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

This is for amejisuto's birthday. Hope this is...well, even remotely what you were asking for. I tried.

Beta'd by kitty_poker1

Road Trips That Make You Want to Heave

by

Eyezrthewindows

Xander stared at Spike. Kept staring until the blond vampire snarled and told him to piss off and that he wasn't going to tell him where they were going or why.

Xander sulked.
The ride was silent until Xander's belly began to growl and he started feeling that tearing hunger that never really went away but could control until times like this.

"Spike--"

"Shut your gob," Spike hissed, eyes trained on the road through the slightly less painted portion of windscreen in front of him.

Xander pouted and crossed his arms tightly over his chest. "I was only going to tell you that I was hungry, asshole."

Spike snatched his eyes off the road and glared at Xander. "And I told you to shut the hell up! It's not sunset, so we can't stop now anyway. Couple of hours, git. Now leave me in peace till then, all right?"

"Geez," Xander grumbled turning away. "Pms'ing much, Spike?"

Spike growled and turned on the music, or what he thought was music. To Xander it sounded like a bunch of
cats in a bag yowling as they were slammed repeatedly into a wall.

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"You ate, now what do you want? We've got to get to LA."

"We're going back to California? I thought Mexico was fun, Spike..."

Spike rolled his eyes. "We're going back across the border, whelp, but we're not staying there. Got some business to attend to, don't we? Very important and can't be put off."

Xander glared at Spike and stuck out his tongue.

"I saw that," Spike said without even looking at him.

Xander sighed.

Five minutes later he couldn't keep up his silence and blurted, "Don't you need gas or something? This car isn't exactly fuel efficient."
Spike growled under his breath and glanced at the fuel indicator on the dash. He rolled his shoulders, black-polished fingers tightening on the wheel. "You're not wrong. Guess we could stop for a bit. Stretch our legs, get some petrol. Don't want to run out at an inopportune moment, do we?"

Xander smiled.

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At the Kum N' Go, and Xander couldn't stop snickering at the name, Spike filled the car up with gas while Xander was -- inside the Kum N' Go, giggling madly as he perused food shelves -- gathering up snack items for the remainder of the trip.

He was eyeing a bag of Cheetos while carrying a pecan log with cream filling when Spike sauntered in as if he owned the joint -- the way he pretty much walked everywhere he went.

He was still laughing when Spike raised an eyebrow and met him at the back of the store near the alcoholic
beverages. "Can you believe the name of this gas station, Spike? How does anyone come in here and not, like, die laughing or something?"

Spike rolled his eyes and grabbed a bag of mini candy bars. "Some people aren't as retarded as you seem to be. They have maturity and...all that rot. Are you done, yet? We need to get gone if we're going to make it before sunrise."

Xander sighed, clutching his Cheetos and another bag of chips. "You really won't tell me where we're going or why? It's so...sudden. I mean, I know I haven't been a vampire for long but since we left Sunnydale you haven't looked back or said anything about going back..."

Spike sighed and tossed his candy back onto the shelf. He grabbed Xander's chips and squashed them underneath one of the shelves too. Grabbing onto the sleeve of Xander's jacket, he tugged him toward the mens' room. "C'mon."

Xander's eyes widened as he was pulled bodily into the restroom.

Spike locked the door behind them, pulled down
Xander's jeans, then pulled down his own and shoved himself up Xander's ass.

Xander was too busy getting fucked to complain about anything for the next several minutes and for that Spike was eternally grateful.

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Xander happily bounced as he carried a bag of snacks and drinks while Spike sauntered back to the car ahead of him. He tossed it into the back, slammed the door and sighed as he sank into the buttery soft leather seat. There was a delightful twinge in his ass from Spike fucking him; he always loved that feeling.

Spike pulled out all the stolen food he'd shoved into his duster and rolled his eyes at Xander's openly paid for bag of stuff.

Xander felt relaxed and, despite his amusement over the name of the gas station and the irony of what they'd done in the bathroom of said station, he was feeling too good to bother making fun of the situation.
Spike smirked and put the car in gear and headed northwest along the freeway.

He amused himself for a while switching back and forth between human and gameface, still marveling at the difference his vampire face made to his senses. It also felt a little strange. A little like someone had poured hot wax over his forehead and nose and it had dried and pulled his skin taut.

It was weird but he imagined he'd get used to it eventually. Spike seemed not to even notice his change anymore. Of course, he'd been enduring it for over a hundred and twenty-five years.

"What the devil are you doing?"

Xander stopped in mid change, blinking yellow eyes from beneath partially morphed forehead. His fangs barely grazed his lip. "What? Nothing. I'm bored."

Spike rolled his eyes. "Well, don't do that. It's annoying."

Xander shook his head and his gameface melted away.

"Fine." He stuck out his lower lip.
Spike sighed and reached into his duster, pulling out a pecan log. "Here. Shove this in your gob. Keep you busy for a bit."

Xander crowed excitedly and snatched it from Spike's hand. He waited for a moment then, stealthily as he could, lengthened his fangs and took a big bite.

He chewed for a while, munching contentedly, then frowned as he wiggled his tongue around inside his mouth and made a face. "Thit."

His face contorted as he tried to release a nut from between a fang and a normal tooth. It was stuck.

"What is it now?"

"Got a nut stuck in my teeth. Between a fang and the next one over."

"How'd you--! Oh, you stupid git. I told you to stop playing with your vampire face, didn't I? Fucking hell. You're one of those plonkers with ADHD, aren't you? Hyperactive and what have?"
"Do you have any dental floss?"

Spike growled.

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Xander was quiet for a long time after the nut incident -- he'd finally gotten it out after much effort with a fingernail and his tongue and he'd had to toss the nut log out the window despite how much he'd wanted to finish it; he was afraid of getting another nut lodged because the last one had hurt like a bitch.

They hit the border in an obscure place -- Spike apparently knew of a little known area you could cross without getting stuck with having to mess with passports and what not -- and they were in California four hours before sunrise.

"You still won't tell me what the hell's up your butt about where we're going?"

Spike snorted. "Nothing's up my bum, boy. We're just going for a little...visit."
"You said you had business. *Urgent* business."

Spike rolled both shoulders in a shrug. "Yeah. A visit involving urgent business. Shut yer trap, already."

Xander's eyes narrowed. "What's this urgent business visit involve, Spike?"

Spike sighed. "Fine. I'll tell you. We're only two hours out anyway and it's not like there's anyplace for you to go. We're going to pay Peaches a visit, all right?"

Xander sat up straight, eyes wide and glued to Spike's serene face. "We're...we're going to what with who?"

"Going to see Angel."

"Oh, crap. Let me out! I don't want to see him! He doesn't like me, he doesn't like you and I really don't like him so, like, let's go back to Mexico, okay? Spicy food and cheap booze, cheaper and spicier people to munch on...it's all good, right? We don't have to pay grandpa Angel a visit. Thought you wanted to keep me on the down low, anyway."

"We really do need to see him, pet. No getting around it
this time. Unfortunately."

Xander's hand inched toward the door handle. Despite going over one hundred miles per hour, he contemplated opening the door and pitching himself out into the desert night. Taking his chances with wild animals and the coming sunrise and possibly some very uncomfortable road and sand burn on the landing might be better than going to see Angel.

"Don't even think about it. You're going to sit there like a good boy until we get to Angel's place and then you're going to act good and proper and not fuck things up because this is important. You know I wouldn't be taking you there otherwise."

Xander held onto the door handle a while longer, then slumped back in the seat and crossed his arms. He pouted at the darkened window for a while and ignored Spike as the miles rolled by and they ate up the distance between where they were and Los Angeles.

He eventually dug into his bag of goodies and ate some Cheetos. Noisily. Getting sticky cheese residue all over the place. On purpose. He knew how annoying it would be to his sire and he was just pissed enough to try and
upset him without thinking of possible consequences to his own welfare.

He washed his food down with Mountain Dew, snapping the pop top open loudly and slurping even louder.

He wiped his hands off on the front of his shirt since the seats and side panels of the car were leather -- if they'd been fabric he'd have smudged Cheeto leavings all over everything -- and sucked the remainder of the Cheeto dust off his fingers.

Spike's mouth tightened, and so did his hands on the wheel, and it seemed as if every part of him tensed to the point of breaking but he didn't say anything.

Two hours later, they reached Los Angeles City Limits and Xander was a nervous wreck -- the food he'd ingested wasn't sitting well, either. If he could sweat, he'd have been sweating. If his heart could pound and palpitate, it would've been.

Spike sped into the city and soon they were pulling down an extremely busy highway near a large hotel.

Spike drove around the block and parked in an alley,
killed the car and sat there with his hands firmly on the wheel for a moment. "Well. Here we are. Let's go. Not too long till sunrise and I want to get this over with."

Xander shook as he opened the passenger door and stepped out. He stumbled as his legs buckled, weak from the long ride. He stretched them out and walked a short distance to get the use back in them.

He doubled over and threw up in someone's garbage can. As he wiped a trembling hand over his mouth, he pleaded to Spike, "Look, umm, why don't you just go see him and I'll stay here? I could...guard the car. You know, 'cause LA's not exactly small town-y or friendly. Car jackers everywhere, Spike..."

He could also hot wire the blond's precious DeSoto -- Spike had taught him how -- and burn rubber right the fuck out of here.

Spike narrowed his eyes at him and lit a cigarette. He stared with distaste at the puke-filled garbage can, then leveled his gaze on Xander again. "I know what you're thinking and no. You have to go. This is the whole point. You have to be there."
"Crap."

"Well, come on then. Don't have all morning, it's three hours to sunrise, git." Spike walked a few paces then dug into his pocket and tossed something back at him. "And use that. Nobody likes puke breath. 'Specially those of us with enhanced senses."

Xander growled, picked up the Orbitz gum package and popped a couple. He stuffed the packet into his pocket and followed Spike sullenly, every few seconds glancing back at the growing distance between him and the car and wondering if it would be worth it to just run back and try to get into it and hot wire it before Spike was on him.

He sighed. He'd never make it. Spike was faster and stronger than him, and also older and more cunning. Mostly.

With resignation, he hurried after Spike.

And Spike, he smoked at least four cigarettes before they got to the hotel entrance. That didn't make Xander feel any better. Spike only smoked that much when he was nervous.
If Spike was nervous...well, he was probably screwed.

He threw up again, in the fountain in front of the massive hotel and hoped no one noticed -- though, the red, orange and yellow-green combination swirling in the water made it obvious something had gone horribly wrong. And there went his refreshing minty gum. He could see it floating around in the sick. He fought the urge to heave once more.

He dug into his pocket and popped a couple more pieces, hoping he could keep his stomach from rebelling again.

He ignored the look Spike sent over his shoulder after him -- amusement and exasperation and disgust.

Yep. So screwed.

His stomach clenched again. He chewed furiously on the gum, then swallowed it accidentally when he stumbled on a jagged piece of concrete on the way up the sidewalk.

He looked down at the pack Spike had given him.
It was empty.

"Crap."

He stared at it sadly for a moment, then crumpled up the package and tossed it into the bushes.

He had no gum and he had to see Angel.

His unlife just...sucked.

Here Endeth the Story

Acceptance

Continues from Roadtrips That Make You...

Angel stopped what he was doing and propped his hands on his desk. The chair squeaked as he settled against the back. "Spike."

Spike rolled his eyes and shoved a reluctant Xander into
the office toward the older vampire. "Pouf."

Xander glared at Spike, then slunk over to one side of the office out of their immediate viewing range.

Angel sighed. "What are you doing here? With...Xander."

"Take a good whiff, Angelus. What do your keen senses tell you?"

Angel's nostrils flared, then he was off his feet and around the desk, flying across the room toward Spike before Xander could blink.

"You sired him."

Spike gasped for air he didn't need, the hand tightening at his throat cutting off his ability to speak. All he could do was gurgle and choke as Angel pressed him harder into the wall he'd slammed him into.

Xander watched wide-eyed as Angel strangled his sire and wondered if he should be trying to do something.

He settled on standing against one wall, shaking like a leaf. He may've been a vampire but he was new at this
gig and didn't know what power he held yet. Spike said he'd teach him all about it later.

Not that he'd even try to go against Angel. He was, like, a thousand years older and that much stronger than he was.

Angel stared good and hard into Spike's eyes then released the younger vampire. "What do you want? I'm sure the others would really like to know what you've been up to...where Xander is...that you killed him and can now officially dine on the populace..."

Spike scoffed. "Those idiot children will never notice the boy's gone till they need him to fetch coffee and doughnuts."

Xander's eyes fell to the floor. Despite the fact that he knew how little Buffy and Willow had needed him, what Spike said still hurt. But he saw the truth of it. He was little more than an errand boy on a good day.

"I saw the potential in him, Angel. I chose him and he's mine."

Angel's eyes narrowed but he didn't move from his
position, pressing Spike into the wall with his own body. "How did you even take him? Don't you have some government chip in your head that leashes you or something?"

Spike growled, eyes flashing, in remembrance of that chip and how it had made his life a living hell for the past couple of years. "It fizzled out. Don't know how or why but it's gone. First thing I did was kill the rotten parents of the boy here. Didn't put up much of a fight, though, more's the pity, because they were so bloody drunk. Second thing was to go downstairs to the basement and turn this one. Was asleep and couldn't fight me off when he did wake. Easy peasy."

Angel turned momentarily to stare at Xander, who wished he could somehow melt into the background and this was not happening. Spike took the opportunity to slip out from between his sire's hard body and the wall behind him.

He lit up a cigarette.

Angel scowled. "Do you have to smoke that in here?"

"None of us has to breathe, you ponce."
Angel rolled his eyes and after walking around the desk he reseated himself in his chair. He steepled his fingers beneath his nose. "Yes, but the humans who work for me will smell it and think I've lost my soul or something. For some reason they think any kind of physical pleasure means I've lost all control and should be chained up."

Xander bit back a snicker.

Spike snarled, dropped the smoldering butt to the floor and ground it out beneath his boot sole. "Happy?"

A small smile flickered across Angel's face. "Extremely. Now, tell me what you two are doing here. What do you want from me, Spike? Why did you come here?"

For the first time since Xander had known Spike, the blond appeared uncomfortable and at a loss for words.

Spike looked down at his scuffed boots and trailed one toe across the linoleum. He sighed. "I want you to accept him into the family."

Angel inhaled sharply.
Xander frowned at both of their reactions. "Accept me how? I thought I was already in the family."

"Shut up, wanker."

Angel cast a glance at him and suddenly Xander felt about three inches tall. The steel in that look made him glad he no longer had to breathe, that his heart no longer beat, because he'd be giving the level of his anxiety away right now.

"You don't need me to do that. I'm not Angelus anymore, Spike. Take the boy and leave. I won't follow you. You've got an hour pass. I want you to leave. Get out of my city and don't come back."

"You always were a self-important bastard, you know that?"

Spike's eyes grew cloudy and glassy, his cockiness dissipating instantly, and suddenly Xander got the impression that whatever Spike had asked had been really important and mattered a lot to the blond vampire.

Spike inhaled unevenly. "Please, sire? I know you hate
me, hate everything to do with...being a vampire, but I need this. *He* needs you to do this. Without acceptance...it'll be like he's a target. More so than he already will be given my...tarnished reputation. Please, just this one thing and you'll never have to see me or the boy again. If that's what you want."

Angel pursed his lips and dropped his hands to the desk top. He leaned forward, drumming his finger tips on the hard surface littered with papers. "Is it really that important to you, Will?"

Spike swallowed hard, nodded. "Yeah," he said softly.

Angel glanced at Xander again, resistance crumbling. "All right."

Spike's smile was brighter than the sun.

Xander scratched his head. "What the hell is going on?"

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"You want Angel to *what*?!" Xander shrieked.
Spike clamped a hand over his mouth and dragged him further into the dark shadows just outside Angel's office. Angel had gone up to his bedroom to get ready for the event and had left them alone so Spike could tell Xander what was going on.

Angel had smirked. He'd known Spike hadn't told Xander what they were doing there and was enjoying the fact immensely.

Xander squirmed out of Spike's embrace and shoved both hands through his hair. He tugged hard, disbelief and horror written all over his face. He began to pace.

"You want Angel to fuck me into the family? How the hell is him fucking me logical? How is it even necessary? Can't we pay Drusilla a visit? I mean, I can do crazy...or she can do me, whatever. But Angel? I don't think so."

He started to run to the exit but Spike grabbed him by the scruff of his neck and yanked him back into an embrace of steel.

"Now, listen to me, boy," he hissed into Xander's ear. "This is quite an honour. Angel barely did it when he was soulless and to have him admit you into the family by a
claiming after being souled is to be cherished and treated as the prestigious event that it is. You got me?"

Xander swallowed, then sagged against Spike. "I got it," he said glumly, lips forming into a pout. "I just don't like it."

Spike dragged his teeth along the bite mark he'd given the boy that would never heal -- not that he wanted it to. "You'd better not like it. Enough people have fucked me over because of Angelus and I don't need you leaving me too."

Xander turned in Spike's arms, wide grin on his lips. "Aww, Spikey, you do care!"

Spike growled.

Xander grabbed the back of Spike's head and shoved his tongue into Spike's mouth. Spike moaned.

~*~*~*~*~
Xander stood in Angel's bedroom uncertainly, nervously, so nervous that his mind went blank when Angel looked at him pointedly.

"Take off your clothes, git," Spike urged from the chair he'd claimed not far from the end of the bed. He'd need a good view for this.

"Oh. Right."


He didn't know how he'd get it up. He was so fucking terrified.

Even more so when Angel finally finished undressing, revealing a cock so huge he didn't know how the hell it would fit inside him.

And it wasn't even fully erect yet!

He whimpered.

"Xander, it's okay. I won't hurt you. I'm sure Spike's done
a lot more damage than I will."

Spike growled.

"Shut up, William."

"I just...this is weird. I never thought I'd be a vampire and have to be fucked by you..."

Angel approached him slowly, as if he were a frightened animal, and put a large hand on his shoulder. He squeezed gently, trying to reassure Xander. "It'll be okay. We do this, that's all there is to it. Just the once. A bite and some sex to get my scent on you and you'll be a full-fledged member of this family, okay?"

Xander inhaled shakily, unable to meet Angel's eyes. His were almost hypnotically trained on the large cock that seemed to be filling and lengthening mere inches from him.

He swallowed hard. "How the hell's that going to fit in me?"

Angel chuckled at Spike's outraged 'oi! He's not that big!'. "Don't worry. I'll prepare you. Now, get undressed and
lay down on the bed."

"Not much smaller than him, boy, as you fucking well know," Spike grumbled, more to himself than anyone else since no one was really listening to him. Xander hadn't put up such a stink when he'd taken him the first time. Made his pride sting a bit.

He crossed his arms and watched through narrowed eyes, lips pouting childishly as the boy began to take off his clothing and ready himself for Angel's claiming.

Xander climbed nervously onto the bed, every part of him seeming to twitch and shake uncontrollably. He flopped down on his front, squeezed his eyes shut and spread his legs. He waited.

The bed shook and he began to hyperventilate -- quite a feat for a vampire.

A large, cool hand gently rubbed up and down his spine, only serving to make him tense up even more. "Calm down. It's okay. You've got nothing to be nervous about."

Xander snorted. "Says you. You don't get to have a cock -- bigger than any you've seen, might I add -- stuffed up
your ass just for the sake of vampire Lore or hierarchy or whatever."

Spike opened his mouth.

"Shut it, Spike."

Spike sneered and held up two fingers to his sire's back but said nothing.

Angel fingered the tube in his hand. "You want me to help you relax a little first?"

"Huh?"

Angel gently turned the boy and leaned over him. When Xander shrank back he smiled slightly. "Close your eyes."

Xander squinted up at him suspiciously. "When Spike asks me to do that it's never good for me."

"Hey!"

"Shut up, Spike!" Angel and Xander said simultaneously.

"Well, you don't have to worry about it with me. Unlike
some people, I don't play tricks in situations like this."

"O-Okay..."

Xander shut his eyes.

Angel leaned forward and gently pressed his mouth to Xander's tense one.

Xander gasped in surprise and opened the way for Angel to push his tongue inside, then moaned as Angel's tongue began an erotic little dance around in his mouth. He tentatively began to move his own.

Within moments they were kissing heatedly and Xander had forgotten all about his nerves. He wrapped his arms around Angel's shoulders and pulled him closer. Angel dropped his body down onto the boy's and they both groaned as their naked flesh came into contact.

Xander began to harden. He spread his legs and arched into Angel's body.

They broke the kiss to pant. Angel's eyes were dark with desire and piercing into Xander's being when Xander finally dredged enough courage up to open his.
Xander licked his lips; Angel followed the movement with dilated pupils. "Wow."

Angel smiled.

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When Xander was finally flipped onto his stomach he was so aroused it hurt and his entire body tingled electric. Angel had decided to lick every available inch of him -- not including the one place that had really needed it -- and that had completely broken what ice was left.

Xander sighed as Angel pressed two lubricated fingers into his ass and began to thrust them in and out. He arched, moved his hips back, and muffled a groan into the pillow beneath him when Angel's fingers grazed his prostate.

And when Angel finally pushed his shaft inside Xander, he threw back his head and every muscle in his body tensed.

"Relax," Angel grit out from between clenched teeth,
biceps trembling with the effort of keeping his weight still and hovering over Xander's frozen body.

Xander panted. "That's easy for you to say. You don't have a ginormous cock up your ass!"

Spike snickered even as he opened the front of his pants and began to stroke his own -- better than average! -- prick.

Eventually, Xander relaxed enough for Angel to finish pushing into him and they both rested there, tension easing gradually as Xander started to enjoy the sensation of having Angel inside him.

"Ready?" Angel growled, rolling his hips.

Xander gasped and shoved back. "Yeah. Think I am. Go for it, big guy."

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Despite Angel not having anything but his hand for company over the decades since he'd been cursed and Spike and Xander both having very active sex lives and
also perfecting the art of the three minute quickie, surprisingly, the fuck went on for a lot longer than any of them anticipated.

It was heaven with a large cock moving up his ass, stretching and filling him, and Xander hovered on the edge of climax for a long time before Angel finally reached beneath him and began to stroke his swollen flesh.

"When I tell you, I want you to cum. Do you hear me, boy?"

"Yeah," Xander panted, moving back onto Angel's cock and forward into his fist.

Angel shoved into him hard, stripped Xander's prick, and then changed into vampire face. "Cum and bite down on my wrist."

Angel shoved his wrist at Xander's mouth and sank his own teeth into the boy's neck as Xander bit into him.

They shuddered in completion, drew a few mouthfuls of blood to complete the ritual and then collapsed.
Spike spread his legs wide, played with his balls and stroked his cock and then came all over the front of his shirt and hand as he watched the scene taking place in front of him.

Xander lay there, replete, relaxed, utterly debauched and unable to move even if the hotel had been on fire. He hummed his appreciation of the last couple of hours and felt the bed move as Angel left it and Spike sat down in his place.

Spike and Angel shared a glance, then a kiss, and Angel turned away to dress.

Spike pushed some hair from Xander's face, stared down at the closed eyes and lax features. "Xan?"

"Angel..." Xander purred, body stretching sinuously against the sheets.

Spike scowled. "Xander," he barked sharply.

Xander opened his eyes and grinned. "Knew it was you, asshole."

Angel hid a grin and pulled his shirt on. This kid would
keep his childe on his toes.

Spike's eyes narrowed. "Now, is that any way to treat the one that made you, boy?"

Xander nibbled his tender, swollen bottom lip. "I don't know...how do you want me to treat you, Spike?"

Spike stood up, stripped off all of his clothing and was positioning himself between Xander's legs before Xander could inhale to say anything else.

Spike pushed his legs up and slid into him easily on the sea of semen from his sire. He groaned.

"Like this. Welcome me into you. Squeeze and take all of my cock. Buck and writhe beneath me and never hold back when I fuck you."

Spike began to thrust hard and fast.

Xander cried out, arching, lifting his bent knees into the crook of Spike's elbows so Spike could open him up and plunder him more readily. "I think...I can do that."

Angel watched them from the door, small smile turning
up one corner of his mouth. He closed the last few buttons of his shirt. "Welcome to the family, Xander."

He shut the door behind him.

Here Endeth the Story