

Spike and Xander's Excellent Hogwarts Adventure

by

Nash
and
Virtual Personal

Part One

Xander got up for the millionth time in the space of one hour and walked around his apartment. He looked out the window, touched the fireplace mantle, opened the fridge and examined the contents, then returned to his seat on the sofa. Two minutes later he was up, checking the cupboards again, just in case they were suddenly empty.

"I have to get out of here," he sighed after the third time he peered into the fridge.

The only problem was that there was nowhere to go. The girls were having a girly night, the kind he had sworn never to take part in again. Having his boss see his toes painted cherry berry was an once-in-a-lifetime experience. Spike was probably already out, doing his vampirey thing and Giles would be...home! Xander grinned at the thought. He could go visit his good old friend, *Giles!*

About ten minutes later, he was ringing Giles's doorbell.

"Giles, ol' buddy, ol' pal whatcha doing?" he asked the moment the door was opened. Giles didn't look too excited to see him but then, Giles was Giles, all English and stiff-upper-lippy.

Giles pulled his glasses off, rubbed his eyes with his thumb and index finger, and put them back on.

"Right, of course. Just because Buffy has the night off, why should I expect to spend a nice quiet evening with a book and a hot toddy..." Cut off by the rude snort coming from inside the

living room, Giles gave a defeated sigh. "His DVD player isn't working, what's your excuse?"

"I erm...wanted to see you?" Xander said hopefully.

"About what?"

"Let the boy in... he'll keep me busy, is what he'll do," Spike drawled from his place on the sofa.

To say he was exasperated was an understatement. Spike not only had no business monopolizing his DVD player and making himself at home, he had utterly no business inviting Xander in. And yet... when had that ever stopped the vampire. Jaw clenched tightly, Giles allowed Xander inside and closed the door.

"Sorry, Giles."

Xander sidled in, keeping as much distance as he could between him and Giles. With one last apologetic glance he plopped on the sofa next to Spike.

"Spike," he nodded in what he hoped was a cool manner. "Is that popcorn I smell?" he asked eagerly, cool quickly abandoned in favour of salty goodness.

"Mmm. With butter," the vampire agreed, giving Xander a heated look. Just in case it went over the boy's head, he added, "nice and slippery... slick," he said, smirking and raising a few fingers out of his stash to show Xander.

Xander blinked, quite still for a moment. Then suddenly he was blushing harder than he'd ever blushed before.

"I'll go help Giles make more," he said and quickly escaped to the kitchen.

Giles was leaning against the counter, sipping at a coffee made Irish the moment Spike had showed up. Xander's appearance had warranted another splash of whiskey. He loved the boy, really he did, but sometimes a man needed to be alone and relaxed, without any unresolved sexual tension in his surroundings. With both Xander and Spike in the room, relaxation was out the window.

"Yes, Xander?"

"Spike's hogging the popcorn. We need more," Xander said.

"Very well then," Giles sighed, accepting the inevitable.

Ten minutes later, Spike was studiously flipping through DVDs when Xander was all but

thrown out of the kitchen. He looked up.

"You're nicely buttered too, are you? I can smell it." Letting that hang between them, he went back to the DVDs. "Let's see... what have we got here. Lost Boys, Matrix, X-men three, Bill Does Dug Hard And Fast, Transformers..." his piercing blue gaze met Xander's. "Something wrong, Harris? You look like you're about to choke."

"No, no, I'm fine," Xander managed to get his cough under control. "Maybe something erm..." non-suggestive, he wanted to say but Spike would have a field day with that.

"Oh, look, it's the last Harry Potter film. We should watch that. Definitely that one."

After all, how suggestive could it be? They were all too young to do anything, right?

"How did that film slip into my bloody pile?" Shaking his head in disbelief, Spike nudged it across the coffee table toward Xander. "Go on and stick it in. Mind the slippery fingers..."

He couldn't help wanting to get a rise out of Xander. For a long time, it had irked him that the boy pretended there was no fire between them. Then one day, he'd decided to just play with the fire, and life was good. He'd shock the boy, tease him, put thoughts into that pretty head of his... and he'd take the fact that Xander didn't avoid him as a good sign.

"I'm not! I didn't...I..." Xander caught sight of the sardonic look on Spike's face, "Whatever, let's just watch the film," he muttered.

Maybe he should have stayed home. After all, he could have watched DVDs just fine over there with no ex-evil vampires making fun of him. He set up the DVD then joined Spike on the couch, sitting as far away from him as possible.

"I... oh... alright," Spike mocked. "Pass the remote. Can't have you holding a phallic symbol like that, now can we?" When Xander didn't make a move toward it, Spike was *forced* to move closer and grab it from him. Then he sat back, and hit play.

"Harris. The telly screen is *over there*."

"Shut up," Xander muttered. He stared resolutely at the screen and pretended to ignore Spike. He watched the film and chewed mechanically on his pop corn, all the time intensely aware of every move Spike made. And that was before the comments started.

Spike licked the salt off his finger and started to watch the film. He was fully prepared to hate it... what with all the children in it. And witchcraft, not the real sort. And strange looking characters... particularly Harry Potter's family. But a half hour later, he was quite engrossed in the story, and moving closer to Xander.

"They could have had better looking teachers. A bit of adult eye candy wouldn't hurt, yeah?"

"I don't know," Xander mused, absently licking at a finger, "Snape is fairly hot. And Sirius isn't too bad either."

"Snape? You sure your other eye hasn't gone blind? And who the bloody hell is Sirius? Never mind, go back to licking your fingers, I'm enjoying that quite a bit." And he wasn't joking, not one bit. He'd need to find a way to feed him, and maybe slip his own finger into that mouth of his.

"Sirius is the guy with the curly hair and the beard," Xander said, fighting down the blush threatening to take over his whole body. He casually grabbed a couple of tissues from the end table and wiped the remaining butter off. "Now hush and watch the film."

"Right... watch the film..." but watching the kleenex stick to Harris' fingers was giving him such dirty thoughts. Right... no need to scare the boy, even if there was nothing wrong with dirty thoughts. Or deeds. Deeds were good...

Silence reigned again as they both focused on the film. Xander tried every trick he knew to ignore Spike but still, every time the blond moved, Xander would be very much aware of it. Not even Cedric Diggory could get his thoughts away from Spike for too long, pretty though the actor was.

"Hmmm" Spike frowned, then turned his head toward Xander, only vaguely aware Giles had come inside the room and was rifling through papers.

"What?" Xander asked, eyes never leaving the screen.

"It's getting much more interesting now that I've figured those two out. They don't hate each other at all. They're doing each other...." he watched as Draco spat venom at Harry, and smirked. "Draco's bloody well doing Harry after hours... who marketed this as a children's film?"

The popcorn went down the wrong way sending Xander into a choking fit.

"What?!" he demanded as soon as he was able to speak. "That's sick Spike! They're, like, fifteen!"

"Didn't know a boy's cock didn't start to work until he came of a certain age." His gaze dropped to Xander's lap. "Did you have that sort of problem?"

Giles dropped his papers and left the room as quietly and quickly as he could.

"What?!" Xander exclaimed once more. He was beginning to feel like a parrot. "I mean, no! I mean, that was different. I was fifteen, I couldn't think it was...and now I'm twenty five and it's icky."

He nodded fervently.

"Icky," he repeated firmly.

"If you say so." Spike took another handful of the popcorn and brought it to his mouth. For once, he wasn't joking. "But I tell you, there's some serious sexual tension between them. I know these things. Harry wants him... bad, but he's playing at hating him for his friends' sake. Draco knows he gets him with the flick of that silly wand... so he plays along. So long as he gets sex, he's happy, and so is little Mr. Draco."

"Oh my God, you did not just say that."

Xander reached out to grab the remote off the table. He would pause the movie before Spike corrupted his brain even more and somehow convince the big fat perve that Draco and Harry were pure as pure could be. Spike was faster than him though and instead of grabbing the remote Xander grabbed one of Giles's funky little paperweights.

Effortlessly twirling the remote about his fingers, Spike continued as if Xander had never spoken. "Look at how Draco's moving his lips...exaggerated motions, those... code for 'get on your knees.'" Nodding, he looked back. "What have you got there? You're not going to throw it at the telly, are you? Giles would be a bit upset."

"Please just...shut up! I'm telling you Draco and Harry are just enemies! That's all," he waved the paperweight around as he gesticulated; "I'll show you!"

"How? How do you think you're going to show me? Oh, just because they don't shag on the screen?" Spike gave a rude snort. "Those are the bits of film that ended up on the cutting room floor. Can you imagine the outrage from the mothers, the do-good brigade, the bible thumpers, and from one Xander Harris? Give me that," leaning over, he snatched the strange looking thing out of the boy's hand.

"That's not true."

Xander made a grab for the paperweight.

"No way are they involved. They hate each other," Xander snapped. He began to say 'Just like us' but had the sense to stop before he proved Spike's point.

"HA!" Moving the gadget just out of reach, Spike got a strange thrill watching Xander's frustration mount. He moved it to the side, and then brought it close to his body. When Xander moved in, Spike mimicked his actions, and brought his mouth only inches away from Xander's.

"So, you don't think they get breathless when they think about the moments they'll find to be alone? You don't think Draco wants to steal a kiss... that Harry's heart bangs so hard he thinks he might have a heart attack each time Draco comes this close to making good on that kiss? Wish there were a way to show you..."

Xander leaped towards Spike to grab the paperweight and somehow managed to land on a cold stone floor.

"What the hell?!" he exclaimed, then his eyes widened in shock. "This isn't my voice! This isn't even my *accent!*"

Part Two

He looked frantically around. All he could see was a stone corridor with some very weird paintings on the walls and a strange blonde kid that looked vaguely familiar. He brought his panic under control and walked up to the boy.

"Excuse me," he said as politely as he could manage under the circumstances, "would you mind telling me exactly where we are?"

In a show of manliness, or vampireness, Spike hadn't yelped when he hit the sodding ground. But now, he found himself staring past wheat blond hair flopping over his eyes, at a brunet with round glasses, who looked just like....

"Harry fucking Potter!" Spike squinted, "how did you get out of the telly?" In that same instance, he became aware of certain changes in his body. He'd lost a few inches... something he couldn't bloody well afford to do, and his speech was overly refined. He looked up, and up, seeing stone walls and strange paintings in a very un-Giles-like corridor.

"Where?" Xander asked, looking behind him in search for Harry Potter. "What are you talking ab- oh no. No, no, no, no."

"Xander?" Spike leaned close and peered into the teenager's spectacles, and couldn't see even a

glimmer of Xander, and yet... "Willow. She must have done this. Or Giles, just to get rid of us," he said, suddenly standing up and looking at his robed body and lifting his arms to look at the ridiculously cut long sleeves. "Get up. We're going home."

"It's not always Willow's fault you know," Xander automatically started to protest then drifted into silence. "Spike? You look like...and I look like..." his mind spun as he tried to figure out what just happened. He started recounting the past events out loud, trying to find some sense in them.

"We were arguing and you wanted to show me that Draco and Harry were all sexy with each other and you stole Giles's paperweight thing. And you said you wished..." he trailed off. "This is all *your* fault," Xander snapped.

"It's not my bloody fault you're an idiot and can't see beyond your nose. They were... are having sex." Some sounds had Spike turning to see a few teenagers making punching gestures. They thought this was another classic Harry/Draco confrontation.

"Give it to me. That thing... the thing that brought us, give it to me," he demanded.

"No! You're just going to wish us into *more* trouble."

"Gentlemen, may I remind you that you're under a warning?"

Xander looked behind him to find a rather severe-looking woman, decked out as a witch, complete with tartan pointy hat.

"Erm..."

"Mr. Potter, I will thank you to keep any excuses to yourself. This is a time for forgiveness and for amity and I won't have it disrupted by you and Mr. Malfoy. Am I clear?"

"Yes ma'am."

"Miss... you bl..." Spike showed his teeth... or Malfoy's rather, in a rather false smile. "Yes, Miss, clear as crystal." If she could do half of the things the professors in the movie could, they were screwed, good and well.

"We'll be good, professor," Xander added.

He smiled as innocently as he knew how and hoped it looked convincing on Potter's face. It must have been okay enough because Professor McGonagall sniffed disapprovingly at them and left.

"Well, that was interesting," he commented once she was out of earshot. "What do we do now?"

"You give me the thing that did it, that's what." Without waiting, he started to search Potter... Xander, through his robes, patting down his body, then moving his hands up his legs. Although he wasn't thinking sex... what else could he think of when his palm brushed over Xander's cock. He raised his gaze and locked it with Xander's.

Xander blushed and stepped back. It was usually easy enough for Spike to get a physical reaction out of him and now with all the teenage hormones added, it was just ridiculous.

"Stop groping," he said with a glare, "I don't *have* the thing."

"You've got *something*... you or Potter, anyways."

All joking aside, he wondered how they were going to get back. Not that a little adventure away from Sunnydale wasn't a welcome distraction. After all, he had been bored enough to go bother Giles of all people. But being stuck in someone else's body didn't appeal to him. More importantly, Potter might be a decent looking fellow, but Spike preferred Xander-shaped eye-candy. Those broad shoulders and the boy's corded chest really got him going at times.

"Shut up, Spike," Xander muttered.

He glared at the students loitering around and they promptly left the scene.

"Huh...must be the part where they think he's crazy or homicidal or something. They think that at least once a book," he grinned. "Come on, we'll go to the Gryffindor common room. We need to find Hermione Granger. She's the Willow of the bunch. Or the Giles. Possibly both," he said thoughtfully as he started for the closest set of stairs.

"Right... the movies version of Willow. Not a bad idea Harris."

Deep down, Spike knew that in this world... whether it was movie-land or Potter book-land, Xander had far more knowledge about its workings. He only knew as much as they'd gotten to watch on the DVD, and knowing there was sexual tension between the boys in the film was not that helpful. Hating to admit it, though, he pretended he knew where he was going, but allowed Xander to take the lead.

Near one of the strange stairs, there was a paper posted on the wall. "Hold on," he said, looking at it. "It's a list of students who are staying at Hogwarts during the hols."

Spike frowned as he went down the short list and found Draco was not on it. "At least I'm not in a loser's body... his family wants him," he noted, searching the deep pockets of his robe and eventually finding a quill pen. It had been so long since... Biting his lip in concentration, he

scratched Draco's name onto the bottom of the list. "What's my last name?"

"Malfoy," Xander replied, rolling his eyes. "You think he's messing around with Potter but you don't even know his last name. Make sure you get the writing right, okay? Don't want the Death Eater parents to come whisk you off." He leaned closer and scanned the list. Hermione hadn't stayed in school over Christmas as far as he remembered but then, he'd only read the books once and it was a while ago. "I don't see Hermione's name."

Spike gave him a scathing look. As if he needed lessons in sneakiness. When he was done, he noted. "Think I'll need to write to dear old dad and find a reason for him not to come and get me, yeah?" He reviewed the list again. "No Ron... none of the names I recognize from the film, except you." There had to be a way out of this. He snapped his fingers. "We're wizards, right? So we should be able to spell ourselves back." Reaching for the wand in his pocket, he started waving it about. "Abraca bloody davra!" The end of his wand sizzled and smoked... but nothing happened.

"One: That was too close to the killing curse for my peace of mind," Xander said, raising one finger. "Two," he continued, one more finger going up, "you might accidentally blow something up if you keep trying random words, and three, *don't aim the wand at me!*"

Spike had the grace to wince. "Right... no aiming. But let's go find a spell book, or some help... must be *something* we can do. Wouldn't count on Giles to get us back any time soon, he seemed a bit annoyed by your presence."

They headed off, ostensibly to solve their problem, but were soon caught up in exploring the nooks and crannies of the old castle. The ghosts were disconcerting to Spike but Xander appeared to love them. Spike liked the dark, dungeon-like rooms... you never could tell what would pop out of them, but Harris kept pulling him away from those. Then there were the snow covered school grounds and forest.

Maybe the boyish enthusiasm of their host bodies was affecting them, Spike wasn't sure... but he knew he was less concerned than he should be about being stuck in Draco's body and life. He had just thrown a big snowball at Xander when he doubled over with pain.

"Aurgh.... my stomach. I'm dying," he shouted, trying to ease the gnawing pain by pressing his hands into his stomach.

"You big faker, I never even hit you!" Xander protested as he ran closer to Spike. The glare he received for his indignation was enough to make him shut up.

"What's it feel like?" His only response was a pained grunt. "Maybe you were cursed or something. We should take you to the infirmary."

He grabbed Spike's arm and started tugging him along, back to the castle. They'd found the infirmary that afternoon while they were exploring the castle and he was pretty sure he could find it again. Well, if none of the stairs moved anyway.

"It's like someone's taken a bloody spoon to my innards," Spike groaned, beads of sweat appearing on his forehead. He stumbled along, wondering what would happen to him if Draco's body died. "Ahhh..." A loud rumble erupted from his stomach. "I think it's the end of the road..." Pulling away, he leaned against the wall. "Shouldn't you be wishing me farewell or kissing me goodbye or... something?"

The moment Xander heard Spike's stomach rumbling he stopped tugging him along. A second rumble quickly followed the first and Xander found it absolutely impossible not to laugh.

"Oh God...oh *God*" he kept repeating, unable to stop the giggling.

"What the bloody hell is the matter with you Harris?" Spike gave him a baleful look and doubled over once again. "I'm not faking it." Annoyed and scared, he started to move away. "If you're not going to help find the infirmary... then go." He'd probably expire before he found which of these confusing stairs lead to the right level, but why should Xander care.

"For fuck's sake Spike, you're *hungry*," Xander said, still giggling a little. "So am I, come to think of it. Come on, we can go to the erm...great hall? Whatever they call it."

"I'm what?! It hurts!" Could it be just hunger? Straightening up, Spike took a deep breath. Now that he put a name to the sensation, maybe it wasn't as bad as he'd thought. "Get me to the great hall then," he said, throwing an arm around the boy's shoulder and leaning into him. "Come on... this Draco fellow has a vicious stomach. It must be bewitched..."

"Or maybe he's human and needs food," Xander said dryly. He led the way to the hall, teasing Spike all the way there. There weren't many times when he could get the upper hand with Spike but on being human? Xander knew best!

His surly look didn't have half the effect it did back home. Wait till he learned how to control Draco's magic... Xander wouldn't look so smug then. Mentally insulting the boy all the way to the hall, but keeping his comments to himself in order to be sure he wouldn't be left stranded, Spike followed along. When they entered the great hall, they found one long table had students seated around it, already eating to their hearts' content. The rest of the long tables weren't set.

Questions were whispered to them, asking whether they'd had another fight and if anyone had died. All Spike knew was he had to get a bit of food inside him. Lowering himself into one of the chairs, he snagged someone's bread roll, dipped it into the sauce in the unknown boy's plate, and took a bite. "I'm in heaven, I think!"

Xander laughed again and settled down across from Spike. He laughed again as he took in the room, in excitement this time. This was even cooler than the films! There were huge trees lining the walls, with what looked like real snow on them and fairies dancing on their branches. One even had a fairy dressed like an angel pirouetting on top. The ceiling showed the snow falling outside, with the flakes disappearing half way down and there were thousands of candles floating over the tables.

He filled his plate and started to eat, still staring at the walls and ceiling in amazement. A hesitant voice broke into his bliss.

"Erm...Draco?"

Part Three

Spike shovelled as much food as he could into his mouth, not caring overly much at first about how it tasted. He briefly wondered what that stout student was doing standing like a dummy behind Xander, but didn't care. At least not until someone gave him a pointed look and said Crabbe was talking to him. "Me? Right... Draco, that would be me. What?" he asked around the filling piece of bread in his mouth.

"You're sitting with Gryffindors," Crabbe pointed out.

"A..." Right, he knew that. His mouth drew up into a flat line and he slammed his fist onto the table. "I don't care. They will not drive me from my seat! I claim this as a Slytherin seat."

Leaning forward, he narrowed his eyes and spoke in a threatening tone. "You got any problem with that, Potter?"

Xander stopped mid-chew and looked up.

"Huh? Oh! I have a problem with that," he declared after he swallowed. He tried to muster up the energy to glare but he was still hungry.

"Tell you what, we'll have a duel after lunch."

"Duel, with you?" Spike scoffed. "I'll wipe the bloody floor with your face."

"Draco?"

Spike's eyes shifted to the boy who had screwed his face up and was looking at him as if he were a stranger. "Just having a bit of fun with the bastard. What? What did I say?"

"Draco Malfoy would ne-," Xander stopped when Crabbe's confused glance moved to him. "Ahem...*you* don't usually talk like that, Malfoy."

"Like what!" Spike remembered. "It's the hols isn't it? I'm all for cursing over the hols." He stood up on his chair, "there will be cursing over the hols... lots of it... and..." Fuck, why was Professor Snape making his way over? Spike felt a bit vulnerable in this body....

Xander smiled nervously as Snape came to stand too close for comfort.

"Mr. Potter," Snape said, disdain dripping from every syllable, "Are you threatening Mr. Malfoy?"

"Me?" Xander squeaked, "I wasn't even talking!"

"Was so," Spike said, but could have bitten his tongue. It was an automatic reaction, that... contradicting Xander at every opportunity.

"S..Malfoy! I was so not!" Xander protested and glanced fearfully at Snape. He was much, much bigger than Xander had expected.

Snape had crossed his arms over his chest and looked decidedly forbidding.

"20 points from Gryffindor for attempting to intimidate another student."

"Yesss!" Spike cleared his throat and tried to wipe the glee off his face. A win was a win though, he couldn't help being excited about it. Still, might be better if he went to the Slytherin table.

The small group of Gryffindor students glared at Draco, then at Harry. If they lost a lot of points during the hols, their classmates weren't going to be the least bit happy with them.

Xander smiled awkwardly at the others and glared at Spike. The smug look he wore certainly fit Malfoy's face.

"You utter..."

"Yes, Mr. Potter?" Snape enquired mildly.

"Slytherin," Xander concluded lamely.

Spike finished eating... or rather devouring, and dropped his napkin onto the table. Leaning back, he watched as Xander started to play with the food in his plate. He looked bloody miserable... and deserved it, for laughing at him, he decided. Nope, there was no reason to feel guilty, none at all.

After dinner, Spike got the shock of his life. Right, maybe that was an overstatement, because a grown man ought not have separation anxiety just because he was forced to go to the Slytherin common rooms while Xander went off to the sunny Gryffindor side. Then there was the idle chit chat with the other students. At first he was quite bored, but things got better as they consulted him on evil plans geared towards costing Gryffindor points.

Hours later, it was time to head for bed. He changed into the ridiculous pyjamas he found under Draco's pillow and got inside the bed. The sheets were cool and causing some sort of strange reaction on his skin. Alarmed, he sat up and found goose bumps all over his body.

Then there was pain. Oh... it came from being panicked and holding his breath. Breathe, he told himself, taking in air and exhaling as quickly as he could. That helped some of the pain, but he was still cold... ice cold. Who could sleep like this?

He tried to bundle up under the covers, brought his knees to his chest and even put on some socks, but nothing helped. Shivering, he got up and headed down to the common room, cursing under his breath when he saw the fire had died out completely. That was it... he was finding Xander.

The long, dark hallways were scary when your eyes didn't pierce the darkness as well as they would if you had the eyes of a vampire. The cold floor hurt his soles. He started to run toward Gryffindor quarters and came to a sudden stop at the portrait. He remembered it from the film, this was the way in. "Open sesame," he said, staring at the face of the woman in the painting.

"Oh my, dear," the Fat Lady trilled, "you're in the wrong place, aren't you?"

"Just open the bleeding door, I'm in the right place. Xander's in there... erm, Potter's in there, yeah?" He shifted his weight from leg to leg and tried to control the chatter of his teeth.

"Well, yes dear, but *he* knew the password."

Her tone was more disapproving now. She'd never liked the pushy ones who tried to get in without holding to the rules.

"I need to see him. Come on luv... open the door?" Argh, didn't quite sound the same coming out of the mouth of a teenager, that.

The Fat Lady smiled and blushed. Well, at least this young one had manners and charm.

"I'm sorry, my darling, but I must obey the rules," she said, smiling coyly.

"Rules are made to be broken." She didn't look like she was about to relent. What was the password... if he'd been paying more attention to the film, and less to the rise and fall of Xander's corded chest...

"Not this one," she said firmly, "not after Sirius Black ruined my portrait trying to get to poor Harry. Have you heard that story?" she asked eagerly, "I could tell you if you want. I was very brave." She preened, preparing to launch into the epic story of a portrait and an evil wizard.

"No and I don't want to hear it," he said, wracking his brain. That was it. Hoping he was right, he whispered the word. "Come on, don't have all day... freezing my arse off here."

"Sorry. No password, no Potter," she said and sniffed disapprovingly. She had been too hasty in thinking that this young man had manners or charm. He was obviously an unprincipled cad.

Frowning, this time he shouted the word. Obviously she was quite deaf!

"There's no need to shout!" she exclaimed and reluctantly open the door. "Children today, no manners. No manners at all."

He gave her a surly look and slipped in through the opening. Once he was in the common room, he saw the stairs to the various rooms. A vampire's nose would really have been useful now... But no, he had to check every room, and naturally, it was the last one.

He stood at the door and whispered, "Xander... I..." *Fuck it..* He headed straight for the bed.

Xander had followed the other Gryffindors up to the tower. He'd walked into the common room and saw the rest of them settle down on various chairs and kept on going until he was in his dorm. Thanking all gods and demons that he'd paid enough attention to the books to figure out which dorm was his, he looked around the room.

It was definitely Gryffindor, decked out in red and gold colours. Xander explored the place, curious about the way six boys fit together in one room. He'd been an only child and all his friends were girls. This haven of boyness was strange to him, as strange as sparkly lip gloss and high heels had ever been.

When he got tired of checking out the room, he changed into the pyjamas he found under the bed's pillow and slipped under the covers. He slept fairly comfortably until something very cold pressed on his leg. Instantly awake he yelped and tried to push the offending ice cube away.

"Spike?" he exclaimed once he saw a flash of blond. "What the hell are you doing here? You're supposed to be in the Slytherin dungeons."

Spike rolled closer and grabbed Xander around the waist, and put his head down on his chest. "My skin hurts, my soles are going to bloody well fall off," he whined, tightening his hold. Finally, the heat from Xander's body started to seep through his pyjamas... a bit of relief.

Xander grinned and shook his head. "You make a very whiny human, you know that?" Still, he let Spike snuggle close and began to relax against him.

"I don't know how you stand it... it hurts to be human. I don't like it one bit." All those occasions when he'd wondered what it might be like to go back to being human... now that he knew, he would *never* wish it on his worst enemy.

He closed his eyes, still smiling at Spike's little complaints. "And don't forget to leave early in the morning," he mumbled as he drifted off to sleep, "Draco and Harry wouldn't be caught dead in the same bed."

"Maybe they wouldn't be caught, but they sure fuck up a storm in bed, against the trees, all over the grounds... how else would they keep warm in winter," Spike answered, taking advantage of the fact Xander had fallen asleep, and pushing his hands under the boy's pyjama top. Right... now his skin thawed out and no longer hurt. Smiling, he closed his eyes.

Part Four

Xander was having the most wonderful dream. He was lying on the beach, sunning himself and a remarkably undusty Spike was lying right next to him. In the dream he was half-heartedly complaining because Spike was wrapped around him like an octopus and he would get the funniest tan lines known to man. As he slowly woke up, he realised that the heat wasn't the sun but the vampire in question.

"Fuck, Spike, for a vampire you sure make a good impression of a furnace," he mumbled and opened his eyes to look at the clock next to the bed.

Seconds later he was pushing Spike off the bed and on the floor.

"You were supposed to leave before everyone else woke up!"

"What, hey!" Spike found himself on his back, disconcerted and blinking at the unfamiliar face above. "Touch me again and I'll rip you.... Xander... You're Xander." He sat up. "I hate this body... you wouldn't have been able to do that if I were in my own," he complained. "And I'm

tired. Going back to sleep, you go on... do whatever a good little magician should," he said, and started climbing back into the nice warm bed.

"Spike, it's noon! We were supposed to be doing research and you were supposed to go back to Slytherin early in the morning. Oh my God, we have to go to the library!" His stomach picked that moment to growl. "After we get lunch."

"Lunch!" Spike all but panicked hearing the word and Xander's stomach's complaint. He didn't want a repeat of yesterday's torturous pain ripping through his gut. Shooting out of bed, he started to rummage through Xander's... Potter's closet for an extra robe and started to get dressed. "Hurry up, you git... we have to beat the clock, or you're carrying me."

~*~*~*~*~

Xander was still giggling over Spike's overreaction when they entered the library after lunch.

"Human Spike is way more amusing than vampire Spike," he said for the millionth time since lunch.

Spike wasn't very happy at being the butt of more of Xander's bloody jokes. He wasn't taking any of his complaints seriously, and he was bloody laughing at him. "If we don't find that paperweight thing and get back, I'm starting to use the wand. I'm serious, not staying here forever."

He couldn't stand having his day regimented, even if they were looser with the students over the holiday. "Worst thing is how quietly these professors sneak up on you and pounce. Wouldn't be able to if I were me... not this pansy boy I've become," he looked down at Draco's body with a look of displeasure, that would have made Draco proud.

"Yeah," Xander said quietly, sobered up by the thought of being stuck in Harry Potter's body forever. He'd fought his fair share of monsters in his life but he didn't want to deal with Voldemort. The guy was creepy on a whole other level.

He looked at the pile of books he'd amassed while Spike was complaining and sighed. He'd always hated research sessions. "Come on, we should figure out a way to get the hell out of here."

After shuffling through the books, Spike dragged the ones with the most pictures over and started to look at magical objects that could transport. It seemed to him hours passed in silence... and in tired sighs. "Nothing in here... mostly about full body portaling, not just a switching of bodies. Is it time to look at the spell book?" he asked, hopefully. His fingers were aching to try out that wand again.

"Just don't aim at me," Xander replied. "And no avada kedavra-ing anyone. We don't want to land Draco in jail."

"Who cares about Draco?! I just want to get home, in my own pain-free skin. Speaking of pain, do you wake up with a bloody hard on every morning?" As a vampire, the thought of sex got him going. But as Draco... he'd awakened with an ache in his balls that had taken too long to go away.

"You woke up with a hard on while you were in my bed?" Xander screeched

He saw Madam Pince look at them disapprovingly and smiled sweetly at her.

"You woke up with a hard on while you were in my bed?" he repeated, more quietly. Never mind that he had sported one of those himself. He wasn't Spike. And he didn't think that Harry and Draco were shagging each other!

"What? You weren't?" Now Spike was miffed because he'd clearly both gotten the worse version of the two human bodies *and* just being next to him hadn't caused Xander any ... well as a vampire, he knew that whenever he got too close to Xander, the boy's body reacted. He pushed the books away and stared out the window. It looked like he was losing his touch in every fudging possible way. *Fudging!* Had he just thought that! *Help!*

Xander blushed at the question. He toyed with the cover of one of the books and contemplated lying. "I may have done," he finally admitted, "But it's the stupid teenage body not me. It's just hormones."

"You did? You woke up in *my* bed with an erection? That's bloody good." Feeling a lot less dejected, Spike gave a full on smirk.

"Shut up," Xander mumbled, blushing even harder. Spike's smirk looked good on Draco's mouth.

"You always say that when you want something you don't want to admit," Spike pointed out. Now this was normal, him on the offensive, Xander on the defensive... this he could deal with and enjoy.

"Draco, why are you talking to Potter? I thought you got rid of him last night."

Xander was thankful for the interruption. Crabbe's timing was absolutely brilliant. In fact, when Xander was back in his own world, he would look a lot more kindly on Draco's minions.

"Dumbledore's making us work together, Crabbe," he snarled, channelling his frustration into

anger. "Not like I want to spend any more time with you bloody Slytherins."

And oh, inner Xander was bouncing gleefully. He'd never managed to make 'bloody' sound good before!

What the bloody hell was with all these interruptions? Spike gave Draco's friends an arrogant look.

"Got caught duelling... probably because some Gryff decided to go tell so as to save poor Potter here from me. And Dumbledore..." he looked up toward the ceiling. "Father will have him replaced before the year is out, once I tell him about this."

He saw the looks of pity on Crabbe's face.

"It's alright, I think I can find ways to make Potter squirm. See how flushed he is right now? He's getting... erm, taking it hard... everything I say." *Aren't you luv?* He silently mouthed, so only Xander could see.

"Shut up, S-Malfoy. You don't know what you're talking about. Tell your little minion to sod off, it's bad enough that I'm stuck with you for the day."

"Language! Careful Potter, or Crabbe will report you and you'll lose another 30 points," Spike crowed, now in his element.

Crabbe's eyes lit up, and he turned to leave to do just that. Spike gave a low laugh. "You think Potter is somewhere deep inside you? Probably cringing at all the demerits you're earning his dorm."

"It's not my fault he's stuck with you lot. He should talk to J.K. Rowling about it," Xander replied. "I wonder if this place was created just for us or if it exists anyway," he mused. "Does every book exist somewhere? I wouldn't mind going to the Discworld."

"So long as you don't take me with you next time... you can go wherever the fuck you want... what's this?" He turned the large book toward Xander. "Look... something called the 'answer tree.' Says it's on the school grounds. Maybe we can get an answer there because it would take years to read all the books in here," he swept his hand around to gesture at the cavernous library, "and even if the thing *you* lost is somewhere here... a lifetime of looking for it wouldn't be enough in a place like this."

"Yeah, yeah," Xander waved him off, "Come on then, let's try that tree thing. Does it say where it's at? 'Cause there's a whole forest out there and it's called the Forbidden Forrest for a reason."

"Says at the Even More Forbidden Clearing near Dangerous Rock. You know where that is?"

Happy to get away from the desk and books, Spike was up and following Xander without any delay.

"Does it really say that?" Xander demanded, as he went. "Because that wasn't in any of the books."

He made to turn a corner then immediately came back, running into Spike in the process. "Filch," he explained. "He scares me more than Snape, all creepy and cat-loving."

"Does he now?" Spike's breath caught in his throat. Xander's face was so close... so close he could steal a kiss, even if it wasn't the face he knew. His reactions were the same. The words that came out of his mouth were too. If he closed his eyes...

And the moment was over. Sighing, he took the lead, striding past Filch with an uber-supercilious expression on his face, extremely pleased with himself when he felt Xander crowding him again. "When we get back, we're going to watch horror movies," he announced.

Xander eyed Filch warily as they strode past him. The man was decidedly creepy and Xander was sure his relationship with that cat was weirder than the books let on.

"Horror films aren't all that scary after the hellmouth," Xander pointed out.

"I'll find something scary." Something so scary, the boy would come scrambling to him. Right... that was a plan he could work with. Once they got home.

They stepped outside, but it was a false start. Spike decided he needed to be bundled up, because cold hurt! Another fifteen minutes later, with a scarf and extra layer of clothes under his robe, he was ready to make his way through the snow covered forest.

He let Xander do the guiding, since he seemed to know where he was going. Except that there were other times when he wondered if he actually did know... There were strange howling sounds, and hoof beats. Each time he tried to go off and explore, Xander reminded him they were on a 'mission.'

"You know, you're a wet blanket when you're Potter-shaped," he muttered.

"Yeah, well, I read the books and the person inhabiting this body tends to get into all sorts of trouble," Xander responded. "I don't want to run into Voldermort while I look like this. With my luck I'll be dead and you'll be a Death eater before we can yell for help."

Hardly paying attention, Spike was looking up at the giant trees overhead. "Forget your luck... let's rely on mine, yeah? Look up. Go on, don't move."

"At one point you were chipped, souled and bunking with me. Your luck sucks as much as mine does," Xander said but still he dutifully looked up.

"Looks like both of ours is looking up, then," he said smugly, suddenly pulling a startled Xander into his arms. "Magic mistletoe... that's what that is."

Magic or not, Spike was getting his kiss. Slanting his mouth over Xander's, he used his free hand to push the round spectacles out of the way, and then deepened the kiss. Last night... he could have been kissing Xander last night in bed, could have been touching him... instead they'd slept! If he weren't making up for lost time, Spike would have wept.

Xander was tense at first but then when he closed his eyes, all he could feel was Spike. He let his lips slip open and moaned as Spike took advantage of the opening to deepen the kiss.

Finally... finally some of Xander's walls were collapsing and Spike couldn't have been any gladder. With carefully measured stabs of his tongue, he dragged Xander into the kiss, expertly leading him into a chase that slowly ignited fires in both their systems.

Xander reluctantly retreated, coming back once or twice for another short peck, but resolutely stepping back. "We need to get to the tree," he said, a soft smile playing at his lips.

"That's it? That's all you have to say and it's all business again? Must be losing my touch," he muttered. "Or it's these damned defective human lips..." Shoving his hands into the pockets of his robe, he headed deeper into the dark forest, deep in thought.

"If that was losing your touch, then I might not survive the full experience," Xander teased. Spike looking so dejected never sat well with him. Somebody as tough as Spike shouldn't look so damn sad. "Come on, mate," he said, just because he could get away with the Britishism. "Tree then home."

Part Five

Once again, home never sounded so good to Spike. It would probably be better for both of them if he stopped trying to find fun diversions and concentrated on getting home.

They walked for quite a while in silence, though he stole the occasional glance at Xander, wondering what he really thought about the kiss. He hated not being able to read Potter's

expression. Then they reached a clearing with a tall tale boulder.

"Doesn't look so dangerous to me," he said, with a shrug.

"Yeah, well, neither do unicorns but that horn must be used for *something*."

Xander peered closely at the tree. He circled around it, looking for anything that would make it special in any way but no, it seemed like a regular tree.

"Erm...hello, tree?" he asked, feeling perfectly stupid.

"Mr. Potter... I was wondering when you'd make an appearance," the tree spoke with a deep, rumbling sound.

"Its got a mouth. And eyes... Xander, look at its nose."

"Mr. Malfoy, never interrupt. And what in the name of Merlin's hat is a Xander?"

"You're the tree of knowledge, shouldn't you bloody well know already?"

The tree's face flattened and melted into the rest of its bark, and it went back to looking like any other tree.

"Come on, don't pout. Need your help here." Spike marched up to it. "I've got a wand, and I'm not afraid to use it. Hello?!" He turned and looked at Xander.

"You pissed off the tree of knowledge," Xander said gleefully. "You fucked up!"

Spike scowled. "Right... then you speak to it."

"Okay, here goes." Xander cleared his throat and turned towards the tree, puppy eyes to the fore. "Please, oh wise and magical tree, will you ignore the idiot and answer our question?"

Not even a leaf moved.

"Pretty please?"

Emulating great interest in his nails, Spike listened as Xander begged, pleaded and cajoled, all to no avail. "That your best shot?" he asked.

"You're the one who annoyed it," Xander sulked. "*You* fix it."

"This tree... seemed a bit of a prude, yeah?" An unholy light lit young Draco's eyes.

"It did remind me of Giles at his most glass-polishing. Why?"

"Think it's squeamish?" Spike asked, taking a step toward Xander, and shadowing the boy when he moved. "I've found extortion works very well." Another three steps and he was in front of Xander. "And it can't run." With that, he slapped both of his palms against the tree, on either side of Xander's body, trapping the boy.

Xander moved back as Spike moved forward until his back was against the tree and Spike was too close for comfort.

"What are you doing?" he yelped.

His only reply was a smirk as Spike leaned forward and kissed him.

The king of plans decided he might kill two birds here with one kiss. First, show Xander his kisses were not to be resisted, no matter whose bloody body he was in. Second, if the tree was Giles-like, it might not take to being a captive audience.

This time, Spike didn't only kiss Xander... he kissed him like they were in bed... like it was a prelude to a good fuck. In and out, he wove his tongue, tasting, exploring, squeezing every last reaction that he could out of the boy. Hearing a loud grumble from the tree, he moved his hand, stroking Xander's side, before cupping his arse and pulling him hard against him. These robes were good for something... they were thin, and even with the extra layer of clothes underneath, it couldn't escape Xander how aroused one little 'Spike-kiss' had gotten the both of them.

To Xander's shame it took mere seconds before he forgot all about the tree and his wish to return home. Spike was entirely too talented at this and Xander could do nothing but respond. He barely heard the tree complaining about their unacceptable behaviour as he slipped his hand through the front of Spike's robes, intent on feeling his skin.

Shocked by the cold touch, Spike was about to complain... only when Xander moved his hand over his abs, and up his chest, suddenly the cold was gone and it was all searing heat.

"Good... Mmph," he kissed him again, this time grinding his hips against the boy. As heat rushed through his system, he steadfastly ignored whatever the tree was saying. More... he wanted more, and he took more, deepening the kiss. Something smacked him in the forehead. It was Xander's... Potter's glasses. When Spike drew back, he noticed the lust filled expression on the boy's face, and suddenly realized Xander was seeing Draco! He probably thought Draco was hot and... Suddenly Spike stopped touching, and kissing and stroking... instead, standing stock still.

Xander followed Spike's lips as they retreated, needing more of those heady kisses. Instead of a

response he got Spike just, standing there, doing nothing.

"You stopped," he accused, pouting at him.

"This is not done, not done I say..." the tree rumbled.

Spike looked away from the question in Xander's eyes. "That mean you'll answer our questions?"

"No."

Xander tugged Spike back to him and turned them around, pressing Spike's back against the tree.

"Let's convince it some more," he grinned.

He hadn't realized how much he wanted Spike but now that he had him all to himself, Xander was all for seeing how much the tree could take. He pressed his whole body against Spike and leaned down to kiss him again, softly at first, then deeper and harder. He loved being the aggressor in this, being in control, learning Spike's taste and feel and warmth.

Bloody hell...

"Fine, fine, I'll answer your question," the tree snapped, "Cease this fornication at once!"

Xander barely registered the words. He had tugged at a strand of Spike's hair, expecting peroxide hard curls and had gotten a handful of soft silky strands instead. The wrongness of warm, soft Spike finally struck him.

"Oh God!" he exclaimed, horror struck. "You're in a fifteen year old body! Holy fucking fuck, I probably scarred the poor kid for life didn't I? What if he remembers this?!"

Spike was still reeling from the unexpected kiss and barely registered what Xander was complaining about... this time. All he knew was that his body was screaming for more, a part of him was still worrying about exactly 'who' Xander was kissing, and then there was the problem of his heart - it was hammering uncomfortably hard against his chest.

"Is this normal... I think it's too hard and might explode," he said, one hand over his chest as he looked at Xander. Of course the sight of swollen lips didn't do much to lower the rate of his heart.

Xander reached out and touched Spike's chest, concentrating a moment to hear his heart.

"Sounds okay. A bit fast but given what we were just doing," he shrugged, a little embarrassed still. He'd made out with Spike while he was in Harry Potter's body. Spike had made out with him while he was in Draco Malfoy's body.

"D'you think if we tried, really, really hard we could make this weirder?" he wondered.

"Enough nonsense. Dumbledore will hear of it if you don't desist right away. Now if you have a question, ask it... go on." The Answer Tree was clearly at the end of its patience.

"I want to go home," Xander sighed. "How do we get home?"

The minute Xander lifted his hand away from him, Spike missed his touch. About to complain, he caught the way Xander looked at him... at Draco... and snapped his mouth shut. It was becoming clearer and clearer that it was Draco that did it for Xander, and Draco he was concerned about.

"Home? You boys missed the train," the tree answered. But the answer was followed by a long "Hmmm?"

"Figured it out, did you? Not so smart for an 'answer tree,'" Spike scoffed, now in a distinctly bad mood.

"Look, just tell us how to get home before Dumbledore twinkles at us or Spike decides to take on Snape, okay?" Xander snapped, glaring at the tree.

He bet the stupid plant knew who they were from the very beginning and was just toying with them. He bet they all knew. He'd read fanfic, he knew Dumbledore could be a manipulative bastard. Maybe he'd caused all this because he wanted Harry to be friends with Draco or some such thing.

"I want to go home," he repeated, stomping his foot.

"I want to get out of this sodding ugly body..." Spike agreed with a surly look.

"You're not ugly," Xander replied automatically. "Come on, tree! Just answer the question!"

Biting his lip in sheer frustration, Spike moved away. "You don't answer and we'll be stuck here, making your life miserable. Visit you every opportunity. He'll get naked and..."

"Snape's room. The exact copy of the device you used to transport to this dimension is in Snape's room. Good luck getting it." If a tree could sound malicious, this was how.

"Thank you," Xander said with a pleasant smile and a polite nod, "Just so you know," he

continued in the same tone, "if it doesn't work I'm making sure you're one of the Christmas trees in the great hall next year. I'm Harry Potter, I can do it too."

"Why do people get themselves in trouble and demand answers and then threaten me?" That said, the trees face melted away... he was done with these foolishness.

"Right, you go make eyes with Snape... he's interested in... and I'll search his room. Go on..." Spike started striding toward the school.

"What are you on about, now?"

Xander followed Spike, talking as he went. Spike walked fast and Xander wasn't used to being quite so tiny so he found it hard to keep up.

"He's interested in what?" he demanded but Spike kept on walking, "Interested in *what* Spike?"

"You... Potter. Even with two eyes, you're so bloody blind. No, I take that back... not so blind that you don't notice certain not very good looking warlocks..." The rest of Spike's complaints were snatched out of his mouth by the wind that kicked up suddenly. "Arghh... my face," he shouted, putting his hands to his cheeks. "Let's get inside before it falls off."

"You see sex everywhere don't you?" Xander accused. "He does not fancy Harry. If he fancies anyone, it's Sirius Black. Or Draco even!" he added as inspiration struck. "He always gets full marks at potions. Plus, he's pretty. So *you* distract him and *I'll* search his rooms."

"Draco gets full marks because he's good. Potter always gets detention because Snape gets to have after class chats with him during which he imagines how good he might be in bed. Come on, why else does he take every opportunity to speak to you with that dangerous edge to his tone? That's just him in 'I want sex' mode." Still rubbing his cheeks, he was all but running out of the cold. Blasted human bodies... a bit of wind and it felt like the body was about to fall apart, that's what.

"You're such a perv, Spike," Xander complained, "I'm not distracting him. He'll probably take a million points off Gryffindor and then everyone will hate me."

The last was yelled as Spike started to run. Xander quickly followed, almost out of breath when they reached the school. By now he'd grown used to the puzzled or suspicious looks that followed whenever Harry Potter was seen talking to Draco Malfoy with no swear words or curses involved.

The minute they got inside, they found they were just in time for *something*. The students were assembling and told that there would a treasure hunt, sort of to lift the spirits of those students who were stuck at school for the hols. Spike tried to get out of it, but Professor Snape snuck up

behind him as silently as a vampire and ordered him back. He obeyed, but it wasn't because he couldn't 'take' him, no. It was because he didn't want to end up turned into a mouse, or a rake... that would be worse, stuck outside in the freezing weather.

"Bloody fucking great," he muttered, face set into an unhappy expression as he marched out to the courtyard with the rest of the students.

"Come on S-Malfoy," Xander quickly amended as he realised the others were looking at them. "I bet you a charms assignment I'll find the treasure before you do."

"You can't find your own arse Potter, let alone any treasure."

Part Six

Hours later, after the treasure hunt, and after eating dinner sitting separately from Xander, Spike had cooled down. By agreement, they'd each sneaked out of the dorms and met in the hall. And no, he wasn't going to acknowledge the heat in Xander's... Potter's eyes. "Maybe I should try a sleep spell. If Snape is in a deep sleep, I won't have to knock him out while we search his room."

"I know how we can find where his room is," Xander grinned and brandished the marauders' map around. He'd grabbed it from Harry's trunk along with the invisibility cloak. "And there will be no spells used. Snape is a sneaky bastard and we don't know magic. He'll catch us if we try anything."

He really hated having to follow Xander's lead, or anyone's for that matter. "What do you intend to do with that? Ask someone to put an X on it to show where his room is?"

And who might that someone be? They seemed pretty strict about requiring the students to be in their dorms after hours. Flicking his hand out, he snatched the cloak and jumped when his arm disappeared. "I thought it dropped off... stupid human body..." he pulled his arm out from under the cloak, and put it back.

"Dropped off," Xander snickered. "Now watch." He took his wand out and tapped the map. "I solemnly swear I am up to no good," he said.

The map promptly unfolded, lines appearing as the pages moved, quickly forming an outline of

all the rooms in the castle. Soon they had the whole school laid out in front of them with a small dot labelled 'Snape'. Another dot labelled 'Filch' was moving about in the floor above them and 'McGonnagal' was patrolling a few corridors to their left.

"How cool is this?" Xander said, grinning proudly at Spike.

"Means being bad is good, yeah?" Spike was all into that. "Where's he going?" He frowned as the Snape-dot appeared to be hovering around one of the exits. "Come on, be a good Slytherin and leave. Come on, or else Xander here is going to have to promise to have hours of sex with you if you let him tie you to your bed." His gaze flashed over to Xander. "Don't look so shocked, you were bloody good at keeping me tied up. I knew what you were thinking, even back then," he smirked.

"Perv," Xander said but without heat this time. "I wouldn't mind Snape but it would be icky now," he said, pointing to himself as if that was an obvious explanation. "What? I told you I thought Snape was hot."

He paused a moment, staring at the map. The Snape dot didn't seem inclined to move but the McGonnagal one was coming closer and closer.

"We could create a diversion," Xander said, "get him to go investigate."

"Think everyone in Harry Potter's Winter Wonderland is hot. I could tackle her. Bet she shouts quite loud... wait, she's the one that can turn into a cat... hmmm, might scratch me." Another idea struck him and he pulled out his wand. "How about a bit of a bonfire?"

"You want us to burn down the school?" Xander asked, horrified.

"No, you git... create a bit of a fire so they rush over to put it out. Don't think I can do it, do you?" It was a struggle, deciding whether it was worth proving his abilities, or being responsible. The boy was right, there were students in the building, and what if the flames went out of control? "Right, what's your idea then?"

"Going down to the dungeons and throwing stuff in a cauldron until it goes 'boom'?" .

"Or that." Dragging Xander by the robe, Spike headed in the direction that he thought was right. At least it would look as if he were leading for a bit. "I'm beginning to feel like Giles doesn't care or miss us. If he had done, don't you think we'd be back by now?"

"It's not like he had any idea you would go about wishing things," Xander pointed out. "Maybe he's trying to get us back."

He stopped as something suddenly occurred to him.

"Do you think Harry and Draco are over there? In *our* bodies?"

"If they are, they're having hot dirty sex in them, that's for sure. After being in this weak little body, Draco will be making good use of mine. Wonder if there will be anything left of you..." Dragging him again, he headed down the stairs. "Hope we'll remember it... the sex..."

"For the last time they're not having sex! And even if they were, Giles would probably kill us both so we'd have no bodies to get back to," Xander pointed out. "I think we're here," he added and, taking one more glance at the map to make sure there was no one around, he pushed open the door to the potions classroom.

"If you prefer to think of our bodies sitting at attention and minding Giles, fine." He started shifting bottles of powder and liquid about the shelves, selecting some to toss into the cauldron. "I prefer to think of you... your body, on your knees, and putting your mouth to good use... like you were when you licked the butter off your fingers. Draco must be having a bloody good time," he sighed.

Xander stopped moving once more, this time because the picture Spike painted had hijacked his brain.

"Gah," he managed to say when he regained some control.

"Come on, toss something in." Spike had already done quite a bit of pouring and was about to light it up with the wand he waved over the cauldron. "Wait a minute... that look. You *know* they're doing it, too, don't you?" he crowed triumphantly.

"No," Xander promptly responded. "Maybe we should move back a bit, in case it suddenly blows up."

He moved back and started grabbing random things from the desks and shelves and throwing them in the cauldron. Soon enough a threatening rumble could be heard from the direction of the cauldron.

"There she blows!" he yelled and ducked behind Snape's desk.

Spike jumped back, knocking some bottles onto the ground and cursing. He leaped behind the desk and took a look at the map that Xander was unrolling. "Bloody hell, he's almost here. How does he do that!"

Before he knew it, Xander was pulling the cloak of invisibility over them. It was quite freaky... being invisible. That was something he could have played with for hours, but he suddenly realized how close they were now standing... pressed together. He wasn't the least bit surprised

when his heart started to kick up a big fuss again.

"Calm down or he'll hear you," Xander snickered.

Seconds later Snape was there and they were shuffling out the door as quietly as they could go. The moment they were clear, Xander broke into a run. Soon they were in front of Snape's door. The man in the portrait stared impassively at them.

"We need a password," Xander said. "Snake?" he guessed but the portrait remained quiet.

"Harry Potter," Spike threw out.

"Very funny Spike," Xander replied but still he was relieved when the portrait simply stared. "I bet I know what it is," he grinned suddenly. "I read all seven books."

He looked up at the portrait's eyes and said, very confidently, "Lilly."

The portrait man nodded smartly at them and swung open.

"As in Potter's lily white arse..." he followed Xander inside. "Place is as dark as he is. Darker than any crypt I ever slept in," he said as he started to look around. "And he has bad handwriting... oh what have we here?" he lifted a sheet of paper, "ingredients for potion to make HP delirious." Quickly mixing the sheet back into the rest of the stack, he innocently went back to lifting things up off Snape's desk, checking his drawers, and looking under it.

"As in Potter's *mother* you idiot," Xander replied with an eye roll. "Just...look for the paperweight thingy, okay?" he said and joined the search, perusing the shelves.

Spike disappeared behind a panel. "What now? He's hot for Potter and Potter's mother? That's just evil."

"He's *not* hot for Potter! Where do you get these ideas, Spike?" Xander snapped.

"Talking about yourself in the third person, Mr Potter?"

"Uh-oh," Xander breathed and slowly turned around to face none other but Professor Snape.

Shit! Maybe Snape didn't realize he was back here. Spike slowly looked past the edge of the panel he thought was hiding him, but Snape's hand moved in his direction, and he found an index finger pointing toward him, even though the professor never actually turned around. The situation was a nightmare... a place where he was a weak human, a little one at that, and where professors had the senses of a vampire... it just wasn't fair. Leaving Xander to deal with Snape, he continued to look through the shelves, panicked and rushed, but with a very big incentive to

find the bleeding paperweight.

"Well, Mr Potter?" Snape continued, looking at Xander with those intense dark eyes. Man, he wished Spike hadn't told him his stupid Snarry theories. "Are you going to tell me why you took it upon yourself to break into a professor's chambers? I'm sure you have a perfectly reasonable explanation."

"Well...erm..."

"I'm waiting Mr Potter. Mr Malfoy, if you would like to join us? I'm sure your father would wish to hear of your new...friend."

The distaste in the last word was enough for Xander to start a protest. He quickly aborted it when Snape's gaze returned to him.

Spike swallowed. "No, I think I'd rather not." His voice suddenly sounded reed thin! He could kick himself. No, he could kick Draco Malfoy's ass for that. Dropping to his knees, he started knocking things out of the way dug into a jar. His hand closed around a circular object and he pulled it out.

"Xander, I've got it!" he shouted, taking a few steps toward the severe looking professor and the oh-so-innocent-until-you-get-me-into-bed Potter. "Professor Snape, best if you close your eyes now. We'll explain everything in great, excruciating detail... I promise," he said, pressing the device all over its surface and getting nowhere.

Xander grabbed hold of Spike with one hand and put the other over the stone.

"You have to wish for it," he pointed out.

Snape was taking out his wand, suspicion clear in his eyes.

"Hurry up, Spike, he knows!"

"Fuck..." Desperate to get out of there, and yet unable to pass up the chance to disconcert both the professor and Xander, Spike suddenly ducked down and kissed Xander on the mouth, even lingering for a few precious seconds, before lifting his head.

"Yes they do it, and yes you may thank me for the stiff one you're sporting right now. Good thing about the robes, yeah?" Winking, he wished he and Xander were back in Giles' living room.

Xander landed right next to the couch, his back hitting the floor at a rather painful speed.

"What the hell did you do *that* for?!" he exclaimed, the moment he could draw breath.

Spike gracefully landed on his own two feet.

"Because I'm a *vampire*, and because I *can*." He came very close to adding a Xander-like 'woot' to that, because he never thought he'd be so happy to get back into his strong, painless body.

"Evil bastard," Xander muttered. "Now they'll have to deal with Snape," he added, more loudly.

"And you'll have to deal with me," Giles said, making Xander jump.

"This thing where people keep catching me out? Should stop!" Xander said vehemently, looking up at Giles in dismay.

"And why do you care what the bloody hell happens to them?" Spike demanded. "You're so wrapped up in him... them, you don't see..." Eh, he was wasting his breath, even though he didn't have to breathe anymore. "Right, I'll let Giles deal with you, and you can have the dvd. Probably wank to it..." he muttered under his breath, as he went and collected the rest of his belongings.

"What the hell is wrong with you now?!" Xander demanded going to stand in front of Spike. "First you want me, then you don't and now that we can...do stuff, you're all sulky,"

"Oh for heaven's sake. First I come in and see you boinking like rabbits on the sofa and now you're back to the tension?" Giles said, exasperated, "The least you can do for forcing me to witness that is to keep on doing it so that the rest of us can relax!"

"I told you!" Spike shouted in triumph. "They did it... they do it... and *your* precious Draco did it with me. No wait, that's not right... he did it with *you*."

Suddenly his glee gave way to jealous anger and rage. "Fine, you can fuck who you like," he shouted, striding toward the door and adding for Giles' benefit, "and you can watch whoever you like, but who you saw... that wasn't me."

The door slammed behind him full force. Maybe his heart wasn't beating so hard he was worried about it breaking, or his blood might not be rushing the way it had in Draco's body... but a vampire's wrath was not a pretty sight.

One last look inside the window, and he walked away from the sight of an astounded Xander, standing across from Giles, with a Christmas tree twinkling in the background.

Xander stared at the closed door, then at Giles.

"What just happened?"

"I don't know, I don't want to know, deal with it amongst yourselves," Giles replied. "Now if you'll excuse me, this is the first time I walked in here all evening and didn't have the urge to walk back out. I'm getting myself a drink."

"I'm going after him," Xander decided and headed for the door.

"Yes, you do that," Giles said, already sipping at his scotch.

Xander looked for Spike outside Giles's building but the vampire was nowhere to be seen. He headed for the closest bar but, as he remembered the sulky look on Spike's face as he slammed the door, he changed directions and headed for Spike's apartment. Xander was determined to get to the bottom of this by the end of the evening. He finally got some Spike smoochies and he wasn't about to give them up without a fight.

Soon he was standing in front of Spike's door, glaring at it as if it was the blond himself.

"Spike open up!" he yelled as he pounded on the door.

Spike had half a mind to pretend he hadn't gone straight home. But then again, maybe it was better if they had it out. Maybe.

Whiskey bottle in hand... and thank the PTB for adult drinks... he dragged the door open. With his vampiric senses back at work, he could hear Xander's heart straining slightly and his blood rushing. He must have been running, or at least been in a bit of a rush. His gaze dropped to the DVD in the boy's hand.

"Told you I don't want it. You can keep it or throw it in the bin."

Xander slid in past Spike and into the apartment. The last time they'd had an argument Spike had slammed the door in his face, nearly breaking his nose in the process.

"*What* is your problem!"

"Problem? I've got no problems, Harris. You're the one with problems."

He took a swig of the liquor, and watched him move around the room. Fuck... those memories of kissing him at Hogwarts was interfering with his ability to think straight.

"I'm not the one who ran off! I was all set to pick up where we left off." Xander's glare melted into a frown, "Unless you don't want to?"

Spike crossed his arms. "Just where did we leave off? You, drooling over Draco. I'm not him. I'll never be him. And I don't even like him the least bit."

"I was *not!*" Xander protested, "For one thing, he's fifteen, and it would be icky. For another, you're way hotter than he is."

The last few words were mumbled as Xander lost his courage half way through the sentence.

"I am?" His arms dropped to his sides, and he set the bottle down. "I mean I know I am, but do you?"

"Just said it, didn't I?" Xander squirmed uncomfortably.

"Yeah, but..." Two strides later, he stood directly in front of Xander, searching his face. "Who were you kissing? I mean at Hogwarts?"

"Erm...you?" Xander replied, confused at the question. Who else could he have been kissing? Spike and he had been together pretty much all the time. Even if he had wanted to, Xander didn't have *time* to kiss anyone else.

"No, I mean who were you seeing... in here," he tapped Xander's temple, in the process moving so close, he could feel his warmth breath.

"Oh..." Xander sighed, leaning slightly forwards. "You," he said firmly, "definitely you."

"Well why didn't you bloody well say so," Spike groused, catching the lapels of Xander's jacket, he dragged him up hard against his body, bringing his mouth close... so very close to Xander's. "They did *it* in our bodies, you know?"

"I don't just know it, I can feel it," Xander muttered.

"You can? How does it feel," he asked, curious and now putting his arms around Xander, underneath his jacket. "Tell me."

Xander blushed.

"Mostly sore," he said, "Who knew Malfoy would top?"

"He made you sore... stop mentioning him to me, yeah?" He moved his mouth over Xander's in a heated kiss, his goal was to make him, his body, forget Draco, and only recognize him from here on.

"You could always work your own magic on me," Xander said slyly, "obliviate all the soreness

out of me."

The only surefire ways of getting Spike to let go of a subject was the promise of fighting or sex. Xander used to rely on the former but the second option was becoming more and more attractive.

"Magic's nothing compared to what a vampire can do... a hundred years of experience, yeah?"

He walked backwards toward his bedroom, pulling Xander along and expertly helping him shed his clothes along the way. "Good thing its the Christmas season, you're 'bout to get the gift that keeps on giving..."

Xander laughed and followed Spike in the bedroom.

"Gotta love Santa!" he said.

The End