

Test Drive

by
Nash

1 The Buyer

Xander wandered through the room aimlessly, stopping here and there to look at the merchandise. He'd always wanted to buy a vampire, but he couldn't find a good excuse to, what with Angel having been with the family since he was a child. He'd never liked Angel, felt a huge amount of wiggins at the thought that the vamp who serviced his whole family would service him as well. Besides Angel was too...bland. Everything Angel had ever said or done to him stemmed from expediency. Xander was his master and was to be treated as such.

Xander hated that.

When Buffy asked to take Angel with her when she moved out Xander was only too happy to give his sister what she wanted. Which was why he was here now, looking for a new pet.

He was in fact looking at a striking blond. He leaned forward to touch the white-blond hair but an angry growl stopped him.

"Get your hands off me you wanker."

Xander took a step back in surprise.

"Spike, sit down and be quiet!" A third man joined the scene, snapping at Spike before he politely addressed Xander "I'm sorry sir, he's newly captured and has not yet been trained."

Xander smiled at the glare Spike sent his owner.

"He's beautiful." He said simply. "I want to buy a new pet. He'll be a fun choice." Xander

ignored the surprise in the owner's face. "Is he available for a test drive?"

"Sir I feel I should warn you, he is not tamed, it may be dangerous."

"Oh, don't worry about me. I'm used to this kind of thing." Xander laughed. Being the Slayer's brother had taught him some basic self-defence moves. Buffy didn't always know her own strength. "Besides, he has a chip, right?"

An hour later, a snarling and naked Spike was lying on a bed in one of the rooms provided in the market for this very purpose, arms and legs tied to the bedposts.

Xander stood next to the bed and watched Spike struggle, admiring his body and the contrast between the purple tinted metal cuffs and the milk white skin. He'd asked for them specifically. One of the merchants had a mini-lathe and had been only too happy to make the cuffs to measure. One magic spell later they were suitable to hold the angriest of vampires.

"You know you can't get out of those."

Spike glared at him and ceased his efforts.

"What exactly do you want from me?" He growled.

Xander smiled and started to unbutton his shirt.

"Want you to be my pet."

If anything, Spike looked even angrier.

"No."

"Not like you have any choice on the matter." Xander replied casually, throwing his shirt on a chair and tackling his trousers. "Your owner said you haven't been used yet so I can't fuck you, but I can do pretty much anything else."

Taking off his trousers and shoes, Xander climbed on the bed and straddled the bound body, settling back to sit on Spike's thighs.

"Get off me."

"Know what I'd love to do?" Xander asked, ignoring Spike's words. "I'd love to shuffle forward and just push my cock in your mouth. Fuck, just saying the words makes me hard." He continued huskily. "Seeing that pretty pink mouth stretch around me...God I want to do that."

As he spoke, Xander's hands stroked and caressed Spike's skin, moving up his bound arms and back down, across his torso, down to his stomach.

"Of course, I'm not crazy enough to actually do it. I'd like to keep my cock whole and attached and I don't think the pain from the chip will stop you biting it off." His hands wandered to Spike's nipple, tweaking and rubbing over them as he spoke.

"Put anything of yours anywhere near my mouth and you'll regret it you fucking git."

Xander looked thoughtfully at Spike for a moment.

"You have a point." He said and leaned to the side, reaching to open the bedside drawer. He retrieved a tube of lube and dropped it next to Spike.

"You said you wouldn't fuck me you lying piece of-"

Xander laughed at the outrage in Spike's eyes as he interrupted the flow of words by pushing a gag into Spike's mouth. He quickly fastened the gag before Spike had a chance to spit it out.

"You know, you're really limiting my test drive." He said reasonably. "I can't fuck you; I can't use that pretty mouth of yours..." he sighed melodramatically "What else is a boy to do?"

Xander had already decided to have Spike the moment he'd heard him growl. Still, he knew enough to know that fucking him during the test drive would raise his price up immensely. The merchant would go on and on about damaged goods and Xander would have to pay through the nose just to shut him up.

"I suppose I could enjoy you in other ways." He mused.

Xander scooted back and let his body fall forward so that he was chest to chest with Spike. He laid his head on Spike's chest and laughed softly at the vibrations caused by the near constant growling. Turning his head slightly he licked the nearest nipple, biting it softly and watching with interest as it peaked and hardened under his tongue.

"You like this don't you?" He asked, lifting his head enough to turn it and lavish the same attention to the other nipple. When he was satisfied with the result he looked up into narrowed blue eyes. "If looks could kill, huh? But there's a pressure against my tummy that says you like this." He laughed and slithered down until he was sitting back on his knees between Spike's legs.

"See?" He pointed, letting his finger trail up Spike's cock. "Wonder if it tastes as good as it looks..." He said and brought up his finger, licking it slowly, eyes closed to better enjoy the taste. The ever-present growl changed slightly and Xander could swear he heard a moan fill the

room. He smiled and opened his eyes, staring straight into Spike's own. "Wonder if it tastes the same straight from the source." He said and paused a moment, watching as blue eyes widened before swooping down to take Spike's cock in his mouth.

He'd been so right, it tasted damn good. Kinda salty, a little bit sweet and oddly warm. He'd have thought that vampires would be cold...Xander rested one hand on Spike's thigh to help himself balance and brought the other to wrap around the base of his cock. He bobbed his head up and down, licking and sucking as hard as he could until he heard Spike start to breath. Harsh panting breaths and strangled groans, as if Spike was trying to hold back. Xander didn't stop until he felt the hips under him give an involuntary jerk and Spike's body tense, ready to come.

"What, did you forget who the master was?" He asked when Spike glared accusingly at him. "Don't get to come till I tell you, Pet."

The growl was back, and this time Xander was sure it had a frustrated edge to it. He reached for the lube and coated his fingers with it. "You taste pretty good." he said, "Let's see how you feel, huh?" He laughed at Spike's incredulous expression, glad to have shocked Spike once again. "Wanna watch?"

Xander turned his back to Spike, and moved upwards to settle on Spike's chest, close enough for him to have a great view and slowly pushed one finger inside his hole. He let himself relax into the feeling, pumping in and out, adding another finger when the time felt right, running a commentary for Spike, telling him how good it felt, how he couldn't wait to have his cock replace the fingers. By the time he had three fingers inside him he was moaning his pleasure and Spike was panting again.

He leaned down and gave Spike's cock a lick, from the base all the way to the crown, revelling in the moan Spike couldn't conceal. He pulled his fingers out and turned around again, holding Spike's cock with one hand and sitting back, guiding it inside.

"Fuck." He breathed, feeling his ass open up, taking Spike's cock in so. Fucking. Slowly. Xander saw Spike close his eyes and no, that would never do. "Have to know who the master is, Spike. Open your eyes." He snapped.

Eyes snapped open to glare at him and Xander chose that moment to tighten his muscles, clenching around Spike's cock and the glare immediately softened up. "Keep looking at me Spike. See me fuck myself on you." He said, raising his body up and slamming down. "That's it, look at your master. Gonna have you. Buy you and keep you with me and just do this every. Single. Day."

Xander's voice had dropped to a husky murmur and he kept a steady rhythm bringing both of them closer and closer to the edge, never fast or hard enough to tip them over. "Gonna fuck you and have you fuck me over and over again. Like you as you are, Spike, all fire and passion. The

others, they like tame and obedient. Would break you right up, put you back together to be the perfect pet." He brought his body down, trapping his weeping cock between their bodies, moaning against Spike's ear when he finally got some friction. "Not me. I want you, angry and passionate. Gonna make you feel so fucking good, keep you until you like being here, with me. Until you can't imagine living any other way."

He felt more than saw Spike shake his head in denial. "Yes. And you'll know." He moved faster, clenching around Spike as he pushed down. "You'll know that no matter how bad you think you have it with me, it could have been a hell of a lot worse with someone else. Because at least I make you hard." Another shake and Xander gathered all his self-control, resolved to keep going, to keep bringing Spike to the edge time and time again.

"I decide when it's over Spike. And it won't be over until you accept what I told you. Nod for me and you can come."

Nothing from Spike and Xander was getting desperate. He knew that he had to win this battle to win the war, if he wanted Spike he had to be the one in control. He leaned down again, keeping his body perfectly still and whispering right next to Spike's ear.

"Gonna keep you like this. Rent the room for days and just keep you shackled here. The merchant who made the cuffs, he said the mini-lathe works with exact measurements. Gonna measure your cock, Spike, have him make a metal cock ring and snap it on, don't have to worry about circulation with you do I? It's going to be so tight around you, keep you hard until I choose to remove it." Xander clenched around Spike's cock, giving him a little stimulation to up the frustration. "Fuck yeah, I'll fuck myself on you over and over again, come on your skin and just rub it in, tease you and lick you and bite you until all you can think about is coming." He undulated his hips, and felt Spike freeze for a moment before the panting begun again. He looked like Angel did when he was offered Master's blood.

Master's blood.

Xander reached for the blade habitually kept on the bedside table of such places. Holding Spike's gaze, he brought the knife to his arm and drew a line down his lower arm. He reached behind Spike and released the gag, bringing his arm against Spike's mouth. "Drink, Spike. Master's blood, even after a week chipped, it must taste so good for you." Xander moaned in pleasure when, after a brief hesitation, the soft lips fastened around the wound and sucked. "Only human blood you'll ever taste Spike. Master's blood. Your master. Just a nod, one little nod and you can have this practically every day and spare yourself weeks of agony. Nod for your master, pet."

After what seemed like decades...Spike nodded.

"Good boy. My good boy." Xander praised and pushed his arm against Spike's lips, tacit

permission to keep sucking. "Feel so good around me, sucking me in." He moaned and started riding Spike hard and fast, desperate to come. He felt Spike tense under him and spoke a second before his pet let go. "Come for me, Spike."

Seconds later Xander was screaming out his own orgasm.

"Oh I am so taking you home with me." He mumbled, closing his eyes for a bit of a rest before going to deal with the merchant. Spike was his and that was that.

2 The Merchandise

Spike watched the humans walk around him, chattering and laughing easily. It was wrong. They should cower in fear, run from the monsters, not pet them and prod them like prize horses. Spike had managed to avoid capture for years. He'd hidden in the shadows, choosing his victims carefully, avoiding humans as much as he could.

Even the biggest of the bads had one bad day though, and the previous week it had been him. He'd picked the wrong person, been zapped, chipped and brought to the market to watch the happy meals play at being the masters. He'd tried to escape many times during the past week but with the chip in his head he'd been too easy to overpower.

He saw one of the humans reach out to touch him.

"Get your hands off me you wanker." He growled.

The human took a step back and Finn stepped up to put Spike in his place. As if Spike would ever pay attention to what that spineless idiot thought. Finn only dealt with chipped 'hostiles,' the cowardly bastard. Give him five minutes with a free vampire and he'd be screaming like the nancy boy he was, Spike thought, glaring at him.

"He's beautiful. I want to buy a new pet. He'll be a fun choice. Is he available for a test drive?"

Fun choice? He was a fun choice? He was William the Bloody, member of the Scourge of Europe and Slayer of Slayers and the little human boy thought he was a fun choice?!

"Sir I feel I should warn you, he is not tamed, it may be dangerous."

Well good. At least Captain Cardboard thought he was somewhat dangerous. Spineless git.

Too busy glaring at Finn, Spike didn't notice the bruises behind him. Before he knew what was happening he was grabbed and dragged away. He growled and tried to kick them away, swearing and screaming at them but the pain from the chip made all his efforts useless. The bruise pushed him into a room and held him down, stabbing him with a syringe of something. Just as Spike realized what they were trying to do, the world went dark.

An hour later, he was brought back to consciousness by the out-of-place sound of a cat mewing and snarling at something. He opened his eyes, confused for a moment as to his surroundings. He wasn't sure what had happened until he tried to move and realized that he was naked and chained, spread-eagled, on a cast-iron bed.

He snarled and struggled to break the cuffs, ignoring the presence he felt entering the room until a voice drew his attention.

“You know you can't get out of those. I'm Xander by the way.”

Spike stopped moving and glared at Xander. What kind of name was Xander anyway?

“What exactly do you want from me?” He growled.

Xander smiled and started to unbutton his shirt.

“Want you to be my pet.”

The fuck? Humans were supposed to be vampires' pets not the other way round! The whole situation was unnatural. Bloody hell, was nothing sacred anymore?!

“No.” He snapped, glaring at Xander.

“Not like you have any choice on the matter. Your owner said you haven't been used yet so I can't fuck you, but I can do pretty much anything else.”

Spike pulled against the cuffs one more time, hoping against hope that they would break. A very naked Xander climbed on the bed and straddled him, settling back to sit on his thighs.

The seriousness of his situation dawned on Spike. He was bound and chipped, unable to defend himself. He, a master vampire and all around Big Bad was at the mercy of one whelp of a human. The only reason he wasn't being fucked right now was that the humans had rules about that.

“Get off me.” He growled, unwilling to show any weakness.

“Know what I’d love to do? I’d love to shuffle forward and just push my cock in your mouth. Fuck, just saying the words makes me hard. Seeing that pretty pink mouth stretch around me...God I want to do that.”

Xander’s voice was husky with arousal and his hands were soft as they moved and caressed Spike’s skin. Spike closed his eyes, telling his body not to react. It’d been so long since he had physical contact with anyone other than a victim and Xander was so fucking warm...

“Of course, I’m not crazy enough to actually do it. I’d like to keep my cock whole and attached and I don’t think the pain from the chip will stop you biting it off.”

Spike held himself still as Xander’s hands concentrated on his nipples, twisting and pinching and oh fuck that felt good. He pulled himself together enough to cover his reaction, snarling and snapping.

“Put anything of yours anywhere near my mouth and you’ll regret it you fucking git.”

“You have a point.”

He saw Xander reach out for something and growled angrily when he saw the tube drop next to him. A small part of him felt betrayed, as if he’d trusted Xander with his soft voice and his warm hands...

“You said you wouldn’t fuck me you lying piece of-“

He tried to protest, to scream accusations at Xander but before he could finish his sentence something was pushed into his mouth. A gag, he realized just in time to hear the snap of the fastening clicking in place.

He glowered at Xander, resentful of the amusement in his eyes.

“You know, you’re really limiting my test drive. I can’t fuck you, I can’t use that pretty mouth of yours...What else is a boy to do?” Xander sighed melodramatically and at that moment Spike really wanted to bite the bastard and suck him dry.

“I suppose I could enjoy you in other ways.” He mused.

By the time the sentence was finished Spike was down to a constant growl, unable to express his anger any other way. Xander’s laughter only enraged Spike more. He was being laughed at by a human! A fucking human! He felt a warm tongue lap at his nipple and then teeth close around it. Spike felt himself growing hard in reaction, angry at everything now, including his own betraying body.

“You like this don’t you?” Xander asked, and turned to lavish the same attention to the other nipple. Spike tried not to moan, and held on to his anger, glaring at Xander when he finally lifted his head to look at him. “If looks could kill, huh? But there’s a pressure against my tummy that says you like this.” Xander laughed and slithered down until he was sitting back on his knees between Spike’s legs.

“See?”

Warm pressure all the way up his cock that felt so good. “Wonder if it tastes as good as it looks...” Spike snapped his eyes towards Xander, seeing him lick at his finger, eyes closed and an expression of pure enjoyment on his face. Fuck, he looked hot. Spike tried to hide a moan at the image Xander made, kneeling in front of his cock, suckling on his own finger.

“Wonder if it tastes the same straight from the source.”

Bloody hell, Xander was going to... Spike widened his eyes in shock, watching Xander swoop down, seeing but not believing until he felt that warm mouth surround his cock.

Fuck it felt good. Hot and wet and oh God the boy knew how to do this...his tongue was swirling around the head, dipping into the slit and oh yeah, that felt so damn good. Then a warm hand was wrapped around his cock and Spike watched Xander bob up and down, taking more and more of his cock inside that delicious mouth.

Spike realized he was breathing, and tried to hold back. He couldn’t show weakness, had to stay strong but oh fuck Xander’s mouth felt so good around his cock. He fought his body’s reactions until he could no longer stop himself, ready to come, wanting it so badly.

Just as he was about to give in, all sensation was removed. He glared accusingly at Xander, angry at being denied his release.

“What, did you forget who the master was? Don’t get to come till I tell you, Pet.”

Pet. He’d actually forgotten his supposed role in all this. Xander’s pet. He growled, anger coming back in full force, fuelled by the frustration of having come so close to orgasm. He watched Xander reach for the lube and coat his fingers. What the hell was he up to? Spike was sure Xander wouldn’t fuck him, if nothing else, it would ruin the deal with Finn and he’d have to pay damages.

“You taste pretty good. Let’s see how you feel, huh?”

Feel? What? Xander was going to...The laughter only confirmed his suspicions. “Wanna watch?”

Xander turned his back to Spike, and shuffled upwards, sitting on his chest and affording him a great view. Spike watched incredulously as Xander slowly pushed one finger inside his hole. He bit back a moan, listening to Xander tell him how good it felt to stretch himself, how he couldn't wait to have Spike's cock stretching him. He felt his own cock grow impossibly hard, and couldn't stop a moan when he felt Xander's tongue lick him from the base all the way to the crown.

Spike watched hungrily as Xander pulled his fingers out and swung around, lowering himself on Spike's cock. Spike closed his eyes, hardly able to stand the tight heat wrapping around his cock.

He closed his eyes, trying to keep some control, Xander was so. Damn .hot.

“Have to know who the master is, Spike. Open your eyes.” Xander ordered and despite his best intentions Spike's eyes snapped open. He covered his obedience by glaring but Xander chose that moment to tighten his muscles, clenching around Spike's cock and fuck that felt so good.

“Keep looking at me Spike. See me fuck myself on you.”

Spike didn't even think about moving his eyes away. Seeing Xander move against him, feeling his cock slamming into that tight ass after so much time alone, it felt too good to be true.

“That's it, look at your master. Gonna have you. Buy you and keep you with me and just do this every. Single. Day.”

Xander's voice had dropped to a husky murmur and Spike loved the sound, he couldn't stand the words but the sound...fuck the sound was driving him insane with want.

“Gonna fuck you and have you fuck me over and over again. Like you as you are, Spike, all fire and passion. The others, they like tame and obedient. Would break you right up, put you back together to be the perfect pet.”

All Spike could hear was fire, passion, fucking over and over again, he moaned and tried to communicate his need for more but Xander kept going at a slow, steady pace, building up the need to come but never taking him there. Suddenly Xander was pressed against him, moaning against his ear. Spike couldn't help a shiver at the sound. “Not me. I want you, angry and passionate. Gonna make you feel so fucking good, keep you until you like being here, with me. Until you can't imagine living any other way.”

No, no that was wrong. He wouldn't be someone's pet, especially not a human's.

“Yes.” Xander whispered in his ear. “And you'll know. You'll know that no matter how bad

you think you have it with me, it could have been a hell of a lot worse with someone else. Because at least I make you hard.”

Spike shook his head, trying to deny the truth, because even as Xander moved faster he knew he needed more, more of that heat, more of that mouth, more of this Xander human.

“I decide when it’s over Spike. And it won’t be over until you accept what I told you. Nod for me and you can come.”

Spike gathered all his self-control, willing himself not to nod. He couldn’t give in so easily. Angelus always said that he was a slave to his body’s needs but to give in to a human so fast would be nothing short of total humiliation.

He felt Xander lean down again, shivered as Xander started whispering in his ear.

“Gonna keep you like this. Rent the room for days and just keep you shackled here. The merchant who made the cuffs, he said the mini-lathe works with exact measurements. Gonna measure your cock, Spike, have him make a metal cockring and snap it on, don’t have to worry about circulation with you do I? It’s going to be so tight around you, keep you hard until I choose to remove it.” Spike tried not to moan at the images Xander’s words conjured. “Fuck yeah, I’ll fuck myself on you over and over again, come on your skin and just rub it in, tease you and lick you and bite you until all you can think about is coming.” He felt Xander clench around him, felt the little movement of his hips and froze, willing himself not to nod. He needed to come so badly, needed to feel Xander come. He panted, trying to use breathing to keep himself under control.

Spike saw Xander reach for something and watched as he brought a blade to his arm and cut, blood trickling out of the wound. Spike hadn’t seen a human bleed in the month since he’d been captured and he stared, hypnotized, at the welling blood. He felt the gag get released and breathed through his mouth, tasting the scent of fresh human blood.

“Drink, Spike. Master’s blood, even after a month chipped, it must taste so good for you.”

Suddenly the bleeding arm was in front of his mouth. Spike tried to resist but the need for the taste was too strong and he latched on the wound, drinking greedily.

“Only human blood you’ll ever taste Spike. Master’s blood. Your master. Just a nod, one little nod and you can have this practically every day and spare yourself weeks of agony. Nod for your master, pet.”

Oh God, he couldn’t accept this, he couldn’t nod. But his cock was so hard and the blood was so delicious and Xander was so damn hot and tight...To have this every day...Angelus was right, Spike was a slave to his body’s desires and his body desired Xander.

Spike nodded.

“Good boy. My good boy.” Xander praised and pushed his arm against Spike’s lips, tacit permission to keep sucking. “Feel so good around me, sucking me in.”

Spike worried the wound with his tongue, trying to get as much as he could, tried to move his hips as much as he could, thrusting just as Xander slammed down. He was so close, needed to come so bad.

“Come for me, Spike.”

The words, spoken in that husky tone he loved so much, pushed him over the edge. Seconds later he heard Xander scream out his name, felt him ripple around him.

“Oh I am so taking you home with me.”

Spike closed his eyes and allowed himself to relax, wondering what the hell he’d just got himself into.

3 The Intruder

The Protector

Xander was barely aware of anything other than the need to get that man away from Spike, to punish him for daring to interfere with what was his.

"Rule one, nobody touches my pet," he said, and brought his fist down smashing into the man's stomach.

He'd wanted to send some paperwork over to the Council so he'd asked for someone to come collect it. He hadn't even been aware of the man entering the house, hadn't even known that the courier was Spike's old trainer.

"Rule two, *nobody* touches my pet." Another punch landed a little higher and Xander was

gratified to hear a snap coming from the Finn's ribcage.

Xander had walked in to find the bastard holding Spike down and laughing his fool head off as the blond tried to dislodge him and the chip fired. One look at the panicked, pained look in Spike's eyes and Xander had seen red.

"Rule three, nobody touches *my pet!*" he concluded, bringing his knee up hard on the idiot's crotch. The moment Riley slumped down on the floor Xander rushed to Spike's side, anxious to make sure the blond was okay.

The Protected

"Rule one, nobody touches my pet."

Spike watched, a triumphant smile gracing his face as his...master, he should get used to calling Xander his master, punched Riley bloody Finn in the gut. He'd been sleeping peacefully, dreaming disturbing dreams where he was a perfectly subservient pet, when he had been startled awake by something heavy landing on his chest. Before he knew what was happening he was trying to escape his old trainer and the chip was firing off pain like crazy.

"Rule two, *nobody* touches my pet."

The words brought Spike back to the present just in time to hear one of the man's rib-bones snap. Possibly in three tiny pieces. He smirked at the yowl of pain and admired Xander's moves. Spike still hated being a pet, he still had moments of rebellion and he still wanted the bloody chip out of his head.

"Rule three, nobody touches *my pet!*"

There were good times though, he thought as the man crumbled into a heap on the floor and Xander immediately came to fuss over him and make sure he was okay.

The End