“Xander!” Willow jerked the comic book out of her friend's hands. “Pay attention,” she scolded him. “Do you want to pass English or not?”

“I do, but not if it means having to go through all this,” he gestured at the textbook on the table with a scowl. “C'mon, who says this kinda stuff in real life?”
Willow tossed the comic book across the table and opened the English book to the grammar section, pointing to the exercise she was trying to coach him through again. “You'd be surprised who uses this. And even if it's not something we say all the time, you have to know it or you won't get into college!”

“Who cares? I think we both know college isn't in my future, Will. Unless it's clown college or McDonald's Burger University- but they're not really likely to put this on the entrance exam.” He flashed her a quick grin, only to have it falter when he met with her resolve face.

“You are not going to clown college, Xander Harris, and that's final. I thought we got all this straightened out last year,” she informed him. When he didn't argue with her anymore, she cleared her throat and continued. “Okay, so a word can be considered to be polysemous when-” Willow broke off when Xander slammed his book shut.

“It's no use, Will. This stuff's even worse than
Geometry. I might as well face it- I'm doomed to a life standing behind counters with funny shirts and stupid hats.” He slumped down in his chair. “I don't suppose you know how to say 'Do you want fries with that' in Spanish, do you?”

“Xander, it's really not that hard,” she replied. “Look, you just have to break it down. 'Poly' means many, right? So 'polysemous' is a word with many different meanings. Got it?”

He shook his head and shoved his chair back. “Easy for you, Wills, but I'm calling it a night. Tell Buffy I went home when she gets back, okay?”

“But Xander-” Willow's protest was lost in the swoosh of the library door as he grabbed his backpack and left. She sighed and went back to studying for the English test, hoping that he'd change his mind and come back after he'd had a few minutes to cool down. School had never been easy for him, and it hurt sometimes to see how he struggled with the things that came so naturally to her.
Xander made it halfway down the hall before a hand shot out and grabbed hold of him, dragging him into an empty classroom. He opened his mouth to yell, but the hand slid up to cover his mouth just before he was slammed into the door hard enough to drive all the air from his body. Great. Just what he needed, a late-night pummeling from one of Larry's goon squad as a perfect end to a perfect day.

He closed his eyes and braced himself for the first punch, but it never came. Instead, a low voice said, “Know you, don't I, mate?” Oh, God. He knew that voice, knew the rough accent that sounded like Giles without all the hoity-toityness.

Forcing his eyes open, he felt a cold shiver creep down his spine at the golden eyes that stared back at him in the dim classroom. The hand over his mouth kept him quiet, which was probably a good thing, because he'd almost certainly have come back with some smart remark that would've seen him dead in two seconds. Instead, he just stared at the vampire until he heard him chuckle softly. “Now
I know. You're my sire's pressie, ain'tcha? That boy he thought he could trick me with?"

_Fuck._ He'd really hoped that whole thing had been forgotten, but apparently his lifelong streak of bad luck was holding true. And from the way Spike leaned in towards him, Angel's little decoy idea was turning out to royally suck. Xander promised himself that he was going to punch the lying vampire jerk if he somehow managed to live through the night.

He wasn't aware of Spike moving until one hand slid beneath his jeans and closed on his groin, squeezing both dick and balls in a grip that stopped just short of pain. When he glared at Spike, the vampire grinned and said softly, “Good to see I've got your attention, pet. Now... we're gonna play a little game, where I ask you questions an' you answer 'em. Lie to me an'—” He tightened his grip, hard enough to make Xander yelp behind his hand. “Be a good boy, though, an' you get to walk outta here with your knackers intact. Got it?”
Before he could respond, Spike lowered his hand and added, “Don't think I have to spell out what'll happen if you yell for your friends, do I?” Xander shook his head, and Spike smiled. “Smart lad. So how d'you know Angel, then?”

“He, uh, he's Buffy's boyfriend.”

“That's the Slayer, yeah?”

Xander nodded, then quickly added, “Yeah,” just in case a verbal answer was required to save his boys from getting squished like grapes.

“What's she doin' playin' kissy-face with a vampire, then?”

“She didn't read the Slayer's manual?” Xander shot back, then instantly regretted it when Spike tightened his grip. White-hot pain shot out of his groin, then lodged in his stomach. He swallowed hard, fighting the nausea, since he was pretty sure that puking on Spike would be the key to a very painful, messy death, and croaked out, “He has a
soul.”

“Know that, wanker. What I don't know is why she thinks it makes a sodding difference.” The vampire sounded like he was talking to a very slow three-year-old.

Xander tried to think past the pain that had ebbed to more of a deep red, probably the same color his dick was going to be after this was all over. “It doesn't?” he asked, feeling pretty stupid at the exasperated sigh he received in return. He braced for another squeeze, but instead, Spike just shook his head.

“Soul's like a leash- only holds the worst part back. Doesn't make it go away entirely,” he explained. “Guessin' His Ponciness hasn't explained any of that, though- might come off not lookin' quite so shiny in his little sweetheart's eyes.”

“Oh.” It was a lame response, but he wasn't quite sure what to say. On the one hand, he couldn't help but feel vindicated that Angel wasn't the great big
hero he'd made himself out to be, but on the other, he wasn't sure if he was supposed to just accept the word of an evil vampire about things like souls.

Spike didn't say anything for a minute, and Xander wondered how bad he'd get hurt if he asked to leave when the vampire suddenly asked, “Why'd you let him do it, then? Could've screamed out about the soul, called for your little friend, but you just stood there while he offered you up. You got some sort of death wish, boy?”

“No! I just- I didn't think he was really gonna do it!” he denied, then whimpered when Spike's hand flexed.

“No buyin' that, pet,” Spike chided him. “See, I'm thinkin' there was more to it... thinkin' you wanna be mine.”

Xander opened his mouth to deny it, but Spike's thumb moved, sliding along the length of his dick in a slow stroke. His cheeks colored as he felt his dick twitch, then start to harden. He slammed his eyes
closed and thought of the worst things he could think of- Snyder naked, Giles in a tutu, his mother in a teddy- before he had to stop for fear of developing some kind of complex because none of it was working and he was not going to let himself get hard with those kinds of thoughts!

“That it, pet?” Spike asked softly, changing from thumb to forefinger, moving up along the length of his shaft, over the tip and down the other side. “Ever fantasize about that before? Think about kneelin' in front of someone, lettin' them do the drivin', move you where they want you, tell you how to do it until all you have to do is obey an' feel?”

“No!” He couldn't help feeling his denial would've had a lot more weight if he'd been able to keep from moaning, but Spike had just wrapped his hand completely around his dick and stroked him, and how the hell was a guy supposed to keep quiet when that happened?!? “I- I don't-”

“Don't lie to me, pet,” Spike warned, tightening his
grip just slightly. Pain and pleasure mixed and Xander whined in the back of his throat, feeling himself get harder. “Can lie to yourself if you want, but not me. Now, tell me the truth- you've thought about it, haven't you?”

Xander nodded, moaning again when Spike stroked him in reward. “Good boy. Had some sticky dreams about that, then? Jerked off to it, too, lettin' someone take over an' give you what a little slut like you needs, isn't that right?”

“Yeah,” he groaned, not even trying to deny it anymore, not when Spike's hand was moving like that, tugging on his dick. “Oh God!”

Spike moved closer, nudging his legs further apart until he was pressed up against Xander's hip. He leaned forward, teeth grazing the edge of his ear, his voice low and husky as he purred, “Yeah, you want it. Can feel how hungry you are for it, how much you need it. Be so easy to make you mine, wouldn't it? Just give you a little praise, pet you a bit an' you'll be right at my feet.”
Xander gasped as his balls drew tight, then whined when Spike's fingers closed around the base of his dick, cutting off his climax. He opened his mouth, then shut it with a snap when Spike asked, “Gonna beg me for it?”

Shaking his head, Xander glared at him, but the brief flash of defiance melted away when Spike's thumb slid over the head of his cock, working his precome back into his skin. “Gettin' wet, just like a little girl,” the vampire murmured. “Bet you wanna be fucked like one, too. That it, pet? Want me to bend you over an' fuck you proper?”

He shouldn't want it, but the thought of Spike shoving his way inside him suddenly made his legs weak. He could feel Spike's dick against his hip, a hard bulge that rubbed against him when the vampire moved, and his hand twitched weakly towards it, only to be slapped away. “No treats 'til you know how to ask for 'em,” Spike warned him.

Xander wanted to ask how he was supposed to do
that, but Spike twisted his hand in a new way and he moaned instead. “Fuck my hand, boy. Wanna feel you drivin' in my fist, show me how you'd move under me.” And he really needed to set the record straight about that, because he. Was. Not. Gay. but when Spike squeezed him again, he couldn't keep his hips from surging forward, and then he was lost.

He shoved his dick forward into Spike's fist, his hips picking up an instinctive rhythm that he'd only known at his own hand before. But this was so much better- he could feel Spike's fingers as his dick slid over them, wet from his precome, feel the way they contracted and relaxed, hear the sound of his breathing as he started to pant, harsh and rasping, overly loud in the still classroom.

“Feel that, pet? How hard you are, how much you need it? Do almost anythin' to come right now, wouldn't you?” Spike whispered, his breath tickling Xander's ear in a way that threatened to make his legs give out. “Think about it, pet- about bein' mine. Get to give it all over, don't have to worry about anythin' except keepin' me happy an' makin' me
come. You want that, don't you?”

“Yes!” Xander gasped. “Fuck, I'm gonna-” But Spike had beat him to the punch again, and he was left teetering on the edge of what he knew had to be an incredible orgasm. “Spike!”

“Not yet. Haven't asked for it right,” Spike said, sounding almost bored, although the way he pressed up against Xander offered plenty of evidence that he was anything but.

What did he want him to do, beg? As soon as the thought occurred to him, Xander knew he was right. He thought about trying to shove Spike away and make a run for it, but instead asked, “Why?”

“First step, innit? Pet's gotta know his place, after all.” Spike's hand retreated a little, and he stroked Xander just with his fingertips, a light caress that made him arch away from the door in search of more. “Wanna be mine, gotta know how to behave yourself.”
He glared at Spike, even as he squirmed and tried to get more contact. “I'm not begging,” he said flatly. Begging would mean more than just accepting what the vampire was doing to him; it would mean asking for it, wanting it... needing it, and that wasn't something he could handle. Not yet, anyway.

“Guess you're not gonna come, then,” Spike replied. His hand slipped down to cradle Xander's balls, rolling them on his palm before he pulled back to give them the same teasing caresses, fingertips tickling the wiry hair there in a way that sent shivers up the Scooby's spine. “Just means more time for me to play, so doesn't really matter to me, does it?”

Oh, God. He was going to explode, just combust and burn up right there. Xander opened his mouth, trying to ask for it, but the words stuck in his throat, and he could only shudder and groan as Spike went back to stroking him, hand working over his dick like he had all night.

Xander's hands came up to grip Spike's shoulders, pulling him closer so he could feel more of Spike's
hand, Spike's dick- more of Spike. Teeth skated over his throat, the threat of a bite making his dick harden until it was like iron, and Spike laughed softly. “Gonna make you mine, boy. My little slut, ready to drop to your knees anytime I want, hungry for my cock. Bend you over when I feel like it an' ride you til you scream, make you beg for me, over an' over again... you want that, don't you? Want it so bad you feel like you might burst?”

“Please!” Xander gasped, the word breaking free on a sound that was half-sob, half-moan. “Ohhhh God, need it! Need it, please!”

“Please who?”

He didn't hesitate, too close to the edge to think about the word that flew out of his mouth. “Master!” The second it was out, a flood of pleading babble followed. “Master, please.... ohhhh, that's- I need it, Master, need it... God, I need to come, please!”

Spike gave him one last firm stroke and hissed,
“Come!”

Xander barely had time to process the command before his orgasm ripped through him like a freight train. There was no thought, no reality beyond Spike's hand and the pleasure that threatened to short-circuit his brain until he was a puddle of goo. He came harder and longer than he ever had before, drenching both the vampire's fingers and his own boxers, his cries muffled by the hand Spike had clamped over his mouth. When he was able to focus on Spike again, the vampire asked, “Done, then?”

His cock twitched, a last spurt dribbling out, but he nodded and Spike eased his hand away. Xander expected the come-covered hand that was held up to him to lick clean, and while he gagged a little on the taste, he forced himself to keep going until he was done. What he didn't expect was the hard kiss that followed, Spike's tongue delving into his mouth to learn his flavor secondhand. Xander was half-hard again by the time he pulled away, and when Spike's hands pressed down on his shoulders, he slid easily to the floor. Reaching out for the
vampire's fly with shaking hands, he froze when he heard a voice outside the classroom door.

“-probably just sulking somewhere, waiting for us to come get him,” Buffy stated. “You start checking down there and I'll look around here.”

Shit. He cast a panicked look up at Spike, who swore and shoved him back. “Tomorrow night,” he growled, and Xander wasn't sure if the words were meant as a promise or threat, but he nodded anyway. Spike turned and ran towards the window, disappearing in a swirl of black just before the classroom door opened and light spilled into the room.

“Xander, there you are! We've been looking for you- c'mon, we're heading back to my house for movie night,” Buffy told him, then turned to call, “Willow, I found him!”

Xander forced himself back to his feet, untucking his shirt to cover the massive wet spot over his crotch. Every movement felt strange and sluggish, like he
was moving through warm mud, but somehow he managed to grin at both girls like he hadn't just had insanely freaky and kinky sex with an evil vampire in the Biology class and ask, “So, what movie?”

The seemingly innocent question set off a firestorm of bickering that lasted all the way to Buffy's house. Xander trailed behind the girls, chiming in occasionally with his choices like he usually did and doing his best to act like he wasn't counting the minutes until tomorrow night.

The End