that...you can make all the noise you want. Maybe we'll experiment with gags later, though."

And with that, Xander slicked lubricant over his cock with a few flicks of his wrist and shoved himself into Spike with one hard, forceful thrust that sent the vampire up onto the balls of his feet.

Spike yelped and then groaned, hands clutching at the mattress in front of him. He fell forward onto his forearms and widened his stance so he could still stay in a comfortable position as Xander began to fuck him with brutal, snapping thrusts of his hips that shook the bed and almost pushed Spike across it.

Xander stared down at the bent body in front of him, watched himself sliding in and out of Spike's clenching
hole and groaned. He latched onto the blond's hips and spread his legs so he could have more leverage to pound into Spike's tightness.

Spike made gasping little whimpers after each hard shove and grunted when his own cock was pressed into the bed and treated to rough friction.

After a few minutes, and this could attest to how alone and out of practice he'd been after all these years of near celibacy, Xander was already close to climax.

His hands began to roam Spike's supple back, marveling at the smoothness of his soft skin and the near hairless state of his entire body.

He'd think Jerick Cript made Spike wax his body but for the fact he could see tiny light-coloured hairs on his arms and legs and Spike had a full bush of pubic hair, which Xander reached down and yanked.

Spike bucked at the touch and keened. "Please," he gasped.

Xander was full of his power over the vampire, the need to express it, to take all he could because of it, and
couldn't hold out any longer.

He slammed into the cool clasp of Spike's ass one last time as his body convulsed and every inch of him tingled like that time he'd gotten salsa in a cut that hadn't fully scabbed over. Only this was a good tingling, the kind that made his knees go weak and his balls churn out his climax until he thought they were going to shrivel up and drop right off his body and he wouldn't have cared even if they had.

He came in Spike like it was the first and last time he'd ever get to and then collapsed on the vampire's back; Spike's quivering arms were the only thing that prevented them from falling.

He collected himself, slowly, and his cock softened and slipped out. He stood up and looked down at the still form and the well-used hole that leaked his seed.

He swallowed, cleared his throat and did up his pants with unsteady fingers even as he felt a small spark of arousal ignite anew. He ran his hand through his damp hair and blinked the sweat from his eyes. "You can get up, you know."
Spike slowly unwound from his supplicating position and turned and knelt in front of Xander. "Would you like something else, sir? I could bathe you or clean you with my mouth? Or would you rather I...get you in the mood again?"

Xander blinked and sat down on the edge of the bed, suddenly having a surreal moment. "Give me a minute."

"As you wish, sir."

Spike stayed on his knees, back to Xander, apparently content to stay quiet -- and harder than a rock, unfulfilled -- until Xander made his desires known.

"You want me to keep calling you Precious?"

Spike sighed, shoulders rolling a little. "Don't usually like it but...you can call me that if you want. Or PJ. Whatever you like."

"What's your real name? Would you rather me call you by your real name? Precious is a little fruity."

"That's not possible."
"No, it really is...it's really, really gay."

Spike rolled his eyes. "Not that, you git. The other. Can't call me by my given name."

Xander frowned, indignant. "Why not? Am I not good enough to know your real name or what? It's not like I'd tell Jerick, anyway. He's a real dick... And you can turn to face me. I like it when people look me in the eyes when I'm speaking to them. I want to know why you feel like you can't tell me. It can't be that bastard Jerick that's keeping you from telling me..."

Why was Spike being such a hard-headed prick about this? It was just an exchanging of names, for fuck's sake! Xander really couldn't keep calling Spike 'Precious'. Not if he wanted to keep his sanity...or keep from laughing his ass off.

Besides, he'd just fucked the shit out of Spike. He figured he was entitled to use his real name.

Spike turned and looked at him, guileless blue eyes blinking innocently -- it unnerved Xander. Then he slowly rolled to his feet and sat gingerly on the bed next to Xander, not too close and not too far.
Well, Xander didn't say he could get on the bed with him but...whatever.

"I can't tell you my name, sir."

"I'll tell you mine..." Xander thought frantically for a moment for another reason why he should just fucking tell it already, then was saved when Spike spoke before he could blurt out something he shouldn't.

"It's not because I don't want to or that it's against the rules. I don't know anything but PJ."

"What?"

Spike's gaze was intent, blue high beams cutting through the thick fog of Xander's brain. "I can't tell you my name because I don't know it. I don't know anything before being...here."

Xander blinked, shock coursing through him. "You have amnesia?"

"That's about the size of it."
"Oh."

Xander's fingers clenched on his thighs.

Oh.

This amnesia thing was unexpected but also put things into a new perspective.

How was he going to get even with Spike if Spike didn't even know he was Spike?

"That...sucks," he said finally, weakly, for lack of anything else to say.

And it did suck. Xander was feeling...well, feelings and was very indecisive about what he wanted to do now that he knew about Spike's particular predicament.

Spike shrugged. "Don't remember anything so I can't miss anything. I like to look at it like that, you know, or I'll get depressed and want to murder myself...or someone else for the injustice of it all. I've been here three months and this is my life now. That's what I've had to deal with and it's all I can do, really."
Somehow, that struck a sad chord inside Xander but he squashed that feeling down and took a deep breath. He stood, awkwardly stumbling in his haste to put distance between himself and Spike.

"I gotta go."

Spike frowned. "You've only just begun... We've the whole night, whole day if you want it. I'm sure Nelson or Master Jerick would cancel some of my other appointments if you told 'em you wanted me..."

Xander didn't hear the sadness in Spike's voice, or see his pleading glance, because he wasn't looking at him and his brain wasn't working properly anymore.

He felt...guilt.

Why the hell was he feeling guilt over fucking Spike? Over seeking revenge that was rightfully his to seek out?

He cursed himself, Spike and the damned Scoobies and their do-gooding that apparently went more than skin deep; even the ravages of life he'd been through in the last few years couldn't blot out what he was, deep in his marrow.
"I'll be back. I'm sorry. I just remembered I have...to do something. I'll be back, I promise."

He didn't look back as he nearly ran to the door, clawing at the lock and breaking a couple of fingernails off to the quick in his fumbling haste. He shut the door with a soft thud, only just remembering not to slam it because he didn't want any more attention brought to himself.

He didn't see the disappointment or confusion on Spike's face when he left, or the loneliness that was stark and consuming.

He fled down the stairs and composed himself, barely, as he exited the Shag-Real-Ahh and went to the sanctuary of his hotel room.

He took solace from his unmade bed, the bag lying open at the foot of it, the clothes he'd dumped on the floor, and the empty food wrappers and packages that lined the bedside table and that had fallen on the floor...

The throbbing in his torn finger tips that beat in time with his racing, traitor heart.
He took off the amulet and jammed his hand into his pocket to get rid of that compliancy stone. He set both on the dresser and stared at them for a moment before taking a deep breath.

He ripped all of his clothes off and took the hottest shower he could stand...then turned off all the hot water and shivered under the blast of cold that pelted down on him.

Blinking water from his eyes, he shoved the wet strands of hair from his face and finally washed himself until his skin was sore. The ripped skin of his fingers bled and stung.

After it was over and he was clean and dry and dressed in old clothes -- comfort clothing -- he sat on the bed eating fried chicken, staring unblinkingly at the television.

Yeah, deep down he really was a good guy but that didn't mean he was perfect. He still had plans for Spike, just...maybe not quite as devious or demeaning as they had been before he discovered Spike's deficiency.

He didn't know what his plans were but...he couldn't let Spike go. Not like this. Not with how the vampire had
looked at him, like Xander could solve all of his problems. Not with how he'd resigned himself to being a whore after knowing nothing about his past or who he was.

Not that Xander was going to tell him anything about the past.

Not that Xander wanted to give up his revenge plan.

Not that Xander had any fucking clue what in hell it was that he was doing.

Part Three

After a lot of thought, Xander discovered that Spike's amnesia really didn't have to prevent him from seeking out justice -- justice in the only way he could take it without it weighing heavily on his conscience, anyway.

Spike might not have known who he was or what he'd done in his long life but Xander did; Xander remembered.
As long as someone remembered the crimes, the criminal should be punished.

He went back the next day with a fresh view, a jaunty bounce in his step. He was shown up to Spike's room and given a knowing grin and a jab in the ribs with a sharp elbow and left alone to play with his new toy.

Spike was on the bed when he went inside, belly down on the velvet coverlet, fast asleep. His naked skin looked like smooth vanilla cream against the darker bed cover.

It was two in the afternoon, he discovered after looking at the clock beside the bed a little impatiently. Vampire nappy time, Xander remembered from his days with Spike in the basement and then later in his apartment, when the First was spreading chaos all over Sunnydale and the vampire had been foisted on him because he'd been the only one with the space.

Time to wake up, though, because Xander was horny and had amnesiac vampires to fuck.

Xander crept up on the surprisingly heavy sleeper Spike turned out to be and ran a finger down the line of his
back until he got to the swell of his buttocks. He raised the hand and smacked one bare cheek.

Spike woke up with a groggy start and focused wild eyes on Xander a moment before relaxing. "Oh. Hello. Sir."

Spike's smile was slow and pleased, as if he were happy to see Xander.

Xander felt better already.

"Hello, Precious. You're quite the heavy sleeper, aren't you? I could've staked you and you would never have known."

Spike frowned slightly and sat up, stretching out taut, sleepy muscles. He looked pensive and wary. His cock was soft against one thigh. "Stake? You know I'm a vampire?"

Xander dropped his arm back to his side, then mentally shrugged. He hadn't meant to give his hand away but... "Yeah. I know."

"Oh, well. Makes it easier, then." Spike started to throw his legs over the side of the bed when Xander stopped
him, so he lay back down and posed himself so that every line of his body was emphasized for Xander's viewing pleasure.

"Apparently, I'm prone to night terrors. For vampires, that's...well, let's just say I woke up a couple of times with my teeth in a customer’s neck -- without permission, of course. When...the Master finally realised I wasn't lying about not knowing what the hell happened, he gave me this potion to mix up that ensured I'd sleep through the day without harming anyone I wasn't supposed to. Just stir it up in my blood and voila! No more killing people in my sleep. Takes a bit to wake me up, as you've seen, but I think this is safer. Much better for me to be difficult to rouse than to sleep-kill. Just because I'm a demon, doesn't mean I have to be a bad guy."

A cold feeling of familiarity swept down Xander's spine.

Spike had killed in a sleep-walking-like state those last few weeks in Sunnydale. Could this be some sort of sense-memory thing? His body remembered but his mind didn't?

Was Spike re-enacting what had happened before
because his subconscious was aware of what had gone on, what he was, what he'd done?

Xander pushed those thoughts away because he wasn't going to let the past ruin his present.

And Spike served up naked on a bed, willing and able to do whatever he wanted was a very fine present, indeed.

"Well...it's good that I can expect not to be killed if I ever spend the night with you." He forced a quirk to his lips.

Spike grinned up at him, reaching out with one pale, long-fingered hand devoid of the black polish Xander had grown used to over the years. "Don't think you'd have to worry, pet. I've only gone after those who I'd felt some sort of animosity toward; a lot of bastards have come to me. I rather like you."

Xander took the hand Spike offered and crawled onto the bed and pressed the vampire down into the mattress with his body. He rolled his hips and watched Spike's eyelashes flutter with a smugness he didn't ordinarily get to feel.

Thank God for amnesia, was Xander's final thought as he
was pushed over onto his back and a naked satyr opened his pants and inhaled his cock.

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Sometimes, when Xander went to see Spike the vampire would greet him at the door, naked and on his knees, submissive and willing to play the part expertly.

Other times, he'd be dressed in a flimsy pair of pajama bottoms that hid absolutely nothing of the perfection of his body that Xander would rip him out of, mouth quirked, eyebrow raised, smug expression on his face because he knew what Xander wanted and was going to play coy about it.

Spike loved Xander's dick, loved getting fucked however and wherever and whenever Xander did it.

Xander made him beg.

Xander discovered he liked making Spike beg. Very much.

Sometimes, they bathed together, Xander behind Spike while the vampire lazed about in the hot water, rubbing
not-so-innocently against Xander's erection.

It felt good to hold someone like that again. He and Anya had shared baths sometimes, when she didn't want alone time with rose petals and bubble foam and her waterproof vibrator -- she liked having a girl's night all to herself.

Sometimes, Spike simply knelt outside the tub and bathed Xander like one of those slave boys in pre-Christian Rome.

They fucked everywhere they could manage, even facing the mirror against the bathroom sink, which was a real kink for Xander. He watched himself fucking into what seemed like nothing, making those squinty, pained orgasm faces that always looked funny. The feel of Spike's body was almost an afterthought but the noises he made spurred him on harder and faster.

They fucked in the courtyard under gnarled, leafy tree branches sheltering them from the moon, the private little sauna out beyond it with Xander sweating and dripping on an enthusiastic vampire who licked the droplets up, the kitchen downstairs when no one was about with Spike as look out because of his enhanced
Spike once asked about the amulet he wore all the time and never removed but Xander deflected his touch and the question by sucking Spike's cock for a change.

Xander learned he was an avid cock-sucker and enjoyed it immensely. He also got good at it -- Spike was a good teacher.

It made him wonder what else he'd enjoy that he hadn't thought of doing to Spike or allowing Spike to do to him.

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There were times when he contemplated using the 'amenable' stone on Spike but then Spike did what he wanted anyway so it was moot, right?

The thrill of the thought of it, though, was enough to make him fuck Spike harder and deeper and cum with such intensity that he thought he'd blown his brain out of his dick.

He ended up never having to use the stone.
When he started feeling differently about Spike, he'd never know. He also didn't know why, but...

Xander couldn't prevent himself from setting up a routine in his visitations to Spike...or, rather, set up his day to work around his meetings with Spike. Not that he really did much, anymore....he mostly slept or watched TV or went to a bar down the street when he felt cooped up and in need of getting out of that tiny boxed-in place.

He did start going every day and spending several hours with Spike. Spike was a drug he was growing addicted to and couldn't get enough of.

He learned Spike gave the best blow-jobs he'd ever had and that a non-breathing vampire was the best cock-sucker on the planet. He learned Spike had an insatiable appetite and would willingly do pretty much anything Xander asked; he rarely showed a dislike for anything and Xander could see when he did despite the good pretense he made to hide his feelings. Spike could be fucked however long it took Xander to cum and however hard Xander wanted to give it to him.

Spike was really sensitive and a lot of the time Xander
only had to tell him to cum and he would, whether it was after a lot of stimulation and teasing or if Xander had just finished fucking him and too busy cumming up his ass to touch Spike's swollen cock.

Then, Xander began spending more nights at the bordello than he was at the hotel, spending more time around the man behind the vampire, and that was when he started seeing the vampire as a...person and not a thing, as he had since he'd known Spike.

He started to see that Spike wasn't William the Bloody, at least not wholly, that he had thoughts and feelings and was actually...nicer than anyone had been to him in a long time.

They talked when they weren't screwing. He ate with Spike and Spike ate human food with him and sometimes brought blood in to drink when he got over his initial discomfort at showing that side of himself.

When Spike showed his demon face it was almost beautiful, feline and fierce.

Xander had never been comfortable with Spike feeding in front of him before but found this show of trust to be a
big step and felt appropriate amounts of smugness over the fact.

It was all he could do not to hop around the room making an ass of himself doing the Snoopy dance.

The more time he spent with 'Precious', though, the more Xander found he wanted to spend with him. Spike was addictive, and almost sweet sometimes. He was genial and did a lot of things Xander knew he liked and a lot he hadn't known he would, which absolutely blew his mind.

It was a dangerous game.

Xander never did well with just sex, no matter who it was.

Anya and Faith were sterling examples of that.

The few one-night-stands he'd had had nearly killed him because of his nasty little habit of becoming too attached, but he'd slugged through, gotten what he'd needed, given them what they'd wanted and then decided he couldn't do it anymore.
Which was why he hadn't taken a vacation in years at this point.

Which was why bordellos were nice places to visit.

Finding Spike had been like finding gold. Or platinum with dark roots, as the case was.

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Xander gasped and arched off the bed as Spike rode him leisurely, hands braced on Xander's heaving chest. He lightly scratched down Xander's chest with his fingernails and grinned when Xander gasped.

Xander's eyes squeezed shut tight like the grip he had on the vampire's hips as he bucked up and buried himself just a little deeper.

He groaned and moved Spike's body, trying to get him to change the pace, but Spike didn't give in because he knew just how to tease Xander.

Xander loved it.
God, how he loved it.

He rolled his pelvis up into Spike at an angle and grinned as he heard the other man's sharp hiss and felt him shudder around him and above him.

He opened his eyes and smirked. "Like that, don't you?"

Spike opened his own eyes and smiled down at him, teeth sharp and glittering and white as he leaned forward to nibble on Xander's bottom lip. "Yeah," he sighed, anchoring his hands on either side of Xander's shoulders as he started to fuck himself on Xander's cock with shallower, faster thrusts.

"God, yes," Xander hissed, falling into blue eyes without meaning to. He didn't look away as his body tingled and tensed and he came.

Spike, on the other hand, threw back his head when his own climax flowed through him and ground himself down on Xander's still pulsing prick, cumming all over Xander's clenching stomach with a muffled cry.

He collapsed soon after, breathing harshly, face contorted into a mixture of demon and human features.
Xander found this inexplicably sexy.

Soon, the demonic changes melted away and the angelic facade was back in place and Spike was blinking with glassy-eyed satiation as he lifted his head.

"God, I love fucking you. Makes me feel like this isn't such a...chore. Like I'm not forced to do this. Like I'm with someone who actually likes being with me for other than the paid sex parts."

Xander bit his lip as Spike pulled off him and lay down at his side. He automatically wrapped an arm around Spike's waist as the vampire snuggled up against him.

"How'd you get here, anyway?"

"Well, see, you and me, we fucked, right? Then, there was this bloody spectacular orgasm and--"

"You're such an asshole."

Spike chuckled. "I know."

This was a familiar Spike, one he knew very well, but
without the Spike-ishness that made him Spike. It was different, disconcerting, to look into the vampire's eyes and not see Spike in there while he was talking to him or fucking him -- not that he'd have fucked the Spike he'd known back in Sunnydale. He found that he actually liked the snark without the snide bitterness and hatred behind it.

He mentally rolled his eyes. "How'd you get in this place? Collared and forced into sexual slave labour, dumbass."

Spike grew quiet, frowning. His body tensed a little at Xander's side and Xander found himself rubbing a comforting touch over Spike's finger-bruised, protruding hip bone.

Finally, the vampire began to talk, hesitantly. "It's all hazy, the beginning, but...I remember falling down hard and being naked and the temperature changed from burning, boiling heat that scorched me through to a balming cool so fast it was...strange and very disorienting. I can't accurately describe that part of it. Don't know where I was but...I think someone who knew me shipped me off and I ended up here."

Xander froze. "Someone you knew?"
"Yeah. When I woke up there were people around me. Seemed to be freaking out and all talking at once but...this bloke that was in charge scowled and called me a lot of names, tossed a jacket at me and told me to cover myself up, and...then it all went black till I was being shoved in a metal van and escorted out of there. They never told me where I was going or who I was or where I'd been or anything...it's like they wanted to get rid of me as soon as possible...and they did at that."

Spike sighed.

"You remember anything else? Details?"

"Was kind of cold in that room, guess the A/C was pumped up quite a bit. It was a luxurious office suite and everyone there was dressed like they had money to burn. There was a green guy with horns wearing this horrible magenta coloured suit and a black bloke, two pretty birds and an English man with stubble and then...a vampire. Had stuck up hair and a poncey outfit that looked expensive. Caveman brow, dark eyes that seemed to sear right into my soul. Well...if I had a soul, anyway. Remember him throwing that out as an insult, right clear. About how I was evil and shouldn't be there and all this
bugaboo about it being his ruddy office and of all the places for me to turn up..."

Angel? Angel had found Spike after his resurrection and sent him off to serve in a brothel?

What a two-faced, hypocritical dickwad!

"That bastard!" Xander hissed without meaning to.

Spike leaned up and looked at him closely, frowning. "Do you know me? Know the bastard that sent me here?"

Oh, crap.

**Part Four**

Xander let go of the vampire and sat up. He started to pull on his pants but Spike held fast and shoved him back down. He straddled Xander and imprisoned him in a grip he knew he'd never hope to escape.

"Do you know me?" Spike repeated, expression intent and guarded.

Xander swallowed. "Yeah," he whispered, finally.
Spike blinked, then his eyes narrowed. "You weren't going to say anything, were you? All this time and you weren't going to tell me. I spilled my guts to you and...Christ!"

Xander looked away.

Spike growled, eyes briefly flashing yellow. "I knew there was something about you. Felt off...skin crawled when you were around at first, then I got used to it because I've felt weird shit like this before. Felt deep down like you were pulling something over on me. You're going to tell me everything you know and you're going to do it right bloody now."

Yeah, thought Xander as he looked up at a very familiar Spike -- a pissed off Spike with no chip -- he was in deep shit.

It was no wonder he'd never done the revenge thing before. He really sucked at it.

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So, Xander explained things. Not everything and only
what he wanted Spike to know but he did tell the truth.

Spike took it surprisingly well. He socked Xander in the jaw hard enough for his head to snap to the side and for him to see stars and wonder if he'd still be able to eat solid foods but Xander figured he deserved that.

Eventually, he sat on the bed rubbing his throbbing face while he recounted the tale and Spike sat brooding beside him.

"So, this Angel twat saw me resurrected and shuttled me off to be whored out to anyone with enough money because he's a jealous git and wants no competition in the do-gooding vampire with a soul contest?"

"Apparently. He always was an asshole."

Spike shook his head, eyes trained on the floor, unseeing, as he sat on the edge of the bed.

Xander had tucked himself up against the headboard, staying away from the volatile vampire until he settled down.

"I burnt up saving the world, eh? I have a soul that I went
and asked for? Fighting for the side of good despite me being a killer and with no obvious rewards or perks...sounds like a ruddy soap opera plot. Not a very good one, at that," Spike mused, though he looked like he believed everything Xander told him.

"Yeah, it does, now that I think about it. Look, Angel is an ass. He always has been. He knew about your soul and everything. He's always wanted to be the biggest and the best and apparently he couldn't kill you because of your soul so he sent you away to get rid of you. He took the cheap way out. I always knew I hated him for a good reason."

"Huh," Spike grunted. "You'd think sacrificing yourself to save the world would reap benefits. I think I got royally buggered."

"Being forced into sex slavery sucks, huh?"

Spike finally looked at him, one eyebrow rising. "You've got a gift for stating the obvious, git."

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"So, how are you going to get me out, eh?" Spike's eyes took on a speculative gleam. "I assume those bints that disappeared were your doing? Jerick was right pissed and took most of his anger out on me so I think you ruddy well owe me one, don't you?"

Xander bit his lip, feeling vaguely guilty and looking it. "I do have a way..."

"Then let's get to it!"

"I didn't bring the spell components with me. I quit after the second session with you."

Spike stared at him. "You knew who I was, you knew you could get me out, yet you quit bringing the one thing you knew could get me out? You're worse than any of the blokes that've had me since I been here."

Xander had long since gotten dressed because the time for sex was very much over and Spike probably wasn't going to allow him to touch him ever again but he felt strangely naked and vulnerable when betrayed blue eyes seared into him that way.
"Yeah, well," he bit out, anger igniting. "You did a lot of bad shit to me and my friends before the soul and one selfless act wasn't going to make me forgive and forget, all right? You deserved a lot worse, you undead tea-bag!"

Spike's gaze was calculating, then it turned amused. He punched Xander in the shoulder nearly hard enough to hurt and Xander supposed that was on purpose. "You've got a mean streak in you," he said, admiringly. "Imagine I did deserve a lot worse...but you know what?"

"What?" Xander asked warily, rubbing his arm. He was going to have a bruise there, too.

Spike shifted closer. "I haven't minded these last few weeks. You've made my confinement here a bit better. Looked forward to your visits."

"Oh," Xander said, frowning at the sudden change of tone.

Spike leaned back and scratched his thigh absently. That brought Xander's attention back to his nakedness and the semi-erect cock that had yet to go down in his presence.
Spike leered at him. "Since you've not brought your goodies...why don't we have one more go, eh? Next time you can bring your mojo and get me out of here."

Xander couldn't and wouldn't refuse one more for the road, so he didn't say anything and let Spike come to him.

Spike showed him how much pain he could take that night and when he left he had more bruises and couldn't walk straight.

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Xander was nervous but Spike seemed strangely at ease when he turned up the next afternoon with the proper ingredients in his pocket.

Spike had evidently had faith in him returning to free him. Xander had very nearly skipped out and left him there but in the end his conscience had eaten away at him and he couldn't do it.

Damn it.
The portal spell Willow had made up for him was essentially a homing device; it took the person using it back to where the anchor was set up which told it where they wanted to go. Normally, he put the anchor in his hotel room so they'd end up there. He'd give the slayer some clothes, let her take a shower, gather up his things and then use another spell to ship her off to Watcher central and a separate spell for himself, designed to take him to his next destination.

Gotta love Willow's ingenuity and her intelligence for figuring this shit out. Xander couldn't make head or tail of it and was just about able to make the spells work to get the job done.

This time, however, was different. He wasn't sending a slayer to England and he wasn't going off to a new gig for a few more weeks. He was rescuing Spike.

Spike watched him with unreadable eyes as he took the stuff out of his pockets with a shaking hand.

"I've got to get your collar off first. Jerick would be able to find you wherever you went, otherwise."

Spike affected a bored expression, raising his chin and
baring the supple line of neck Xander had enjoyed nibbling his way up and down for the past few weeks. "Do what you gotta do. I just want out of here."

The vampire had been dressed when he'd entered the room. The term dressed was to be used loosely, though. He was wearing satin sleep pants that were nearly transparent and mostly indecent for the lack of underwear and a matching shirt that flowed over his skin, open down the middle because it had no buttons.

It was the only outfit that covered most of his skin and it wasn't doing that very well.

And now Spike sat on the bed staring at him, waiting, wearing that outfit and Xander's fingers twitched with the need to take those skimpy things off him.

But he didn't.

He spoke the spell with a slightly unsteady voice, tossed the herbal mix on the lock of the collar and it snapped open. Spike rubbed his neck, faintly pink with irritation, and gave him a grateful look.

Then, Xander forced his gaze away so he could continue
his task.

He said the next chant, held up the talisman and there formed a portal.

Spike looked at him and Xander couldn't help but stare back. Spike shrugged and Xander walked through first. Spike followed closely behind and the vortex snapped shut behind them.

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When Xander took off the glamour, Spike stared at him, mouth open.

Xander stood there uncomfortably, twisting the amulet in his hands, wishing he'd had the foresight to tell Spike about it because he'd honestly forgotten. He hadn't taken the damn thing off since he'd begun to regularly visit the vampire because he'd been afraid he'd forget to put it back on or that the man Spike saw would somehow vanish and he'd never get the right one back.

Finally, after walking around him and narrowing his eyes, poking and prodding him with pointy fingers, Spike said,
"You're younger than I would've imagined. Fitter than your...magic made you appear. All the stories you told, all the shit you've been through...seems wrong for someone so young to have been through all that...endured it... Don't know how you're not ruddy well out of your tree, really."

Xander blinked and eventually gave up trying to twist the necklace into something unrecognizable with his fidgeting fingers. He cleared his throat and went to the bathroom to hide it deep in one of his bags -- he wouldn't be using it again. When he returned, Spike was still staring at him but he refused to look back.

"Yeah, well...sorry I didn't tell you. I just didn't think about it. I'd gotten used to wearing it all the time and didn't even realise..."

Spike waved a hand, lips twisting a little as he flopped down on the queen-sized bed -- the only bed in the room -- and reached for the TV remote like an old pro. "We all have our little secrets, don't we?"

Xander watched him for a moment, and Spike occasionally looked up as if to make sure he was still there and that he still looked like Xander and not the
other man he'd known all this time.

Xander took a seat in the chair and dialed room service. He needed beer and lots of it. And maybe some food. But mostly beer.

Spike sedately channel surfed, sometimes pausing on something before snorting or grimacing and flipping the channel again. He wiggled his bare toes on the bedspread.

Apparently, even with the amnesia Spike still remembered how a TV worked and what shows he considered crap.

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The next days were spent in the hotel room in silence. Really thick, uncomfortable silence.

Spike watched daytime soaps and anything else that took his fancy, rediscovered his love for smoking, drinking and tight, black clothing -- all of which Xander provided without a word while trying to ogle him discreetly -- and generally pretended like nothing had happened.
Xander was waiting for a big blow up. Spike had to be pissed about him not getting him out of there sooner and keeping the truth from him for so long. He just didn't know what the hold-up was.

Waiting for something to happen was always the worst. He just wished Spike would go ahead and rip him a new one so he could finally relax, lick his wounds and get on with his life.

Xander brooded outside on the little balcony at odd hours, having been upgraded to a bigger suite across the hotel from his old one because the other had been stifling -- mostly for him because Spike seemed not to even notice him most of the time.

He kept telling himself he was out there because Spike's smoke bothered him, or the TV was too loud or playing something truly obnoxious, or that the blood was disgusting and made his stomach turn, but those were nothing more than excuses to distance himself.

His big plan for revenge? Totally bit the dust and he was flailing. He was such a pansy.
Spike hadn't said more than a few words or really looked at him since they'd left the bordello and that was highly unusual for the vampire who never really shut up.

Oddly enough, a butcher was just around the corner and accepted orders for delivery, and that was how Spike ate.

Xander, on the other hand, found he'd lost his appetite and had to force himself to eat something every day that passed. On a good note, he lost a few pounds, not that he'd had much fat to lose since after the big apocalypse - - he worked too hard and was usually in remote areas without fast food.

Spike eventually began to stare at him, slight frown between his eyebrows, smoke curling up from the cigarette almost permanently attached between his fingers. Xander didn't know what the staring meant but he couldn't care less because he was too concerned with the ulcer forming in his stomach.

One day when Xander was showering, he felt a waft of cool air breeze over his wet skin and suddenly Spike was in there with him; he could just sense it.

He dropped the soap, hit his shin on the faucet, knocked
his forehead into the shower head and nearly busted his ass when he slipped. He nearly drowned himself getting the rest of his body clean, cursing under his breath all the while, so he could turn his undivided attention to the vampire who'd come in for some reason.

Looked like old clumsy doughnut boy was back in the building.

His travels had taught him nothing that couldn't be completely lost after a staring contest with a cranky, amnesiac vampire that pretty much owned his ass.

After he finished showering, he took a deep breath and pulled back the curtain to get a towel. There stood Spike, wearing the inscrutable expression that had become very much a fixed feature over the last few days, watching him, unblinking. This time his hands were empty of cigarettes or a drink or the remote control and they fidgeted at his sides as if he didn't know what to do with them.

Xander looked at Spike, desperate to wipe the water dripping into his eyes but not wanting to ruin whatever the hell was going on. Spike merely looked back, and he finally grabbed a towel and wrapped it around his waist.
to shield himself from some of the intensity of that gaze.

He shivered.

Spike turned around without a word and glided back into the other room on socked feet, painted on jeans just this side of illicit cupping bunching buttocks and swaying hips.

Xander's hard-on vanished almost as immediately as it had appeared because, after he dressed and went into the next room, Spike was ordering from the room service menu and using an emery board on his nails while he watched some reality show where they made people eat ground up organs and dunk for pig's feet in cow's blood; it amused Spike, the things people would do for a few minutes on TV. He ignored Xander with little effort.

Xander never could deal with blood and guts, not unless he was fighting a demon and they were unfortunate side-effects. The sight of someone drinking a maggot shake really set his stomach on edge.

Spike didn't say anything about the arousal that was probably pouring off him in those little cartoon wavy lines but he knew the vampire could smell it with his super senses.
He couldn't seem to control himself. His dick had never been good at following directions from his brain.

Xander didn't know what he'd do when Spike left, because the leaving was inevitable. He'd gotten used to having him around and the hum-drum life of an errand boy for the Council didn't have the same ring to it that it had before he'd discovered Spike's resurrected status and how good a companion he could be.

Before he'd found out the truth, that is.

Spike had lost his words, lost something, and Xander was left in the dark.

And then, when they were watching Dr. Phil one day -- Spike liked to see Phil yell at people and tell them they were 'dumber than a sack of rocks' or that they were 'pumping sunshine' out of their asses -- he finally broke his silence.

~*~*~*~*~

It was almost unsettling to hear the husky accent after
just clipped phrases thrown at him for days. And that was only when they absolutely needed to communicate.

It was hoarse from disuse and quiet, but Spike asked suddenly between commercials, "Are we married to this hotel or can I get the fuck out of here? Don't think I can stand it another minute. Want to be away from here as soon as possible and as far as I can get."

Xander swallowed, after his heart stopped slamming erratically in his chest from shock.

Yeah, this was it. Spike was leaving, possibly going to kill him beforehand, and that would be all Xander Harris wrote.

He wondered if Willow would give his eulogy and what she'd say about him.

Spike continued, flipping back and forth between Dr. Phil and something loud and grating with lots of gyrating near-naked women and men on MTV2. "You got a place?"

Xander started. "What?"
Spike finally looked at him with an expression other than the one he'd been using for what seemed like forever. He rolled his eyes, looking slightly annoyed. "A flat, a house, anything to call home."

"Oh. Yeah. I'm never there but the Council pays to keep it up for when I do get to go back, which is mostly to do my laundry and make sure the maid's not stealing what possessions I leave there...why?"

Spike shut off the TV and stretched, then relaxed against the pillows he'd shoved against the headboard and laced his hands over his belly. "Is it anywhere near here?"

"No."

"Then, I say we go to your place."

We? Spike wanted Xander to take him to his place?

Well, at least that meant he didn't have plans to murder him horribly -- or maybe he'd wait until they were settled in and *then* kill Xander and take over his house.

Xander blinked and stared at the blank TV screen. That wasn't what he'd been expecting, not even in the
slightest.

"Umm...okay. If that's what you want."

Spike nodded. "It's what I want. C'mon, pack and make reservations. Call your sugar daddy and have him wire you some cash or get things ready...want to leave tonight."

And just like that, Xander obediently picked up the phone and called in a few favours from Giles, who was ever expedient and generous and so very much not Xander's sugar daddy.

And just like that, Spike went home with Xander.

Part Five

The flight seemed way too long and was...tedious. Xander couldn't say that it was boring, though.
Spike hassled the two flight attendants working the private plane, flirted with them and coaxed more booze than they should've given out of them, along with phone numbers.

Xander sat against the wall, Spike at his side despite the rows of empty seats, and wished there was a window just so he could look out and ignore Spike by pretending he was engrossed in the passing scenery.

Instead, he had to pretend to read a three year old YM magazine with Ben Affleck and Jennifer Lopez on the cover with announcements of their engagement in big, white, eye-catching headlines. He did this for more than an hour before he finally gave up and shut his aching eyes.

Spike had fun. Xander did not.

Spike got drunk. Xander really wished he could have but he needed to be sober. He couldn't have handled being in Spike's presence if he was thoroughly lubricated on alcohol and he might've done something stupid like strip off and beg Spike to let him fuck him again, to forgive him; not necessarily in that order.
Spike would've gotten lucky had the plane been bigger with more private areas; not that it should've stopped Spike in the first place, considering what he'd been doing for the last three plus months. Xander couldn't have gotten attention from the stewardesses had his life depended on it -- he could've been on fire and they'd have just ignored him to flirt with Spike some more -- and would never get laid again, he figured sourly.

The larger than average private plane made record time but it wasn't quick enough for Xander. He tried to sleep, even faked it for a while but knew deep down Spike wasn't fooled.

Spike never said anything, though, just sat there being obnoxiously charming to the women who kept coming over and offering him things that he didn't need. He didn't look at Xander or even acknowledge his presence. He kept accidentally -- or maybe 'accidentally' -- brushing against Xander despite all the room they had and it was driving Xander up the wall.

Xander fought back a pout and crossed his arms and told himself he wasn't being sullen or jealous or any number of things he knew he was.
Finally, the plane landed, they got off, the girls waved at Spike and he waved back and Xander was left to the task of hauling his luggage to the car that Giles had ordered for him that had pulled right onto the tarmac.

Spike leered at the girls, phone numbers from both stuffed somehow in the tight pockets of his jeans, and left Xander to get his bags as well without so much as an offer to help.

That didn't really surprise Xander.

~*~*~*~*~

It was really late, or very early depending on the way you looked at it, by the time Xander was on the road to home. He drove a little on the fast side because Spike probably wouldn't appreciate bursting into flame...not because he was uncomfortable and wanted to get out of the close confines as quickly as possible.

Or he kept telling himself that because, no, it really wasn't still *five hours* until sunrise and a little under two hours to his house.
"So, you live in Wisconsin? The state with all the cheese and dairy products a man could dream of... Bit cold, innit?"

"Not now, it isn't. It's pretty nice most of the time. Gets pretty damn cold in winter but...I don't think I could live anywhere hot anymore. I got enough of that in Sunnydale and all the countries I visited that were so hot they could melt the eyeballs right out of your skull. Dripping sweat got really old. So did the lack of deodorant and bathing facilities. Most of the time you were lucky to get drinking water. Bathing was...sort of an afterthought."

Christ, he was talking too much about something really damn stupid.

Spike grunted and yanked out the newly heated cigarette lighter. He puffed a cigarette to life and slammed the lighter back in place, then began to punch buttons on the radio.

Static, static, commercials, country, polka, static, latin, opera, soft rock, static.
He finally stopped on an alternative/rock station and left it there. They didn't really talk after that. Xander drove and Spike smoked with the window open just enough for most of the acrid stench to get sucked out on the wind and squinted out into the darkness at the blurring trees and road.

Xander was glad he zipped his lip because all he could think to talk about was how the weather was good and there were few tornadoes, how there weren't hurricanes and it didn't get anywhere near the one hundred and twenty degrees it seemed to always be in those backwater countries he'd had to trudge through, and if he had the urge to do so he could just zip across the border and head to Canada for really cheap beer and comic books.

An hour later, Xander pulled into his secluded driveway. It was surrounded by trees and a tall, thick, iron fence -- electrified -- and a gate he had to punch a code into to enter.

Yeah, he was paranoid but that didn't mean there weren't people and/or demons out to get him.

The tires crunched up the gravel drive, the music low
enough not to cover the noise. Xander drummed his fingers on the steering wheel, impatient to get home even though he couldn't even really call it that because of the small amount of time he usually spent there.

He wondered if Andrew had remembered to keep the housekeeper on to prevent the dust bunnies from taking over. It appeared that the landscaper was still doing his job. The house looked nice from the outside, at least.

Who was he kidding? Xander knew damn well Andrew would take care of him in any way he could. Andrew was just...

Yeah, the little bastard had a crush on him, still nursing it since Sunnydale, but it was nice to have someone take care of him for a change, despite their possible ulterior motives for doing so.

Xander winced a little when he remembered he'd forgotten to call Andrew to have the fridge and freezer stocked. He'd just have to do that himself, then. He had the numbers to call, knew the people.

He really should stop depending on Andrew for so much, even if it did make life easier.
Spike shuddered suddenly, breaking Xander from his mental babbling, scratching the back of his neck and looking uneasy. "What the hell is that? Feels like ants crawling all over me, biting me. Started when we entered and it's gotten worse. It's not a ruddy good feeling."

"Oh, yeah. That's the, umm, set of wards I had a friend cook up. It ensures no one knows about this place and even if they did they couldn't enter unless I want them inside. Magical defenses are set off, depending on my reaction to whoever it is trying to get in. Gives any unwanted guest a nasty surprise." Then he added, "Don't worry, it'll get better in a little while. The crawling ant thing, I mean."

Spike raised an eyebrow but looked a little more relaxed after a moment. "Bloody scared of your own shadow, aren't you?"

"If you remembered all the crap that's happened...you wouldn't twitch an eyebrow at all of this."

The vampire shrugged. "Whatever, mate. Just seems like a bit of over-kill, is all, but I get it. The world's big and bad and it's out to get you. Gotta do what you gotta do
to protect yourself and whoever's under your roof."

Xander sent him a look but didn't say anything more. He parked outside the garage beneath the car port situated behind the sprawling two-storey house that seemed too big for just him, now that he thought about it, and grabbed his bags. He unlocked a door just to the side of the multi-car garage and headed inside.

Spike followed silently then gave a muffled 'oof' and an 'oi' when he realised he couldn't enter after he slammed face first into the invisible barrier he hadn't known about.

Xander turned around, biting back a snicker. His hand convulsed around the handle of one bag. "Oh, yeah. Vampires need invites to enter private residences."

"Could've mentioned that bit, you know." Spike rolled his eyes and rubbed the bridge of his nose, then poked at the invisible shield, fascinated. "Well?"

Xander sighed. "I guess you're invited in, Spike."

"Ta muchly, git," Spike growled from behind his hand, glaring at him as he stepped over the threshold after
picking up his small bag.

Xander stepped aside hastily as Spike nearly ran him over and then shut the door. He watched the vampire poke about in his kitchen, opening empty cupboards and an almost empty fridge -- it only had baking soda and some old soft drinks from who the hell knew when.

Definitely going to have to order something in.

"Cupboards are bare. What's poor Mother Hubbard to do? Not a bleeding bone in the joint." Spike slammed a cabinet door shut, looking a little peevish. "What the hell's a vampire to do? I need blood and all that... I don't suppose I could order blood take-away...?"

"Yeah, you can." Xander stuffed his keys into his pocket and started for his bedroom upstairs, back straight, arms straining against the weight of more clothes and accessories than he remembered bringing with him. It always seemed like his stuff mated and had babies when he was hauling it from place to place. He was surprised his house wasn't filled up with random crap he'd brought from countries he'd visited.

"We'll get take-out. Don't worry, the Council has
contacts. We won't go hungry."

"That's good to know," Spike said, voice faint as Xander moved farther and farther away.

Xander heard footsteps follow him up the stairs eventually, after he'd gone to the bathroom and begun to paw through his bag and throw wrinkled clothes this way and that because it was tradition that he immediately make a tornadic mess wherever he laid his head at night.

"So, where's my room?" Spike asked from just inside his doorway.

"Next door to your right. It's just past the connecting bathroom," Xander mumbled, trying not show how startled he was at Spike's silent appearance as he searched for a charm he'd picked up in Ethiopia -- not a magickal one, per se, just one he thought looked neat that he hadn't been able to wear while sporting the charmed glamour amulet. It was a favourite of his.

After a moment of studying him, Spike left the room to explore the one Xander had offered him.
Xander was overjoyed he was finally out of the vampire's proximity.

He sighed and sat down on the bed, ignored the big mess he'd created in a matter of seconds and buried his face in his hands. His need for the charm dropped to zero.

How did his kick-ass plan for revenge turn out so far from what he'd intended?

Maybe pre-soul Spike had been right. He wouldn't have made a very good vampire.

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"You know, I like how you look now better than how you did when you were using that magickal doohicky."

Xander jumped, having somehow fallen asleep sitting on the end of his bed with his head propped up by his fists. He blinked gritty eyes at the vampire now standing in his doorway until his gaze uncrossed, focused and Spike was no longer blurry.

"Huh?" He moved his hands and rubbed rough knuckles
over eyes that felt like they'd been rubbed with sandpaper. He surreptitiously wiped at the corner of his mouth where he'd drooled a bit in his sleep.

Spike rolled his own eyes and moved further into the room, side-stepping piles of clothing and books and CDs and other things Xander had picked up on his travels.

"I didn't know the other you was fake, but he didn't seem real to me. Not like you do right now."

"Why are you bringing this up now, anyway? It's been days, almost weeks." Xander frowned, standing up unsteadily and rubbing at the tight, red pressure spot that had formed on one cheek when he'd been sleeping propped on his fists.

Spike shrugged. "Been thinking about it for a bit, is all."

So, that was why Spike had constantly scrutinized him with those piercing blue eyes of his, making him feel like he was something lower than shit on Spike's shoe.

That, somehow, didn't make him feel better. Knowing why Spike was acting the way he was didn't necessarily make the situation any different.
Xander pursed his lips, one shoulder lifting. "It was a disguise because I had to return a lot for the slayers. A new appearance every time to keep suspicions down," he admitted. "I kept the last one because..." He trailed off.

Spike's eyebrows rose, he tucked one thumb in the front belt loop of his jeans and his cupped fingers just happened to frame the ever-present bulge encased in tight denim. "You kept it for me."

Xander looked away. "Yeah," he said, quietly.

"So's I'd recognize you when you returned?"

"Yeah, mostly. I...was going to get you out eventually, I swear, but..."

"You saw an opportunity for a bit of free slap and tickle and decided to let me stay there while you went on your merry way, visiting and tupping me whenever and however you wanted?"

Xander blinked. "Mostly, yeah."

Spike blew out a breath. "Figured as much." He smirked
suddenly, cocking one hip. The dead weight of his hand caused his jeans to pull down in the front in a really distracting sort of way. "Sexy bloke, am I? Made you cum your sad little brains out, didn't I? Enough to make you forget about your little cowboy good guy mission?"

Xander flushed. "Maybe."

"Can't say I fault you for it. Probably would've done the same. You're a pretty little boy. Might've kept you metaphorically chained -- or possibly literally -- some place so I could have my wicked way as much as I wanted."

The flush spread to other areas, areas that started swelling and tingling.

Spike's posture changed, nostrils flaring. He backed up a few paces, abruptly. "So, dinner? Starving, here. Those bitty peanut packages did nothing to curb my bloodlust, obviously."

Xander blinked at the sudden segue into a subject that was so far from the sex both his little and big brains were agreeing they needed that he couldn't immediately respond. He wondered if there was any blood left in the
rest of his body.

When he did manage to speak, his voice was a coarse, raspy whisper. "Oh, yeah. I'll...call it in. Think you'd like some Chinese? I'm in the mood for sweet and sour...something."

"Could do with some..." He frowned. "Get some of those dumpling things. Might dunk them in my blood. Sounds appealing, vaguely familiar."

Xander groaned, arousal banked for the moment. "And you don't even have your memory. It's amazing."

"What?"

"You dunked human food in your blood...before. Was the most disgusting thing...well, ever. I think you did it to freak us all out."

Spike looked amused, tongue tucked into the corner of his mouth. "Sounds like fun, that. But, it does appeal to the taste buds, the dunking thing."

Xander sighed and skirted around the vampire. "I'll just go order stuff."
"And I'll be showering in that posh bath connecting our rooms. Towels?"

Xander's arousal ratcheted back up and he stumbled a little in the doorway. "They're in the cabinet in the bathroom. Convenience and all that."

"Right."

Xander went downstairs and ignored the faint sound of water and muffled thuds he could hear echoing through the house. He tried not to think of how naked and wet and soapy Spike probably was at the moment.

He ordered both kinds of food, ample supplies for future consumption, and waited with money from the petty cash box Giles always said to keep handy -- there was a few thousand in cash for groceries and other stuff Xander might want to pick up and it was replenished every few months.

Sometimes, it was a pretty good thing to work for a bunch of rich, uptight British guys. They were generous with their money -- hazard pay.
Spike came out of his bedroom smelling of the body wash Andrew had no doubt supplied -- it smelled faintly fruity and surprisingly good. He had a towel that looked smaller than Xander remembered buying wrapped around his body. Andrew had probably bought the towels, as well.

"Why are you out here naked? Aren't there clothes in your bag in there?" Xander raised an eyebrow, pausing mid-step on the stairs. He shook himself mentally to get his eyes to stay on Spike's face. "I was just coming to see if you were done. Food's here. Hot and waiting downstairs so we might want to hurry before it gets cold and I know how you hate when your blood clots, said it sticks in your teeth just like those little green onions and peppers they put on pizza, which you also don't like, by the way -- and you left your dirty clothes on the bathroom floor, didn't you?"

"You can really babble. Didn't even hear you take more than two breaths. Impressive." Spike crossed his arms over defined pectorals, causing them to bunch and
twitch; Xander's eyes followed the movements. The nipples were erect and there were water droplets on his skin. "How did you know I left my kit on the floor? And so what if I did?"

"Never mind." Xander sighed, shoulders slumping, forcing his eyes away from pretty, rosy nipples and the tiny freckles scattered almost invisibly over Spike's supple, pale flesh. "It'd just be nice if you picked up after yourself. At least where we have to share space. You can fuck your bedroom up all you like because it's not likely that I'll be going in there anytime soon."

Spike's gaze sharpened, became predator-like and a little heated. His chin raised, his pink lips parted. "Who says you're not?"

Xander's pulse raced, he gulped. His fingers began to slip on the banister, palms sweating. "Uh...food?" he said, dumbly.

Spike grinned and stepped back into the guest room.

Xander watched his hips twitch, his thighs bunch, his calves flex and that sweet ass ripple beneath a towel he was probably going to either have to throw out...or sneak
into the laundry later and steal so he could use it as a masturbation aid.

He listened to Spike dress and pointedly not go back into the bathroom to pick up his clothing and didn't even care that he'd be the one to clean up after the vampire later.

**Part Six**

Xander was beginning to regret his meal choice. Spike seemed to make everything he ate appear more sexual than it should be.

Food really shouldn't be that sexy, dammit.

After he drank his blood and alternately dipped bits of food in it...he...well.

The noodles were sucked between plump, pink lips Xander couldn't help but remember the texture of on various parts of his body.

The egg rolls were fellated and nibbled on and bitten into softly with groans of pure pleasure and fluttering eyelashes.

The dumplings he'd wanted were slowly shoved into his
rounded mouth, fingers lingering on his lips to suck away the excess juices.

The sauce from the chicken and pork was suckled from his digits with slow, thorough strokes of a very well-practiced and agile tongue -- he fellated them even more avidly than he had those egg rolls. Spike's razor blade sharp cheek bones were highlighted with each suckling motion.

Xander was hard enough to pound nails by the time Spike had finished his human meal and had barely touched his own now cold dinner.

He found he wasn't all that hungry anymore.

Spike finally looked at him, eyes wide and blue and innocent as any cherub's, then his lips quirked knowingly like the devil he really was. "Not hungry, are you? Something wrong?"

Xander glared at him and began packing up the little white cartons and styrofoam containers. He got up and quickly turned his back and headed across the kitchen to the fridge to store the left-overs.
He ignored the sexily rumpled, freshly showered vampire who sat at his kitchen table with his legs spread indecently wide. He'd have given almost anything to have Spike back in that short towel for that one moment.

"Jet-lag, probably. Always screws with my appetite and stuff."

Spike grunted and drank some soda. "If you're all jet-lagged out, maybe we should head to bed, eh? Recharge those batteries and all."

Xander enjoyed the blast of cold air that hit him as he opened the refrigerator door to put the food away and sighed, disappointed, when he had to close it and it grew far too hot again. He washed his hands to draw out the time before looking at Spike.

"Yeah. The sun's already rising and I'm dead on my feet. It's past your bedtime anyway, oh daylight challenged one."

Spike chuckled and actually got up to help clear the table of their used dishes. They worked in silence and had the area cleaned up in minutes -- five very tense minutes for Xander, who tried to avoid getting too near to Spike but
failed when the stupid asshole seemed to be no further than a couple of inches away the whole time.

When they climbed the stairs and started for their separate bedrooms, as if by mutual, psychically shared decision they paused and looked at one another.

Silence, thick and electric, washed over them.

Xander finally said, "’Night, Spike," when all Spike did was stare at him with unreadable blue eyes.

Spike inclined his head and smiled slightly. "Goodnight, Xander."

Then, they simultaneously went into their individual bedrooms, Spike to sleep, Xander to shower because he hadn't yet and he still felt grody from all the traveling.

He made sure the doors were locked tight, even though regular door locks weren't likely to stop Spike if he was truly motivated.

Xander jerked off more quickly and with more enthusiasm than he had in a while, picturing Spike as he'd come out slightly pink and still wet and warm and all
tousle-haired from the shower hours earlier. He imagined plucking puckered nipples and touching temporarily hot skin and how the vampire might look spread out on his bed, moving his hands up and down his own body.

He came with a cry, turning and muffling his face into his own bicep; his thrusting hips and stroking hand moved in desperation to wring the orgasm completely from his body.

He fell face down and naked into bed, pulled the sheet up over his head and passed out from sheer exhaustion with a tired sigh.

~*~*~*~*~

The days passed surprisingly quickly as Xander cohabitated with Spike.

Xander got his days and nights straightened up so that he actually slept mostly at night like a normal, non-Hellmouth raised human being. Spike continued to sleep until the early afternoon, of course.
Xander did chores around the house to keep himself busy, made calls to Giles and the others to keep up appearances, bought groceries, visited with the gardener-slash-landscaper when he was around, cleaned up his bedroom and the rest of the house after having canceled the maid for the duration of his stay...all during the hours Spike was asleep because he didn't really have that much to do during the day.

He hadn't realised how boring it was here until he actually had to stay for any length of time. He always forgot until the next time he returned.

Maybe he should try to get someone to come out and stay with him the next time he came back ... Then he remembered how anti-social he'd been for the last, oh, year and discarded that idea. He'd rather be alone than try to explain why he'd become how he was.

He had satellite TV installed.

When he wasn't fucking around the house he watched mindless drivel that kept his brain busy and empty, just how he liked.

He'd really missed just...vegging out in front of a good TV
show, remote and beer and snacks close at or in his hand, feet propped up on the coffee table, ass nearly hanging off the edge of the couch because he was so relaxed and relatively fancy free.

Good times. He should vacation more often.

Spike always made his appearance around early-afternoon every day, hair stuck up in little spiked tufts, eyes barely open, face creased from the pillow he slept on, sleep pants barely on his lean hips.

The first time this had occurred, Xander had nearly jumped out of his skin and cum in his shorts when Spike had sat down beside him, yawning and trying to pry his squinted eyes open more. He'd never seen the vampire looking so appealing. He'd had to consciously force his mouth to close.

The fresh out of bed look was a definite keeper.

So, he made sure he was home when Spike woke just so he could see the pretty picture he made when he wandered downstairs after waking.

Though Spike had the tendency to grunt and be
monosyllabic when he'd just woken, he was pleasant company to be around and settled on the couch and watched whatever Xander was watching without complaint. Until his brain finally animated and he figured out that it was some bad scifi movie or American sports or cartoons.

Xander would observe Spike puttering around the kitchen, the living room, making himself blood or fingering knick-knacks on a shelf with a blank expression or gazing out a window into the night and wonder what the vampire was thinking.

He looked so pensive.

Xander never asked, though. He figured he had no right and if Spike wanted him to know he'd tell him.

Not that Spike probably wanted him to know...

It was like watching a movie. Spike wasn't really involved in his life much.

It was like looking into a kaleidoscope, full of different shapes and colours that you couldn't touch no matter how much you might be tempted, or want to.
Spike would change and shimmer and react and then change into something else far too beautiful to be real but he wasn't accessible, no matter how hard Xander tried to reach, how hard he tried to start a conversation about anything deeper than what they were deciding to have for dinner.

Xander pretended not to care, pretended he didn't mind Spike regularly ignoring him...but it did upset him.

He just couldn't figure out why it bothered him. He shouldn't feel like that, like Spike not paying him any attention meant something, but it did.

Nothing made any kind of Earth sense anymore.

~*~*~*~*~

Xander was out back washing the Council appointed car on a hot, sunny day, sweating buckets and wearing nothing but some old, faded cut-offs that tried to slip off his ass when he wasn't paying attention when it occurred to him that his life was really boring outside of the demon stuff.
Sure, he'd helped save the world a time or two, had had Anya and a few others, had traveled all around but without all that? Without the Hellmouth and its influence?

He really was a boring son of a bitch with no life.

He really needed to get out more.

Maybe once Spike left...

He sighed and leaned over the hood to rub a little harder than necessary with the sponge in his hand. His bare stomach flinched against the heated metal and grew wet from the water dripping down the side when he touched it.

He didn't want to think about when Spike left. He'd probably end up taking Andrew up on his offer to come have a scifi marathon and bake various things when it became impossible for him to live with the loneliness anymore.

Andrew would be on cloud nine.
Xander would be in hell. But at least he'd have lots of really good, baked treats Andrew would flit all over making and fall all over himself swearing that was no trouble even though it probably was, and at least he'd have the company.

For now, he was washing his car and ignoring the way Blaze, the gardener, was leering at him from behind the hedge he'd been clipping for the last twenty minutes.

It really shouldn't take that long to trim a fucking hedge that was pretty well taken care of before you started.

Blaze wasn't really earning his pay but it wasn't Xander's money, so...

He threw the sponge back into the sudsy bucket and reached for the hose again. He sprayed off the soapy residue and squinted as the glare from the sun glinted brightly off it.

Job well done, he thought to himself, as the car was dripping and shiny and clean.

He brought the hose up to his stomach and rinsed away the soap he'd managed to get on himself, his shorts
growing wet in the process. The drenched denim clung to his groin.

He began to clean up the mess he'd caused while washing the car when Blaze sauntered his perfectly tanned, leanly muscled body over like an oiled...something and leaned a hip against the still damp metal.

"You want get a beer?"

Xander sighed and glared at the place where his hip met the wet fender of the car until Blaze moved with a shrug. "I thought I already made it clear that nothing could happen...business and pleasure are not mixy things."

"You not the boss. I work for Mr. Giles. You just pleasant guy who live where I work. Very attractive guy, too. Washing car you are very beautiful in sun, wet and straining and dark skinned. Body bending while you stretch. Muscles shining with water and light... Wet cloth clinging to...ample mound..."

Xander swallowed as Blaze pushed closer until they were nearly touching. His nostrils flared as he smelled the crisp grass and outdoorsy scent the man normally exuded on
top of the subtle scent of his expensive cologne. His sweat was musky and clean and very appealing.

Blaze was a very attractive man and Xander had entertained thoughts about him since he'd met him but...

Wasn't it wrong to screw around with the person who clipped your shrubs and mowed your lawn?

And didn't those sound like sex metaphors?

Wasn't there a rule he'd had about one-night stands?

Blaze shoved him back against the car and Xander suddenly couldn't find himself caring about how he'd just washed it or about the reasons why he'd always rebuffed Blaze's advances.

It felt nice to be wanted by someone. Even if it wasn't the particular someone he wanted.

He couldn't wait forever. Spike probably didn't even want him anymore, anyway. He'd been holding out with a kind of hope that didn't have a chance.

He groaned as Blaze pressed their lower bodies together
and a bulge bigger than he'd expected rubbed against his own.

He grasped the shorter man's naked shoulders, felt the smooth, sweaty skin beneath his palms and moistened his lips to fight the urge he suddenly had to lean down and lick the saltiness away.

Their knees brushed and Xander's skin felt as if it had been electrified. His bare toes curled into the cement near Blaze's stylish flip-flops.

"Blaze..."

"Xander, you want me, I want you...it not hard choice. We can use garage. Lean you against wall and blow brains out. Or could fuck me. Would like this big cock in me. You like to fuck me? Say yes, please. Be so good for us both..."

Xander gasped as Blaze's palm reached between them to cup his no longer deniable arousal. "Yes," he finally hissed, unable to resist anymore, mouth open as he panted.

He needed to be close to someone. He needed to feel
something other than his own hand. After so many weeks of nothing but confusion and the cold shoulder from Spike... he couldn't take it anymore.

He was a man, dammit. He couldn't go back to jerking off once he'd had someone like Spike. He needed someone else touching him, making him feel... Making him feel.

He was dragged into the open garage, stripped, manipulated, kissed and suckled and groped.

Blaze removed his own clothes and put a lubricated condom on Xander with very adept hands.

Xander didn't want to think about how long the Latino man had been planning this, as he so obviously had; he just needed to fuck.

As he slid inside Blaze, he groaned and clutched lithe, bronzed hips without tan lines in desperation, fingertips clenching into the flesh until the other man wriggled just enough to release his grip. He fucked Blaze hard and jarred him straight into the side of the large metal tool chest he'd been bracing himself against.

He screwed their brains out, crying out and making Blaze
cry out, and Blaze didn't even need him to touch his cock to get off. Getting dicked did that well enough for him.

When it was over, Xander propped himself against a wall and Blaze did up their clothing and kissed him with lots of tongue and disposed of the used condom.

Xander watched the lean man walk away with a strut in his step, eyes trained on the ass he'd just fucked.

He felt warm, sated, and more relaxed than he had in weeks. He couldn't remember why he hadn't given in to Blaze before, now that he thought about it. The sex was fucking great and the distraction was just what Xander needed at the moment.

He took a deep breath, shoved a hand through his damp hair and cleaned up his washing supplies and only then felt the hairs on the back of his neck stand up as he was bending down to inspect the wheels to see if they needed more than just spraying with the hose.

He looked up into Spike's eyes. The vampire stood just outside the sun's reach in the upper window, filmy curtains making him look like a ghost.
But Spike's eyes were trained on him, insistent and searing and uncomfortably knowing. His body was still, unmoving, face expressionless.

There really was no way of knowing just how long Spike had been there or what he'd seen.

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Several days later, Xander was going out of his mind.

Why?

Because Spike hadn't looked at him since the day he'd fucked Blaze in the garage. Hadn't said a word. Hadn't left his bedroom when Xander was out and about.

At least Spike had come out and watched TV and eaten with him before. Now, he didn't even see the stupid vampire.

Xander grew tenser and tenser as time passed.

So, Xander spent most of his time away from the homestead. He took his time and window-shopped. He
visited the local art gallery and gardens.

He even went to the fucking library because he missed the musty smell of old books and they were familiar and comforting.

Blaze kept hinting around for another go and Xander finally gave in again after three days because he was a walking hard-on and couldn't resist any longer.

They fucked hard and heavy in the garden shed, Blaze on his hands and knees with Xander behind him kneeling on the ground still dressed; his pants were unzipped just enough to get his dick out.

It was hot and fast and almost brutal but he had the little Latin man panting and begging and thrusting back for more in minutes. He came before Xander did, tight little rosebud ass spasming around Xander's cock, and drove Xander into his own climax with the almost expert squeezing of his inner muscles.

After that, Blaze went on his merry way and Xander enjoyed the after-glow while it lasted -- exactly nine minutes -- until he had to return to the house where Spike was confined during the day.
It was odd; Spike hadn't even tried to leave the place, even at night. He stayed in his bedroom, came out briefly to get blood or some human food. He watched little TV downstairs that Xander knew of but there was a TV in his room, along with a DVD player, VCR and stereo system Xander could sometimes hear blasting away when he passed.

Spike was avoiding him and that was something Xander didn't understand. The vampire had practically ignored him the entire time he'd been in Xander's home, though he'd been nice about it most of the time, and now he was upset for some reason.

With a shrug and a sigh, Xander went on about his life and twice, maybe three times a week, he fucked Blaze up his tight, little Latin ass and came like his life was ending, lights sparkling behind his clenched eyelids while his body strained and panted against the other man.

He thought of Spike when he came but was careful to bite his lip against the urge to cry out the vampire's name. It wouldn't have been polite to scream out the wrong name.
At least Blaze wanted him.

Then again, Xander didn't know how long that would last. Seemed like people who used Xander for sex didn't want him around for long.

He ignored the pang in his chest when he thought about Anya and her sexual appetite and how their affair had begun.

He wondered if Blaze would dump him or if he'd become obsessed and want something more.

Either way, Xander was probably screwed.

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Xander had a pool for the first time in his life -- even though he'd always thought it frivolous or useless for anybody to have one. He didn't, however, own any swim trunks. Not that it stopped him.

He swam naked, enjoying the waves splashing around him, the little eddies of water buffeting through his legs against his cock and balls. It aroused him.
He floated on his back, eyes shut against the glare of the sun until a shadow obscured it. He opened his eyes and stared at Blaze.

He pushed himself upright and trod water. He bit his lip. "Join me?"

Blaze smiled, obsidian eyes glittering with excitement, skin crinkling at the corners. "Yes."

The other man stripped with grace Xander definitely didn't have and sat down on the edge of the pool, fidgeting slightly at the heat against his bare skin.

Xander swam over and placed himself between the nicely muscled legs and pressed his wet body against the hot, dry one.

Blaze gasped, threw back his head and Xander took the opportunity to lick a stripe from his collar bone up to his ear lobe.

"You very good at this."

Xander smirked into sun-bronzed skin and latched onto
the smaller man's hips with a firm grip. "I know."

He used his strength and yanked Blaze off his perch and into the pool.

When they resurfaced, Blaze was laughing and trying to glare at him and Xander was cackling and treading water.

Blaze splashed him, he splashed back and then it was an all out, naked water fight...

...that turned into frottage in the shallow end of the pool with Blaze pressed hard up against the sun warmed concrete, Xander moving against him frantically, banging his knees and Blaze's body into the side, grunting and panting away as he strove for his orgasm.

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They were laughing when they went inside, barely dressed and dripping wet because Xander had forgotten to bring a towel for himself, much less have an extra handy for Blaze.

"Hello. Xander not tell me he had guest..."
Xander froze at Blaze's words and looked over the top of his head to see Spike at the kitchen window, which had a perfect view of the pool where they'd just been...

He swallowed hard and looked into Spike's eyes. "Hey, Spike. This is Blaze, the gardener. He takes care of all the landscaping stuff. Blaze, this is Spike...he's...living with me right now."

Blaze wiped himself off with his shirt and extended a hand to Spike. "Very pleased to meet you, Spike."

"What the hell kind of poufy name is that? Blaze." Spike stared at the hand, barely concealing a grimace of disgust. He didn't take the proffered hand, instead he crossed his arms and leaned against the sink, sneering and giving Blaze a scathing, heated look that wasn't at all flattering. "You the new toy boy? He'll get tired of you soon, no doubt about that. Just make sure you don't accept if he asks you to move in because, as with married couples, the sex ends there. Enjoy it while it lasts, Blaze, because he'll get bored with you and move onto someone fresh and new. I have experience in that matter."
And with that, Spike grabbed the mug that had been in the microwave for fuck knew how long and calmly stalked from the kitchen with a surprisingly dignified air.

Xander blinked and then his brain caught up with what Spike had said.

"Hey, that's not--"

Blaze turned, shirt caught up in front of him almost protectively. "You no need explanation, Xander. I knew this was not to be long." He shrugged a lean shoulder and started for the door, flip-flops making squishing noises -- their splashing had gotten positively frantic. "It okay. You right about business and pleasure. I still be gardener but...nothing else, yes? Best left at friends. No rough feelings, yes?"

And then he was alone and he no longer had a hot Blaze to fuck around with.

He hadn't had a luke-warm Spike to fuck in weeks.

His gaze narrowed. Distantly he heard Blaze's truck start up, and then he was slamming out of the kitchen and striding up the stairs toward Spike's bedroom where he
could hear the television cranked up nearly as loud as it could go.

He always wondered how the vampire's acute senses could take it; his own dull, human ones certainly couldn't.

He tried the door handle and discovered it was locked, then began banging on the door. "Open up, Spike. I think we need to have a little talk."

The TV got impossibly louder.

Xander grew impossibly angrier.

And then he got violent.

He rammed his shoulder against the door and bashed it in with a loud crack. It hung splintered on its hinges and Spike stared at him open-mouthed, remote still in one hand, mug in the other.

"I told you we needed to talk, dick-head."

Spike shook himself visibly and sneered. "Nothing to talk about, wanker. Get out of my room. Got telly to watch."
Pause, channel change, sip from the mug. "Don't you have a hot, Latin lover with a stupid name to get back to?"

Xander stepped around the ruined door and further into the room. He stood in front of the TV, ignoring his throbbing shoulder. "Turn it off or it goes the same way the door did."

Spike's eyes widened. "You wouldn't."

"Try me," Xander challenged, widening his stance and clenching his fingers.

Spike sighed and gestured for Xander to move, then turned the volume down and the TV off. "Satisfied?" he asked, tossing the remote to the other side of the bed.

"Not really," Xander stated, walking stiffly to the bed to glare down at the vampire. "What the fuck was that about?"

Spike's gaze fell to his lap and he crossed his arms, pouting. "Don't know what you mean."

Xander growled and before even Spike could react he'd
thrown himself on the vampire and had pinned him to the bed. "Spike."

Spike huffed out a breath and flicked a glance up at Xander, who remained blank-faced but how pissed off he truly was shone in his eyes. "I don't owe you a sodding thing, wanker." Spike fidgeted. "Can you get off me?"

"No."

"Could make you, you know," he grumbled, but then slumped. "Can you go now? I don't have anything to say to you."

Xander snorted. "You had plenty to say back there, pal. What with insulting Blaze -- which is a perfectly fine name, by the way, and who are you to talk? Spike? -- and telling him we were lovers and shacked up but not having any sex and I was now moving onto him because of the not getting it from you."

Spike shoved Xander hard and Xander fell off the bed with a thump. The vampire glared at him. "I don't have to take this. You used me back in that bordello, that hellhole I was a prisoner of, without regard for me or my feelings. You have no idea what I went through, how it
felt to be...stuck there. You weren't even going to get me out, were you? I bet you'd have left me there once you'd had your fill of me. I think you owe me for that, don't you?"

Xander winced and rubbed his aching hip bone, then his shoulder. "I don't have to take your shit, either, Spike! You drive away my fuck buddy and abuse me and you're blaming me for you being an asshole just because I...delayed getting you away from that place? Fuck you, Spike! Just fuck off!"

He didn't remember leaving the room, exactly, he just knew he was suddenly in his own, slamming the door with a resounding crack, locking it with an angry twist and flopping face down on the bed in his damp jeans because he didn't care about anything at the moment; he was far too angry and consumed with furious thoughts to notice the physical discomfort of wet garments or bruised body parts.

Spike was a complicated bastard. Of course, that wasn't anything new.

He felt vaguely guilty, though, about the bordello, but he still didn't feel that it meant he was in Spike's debt for
using him.

Sometimes, Spike deserved to be used.

And that thought made him feel even more guilty.

His shoulder throbbed like a heartbeat and his hip joined it.

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**Part Seven**

Xander woke with a frown and a twitching nose to the smell of pizza. His mouth was open and drooling on his pillow before his eyes could even open to see what tantalized his senses.

Sausage and pepperoni and spicy meat and at least three kinds of cheese and, oh, the heavenly scent of hot tomato sauce and garlic...

Pizza? In his bedroom? He never ate messy food in his
bedroom...usually. It attracted ants and mice and he was so over having rat pills or stinging ants that attacked randomly in the places he slept.

He opened his eyes and squinted over the pillow crushed into his face to see a tray on his bedside table with a steaming pizza, iced soda, a few napkins and a contrite vampire sitting in the chair beside his bed, looking almost anxious.

He was surprised. He had figured he wouldn't see Spike for at least a week after the earlier outburst.

"Peace offering?" Spike asked timidly, gesturing toward the still steaming food. "For me being a complete twat?"

Xander groaned as he pushed himself up from his stomach and flopped over onto his side. He eyed Spike warily and the pizza hungrily, then shrugged and sat up with a wince. He rubbed his shoulder as he examined Spike's demeanor. "Okay... How long you been here, anyway?"

"Not long. Knew you'd be hungry when you woke and it's been seven hours..." Spike watched him inhale his first piece and slow down slightly with the second. "I just
want you to know that...I'm sorry and all that crap. I was stupid and...well, I'm confused, all right? I don't even know who I am! Not knowing other stuff is a real pain in the ass, too."

"What other stuff?" Xander mumbled around his drink. Then paused. "It's been seven hours? I thought I felt really rested."

Spike sighed and shoved a hand through his hair; it stuck up like he'd shoved a fork in a light socket and had hung on for the electric ride. "I keep wondering...I know we knew each other from before but...were we friends or...?"

Xander froze, mouth half-open and partially chewed food ready to fall out. He closed his mouth and swallowed, took a drink and set the food down. He wiped his hands on his now dry jeans, smudging grease on the denim in streaks. "Honestly?"

Spike nodded sharply. "Honestly."

"Not so much with the friends thing. Not even close to the other thing. We tolerated each other for a while and then you were dead...that was it."
"Oh."

Xander shrugged and picked at a loose thread, thinking about the disappointment he thought he heard in Spike's voice. "Yeah." He cleared his throat and Spike didn't say anything else so he gestured to the pizza. "Want some?"

Spike looked at the remainder of the pie still in the box and said, "Yeah, why not? I like a good hot, spicy bit of meat to fill my mouth good and proper every now and again."

Xander narrowed his eyes.

Spike widened his innocently.

Their lips twitched.

They both suddenly laughed.

The tension broke.

"So, why were you such a bastard back there in the kitchen with Blaze, anyway?"
Spike arched an eyebrow. "Why the hell are you *shagging* a bloke named Blaze?"

"Not shagging him anymore, thanks to you!" Xander sat up and said defensively, "Hey, he changed his name when he fled Cuba or Chile or Mexico or wherever the hell he came from. It's a nice name."

Spike snorted and ate a bite of pizza. "Yeah, if you're a porn star."

Xander blinked.

Spike arched an eyebrow.

"Now that I think about it...he is awfully buff and tan and....hair-free for a gardener. Especially a Latin guy because those guys are usually way hairy. And he tends to wear designer clothes and... Not to mention the ass gymnastics he can do with...those muscles and he's really bendy and the fact he was ready to take it any--well, damn." Pause. "What's a porn star doing in Wisconsin, anyway?"

"No effin' idea. Maybe he just really likes cows and cornfields, has a fetish for rubbin' cheese all over himself"
and having goats lick it off...or maybe that's what's in their favourite flavour of porn." Spike snorted, then offered him his drink. "Thirsty?"

"Yeah, but not for soda. I'll take it, though."

It wasn't until long after their little tete-a-tete over pizza that Xander realised Spike had deflected his question. Again.

Spike was really good at that. The bastard.

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Xander ended up calling Giles and telling him that he was burnt out and asked for an extended leave. He told him that he didn't think he could do the slayer chasing thing for a while. Giles set up a seemingly bottomless bank account for him and told him he could come back whenever he wanted or if he didn't, that was fine too. He understood Xander's need to get away from all the supernatural shit after all he'd been through.

It was a strange conversation and he had to bite back the urge to tell Giles everything because Giles seemed so
sympathetic and understanding. Fatherly.

If he wasn't afraid Giles would have a team of slayers fly in on a big helicopter with the power to bypass all of Willow's wards and try to kill and/or kidnap Spike for tests, he might've done it, anyway.

Since Giles was the new head of the New Watcher's Council, he was throwing money at Xander and the others like it was going out of style. It made life easier when he didn't have to worry about anything, especially funds. He'd had enough anxiety over that when he was still living in his parents' basement and then again when he got that apartment Anya had forced on him. He'd had to budget his money so that he could still afford to buy himself food and cable after Anya and the rent took everything else.

It was nice having a rich daddy who gave him money without question.

He was glad things were finally going...well, better than average for him, finally. He'd gotten royally fucked for the first twenty-one years of his life. He hoped the next twenty were better.
He and Spike were getting along...not great, but...well, they weren't fighting or pretending the other wasn't there -- that was more Spike's spiel than Xander's, though. They talked, they spent time together, they had awkward moments where they'd accidentally touch and a nerve would spark inside Xander and then they'd look away quickly.

It was like high school all over again only without the secretive closet make-out sessions with Cordelia.

Not that he'd have minded make-out sessions with Spike in an enclosed, dark space...

At least there had been erotic touching with Cordelia, even if it was all secret-y and she'd shunned him publicly afterward. The only erotic touching he got now was when he spanked the monkey in the shower, and sometimes in his bed late at night when he could hear Spike moving around the house like a ghost when the thrill of knowing Spike could probably hear what he was doing sent him into orgasmic convulsions.

There was still a bit of bad blood between them, though, because Blaze was still coming around. He and Xander flirted because it was a powerful dynamic and a habit in
their relationship -- Xander barely contained his excitement over someone who he suspected of being an actual porn star.

Somehow, Spike always knew when he'd been outside talking to Blaze because whenever Xander came back in Spike would be a little cold to him and his chin would lift in that familiar defensive way and he would glare down his nose at him.

Xander merely stared at him pointedly with an arched eyebrow and reminded Spike that he was acting like a jealous boyfriend until the blond would slump and shrug sheepishly, eventually cooling down and acting like something resembling normal.

Xander took Spike out once to see the sights, what little of them there were, and after that Spike wanted his own car so he could go off on his own if he wanted. So, he got a car for Spike to drive. He could always use another car himself, anyway.

The vampire went out more often than not after that, having finally found his courage and the party, stay-out-all-night animal deep within.
Xander found himself stuck at home, seething with jealousy and loneliness and turmoil rolling around inside him -- it made him sick.

He needed a life.

He'd thought he had one when Spike happened along. He was incredibly stupid to believe Spike would want to stick around with him when he could go off and do whatever he wanted.

Do whoever he wanted.

Now, Spike had his own life and Xander was left by himself in the big, echo-y house he wasn't used to being alone in for any length of time.

Maybe he should go back to Council duty?

Then, he thought about it and rolled his eyes and went back to watching TV.

Nothing could make him go back to finding baby slayers who alternately wanted to kill him or fuck him for saving them.
He was going to gouge his eyes out with a screw driver, poke sporks in his ears to deafen himself, plunge that fire poker thingy leaning near his hearth into his heart so he wouldn't have to sit through anymore of those shit-tastic reality shows that seemed to have exploded all over television.

Who the hell came up with this shit?

He was getting sick just thinking about it.

Three hundred some odd channels and about half were reality TV and the rest infomercials and sports Xander didn't care about.

Where was the good TV, anymore? Where was Star Trek or Highlander or Stargate?

Maybe he should've stayed in Africa. They didn't have TV there but it would've been worth not being subjected to such horrible crap.
He sighed and debated chucking the remote across the room, or even out a window, but figured that would only cause him to have to get up to change the channel or not be able to change it ever again and then he'd have to watch crappy reality shows forever -- or at least until he got a new, non-broken remote...or possibly a brand new fifty-two inch flat screen plasma TV...

He flicked a glance at the clock -- it was after eight p.m. now -- and eventually retreated upstairs. He got all the ingredients, made himself a nice bubble bath -- a guilty pleasure since Anya had shown him just how sexy and strangely calming they could be -- and sank naked beneath the foam, almost immediately feeling the tension drain away.

Before he knew it, he was propped on the edge, feet tucked under the faucet, with his eyes shut.

He woke up when he felt something graze against one nipple. He shuddered in the now cold water and opened startled eyes to find Spike seated on the edge of the tub, apparently feeling him up while he'd been sleep.

He scooted up so fast water sloshed over the sides and doused Spike's jeans, the only thing he was wearing and
he was barely wearing them. And now they were plastered against his skin and not doing a whole lot for Xander's desperate libido.

"What the hell? That door was locked. I know it was."

Spike chuckled and looked smug. "Picked the lock, didn't I? Have lots of handy talents just raring to break free of this amnesia crap. Must've led a full life of debauchery and rock and roll."

So, that was how Spike had gotten into his bedroom before.

Xander rolled his eyes, teeth starting to chatter. He wrapped his arms around his legs and then noticed most of the bubbles had dissipated. He hugged his knees to his chest a little tighter and glared at Spike.

"That doesn't explain what you're doing in here right now. Copping a feel while I was unconscious. Without my permission. That's not nice. It's downright...rude."

"Heard you snoring like a buzz saw and came to investigate. When the door was locked, I put my newly discovered little talent to good use. Can't say I'm sorry
because you're all naked and wet and quite probably at my mercy, now that I think about it. You set an irresistible picture, you did. All laid back in that porcelain, throat bared and arched, body wet and--"

Xander cleared his throat. "Anyway, would you leave so I can get out of this tub? It's fucking cold in here."

Spike's eyes darted down to groin level and explored the bits of skin he could see through the patches of bubbles floating here and there and Xander's trembling limbs. "Wouldn't know it was cold by the looks of things."

Silence.

Xander blinked. "That was a compliment, right?"

Spike rolled his eyes and got up. "You're such a stupid ponce. Of course it was a compliment. If it had been an insult it would've sounded more like: Bloody hell, that water must be really cold because all your bits are shriveled and you look like a pre-pubescent girl."

"Oh." Xander rubbed the back of his neck and carded fingers through the damp hair they came in contact with. "Get out?"
"Why are you so keen on me leaving? Seen it all before, right? Had that cock up my ass and in my mouth more times than I can count in far too many ways to have kept track of. Even bathed you...more than once. Would you like me to do it again...Master?"

Xander shuddered and arousal so intense it hurt rushed over him in a matter of seconds. His cock hardened between his thighs and stomach and he clenched his fingers into his calves.

"You don't play fair, Spike," he finally said, eyes trained firmly on a passing floating foam iceberg headed for Titanic Xander.

Spike snorted and knelt beside the tub, much the same way he had in that brothel. His movements were fluid and sensual and casual, designed to draw the eye to the perfection of his body. He grabbed shower gel from the ledge and a cloth and began soaping it up. "Well?"

Xander looked at the soapy cloth, at Spike's hands, into his eyes, then he swallowed.

He leaned forward and rested his chin on his knee,
hunching his shoulders so Spike could reach his back and watched him from beneath his eyelashes.

Spike smiled slowly and rubbed his hands together.

Xander slowly bared his neck, unconsciously.

~*~*~*~*~

When Spike finished bathing Xander, manipulating his body and caressing every inch of him with his hands and a soft cloth, he drained the tub, watching amusedly as Xander barely twitched. Then he refilled it with water just this side of too hot, which made Xander sigh and slump deeper into the heat, stripped and stepped into it with him.

Xander blinked heavy eyes dumbly, after having nearly been put to sleep by Spike's soothing touches, then grew more cogent as he noticed naked Spike in the tub with him.

He sat up and tried to draw his legs together, sloshing water everywhere. "Uh, what are you--?"
"What's it look like? Fancy a soak and we'll not waste water this way. Besides," he grinned and settled between Xander's legs after forcibly prying them apart and pressed his back into Xander's chest. He shifted and felt the stirring cock at his backside. "It's more fun this way, with someone to share it with...all naked and plastered together. Wet bits sliding...it's all slick and hot..."

Spike wiggled against Xander's erection and Xander groaned, grabbing Spike's hips to still him.

"You're not playing fair."

"Who said anything about fair? Besides, vampire."

"But you don't remember being a vampire!" Xander exclaimed, closing his eyes as Spike disengaged his grip and began to grind back against him.

Water slopped over the side of the over-sized tub and made gentle waves around them.

Spike arched and laid his head back on Xander's shoulder. He rested against him and sighed, planting his hands on Xander's bent knees.
"Don't have to remember to know what I am. I feel it inside. Want to feel the inside, pet?" Spike all but purred, caressing the trembling knees beneath his touch.

Xander gasped and started to say something but Spike had lifted up, pressed Xander's knees together and sank down on his cock before he could utter a word.

The false heat created by the water made Spike almost too hot and it was a strange feeling to get used to when all Xander had known was room temperature Spike.

His eyes rolled up into the back of his head as Spike took him in completely and leaned back in his previous position. He couldn't help but wrap his arms around Spike's body and spread the vampire's legs even wider with his own so he could touch Spike.

Spike undulated against him, rocking gently, and Xander took the vampire's balls in one hand and rolled them as the other hand massaged his perineum and worked even further back to feel where he was held inside Spike's body.

Spike arched into his touch as best he could while he fucked himself on Xander's erection, fingers scrabbling
against wet, slick skin.

Xander thrust up as best he could and soon most of the water had spilled out in mini tsunamis that he'd have to worry about later when he wasn't getting laid.

And then, while he was lying against porcelain warmed by the water and his own flesh, he noticed something.

Spike was slick inside, had accepted him very easily.

Water didn't do that.

"Spike."

Spike groaned and raised one arm. He shoved his fingers into Xander's thick, damp hair and anchored himself with Xander's neck as he ground down and then raised himself with shaking thighs. "What?"

"You're slippery."

"Yeah. It's called lubricant. Makes the ride easier, as you well know." He clenched his inner muscles around Xander's cock and thrust down abruptly.
Xander inhaled unevenly and rolled his pelvis up, creating a delicious shudder in the vampire on top of him. "You were stretched and lubricated when you came in here," he finally ground out from between clenched teeth.

"Yeah," Spike sighed, eyes shutting as he turned his face toward Xander's. He nuzzled the other man's throat with his nose and panted into his skin.

"You planned this."

Xander didn't know how he was actually holding a conversation at this point in time; his dick was throbbing, his body was tingling and he was at the point where orgasm was almost certainly imminent...but he had to know.

Spike stopped moving suddenly and pulled off Xander.

Xander whined and tried to pull him back but Spike shook his head, turned, and straddled Xander's thighs so that he was facing him this time. Xander's dick pulsed with need between Spike's buttocks.

"What? You're the one who wanted to have a chat while we could've been fucking. So, let's chat. What exactly did
you want to know, eh? I planned this?" Xander nodded. "Yeah, I bloody well did. Got tired of the little tap dance we were doing around each other. I've not been laid since that day you got me out. You, on the other hand," Spike said, lifting up briefly and taking Xander's dick in hand and squeezing it gently. "Have had several nice shags from that Latin porn star of yours. I have needs and I'm bloody not going to wait anymore."

And then Spike sat down on his cock again and it was like...

...something really good that Xander couldn't think of right now because all the blood was centered in his dick and he'd already used up all his conversational fucking earlier.

"Now," Spike went on, panting slightly and tilting his head as he rolled his hips. He rested his biceps on Xander's shoulders and leaned against him while he rubbed his own dripping, hard erection against Xander's quivering stomach. "You want to talk? We'll talk. Just not at this exact moment, eh? Let's have a nice fuck, shall we? Can yammer on all you want later when the after-glow's faded and I'm too tired to move, much less fuck anymore, so I'll have to listen then."
There was an insult there, Xander was sure, but for the life of him he couldn't figure out what it was. And he really didn't care.

Spike moved with purpose, this time. No more teasing, no more slow slides up and down.

It was fast and hard and mind-blowingly hot.

Spike plastered himself against Xander, successfully creating a wet, slick environment for his own prick and fucked them both into beautiful, sparkly orgasm land.

Oh, what pretty glitter and fireworks and other cliched things Xander had thought stupid but were really happening.

It was splashy, quite literally because Xander thrust up hard and then fell back into the water, and it wrung them both out.

When the water finally stopped rippling, and Xander had stopped panting, Spike pulled off him, let out the water and hauled Xander out of the tub by hooking his hands under the near-comatose brunet's armpits.
It hurt being picked up by your armpits, Xander thought faintly, even as he giggled when Spike accidentally brushed a ticklish spot, but at least he didn't have to get out of the tub by himself. He didn't think he could have, frankly.

It was a nice roomy tub. He probably could've slept there if he had to.

Spike tucked him back into bed under the sheets and Xander sighed the sigh of the blissfully satiated. He slowly realised he was supposed to tell Spike something or ask him something or...

His brain was fried. He was too exhausted and orgasmically shorted out to care.

"Spike?"

Spike stopped at the door, fingers close to the light switch he'd been ready to turn off. "Yeah?"

Xander frowned as he tried to think of what he'd been supposed to talk to Spike about but when he couldn't think of it he said the first thing that came to mind:
"Stay?"

Something flickered behind Spike's eyes, then he smiled and it softened the harsh lines of his face. He shut off the light and padded back over to the bed, to Xander, and got in with him.

He lay on his back under the blankets once he'd smoothed them out elaborately.

Xander lay on his stomach on the opposite side, nearly two feet of empty bed expanse between them.

Damn, he really did have a big bed.

Finally, Xander rolled his eyes and forced himself to turn over and shuffle a little closer. "Get over here, dumbass. I didn't ask you to stay just so you'd sleep way over there."

Spike chuckled and shifted close enough for Xander to grab him and haul him nearly on top of his body.

When they finally settled -- Xander on his back, all limbs spread out, with Spike plastered up against his side lying mostly on top of him with one leg flung over one of Xander's -- Xander relaxed and sighed and wrapped an
arm around him. His fingers gently caressed Spike's side.

Spike blinked and lay there stiffly until he hesitantly let his arm drift across Xander's warm chest, fingers splayed, palm face down against still damp flesh. His head shifted around until it rested half on Xander's pillow and half on his shoulder, then he stilled and eventually relaxed and closed his eyes.

Xander felt Spike move even closer and finally, when they were so close you couldn't have defined separate bodies from the comfortable twist they'd made, he went to sleep with a slight smile on his face.

He felt more content that he'd been since...hell, he didn't even remember when.

This was the way it was meant to be. This was what he'd been missing.

Spike had been what he'd been missing.

Oh, *that* couldn't be good.
Part Eight

It was really nice to wake up with someone in his arms for a change, to have slept the whole night that way and to be warm and comfortable and...well, it was just really nice.

It had been different in the bordello because he'd known it was temporary and he'd have to go back to that stupid hotel and be alone until the next time he could go back to Spike, but now he was in his own home and Spike was here in front of him with his ass snug in the cradle of Xander's thighs. His interested cock was pressed into the crack of the vampire's ass and it was the best way to greet the morning.

Or, as Xander blinked the sleep from his eyes, lifted his head and blearily glanced over Spike's nest of dandelion curls at the glowing numbers of the clock on the bedside table, it was the best way to greet the early afternoon.

Spooning was nice. His dick very much thought so, too.
He shifted a little and his erection slid between Spike's slightly parted thighs; he groaned.

Spike raised his leg a little and created a nice little crevice for him to stroke into. So, he did.

Spike sighed and moved back but Xander knew he was still asleep because he didn't move otherwise. He never did anything by halves, not while he was conscious, anyway. He loved to be involved and Xander absolutely loved that fact about him.

Spike's dick, on the other hand, filled nicely and was hard and leaking pre-cum when Xander risked a peek over Spike's shoulder after shoving the covers away to see his body.

Xander wondered if he could just slide into Spike and fuck him awake.

That really sounded like a good idea...but when he slid his finger down to Spike's pucker, he felt nothing but smooth, nearly dry skin and realised the lube was long gone.

So, he settled for nibbling on an enticing, convenient ear
lobe near his mouth and moving one hand over Spike's smooth hip down into his pubic hair for a brief, gentle tug, and finally to his erection. Xander grabbed hold of it and began to stroke slowly.

Now Xander wondered if he could jerk Spike off until he came...and all before he woke.

That, he thought, sounded like a good challenge to try out. Nearly as good as his earlier thought.

He massaged underneath the head and got a good flow of pre-cum for his troubles and a little breathy sigh from still-sleeping Spike.

He shifted down until he could push his other hand between Spike's thighs from behind and take hold of his balls. He squeezed and massaged them and pushed them up against his body until he felt them tighten a little, then he let go and stroked the soft piece of skin behind them until he reached Spike's entrance.

He continued to pull on the cock in his hand and shifted down even further until his face was even with Spike's taut little ass.
He licked his lips, pushed Spike's leg up slightly so his cheeks were parted more, and then began to suck on Spike's hole.

That got a big response from the almost conscious vampire. He shuddered and his cock spit even more precum out onto Xander's stroking hand.

Xander grinned and thrust his tongue into Spike's ass. He began a curling gesture with the muscle as his hand moved up and down the hard shaft more quickly.

Spike gasped loudly and shuddered so violently that he woke himself. He started when he found himself in such a pleasurable position and began to buck between tongue and hand.

"Christ, Xander!"

"Morning, Spike," Xander said, pulling his tongue from the spasming hole.

"Put that back!"

The brunet laughed and sat up, removing his hand too. "Roll over."
Spike panted and did as he said and blinked up at him hazily.

"Spread your legs and pull them up and apart. I need room to maneuver," Xander said, wiggling his eyebrows saucily as he shifted down further on the bed.

Spike swallowed and did that as well. When he was holding his legs up by the knees, he mumbled, "Not that I'm not really proud of you for your initiative and your bloody brilliant wake-up call but...what is this?"

Xander paused and thought for a moment, teeth nibbling on his bottom lip. "I just wanted to do this, wanted to make you feel good. I needed to, okay?"

Spike's eyes met his, exploring, penetrating, assessing, and finally he nodded and moistened his lips. "Okay. But we're gonna have that long-awaited chat, aren't we?"

"If you can even remember that afterward."

Spike snorted. "You're not *that* good, boy."

Xander leered. "We'll see."
Xander didn't touch Spike's cock at all; he focused his attentions on the sweet little swollen pink flesh between his buttocks.

He licked and stroked it, shoved a finger inside and explored the prostate gland, much to Spike's delight. He stuck his tongue back inside and set to fucking him until Spike was a writhing mass of gasping, pleading vampire.

He pushed Spike's thighs up higher and lay on the bed, his own erection trapped between the firm mattress and his even firmer stomach. He thrust a little but didn't set to get himself off because he had plans for that later.

When Spike was hovering on the edge of orgasm, every muscle in his body trembling, Xander stopped what he was doing and sat up.

"No!" Spike howled, partially golden eyes shooting open, looking ready to leap on Xander and force him to return his tongue or pay the consequences.
Xander grinned and lined his cock up with the stretched hole and thrust in with one long slide that made them both groan.

Xander thrust exactly once, accurately hitting Spike's prostate, and the vampire came with an arch of his back and a loud cry that caused Xander to shudder. He held still as Spike's body convulsed and clutched at him, fighting back the need to thrust again.

When Spike's orgasm was over, he lay back, covered in his own semen and looking incredibly pleased with himself, eyes shut while he breathed hard, hands still clenched around the undersides of his knees.

Xander leaned on Spike's thighs, pushing the vampire's ass upward into a better position and began to fuck him with long, hard strokes.

Spike groaned and tightened his grip on his own knees to help pull himself up further into the deep thrusts. He clenched his muscles around Xander's prick, wringing a startled moan from him.

Spike stared up at him with passion-glazed eyes. "Lean down. I'll hold myself and you can keep on fucking me
like that because if you stopped I'd kill you anyway. I want you to kiss me."

He always did like a man with a plan.

Xander stopped, leaned forward and braced himself with his hands on either side of Spike's head. When he got close enough to kiss Spike, he began the brutal jabs of his hips again.

Spike gasped, angled his head and opened his mouth in invitation.

Xander took it, as well as Spike's mouth, plunging his tongue into it almost in tandem with his increasingly ungainly movements.

A few thrusts later had Xander freezing in place, wrenching his mouth off Spike's to cry out, and spilling deep inside him.

Spike closed his eyes, enjoying the feel of Xander's orgasm shooting into him in hot bursts.

Xander collapsed on top of Spike, squashing him into the bed and, though Spike was folded nearly in half, he didn't
complain.

Finally, Xander regained his senses, apologized sheepishly for crushing him and moved out of and off Spike.

He flopped down beside the vampire and pressed against his side, rubbing his body against the bed and ridding himself of most of the ejaculate Spike had gotten on him during his orgasm.

After a while, Spike cleared his throat, unfolded himself with a little effort and a pop of his spine, and looked at Xander pointedly. "Well?"

"Well, what?" Xander mumbled into Spike's shoulder as he nibbled on the smooth flesh.

Spike smacked him on the ass. "I didn't get off."

"Yes, you did. I remember that really well. I tongue fucked you and then--"

Spike rolled his eyes. "Yeah, that was then, this is now, git. Vampire constitution and all. Got almost no recovery period whatsoever, apparently. And it's really quite rude
to leave a bloke like this after you just got off good and bloody proper in my ass."

Xander raised an eyebrow, then moved his head to examine the erection resting unfulfilled on Spike's taut abdomen in a puddle of fluid from the previous climax. He shifted closer and after a moment said, "Fuck me, then. I'm too tired to do anything. So, I'll just lay here. Just make it good."

Spike's mouth fell open. "You never let me before. Why now?"

"You could be fucking me in my ass and you want to talk?"

"Not really but..." Spike sighed and hurriedly pulled lube out of a drawer Xander hadn't even realised Spike knew about. He popped the cap open and squirted some out onto his fingers. "You done this before?"

Xander tensed as Spike's fingers lightly massaged some of the slick onto and around his pucker. He forced himself to relaxed as a fingertip pressed lightly against him, preparing to enter. "Once."
"Just once? This...might not be such a good idea." Spike's finger withdrew.

"How am I ever going to get used to it if you don't do it? You want my whole life story or something? Fine." Xander brought his arms up underneath the pillow to elevate his head slightly. "One of the few one-nighters I had wanted to do me instead. I don't know how I got away with being the one who topped for so long...every other guy just wanted to be fucked instead of fucking me. I got lucky, I guess. Anyway, I couldn't back out...it was like I couldn't say no. He was persuasive and very charming..."

"Certainly charmed you right out of your knickers, didn't he?"

"Spike."

"Sorry."

"Anyway, he knew I was...new to that stuff so he was gentle and, well, it hurt like a bitch and it wasn't really that good for me. He got off and I didn't, but...he stuck his fingers inside me after he'd gotten his and I finally did get off when he massaged the hell out of my prostate. I'd
never been so happy to have a finger up my ass before. He was in a hurry, though, which was why the fuck wasn't good but...at least he made up for it later..."

Spike growled. "Sounds like a real winner, that one does."

Xander rolled his eyes. "Spike, I picked him up at a bar at two in the morning after a night of drinking. We both had to go to work early. We didn't really have the time to, heh, feel things out."

Spike was silent for a while, then his finger returned and pressed inside Xander. "Well, I'll just have to make up for that stupid knob's inconsideration."

Xander blinked at the pretty bright flashes and groaned, spreading his legs wider and canting his hips back into Spike's fingers. "Oh, yeah," he whimpered. "Don't think you're going to have a problem there."

~~*~~*~~*~~

Spike teased him with fingers in his ass and with his talented mouth wherever he could reach until Xander
though he'd die of frustration -- or the top of his head would blow off.

"Spike! You undead bastard, stop being a cock-tease!"

Spike -- ever the one to please others, snicker -- propped Xander's lower body up with a pillow, which Xander immediately started thrusting against, only to have the vampire stop him with a hand firm on one ass cheek.

"You're...mean," he panted.

Spike snickered and slicked his cock with a slow grind into his own fist -- that was all he could manage or he'd probably have cum all over Xander's ass instead of inside it -- and positioned himself between Xander's spread legs. He wiped his hand off on the sheet and then smoothed both over Xander's ass and squeezed.

"Pretty boy," he murmured.

Xander wiggled, back arching as his shoulders rolled restlessly. "Please?"

Spike leaned forward and pressed a soft kiss to the small of Xander's back, then positioned himself and thrust
home.

It was a slow, easy slide inward, and took about five years to complete, but Spike's balls eventually -- finally -- rested against Xander's and he lowered himself onto Xander's tense back.

The burn was intense but it didn't hurt him. Xander lay there, clenching his hands in the pillow his head was on and squeezing his eyes shut as Spike's large erection skewered his insides. He let out a sigh of relief when Spike simply lay there unmoving, giving him time to adjust to the feeling.

He moaned as Spike's tongue flickered out to lick sweat from his back and shuddered as Spike breathed on the wet patch of skin.

"Spike..."

"Want me to fuck you, pet?" Spike asked huskily, voice deep and tight with restraint.

"Fuck, yes!"

Spike moved his hips in a slow circle, then pulled out
slightly and nudged back in.

Xander rolled his body back into the thrust and then Spike did it again and set the pattern.


Xander's eyes opened as Spike's cockhead came in contact with his prostate. He turned his face to the side and watched Spike's forearms move slightly as they held up the vampire's weight, muscles clenching under pale, smooth skin. Tiny, light brown hairs brushed against his own arms, tickling, tantalizing, sending skitters of pleasure along the rest of his body. Spike's fingers found Xander's, tapped gently, and Xander let go of the pillow to lace his own with them.

Spike's forehead brushed Xander's nape as the vampire rested it there and covered him and fucked him and filled
him.

A sharp thrust brought Xander's attention back to where it belonged and he arched back against Spike and ground down into the pillow, toes curling and uncurling as he fought for purchase on the cotton sheets just so he could push back again.

Who knew cotton could be so slippery?

Who knew getting fucked could feel so damn good?

It was surprisingly soon that Xander felt that familiar burning tingle work its way up from the soles of his feet to settle in his balls and groin. Spike began pounding away inside him, stomach and chest rubbing against Xander's back with each thrust, and breathing against the back of his neck as his own body strove for orgasm. Xander squeezed the fingers clenched in his own and came.

Spike inhaled sharply and waited for him to finish, then thrust a few more times and spilled.

Xander didn't know that feeling someone's orgasm
shooting inside him would be so strange, or so good, but it really was.

~*~*~*~*~

This time, Xander lay on Spike's chest with Spike's arm wrapped around his waist.

It was a nice way to be.

"Spike?"

"What is it, pet?"

Xander sighed and plunged onward, staring at a tiny freckle on Spike's chest. "Do you ever miss remembering who you are?"

Spike went still beneath him. "You still worrying about that?"

"Well, yeah. I know I'd be upset if I lost all my memories."

Spike shifted and his thumb rubbed delicious circles against the small of Xander's back. "Look at it this way: I
don't remember what I lost so how could I lament that I've lost it? Don't know any better, do I? And I've got you now, and I'm not in that horrid place anymore...what more do I need to know?"

Xander was quiet for a long time, then lifted his head to look into Spike's eyes. "I guess I can see your point..."

Spike leered. "You're not looking at my dick, Xander. How can you see my point?"

Xander narrowed his eyes, then rolled them and sighed. He slapped Spike in the center of his chest. "You're such a perv."

Xander also didn't miss that Spike had, yet again, deflected a serious question but he wouldn't call him on it this time.

It was Spike's choice whether or not he made do with what he had right now and accepted his amnesia or went crazy wondering what he'd lost.

"Xander?"

"Yeah?" Xander mumbled, laying his head back down and
closing his eyes.

"Want to get something to eat? I'm bloody starving."

Xander's stomach chose that moment to growl and decided for him.

Spike laughed and pulled Xander with him out of bed. They walked naked downstairs and Spike plastered himself against Xander's back, arms wrapping around Xander's waist, and frog-marched them to the kitchen.

They sat on, thankfully, cushioned chairs and ate. Xander: cold pizza. Spike: blood...and the cold pizza that he dipped into it.

As he devoured his cold meal, Xander ignored Spike's disgustingly misguided use of pizza and wondered how he'd gotten here. Not in the kitchen sitting naked across from an equally naked vampire he'd been having sex with that he'd never thought he'd see again, but here at this point.

Xander had never realised what an impact one person could have on a life until he found Spike again.
When he looked back on his life, he discovered he'd been a lonely, haunted sonofabitch who'd been working himself to death to try to get away from feeling anything.

It was amazing what a little companionship and some really hot sex could do for him. He felt damn good.

Spike chose that moment to slither out of his seat and nearly yank Xander's pizza out of his hand to get it out of the way so that he could place himself on Xander's lap.

That certainly broke him out of his thoughts. He couldn't say he was sorry, either.

Xander blinked and automatically wrapped his arms around Spike's waist. "What are you doing?"

"Besides watching you stare into space and not eat? Saving you from brooding, you daft plonker. Now, shut up and give us a snog, won't you?"

Xander's lips curved up on one side and his eyes fluttered shut as Spike angled his head and wrapped his arms around Xander's neck. Then, he finally pressed his soft lips against Xander's.
Xander tucked Spike closer, raised one hand from the vampire's hip bone to the back of his head and let himself be kissed.

Spike groaned and sighed into his mouth, rotating his hips a little.

He might not have gotten what he wanted in the first place -- vengeance -- but Xander figured he had something better.

Why did he really need to take revenge when he could just take Spike?

Here Endeth the Story