

Timeline: Set during 'Lovers Walk' Season 3:8

Warnings: M/M Slash, Drug use

Summary: The things you do, when you don't know what you're doing.

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Pairing: S/X

Rating: 17.

A/N: Beta'ed by my wonderful Maggie. Thank you so much, Maggie.

Thanks to [ladycat777](#)'s [Silk](#) for inspiring some of the imagery

Tripping

by
Maz

Part One

Xander's whole world was concentrated in his mouth. He was his mouth. Dimly aware that his eyes were shut and he lay on his stomach on an soft, uneven surface; the warm, wet sucking of the flesh lollipop in his mouth was his universe. He discovered his hand, so he placed it on the stomach above his head and stroked. The wind roared in his ears like a desert storm and he flushed and burned in the heat of the sun as pleasure spiralled through him, before concentrating the universe abruptly back onto his tongue. A hand gripped his hair and he spun up and then down through the comforting, dark sensation. Stars flashed across his brain as his tongue once again found the slit at the tip. The ocean in his mouth sloshed and sucked, seagulls soared overhead as his tongue swirled around the knob at the end and the waves crashed against the shore. The hills stretched away forever, rising and falling like waves of impossible green. Small yellow and blue birds fluttered like butterflies. They were butterflies. The world closed around him, warm and safe as his throat contracted, swallowing the saliva as he sucked on the object of his existence. This was what he was. All he knew. He was the one who sucked. He had been here forever. An existence without beginning or duration. He was without form. He was void, except for the infinite expanse of star strewn sky, swirling galaxies and sprawling nebulae as he floated free on his back gazing up at them - all in his mouth.

The hand in his hair spasmed and the sky flashed orange, pink and clear, clear blue

as his mouth filled with a warm thick fluid that became fudge sauce as he sucked on the retreating, shrinking ice cream in his mouth. With a click the world slotted back into place and as Devon shifted away from him, Xander sat up. His new, clear vision and understanding took in the cushion-strewn floor, the scattered musical instruments, the recumbent figures, Oz sitting cross-legged in the corner leaning against the wall with his bass, plucking individual notes at extended intervals, a soft smile playing on his lips. He raised his head slightly, opening heavy-lidded eyes and gazed at Xander.

Devon had collapsed back onto the cushions, arms thrown out to the side, abandoning his attempts to do up his jeans. The utter and complete the ridiculousness of green walls struck Xander and he began to giggle. And there was nothing else - the universe stretched forever on a laugh.

A roar of vertigo broke the laugh into a million pieces which crashed in shards around him and Xander stared at the ceiling as the world fell into place. Moving carefully, he crawled across the floor cushions to Oz's side and settled himself, leaning against the wall.

Devon raised his head. "I'm hungry," he said. His voice echoed and roared, like someone calling to them from a speeding car.

"Doppler," said Oz.

Xander smiled as he watched the car disappear down the road.

The world burst back into sharp-edged existence around him and Devon stood up. He towered like an Atlas above them, legs straddling the harbour entrance. He hitched his jeans up and closed the zip. His lips moved and a moment later the words reached Xander's ears. "I'm hungry," they said. Devon reached down his hand. "Come on," he said. "Let's go get pizza."

Xander allowed Devon to drag him out of the mud and into the daylight until he staggered, grabbing Devon's arm to prevent himself falling back into the sea. He turned to Oz.

"Shouldn't go," said Oz. The words reverberated around his head, echoing away to the horizon and Xander was glad they were gone, he could feel the threat that they would pull him down into chaos.

"Oh, man!" Devon laughed and Xander felt the hyena stir.

Devon threw his arm over Xander's shoulder and they walked to the door.

The mist cleared as the world snapped back into focus.

The outside air hit like a burning wind off the desert and an arctic blast. It smelt dry and empty and clean. The street lamp cast a clearly-defined disc of light on the ground below and Xander was hypnotised by it and the darkness beyond.

He walked towards the light.

He heard Devon's exclamation of annoyance, but it didn't really mean anything. He

understood the words when Devon called out, "Got to get my shoes, man." But they meant nothing to him. He had his shoes. They were on his feet. He didn't want Devon's shoes, too. He reached the street lamp and put his arms around it. It was lonely.

Staring into the surface of the cement post he saw a world. Tiny gullies ran between sand grains, an infinite variety of shades of yellow and brown and white. He thought he saw tiny people struggling across the uneven surface, clambering over grains of sand, scaling the mountain of a single chip of gravel. He felt the infinite sadness and wonder of worlds within worlds within worlds, each so small to the one that contained it. He heard Oz's voice say, "The last visible dog." He switched his gaze the other way and lost himself in the enormity of the next world up and the one beyond that. "Lilliput" said Oz's voice. But Oz's wasn't there.

What was there was a voice that said, "Well, well, well. What have we here?"

Bracing himself against the lamp post, Xander peered into the darkness. The boots arrived first. Just the boots. Then the legs grew on top of them. Then the hands appeared, floating next to the hips as the arms and chest built upwards. Finally the head flowed smoothly into existence, the tight cap of bleached hair closing over the top with a *ting* as it caught and released light.

Xander cocked his head to one side and looked at Spike. "Pretty vampire," he said.

Spike's mouth became a straight, hard line and Xander was lost in the broken curve of a raised eyebrow.

"So, what's the Slayer's toy doing out alone at this time of night?" Spike asked.

"Pretty," said Xander. He pushed himself away from the post and managed to stand up straight, with only a small wobble, and added, "I'm Xander."

Spike snorted. "You're pissed, aren't you, Mate?" he asked. He stepped up to Xander and put an arm around his waist. "Come on, Pet," he said. "Let's get you out of here." He pulled Xander towards him and walked him away from the lamp post and into the dark.

Xander's immovability crumbled before the irresistible force of Spike's arm, as did his determination to assert his name. Spike's gravity drew him along the street and he tumbled and twisted and turned, head over heels over head through the airless void, as the stars danced around him and the arm guided him in the endless ballet of the spheres.

"Are we dancing?" asked Xander, as the street clicked into existence around him.

"Yeah, Mate. We're dancing just around this corner."

The walls of the alley stretched up into the sky. Xander tilted his head back and watched them grow, waiting for the moment they would meet and enclose him, trap him in their womb. He was sucked upwards, travelling forever into their infinity. Then they tilted 90 degrees and he felt himself fall back onto one wall as he stared upwards at the other. A face hovered above him, made of white marble, all angles and sharp edges, pierced by blue, blue eyes. Spike was lying on top of him, his

weight the only thing stopping Xander from a floating up to meet the wall above.

There was a sharp prick at his neck and he really did float away as the warmth and lust flooded through him. His hips bucked against Spike's weight and he ground into Spike's leg.

Then it stopped. Everything stopped. The loss of sensation at his neck left him bereft and disorientated.

A disgruntled voice sounded near his ear. "Oh, bloody hell! No! Not doing that again. Fine at Woodstock, but not in bloody Sunnydale. You're not pissed, are you? You're tripping." Xander slumped back against the wall as Spike's face came back into view. "How long ago you drop it?" Spike asked.

Xander blinked and contemplated the concept of time. He raised his arm to peer at his watch. The second hand enthralled him with its relentless jerky motion. The tick, tick, tick echoed in the hollow space where his head used to be.

"Pointless asking you, in'it?" Spike's voice broke through the hypnotic rhythm, sending time scattering in broken pieces across the floor of the alley. "Well, I guess I can wait a few hours until you come down. Going to find you a comfy bed to sleep this off."

That sounded like the best idea Xander had heard all day, maybe ever. So when Spike put his arm around his waist and started to guide him back out into the street, Xander followed his lead.

Since time had ceased to exist, Xander suddenly realised he was free. If he had broken time then he didn't have to do anything. He didn't have to go home. He didn't have to go to school. He didn't have to explain to Buffy or Willow or Giles what he had been doing taking acid with Devon and Oz. He floated down the street a passive observer to the shifting angles of the world.

The arm had become his only anchor. It had replaced time as the ruler of his life. It led him, eventually, away from the sky into a different space and then he was floating on a cloud. Soft. And he remembered earlier with the pillows on the floor and sucking Devon off. He squirmed in remembered pleasure and watched Spike's head shoot up.

Spike took a deep breath as he turned from locking the door. "Is that for me, Pet?" he asked, as he walked towards Xander.

'He slunk' thought Xander. 'Or is that slinks?' The effort of trying to figure out language defeated him and he fell back into the warm pool of silky comfort.

Spike crawled across the bed until he knelt above him, knees on either side of Xander's hips, hands by his shoulders. The eyebrow arched in question. Xander smiled. "So pretty," he said.

"Yeah, you said." Spike didn't sound very impressed. "Well. Might as well have some fun before I eat you," he mused.

Xander opened his mouth to protest that idea but Spike's mouth on his prevented

the words escaping and then he couldn't remember they had ever been there, as he joined in the kiss. His lips became the focus of his consciousness, until his tongue took over as the source of all sensation, rubbing slickly against Spike's, which was cool and sinuous as a snake.

Spike pulled back. "You taste of spunk," he growled, lowering his hips to grind down into Xander's groin. Xander arched his back as far as he could, desperate for more touch. "Randy little bugger, aren't you? Do you like sucking cock, then?" Xander felt the grin cutting his face in two. "Right. Might as well get what I can, first," Spike muttered.

Xander felt Spike's hand moving between them. Heard the draw of leather through metal and the scratching rustle of denim. Then Spike's mouth was back on his and Spike's arms were around him, rolling him over. They pushed him down, away from that mouth. Xander mewled a protest but Spike could not be resisted. And then he was lying on the bed, head on Spike's stomach, staring at the glistening one-eyed head of Spike's prick.

Memory flared and he knew that time had taken him in a circle. He considered saying something to Oz about how he had broken time so that it ran in circles now. But he couldn't pull his eyes away from the cock in front of him. So he leant forward instead and licked the tip. Flavour burst into his mouth, sparking every taste bud, electric and sharp. He gasped and lunged forward and the circle closed with a snap. He shut his eyes and sucked, exploring his new toy with his tongue and lips. Licking, sucking, slurping, his mouth became the centre of his universe. It was his universe. He was a mouth that sucked and tasted. He ran his tongue around the head exploring the foreskin. A tiny voice somewhere inside said 'that's different.' But then he lost that too as language fell away and the mouth-ness of him was all there was.

Part Two

Spike leaned back against the pillows and watched the dark head bury itself in his groin. Xander lay beside his hip, one arm hugging his upper leg, the other resting across his stomach. Once assured that Xander was not going to do anything stupid with his teeth, he relaxed and enjoyed the ride. As blow jobs went it was more enthusiastic than skilled and was unlikely to get him off fast, but that was fine. The boy would probably not come down for a few hours so Spike was in no tearing rush. He reached over to the table by the bed and picked up the book he had been reading that morning before he went to sleep, and the bottle of whisky left from his first arrival back in Sunnydale. His food seemed to be having fun. It would be a shame to interrupt him.

Spike read and smoked and drank and enjoyed the insatiable little cock sucker attached to his prick, who was obviously off in a world of his own.

With that thought a hint of annoyance intruded. He was not trying to get Spike off. Who did he think he was? Selfish sod. Prolonged pleasure was one thing, but eventually the object of the exercise was the building up and then release of tension. He might as well be a dildo or a sweet lolly in the boy's mouth. He began to think of other places he could put his cock, where he would be in control. He stubbed out his cigarette, dropped the empty bottle on the floor and threw the book back on the side table.

Xander mewled as he grabbed the boy's legs and dragged him nearer, as if afraid his oral fixation was about to be interrupted. But once Spike had him in position, he settled again with his head now resting on Spike's hip instead of his stomach, and returned to his self appointed obsession.

Spike pried off Xander's shoes and socks, loosened his jeans and with his unconscious co-operation got them hauled down and off. He reached back to the side table and searched among the junk in the drawer, throwing empty cigarette packets, a couple of screwdrivers, a doll's dress, candle stubs and rubbish Dru had picked up and saved for who knows what reason, onto the floor until his hand closed around the jar of Vaseline. Pulling it out he opened the cap and took a large dollop onto his fingers. Placing the open jar under the pillow for safety, he reached over to Xander's arse. Carefully, so as not to alarm the lad, he ran his fingers down his crack, rubbing soothingly up and down, over the pucker to his balls and back. Xander moaned, causing Spike to shiver, and spread his legs. Spike pressed against the ring of muscle. Xander squirmed. Rubbing gently, he felt the boy relax into this new source of pleasure as his drug soaked brain registered no threat. He pushed his finger inside, slowly, slowly. Xander moaned again. He rotated his finger, searching for the nub. When he found it he pressed gently and Xander bucked his body, screaming around Spike's cock, but not releasing it. 'Single minded little bugger, aren't you?' he thought.

He pulled the finger out and gathered more of the grease from Xander's crack. He pushed two fingers inside and stroked the nub. Xander jerked his body up onto the fingers and then down to press his own cock against the bed, gasping and almost losing his suck toy, before settling again. Spike worked his fingers, avoiding the prostate now, concentrating on loosening the ring and making sure it was well covered with Vaseline. As a fledge he had once bugged a man dry, caught up in the undisciplined bloodlust of youth. It had not been easy or pleasurable - at least not until there was sufficient blood in the mix to lubricate his movements and while he still fully intended to eat Xander later, he wanted to enjoy every minute of this kill.

Xander was squirming continuously now, so Spike rewarded him by pushing three fingers in, up against his hot spot and rubbing firmly. This time Xander did scream as he raised his head and arched his back, pushing his arse up into Spike's hand. Spike spread his fingers in the hole, massaging the ring to stretch it wide. He moved around so he was kneeling above the boy and shoved a pillow under his hips. Grabbing the Vaseline he got another dollop out and spread it over his wet and mouth-warmed erection. It didn't want to mix with the saliva, but he got enough to stay on. Then he positioned himself, removed his fingers, replacing them immediately with his cock and pushed in with a single, long, smooth stroke. Xander arched again, obviously not sure which way he wanted to move - back onto Spike or down onto the bed.

Spike grabbed the boy's arms and with one hand held his wrists at the small of his back, took hold of a hip with the other, and started to thrust.

Part Three

Xander had been focused on the object in his mouth for so long and with such concentration, that he hardly registered the force that pulled the rest of his body into a new position. He was a mouth. Legs and torso hardly existed in his consciousness. Even when something pushed into his ass, he only made mild protest before dismissing the sensation as irrelevant, if mildly pleasant in a weird sort of a way.

The sudden burst of electric pleasure took him completely by surprise, although he managed to keep his mouth around his toy. Another burst of sensation dragged his mind back to awareness of four limbs and a body, then spiralled in to concentrate on the incredible feeling in his ass. The world tipped and turned white as he became a scream, a scream with a cock that rubbed against a firm, smooth surface and held a glowing ember of heated excitement in his core. The world tipped again, shifting around him and for a moment he lost gravity as his body was jerked away from him.

When vision returned, he found his face pressed into the satin bedspread and his arms pinned at his back. Consciousness now was centred on the feeling of being impaled and the grip on his hip. As the white light obliterated vision, he managed to get his arms free and under his shoulders. He pushed up, raising his butt into the source of the pleasure. Hands gripped both his hips, holding him immobile as the thrusts continued, faster and harder. The dolls on the chest of drawers against the wall laughed. The one without a blindfold winked at him. They danced in circles until they created a rainbow spiral that opened out wider and wider, swirling reds and greens, oranges and purples and clear, clear blue, like a summer sky. Pleasure burst through him and he distantly heard his own voice scream and laugh and beg for more. The colours swirled faster and pressed on him, through him, into him, building pressure until he knew that he couldn't hold it together any more. He exploded and the white light came back as all his muscles clenched. As a thousand separate Xander bits flew outwards into nothingness, he felt a flood of liquid calm the storm.

The world snapped back into place.

He was in a sailboat gently rocking on the glassy ocean. The horizon stretched forever and the sun was a heavy weight on his back.

A rough, sultry voice insinuated itself into his ear. "I could take you anywhere right now," it said. "You're as high as a kite. I could plunge you into hell with a few well-chosen words, or I could lift you into heaven. Which will it be? Your worst nightmare come alive or a trip through the fantasy of your choice? Or maybe my choice.

"You're helpless. I could conjure up the images and you would build them into reality

and live them. What time did you drop the acid?"

The sailboat was gone. He was lying on a bed. Dark shadows threatened at the edges of his vision and panic hovered over there with them.

"What time did you drop the acid?" the voice asked again, a bit sterner now. The shadows pressed closer. Xander struggled to make sense of it all, calling on his memories and long neglected reason to answer the question, in hope it would hold the shadows at bay.

"Devon...," he said.

The voice snorted behind him. "No," it said, slowly and carefully. "California. I doubt you even know what Devon's like. Do you?"

This was a question he could answer. "Tall, slim, cock tastes like sugar," he said.

A second snort. "Bloody stupid names you Yanks give your children," the voice remarked. "So what time did Devon give you the acid?"

Xander thought about that and memory made a tentative comeback. "We went to his apartment in the afternoon. They were practising for the gig, then Devon handed out the tabs." He was proud of himself for remembering the word Devon had used.

The voice was less impressed. "Tabs?" it asked. "And people say I'm stuck in the Eighties. What time?" it demanded again.

The shadows were creeping to the edge of the bed, threatening to pull him under, as he tried to reason them away.

"Come on, tell me. I could push you into the worst trip of your life, if I wanted to. What time?"

Then it was there - the clock above Devon's head as he handed Xander the innocuous square of paper. "Five o'clock," he gasped as the shadows reached out tendrils to pull him under.

A hand reached over his shoulder and picked up his arm, tilting his wrist so he could see the watch. It read ten past eleven.

"Hmm," said the voice, as his arm was dropped and the hand withdrew. "You could be tripping for another couple'a hours then, 'fore you're cooked. 'Less I burn it outta your system quicker. Don't really want a screaming, dribbling idiot on my hands for hours. So, I guess this is your lucky day."

The pressure on his back lightened slightly, while the pressure on, and in, his ass began to thrust again, gently.

"Looks like you're going to heaven for a while, Pet." The voice was soothing, crooning, sending luscious shivers down his spine as pleasure began to tingle in his ass. The shadows withdrew and he relaxed.

"You're in a garden. See the flowers. See the fountain. Feel the warmth of the sun on

your back." The voice droned on and all weight and sensation was gone. His ass felt empty.

And Xander was there - lying on a silk cushion in a courtyard garden, the sun high overhead. He wriggled to get his arms free of his shirt, so he could pull it off and luxuriate in the feel of silk against his chest. He was dimly aware of a voice in the distance, but hardly noticed it as he took in the detail of the mosaic paving. He knew this place. It was his favourite fantasy place, conjured many times on the verge of sleep. But this was so much better. So much more real. He lay his head down on his crossed arms and relaxed, as a warm breeze played over his back. There had been weight on his back earlier but it was gone now and he was comfortable and warm and sated.

Hands rubbed up the back of his calves and he tilted his rear up slightly in invitation. "Master?" he whispered.

The hands stopped moving for a moment, before resuming their gentle pressure up to the back of his knees and on to his thighs. "What, Boy?" A voice asked. And it was much sexier than any voice he had created here before.

"Your slave is waiting for you," he said. The words coming easily from many previous rehearsals alone in his bed. The small part of his brain that always knew this was a fantasy questioned the word 'boy', but the rest of him was overwhelmed and swallowed by the beauty of the voice.

"Tell me what you want," the voice commanded.

"To serve you, Master. Whatever you want, Master. Please, let your slave serve you."

He could feel his cock growing under him as the voice insinuated itself into his brain. "I know what you want. An' luckily for you, I don't mind giving it to you."

A ripping sound behind him was momentarily disconcerting, causing the garden to shimmer slightly. Then strong hands took his wrists and tied them together in front of him with a strip of his own shirt.

"I am your Master," said the voice. "I can do what I want with you."

"Yes, Master."

"And right now I want to do this."

He felt something pushing at his asshole and then the feeling of stretching and fullness and a weight settled on his back as he was filled. This was fantastic. It had never been so true before. And the voice was so much more. It said things he didn't expect and it felt so real - the feeling in his ass. A tiny part of his mind reminded him he was tripping and he decided that Devon was probably the best friend he had ever had. Then thought went away completely in face of what physical sensation did to his overheated brain.

Part Four

Spike eased back into the body below him. The first orgasm had taken the edge off and this was just for him. He was going to get his revenge on the little cock sucker for his earlier selfishness. Thrall had never been one of his party tricks, it was more Dru's bag, but with a subject already primed he knew he could make it work. He thrust slowly in, keeping it gentle, maintaining the connection through his voice, pulled out until only the head was left inside and pushed in again just as slowly. He lay his weight on Xander's back and rocked slightly, enjoying the feeling of a firm, warm channel around him. Oh yes, he could do this for hours. Bring the boy close, then pull him back. He'd have him begging for release. He was so suggestible, there was no danger the thrall wouldn't take. Spike would get his hooks in and then... there would be no escape for Xander, because he wouldn't want to escape. He would beg for the bite too.

He pushed himself up to kneel, hauling Xander with him by his hips, so his cock now dangled in the air. He pulled the pillow away and resumed his slow torture. Using Xander's hips for leverage he pushed in and pulled out. The boy's forehead was resting on the bed, his bound wrists stretched out in front of him. He turned his head and Spike could now hear what he was murmuring in response to Spike's slow impalement and whispered words of encouragement.

"Yes, Master. Anything, Master. Use me for your pleasure and throw me away. Or keep me and I'll serve you. Please, Master. Anything. Everything, Master. I'm yours, Master. Please."

Spike smiled. Seemed like he'd accidentally hit a powerful kink. That was a lucky accident, it would combine with the thrall to strengthen Spike's hold on the kid's mind. He wondered where the child thought he was. He wondered how he would react when he came down from his high and remembered this. That could be fun too. Without intending it he found himself speeding up his thrusts, pushing in harder as Xander's words triggered his own fantasies.

Suddenly he decided he wanted more participation here - the boy was still being selfish, still hiding away in his own world and Spike was not a part of it. He would know who Spike was. He would know and acknowledge him. Pulling out, ignoring the groan of protest, he flipped Xander over onto his back. Pushing his legs back against his chest, Spike slid in again. He leaned forwards, so Xander's legs were held in the crook of his arms and began to thrust more strongly.

Xander's eyes shot wide open and focussed on the face above him. "Master?" he asked.

"Oh, yeah," said Spike. "I'm your Master, who you fantasise about in y'bed at night. See me. Know me." Xander's heart rate accelerated and Spike could almost feel the panic building. "I am your Master," he said firmly, pushing the thrall. "You belong to me. You will do as I say. You will relax. Feel me." He changed his angle slightly and rubbed his length across Xander's prostate. "Feel how good it is," he said.

Xander's eyes lost focus for a moment, then snapped back to meet his own and now he was relaxed. "Blue, blue, sky-blue eyes. So pretty," he said.

Spike decided to disregard this evidence of imbecility and continued to brush Xander's hot spot. "Who am I, boy?" he asked.

"Spike," Xander gasped.

Spike felt the thrall taking hold, slipping into the deep places in Xander's brain, bedding in comfortably as if filling a hole that had been waiting to be occupied. Oh, this was good. He'd never managed such a natural thrall before. "Who am I in your dreams?" he asked.

"My Master."

That deserved a reward. "Good Boy. Yes. I'm your Master." He looked deeply into wide, brown eyes, seeing the relaxed acceptance in the small smile that hovered on the verge of becoming a laugh. Nearly there. "Are you still high? Let's check." Turning his head he bit lightly into Xander's thigh taking a small sip. Yes, still a little high, but safe now and on his way down. Almost ready to be the main course of this sexual banquet. As soon as Spike finished off here.

Xander cried out as Spike bit. "Oh, God. Oh, God... that's amazing." He threw his bound arms above his head and stretched his neck back in apparent invitation.

Part Five

Caught in the fantasy, the shift of position pulled Xander into another world. He gazed into the blue eyes above him. He was swimming. Clear, blue water, cool and fresh like a mountain stream. The sky expanded above him and he was falling down and through the clouds. Then he was flying as the emptiness was filled again.

"Master?" he asked, unwilling to lose what he had had. Through the haze of pleasure, and a strange sense of rightness, he could feel normality creeping up, bringing fear and uncertainty and he wanted nothing more than to run back into the dream.

"Oh, yeah."

A moment of panic and the shadows threatened, as he recognised the face. Then more words and it was the same voice - soft as velvet, hard as steel, telling him he was still there in the garden. That it was okay. That he wanted this man, this

vampire. That he was right where he was meant to be. He lost himself in the blue, until a question which seemed to demand an answer. The need to get it right was strong. The desire to satisfy the demands of the voice, and of the blue, fought the part of his brain that was whimpering and complaining. Against the pressure and the pleasure he managed to gasp out, "Spike."

Another question, and the normal part of his brain was running around in circles trying to make sense of this, but the rest, the bigger part, wanted to climb back into the garden to be safe and avoid the panic that would lead to chaos - wanted to do what it was told. "My Master."

Then the wonderful feelings building inside him found a point of focus in his leg and he went flying into a hundred pieces, scattered across the sky, until Spike pulled him back together with another thrust and he felt more real than he had ever felt before. He laughed, delighted. "Mind-blowing. Mind blowing up and falling down." He felt dreamy and warm and liquid and... and... comfortable, comforted. Spike smirked above him, like a big, cuddly teddy-bear, with potential fangs. "Spike," he said, as the world began to come back into focus, clear and true and exactly right. "Feels so good."

For a moment the vampire looked surprised, then he laughed and Xander was amazed as the laugh swirled around him, pulling him up and spinning him around and his mind exploded again and wet strings of goo splattered across his chest and Spike stiffened and shuddered and flooded his insides too.

When he came to himself he was lying on a bed, bent almost double with a disgruntled looking Spike staring down at him. He almost felt normal, except he couldn't be. This had to be part of the trip. There was no way he could be lying in a bed with Spike's cock up his ass, feeling so relaxed that he suspected what he felt was... happy.

"Bloody hell!"

Pissed off vampire. That was more likely - except there was still the cock and the ass and the warm glow of belonging and he gave up and collapsed into the bed as Spike let his legs down.

"You took me by surprise there. Now I missed it. Wanted to bite you just as you came. Makes the blood taste sweet." Oh yes, that sounded more like his life. Or maybe his death. He thought of Willow. He thought of Cordy. He tried not to think about being happy because of a vampire's cock up his ass, although it was difficult because it felt so nice. "What am I going to do now? Was looking forward to that."

Xander thought that maybe he was still a bit high. He was sure he was supposed to feel terrified at this point; instead all he felt were the amplified aftershocks of pleasure swirling around his system and a strong desire to find an answer which would make Spike happy again. Happy with him. But, pissed off vampire, so he should really pull himself together and try to work out how to get out of this in one piece. Any minute now he'd do that.

Then Spike slumped on top of him and tucked his face into Xander's neck. His voice was muffled but Xander could still hear him. "Have to wait now. How long does it take a human your age to recover after two orgasms in an hour?"

Xander's blissed-out, contradictory brain took a moment to process that. "Two?" he croaked.

Spike raised his head to look at Xander. "Yeah. Two. You were there, Pet. How long?"

For a moment Xander wasn't exactly sure if this was his life, or if somehow he had fallen into someone else's - someone who should understand things. "Umm. I don't know... I mean... an hour, maybe?"

Spike propped himself up on one elbow and cocked an eyebrow, looking curious and faintly amused. "You don't sound very sure," he observed. "Come on. How long does it usually take?"

"Um... Well..." Xander wasn't certain he wanted to answer that question. It was all very well two years ago when he was 16. That was understandable. But here he was almost 18. "I don't... I mean..." he stumbled to a stop.

"Oh, God," exclaimed Spike, laughing out loud. "You're a virgin."

"Not anymore," Xander snapped, suddenly annoyed rather than embarrassed. He glared at the vampire, noticing the twitching lips, the pale, perfect skin, the sharp cheek bones and the sexy hollows below them. He growled and pushed Spike over onto his back. Leaning over him, he tried to look menacing and dangerous.

Spike shoved one forearm under his head and gazed up at Xander, seemingly unintimidated by the fierce beast who had him at bay. "So," he enquired, cheerfully. "Did the Earth move for you?"

Xander scowled, defeated by this indifference to danger and turned his head away. A gentle hand on his chin turned his face back to Spike. "Nothing wrong with being a virgin," he said. He cocked an eyebrow. "Although if all you've ever done is wank off in the shower, I suppose we'll just have to wait and see."

"Wait and see?" repeated Xander incredulously. "Wait and see how long my refractory period is, so you can make me come again and then eat me?"

Spike's cheerfulness was unabated. "Yes, Pet. You've got it in one. Clever boy. See, I was looking forward to it. Don't want to miss out now. Not after all the build up."

Xander gazed down at him blankly for a long moment, then he started to laugh. He couldn't help it and he couldn't stop. Spike's confused look just made him laugh harder. Eventually he managed to catch enough breath to spare on words. "Welcome to the fucked up life of Xander Harris, folks," he gasped. "Doomed to die a virgin, in all the ways that matter, while being violated by a vampire."

Spike's confused expression turned to insulted, which destroyed all Xander's attempts to pull himself together and set him off giggling again.

Spike pushed Xander off him so he flopped onto his back. Now the vampire did the looming thing and Xander had to admit he was very good at it. He wondered idly how many years Spike had had to practice. "Not 'all the ways that matter', you

ungrateful git," he said, indignantly. "I call that down-right rude. You get the best fuck in the northern hemisphere and you think it doesn't count?" He glowered. Xander tried to look innocent, opening his eyes wide with seeming confusion. Spike's lips twitched and he started to chuckle. That set Xander off again, giggles turning to guffaws, until he was lying, arms stretched out on either side, gasping for breath like a landed fish and Spike was laughing too. Xander gazed up at Spike; his head was thrown back, his neck corded and working with his laughter, which was open and joyful and honest. There was nothing snide or mocking or superior or jaded in his face. Xander felt a melting sensation in the pit of his stomach.

"So who's in the South?" he asked, bemused and enchanted and trying desperately to find a way back to normality - whatever and wherever that was. Spike cocked an eyebrow so he amplified the question. "If you're the best fuck in the northern hemisphere who's in the southern hemisphere?"

Spike sobered suddenly. "Dru," he said sullenly and Xander realised that normality might not be the best place to be, what with the present company. But he couldn't not know.

"Okay. So... Not that I'm complaining," he said. "But why isn't she here?" He raised one hand and ran it gently up Spike's throat, pausing to cup his cheek before stroking back through his hair. "I mean I saw you drive off together last year."

Spike shook his head, as if to free himself of the touch. "She left me okay?" he snapped. "Left me for a chaos demon." His face twisted into an exaggerated sneer. "Have you seen those things? All antlers and slime." He shuddered. "Ugh!"

Xander really was contrite, and a bit worried by the change of mood. "Oh... I mean... I'm sorry, Spike," he murmured. Lying back, he looked up at Spike's face and saw the pain under the mask. Then the hodge-podge mix of emotions currently occupying his head shifted and abruptly he was indignant again. "So she left you and you decided to come back to Sunnydale and kidnap a Scooby. What for? Revenge?" His brain belatedly caught up with his mouth. "And I probably shouldn't have said that, should I?" he observed, deflating back into mild depression.

Spike, however, simply looked aggrieved. "Didn't mean to kidnap you, did I?" he asked with rhetorical sullenness. "Was just out for a stroll. Saw you looking all tasty, talking to the lamp-post." Xander raised both eyebrows, since he couldn't manage just one. An inane portion of his brain was thinking 'bargain, buy one get one free.' Spike's voice brought him back to the present. "You were so," he asserted, and Xander had to think quickly to catch up with the continuity. "When I discovered you, you were high as a kite. Standing in the street, getting some lamp post action." Xander grimaced and Spike laughed again. "Decided I'd done that scene. So I brought you here to wait for you to come down."

Relieved as he was by the lightening mood, Xander still had questions. "So how did we end up with the... you know?" Xander asked.

Spike looked exasperated. "For God's sake! If you can do it, you can say it." Xander remained silent so Spike heaved an exaggerated sigh and went on, "Got you here. Realised you'd been sucking cock earlier in the evening, so I invited you to do it again. Simple as that." He grinned smugly. "I like to keep my food happy," he said. "Most of them have short and brutal lives, they should have one good thing to

remember as they die." He looked at Xander, as if expecting thanks and applause for his thoughtfulness.

But Xander was too busy getting embarrassed to appreciate Spike's generosity. He felt himself turn bright red as portions of his memory, which he had been successfully ignoring, pushed themselves up into consciousness. "Oh, God," he groaned, as vague and fractured images reformed to coherence. "Devon. Oh, God. How am I going to face him again?"

Spike smiled. "Don't worry, Pet," he reassured. "You won't have to. I'm gonna sort that for you, remember?"

Shocked back to reality, Xander looked up at him. "Okay," he said. "Officially depressed now. That's my choice? Face a guy I sucked off, or die?"

"No," Spike corrected, as if talking to a child. "No choice." He tilted his head to one side. "Anyway, you are facing a guy you sucked off."

Xander groaned and hid his eyes behind his arm.

Spike's voice took on a confused note. "What's the matter, Pet?"

Xander lifted his arm and peered out from under it. "Oz was there," he said. "He saw me do it. He'll tell everyone." He paused and perked up a bit. "Well, he might not. He doesn't really say much." Natural optimism began to reassert itself. "And Devon is such a girl magnet he might not want to admit to it." Then another thought struck. "Except, if Oz finds out about me and Willow... then he might say something." He let his arm fall back over his eyes and groaned. "Oh, God. What am I going to do?"

"You and Willow?" asked Spike. "You mean the red hired chit?" He paused for a moment, as if trying to pull her image to mind, before continuing indignantly, "Thought you said you were a virgin?"

Xander shot bolt upright, so he was sitting next to Spike. "I did not say I was a virgin," he retorted. "You jumped to that conclusion because... because I didn't want to talk about my... many and... and varied sexual encounters."

Spike sat up as well, his face level with Xander's. "You did too say you were a virgin. I remember. You said 'doomed to die a virgin in all the ways that matter' and I'm still a mite insulted by that, you know."

Xander slumped back flat on the bed in defeat. "Yeah, okay. I said that. Willow and I have never done anything. We just sort of... fell in lust."

Lowering himself back onto his elbow, Spike looked down at him and stroked his hair away from his brow. "Your love life sounds as messed up as mine, in your own way," he commented.

"Yeah. That's me." Xander grimaced. "Universal screw up. I don't know what it is with me and demons. Not to mention other bad choices." He lifted his hands and started ticking off on his fingers. "Bug lady teacher, Incan mummy, the bitchiest cheerleader in school, my best friend since childhood, Devon and now a male vampire. What is it about me? Am I just fated to have the craziest love life ever? I

thought if I tried the whole gay thing, it might not happen. You know, like the craziness might be because I was denying my true self. I was kind of working my way up to doing something about it when... I guess it's true, what they say about drugs and inhibitions." He sighed. "But I'm just more confused now. I don't know what I am. I'm just a mess."

"Hey, Pet," Spike said, comfortingly. "You shouldn't say things like that about yourself. I'm sure if you hadn't met me you would have gone on to have a happy, healthy, heterosexual relationship with... oh I don't know... some other demon."

Xander sighed again, but managed a small smile. "Thanks, Spike. I feel better about dying now."

"Good," said Spike, happily. "That's okay then." He paused in thought and his face fell slightly. "Except now I don't."

"You don't feel better about dying?"

"No, you stupid git. I don't feel better about you dying. I'm kind of going off the idea."

"What's wrong with me?" Xander asked, insulted, the familiar sense of rejection and hurt reminding him who he was.

"There's nothing wrong with you," Spike insisted. "Stop putting yourself down all the time. You're fine. A bit thrall'd maybe, but basically..." His face screwed up, as if he was forcing the words out against some obstruction. "I just realised... I sort of... like you alive, that's all."

Xander was amazed. "You like me?" He could hear the incredulity in his own voice, but a warm glow was beginning to form right below his heart.

"Well, no." Spike growled, before amending that. "I mean... Maybe... Possibly..." He stopped and took a deep breath, glaring at Xander. "And that's my last offer. So don't go asking for more."

Hope, or something of the sort, stirred in Xander's breast. "So, does that mean you'll let me go?" Somehow that didn't sound right, it kind of hurt to ask and Spike looked so surprised that Xander had to laugh.

"No. 'Course not." Spike said. He smiled as a thought seemed to occur to him. "Think I'll take you with me," he decided with a nod.

That sounded better, but Xander still had his doubts. "And how exactly do you plan to do that?" he asked, sceptically.

Spike thought about it. "Oh, I don't know. Sharp right to the noggin maybe? Bundle you into the car and you wake up in France, chained to the bed. Couple of weeks of the best fuck in the northern hemisphere and you won't want to come home."

Xander was amazed. Amazed, surprised, dumbfounded, and sort of flattered. "You mean that?" he asked. "You'd really do that?"

"Sure. Why not?" Spike said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world that a gorgeous, slinky, predatory, muscled, toned, graceful, sexy guy, who could have anyone, would want Xander Harris, who could hardly walk in a straight line without tripping over his own feet.

Convinced that Spike had not thought this through, Xander felt he should raise a few of the difficulties. "But it's not that easy," he objected. "There's practical stuff. What with all the smuggling of an unconscious body through customs and bribing the officials and... and..." He floundered for a moment, before managing to blurt out the real problem. "Well... this is me. Why would you want me?"

Spike cocked his head, puzzled. "Told you, Pet. Like you."

"I think I'm still stoned," said Xander plaintively. "I must be."

Spike leant down and nipped his neck. Xander felt the prickle and as the lust ran through him, realised that an hour may have been an underestimate.

Spike lifted his head, a tinge of blood on his lips. "No. You're clean. Just a trace still there but basically you're straight now."

Xander snorted.

Spike snorted.

They both laughed.

"So," Spike asked reasonably, once they had calmed down again. "Do I hit you or do you come willingly?" He gazed into Xander's eyes. "You know?" he purred. "I think you want to. Don't you, Pet?"

Xander considered both questions for a moment, then grinned up at Spike as the feeling of rightness returned, like a weight lifting off his chest. "Will I come often?"

Spike grinned back. "Count on it."

"Okay, I'll come with you. I'll come for you. And you'll not eat me." Spike quirked an eyebrow. "Well, not in the eat me to death way."

"Deal." Spike stood up and held out a hand. "Knew I could make it work. Come on, get dressed. We're off."

They pulled on their clothes and Spike found him a shirt to replace his torn one. But as they walked out of the door Xander felt a small need to assert some independence. "I still hold on to my right to run away, if I want to."

Spike shrugged. "You can try."

"I probably will," Xander said. He paused doubtfully. "Well, possibly."

Spike cocked his head and grinned. "I'll hunt you down and it'll be chained to the bed, again."

"Again?" Xander asked, indignantly. "I thought you said if I came with you, you wouldn't do that."

"No," said Spike, in the slow tones reserved for addressing the terminally stupid. "I said if you came with me I wouldn't hit you."

They climbed into Spike's car and he started the engine.

If a casual observer had happened to be standing by the 'Welcome to Sunnydale' sign as it got flattened for the second time in two days, they would have heard them still bickering and bargaining as the car speeded up, belching evil black smoke behind it, as it almost regained the correct side of the road.

The End