

Pairing: Xander/Spike

Rating: PG-13

Content: Comedy, Crossover

Summary: Xander's family has a reunion and they pick the Hellmouth to hold it. This is a version of two challenges sent out earlier...okay I twisted it up a little but there ya go. So here lies two Christmas challenges in one story.

Disclaimer: I do not own any of the characters...nor do I make money off of this. Their respective companies own all characters.

Distribution: Nummytreats Archive, KB's (when I finally remember how), anywhere else I send this ask and ye shall receive.

Feedback: is this a trick question?

Spoilers: Uh...don't think so.

Notes: I'm rusty at this so forgive me. I'm really out of practice. Also this is NOT to be taken seriously. Anyone that does needs way more help than I can give them. In the beginning of the Munster series way back when...Grandpa would try to bite people...eventually in the series he stopped doing that. In my world as he ages he starts wanting to be like "the good ol' days". Go with it and relax. Also remember that the Munsters always considered Marilyn plain and sort of ugly. Shaz gave me

an idea or two about Oz.

*Dedications: Scorpio and all the other Nummy writers out there,
And Shaz for an idea or two.*

The Reunion

by

Kirasmommy

Part One

The envelope lay serenely on the table in front of Xander. It was an unremarkable envelope. Plain in appearance with its normal white envelope-y look. No **perfume** adorned it. No extraordinary stamps from an unusual collection marked it as different from hundreds of other white, plain and normal envelopes. On the whole it was quite an ordinary looking envelope. Yet despite how ordinary it looked Xander continued to stare at it. Because the return address informed him that it wasn't as ordinary as it tried to pretend it was. The feminine script looked much like the handwriting of any number of ordinary feminine looking scripts written by any number of ordinary females. But he KNEW her handwriting. It

was from his Aunt Lily. The return address told him that he wasn't wrong on that account.

He stared at it some more as though by staring it would change the address and thus the sender.

Willow sat across from him quietly with Tara at her side. Tara was concerned simply because Willow was wearing her "worried Willow" look. And that Willow worried look was directed firmly on Xander. And anything that worried Willow tended to worry Tara.

Giles tried to lean across the back of the couch without appearing to lean across the back of the couch. It would be rude to pry. And he did not consider himself rude ordinarily. But he had to admit that he was usually curious. And in this case curiosity was beginning to push him in the direction of rudeness. But unfortunately the handwriting was a little too tiny for him to read. He was becoming quite frustrated.

Xander had brought the envelope in with him at the beginning of the meeting. He had thrown it down on the table unopened and proceeded to stare at it relentlessly. Sometimes he would reach out to it then snatch his hands back away from it. Buffy had yet to arrive for the

meeting and therefore for the last fifteen minutes the others had nothing else to do. Nothing that is but watch Xander watch the envelope.

A thump and a growl and a few muttered curses heralded the arrival of their resident slayer and also their resident "helpful" vampire. Or to be more accurate, their resident slayer who had dragged the only chipped vampire in the whole of Sunnydale to the meeting.

"Found him," Buffy called out cheerfully.

The others didn't appear to hear as each one continued to focus on what was bothering them. Tara watched Willow who watched Xander who watched the offending envelope while Giles tried to squint at the return address on the envelope.

"Helloooo? Guys?" Buffy called out as she released the collar of Spike's duster.

He spent a few seconds smoothing out his coat while glaring daggers before he noticed the silence.

"Hey you guys aren't under another spell are you?" Buffy frowned.

Willow looked up with a frown and shook her head.

"What's up?" She flopped down on the couch.

Xander reached out to the envelope and finally picked it up.

"It's here," he spoke quietly and with fear.

"What exactly is here?" Giles asked finally.

Xander sighed and groaned. "You don't want to know!"

"Oh cut the melodramatics you moron." Spike reached out and snatched the envelope out of Xander's hands before any of them could react.

"No, hey that's mine!"

"Stop being a baby," Spike sneered. "1313 Mockingbird Lane. Nice address, who is Lily D. Munster?"

Xander moaned slightly before covering his eyes and answering. "She's my great Aunt."

Spike ripped the envelope open. "Dear Marilyn, Hope this note finds you well. Blah blah blah blah...oh look at this, family reunion. Blah blah blah blah...Hellsmouth? How the hell does your Aunt know about the Hellsmouth whelp? And why does she think it's the perfect place for a reunion?"

Everyone's eyes turned to Xander who looked at Spike in shock. "They're having the family reunion here?"

Xander snatched the letter from Spike's grasp. "No, no, no, no, no they can't, they wouldn't, I mean, I mean oh shit! They are coming here! I gotta, I gotta go warn, I mean tell, my mom."

Giles called out to the young man as he rushed to the door but the young man in question didn't seem to hear him.

"Munster? Why does that name sound familiar?" Spike mused to himself.

Willow shrugged. "Maybe you heard it while you stayed with Xander. It's his mom's maiden name."

"Maybe." Spike frowned.

"Or maybe from the TV show? In the 60's?" Buffy asked.

Spike shook his head slowly.

Part Two

Xander grimaced as he heard a vase meet the wall insuring its early demise. (Oh well it was an ugly vase anyway)

His parents were fighting over the letter. That wasn't unusual. They fought every year that the letter arrived. Usually though the fight was over whether or not he and his mother would attend the yearly Munster family reunion. And every year his father would win that fight. This year though since the reunion was being held in Sunnydale it looked like his father was fighting a losing battle, the fight ended abruptly with the slam of the door. Silence reigned supreme in the house as he silently crept up the stairs from the basement.

"Mom?" he called out tentatively.

His mom was sitting at the kitchen table looking over an album. He recognized the cover. It was the same album she looked at every year around this time. Usually after the yearly "you aren't going" fight. She sighed deeply as he came closer. He never got to look at the album in question, she usually hid it quickly. This time she held it open as he came closer.

"Well?" he asked. It was an open question since he wasn't sure what he was really asking.

"Your father can't stop it this time." She smiled a little.
"Denial isn't just a river in Egypt."

He gave her a version of what he usually thought of as "Willow confused face". It didn't quite look as effective on his face as hers but it carried the thought across to his mother.

"They'll be here soon. Sit down. It's a long story." Marilyn Munster-Harris patted the seat next to her and took a deep breath. "But first...do you think your friend the slayer could stop slaying our relatives?"

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A few hours later Xander was still in shock. He looked over the pictures that his mother had given him. Pictures of him from when he was a baby. In many of the pictures he was in the arms of his real father. He said the words in his head (Real Father) they didn't seem to want to stick. He had grown up thinking of the man living in their house as his father. He had another father. A man that died when he was still a baby. There were other pictures of him also with other family members. It was those family members that sent shivers down his spine. He had always thought that his mother's maiden name was amusing. In the 60's there had been a television show The Munsters. He had watched it as a child in re-runs. His mother let him only watch it when his father...his...stepfather was out of the house. Now he knew why. It was loosely based on their family. A member of the family had made it to Hollywood and had presented the show to the man who had ultimately taken credits for it. No one had really minded the campy show as no one believed in it.

Now he was looking at photos that told of distant

memories. A man that looked like an ancestor of the Adam that Buffy and company had battled and ultimately defeated holding the giggling Xander baby with a big goofy smile on his own face. A woman with long black and white hair hugging his much younger mother. A young man with pointy ears and teeth. And finally the man that truly gave him a shiver. The man that his mother called Grandpa. The real Dracula.

He told his mother briefly about the Dracula that he and his friends had run across. His mother had chuckled. "That would be Blake dear. Blake Dracula would be my Aunt Lily's younger brother. Grandpa had fourteen wives."

"So he wasn't even the real Dracula?"

"Oh he's a real Dracula, just not the first. The first would be Grandpa."

"So he is like my what? Great Uncle?"

His mother had nodded as she flipped through the photos of the album.

Now as he recalled that conversation he thought to

himself, *I am so going to get him back for the bugs' crap!*

Right now he had to put his mind to his mother's first request. Try and lure Buffy away from the family get together before he lost the family he never knew he had. His mother had assured him that everyone was rather sweet and kind and no one would need any staking. And the most ornery of the family would be kept in line by the others. Including Blake. Apparently Blake was a bit of a Mama's boy and would do anything his mother Tabitha told him to do. "Grandma Tabby will take care of Uncle Blake," his mother had told him with a wink.

Where was Grandma Tabby when I was eating flies? he thought bitterly. Bad Xander get back to task. Get Buffy away from the family.

Okay, the reunion is the same week as Christmas Eve. That should help. Maybe she'll go out of town. Or better yet go out of town with Riley. Get both of them away from here. That should keep my family un-staked. But they are going to be here soon!

He started to pace the small basement that he had recently moved back into when he could no longer pay rent for the apartment he had gotten awhile back.

Part Three

"Lily, are we almost there yet?" The old vampire sitting in the backseat of the car asked for the thousandth time in the last hour.

"No Grandpa we aren't there yet." She looked in her side mirror at the car directly behind them. A big black hearse carrying more family members, driven by none other than her son Eddie.

If someone could look up and down the interstate they would see many hearses and many cars with darkened windows. With half the family being Vampires they couldn't be too careful. Even with the amulets that the family had been making throughout the centuries courtesy of many of the other family members being witches. The amulets gave them the power to go out into the day. Not one of them wanted to chance an interruption to the magic that would result in their demise.

All of them were intent on making their way to one Sunnydale California USA; some of them were from that state while others were coming from across the country. Some had even made the journey from what Grandpa referred to lovingly as the old country.

Herman hummed to himself happily behind the steering wheel. "We'll be there soon enough Grandpa. Don't you worry."

"Yeah, yeah I know." The old man pouted slightly. "You know this would have been a lot easier if Marilyn would just come to one of the reunions!"

Lily made a face. "Now Grandpa I'm sure she would if it wasn't for that...ox...of a man she married." She forced a pleasant look upon her face. "So since she can't come to us we will go to her!"

Herman muttered to himself. "I wish she would just divorce that bum."

"HERMAN!" Lily admonished. Though she felt the same she didn't see any reason to be overly rude.

"Well it's true! She's NOT happy and we know it! She could have done a lot better than HIM! Poor little Alexander has had to grow up without even knowing his fine heritage! Goodness knows what kind of complications he's had because of not knowing!"

"Maybe she felt she couldn't do any better after Paul died. You know we had a hard enough time pairing her up with someone thanks to her...plain looks," Grandpa put in.

"She may not be pretty but she has always had it where it counts. She had a lovely personality." Herman smiled sweetly.

Lily smiled at her husband who was wearing an overly bright Hawaiian shirt with white pants. Since he had retired from the Morgue where he worked for so long he had taken to wearing the colorful clothing. It made him happy and that was enough for her though some days she felt that she needed to don sunglasses to look at him.

Silence invaded the car for a few minutes before the voice in the backseat called out once more, "Are we there yet?"

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Xander heard his father *Stepfather* pull up in his car. By the crash he heard as it hit the trashcans he figured that the other man had hit the nearest bar. The screaming he heard from upstairs pretty much confirmed it. He looked over at the clock. It would be getting dark again soon. Should he chance trying to leave now or wait it out? He decided to wait it out especially when it got deadly silent all of a sudden. He almost got to the top of the stairs when he heard the door slam again for the second time today and a few seconds later the squeal of tires.

He opened the door slowly and went into the kitchen where his mother sat with a dull look in her eye staring into space.

"Mom? What's up?" he asked quietly.

"He's gone," she said simply and blinked rapidly to herself as her own words sank in.

"He's gone. He's left. He packed his bag and he's gone." She said the words quietly.

Xander patted his mom on the shoulder. "What now?"

"I don't know," Marilyn said tonelessly.

"How about a party?" asked a voice at the doorway.

"UNCLE HERMAN!" Marilyn squealed as she ran to him.

He swept her up into a giant of a hug. A loud thud interrupted their happy reunion as Xander's head and the linoleum made fast friends.

"And that would be Alexander?" Herman smirked as he looked down at the unconscious boy.

Part Four

"Is he dead?" Xander heard an older voice ask.

"Hush Grandpa!" A nice woman's voice said.

"I was just asking!" the other voice grunted. "Can I have a bite?"

"GRANDPA!" a chorus of voices called out.

"It's not like he would NOTICE!"

"He's coming to." He tried to open his eyes a little and felt a twinge of pain in his head.

"Ow," he said simply.

"Well can I at least take a bite out of Henry?" Grandpa pointed to a picture of Marilyn's husband.

Lily favored her father with a disapproving look. The old man shrugged.

"Grandpa you have something in the cooler. Eat that," Herman told him coming closer to the young man on the couch. "Are you okay Alexander?"

Xander looked up at the slightly green giant and in the back of his head he heard an annoying musical "Ho ho ho Green Giant!" He shook his head slightly trying to get the

vision of vegetables and the vague question of where was Sprout out of his head. "Um sure okay...I'm fine...I'm Mr. Doing Great!"

Herman raised an eyebrow. "Perhaps he hit his head too hard?"

"Oh Uncle Herman I'm sure he's fine. He just hasn't seen you since he was a baby." She sat down beside Xander and tried to smile. "Xander this is Uncle Herman and Aunt Lily and the man that is trying to suck on the cat...Grandpa put him DOWN! Is your Great Grandpa!"

"What? I'm HUNGRY!" The old man let the cat drop and it landed on its feet to run away.

"Grandpa heat up a blood bag and leave the family pets alone!" Lily admonished.

"I swear the older he gets the more like a child he becomes," she whispered to Xander who nodded numbly.

"I heard that! And you're not too old to take over my knee!" Grandpa waved a finger at her.

She rolled her eyes.

Xander cleared his throat. "Um if you need...need blood I've uh got some uh in my basement freezer."

Lily looked at him in surprise and then leaned forward and sniffed him. "You aren't a vampire..."

Marilyn smiled and shook her head. "No but he has a friend who's a vampire. He stayed here for a while in the basement."

Her family looked at her approvingly while Xander looked at her in shock. "You KNEW?"

"Of course dear. Did you think I wouldn't notice the blond guy you had tied to a chair in the basement or the blood you kept in the freezer?" Marilyn asked surprised. "He seemed rather nice."

"Tied to a chair?" Grandpa asked.

"Long story," Xander said weakly.

Grandpa nodded with a look of ill ease on his face. "I bet."

"You can use the microwave to heat it up," Xander offered weakly.

"Nah I prefer the old way of heating it up. Slowly in a bag in boiling water. I think microwaves kill the nutrients and kills the taste." The old man made a face. "Don't worry I brought my own. My favorite type A+ yummy yum!"

He reached into the cooler and sighed. "Not as much fun as getting it the old way though."

He headed back to the kitchen.

"Don't mind him!" Lily smiled and waved her hand in a dismissing manner.

"So tell us about yourself!" Herman asked sitting down.

Xander chewed his lip trying to figure out what to say when the cat racing out of the kitchen at high speed interrupted him.

"GRANDPA!"

Oh boy! Xander thought as he rubbed at his forehead.

Part Five

Xander glanced around him nervously as he walked along the graveyard following Buffy. His Uncle and the rest that he met earlier were staying with his mom who promised to try and keep them in but he had discovered that a lot of the family had already arrived and were staying in other areas of Sunnydale. Uncle Herman had smiled and said that he was sure they were fine and were just taking in the sights. He groaned to himself *please don't let Buffy find any of them wandering around.*

As they had met at Giles' house before the patrol he had told them that he had told his Aunt about the Hellmouth and that she was teasing him about it. They seemed to buy it but Spike had looked at him as though he didn't quite believe it. And now Xander could feel the vampire following behind him and could swear he felt that stare burning the back of his head. Part of him thought he was just being paranoid but then he couldn't be too sure either.

When a vampire did finally jump out at them Xander found himself wondering. *Is he one of mine? Or a resident baddie?*

And when Buffy staked him just as quickly he felt his heart lurch slightly. *Oh god please let him have been ordinary Sunnydale stock.*

They saw a flash of light off to the side.

The little group froze and turned to the side. There standing to their left was another vampire, this one with a rather large old fashioned camera that looked like someone had added a few things to it. It was awkward looking. The vampire in question was also wearing a rather loud shirt with black slacks and loafers. He waved at them. "Don't mind me I just wanted a picture for my scrap book."

Xander whimpered. *That HAS to be one of mine, nice shirt though!*

Buffy raised her stake and he had to make a decision. He raised his own stake and tried to look like he was heading toward the vampire but instead he ran directly into Buffy knocking her down to the ground. "OOPS!"

The vampire smiled and waved and ran at [high speed](#) away.

Xander helped Buffy up. "I am SO sorry!"

Buffy looked angry and then quickly shook the look away and tried to smile. "No problem just...be more...careful."

"No problem I am so sorry," he rambled as he toyed with his stake. A movement caught his eye at his side and he saw the British vampire light a cigarette and he had the most appraising look on his face. Xander giggled nervously.

Nobody else was staked from that point on for the rest of the night. Xander had the most severe case of the clumsys and bumbles that any of them had ever seen. He had accidentally tripped Buffy on three separate occasions, and had tripped Willow twice. Most the time he would make a loud sudden noise warning any and all creatures that they were coming that way. Spike had made a half hearted attempt to punch toward what appeared to be some sort of demon when he saw Xander coming toward him and had pulled back. When Xander backed off at that point he narrowed his eyes and smiled a twisted smile. He knew it was on purpose. The fact that most of the demons and vampires that they encountered had what was in Spike's opinion the world's worst dress sense led him to believe that Xander was connected to

them somehow.

As they headed back toward Giles' Buffy tried not to look back at the embarrassed young man. She didn't want to be angry with him but couldn't help it. He had knocked her down and had tripped her and ruined too many easy kills tonight not to feel a little mad. Willow rubbed at her sore shin and glanced at Xander who had the grace to blush.

Spike just followed behind them all watching.

After a brief debriefing where they admonished Xander and warned him that if he continued the behavior the next night he would be pulled from patrols they settled down and made their plans for the next night.

Xander cleared his throat. "Um. Holidays. Uh, Buff you spending them with Riley? You know maybe visit his family? Maybe?"

Sound desperate enough Xan?

Buffy pouted, "No. He's visiting them by himself. I'm just going to hang out here with you guys and mom."

"Xander are you okay?" Willow asked, "You look like you're having an Ally McBeal moment."

Xander shook himself from the nightmare of the bomb exploding. "I'm...I'm fine. Just thinking."

He stood as he scratched his head. "I've uh got to go. Family coming to visit and all, some got here earlier tonight. I got to go."

He made it to the door quickly. Spike quietly slipped out while the others discussed their holiday plans.

Xander was almost home when Spike reached out and grabbed him by his collar. "Not so fast whelp."

"What? What whelp? I got to go," he babbled.

"Spill it," Spike told him.

"Spill what? Let go of my shirt you jerk. It's my favorite." Xander pulled out of his hand.

"I noticed something tonight. Most of those arseholes we fought tonight were walking fashion disasters. And more to the point they weren't interested in a fight at all. Most

of them wanted to take snapshots of the slayer. Now either you've been giving out your old clothing to the walking undead or there's something going on. I don't like being out of the loop."

"Hey I have no idea what's going on! And I thought they had better fashion sense than most of the vamps hanging around town."

Spike narrowed his eyes. "That's part of the problem. They aren't from around town. They were all tourists. Amused tourists taking pictures. Some of them even took pictures of ME! And as a vampire they should know that I can't be photographed."

"Shows what you know," Xander muttered as he turned around and tried to walk away.

Spike grabbed him roughly before dropping him in pain.

"You should be careful Mr. Slightly Naughty. You might hurt yourself!" Xander continued to walk off.

"I remember the name Munster!" Spike shouted at Xander's back.

Xander froze in mid-step.

"I racked my brain all day trying to remember. I didn't get much sleep today in fact. And then I finally remembered the name." Spike stalked to him slowly.

"If your mum is a Munster then neither you nor she can be completely human."

The silence stretched for many long minutes as both of them thought about the implications.

"Oh?" Xander finally said weakly.

"How about a story Pet? Once upon a time about one hundred and fifty years ago a kook made a man. A man like Adam. This man ended up being adopted by a family named Munster. The Munster family had no children. So they adopted a monster. According to the, I guess what you could call legends I've heard, this set a precedence of some sort. They taught the monster how to 'care'" He said the last word with a sneer. "He got married to a vampire or a witch of some sort I'm not sure which..."

"And she started to 'care', apparently it was contagious.

As it spread among the 'family' they would adopt other vampires and witches and creatures. The family was more adopted than bred of course. Though I've heard stories about them having kids. The Munster family is a collection of monsters and demons that have been infected with 'humanity'" Spike finished.

"His wife is both vampire and witch. And they figured out how to have kids about fifty years ago," Xander told him softly.

Xander shrugged. "So?"

"Are you a Munster?" Spike felt his game face come to the fore.

"So what if I am?" Xander asked calmly.

"What are you?" Spike asked grabbing him again bringing them nose to nose.

"I don't know yet," Xander whispered staring deeply into his eyes studying him.

Spike swallowed hard. "I can't hurt you so you must be human."

"You perceive me as human. A Witch isn't a normal human yet you can't hurt them either," Xander told him gently.

Spike took a step back and regarded him seriously.

"HERE KITTY KITTY KITTY! Come here...lunch!" a voice called out into the dark.

Xander relaxed like a rag doll with a deep sigh.

"GRANDPA! Leave the cat alone!" Xander yelled.

"I've got to go. Grandpa is trying to eat my cat again." He brushed past Spike and disappeared around the side of the house.

"Hey wait I wasn't done talking to you yet!" Spike called out confused following him.

As he came around the side of the house a cat ran between his ankles nearly knocking him off balance.

"What the hell?"

The old man sighed. "He got away."

Xander sighed too. "Go get some blood out of your cooler."

"But that isn't as much fun!" He whined as he went into the house.

Spike stared mouth open.

"Better close that before something flies in," Xander told him.

"Do you know who that was?" Spike whispered.

"Yeah...my great-grandpa." Xander tried to play it off.

"That was...that was THE DRACULA! The real one! Not that Blake bloke who likes to waltz around trying to live off the name, the REAL Dracula."

The old man poked his head out of the house. "Are you a fan?" he asked delighted.

"I'm William the Bloody!" Spike told him.

The old man smiled. "It's so nice that you youngsters remember me!"

Part Six

"Come in, come in! How about a nice warm cup of Joe!" Grandpa bustled the younger vampire into the house.

As Spike and Xander sat down he put a mug in front of the blond.

"What's this then?" Spike asked upon seeing the thick crimson liquid.

Grandpa looked at it and told him matter of factly. "Joe."

It took a few beats before Xander understood. "EW!"

"We've got to eat too you know!" Grandpa told him.

"That was just way TMI...too much information!" Xander groused.

The two vampires commenced ignoring Xander as they

began to talk of the old days.

"That Blake bloke, him I have no respect for, but you...you had class. That bit with impaling those men, that was great! Blake is all showy gypsy magic."

"Thank you! Ah those were the days let me tell you! Nowadays it's all rush, rush, and rush about. No time for a good old-fashioned torture. Not that I do that kind of stuff now mind you," he said as Xander began to look uncomfortable. He patted the young man's hand. "Relax. I haven't killed a human in YEARS!"

His wistful look did little to relieve Xander.

"Grandpa!" Lily caught the tail end of the conversation as she walked in.

He shrugged and made a face. "I've been good!"

"This is human blood," Spike said as he took a sip.
"Where...?"

"Donations really. We have family working all over. Some in blood banks even. Some members actually donate so that the vampires in the family don't have to go without;

Joe is a cousin. I can't STAND animal blood, it just isn't healthy!"

Spike nodded with a frown. "I agree. All I can usually get though"

Xander looked decidedly worried.

"RELAX my dear boy!" Grandpa chuckled. "What keeps a fine young vampire like you from taking a bite out of the world?"

Spike sighed deeply looking into his cup. "I've lost my bite."

Grandpa looked at him thoughtfully. "Really? Wanna borrow mine?"

Spike found himself looking at a pair of dentures with fangs held out in an older hand. He looked up at a face filled with laughter. He smiled too.

"Grandpa put your teeth back in." Lily smiled as she walked back out of the kitchen with her own mug of Cousin Joe.

Spike looked after her. "Is she really your daughter or just adopted like most Munsters are?"

"No she really is mine. The three original sisters were my daughters. Lily was one of them. Marilyn's mother was another." Again the old man looked back to the past fondly. "They were so beautiful. They lured lots of tasty young men home."

Xander looked toward the door. "Okay we are heading back into TMI land again."

"Now come on child. Your grandmother and great Aunt both had lives or unlives or something, whatever before you were born. Don't be such a prude!" Grandpa smiled. "Goodness knows that isn't any fun!"

"I think I'll go check on...something." Xander stood up.

"What are you going to check on?"

"I don't know but I'll know it when I see it." He hurried to the door.

As he left the room both vampires burst out laughing.

"Poor boy's just like his mother," Grandpa said fondly.
"How is his love life?"

Spike seemed taken by surprise. "Um I don't really pay attention but until recently he dated an ex -vengeance demon. I guess it isn't the best really."

"Makes sense. He comes from a long line of magic. After all...whom do you think Blake learned his little magic act from? I used to be pretty good at the odd spell or two," he said with pride. "It's in his blood. It attracts like to like. I'm surprised there isn't a line of demons just waiting to meet him. Problem is that demons don't always make the best lovers." Spike leered. "But sometimes they are interesting ones."

"So he really is a demon magnet." Spike laughed.

Grandpa smiled. "Oh yeah most definitely."

"Well so far he don't seem to have a steady bird." Spike shrugged.

Grandpa shook his head. "I'm going to have to do something about that. Don't want him to end up like his mother did."

Spike drained his mug and smiled when it was refilled.
"So when does Blake get here? He owes me some money."

Part Seven

Marilyn and Lily surveyed the tree.

"Where exactly are we holding this reunion?" Marilyn asked as Lily hung up another ornament.

"We've reserved a place. At the Holiday Inn." Lily smiled.

"Tinsel? Tacky or tradition?" Xander asked walking in still looking pale. "The Ladies of The View were torn on the subject."

"Well we are having tinsel," Marilyn told him. "Grab an ornament."

Xander reached over and snagged a white box. "What's this? We didn't have it last year."

Marilyn took it from him gently. "This hasn't been on a tree in over twenty years. Your stepfather wouldn't allow it. I ended up hiding it so he wouldn't throw it away."

She opened the box up and took the delicate ornament out. "This was the first ornament your father and I ever bought and used. We only got to use it two years before..."

Marilyn sighed and hung it on the tree.

Lily put her arm around Marilyn. "I know it still hurts."

"Uh mom how...how did dad die?" Xander asked carefully.

Marilyn closed her eyes briefly before wiping at her eyes and hugging him fiercely. "Not now."

She walked quickly out of the room.

Xander looked down.

"It's okay Alexander. She has never had the chance to properly mourn him. She jumped feet first into her marriage with Henry without ever..." Lily sighed sadly. "She wanted to make sure you had a father."

Xander rolled his eyes. "Great pick."

Lily patted him on the shoulder. "Don't fault her too much she was still quite young and her prospects were never really promising. She settled. But Herman was right. She could have done better."

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In a kitchen across town the slayer was attempting to do battle. To do battle with a diabolical entity that had plagued her since it first came into her life and into Giles' kitchen.

"You fucking toaster! You're nothing! That's all you'll ever be! A toaster!" She picked up a meat-tenderizing mallet and hefted it into the air.

Giles pulled it easily out of her hands and then pulled the toaster's plug. "Buffy don't you think you are getting a

little over excited."

"It hates me!"

"'IT' is an inanimate object Buffy it has no feelings." Giles moved the offending appliance to the side.

"Says you. I think it's possessed. It is EVIL!" Buffy yelled pointing at the smallish metal box.

"What exactly did it do?" Giles asked looking at it carefully.

"It burnt my bagel!" Buffy pouted. "AGAIN."

Giles sighed and looked heavenward as he led her out of the kitchen.

Willow sipped at her drink. "Did Buffy slay the toaster yet?"

"Not yet." Buffy pouted. "It lives to torment me another day."

She flopped down on the couch and picked up a candy cane. "So are you going to do it Giles?"

"I don't know...I really...I mean..." Giles wiped his glasses as he fumbled for the words.

"Come on! It would be great having you there. Just like old times. And it pays ten bucks an hour..." Buffy sang.

"Oh alright. You have your Santa. Where is this...party going to be held?" Giles sighed in defeat.

"The Holiday Inn. We couldn't get the big convention room just the little one. Some reunion beat us to it." Buffy frowned.

Willow nodded, "But we still plan on having lots of fun. Half the college is going to be there!"

~*~*~*~*~

"Leaving already?" Grandpa asked as the younger vampire stood up. They had talked the rest of the night about the way things used to be. Now the sun was beginning to rise.

"Got to. Sun makes us go poof remember?" The blond

smiled around a cigarette he had just lit.

The old man smiled. "It don't have to if you know what to do."

"You mean run around under a blanket? Been there done that," he said getting said blanket ready in case he didn't get back to his crypt in time.

"No, no. I mean if you have the know how or rather know someone with the know how. You can go out in the light no problem." He smirked a particularly evil smirk.

"Do you mean like having the ring of Amara or something?"

Grandpa grinned. "Or something."

He played with his medallion for a few seconds before pulling the younger vampire's arm as he started upstairs. "Come on I got something to give you."

Upstairs he opened his trunk that he had brought with him. "Here have this."

It was another medallion. "Put it on."

"Um. This kind of thing went out with the late Seventies mate!" Spike eyed it apprehensively while imagining collars that could put an eye out and loud disco music.

Grandpa rolled his eyes. "Put it INSIDE your shirt if it offends your sensibilities."

Spike shrugged and slipped it over his head. He felt a warmth unnatural to him descend over him. He flushed.

"What was that about mate?"

"It has a spell over it. We've been using them for centuries. Later I'll teach you the spell. But the main thing is that now you can go outside. More to the point you and I can go outside and," he giggled and rubbed his hands together, "have a little fun in the sun!"

Spike narrowed his eyes. "What do you have planned old man?"

"Ah don't you trust me?" Grandpa cackled.

"At this point under these circumstances...not as far as Xander could throw you." Spike smiled. "But then...that

must mean we are going to have us a spot of fun this morning I suppose?"

"Oh indeed my friend indeed."

Grandpa threw his arm around Spike's shoulder. "Have you ever met my grandson in law Henry? Marilyn's husband?"

Part Eight

It didn't take too long to track Henry Harris down. They found him in a motel near his favorite bar. Face down on the floor near the bed.

"Oi he stinks." Spike made a face.

Grandpa waved at the air near his nose. "Whew what a smell. He could gag a maggot on a fertilizer wagon."

"What do we do now. He's dead to the world and not

even in a beneficial way." Spike's eyes had begun to water slightly as he pinched his nose.

"Well new plan since he isn't awake to appreciate our first plan. First let's hose him down."

"Yeah at least get the first few layers of puke off of him." Spike grabbed the unconscious man's arms and started dragging him to the bathroom.

"Don't drown him. We want him alive." Grandpa sneered slightly before sighing. "The old days were so much more fun. I have so many ideas for what we could have done back then."

"I know what you mean mate. But between your family and my chip we just have to make do."

The drunk only woke up briefly once he was in the water but he drifted off quickly muttering something about "oh baby do it harder."

Spike made a face that spoke "Oh gross as if"

~*~*~*~*~

"Well he's clean I guess. Now what?" Spike asked as he threw the unconscious naked man down on the motel bed.

"I have an idea. Stay right here." Grandpa started to laugh to himself as he danced out of the door. "I'll be RIGHT back."

Spike sat down putting his feet up on a table. "I hope so mate because I'm bored."

Spike didn't have to wait long. The old man was still giggling to himself as he entered the room. He was holding a plain brown sack filled with what looked like fabric.

"What's that mate?" Spike asked taking his feet off the table and starting to stand up.

"I made a quick stop at the drug store and then that little thrift shop on the corner," Grandpa told him. He emptied the bag out on the bed beside the still sleeping man. Cosmetics and women's clothing fell out.

Spike looked at the bag and then looked at the older

vampire then looked back at the bag. Then he turned and looked at Grandpa before turning back to stare at the man on the bed. "Um what exactly did this plan involve?"

Grandpa laughed in delight. "You do know what he does for a living don't you?"

"He's a construction worker or something isn't he?"

"Yep." Grandpa grabbed the large dress and started to pull it over the unconscious man's head.

"O-o-o-o-okay. I see." Spike's eyebrows rose before he started to think about it harder. "Oh this WILL be fun!"

He grabbed the garter belt and panties and started working everything over the man's legs.

After a bit of wrestling around they got Henry's new ensemble on him

"Aw pretty as a picture but I think he needs a bit of blush." Grandpa let out a belly laugh.

"I think he needs a quick shave first," Spike told him as he started opening the various cosmetics.

Grandpa snickered as Spike applied the make up quickly and efficiently. "We need to hurry. We have to get him there before the others get there."

"What others?" Spike asked applying some eyeshadow.

"You'll see." Grandpa rubbed his hands together again.

After a few minutes he finally cocked his head to the side questionably. "Um you do that a little too good."

"Well I watched Dru for about a century now didn't I?" Spike cleared his throat.

"Huh...Right." Grandpa said. "That's why you haven't screwed up one line yet."

"Look ask no questions and I'll tell you no lies mate," Spike muttered uncomfortably.

Grandpa raised his eyebrows before he cast an appraising eye over the blond vampire. "I bet blue is your color."

"Shut up!"

After about a minute, "There he's done. Now where do we take him."

"Give me a hand." Grandpa took the drunk under one arm and lifted him up.

Together they dragged him to their destination. The newest construction site that Henry Harris' crew was working on.

"We are just going to leave him here?"

"Don't worry. His work crew will be here in the next few minutes."

They stayed for a few minutes until they could hear the cat calls and wolf whistles that told them that their intended victim had indeed been found.

~*~*~*~*~

Later that evening...

"I can't believe that they invited you to the reunion,"

Xander groaned as they walked toward Giles house.

"Not so bad. I rather like your Granddad, he has style and a killer sense of humor. Did you know that once he caught a man looking at one of his wives and he took the guy's peni-"

"STOP, no...that is too much information. Don't wanna hear about it." Xander put his hands over his ears.

"You really need to stop being so squeamish."

"Great so now I have to deal with you there as well as figure out how to get Buffy from going stake happy while they're visiting." Xander rubbed his temple. "This is so not what I need. Most families just have metaphorical skeletons in their closets...mine has to have REAL ones."

"Oh don't worry about it pet. Your little Scooby gang will have their own little party tomorrow night and while they have theirs you'll have yours. Since your Uncle finally rounded up everyone and got it through their heads to stop trying to get themselves staked by the resident slayer they're safe enough until then. Then after the party everyone goes home and voila you get through the holiday without any major stakage."

"Spike this is not only the Hellmouth but my life...therefore it is NEVER that easy." Xander sighed as they walked through the door.

"Xander are you coming to the party tomorrow night?" Willow asked as she arranged more decorations in a box.

"Where are you going with that?" Xander asked confused. He had thought that they would be decorating Giles' house.

"The Holiday Inn. Huge party there tomorrow night. We're all going to be there. You coming?" Buffy smiled brightly.

Xander's smile felt frozen and unreal on his face as Spike patted him lightly on the back. "Are you under a curse I don't know about Pet?"

"I think so. It's Chinese and goes... 'May you live in interesting times'" Xander rubbed his eyes.

"That'll do it," Spike nodded.

Part Nine

Oz sat down heavily. He had cut loose with a howl only a moment before to have it unexpectedly answered in the distance. While he could now control the wolf side of himself and while he had learned a great deal about his condition he hadn't learned to be fluent in what might be considered the language. But he could swear that what he had heard could be translated as 'Hey dude how's it hanging?'

He blinked then blinked again and cut loose with another howl, a long and forlorn sound on the clear Californian night.

'Angst much?' came the reply which was a little closer.

After a few tentative minutes he managed to howl back, 'Huh?'

After a few seconds a dark muzzle parted the bushes. A low playful growl came to him while bright dark eyes twinkled. 'Come here often handsome?'

'Huh?' he replied intelligently.

The other wolf laughed as he came over and playfully pushed him down like a young puppy.

Oz looked up at the strange wolf still stunned. 'Who are you?'

'Friendly.' The black wolf nosed him. 'Play?'

Oz had not ever met another wolf that hadn't either wanted to fight or fuck or both. 'Are you serious?'

The wolf seemed to smile at him before he swished his tail and tugged at Oz's ear again reminding Oz of a rambunctious puppy.

'I need to go back to my parents' place soon. Bored! We are young still. Let's play!' He gently bit Oz on the neck.

Oz smiled himself. 'Who are you?'

'Friend. Come with me!' The black wolf bounded away wagging his tail. Oz laughed and followed.

~*~*~*~*~

The two young men lay under the stars looking up.

"So you're just visiting family too huh?" Edward Wolfgang Munster asked, much older than Oz he still seemed younger than Oz despite the fact that the opposite was true.

"Yeah," Oz answered.

"They nice enough?" Eddie asked.

"Yeah," Oz nodded.

"Wow...you're just the regular motor mouth huh?" Eddie said rubbing his ears melodramatically.

It won a smile from Oz.

"My cousin Marilyn was always nice. We were sad when she moved away. We haven't seen her since Alexander was two years old. He's Marilyn's kid." The older werewolf smiled in memory.

"How is he?" Oz asked softly.

"He seems kinda cool. Just really high strung you know. Not because he finds himself surrounded by 'monsters' but because he's worried we'll get into some sort of

trouble. You know staked or something by the slayer."
Eddie laughed.

"Well legitimate fear really. The slayer tends to slay first, ask questions later," Oz told him.

They were quietly enjoying each other's company until it finally occurred to Oz... "Um how does your 'normalish' cousin know the slayer?"

"Oh he's friends with her or something. Xander seems to have a wide variety of friends. Witches, Vampires, Watchers and Slayers. Really for someone that hasn't come into his own yet he really fits in with the family!"

Oz sat up wide-eyed. "Xander? Xander is your cousin?"

~*~*~*~*~

Meanwhile in the Harris house...

"Grandpa are you sure this is wise?" Herman asked handing the old vampire the ingredients he requested.

"Of course! Look, Xander hasn't gotten a [mate](#) YET! He's

just like his mother. Now it took us a long time to get her and Paul together. And we started while Marilyn was still younger than he is now. We don't have any time left. If we are going to ensure that he has someone we need to take drastic measures NOW!"

"Yes I agree but are you sure about this spell?" Herman bit his lip and shook his fists nervously.

"Positive! I used this spell for three of my wives! Look it's simple. I enchant this mistletoe. We let Xander hang it up somewhere and then we follow it. It will hover over whoever is his best match. It don't matter where he hangs it up it will find his match. We just follow."

Herman still wasn't soothed. "Lily might not like this."

"We don't have to tell Lily! What Lily don't know won't hurt US!" Grandpa told him wisely.

"Now hand me those sheets from Xander's bed."
Grandpa told him.

"Why do you need sheets from his bed?" Herman asked.

"Because they know what his dreams are," Grandpa told

him enigmatically. He carefully picked them up with his forefinger and thumb.

Herman thought about it for a few minutes. "Oh gross!"

"He's young, it happens."

Part Ten

"I feel lightheaded." Xander intoned as he wobbled into a corner.

"Sorry pet but you're one of the few beings here that breathes, therefore you were nominated to blow up all the balloons," Spike said as he checked the fridge hidden under the table. The fridge was filled with the refreshments for the guests who preferred food of a more crimson nature.

Xander had apparently been put in charge of balloons and mistletoe. Every time he turned around he was being

handed decorations to hang up and for the last hour he had been blowing up balloons. He had finished hanging the mistletoe that his Uncle and Great grandfather had insisted on earlier.

"Oh look stars. They're dancing around my head." He blinked hard.

"Yeah? Well I'm going to run if they start singing to you," Spike told him seriously.

Spike was trying his best NOT to look at Xander or Herman for that matter. Xander was wearing reindeer antlers with bells and bows on them. This wasn't too bad until you figured in the red blinking nose he had donned and the green elf like clothing he was wearing. Herman was dressed as Santa but the slightly green complexion and the scars on his face and wrists made him think of Christmastime slasher movies he had seen in the eighties.

The fact was that many of the Munster family were wearing various holiday adornments. He raised an eyebrow as a demon with horns that looked like any human's conception of the devil walked by with a Christmas tree crown made of construction paper on his

head. It was decorated with sparkle and stickers and he was happily putting out cookies on another table.

He was beginning to think that nothing could surprise him anymore when he heard...

"Mom, Dad I want you to meet a new friend of mine. Oz." He turned around to see the familiar young man shaking hands with Herman and Lily.

Xander smiled and clapped the man on the back. "Good to see you man!"

"Eddie we were getting worried about you! Where have you been?" Lily asked hugging her son.

"Oh Oz and I were getting...more acquainted," Eddie smiled slyly.

Xander choked slightly and coughed into his hand stifling a giggle as he realized what his oblivious relatives had missed. Having hung out with Willow and Tara long enough he was familiar with certain innuendoes.

Spike just shook his head and muttered. "Munsters don't die they multiply."

Xander collapsed into a chair a few minutes later as Eddie and Oz took off for parts unknown. "I have officially run out of air. I'm non breathing guy now."

"You are still breathing or you would be passed out," Spike smirked.

"You get by." Xander threw a uninflated balloon at the vampire.

"I'm dead guy. I don't need to breathe." Spike slammed the door on the fridge. "Go get some more blood from the cooler in the van."

"Hey what gives you the right to order me around?" Xander pouted.

"You is my elf ho." Spike said in an inner city American accent. "Now move it."

Xander rolled his eyes. As he left the big room he looked down the corridor carefully. He had made his plans carefully. His plan consisted of trying to avoid the other party and the other guests at all costs and trying to keep all members of their own party IN their own convention

room.

So far so good his simple plan had worked. The last thing he wanted was for Buffy to play pin the tail on the Vampire on live or not live as the case actually was members of his family.

He only wondered at this point how long his luck would last.

"XANDER? Did you decide to come after all?" he heard Willow call from across the parking lot.

Apparently luck suffered from premature ejaculation. Because it had just fucked him over early tonight.

~*~*~*~*~

"Willow. Ah, um, here early?" Xander clapped his hands together while closing the van's door with his hip.

"I'm decorating girl remember?" Willow smiled with a little bounce. Tara came up beside her. Twin smiles of happiness on their faces.

"So you decided to come to the party after all?" Willow asked eagerly with hope on her face.

Xander reached up and felt the blinking nose before nodding. "Um YEAH! You know me! I'm Party guy when I wanna be."

"I'm so glad! Help me with these boxes," Willow told him starting to load boxes on him.

Suddenly Xander found himself under three oversized boxes that made him unable to see, as someone unseen led him along by his elfish belt. "I uh was actually getting something..."

Unheard the unseen person, hopefully it was Willow, continued to lead him through the maze that was the Sunnydale Holiday Inn convention center.

"We're here just put them down."

He gratefully put them down or more to the point dropped them. "I have to..."

"Here we need these balloons blown up..." she interrupted.

He swallowed the scream that bubbled up as he looked at the large box of uninflated balloons.

Part Eleven

"Where did the whelp go this time?" Spike growled around his cigarette. He leaned against the sign that said plainly NO SMOKING.

A nearby demon shrugged "Cousin Itt saw him going down the corridor with some red head girl earlier."

"Cousin Itt?" Spike asked not sure that he wanted to know.

"Yeah. The guy made of hair over there. He's a really distant cousin. But he really knows how to party." The demon that spoke was the devil's look-a-like with the construction paper tree on his head. "Want me to go look for Xander?"

"No, no. Wouldn't want any of your lot to get killed tonight. Slayer is here somewhere." Spike frowned.
"Damn inconvenient"

"Hm why can't we all just get along?" the demon asked sadly.

Spike cleared his throat with a shake of his head. "I have left the Hellmouth and entered the Twilight Zone."

Spike headed toward the popular Cousin Itt who currently had a beautiful girl on each...arm?

"Right then. Devil boy over there said you saw Xander somewhere?" Spike asked trying not to sound like he wasn't totally out of his element surrounded by benign friendly and happy demons, monsters and vampires.

"Gblbrberbehrbelhehbl."

"Wha?" Spike said.

"He said yes he did. You are new here aren't you old man?" asked the man holding the cigar. He was dressed in a very nice suit. "Addams is the name. Gomez Addams.

We are distant relatives of the Munsters. And this is my lovely wife Morticia."

"Nice to um meet you," Spike said as he shook their hands.

Morticia was helping with the flower arrangements. She was cutting all the blooms off and throwing them away. Something about her almost reminded him of Dru.

They weren't Vampires he could tell but they were positively pale. If possible they were paler than most vampires he had met including himself.

He jumped a little as a young teenage girl with braids walked by with an ax. "Mother? Have you seen Pugsley?"

"No Wednesday. Please put that ax away. You can play with Pugsley later." Morticia smiled brightly.

A family after me own heart. Spike cleared his throat and asked aloud. "Did um Cousin Itt see which way he went?"

"Ask him old man. He's standing right here." Gomez chuckled.

"Uh okay. Mr. um Addams? Did you happen to see which way the little git went?" Spike asked.

The little man that seemed made of hair bobbed up and down while it gibbered at him. When he was done he waited expectantly.

"Um thanks," Spike said.

"Would you like Lurch to take you there?" Gomez was still smiling brightly as he pointed to the tall servant with his cigar.

"HMMM" Lurch raised an eyebrow.

"Mon Cher! Lurch is hanging decorations! Send Thing," Morticia told her husband.

"TISH! You spoke French!" Gomez grabbed his pale beautiful wife and started passionately kissing her.

Spike cleared his throat trying to get their attention when he felt a tug at his pant leg. He jumped slightly as he saw the hand without a body.

"Uh, uh, uh." Spike tried to figure out what to say.

Lurch gravely looked at him and pointed. "Thiiing"

"Cheers mate," he said faintly as the little hand jumped around and turned in circles like a happy puppy.

It spun around and then stopped for a second before it took off at high speed toward a door. Spike rushed after it. It burst through double doors after running through a maze of corridors. Everyone in the room turned to look at them. Spike scooped Thing up and deposited him in one of his many pockets deep in his coat.

That is everyone looked at him but the young man dressed as an elf wearing reindeer antlers that was currently passed out on the floor.

"Spike?" Willow asked.

"Uh yes pet?" Spike asked as he tried to walk with confidence up to the errant boy.

"It's daylight! What are you doing here?" Willow asked.

"Uh. Well yes. Interesting thing about that." Spike grabbed one of Xander's arms. "But I gotta go now."

"Hey where are you taking him?" Willow yelled after him.

"Uh nowhere. I just um..." he patted down the boy and found a small package of mints. "I just um needed a breath mint that's all."

Willow narrowed her eyes.

"What?" Spike asked, "You deny me freshmaker?"

"What are you really doing here?" Willow asked him tapping his foot.

"Nothing bad pet! Honest. Just a little merry making," Spike told her shaking the young man.

"Wha? Spike?" Xander came to.

"Uh Spike. What are you doing here?" Xander hissed at him.

"I needed a breath mint?" Spike told him weakly.

"I'll be right back Willow I'm just going to escort Spike out...into direct sunlight if he don't behave." Xander

grabbed Spike by the arm.

As they went through the doors Xander asked. "What are you doing here?"

"Looking for you! You git! What happened to your 'plan'"

"NEW plan! I run between two parties for the rest of the night and hope for the best," Xander told him.

"That plan sucks! And not even in a good way," Spike told him patting at something moving in his coat by itself.

"You have any other ideas?" Xander hissed.

Spike's eyes went wide as he reached in and pulled something out. It was a hand. It was Thing.

"Damn thing just felt me UP!" Spike yelled as he threw it onto the floor. He could swear it was laughing at him as it took off toward the reunion.

"That was a hand," Xander said.

"Yes a horny hand," Spike growled.

"That was JUST a hand."

"Yes and it was completely handsy at that!" Spike agreed as they continued to walk toward their end of the Inn.

"That was a hand with NO body Spike," Xander told him.

"Yes its name is Thing and it came with some of your lot. It led me to you," Spike told him. "What made you pass out anyway? And where is Buffy? I figured I was staked the minute we hit the doors."

"Buffy is running late. Willow said that she was talking to Riley on the phone. I got a little too lightheaded after blowing up balloons for THEM!"

As they came in the double doors for their convention room Grandpa and Herman got excited. "Battle stations."

Grandpa muttered a few words and made a few gestures and one of the many mistletoes that Xander had been forced to hang up earlier started to rotate in a circle. Going faster and faster it went in its circle.

"Um Grandpa? Is that *supposed* to do that?" Herman asked nervously.

"Shut up!" Grandpa mumbled to him before making a new gesture that sent it off spiraling in a new direction. "Now follow it!"

They took off following it nearly knocking down other guests.

Across the room Eddie rolled his eyes. "Oh God who are they trying to help now?"

Part Twelve

Oz looked at Eddie and asked, "They up to something?"

"Aren't they always?" Eddie sighed to himself.

"What do you think they're up to?" Oz asked.

"I don't know but I have no intention of getting in the middle of it. Because when mom finds out...oooo I don't

want to be anywhere involved." Eddie winced.

Oz smiled.

They drank slowly from their cups. "How is it that you're a werewolf and your mom is a vampire while your dad is um well you know?"

Eddie chuckled. "It took them a while to figure out how to make me actually. See about fifty years ago the family figured out a spell to have kids. But no one wanted to really try it. Finally my mom's sister decided to give it a try. She was a vampire while her old man was a warlock. To make a long story short they screwed up. She came out, well basically normal. She had the potential to be a witch but it couldn't be brought out because the initial spell to create her was a little off. They didn't make it even enough. You have to concentrate on what I guess you could call DNA and take evenly from both prospective parents. They did too much from my Aunt. So Marilyn came out more like my Aunt had been as a human before being turned than like her father the warlock. When I was made they had to concentrate on one of my dad's body parts and take the DNA from it to combine with mom's. The body part they picked was..."

"From a werewolf?" Oz completed for him.

"Yep," Eddie told him. "I'm glad too."

He smiled shyly and stroked Oz's hand who managed to look embarrassed but happy too.

"What about Xander?" Oz asked confused.

"Oh Xander has lots of potential. His dad was a warlock and Marilyn still carried the genes for it. Since they didn't need magical intervention they had him naturally. Mom says she senses power. It just needs to be brought out. He could be a pretty decent warlock with the right training." Eddie smiled.

"What is he doing?" Oz asked as Xander ran out of the room. He had watched the young man leave once and come back only to leave a few minutes later.

"I have no idea," Eddie told him.

"Okay...then can you tell me why Spike is being attacked by flying Mistletoe?" Oz asked.

~*~*~*~*~

The cloaked figure moved into the room carefully trying not to call attention to itself. He watched the ones around him silently. His girls had arrived earlier but he wasn't worried about them. It wasn't them that were being followed. It wasn't the girls that were in danger of being dusted.

He picked a corner of the room and sat down. His only hope was that if his nemesis followed him this far that the others would surprise him long enough for him to slip away. He didn't really relish the idea of using his family as cannon fodder but when push came to shove he did tend to think of himself first and them last.

He pulled his hood down farther as someone bumped into his table frantically waving at something buzzing by his head. He looked closer. (OH MY...? Is that William?)

He gaped as his former rival batted at what looked to be mistletoe. He narrowed his eyes. Yep it was mistletoe. His father and his Brother-in-law followed closely behind him with...flyswatters? He looked around to see who had turned up for the reunion. *Uh oh* His mother had made it after all. That was never a good thing in his opinion.

It would be dark soon. He would know soon enough if he had been found and followed. He could feel the sun going down.

He watched the floor show. *Now what is William doing here? Surely he still isn't trying to collect that bit of money?*

Part Thirteen

"Buffy don't cry! He isn't worth it!" Willow patted her friend on the back.

Xander stood nearby doing the obligatory head nod.

"He-he-did it over the phone!" Buffy sniffled. She hadn't really broken out in tears as she was trying to valiantly hold them in. "I can't believe he did it over the phone."

"What a bastard!" Xander told her. *A smart bastard! She'd probably knock him on his ass if he had done it to her face.*

Riley had gone home to Iowa. Permanently home. More to the point he had gone back to his old girlfriend there.

He handed her a glass of egg nog. "Go easy on this stuff.

It's potent."

She downed it in one swallow.

"Or...go for it. Whatever you want to do," Xander told her. "I'll be right back."

~*~*~*~*~

He rushed in to find Spike collapsed in a chair while Grandpa fanned him with a napkin. "Sorry about that..." his grandpa was saying.

"It bloody well almost killed me it did," he panted slightly. "William the Bloody killed by a weed! Now how would that bleedin look written in some watcher's journal?"

"It won't happen again," Herman told him nervously.

"Um guys what happened?" Xander asked totally confused.

"NEVER MIND!" Spike shouted.

"Are you okay?" Xander asked passing a mug of warmed blood to the shaken vampire.

"I'm just peachy thanks," Spike said sarcastically.

"Well as long as you're okay. Buffy is here now. And she is NOT in a holly jolly mood," Xander warned them.

"Huckleberry Finn left her...over the phone!"

"Ah! NICE!" Spike groaned.

"Don't worry I have a plan!" Xander told him seriously.

"Bloody hell," Spike moaned.

"Oh ye of little faith." Xander patted him on the back ignoring the warning growl.

~*~*~*~*~

Across the room he was ticking down the time till nightfall. But in the interim he was also watching his relatives. He caught the muttered words about the slayer. The charming blonde girl he wanted for his own. He had only survived due to him making himself appear

as dust BEFORE she could actually stake him. She knew his trick but she had eventually let him go. If he could accomplish it he would not return the favor. He would never let her go.

Now where does that kid keep going?

~*~*~*~*~

"Buffy! Let me get you a refill on that!" Xander handed her another egg nog.

She had apparently had some while he was gone as she wobbled a little sitting in her chair. That was okay though, half the occupants in the room seemed to wobble a bit. The college party seemed to be getting louder and louder as each second went by.

Xander practically had to yell in the small blonde's ear for her to hear him. But she nodded enthusiastically when he presented her with a new cup.

Giles sat in the middle of the room giving a listless "Ho ho ho."

"Cheer up G-man. Its only once a year!" Xander told him cheerfully. "Now is that any way for Santa to act? I've been a good boy this year!"

"Sit in my lap and I will have to hurt you," Giles told him calmly.

"Chill out Giles, have a drink!" Xander handed him a cup.

Xander rushed out of the room and nearly fell on his butt when he hit someone that could have passed as a brick wall.

Xander looked up and then up some more.

"Hello Deadboy," he whispered. "What are you doing here?"

Part Fourteen

Xander led the trio from LA back to the room he had just left.

"This wasn't the direction you were heading before Xander," Cordelia told him.

"I was um going to the bathroom." Xander cleared his throat.

As they neared the room that the party was being held in the sound had intensified since he had left. "Here we are!"

"What brings you to Sunnydale?" Xander tried to keep his tone light and carefree.

"An old enemy. A dangerous enemy. One Buffy has fought recently. He's back," Angel said in a dark tone.

Xander racked his brain but came up empty. Buffy fought lots of demons. Pick one. "And which one would he be?"

"Dracula," Angel told him.

Xander surprised him. He had expected Xander to look frightened or at the very least concerned. The sly eager

look was NOT what he expected.

"Uh haven't heard anything about that but Buffy is right over there! Have some egg nog it's really good!" Xander started heading to the door. "I need to use the uh facilities."

~*~*~*~*~

"Red alert people our problems have just multiplied!" Xander announced as he came through the doors.

"What is wrong now?" Spike asked in irritation.

"Angel and company is here!" Xander told him.

"The Pouf? HERE? WHY?" Spike raised his voice causing several demons enjoying the party to look over at him.

"Because BLAKE led them here! I am SO telling Grandma on him!" Xander stomped off looking for his grandfather's ex-wife.

Spike stood for a second digesting the new information before shrugging his shoulders. "Right. Right then! Okay

WHERE IS MY MONEY you wanker?" he yelled at the room.

Blake jumped up and ran toward the door.

"Come back here you bloody ass!" Spike called as he ran after him.

~*~*~*~*~

Angel was trying to get the Slayer to stand up. He was pulling up on her hands. But the slayer was shaking him off and telling him. "These hands! I can't get them off my wrists!"

"I don't need your hands! I need you to sober up!" Angel was shaking her.

"I don't wanna. Riley is gone," she told him sorrowfully.

He was interrupted as the object that he had been hunting ran through the room past him. He stared open mouthed as Spike ran after him yelling "Give me my bloody money you wanker!"

Followed quickly by Xander yelling at the top of his lungs.
"You are SO in TROUBLE Blake! Grandma is pissed at you!"

"I didn't do it! I didn't do it!" The man that Angel knew only as Dracula kept yelling as he ran from his pursuers.

"YES YOU DID! I told on you! I told on you about the bugs and making me your butt monkey and everything!"
Xander chased him.

"I want my bloody money!" Spike yelled in counter point.
"Give me my money!"

At one point they came close to catching the vampire that poured on the speed at the last minute to escape.

"You can't catch me!" he sang out.

Angel growled, "But I can!" as he clotheslined the vampire.

As he went down first Spike then Xander tripped over him and sprawled on top where they all three began to wrestle on the floor while Angel, Cordelia and a very drunk Slayer watched on. Wesley had gone to question

Giles only to find himself pulled into the former watcher's lap. As he was held there the now equally drunk man kept demanding "What do you want for Christmas little boy?"

"For you to let me go!" Wesley squirmed trying to get up.

"Xander? Spike? He's dangerous!" Cordelia squealed.

The two men ignored her as they each took turns trying to knock out the vampire.

They only stopped when they heard a voice call out "ENOUGH!"

Grandpa and Grandma Tabitha both stood at the doorway before coming in.

Xander and Spike scrambled off and stood behind Angel trying to not appear as though they were hiding behind him. Which they were.

Angel was further surprised when Dracula stood up and tried to also hide behind him only to be pushed back.

"I didn't do it!" he whined.

"You totally did it!" Xander peeked out from behind Angel.

"Tattle tale!" Blake hissed.

Grandma Tabitha walked forward and grabbed the vampire by the ear dragging him forward. Angel stood still with his mouth slightly open while Buffy just squinted at them all trying to figure out who was who.

"You've been bad boy?" she asked in a thick accent.

"No!" he tried to tell her. He had completely lost his own accent that apparently he had only affected for effect.

"Yes he has! He made me eat bugs!" Xander told her.

"Did you make your nephew eat bugs?" she asked incredulously.

"No! Yes? Maybe...I didn't know he was my nephew! I just thought he was some random moron!" Blake whined helplessly.

"I am totally not random!" Xander yelled.

"Yeah! He's a related moron!" Spike told him.

"Yeah! HEY!" Xander punched a giggling Spike in the shoulder. Angel looked annoyed by the jostling he felt behind him.

Tabitha started pulling him behind her by the ear lecturing him in Romanian the entire way. Every few seconds Blake would whine "I'm sorry mama!"

As they exited the door Grandpa chuckled. "You can come out now. Grandma is gone."

"We weren't scared of Grandma," Xander told him trying to maintain his dignity as he finally came out from behind Angel.

Spike pursed his lips before he stomped his foot. "DAMN it! He still got away without giving me my bloody money!"

Part Fifteen

During the confrontation with Blake Dracula, Xander hadn't noticed that the noise level had lowered considerably. Now that things had relatively calmed down he noticed that there wasn't as many people. Angel was glaring at both him and Spike waiting for answers but Xander was more concerned with what had happened to all the people. He looked toward the doors and noticed that they were open. He also noticed that there were many people swarming the halls. All of them laughing, partying and having a good time, in other words they were all drunk out of their minds and hadn't noticed the fact that for a few minutes within their midst they had had five vampires. Two of which had left because one had misbehaved. Grandpa was smiling benignly at Angel. He had sniffed Buffy's glass and put it down. "She's pretty much wasted huh?"

Angel scowled.

"She'll be okay. Humans are more durable than we tend to credit." He patted Buffy on the back but jumped back as she emptied her stomach near his shoes.

She looked up at him blearily. "I feel better."

"That's nice dear," he told her.

Xander tentatively followed the partyers. Spike followed behind him at a slow pace. He groaned as he noticed where the path led.

Spike chuckled as they opened the door. The college party had spilled over into the reunion. He watched in horror as Cousin Itt made time with a sophomore and a senior. While Lurch looked like he was doing some sort of stiff-legged dance with some young pretty girl.

He felt the room shake suddenly. In the corner his Uncle seemed to be throwing some sort of temper tantrum while his Aunt waved her finger at him. "Uh oh someone is in trouble."

"As long as it isn't us pet," Spike told him.

"Where are Eddie and Oz?" Xander asked.

"I think they are...how does the little witches put it? 'Practicing spells' in the closet over there." Spike

snickered.

He jumped when he heard Buffy's voice near by. "You're mean Mr. Devil."

He and Spike looked over just in time to see the Devil lookalike trying to unwrap himself from the drunken slayer. "Miss you've had too much to drink!"

"Ah come on?" she begged trying to climb up him.

His Christmas tree crown was slightly tilted and a lot of the sparkle had fallen off as he tried to evade her grabby hands. "Miss please! I'm married! Happily! HEEEEEEELP!"

Mr. Devil look-a-like's wife looked quite upset with the young blonde slayer and Xander rushed forward to try and pull the enthusiastic young girl off the distressed demon.

Angel was looking around the room in a daze while Cordelia tried to hide behind him for safety.

"AHHHHH" she screamed.

Thing ran past in the opposite direction.

"Don't worry Luv. He felt me up too," Spike tried to console her. She glared at him as though it was his fault.

"I think things are getting a little out of hand here!" Xander said as he watched Thing wave at him briefly.

The college students were getting louder and louder and the noise was becoming deafening.

"PARTY'S OVER!" Xander tried to yell over everyone but no one could hear.

Spike shrugged his shoulders and climbed on a table. He yelled. "OI QUIET DOWN!"

He was ignored as well.

A fight was in danger of breaking out in a couple of places. And the fear was now that Buffy would be the one staked before the night was out if Mrs. Devil look-a-like had her say.

"Xander!" Eddie called out to him as both he and Oz came running up. "We've got to get these people to calm down."

Xander looked around in a panic. Hundreds of people and demons were packed in the room now. Some so drunk that he doubted that they knew their own name much less the species of the other people they were starting an argument with.

Angel who was pushing him against the wall now had cornered Spike, he alternated between demanding answers and blaming the blonde vampire for what was going on. Spike was getting mad and he could just imagine the knock down drag out fight that was sure to begin soon. Cordelia was holding a crossbow on his Grandfather while Wesley was nowhere to be seen. He was sure that he was still being manhandled by the ex-watcher though.

His Uncle and Aunt were fighting loudly but he still couldn't hear what it was about but they were gesturing wildly at him.

His mother was upset sitting in a chair in a corner.

Xander began to breathe faster and faster as everything continued to spiral out of control around him. His head began to pound with the blood that rushed through his

body as his heart beat faster and faster. He saw the spots in front of his eyes that warned that he would soon faint. Anger rose in his heart and fears fed the fire within. He closed his eyes and pictured everyone gone. Gone home away from him and not complicating his life anymore. He felt something rise within him from his toes up through his body and bubble forth from his mouth as he yelled, "STOP"

And for the next few minutes for the next few precious minutes he did not move nor did he open his eyes as he realized that all noise had stopped. Only the sound of his breathing, harsh to his own ears made its way across the room to bounce back in the form of an echo.

He tried to slow his breathing telling himself that everything would be okay. He figured that the noise would be starting again soon. Quietly then rising slowly as everyone got over the shock of his yelled command. But it didn't happen, the only thing that did was the quiet question, "Where did they all go mate?"

He opened his eyes slowly. Only Spike, Willow, Tara, Eddie and Oz stood before him. The entire room was empty.

Eddie quietly took out his cell phone and dialed a number. He sighed in relief as someone answered him as he said "Hello?"

He listened carefully then said "Love you, see you there."

He turned to Xander and thumped him on the back. "Mom said that next time you spell everyone back to their homes to warn her first!"

"W-w-why are we still here?" Willow asked still in shock.

Xander shrugged weakly. "Because you five weren't bothering me I guess."

Oz nodded, "Cool."

He collapsed.

Part Sixteen

He woke up to someone trying to get him to sip something. He groaned quietly. "That better not be egg nog. I don't want to have to hurt someone."

"No egg nog. It is totally non egg noggy," Willow told him. "Are you okay?"

She and Tara helped him sit up.

"I can't believe you did that!" she said excited.

"Me neither," Xander whispered looking around at the trashed room.

Spike was quietly sipping from a blood bag. He had the whole refrigerator to himself now.

Eddie was eating from one of the many trays. He would stuff one into his mouth then stuff one into Oz's mouth. "Cool, now you can start to learn how to do your magic. Mom wondered what would trigger you."

Oz just nodded eating more.

Willow looked at Oz and sighed. Tara looked worried for a second but then Willow gave her a reassuring squeeze.

"You knew that he could do magic?" she asked Oz.

Oz shrugged.

"Don't mind him he's just a motor mouth tonight," Eddie told her as he stuck another cracker-laden snack into Oz's mouth.

Xander stared at them before he remembered Spike had made the comment about 'practicing spells'. "When was someone going to tell me?"

Oz shrugged again as Eddie opened a soft drink for Oz to take a sip of.

"Not my department kiddo. Take it up with my Mom. But seeing as how your dad was a warlock...you should have been able to figure it out eventually," Eddie said dabbing a napkin at Oz's mouth before starting to feed him again.

Willow frowned. "Oz?"

"Hmm?"

"Never mind," she said as she watched Eddie wrap his

arm around Oz's waist. "I think I know."

She smiled at him and he gave her a thumb up signal.

Tara stepped tentatively up to Xander. "X-xander? I found this by a table. It has your name on it."

He looked at the tag. "It's from my Grandpa and Uncle Herman."

He shook the package carefully. He looked very apprehensive. "I'm uh scared to open it."

"I'll open it for you whelp!" Spike grabbed the package. He gave it a hard shake. "Not breakable at least."

He tore the paper off and opened the box then looked at it in horror as he threw it up and away from him. Willow caught it before it hit the ground. "Oh look a mistletoe, how sweet!"

"That damn thing tried to kill me earlier!" Spike said hiding behind Tara.

Xander chuckled as he took the box from Willow. He found the paper inside and read it. "Xander, for

Christmas we wanted to give you your true love. Hold the mistletoe to find the one that truly holds your heart. Love Grandpa and Uncle Herman. P.S. tell him that it wasn't supposed to attack him...just flutter above his head a little. I used too much passion fruit juice. Sorry."

Spike looked very unsure of himself suddenly as everyone turned to look at him.

Xander picked it up and it rose into the air from his hand and drifted to Spike. Spike ducked and covered his head but after a few seconds became aware that it wasn't attacking him again.

Eddie finally pushed Xander toward Spike. "Go on! Kiss him stupid!"

Oz nodded.

"You're just really mouthy tonight aren't ya?" Eddie teased Oz before giving him a peck on the lips. "You just never keep quiet."

Xander came up closer and Spike began to look impatient. Finally he took matters into his own hands and grabbed Xander pulling him into an embrace and

kissing him deeply. He jumped backwards as the mistletoe dropped onto his head.

"Great I'm permanently traumatized by mistletoe," he grumbled.

Xander smiled. "Don't worry. I don't keep any mistletoe at home."

"Home?"

"Home, you're coming home with me tonight," Xander told him. "I have something for you. A last minute gift."

"What?" Spike asked.

"Me. Let's um go practice some spells." Xander winked. "Because tomorrow my mom and family will probably kill me."

"Nah they won't kill you. And if they try me crypt has a portable heater. You can stay with me."

"Cool can I play Cryptkeeper?" Xander asked imitating the laugh.

Spike groaned. "What am I getting myself into?"

Eddie shrugged as they all left the room. "The Munster family?"

The End

The Challenges:

The Wheel of time/wilder magic challenge thingy

CHRISMASSY CHALLENGE:

Must contain:

An enchanted mistletoe that insists on following one of our favourite boys around. You get to choose which, and you must explain who enchanted the mistletoe and how exactly they enchanted it (why is it following one of the boys in particular?).

S/X pairing. Well, duh!

Spike offering to unwrap Xander's 'gift'. You choose the context.

A member (or more) of the Scooby Gang getting

snockered on EggNog.

A candy cane.

A member of the Scooby Gang playing Santa Claus.

A game of pin the stake on the vampire.

*The line: "Is that *supposed* to do that?"*

A christmas tree ornament with significance.

Christmas filled challenge:

Things that should (give or take some) in them

-A search for Xander's real parents

-Xander wearing Raindeer antlers with bells and bows on them.

-Xander's family has a secret that caused him to be a demon magnet (there's thousands of things!)

-Any form of comfort

-A nice little reunion

-A couple of flashbacks to when Xander was with his real family.

-A gift of lil' baby Xander pictures.

-A really sappy gift to Xander's love ^_^

Try to add these quotes:

"You deny me freshmaker?"

"You is my elf ho."

"These hands!! I can't get them off my wrists!!"

"You fucking toaster!! You're nothing! That's all you'll

ever be! A toaster!!"

"You're mean Mr. Devil."