



Pairing: Spike/Xander

*Betaed by: and many thanks to Anna ([👤](#)
[iadorespike](#)) for always helping me to improve*

Rating: NC 17

Characters: Not mine, Joss' ? I'm just playin' with 'em

Concrits: welcome in comments

A/N: Written for the "Lust" prompt at 🍷

[7 deadly sins](#)

This futuristic/fantasy Spander was inspired by the wonderful manip by 👤[salustra](#)

The Senator's Downfall

by

Virtual Personal

Part One

The large stone chamber of the Salustrian Senate echoed with “ayes” and “nays” as motions were made and voted upon. The youngest member of the Senate started to collect his papers. There would be another meeting late in the night on issues that

were important to him. Xander had already started to jot down his thoughts about the speech he would make.

When the meeting was adjourned, he made sure to approach some of the senior members of the Senate. One day soon, very soon, he was going to be one of them. No one his age had ever been made a senior senator, but a fire burned in his belly and drove him toward success. And so he played the game just right, exchanging pleasantries and favors, information and ideas.

By the time he walked out of the double doors leading into the Great Hall, he knew that several of the other senators would support him tonight. “My Lord Senator,” the guard saluted as Xander passed him.

Thought the city proper was topside, the governmental center was traditionally within the safety of the ground. Years of war had necessitated an underground city, but for three hundred years, the people of Salustra had not had to resort to

retreating below. It wasn't that there were fewer wars, it was that they'd been able to keep the battles away from their planet.

At the sound of steady footfalls, he looked up to see a group of Kerali warriors strolling toward him. The winged men from the outer-rim planet of Kera were the reason Salustra was able to thrive. It was time to renegotiate the treaties and contracts with the Kerali, and that was what the evening's meetings would be about.

He stepped aside, mildly aware of their grace and beauty... did they not use those gifts as one of their weapons when in battle? About to go about his business, a silver blond flash caught his eye. When another warrior moved aside, the blond came into full view.

The man was all sharp edges... chiseled perfection. Clad in black clothing that clung like a second skin, Xander could see the warrior's muscles rippling under his mesh shirt and could very well imagine the power of his thighs and legs. Xander sucked in

beautiful flying arches around its edges and stained glass windows with false lighting coming from behind them. In the days when war kept people underground, this had been the market place. Now, people from all corners of the universe came to see the beautiful architecture, the worn cobbled floors, and to enjoy all that it had to offer.

Approximately half of the chamber was used for meals and evening entertainment. Long tables with benches formed a “U” around an area where minstrels sang, dancers danced, and poets brought words to life.

Intricate wrought iron panels decorated and separated the eatery from the bazaar area with its stalls and merchants and artistic wares. Metal chandeliers, both hanging from the high ceilings and standing on decorative posts, were placed in strategic locations. The flames at the ends of waxy tapers gave off far more light than if it had been real candles that were used.

Dressed in black and burgundy tunic and pants, the

traditional colors of higher-ranking Salustrali, Xander walked past the bazaar and started to look at the already filled tables. Surely the Kerali would be here, most visitors liked to spend time here, especially when they came in groups.

“My Lord Senator,” the host gave a low bow. “Will you be dining alone or...”

“Alone, yes.” His gaze darted around the rows of tables, desperately hoping to find the blond. Wings... he saw several of them at a table and started to walk toward it.

“I have an excellent seat over there, next to Telamin,” the host whispered.

Xander shrugged him off and kept walking. Ordinarily he would have jumped at the chance to sit next to the grand treasurer.

“Sir...”

There he was. Gods, that man was beautiful. Of

course, he was surrounded by his fellow Kerali. “I’ll sit there.” Xander pointed to a seat from where he’d have an excellent view of the Kerali.

“Are you sure?” The host was aghast. “This table is...” Well, he didn’t have to say ruffraff. The plain clothes of those who were seated showed they held absolutely no rank. “You seem distracted, are you...”

“This is fine. I’d like some wine.”

Bowing, the host left.

Xander sat down and slowly fell under the stranger’s spell again. He’d thought it was a fluke before, but now he knew better.

Every fiber of his being wanted that man... that man who at one moment appeared to look severe, and then next would laugh and infect his entire table. He could hear the timbre of his voice, sexy and low, but he couldn’t hear his words.

Taking a long drink of his cool wine, he wondered how he might get closer. Feckitall, if he'd gotten here a bit earlier, he might have been able to sit at the table next to him and strike up a conversation.

A few times their gazes met. Each time, Xander saw that mocking look flash over the man's face. Fuck... he knew. He wished he could just get up and walk away, but he couldn't force himself. *I'm such a fool.*

The lights grew dimmer as a group of dancers took the floor. First it was a row of men and women dancing, then the men stood to the side as the women showed off their moves, and then the drumbeats started and the men took over. They moved like well oiled machines... touching the ground, springing up, putting their arms around each other in a straight line and making complicated kicks.

The blond started to pound his palm on the table. Each time, it sent sensations crashing through Xander, made him imagine fucking the man to that ever-faster beat. His sex grew tight and

uncomfortable against his pants, and his throat constricted. Gods... he really wanted him... under him... over him... it didn't matter how. When he saw the warrior pointing at a longhaired dancer, a stab of jealousy made his stomach clench.

He was glad when the dancers moved off the floor. "I'd like to send your best pitcher of red wine to that man there."

The waiter pointed, "The man in green?"

"No... the Kerali, the fair one... there."

"And what should I tell him?"

"Give him my compliments."

A few moments later the waiter set a pitcher down next to the blond and bent down to whisper near his ear. Xander wished they could trade places... that it was his hand on the warrior's shoulder, his mouth near his ear.

Piercing blue eyes turned unerringly toward him, capturing his gaze. Xander thought his heart would explode in his chest. The stranger's mouth quirked into a smile as he raised his goblet. The man's throat convulsed as he drank, and all Xander could do was watch... and want... and be caught wanting. A flash of mirth entered the blue eyes for an instant before another warrior tapped his shoulder and engaged him in conversation.

A thousand times, Xander replayed the scene— what had he seen in the stranger's eyes? He couldn't claim to have seen an invitation... no secret 'come fuck me' look had passed between them. Just acceptance. He knew how good he looked, and how hot he'd gotten Xander. That was it. Then again, he hadn't said 'no'. Feckitall... an answer would have been good.

Xander ate the courses that were placed before him, barely tasting a thing. His attention was so transfixed on the warrior it was unnatural. He was worldly, experienced, and often slaked his lust with an old friend or a stranger. But this was different,

he couldn't even summon the will to go find release elsewhere... he wanted to be with the blond.

A soft chime reverberated throughout the chamber. It was the first call to the late night session of the Senate meeting. Xander gripped the edge of the table. He really ought to go.

One of the Kerali warriors, seated slightly away from the blond, leaned across another Kerali to talk to the blond. A rapid discussion ensued just as the drums began to beat for the sword dance. The warrior looked directly at Xander as he rose and nodded toward the dance area.

Was that... did he mean... Xander's mouth went dry. He heard the second chime and started to prepare to leave for the meeting when the warrior took off his shirt and dropped it onto his seat. One glimpse of alabaster skin stretched taut over defined muscles, and Xander was lost. Ignoring both the chime, and the host's attempts to remind him of the meeting, he followed the blond's steps to the dance area.

Six men stood ready to try to outdo each other, while another twelve volunteers squatted on the ground with blunted swords. Two volunteers flanked each dancer—their swords would be crisscrossed and moved to the beat of the drums about a foot off the ground, while the dancers avoided the swords and only leaped into the gaps that appeared. It was either that or be injured or tripped and then disqualified.

The blond's position was at a point directly in front of him. As the man turned, his raven wings unfurled, and Xander saw glittering jewels had been attached here and there. As if he needed adornment to capture any more attention!

The dance was called, and Xander put his hands behind his back. The minute the swords moved, so did he. Concentration was key to this dance. It was a good thing that he was well practiced and enjoyed it as a form of exercise else he would have toppled, as did another among them.

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” the diners shouted, slamming their fists on the table in rhythm with the drums, encouraging the dancers.

The blond danced as if in a dream. He made it look so easy, jumping up, then side to side, turning, hopping on one leg, then the other. The music changed, and his arms spread out, this way and that. His skin started to gleam with a light sheen of sweat.

Gods almighty... Xander wanted to push him down on the floor, right there and then... wanted to take him hard and fast, wanted to find release for the pressure that had been building from the moment he'd seen this warrior. But that mocking smile, and the knowing eyes... Xander turned, and danced all the harder.

As two more people were disqualified, the music grew louder... bolder... as did the dancers. Their moves were wider now they had more space. And then only two remained... him... and the blonde.

They stood directly across from each other, gazes locked, as they avoided the swords. Xander's pulse was out of control, and it wasn't only due to the physical exertion.

“Ha! Ha! Ha! Go!” The Kerali's companions grew boisterously louder, urging their own to win.

It was close to the end of the last set, it could easily be a draw. Suddenly, a soft darkness wrapped around him. It took him a minute to realize that the warrior's wings had come forward and were surrounding both of them, barring them from the view of the others and, at the same time, preventing both of them from occasionally casting their gaze down to watch the progress of the swords.

Blinded to the outside world, soft feathers brushing his back and thighs, his body occasionally touching the blond's, and their gazes definitely colliding, Xander felt more alive than he'd ever been before. The danger of getting struck by the swords only sharpened his awareness. Something arced

between them... something intense and painful and sweet. Desire... lust... he couldn't put a name to it. He would give anything to take this stranger to his bed. Anything.

“One, two, three! Ha!” The drums stopped and the room went absolutely silent.

The warrior leaned forward and brushed his closed mouth across Xander's so lightly Xander thought he'd imagined it. The wings dropped away, and people started clapping.

The blond started to walk away.

“Wait!”

Raised eyebrow, mocking eyes. “Yes?”

“Your name, what's... what's your name?”

“Spike. You don't want to know why... or maybe you do.”

Xander wanted to scream when Spike moved and his warrior friends surrounded him, clapping him on his shoulders and laughing. Fuck... how could he do that? How could he just walk away, when...

He let out a breath as the entire Kerali group left the dining hall. Maybe tomorrow? Now he just wanted to get nice and drunk or even the coldest baths were not going to cool him off.

Part Two

Visions of that lithe body gleaming with perspiration—moving to the erotic beat of the drums, the piercing look in those eyes that promised heaven and hell—tortured Xander. Even in his dreams the Kerali eluded his touch.

When his eyes fluttered open, he was aware of how hard he was... how he ached to touch himself. The weight of the blanket over his cock teased him the same way his dreams of Spike had. No satisfaction.

Flanked by his father, a judge, and his uncle, another senator, Xander accepted the criticism that he'd known would come. "I am sorry, but I'm quite sure you were eloquent and persuasive—"

"Save your flattery for others, I'm your uncle... I know you too well. I needed you there to back me up... to pick up the younger following. You understand that the contracts that are signed will last the next hundred years... they have to take into account every contingency, and we need to be careful not to give in to the Kerali's demands for greater compensation. Just because the markets are good now does not mean the trend will last."

"I know, Uncle, I agree."

"Then you should have made your agreement known when you were needed. Dancing!" he spit out.

Xander's father put his hand on his son's shoulder. "I know you're young, but that was juvenile."

"Yes... it was." Xander heartily agreed. How could he possibly explain the storm of lust brought on by Spike's mere existence? Or that if he had to do it again... he was not sure he could have broken away from the dance in the name of duty.

"You'd best come to your senses. Salustra's future is in the balance." His father stopped at the door to the Senate chambers, allowing Xander and his brother to go about their business.

After the general sessions, the Senate broke up into smaller chambers for committee meetings. One side of the table was lined with Senate members, and the other was empty for the moment. Last minute ideas were floated among the senators until the door opened, and the Kerali negotiators filed in.

Xander got up and, like the others, was informally introducing himself when a mocking smile greeted him. "No need, I already know your name."

"You."

"You," Spike moved on and spoke with other members of the Senate.

It took Xander a few moments to recover, and he couldn't claim to have done it on his own.

"Stop gaping, Nephew, and don't tell me that's who you were with," his uncle hissed in his ear. "Idiot... you were set up."

Idiot wasn't all that he was. Gods... why? Why couldn't he think straight when that man was around? Where were his glib arguments? His clever turns of phrase? All the numbers he'd crunched in preparation for this meeting? All he knew was that, despite all his efforts, he was entranced by Spike. The man wasn't a key negotiator, but Xander hung on to his every word, watched his every motion, stared longingly at those long-fingered hands that occasionally waved in the air. Fuck... he was smitten.

Only after the Kerali left did he take a long breath. Even as he participated in the discussions about the

him.

And then he saw him, ensconced among friends again. Laughing, joking, drinking. Gods... no man had the right to look like that. Xander's gaze traveled down Spike's back, to that slender waist, and the swell of his ass. Fuck... all those silver buckles on the guy's black pants just made Xander want to see him free of his clothes.

His eyes flashed as one of the other Kerali put his arm around Spike, patting his back as they laughed. But the guy released Spike, and the blond headed *alone* to the bar.

Xander followed him and looked over his shoulder as the blond read the drinks menu. "Can I buy you a drink?"

Spike didn't even look up. "Never turn down a free drink. Can't make up my mind on the specialties..."

"Get a '*pounding*'."

This time, the blond did turn. "Are we still talking drinks?"

Xander's mouth went dry. "We can talk about anything you want."

"I'll take a pounding."

A strangled "Get him one," passed Xander's lips, as he tried to come to grips with his sudden erection. *Fuck. This guy's lethal.*

"And here I thought *you* were going to give me one."

Looks were exchanged. "So... you take poundings?" Somehow he'd thought the warrior would be a top.

"I'm very versatile," that mocking smile flashed, before Spike picked up the violet drink produced by the bartender and drank slowly. "It's nice. It has a bite."

Xander motioned for a drink. "You interest me."

"Oh really?" Spike lifted an eyebrow. "I would never have guessed."

Damnitall... still no clue as to how the guy felt about him. "Last night... was that a trick?"

Spike spread his hands. Did that mean he didn't understand the question, or was he admitting it? Right now, Xander's heart was thumping so hard, he could hardly think straight or pursue any sort of logical questioning.

"Do you... do you want to go somewhere?"

"Where?" Spike put his hand on Xander's back.

Heat. Xander swayed toward the winged man. "My place. Anywhere..."

When there was no answer, he leaned into Spike. He felt the warrior's sex swelling against his thigh, so hard... so big... Gods, he had to see this warrior naked and beneath him. "Please. Please say yes."

Spike allowed Xander's hand to wander down his back but stopped him before he cupped his ass. "I'd like to."

"Good, let's—"

"Can't."

"What?" Xander's voice was edged in desperation, but he didn't care. "What do you want? I'll give you anything."

Spike pulled away and sat down on a barstool, then looked into his glass. "Sorry, mate, but we have an anti-fraternization rule during missions."

"A what... how..." Xander swallowed, "you're not here on a mission... that has to apply when you're talking about war missions."

Shaking his head no, Spike drained his glass. Before he put it down, another was placed in front of him, compliments of Xander. "You trying to get me drunk

to forget my duty?" he asked, locking gazes with Xander.

"But..." If it would work, Xander was more than happy to try.

"Includes all missions, diplomatic ... war... it's all the same."

"To hell with stupid rules. Just meet me outside, no one will know." Fuck, he ached so badly he thought he would die if the warrior denied him.

"Sorry, mate, I can't do that."

Xander gripped the stem of his glass.

"... I can hear your heart. I can smell your lust. Come closer."

Like a mothling drawn to a flame, Xander leaned close, so close his breath caressed Spike's cheek.

"Now I can hear your ragged breaths. Imagine you

breathing like that in my ear as you take my clothes off. You rush, because you can't wait... because you've waited so long. Your hands shake..."

Hearing this man, who radiated sexuality, describe his fantasies in such detail would have brought Xander to his knees if he'd been standing. His tongue slipped along his lips, wetting them. "Then what?"

"You try to unbuckle the bindings on my pants, then curse and touch me over the material. You cup me, feel me grow. You rub your cock against my ass, begging me to help you with the bindings. You're desperate. You want me..."

"Fuck, I want you so badly I don't know if I can wait for you to get naked. I grip your pants, I pull... tearing them down your legs. Finally... I see your ass... I ask you to turn."

"I tease you... tell you to make me." Spike's fingers brushed Xander's as he moved his hand over to pick up his drink. "I'm a warrior..."

"You won't budge... but I fight dirty. I kiss your shoulders..."

"My wings are in the way."

Xander dared to touch him... to stroke Spike between his shoulder blades. "I kiss you here... between them."

A soft purring sound broke out of Spike. "That is not a place you touch a Kerali in public."

He hadn't known, but he reveled in the power. "I kiss you there again, and again, until you want to turn around... until you can't stand it."

"I turn, I'm angry... I don't like to lose."

"I drop to my knees, I take you in my mouth and make you forget your anger. You shudder. You cry out. I bring you to the edge and then..."

"I look down... I see what you have for me, and it's a

sight to behold... your length... your thickness. I pull you up, and help you remove your tunic."

"I can't wait. I kiss you hard. Then I turn you around."

"I bend over. I see your legs behind me. I feel you push inside.... you fill me..."

"You're tight, so tight... but I can't wait. I fuck you... fuck you so hard it hurts both of us. But we can't stop... we just fuck and fuck and fuck..."

"And I take the pounding." Spike drained his drink and got up. "I'll see you at the next session of the negotiations, Senator," he said out loud, before walking away with another Kerali.

Xander hadn't even noticed the other man's approach. All he knew was that he was coming... coming in his pants, and they'd hardly touched. Verbal sex was *not* over-rated.

Part Three

He hadn't slept... not one wink. All night long, he'd heard Spike's sultry whispers of how it might be between them. Gods... that man was made for sex. He'd made Xander feel things that he'd never felt before... do things in public... forget his work... forget his goals... he'd burned everything out of his mind. Everything but the need to take him.

He spent the morning making frantic calls to friends and to people who owed him favors... made it seem like official business... until he found the information he needed. And here he was now, at the boarding hotel where the Kerali warriors were staying. Watching, waiting for Spike, who was taking his time drinking coffee in the hotel garden.

Finally, the blond stood up and stretched his inky black wings high above his head. Those chiseled features... that perfect whipcord body framed by

feathery wings—it was a sight that took Xander's breath away.

As the warrior walked down the garden path, Xander called to him from behind a tree. "Hey! Spike... here."

Spike moved off the path and went into the slightly wooded area, turning as his sharp hearing alerted him to Xander's location.

Xander catapulted forward and pressed the warrior back against the tree. The warrior's magnificent body felt firm, solid, powerful... as he'd known it would. Ignoring the warning in the blue eyes, he slanted his mouth over Spike's.

Heat erupted between them, burning hotter each time Xander plunged his tongue into Spike's mouth. He couldn't get enough, couldn't get close enough. His hands slipped down past the warrior's narrow waist, he gripped his hips and dragged him up hard against his body, groaning as their erections rubbed together, pulsing, aching.

Spike closed one arm around Xander, sliding his hand up and down the senator's back and then finally cupping his ass, while his other hand wandered over Xander's chest, leaving delightful shudders in its wake. As their tongues tangled, a low sound came from the back of his throat. He pushed up against Xander, deepening the intensity of the kiss, moving his mouth first this way, then the other.

Yes, yes... and yes. Gods this man felt good, tasted good... Xander drew a ragged breath as his hand wandered over the thick length of Spike's cock, bulging under his pants. His thumb brushed at the metal clasp above his goal.

A wave of urgent need struck him full force. He started to work on the clasp, tugging at it so hard Spike's clothes were in danger of getting torn. He didn't care... couldn't think, all he knew was he needed Spike naked – now.

He felt the brush of Spike's hand over his, felt a

sense of relief that the warrior would help with the clasps. Instead, the warrior stayed Xander's hand.

Mind fuzzy and protesting, Xander broke the kiss. "Wha... take it off." When Spike shook his head no, Xander pushed him back against the tree. This time, hard muscle—strong arms—resisted and held him back. It was impossible to push a Kerali warrior who did not want to be pushed.

Xander hooked his fingers into the waistband of Spike's pants. His eyes blazed with the same heat that was pulsating relentlessly between his legs. "I need to get inside your pants, Warrior. Feckitall... I need this. Give me what I want."

Though the warrior was breathing hard, to Xander, he looked entirely too cool as he shook his head no again, then ran a calloused hand over Xander's face. Feck... that only made Xander want to feel those hands all over his body. "Please... I've got to fuck you. Spike... please..."

"Go home..."

“Spike, I’ll fucking give you anything... I just need...”
He moved forward and kissed the blond again, with a fervor born of suffering want. But when he tried to work his pants open, again he was stopped. Aching with frustration, he whimpered. “I’ll do anything... I’ll help you with the treaty... I’ll fucking give you...”

“I have a term to add at the meeting this afternoon.”

“I’ll make sure it goes through... that it’s agreed to.”
Maddened with lust, Xander swayed toward Spike.

“I’ll meet you afterwards, then.”

“What, no... I need you now,” Xander’s fingers bit into rippling biceps.

“All right.”

Xander’s heart jumped at the words.

Xander had done a decent job of opening the committee meeting with a speech about giving and taking, about the history of the two planets as allies, and emphasizing their interdependence. Then the floor had been opened for haggling over the proposed terms.

There was no question that Salustra had prospered only because the Kerali took care of matters of war and gave safe transport to Salustrian shipping transports. The question was, how much was it worth?

This, the topic of all his passion for many months... figures, numbers, ways to make sure Salustra received favorable terms... all of that was gone from his mind... burned away by thoughts of the blond warrior sitting quietly across the table. Every once in a while, Spike would shift, or he'd rub his palm on the table, and sensations would rock Xander's body. He'd already been caught staring at the warrior more than once, but even his uncle's quelling glares couldn't prevent Xander from daydreaming about their rendezvous.... or of

bending the warrior over the table right there and doing him until the ache in his groin eased.

The warrior licked his lips... and now Xander just wanted that mouth to work him under the table. He imagined himself bucking forward as that mouth closed around him. Sweat beads formed at his temples, and he stifled a groan.

Three of the new terms proposed by the Kerali were rejected out of hand by the Salustrali, but counter-proposals, consisting mainly of additional financial and agricultural packages, brought the Kerali back to the table. Once the details were worked out, Spike cleared his throat and started talking about a final term.

Xander blinked. He had to pay attention, he just had to... no matter how his mind wanted to stray and how uncomfortable and edgy he was feeling. But as Spike put in a demand that every year an agreed upon number of Salustrian men and/or women be sent to Kera to become Kerali warriors, his heart sank. This would never be accepted. Although a

certain contingency of Salustrali were trained by Kerali warriors, it was for planetary defense... they never left Salustra... never saw action, at least not since the defense pacts with Kera kept war well away from Salustra.

Almost as soon as Spike said his piece, the chamber was in an uproar. Salustrian senators shouted out their 'nays', and reminded the Kerali of hundreds of years of tradition. The basis of the agreement with the Kerali was so that no Salustrian blood would be spilled... so that the Salustrali would be able to concentrate on industry and commerce, and share the spoils of their efforts with the Kerali.

Soon, all eyes were turned to the youngest member of the Senate. Xander's gaze flicked to Spike's. The heat sizzling between them, the promise of what would come after the meeting ... his absolute need for the blond warrior had the senator speaking words he never dreamed he would.

Xander stood. "The Kerali have long put their lives at risk and have died for us. It is true that they are a

The terms deemed acceptable by the Kerali and the Senate committee would go before the entire Senate in a few days. No one doubted that the full Senate would agree to what had already been approved by their committee.

“You have undone everything we worked for.”

Xander lengthened his strides, trying to get away from his uncle’s accusations.

“Our children’s blood will spill... because of you. Why... because that winged man has your balls between his hands? You’ve forsaken your oaths because...”

“What he proposed was fair, Uncle.” A muscle twitched in Xander’s cheek. He would never have argued for sending his people to Kera... never, if it weren’t exactly for that—images of being stroked and touched. Feck... he needed to get home.

mesh top that emulated very fine chain mail, only it had half-moon gaps that revealed slivers of chest and abdomen. His pants were as tight as ever, and sported only one clasp to fight with, and he smelled so good. Xander swallowed.

“You approve then?”

There was that maddening smirk. All Xander wanted to do was kiss it away, but, before he made a move, Spike stepped forward and slanted his mouth across Xander's. Heat arced between them as wet tongues collided and danced, wove in and out and battled. Spike's kiss was so potent, it drew a loud groan out of Xander. His head spinning, his heart thundering against his chest, he gripped Spike's narrow hips and slowly... one step at a time... dragged him inside, mouths still locked together.

When the door slammed, they broke the kiss, but still touched each other. Xander took a breath. “I... there's wine,” he croaked.

“Damn the wine.” Spike's gaze dropped to Xander's

mouth, and with it, heat flowed directly between Xander's legs.

He bit his lip. "Dinner..."

Laser blue eyes stared so hotly at him, Xander thought he would melt. "Dessert?"

"Depends... would that be you?" Spike asked.

"Don't say I didn't *try* to be a good host." Xander put his arms around the warrior's waist and pulled him up against his frame. He'd been hard and heavy all day, but the contact made him swell against Spike's belly.

He heard the warrior suck in his breath, saw his mouth part slightly, and then they were at each other. Kissing, touching, stroking. Those sword calloused hands moved over him with much less control now, brushing his face, his throat, his arms... sending heat to every part of his body. Xander's stomach tightened as those hands wandered under his shirt, across his back, up and down his sides, his

thumbs brushing over his nipples... never stopping.

On fire, Xander wanted more. Suddenly he became the aggressor, pushing the warrior up against the wall, kissing his throat, shoving his fingers between the chains of his shirt to touch him underneath it. Hard muscles rippled under his palms, clenched as he wandered lower. He felt Spike's cock flex, heard his quiet groan and knew the warrior wanted him as badly as he wanted the warrior.

Xander slid his hand between Spike's legs and cupped him hard as he kissed him, squeezing and releasing, making him strain to get closer, wringing a low moan out him. Just that sound inflamed Xander to higher heights of passion.

Wanting... needing to feel skin against skin, he shoved at Spike's shirt. In seconds, they were bare-chested, kissing, licking... learning each other's taste. He felt Spike's hand at his pants, undoing them roughly. His pants were pushed down from the waist, and Spike fused their bodies together. Only briefs separated them.

With one of the warrior's legs firmly planted between his, and the other curled around him, almost at his hip, it was as if the warrior had mounted him... was riding him. They thrust against each other, trying to ease the ache and the pressure. Their movements became increasingly desperate, their breaths more ragged.

Xander's body screamed for release. He reversed their positions, slamming Spike up against the wall. About to grind his hips into the warriors, the blond stopped him. Mind and body heavy with lust, it took him a second to realize the warrior had to tuck his wings and get them out of the way. Before he could apologize, he was pulled back into the blond's arms. This time, when their cock's rubbed, it was skin against skin.

Their groans were swallowed by their kisses, the wall shook under their thrusts, and Spike started to whisper, his voice deep and husky. "Where's that pounding you promised me?"

In unison, they moved apart so the warrior could turn around... but not before they'd each stared long and hard at the other's swollen member. Even through the warrior's clothes, Xander had known he would have no reason to complain. Now, hands shaking, he prepared the warrior, then pressed his cock up against his hole.

A backward thrust from Spike inflamed Xander into pushing inside, burying himself in that tight ass, biting his lip as brutal pleasure shot through him. Another nudge, and he started to fuck... felt the warrior's hands over his thighs, pulling him, urging him on. Vaguely, he was aware of yet another sensation, light erotic touch along the back of his legs... Spike's wings.

Recalling the warrior's sensitive spot, he lowered his head and kissed and rubbed his face up and down between the man's shoulder blades and was rewarded by that purring sound. Feck... that was a sexy sound and had Xander fucking that much harder. He started using his hand to stroke Spike there, fucking him, pulsing deep inside him,

with your...oratory skills. You boasted about them enough.”

“I did not boast at—oh!” The way Spike had rounded his body, Xander found himself faced with ‘little Spike’ ... who was not at all little. “You want me to talk to him?”

A warm breath stroked his cock and had his balls tightening. The punishment his silly question earned him, he supposed.

He grasped Spike’s shaft and took it in his mouth, then started to talk around it. “Ladies and Gentlemen of Salustra. Today, what you see is the making of hist—“ Xander choked and shuddered as Spike’s mouth closed around him, and that clever tongue stroked the tip of his cock.

Pulse already erratic, he nudged his hips forward. “Again...”

“Fine... you stop talking and start sucking.”

Then they were either tossing things into the elevator, or clipping them to one of the silver clasps on their pants. Much to Xander's surprise, one of the warriors... his warrior, broke away and strode to him. Before he could say a word, Spike kissed him on the mouth and shoved something in his hand.

By the time his head cleared, all of the Kerali took to the skies at once, spreading their wings and beating them as they climbed higher and higher in perfect formation. Xander waited until they all entered the barge, before looking down into his hand. It was a jewel... one of the decorative pieces that had been affixed to Spike's wings.

Closing his hand around it, he whispered, "I'll see you soon." Only, it wouldn't be as soon as he'd hoped. After being chided and set straight on the many ways he'd betrayed his people, he'd also been forced to listen to all the reasons he had to complete his term as senator.

Responsibility. That had been drilled into him since childhood. Yes, one man had made him go crazy

and forget, but now... some of his senses had come back to him, and he'd agreed he owed the people that much. Instead of being one of the first volunteer warriors to head for Kera, he'd wait until he was done with his duty. One year, and then he'd be on his way.

Sighing, he turned and headed for his home, where broken glasses, empty plates, and the scent of sex would serve to remind him of the best three days of his entire life.

The End

The Warriors's Downfall

by

Virtual Personal

Part One

The cobbled ground of the large civic courtyard gleamed like onyx in the sunshine. Spike had just returned from the frontlines and stood against the wall while the healer sewed neat little stitches to close the wound on his chest. He didn't make a sound, nor give any indication of pain, instead he looked at the hundred-story transport tower.

Only off-worlders rode the contraption since the Kerali would ordinarily simply leap out of the air ships and fly down to the ground. As the healer slapped a bandage drenched with the special medicinal herbs that would make the wound disappear in a matter of days, Spike saw a familiar figure emerge from the tower. Numb, he brushed the healer's hands away with a muttered 'thank you,' unfurled his large black wings and crossed the courtyard, away from the tower.

Finding himself on a new world, surrounded by beautiful winged men and women, Xander wanted to take a few minutes to stare and take it all in. He would have too, if he hadn't seen a flash of silver blond hair, and recognized that confident stride. Stuffing his informational package into his bag, he rushed to follow the warrior.

His heart knocked against his chest... excitement... fear... the rush he felt at the sight of alabaster skin set off by those inky black wings, and skin tight black pants. He knew if the warrior turned, he'd see those silver buckles on his pants... they'd been the bane of his existence on Salustria.

He called to him, lengthening his strides when the warrior didn't stop. Spike had to have heard him, he had the sharp hearing of the Kerali. Obviously he was angry. "Spike, wait... please." This time he dropped his bags and ran, catching up to the warrior in one of the many narrow walled streets that surrounded the civic courtyard like spokes on a wheel.

He literally had to grab the warrior's arm before Spike turned his piercing blue gaze to him. Xander's breath caught in his throat. Fuck... he looked even better than he remembered. What was it about those angular features that got to him?

His gaze dropped to Spike's bare chest. His gut absolutely clenched. "You're angry. I..."

"A warrior does not feel anger."

Cool response from someone whose eyes burned so hot. Xander took a breath. "I couldn't help it. I had to finish my term as Senator. I'm here now."

"What business is it of mine?"

"We have unfinished business." He'd given everything up... everything because of this man, feckitall, and there was no way he was going to let him pretend it hadn't happened. Xander stepped forward and put his arms around Spike. He felt the warrior start to push him away, but when he bent his head and their mouths touched... everything

changed.

Fire ignited between them, burning hotter than ever. They pushed and shoved, clawed at each other, trying to get closer. Xander stumbled and was backed into a wall as the warrior's unforgiving body pressed up against him. When those sword calloused palms skimmed over the sensitive skin of his throat, he thought he would go mad with desire. His tongue battled with Spike's, each taking what he needed, giving what the other craved.

Spike broke the kiss before Xander was ready.

He gripped the warrior's narrow waist and ran his hands up and down his sides, biting his lip as he felt the guy's muscles ripple under his touch. "I want to fuck you," he rasped. "Can we go somewhere?"

Spike caught his breath. "Are you here for... training?"

"Yeah..." he didn't want to think about that now. "I know, I was supposed to come immediately, but I

couldn't. Had to finish my term. Can we talk later?" He bucked up against the warrior, bringing his heavy arousal in contact with Spike's.

Groaning, Spike started to talk quickly. "I drag your clothes off, and now that you're naked, you stare at me."

"I need you so bad it hurts, I reach for that buckle... hey!" Blinking, Xander moved away. "I meant for real, why do you always start this verbal thing."

"But you're in training..." Spike rubbed his knuckles across Xander's mouth, then followed the path with his own lips.

Suddenly, Xander found himself on the other side of a tongue fucking that was so intense, he was soon panting and coming in his pants. A part of him protested, he wanted a room, he wanted to revisit the three days they'd spent together, but between the things Spike was doing with his tongue, and the way he moved his thigh against Xander's arousal, anything but complete surrender was impossible.

“There. Now... go to training. That way.”

“What... huh? Feckitall... Spike.”

“I hear the head trainer. You should get going.”

“Will I see you?”

“In the courtyard, yeah.” Spike nodded, patted him on the ass and walked away.

Xander didn't know whether to be angry, astounded or satisfied... cause they might not have gone all the way, but fuck... he felt good. Finally hearing the footsteps that Spike alluded to, he rushed to his designated barracks.

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Aside from himself, there were five Salustrali, among the 34 Kerali trainees in his group. It was only normal that he banded with his own people,

even if they treated him as the odd man out because of his former station in government. His mind wasn't on the training anyway, it was on the things that would happen later in the night.

The winged warrior strode back and forth across the training room as he announced the rules and the punishments for infractions.

Xander's eyebrows furrowed. Too damned many of the infractions led to solitary confinement.

"And finally... for the benefit of our Salustrali trainees who are unlikely to know this," the trainer looked straight at Xander. "There will be no sexual fraternization with anyone for the next three weeks."

No sex! Xander's stomach hollowed out. Not again...

"However, for those of you in relationships, feel free to take care of your significant others in the traditional Kerali manner. We don't need any discontent on the home front. Dismissed for the

night.”

“What method? What...” Getting out of his seat, he tapped a Kerali on the shoulder and demanded an explanation.

“You use your eyes, and your voice, words, and imagination... to bring your partner off.”

“You use...”

“Old Kerali trick, it’s in the blood...” the winged man grinned. “It works on the enemy too, in a tight situation... to distract or trick...”

Stunned, Xander walked away.

``*`*`*`*`*`*`*`*`*

At night, the courtyard looked different. Tables were set up in the open air, torches added atmosphere, and the two yellow moons gave a silvery look to the black cobbled ground. There was

music and dancing, and drinking.

Xander's gaze took it all in. Most of the men were in warrior garb, though gleaming gems and ornamentation were now clasped onto their wings. About half of the women appeared to be warriors and were also clad in the body tight dark gear of their kind, while those who weren't warriors dressed in light colored garb reaching their ankles.

The moment he found the warrior, his gaze clung to him. He ached to touch him, to taste him again. To pull him close and...

Spike strode up to Xander, smiling smugly at the hunger in the guy's eyes. "Good evening, beer?... or would you like a *pounding* ?," the grin widened.

Xander swallowed, "thought I was the one who'd give it to you. What's with all the... I don't fucking get you people with all the 'no sex' rules."

"It helps you learn control." Spike's gaze traveled down the length of Xander's body. The trainee was

now clad in black too. It suited him, showed off the breadth of his chest and the tight muscles underneath. “You’ll be taught to channel your sexual energy and put it into your fighting. It’s only three weeks...”

“That’s a long...”

“Then you have three weeks off, and on...”

“What!?!” Xander’s eyes widened. “I thought that would be the end of that nightmare.”

Spike chuckled. “Don’t worry, you can still take me to the places I took you before.”

Xander dragged in a deep breath of air. “Okay. And you can do that for me.” Frowning at Spike who was shaking his head, he demanded, “No... what do you mean no?”

“Warrior,” Spike tapped Xander on the chest, “you will reserve your sexual energy.”

“But... but when I got here... you... you got me off... and...”

“You weren’t in training yet, so you were allowed.”

“Then why didn’t you just let me fuck you... just get a fuck in before...”

“Senator,” Spike shook his head as if he was shocked by the ex-senator’s talk. “I had just gotten back from duty and I was under my own sexual ban until sunset... so I gave you what any Kerali would give a significant other. Mostly, the exception is meant to keep the peace with the warriors’ mates,” he grinned and poured two goblets of wine.

He was having trouble comprehending this... comprehending how he was supposed to keep his hands off Spike, how it was that holding him, kissing him, rubbing him in that special place between his wings as he fucked him would be denied to him. He’d dreamt of long sweaty nights together, and now... this. And how could he be laughing so about it.

“Three weeks will pass quickly,” Spike promised, raising the wine to his lips.

Part Two

Three weeks were passing at the melting speed of the millennia old glaciers of the rim planets. Most nights, Xander didn't even make it to the courtyard. He and the other trainees were worked so hard, they didn't have the energy. Then there were the nights he did appear... they were almost worse.

Nights like this.

They ate dinner, trying to keep their minds on the food, on anything but each other, and failed miserably. It was inevitable... Xander asked to go to Spike's place. Against his better judgment, Spike agreed.

They bumped into each other, hearts pounding the moment they were alone in the streets leading to Spike's place, both tortured by thoughts of being alone and of bodies sliding together.

They climbed the steep set of stone stairs, and walked inside his sparse one room living quarters, then flopped on the bed. "I don't think we should do this," Spike said, his breath coming harshly as Xander crawled on all fours toward him, then pressed his mouth to Spike's ear.

"I can do this."

He felt moist heat in his ear as Xander's tongue flicked inside. Instantly, he was hard. But he knew... release wouldn't come. They'd been through this before...

"I pull your clothes off, Spike. You lay on your stomach, and I kiss you... your back... I kiss your ass... slowly... I move lower..."

Spike bit his lip as the images assaulted his mind. "I

feel your breath, so hot, so good against my skin. I open my legs...”

“I lick you... I feel your balls get tight under my mouth I... I... I... fuck...”

Realizing that Xander was close to coming, Spike rolled away, and pulled him up off the bed. “No. Don’t touch yourself,” he clamped Xander’s hand.

Sweat droplets beaded on Xander’s forehead. He ached to grip his arousal, to stroke himself until he came. It wasn’t fair... this wasn’t fair. In the barracks, the other men watched for each other. Here, Spike watched him... didn’t let him break the rule even once.

“It’ll pass,” Spike said through gritted teeth. Just like last time... he’d been worked into a lather, and had to stop. Next time he was not going to bring Xander home, not until his ban was over.

Xander slumped against the wall. “Okay... I’m okay. I’m gonna go now.” He knew that Spike wouldn’t

“Fuck no.” Xander dragged Spike’s hand up to where he needed him. “Spike, let’s go.”

“Can’t... need to dance with someone first,” Spike answered.

“Wha... who?”

Before Spike could answer, another warrior had joined them, then another. He kept them busy, and occasionally kissed Xander... touched him... making sure to keep him warm and ready for later.

Then he saw Maleck. “I’ll be back,” he told Xander, leaving the table abruptly and heading to the dance area.

Open-mouthed, Xander stared at the two men standing inches apart. The dance was a lot like the sword dance he'd had with Spike on Salustria, only there were no swords. The men had their gazes locked, and while one moved forward and back, stamping his legs in complicated steps, the other anticipated and performed the same moves.

He had to admit that seeing two warriors move in unison, watching their muscles ripple, their bodies almost slide together... it was erotic. He wished he were the one dancing with Spike, he almost closed his eyes when they moved closer, when their bodies brushed. The music stopped as suddenly as the dance, and he watched as the tall dark-haired warrior kissed the daylights out of Spike.

By the time Spike got back, Xander was ready to explode. Spike tugged him up from the chair. "Come on, your turn."

"Wha... Spike, you... he... who...whoa..."

Spike dragged him to the dance floor and pulled him into his arms. "Listen to the beat. Move with me, look in my eyes, you'll know where I'm going."

"You're doing it... the voice and the eyes thing... and..." It was making Xander's head spin, his body melt.

“Right, right, left, hop... left, back, good...” Spike whispered the words until they danced as smoothly as if they’d been doing it for years. “That was a dance. *This* is... more than a dance,” he whispered, raising his wings, then bringing them around Xander. An instant later, their mouths were fused together in a slow, hungry kiss.

Xander’s heart raced, matching the beat of the drums. He clung to Spike’s lips, clung to his waist, groaning lightly when his cock brushed against Spike’s thigh. Need slammed into him, full force. Hoarsely, he begged to end the dance and go.

“Almost there,” Spike dropped his wings, then pulled Xander along the narrow streets.

Hidden behind the wings, Xander hadn’t realized they’d already left the dance floor. But with the ache building between his legs, he was more than happy to find himself closer to Spike’s place. When they reached the stairs, he pushed Spike against the wall and kissed him. Then he pushed him down onto the stairs.

Spike grunted as Xander followed him down and pressed one knee against his groin, while straddling his leg. Tangled together, they kissed again. Fierce, hungry kisses, sweet release from denial. Spike raised his hips, groaning as their cocks came into contact. For a heartbeat, they were rubbing against each other, and sucking on each others' tongues as if nothing else mattered, as if there was nothing but them.

Spike started to get up, but was pushed back again. He could have stopped Xander, but the lust in the boy's eyes was too tantalizing. He swallowed as Xander tried to rip his shirt in half, only to find the material didn't give. Then he felt Xander fumble with the silver clasps on his pants, with equal lack of success.

"If you don't take it off, I'm going to fuck you through your clothes," Xander growled, half mad with need as he bucked against Spike. "Feckitall..."

Swallowing hard, Spike lifted his arms, and let him

rip the top off then holding Xander around the waist, got up. “Come on then, inside...”

Thick and hard, Xander nudged his aroused cock against Spike’s ass as they walked up. The door opened, and an instant later, it was slammed shut.

Staring at each other in the light of the moons, the two men shed the rest of their clothes. Then they were in each others’ arms, each stroking the others’ swollen member as they staggered toward the bed.

“Want you so bad,” Xander’s breath was labored, his voice husky and unfamiliar.

“Have me then.” Taking a deep breath, Spike turned around and put his hands on the edge of his bed.

Xander stared at the warrior’s rock hard legs and ass, inviting him... just waiting for a fucking.

“What’s it to be?” Spike spread his wings up high over their heads, and flexed his arms, bending over a fraction more.

“Me... inside you.” Xander rubbed his seeping tip against Spike’s hole, then pushed his finger inside his satiny canal. As he rubbed the pad of his index finger over Spike’s gland, he felt Spike close around him tighter, felt him push back. A few more strokes, and then he withdrew his finger. Aligning himself, he held spike in place and pushed inside.

Blinded by the momentary pain, Spike forced himself back, forced himself to take all of Xander. So full... so good, he groaned and panted, clawing at Xander’s ass... “Come on...”

Xander reached around and closed his hand around Spike’s thick shaft, alternately stroking him, and thrusting into him... hard... pulling out and pushing in again. He loved the way the warrior moved back and forth, his biceps bulging as he pressed up and down, carrying part of Xander’s weight. With each long stroke, the pressure built in intensity.

“Fuck... fuck... fuck...” Xander couldn’t keep to the slow pace anymore. He moved his hips, thrusting

again and again, releasing Spike's cock and now gripping his hips to drag him back hard and fast, to meet each furious thrust. He licked the spot between Spike shoulder blades, and fucked him all the harder when he heard that Kerali purring sound that did things to his insides.

Spike arched back, his body humming with blinding pleasure. Xander's lusty sounds set him on fire. He half turned... straining... watched as the boy bit his lip and leaned his head back, watched as he went out of his mind trying to reach that place... watched as his eyes glazed over.

"Harder," he begged, shuddering just as Xander came deep inside him.

They collapsed on the bed, still joined for a minute, before Xander rolled off and took a breath. "Ten minutes?" He let out heavy breaths.

"Yes. Ten *Kerali* minutes," Spike grinned, and kissed him. He would never have enough of this, not ever.

Part Three

They hadn't had the luxury of spending the day in bed, or in each others' company. Xander had to go back to training and Spike had to be at his ancestral home for Maleck's birthday. Even if a bit frivolous for a warrior, the man didn't make unreasonable demands of Spike.

Wine flowed freely at the castle filled with guests and well-wishers. Spike gave Maleck a dagger... one that was a spoil of war. They kissed, and then each went back to his separate group of friends.

He would have stayed the night with Maleck, but Maleck had been called up and would be sent to battle tomorrow. Like all warriors going to battle, his sex ban started three days prior to the date he was to leave.

Neither of them made the other's blood burn... it

to his quarters, he found Xander sitting on them and staring glumly into the horizon.

“What have we here?” He pulled Xander up to his feet and kissed him soundly. When the boy pulled away, he cocked his head. “Didn’t miss me, then?”

“Where were you?” Xander brushed the hair out of his eyes. “We have the day off. I came to find you last night... we could have... you were with someone, weren’t you?” he demanded.

“Let’s get you something to eat—“

Xander shrugged him away. “I asked you a question Spike. Are you fucking someone else?” He took a breath, “is someone else fucking you? Answer me... it’s that guy, from the other night... isn’t it...”

“I wasn’t with anyone, not in the sense you’re asking. Not last night.” Spike felt himself skittering near the edge of a precipice. Salutrali were so different... so less pragmatic. And this one in particular was very emotional, at least in matters

dealing with himself. It had been that way from the start.

“Not last night... how about the night before... or the night... Feckitall, Spike, you know what I’m asking. Were you with him last night... who is he!”

“His name is Maleck. We’re to be hand fasted in three moons—“

“What... you’re what....”

Seeing Xander pale, Spike felt cold fingers of fear clutch his heart and squeeze. “Xander... listen to me,” he put his hand on Xander’s back. “It’s a hand fasting of convenience.”

“Convenience! Whose... not mine. So you’re going to marry that ... that... you’re going to walk away after all this...”

“No!” He pulled Xander into his arms, forced him to stay. “I’m not walking away. I’ll still see you... be with you. He won’t care... just as I don’t care who

he's with—“

“I care.” Xander pushed away. The warrior was strong, but even in the short time he'd been here training, he'd found new strength from all of the exercise. “I – care – Spike. Why... why do you want this... this other person... I don't fecking understand. Make me understand.”

“Don't judge... wait. Listen.” He wanted Xander to get it, to know what it was like for a family to lose its honor... it's place, but he didn't think a Salustrali would. “He wants my title... I want my family's land back. It's simple... it's something I *have* to do.”

“It's not simple,” Xander shouted. “it's not simple at —“

Spike climbed up the stairs and dragged him up against his frame, kissing him hard... kissing him until he stopped fighting. “It is simple. I don't feel like this with him, only with you... *This* is reserved only for you. He gets the title, the occasional appearance at his side, a few nights... my

friendship... that's all. You have everything else... you have my heart."

"You're insane... where is it... where is this land you're doing this for? What land is that important?" Xander's voice rose, "what is so important. Show me. Godamnitall... *show me.*"

Spike gave a silent nod and led the way down the stairs. For the first time, an uneasy silence hung between them. Their boots struck the cobbled ground, the sound echoed off the walls on either side, but there was no attempt to talk.

The cliffs on the west side of the town weren't too far. They walked through the civic courtyard, each remembering many moments shared right there at the dining tables, then took the road leading to the cliffs.

The Cliffs of Fortresses was an impressive sight. Onyx walls and flying arches gleamed in the light, while stained glass windows acted as prisms, making it seem as if the skies above the cliffs were

showered in pale hues of ultraviolet and yellow. In all, there were 23 fortresses carved into the cliffs, though only about half were visible from the city.

There were no large grounds, just a simple garden leading to the stairs that stopped led to the entrance of the mansion. Before they reached it, the doors were opened and Lord Spike was welcomed by the staff. He waved them away and stole a glance at Xander's strangely dark visage.

"There... you've seen it... can we go..."

"No... no we can't go. Where is he... where is Maleck?"

"He's gone, Xander. He's gone to battle..." Spike's gaze followed Xander, as the brunet strode around the large entry hall, went inside one of the living rooms and came back.

"This is it... this rock... Show me... show me what it is about this place that you would sell yourself..."

“Do not—” Spike snarled, then reminded himself that Xander wasn’t Kerali. He grasped his wrist and dragged him up a flight of curved stairs, coming to a stop in the gallery. “This is why.... him, and him, and her, and him,” he pointed at the paintings of his ancestors. “I belong here... with them.”

Xander’s chest heaved as he looked up at the paintings, faces of dead people, people who didn’t matter. “Where’s your room?”

Surprised, Spike was about to question him, but changed his mind. The sooner the boy saw what he needed, the sooner they could talk about this. He led the way, and opened the door.

Xander strode past him. He didn’t see the beauty of the room, or of its furnishings. He only saw the large four-poster bed. “It this it.”

“It’...what?”

“Is this where you fuck him?”

It wasn't over... he didn't know when this would ever be over, or how he could help Xander contain his feelings. "No. This is my room. Only."

"Where's his?" When Spike didn't answer, Xander strode out and pushed open the doors of the room directly across the hall. He found himself inside a much larger room, with an even larger four poster bed made of intricate wrought iron. "This is it, isn't it," he turned.

Spike stood just inside the door. "It's his room, yes."

"And where you..."

"Yes," his voice dropped to a whisper. "Come... please..."

Even as he said the words, he saw a strange light creep into Xander's eyes. Anger... Jealousy. Madness. He wasn't all that surprised when Xander slammed the door shut and pushed him toward the bed. "How does he take your clothes off?"

“He... I take them off...”

“Then do it.”

Before Spike was done undressing, Xander hauled him up against his frame and kissed him. It was a hard, punishing kiss, filled with rage and pent up emotions. Spike took it, gave him free rein, if this was what he needed... it was what he'd have.

Rough hands groped him. He winced as Xander's teeth cut into his lip, and caught his breath when Xander's hand dipped inside his open trousers.

“Does he touch you like this. Do you grow hard for him... like this?” Xander pulled him close again, rubbing his groin against Spike's.

Spike tasted his tears, felt his trembling, felt helpless. “It's not the same. I swear it isn't. Warrior's don't lie.”

“You didn't tell me... you call that the truth?”
Xander finished stripping, then dragged Spike's

trousers off. "Put your face in his pillows."

"Xan..." deciding that the boy wouldn't listen to reason, Spike went down on the bed, lifting his body as he felt Xander shoving a large pillow under his stomach.

"This is how you spread for him, isn't it... that's what all the fucking pillows are for... and this is how he takes you, every night, he fucks you."

Spike braced, gripping the pillows as Xander slammed into him. Pain... pleasure... more pain. He took a few calming breaths, and tried to relax as Xander thrust again, and again. He shifted, moving so that Xander's blunt tip started hitting him where it counted. "Fuck..." All of a sudden, he didn't care that Xander was still angry, still accusing him of getting fucked like this by Maleck. "Harder," he demanded, raising his ass up to meet each violent thrust. "Yeah.... fuck... yeah..."

"That's what you say to him... that's what you fucking say to him."

Each time Xander drove into him, Spike saw white lights and gasped for air. It was difficult to distinguish between pleasure and pain... to want something that hurt so, to listen to words filled with anguish and accusation.

“I hate you. I hate you for doing this to me...”
Xander screamed out his release and collapsed on top of Spike, still squirming under him.

Spike’s throat constricted. A warrior never cried. “I’ll explain again, later... you’ll understand...” He struggled to catch his breath, struggled to think straight...

“On Salustra... it was a set up, wasn’t it? You used that voice thing... the looking into someone’s eyes thing... you made me a traitor, you didn’t *want me*...not really.”

Spike didn’t move, didn’t push Xander off, or try to look at him. He could feel the rise and fall of Xander’s chest on his back, feel every kick of his

heart, every gasping breath that he took. Swallowing, he answered as best he could. “Those are our weapons, yes. But that doesn’t mean I didn’t want you. I wanted you as badly as you wanted me. Warrior’s honor.”

Warrior’s honor,” Xander snorted. “You made a deal with me... you came to my place, *because of the deal.*”

“But I stayed... if I hadn’t wanted to... then one fuck was all you’d get,” he said harshly, trying to get through to Xander. “Three days... countless fucks. Laughs,” he strained to breath under Xander’s weight. “We talked, we ate, we... It meant something... *it did*... only a closed-mind could see it for other than what it was.”

“But you want your castle... you won’t give it up for me. Will you?” he demanded hotly, in Spike’s ear.

It was an ultimatum. Icy cold fingers entered Spike’s gut ... he couldn’t imagine losing him. Before, when he’d left Xander on Salustria, it had been different.

Now... they'd reconnected. He'd started to daydream about sharing a place, about training together, traveling when they had time. It was all about to slip out of his grasp.

"My name... you have to understand--" the moment Xander was off him, Spike got up and tried to stop him. "Listen... Xander."

Xander dressed and didn't bother with the complicated silver clasps on his pants.

"Xan..."

The boy locked gazes with him. "Choose me."

Spike flinched.

Silence spoke the words he could not.

Part Four

“Good morning brother... you look terrible.”

Spike dropped the piece of fruit he'd been playing with for an hour, got up and gave his brother a manly hug. “Willem... Welcome back.”

“Pining after Maleck, are you?”

“Hardly.” Spike pulled away and strode to the window.

“The rumors are true... you have it for someone else.”

“What rumors.” Spike's gaze grew darker.

“Perhaps rumor is an exaggeration, I spoke with Taven...”

Spike gave a brief nod. Of course their mutual friend would have told Willem all.

He turned. “It's true.”

one question for him... and since Spike couldn't give him the answer he wanted, the conversation was at an end before it ever started.

Tonight, he watched Xander from a distance. Watched and wanted and wished. He drank heavily, trying to deaden the pain, trying to forget...

“Good evening warrior, you're staring at me as if you have something to say,” Xander sat down across from Spike and poured himself a goblet of wine and refilled Spike's. “If liquor is what it takes to give you the courage... I'll help you get there.”

Spike sucked his breath in. He wanted to lie. To promise Xander he'd renege on the hand fasting... anything to have him in his arms one more time. But obligation, duty, truth, honesty... honor... they were too ingrained in him. “I'm a bit drunk, yeah... but thinking straight,” he locked gazes with Xander.

“Is that right? Then why do you look so sad? Where is the man who used to keep an entire table of warriors on the edge of their seats when he talked?”

Hmm? Used to make them laugh.”

“Maybe a tall dark and handsome Salustrali came and stole him from me.” Bringing the goblet to his mouth, Spike took a long drink, draining and refilling it, but never looking away from Xander.

“And maybe he’s keeping him safe until you come to your senses,” Xander shot back, but Spike heard the tremor in his voice.

They were both hurting. “Don’t do this, don’t do this to us.” Spike pleaded. “You need me just as much... or you wouldn’t have crossed several worlds to get here.”

It was sudden and unexpected, but when Xander leaned across the table and started to kiss him, the world slipped away from Spike. He’d dreamed of this for weeks... wanted it for weeks. Tongues slid together, breaths mingled. The instant Spike delved his own tongue into Xander’s mouth, the fire between them ignited.

They struggled to stand up, mouth against mouth, arms trying to drag each other closer, hands exploring each others' chest and body, with the table between them blocking most of their efforts. The drums beating for the dancers nearby reverberated around them, made them forget where they were.

Spike lifted and dragged Xander half way across the table, so the brunet was semi-crawling on his knees as they hungrily tongued each other. One desperate tug, and Xander came over the edge of the table. Immediately, they staggered together, thighs sliding past each other, bodies pressed tightly together. "Come fuck me," Spike whispered thickly, rubbing his cock against Xander's.

"Can't... I'm on three weeks off-sex..."

Groaning, Spike stopped grinding against Xander. "Then give me relief." He ached so, he needed this so.

Xander broke away. His cheeks were flushed, his

would not. If he wanted him, if he didn't want Maleck, why not just tell Maleck to take a fucking hike? Keep his castle.

He was busy sharpening the swords in one of the armories when a familiar looking warrior walked in. Xander frowned. He looked like...

"Willem. Brother of Spike," the blond warrior announced, putting his hand out and clasping Xander's forearm.

"Xander," Xander did the same. "I didn't know Spike had a brother."

"I suppose that makes me the black sheep. I have been on the outer-rim worlds for some time. I came to talk to you about my brother."

"Ah. Why can't he talk for himself."

"For all I know, he has. He claimed he offered you a place in his life but you're not..."

whispered and pointed. The warrior who was often held up as an ideal to others was not used to being shunned and ridiculed. It was only the third day, he told himself he would be used to it, the way his fathers had gotten used to the censure in other warriors' voices when they talked about the loss of their castle and holding to Maleck's family in one night of over-indulging in drink and cards.

Back held as straight as a ramrod, face as expressionless as a warrior's could be, he started to look for an empty table. When he came face to face with Xander, he took a step back. "Yes," he said loudly.

"Hi Spike what's going on, and 'yes' to what..." Xander was obviously confused.

"'Yes,' I choose you. 'Yes,' I've told Maleck, and my brother... and everyone who..."

"'Yes?'" Xander beamed. "You could smile..."

"It's no smiling matter."

“Not what you say when you’re in bed with me.”

“I hardly smile in bed. Outside it, maybe,” Spike was keenly aware of everyone’s scrutiny.

“So... Maleck told you? I told him I wanted to tell you first.”

“Tell me what?” Spike cocked his head.

“You don’t know... okay, you first then... what were you going to say?”

“I told you. The hand fasting contract is broken, I retracted.” Spike bit his lip.

“You did... just like that? I mean without talking to Maleck...”

“I told you I told him I was breaking it off,” Spike protested. “At least let me keep one shred of my honor.”

“Oh... hmm... but... okay, so your honor, you lost it because...”

“Because I broke my word by retracting, because I’m not going to get my family’s lands back, and because I didn’t give him my title. It’s done, and I don’t want to think about it anymore,” he said, clearly uncomfortable.

“You’re sorry you did it, aren’t you?”

Spike heard the disappointment in Xander’s voice. “I’m sorry I had to do it to Maleck. I’m sorry you didn’t come sooner from Salustria and stop me from asking for the hand fasting to begin with. I’m sorry I’ve put a bigger black mark next to my family name. But I’m not sorry I met you, and I’m not sorry I chose you. Believe me.” He put his hand out.

Xander took it. “I believe you. Are you just going to look at me like that or...”

Crowd be damned, Spike pulled Xander into his arms and kissed him with all the pent up passion of

months of longing. There was nothing to keep them apart now... nothing, and every kiss, every caress, every hard won touch told him this had been worth it.

Xander broke the kiss. "Wait... listen. You haven't lost your castle ... it's yours. I ... I talked to Maleck and I bought it. For you."

"You..." Spike was stunned.

"Don't be an idiot, you knew I had the gold. It was simply a matter of figuring out the price and getting Maleck what he wanted. He's got his own lands, but he wanted a connection to a family in the nobility, so... I bought his castle and arranged for Willem to be hand fasted with him."

"What?!"

"Willem likes him. He likes him more than you like him... so... you get to keep the title and the castle, Maleck and Willem will be hand fasted and..."

“I gave him my title.” Spike grew quiet.

“You what?”

“I gave him what he’d wanted... what he would have gotten out of the deal. I didn’t want to shirk completely and...”

Xander clapped. “Perfect. He’s got the title, shares it with your brother ... it’s still in the family...”

Spike let his breath out. Giving away the title was itself another blight on his name, but if stayed with his brother, it certainly wasn't as bad. “You’re... right...”

“Now you can smile.”

Spike did smile. His smile broadened when Malech and Willem approached, as did his friend Taven. He might no longer be called Lord, but he would still rule the roost ... it was his personality.

“Okay... everyone... lift your goblets,” Xander said,

having filled them to the brim. He then fell to his knees and took Spike's hand. "Warrior Spike, I ask you to be hand fasted to me. Our contract will be one of love, witnessed by our friends."

"No!"

Xander's face fell. "No?"

"Oh, by all that's lit by our moons!" Spike grimaced, then relented. "Yes... but..."

Meanwhile, the group around them started to laugh and congratulate them. Xander tugged on Spike's arm. "Why did you say no at first?"

"Because I like having sex with you. Argh..."

"Argh... what... what????"

"You asked for a hand fasting... that's three full months of sexual ban for both of us."

"What?! What is it with *you people* and everything

being related to having sex or not having sex!”

The others melted away in a fit of laughter.

Even Spike was giving a rueful grin. “Our sex drive is strong and its energy must be harnessed and controlled. When you’re in a courtship, you want to be sure it’s not the desire for sex that’s driving the relationship,” he ran a finger down Xander’s chest, all the way down to right above his belt.

Xander’s body hardened in response. “Fuck...”

Spike started to walk away and then looked over his shoulder. “Yes. But the ban starts at dawn... this is our only chance. You’d better hurry.”

“Oh... OH!” Xander chased after Spike, intent on filling their one single night with enough sex to get them through the next three months.

The End

Heaven And Hell

Spike's boots struck the cobbled streets with increasing frequency as he neared his mate sitting at a table in the town center. Coming up from behind, the black clad warrior put his arms around Xander's chest, leaned in and kissed the side of his throat.

Xander's heart kicked up a notch. He turned and kissed Spike, growing breathless by the second as the warrior's dark wings unfurled and closed their heated exchange off from view.

"I'm going to fuck you all night," Spike whispered, his voice thick with promise.

"Don't tease... you know I won't sleep."

"The attack plans have been scrapped. I'm no longer on call."

"So no sex ban?" Delirious with excitement, Xander

got up and put his arms around Spike. “These last two days have been hell!”

“Ah, but tonight, I’ll show you heaven.”

The End