

Rating : Adult eventually

Paring : S/X

Disclaimer : I do not own any of the characters in this story

Summary : Xander goes looking for adventure. When he finds it, he gets more than he gambled on.

Note : Extra thanks to the lovely Petxnd who encouraged me and added the special touch of the wonderful pics she makes to go with my stories.

What Happens in Vegas

**by
BmblBee**

Part One

It's funny how much time it takes to be bored. Life on the hellmouth seemed to just speed by. Speed by and crash for those who were stupid or careless enough to fall victim to it. But for the survivors you just got older before you had the chance to be young.

Everything seemed to move at high speed. Days meant school, jobs, family, friends, food. Nights were for fighting, dancing, movies, laughing, and still friends. The same friends. The day friends. Always by your side.

One minute you are a child, then a certain blond moves to town and life goes into hyperdrive. A blur. Funny that it went by so fast, yet thinking back on it you could remember every wonderful detail.

Even when you were hurt or scared to death it was wonderful because you felt so alive. Too alive to ever think you could really die. Now it was gone. Sucked into a giant hole that left nothing but fond memories and big checks.

Uncle Sam had really come through for them, though. Not only had FEMA set up a trailer and started handing out handfuls of cash unquestioningly, but half a dozen lawyers swooped in like vultures and sued every insurance company, business, and institution they could think of.

The small number of survivors who made it out alive were set for life. Coincidentally so were the lawyers.

But when it was all done, life seemed to grind to a screeching halt. For the first time in his young life, Xander was at loose ends. He had plenty of money, but nothing he wanted to spend it on, and

no one to enjoy it with.

Anya was long gone. Left after the debacle of a nonwedding and weeks before the crash. Buffy, Dawn and the slayers went with Giles to England. Willow left on a single witches cruise to look for love.

And Spike.

Last he heard Spike had gone to LA to be with his sire. For some reason that one had bothered him more than he expected. Oh they all tried to coax him to come with, except Spike, but none of it interested him.

He felt in his heart that there was something out there for him and all he had to do was go look for it. So he packed his car, a new Miata convertible (thank you very much to the kind taxpayers of the U.S.of A.) and headed out. No real plan. No real direction. Or so he told himself.

LA might be nice.

Big city and all.

Change of pace.

See the lights.

Enjoy the night life.

Oh fuck it. He wanted to see Spike. Only because things were more exciting when the vampire was around. *'Yeah, that's it.'* Xander thought. *'I'm bored and Spike will liven things up.'*

Even just the challenge of verbal smart assing with Spike excited him. Just the thought of it had Xander smiling and his foot pressing down harder on the gas pedel. It only fleetingly occured to him that he might not be welcome. That Spike might have started a new unlife and didn't want Xander in it.

That he might be all settled in with his blockhead of a sire and was happy doing God knows what with him. But that was a thought that caused that dark lonley feeling to lick around the edges of his brain and heart so he didn't allow it to grow, quickly shoving it back down he shifted his plans and his car into fifth gear and roared on.

In the end of the Sunnydale times he and Spike were on pretty good terms. Maybe not friends, butsomething. All he knew was that for the first time in his life he was his own man. A clean slate. He could be and do anything he wanted.

Relaxing back into the rich leather seat, he decided that the long drive would give him the opportunity to examine what it was that he wanted and how Spike fit into his new life. So what did he want to do? Actually Xander was not as stupid as he pretended and he had a vague idea of what he wanted.

He knew after the night Anya had rented that gay western porn movie to spice up their sex life that their marriage would not have worked. Anya suspected it too, especially after he had asked her to roll over and groan in a lower voice. For months that memory caused him to wince and cringe.

He really felt bad for letting Anya down and the realization that he may be gay, or bi, or something, had hit him like Thor's hammer. But now he was alone.

There was no one to disappoint. No one to prove himself to. It was time to find himself, and that should be easy cause he was through hiding.

Still pondering what exactly he expected from this trip, and lost in his own thoughts and daydreams, he reached the city limits of Los Angeles. Smog, noise, congestion, and people in a place so vast he could not comprehend how far the streets could extend and still be considered within the borders.

It was a good thing he had been here before with Buffy or he would have never attempted to find Angel's place among all the other dilapidated hotels sitting on all the other hillsides.

Big cities were confusing. Driving along minding your own business, and the first thing you know you are on a one way street. Going the wrong way. How does that happen?

Besides, that garbage truck was way too big to be on a side street this small. So if he had to run up on the curb to avoid Xander - well that's just too bad. Whipping up to park, he saw it. It was just as he remembered it. Looking it over he briefly wondered if they had filmed the Munsters or the Addams Family here.

Climbing out of the car, he walked around and with his arms crossed he leaned back against the side of his very expensive, very red convertible and let his gaze drift upward.

It was dark, gloomy, depressing, forboding, and badly in need of repair.

The Hyperion.

It looked like absolute heaven.

It was everything Xander was familiar and comfortable with.

And as a big plus, it had Spike. Of course that only interested him because he had nothing better to

do. No one else to insult. Nothing else to...

No, to be honest, at least with himself, Spike felt like home, and that was what he ached for. The familiar. Something to surround himself in like a baggy hawaiian shirt and cut off shorts.

Truth be told he hadn't slept well since it all fell apart six months ago, and he was tired. So once he had made up his mind to come here it had all clicked in his mind as right. He felt like he did the time Jessie had given him that Rubic's Cube and after weeks of fucking with it the final side snapped in place and it was perfect.

Never doubting his decision, the decision had become an obsession. He thought of nothing else. He thought of no one else. Now he was here and he was inexplicably nervous. *'Well fuck it'* He thought *'Here we go'*

Shoving off the side of the car he started up the stairway to the front door. It had been a long drive and it was late in the day, but not yet sunset so he knew they would not be out and about yet.

The sky was starting to darken in anticipation of the world being turned over once again to an alternate population. One that lived in contrast to the warm blooded day people. The day people that go to work and provide the goods and services that keep the city functioning so that when they go home and sit down to dinner and tuck themselves into their warm beds, their counterparts are free to roam the streets.

Just like the day people, the demons defy categorization. They are good. They are evil They lie, they cheat, they care for their own. Some even look out for the homeless. The humans that have no place to go when the day ends. Some of the demons pass as human. Some of the humans are more than demon. It's all a blend and Xander was one of the few humans to recognize it existed.

Xander knew all of this. It was the world he had grown up in. He had spent his whole life on the Hellmouth and now was equally comfortable in both of these worlds. In both of these populations. It can be very confusing to someone who looks at the world as one way or the other.

It used to be confusing to Xander. Not anymore. It's just the way it is. He had long abandoned the idea that all demons were bad and all people good. He just accepted it all as The World, and he desperately sought a place and a companion in it.

Part Two

It had a busted sidewalk. Long worn out cement with grass, weeds and even a small maple tree growing up through the cracks.

The shrubs and what appeared to be an old garden area in the front yard were neglected and brown from lack of water and care.

A large corner fountain had slipped over the last half century from palatial to bird bath to racoon water to now what suspiciously smelled like it was being used by passing homeless as a convenient urinal.

The steps leading up to the front door were all present, but someone had obviously done a quick and poorly constructed repair on them, although the fact that the handrail was also broken and partially missing still caused the incline to be an "at your own risk" type of area.

'Someone should tell The Mighty Angelus he's setting himself up for a hell of a law suit. Always did hear those LA lawyers were vicious as snathert demons' Xander snickered. *'No problem. I'll have them right as rain in no time.*

That is if Spike and I stay here. We may decide to move on. See what he thinks.'

Confidently Xander hopped up onto the porch and slammed the knocker down four times. Nothing. He tried again and waited. That was odd. It was late enough in the day that they had to be up, but too early to be out. Damn it! He had come to far to be ignored.

Xander looked around searchingly, hands on his hips he frowned. *'If I was a caveman with only two functioning brain cells, where would I keep a spare key? OF COURSE!'*

Jumping back a step with a triumph smile on his face, he flipped over the mat he had been standing on. A mat that noticeably did not have "WELCOME" inscribed on it, and found what he needed.

Whistling, he stuck the key in the lock, turned the knob and pushed open the door. The sight that confronted him shot fear through his body.

Something must have happened to have shifted Angel out and bring Angelus back. It was the only explanation. For there on the couch in the center of the lobby was poor Wes trying to wrestle Angelus under control.

It must have been a hell of a fight so far, as they were both naked. Xander wasn't sure how Wes had managed to best Angelus but he seemed to be holding his own because he was still on top. The room was filled with sounds of grunting and swearing .

With the feeling of adrenalin coursing through his body, Xander rushed forward to help. Both Wes

and Angelus saw him coming and tried to disengage, but they were not fast enough. Landing on Wes's back all three rolled to the floor with an expelled and collective "OOF" That was when Xander noticed Angel's cock pop, obviously painfully, out of Wes's ass.

"WHAT THE FUCK?"

It was amazing how three people can yell the same three words at the same time and it comes out sounding so different.

A slight affect signaling a difference in thought.

Wes's tinged with the humiliation of being caught red dicked in front of this young man whom he hadn't seen since Xander was a child.

Xander's at the shock of seeing Angel and Wes stark naked and doing the nasty. Something he had not yet had the chance to experience with another naked man, and Angel's.....

Well Angel's had no actual thought behind it other than just "What The Fuck."

Smiling, Xander sat back on the floor leaning against the stained (yeck) sofa and watched as the entertainment scrambled to find and jerk on their pants.

All the time Wes could be heard mumbling things about thick headed idiots leaving keys in stupid places and something about a sullied reputation.

While Angel continued to simply repeat "what the fuck?"

Finally dressed, although from the front of his pants, obviously still hard, Angel towered over Xander with a scowl on his face and his hands on his hips.

"What the fuck Xander?"

O.k. That one Xander could clearly read to mean. 'What do you want. Why are you here? And probably why couldn't you have gotten here about 15 minutes later?'

"Relax Batbreath. I'm not here to see you. I need to talk to Spike." Watching him breath and sniff into the palm of his hand, Xander turned instead to Wes. "Just call him, Wes and you two can get back to your - ahem - sparing practice"

"Yes, well, I'd like to do that for you Xander, but he's not here." Refusing to look him in the eye, Wes sat to pull his socks on.

Caught off guard, Xander frowned "Don't fuck with me Wes, I need to see him."

Not caring now that, yes, his breath did have a slight odor of Wes spunk, Angel had had enough.

"He isn't here, Xander. He was. I threw him out. It's none of your fucking business where he is. Go home."

Xander's patience had also run its course and he no longer cared that Wes was embarrassed or that he was slightly envious that Wes got to experience the wonderful world of anal sex and Xander still hadn't.

He also didn't care that Angel was a vicious vampire that could rip his throat out without breaking a sweat. If vampires did indeed sweat.

All he cared about now was that these two were a brick wall between him and his goal. The golden fleece of Spike's gelled head. Now he wanted answers! "You fuckin' threw him out? You fuckin' asshole!. Where the fuck is he, Angel?"

"Language, lad." Angel smiled. He knew he had regained the upper hand and was feeling much more in control. This was his world. Wes was his boyfriend. The Hyperion was..... Wait a minute. What was the question again? Oh yes. "Spike came here right after the fall of the Hellmouth. He bitched about unrequited love, he called me names, he walked around naked in front of Wes. WES! Quit smiling! And he was a general pain in the ass. I gave him some money and set him up somewhere else. Now go away."

"I want to know where he is, you unbrowed cocksucker!" Xander also felt the shift in power, and he refused to be Zeppoed.

Because Angel reluctantly admitted to himself that both of Xander's descriptions were accurate, the insults didn't get the hoped for reaction.

Angel simply shrugged and waved his hand dismissively. Walking away he answered back over his shoulder "Somewhere in Vegas." and with that the great Angelus had left the room.

Part Three

Wes and Xander were left standing alone in the lobby of the hotel. Xander felt very much like a peasant that had come for an audience with the king and had been dismissed by the monarch himself as having been found to be unworthy.

Obviously uncomfortable with the entire situation, Wes shuffled his feet and looked around him. *'Damn, why was there never a demon crisis when you needed one?'*

"Ah, Xander, I'm sorry about that. Angel has a lot on his mind."

"Forget it Wes. I'm not interested in his mind, his problems, or the fact that you two are doing the hubba hubba together.

All I want to know is where Spike is. Why did Angel send him to Vegas? And what did he mean he set him up there?"

"I'm really not sure, Xander. They had been arguing almost nonstop from the day Spike first arrived. I know Angel was very relieved that he had gotten out after the fall of the Hellmouth, and actually it was at Angel's invitation that Spike came here in the first place, but the two of them in close quarters together is just a disaster waiting to happen.

Spike never would talk about what happened to all of you, no matter how often Angel asked. Just said that everyone was o.k. I almost got the feeling that he was hurt that everyone left him and moved on with their lives.

So after the night he showed up on the doorstep with a bottle of Jack in one hand and a carton of cigarettes in the other and he just seemed to settle in. He was never happy though.

He seldom left his room and refused to go with Angel on his demon hunts.

Said he had done his share of that and he was not doing any more.

Spike was surly and irritable.

Angel was moody and demanding.

Spike spent most of the time drunk, and frankly Angel could have used a drink or two."

Xander snorted. He didn't know about a drink or two, but he knew Angel needed something to help pull that stick up out of his ass.

"When Spike did start leaving the hotel he would go out at night, to as many bars as he could and when he came back in took great delight in doing things to upset Angel."

"Like walking around naked in front of you?" For some reason that comment had stuck in Xander's

mind and he did not like it one little bit. "Was he interested in you, Wes? Was there something going on between the two of you? Was that what Angel was angry about?"

"Lord no, Xander! Yes, he did do that, but I know it had nothing to do with me. There were certainly no feelings between Spike and I. Spike would do it because we all know how possessive Angel can be, and the Sire - Childe relationship is very complex. Besides, he just enjoyed doing things to hear Angel scream."

Xander liked that.

Anything that made Angel scream was a bit of all right in his book. Frowning, Xander rubbed his hand over the back of his neck. Something else Angel had said bothered Xander and as much as he didn't want to, he needed to ask.

"What did Angel mean about Spike and unrequited love. Who was Spike in love with? Was it Buffy? Shit! Was Dru back?"

"I don't know who it was. Dru wasn't back or I would have seen her and I never heard her name mentioned. In fact the few times I did hear Angel say her name Spike would react very badly. Telling him that was the past and to shut the fuck up, so no I am very sure whoever it was, it was not Dru. Thank God.

He never really said, but I am also fairly sure it was not the Slayer as he would often refer to her as "The titless wonder"

or laugh that he knew she was a bleached blond because, as he put it, the carpet did not match the drapes. But I did have the impression it was someone he left behind in the hellmouth."

Xander paused.

It was time to take stock of the situation. Nothing this morning had gone the way he saw it happening in his mind. He was supposed to swoop down, collect Spike from an unhappy situation and the two of them would.... well he wasn't sure what would happen next, but he was pretty sure of things up to that point.

Now he was still vampless. A condition he had hoped to find a cure for here in LA.

"Xander. XANDER!"

Snapping out of his musing, Xander focused to see Wes waving his hand in front of Xander's face. "Oh, sorry Wes. So Vegas huh? Kind of a big place. You got any idea where in Vegas?"

Slowly Wes was working his way back to the front door. Hoping to get rid of Xander as soon as possible, he knew from past experience he had a rough evening ahead of him.

Angel would brood and mope and pout.

Wes would blow him.

Angel would brood and mope.

Wes would rim him.

Angel would brood.

Wes would take it up the ass.

Angel would take a nap.

"All I know is that I have seen Angel send him money. I don't know the entire address, but the name on the envelope is a place called the Starfish Club."

It took only seconds for it all to sink in, and Xander was elated. He hadn't even found Spike yet and the vamp already was spicing his life up.

He had never been to Vegas before, but this could be fun.

He and Spike out on the town.

Walking the strip at 2 in the morning.

Lots of money, gambling, shows, drinks, get a room..... Oh, yeah.

He was heading to Las Vegas.

He just knew this was the right choice.

Part Four

It took him two days drive to get there, but the weather was great and the tunes blasting out of his i-pod were jumping.

This was only a minor set back. Nothing to get worried over. He would find the Starfish Club, what kind of name was that any way? What did it mean? Oh well, then he would locate Spike. Spike would be thrilled to see him.

He was probably missing the Hellmouth excitement too and Xander would be a welcome sight. Then together they could - o.k. he was still stuck on that point, but it would still be fabulous! Fabulous? Where the hell did that word come from? Xander shrugged.

Every once in a while since he started this trek it had seemed like there was something, a realization of some sort, that was trying to come to the surface of Xander's mind. But it was an alien thought. One he could not recognize, so he pushed it aside. If it was anything important it would become clear later, he thought.

This was a trip for fun.

A trip for a new adventure.

Not one for deep thought or self discovery.

Leaning his head back against the head rest he put the pedal to the metal and crossed the city limit into the bustling traffic congested area of the famous Las Vegas Strip.

'Holy Shit!' Xander's brain could not come up with any other words. He had never seen so many people and vehicles packed together in one place. Even the areas of L.A. he had been in were nothing compared to this. The sidewalks were absolutely alive. The crowds moved in waves of unending motion.

The traffic was bumper to bumper with someone always slamming on their brakes and blowing their horns. The recipient of the horn insults seemed uninterested and unaffected, and the waves rolled on.

The concentration it required to not hit pedestrians or other cars was brain busting. This type of focus was not something he was comfortable with. Xander knew instinctively he was out of his league and resolved the first order of business was to park his car and get off the street.

He had noticed taxi cabs in abundance and decided it would kill two demon birds with one stone to get a cab. He wouldn't have to drive and they would know the address of the club. Excellent!

Locating an off strip secured parking garage was a stroke of luck and he whipped in cutting off a

delivery truck and receiving not only an angry horn but a window waved finger. Xander cheerfully waved back and pulled in.

He stopped and before he could jump out was instantly pounced upon by a pimply faced teenager in a bright yellow vest with "PARKING" stamped proudly across the front and back. "Wow! Bitchin' car mister. I can't wait to drive - I mean park it."

Cautiously climbing out and collecting the offered ticket, Xander watched as the boy walked all around the car running his hands lovingly across the hood, sides, and trunk. Xander made a mental note to check the car for white splatter stains when he picked it back up. Reluctantly handing over the keys he asked "Can I get a cab here?"

"Sure just stand out front. Wave your hand and they'll be fighting over you." The boy answering him had never taken his eyes or hands off the convertible.

"Yeah, great. I should be back to pick the car up later today. Maybe tomorrow."

"No problem" Xander received his ticket and the boy was gone, presumably to return to his afternoon tryst with the Miata. Oh well, Xander could not think about his car's virtue right now, he was in search Spike's Starfish.

By now it was late in the afternoon and he was starting to get hungry. He had been driving all day and skipped lunch to get here. *'Wonder if I can eat at the Starfish. Sounds like a seafood place. At this point anything meaty I could wrap my tongue around would be great.'* Rubbing his hand over his already growling stomach, he decided not to risk it *'Maybe I better find a restaurant first then locate the club.'*

Decision made, Xander ducked into one of the many hamburger joints and shoveled in two cheeseburgers and three orders of fries. Man, it was great not counting pennies and being able to eat whenever you got hungry. Money was definitely a good thing.

Back out on the street he jumped into the throng and flowed with the wave. What from a distance seemed to be chaos, was in fact fairly well coordinated. The traffic lights and the over street walkways kept things moving easily. Still, he did not know the area and didn't want to spend all his time searching when he could be with Spike and they could be... *'Oh, there's a cab'*

Waving his hand as instructed, the cab whipped over in front of him and slammed to a stop. Xander jumped in the back seat and before the door was shut they were swerving back out into traffic. Xander glanced down at the drivers ID card which was posted on the back of the driver's seat.

Looking up into the mirror he matched face with driver and the driver smiled back. "Where you

wanna go sir?"

Checking the name again Xander returned the smile "Well, Ackmed, I need to go to the Starfish Club. Do you know where that is?"

Ackmed's smile disappeared. "You want Starfish? You no look like starfish type. I take you to Ceasars, yes?"

"No. I need to go to the Starfish. I am hunting for a man and I was told that is the place to go to find what I'm looking for. Now either take me there or I'll get another cab."

Xander was indignant. How dare this cabbie tell him what he wanted. What did he want? Moving on. Flying down the street and up two blocks the cab came to a stop in front of a small two story brick building. It could have been an office complex or a small business. There was no fancy neon billboards on the front or hawkers standing around coaxing people in.

The only identification was a neat door placard hanging on the door that stated "Starfish"

The second they had stopped the cabbie flipped off the meter and announced "\$15.00."

"\$15.00 my ass. I saw the meter before you shut it off and it said \$9.00. What the hell is your problem?" Even now with plenty of money in his pockets, Xander hated feeling like he was being scammed.

Outraged and somewhat english handicapped the driver was furious. "You want \$15.00 for ass? Get out of my cab! You pay me and get out of my cab!"

"Shit, man. I don't know what the fuck your issue is, but here's your fuckin' \$15.00. Maybe you should use it to get some anger management." Xander had no sooner stepped out than the cab was gone in a screech of tires and puff of exhaust.

"Fuck him, I'm here."

All negativity forgotten, Xander was elated. He pushed through the double glass front doors into the dimly lit interior. The room was larger than it looked from outside. The colors and decor were rich and plush, but the sounds were purely casino. The far walls circling round the room were filled with slot machines. Wheel of Fortune, Top Dollar, and more video poker than he could count. All with bells ringing and lights flashing.

Most of the stools in front of the machines were occupied by older women. Teased hair, long fake red nails flipping half burned ashes onto the expensive carpet, and all looking serious enough to warrant cutting them a wide path.

Some in wheelchairs, some sucking alternately on oxygen and a puff or two of suspiciously poorly rolled cigarettes. The center of the room was roped off for the blackjack tables. Four of them lined up in a row. And the entire set up smelling of pure money. This was definitely a class act.

Giving himself a minute to let his eyes adjust to the dim lighting he had to admit he was impressed. The Starfish appeared to be a small, but very upscale bar/casino. Confused as to what objection the cabbie could have possibly had to a nice place like this, Xander headed straight for the bar to collect a drink and some information.

"Good evening sir." The bartender leaned towards Xander flashing a blinding mega watt smile. "What can I get for you?"

Matching smile for smile Xander hopped up on the stool and slapped down a twenty. "I need a lite beer and I'm looking for a man."

Mega watt kicked on the high beams and set the bottle on the bar. "Of course you are, sir, and you have come to the right place. Although a good looking guy like you should have no problems on your own right?"

'Well that's an odd thing to say. What would my looks have to do with finding Spike?' "Um thanks, anyway the guy I'm looking for is supposed to be working here. Name of Spike. You know him?"

The bartender appeared to give it a moments thought before answering. "Nope. Never heard of him. Want another beer?" Snappy smile never faltering.

"Sure." Xander reached into his wallet. "I hope you don't mind me asking, but aren't you chilly dressed like that? I know it is the desert and all, but it seems rough to make you and , um, all the waiters dress in spandex shorts with no shirts on"

By now Xander was looking around the room and something was slowly starting to sink in. He has never been accused of being the sharpest pencil in the box, but even Xander eventually gets the point. His eyes had adjusted to the dark and it was all becoming clear.

Crystal clear.

Abundantly clear.

Windex with a lint free paper towel clear.

OH MY GOD!! STARFISH!!

Part Five

Xander turned his back to the scantily dressed, very happy bartender and tightened his grip on his beer. *'O.k. Xanman deep breath You are in a gay bar. All these men are gay. They serve gay beer to other gay men. They just served me a gay beer and I am drinking it. Holy shit it must be true. I must be..... Well, really no surprise, kinda knew, so, still,.....'*

Spinning back around on the stool Xander again faced the gay beer serving man. "So you don't know Spike? He doesn't work here?"

The bartender shrugged and started wiping down the counter top. "Nobody by that name works here. Sometimes, though, people don't always use their own name. Describe him to me and maybe we can find you somebody that matches that description."

Sounded reasonable. *'Damn, they should turn down the air conditioning'*. Xander couldn't help notice the way the bartender's nipples puckered and stood up. Course that was probably only so noticeable since his chest was totally smooth and hair free. *'Wonder if he shaves, waxes or is just naturally....'*

"Huh? Oh, Yeah, description. About 5'10" maybe 150 lb. pale skin blond hair, tight body, strong arms, baby blue eyes, soft looking mouth, killer cheek bones, firm butt, always wears snug black pants and shirt. Guess that's about it. Sorry I can't give you any more detail than that. So, sound familiar?"

The bartender laughed and pretended to give it serious thought. "Well that's a pretty vague description, but it could be William. Just one thing you left out. Is the guy you're looking for a vampire?"

Xander spit his mouthful of beer with projectile force that hit Mr.Mega Watt directly on the chest. Staring in shock at what he had just done, Xander thought briefly that he was grateful the bartender's skin was bare. That would have been a hell of a cleaning bill.

Grabbing the bar rag Xander reached over and frantically started wiping down the foam covered slippery body. Taking extra care to dab the sticky beer off that was dripping from the tips of those two perky nubby little.....

"Sorry. Sorry. Wow you must really work out. You are in great shape." The bartender took the rag from Xander's hand and slowly, sensually, rubbed it up and down presumably to clean himself off. He then slid the cloth all the way down his chest till it disappeared below the vantage point of the bar.

"Yea, I really am aren't I. So, looks like you need another beer" Amazingly, the smile never wavered.

"Thanks, sorry." Xander slapped another \$20 on the bar. It hadn't occurred to him that he had already paid the same for the last two beers. One of which Mr. Pointy was still massaging off with his hands while Xander watched, awe struck.

After taking a big swallow from his third bottle, Xander was finally feeling the familiar buzz slide up to his brain and he began to relax. "Yeah, vampire. That's the one I'm looking for. You got a lot of vampires working here? Not that I need a lot of them. Only want the one is all."

"Well I believe the one you want is William. William Sirrah. Only if you are wanting to get a little physical tonight I gotta warn you, he's not one of the workers here. He's a card dealer. However, if you are interested, we do have a back room and any of the waiters or bartenders (wink wink) will go in there with you. You tip them the set amount and I guarantee your satisfaction."

"No! That is not what I came here for. Set amount? No! I only came to find Spike! Any of the waiters?" Xander tried as subtly as possible to glance around the room at the waiters who were bustling about lifting, bending, serving, smiling,....."No! Look, just tell me what time Sp.. William gets here."

"Well obviously he can only work the night shift so he is usually here at 8p.m. and gets off at 4 in the morning. You want to hang around for a couple more hours and try to catch him? Drink another beer maybe?"

The exchange was becoming automatic.

Slap - the twenty hits the bar.

Clink - the bottle takes its place.

Bartender smiles - Xander drinks. The world rolls on.

"So, you know about vampires, huh?" Xander was pleasantly fuzzy and the information didn't seem near as shocking as it had when he had first received it.

"Sure. We have a few that work here. Also have a couple other minor demons working in the

dishroom. No big deal"

The fact that the bartender had never wavered in his bubbly personality now had Xander wondering what kind of demon he might be. Was there such a thing as a demon that has way too many teeth and gives off a mysterious aura that causes innocent beer drinkers to suffer painful hard ons? Cause it sure seemed the closer he leaned over the bar towards Xander the harder his dick got, and there just couldn't be any other explanation.

Beer drinking had always been the source of deep thought for Xander and he was now contemplating several issues that were pressing heavily on him. First, he had to piss like a Russian race horse. Why a Russian race horse? Do they piss more than American race horses? Second, no way could he piss like any type of horse with a stiffy like he was presently sporting. So spanking the monkey was probably going have to be the order of the day. Snickering at the thought that he had a regular zoo traipsing round his head and bladder, he set his last empty bottle back down.

"You got a bathroom around here?" Xander tried to focus his eyes on the happy server of the gay beer.

"Sure do. Right over there under the big sign that says "Restrooms" Need a hand with anything?" Mega Watt wagged his eyebrows.

"Hey!" Xander huffed and slipped clumsily off his bar stool. "I'll have you know I have been abusing myself for years. The last thing I need is for someone else to stick their fingers in and muck it all up"

Stumbling away, Xander located the bathroom and rolled in. Standing in the first stall he was finally able to undo the uncooperative zipper and free a very hard cock that was clearly happy to be out in the open air. Leaning in with one hand against the wall and the other on his cock, Xander looked down at his dick and decided it was time to demand some answers.

"Just what the fuck is your problem? There aren't any women out there, and you have No experience with the man lovin' thing. Have you been drugged? Shame on you! I try to take you out with me and look how you act. Drooling all over my pants and forcing me to take you in hand. O.k. buddy, we're going to do this, but don't think it's cause I want to."

By now his outrage at the improper behavior being displayed by his errant cock was dissipating. He had to admit it did feel kind of good to slide his hand in the juices his cock had so generously supplied. How could he stay mad at it when it was thoughtful enough to help him out like that.

"Oh, Yeah" Xander groaned. Problem was, an alcohol fogged brain did not always work as willingly as a beer soaked cock. It's just biology. 'O.k.' Xander thought. *Buffy - yeah, nice. Buffy naked - um, no, put the clothes back on. Anya - no, not going there again'.*

His hand was still stroking and the feeling was definitely there, just not quite right. Xander squeezed his cock, reaching down with the other hand and rolled his balls. Unconsciously humping his hips, Xander spit on his hand to add to the slick and sped up his movements. *'Think Xanman, Think! Maybe I need another beer. Oh God, maybe smiley would bring the beer to me in here. Shit! He could hand me the beer and accidentally spill some of it over my cock. The cool beer would feel so good on the burning hot head of my dick'*

Xander bent over and stroked harder and faster. *'Course then being in the service industry he would feel responsible to clean it up. He would drop to his knees and take my cock in his mouth. He would suck the foam off my cock and the come out of the slit. Both would taste bitter and salty.'*

Xander ran his thumb over the head of his cock. He closed his eyes and pictured those full pink lips covering those big white teeth to protect Xanders precious appendage from damage. "Suck me big guy, suck me"

Releasing his balls Xander slid his hand backward. He continued to pull, twist and squeeze, Spreading his legs further apart he scratched his fingernail over the soft puckered entrance of his ass feeling the hole flex and release. Suddenly the face in his mind changed from a smiley, toothy bartender to a sexy blond vampire.

Blue eyes looking up at him while his shiny pink cock slides down his throat. And that was the image that sent him over the edge. Missing the bowl completely he shot onto the wall behind. It took a good five minutes more for things to deflate enough for Xander to take the much needed piss and tuck himself back away.

'Well that was odd.' he thought. Funny what beer can make you do.

Part Six

"Well, I see you made it back. Everything work out o.k?"

"Ha Ha. Just what the world needs. A funny bartender."

Slap - \$20

Clink - bottle.

"So what time is it, anyway?"

The bartender checked his watch and tucked the last bill into his already bulging spandex shorts. "Nearly 8 pm. If Mr. Sirrah is your Spike he should be rolling in about any time now. Need another

beer?"

Almost time? Suddenly Xander wasn't so sure what he was doing here. When he started out looking for Spike it was to spice up his life. He was sure Spike would welcome him with open arms. After all, they were friends weren't they? Were they? It was hard to remember exactly how things were.

Maybe this was a mistake. It seemed like Spike had moved on just like all the others. All but Xander. Why couldn't he move on? What was missing? Xander was lost in deep thought while the bustle of shift change occurred at the tables behind his back.

The afternoon dealers, tired from being on their feet all day, gladly handed over the decks of cards and stacks of chips with a clap and wave of their hands. The new dealers accepting both with the same gestures, dropped the cards into the shuffler and never missed a beat.

Oblivious to all this activity, doubt, insecurity, and alcohol now caused Xander to rethink his plans. Maybe he would get a room and some sleep. It was a long drive and more than a couple of bottles. He could always come back tomorrow.

Decision made. Xander stumbled off the stool and turned to go. Their eyes met at exactly the same time and four eyebrows shot straight up. Spike had not seen his own reflection in a mirror in the last hundred and twenty years, but at this moment it was not necessary. He recognized his own expression in the reflection on the face of "Xander?"

Legs wobbling and eyes unfocused, Xander swayed where he stood. "Hey, Spike. It really is you. I mean they said William Sirrah, so I wasn't sure and you know it's not like I was really looking for you I mean Angel said you were in Vegas and I needed a vacation so I just thought I would swing out this way and...."

"Shit. Breath Harris! Look, I can't talk now, I'm working, so why don't you sit down at the bar and we can talk later."

Xander turned his head back in the direction of his smiley friend who promptly asked "Like a beer?"

By this time knowing his stomach was going to rebel if he poured any more alcohol into it, Xander declined the offer.

At that point he may have been mistaken, but it seemed the bartender's smile faltered, but only for a second, then returned full force.

"Tell you what, Spike, I'll just lean on the card table for a while, and maybe we can talk while you work." Before Spike had the chance to tell him that was not allowed, a very large, slightly blue gentleman in what could only be described as a 1920's zoot suit stepped up behind Spike and put a paw on his shoulder. "You know the rules Mr. William. No personal visitors while you are on duty.

He wants to stay. He wants to play."

Suddenly this was one of those pivotal moments.

One of those light bulb over the head moments. *Click*

One of those times when Spike just knew an opportunity had thrown itself into his lap, and what he did with that opportunity would change things drastically in his unlife.

He too had been left floating alone after the fall of the Hellmouth. He reveled and celebrated with the Scoobies when they realized they had all gotten out. He believed he had finally been fully accepted. They had taken a few weeks to relax and regroup, then the shift started.

One by one they found their own interests pulling them away from the group and in different directions.

He retreated back to himself and waited to see what would happen. He had been a solitary figure for most of his time as a vampire. A few decades in the beginning with the family, and off and on times with his precious Dru, but those times were few and far between. Spike didn't like being on his own and had been ecstatic when he thought of himself as 'included'.

Subsequently he was now being put in the disgusting position of feeling things a vampire should never feel. He was angry when the witch went off on an extended vacation. He was humiliated and hurt when Buffy, Giles, and especially his Bit had gone to England to restart the Council.

They had left without so much as a by your leave. No one ever considering to ask him to go along, or even what plans he might have. They just left. Packed up, turned their backs on him and walked away.

But what really devastated him was when he came around one day and found Xander's apartment empty.

He had vamoosed.

Climbed aboard the Kiss My Ass train and pulled out of the station. Spike wasn't sure why that one had hurt so much, except that he and Xander had, at some point, become friends.

Hadn't they?

As far as Spike was concerned he would have liked to be a whole lot more. Just the thought of pressing himself against that larger hard, hot body had him sporting a woody he would have gladly used as a stake. On Xander. On Xander's ass.

Spike groaned and adjusted himself. But then he was gone. They were all gone, and he was alone. Not knowing what else to do, Spike headed for L.A. Maybe some time torturing his Sire would lift his mood.

The first time he had caught Angel with his dick in Wes's ass had been a revelation.

By the tenth time it was just annoying.

It only served to remind him of what he wanted with Xander, and couldn't have. So he did what he could. He got drunk, he played on Angel's insecurities, and he gave Wes a thrill.

Finally, thank God, Angel threw some money at him and tossed him out. Vegas had been Spike's idea. It had a huge demon population which offered the opportunity to find a place for himself, or so he hoped. Angel had, and continued to give, huge amounts of money.

Whenever he wanted more he would call and ask about Wes's health. BAM, the check arrived promptly the next day.

Working here was totally unnecessary, but filled in the time until he decided what he wanted to do next.

He was lost.

What - who - he really wanted, was unattainable.

Now when he least expected it, in the blink of an eye, circumstances present themselves and a plan formulates.

Haphazardly it plants itself and begins to take shape.

'O.k.' he thought. *'Deep unneeded breath' Don't move too quickly and don't let this fish get away. The fucking exact tuna that I have been dreaming about is now circling the boat.*

Wiggle the bait.

Tease with the rod (He he), then when he least expects it, jerk the line, set the hook and reel him in.

Hell yes, this one's a keeper!!

"I don't think so, Pet." Spike let his eyes wander around the casino. Clearly the person standing in front of him was not holding his interest. "This game is for big boys. Men who have money in their pockets, and understand how the cards are played. Why don't you go get a roll of quarters and sit down at a poker machine. I'll try to catch up with you later. Run along now, Pet. I'm working."

Without glancing up, Spike returned his attention to the players at the table. He graced them with a

big winners smile and delt the hand. Xander had been dismissed.

Outraged, Xander staggered back a step. What the fuck just happened? This was not the welcome he had envisioned in his head. Well he could boil a bunny in a pot, and by God he would not be ignored!!

Part Seven

"Hey! I'll have you know I got money. I got plenty of money! And anyway, Willow taught me how to play black trap on hercomputer so count my cash and gimme some chips."

Xander wedged himself into the only open seat at Spike's table. He found himself squeezed beside an older shriveled up lady he estimated to be approximately ninety years old by the name of Hazel.

Hazel was sucking on an oxygen machine, and Xander briefly wondered about the safety of that considering she was chain smoking at the same time.

On the other side of him was and a short round cigar chewing gentleman he overheard the blue pit boss call Guido. Guido needed a shower and some mouthwash.

Shrugging his shoulders in bored resignation, Spike scooped up the handful of bills and laid them out on the green.

"Changing two thousand!" He called over his shoulder. After receiving the go ahead, he dropped the money into the slot and counted out the chips.

As he slid them over to where Xander sat, Spike looked him in the eye and said "Jack."

Stacking his chips neatly Xander glanced up "Jack who?"

"Not who, what. The game is Black Jack. Not Black Trap."

The other players at the table all snickered and anted up for the next hand. The cards were rapidly shuffled and delt.

He had a king and a two. Struggling to concentrate, Xander stared at the hand in front of him.

"Think Xander, damn it. Think. What would Willow do.

He giggled.

It made him think of "What would Jesus do?"

What the fuck. "Jesus says, hit me."

Xander slapped his hand on the table.

Spike flipped over the next card.

Queen.

Bust.

Whoosh, gone were the chips he had bet.

'What the hell just happened?'

Xander looked to his left. Hazel collected her winnings. He looked to the right, Guido did the same.

O.k. Not to worry. Still have lots of chips to play.

"Like a beer?" The voice had to have been inches from his ear.

Xander jumped like he had been shot. "Shit!"

Still, the fear didn't quench his thirst so offering up a twenty got a bottle pressed into his hand.

"Xander, you know the beer is free when you're playing don't you?"

Spike had somewhere learned multitasking because he was very efficiently dealing the cards while insulting Xander's intelligence without breaking a sweat.

"Yeah, sure, I just felt bad for the waiter. Obviously he needed the money to buy himself a shirt.
HA! HA!"

No one else laughed.

The cards were dealt.

Xander got a 19. "STAND!" He beamed.

What an excellent hand!

Until Spike got a 20.

So on it went. Pride and the exhilaration of winning one out of every twenty or so hands kept Xander at the table long after he should have crawled away.

Xander looked down at the chips in front of him. Twice they had dwindled down to a precious one or two and he had replenished them with more cash.

Now he had just three left. The next hand was a push. *'All right! That was good wasn't it?'* Xander grinned *'No loss, no gain.'*

The next two hands were a loss. Xander had one chip left.

Fishing into his pockets he realized he had no more money.

'Damn. How the hell did that happen?'

He had tried to talk to Spike, but between focusing on the cards and the heavy fog the alcohol had dropped on his brain the evening had just slipped away.

"Fuck, I'm broke. Guess I'm done playing." Xander picked up and examined the chip in front of him hoping by studying it hard enough it might multiply. It didn't.

"Shame, Pet. You were just starting to get the hang of it. I've seen this happen before. The cards were just about to turn around. If you could have just hung on for a few more hands you would be winning for sure. Collecting the big bucks.

Vacationing in cash city. Rolling in the sun like a fat dog. Sniffing the....."

"Yeah, Spike I get it."

Waving his hand to the waiter Spike put on his most sympathetic expression. "At least let me get you a drink before you leave"

Before Xander could blink the waiter was reaching around and setting a bottle on the green in front of him. Snatching up the last chip as a tip, the waiter winked, blew him a kiss and was gone.

"Toddle off now, Pet. I don't get off work for another two hours, and you look like you need something to eat and a good nights sleep. Maybe I'll see you another time." Spike returned all of his attention to the players in front of him.

Xander didn't move.

He just knew Spike was right. After all, Spike was his friend. He wouldn't lie to him. If he said the cards were just about to turn around, it must be true. If only he had just a little more money.

Closely watching the expression on Xander's face, Spike knew he was within striking distance.

"Taking a break, Xan. See you later, right?" With a clap of his hands Spike turned the table over to another dealer.

Heading out the back door and lighting up a smoke, Spike leaned back against the wall to wait.

Three - two - one....

"Um, Spike?" Xander peered out the rear casino door and slipped out to join Spike in the parking lot.

"Oh, Xander, sorry, guess I forgot you were here. So how you been, pet? What on earth makes you look old Spike up? Thought you were off doing the world tour thing. How is everybody? Bunny, Wilton, the Bit?" Spike took a long slow drag on his cigarette.

"Who? Bunny? Wilton? Oh, you mean Buffy and Willow. They're good. Dawn's fine too. Least I think so. They all kind of went their own way. Begged me to come with, but I told them "no" I needed some space. Needed a little excitement and thought of yo - ah - Vegas. Bumped into Angel and he said I should come see you. Hadn't really thought about it, but what the hell, free time and all."

Spike growled low at the thought that Xander had not come specifically to find him. Xander assumed he was growling at the mention of Angel.

"So, you really think I could win if I had a little more money?" Xander really didn't want to cash any more travelers checks, maybe one of his debit cards.

Watching Xander think, Spike was thrilled. *'O.k. Got him broke. Stay cool. Don't appear to interested.'* "No doubt about it. Seen it happen lots of times. Bloke goes near belly up, then turns it around and breaks the bank." Another slow drag and an ash flick.

"I might see my way clear to float you a small loan, course it's not a gift understand. Hard working vamp like me can't be to generous. Would have to be some compensation," Last drag and the cigarette was flicked to the ground.

By now the cool night air had somewhat cleared Xander's addled state and he was delighted to find the alcohol had left one or two functioning brain cells unburnt. *'Perfect fucking opportunity.'* He thought. *'I get to stay here with Spike for the rest of the evening and it doesn't cost me a cent. Tomorrow I can....'*

Unfortunately one of those last cells had dimmed to the capacity of a night light and he was unable to think any further ahead. But what the hell, It was all good.

"Thanks, Buddy. You're a real pal" Xander threw his arm around Spike's shoulder and together they reentered the casino.

Slipping him a wad of cash, Spike sighed "I try, Xan. I try."

Part Eight

Xander was filled with confidence as he sat back down at the table. After all Spike wouldn't want Xander to lose the money he had just lent him. That wouldn't make any sense.

The cool evening air had both cleared his mind and squelched the desire he had to puke up every drop of alcohol he had previously poured into himself.

So rubbing his hands together and tossing Spike a wink Xander slapped down his fresh supply of money and ordered

"Gimme some more chips"

"Changing a thousand" Spike called over his shoulder in the same disinterested tone he had graced Xander with all evening. Receiving the nod from the pit boss, Spike counted out the chips and the game resumed.

The first hand dealt him was a black jack. "Hell Yes!" Xander shouted. Waving a chip in the air, the eager waiter hustled over and traded it off for a beer.

Xander's plan was now taking shape in his watery brain. *'Win big tonight, pay Spike back his money, and return tomorrow. After a few nights of hanging out here, we could get together after Spike gets off work and'*

"Bust"

"What?"

'Oops. O.k. Xanman, get your focus back on the cards and off your di...'

"14? Wow that is a really bad hand, right? What do you think Spike?"

"Sorry sir. We are not allowed to advise the players on whether they should stand or HIT! It is your choice to stand or HIT!"

"Riiiiight. Gotcha. Hit me."

"King. Bust"

Whoosh the chips were gone. "What the fuck?"

And so it went. For the last two hours of Spike's shift the play went on, as Xander's luck continued on it's steady ugly decline. The odd coincidence was that the last chip was lost at exactly the same time the next shift dealer clapped and waved his hands signaling the exchange of staff.

Still trying to figure what had happened, Xander slid off the stool and stumbled out into the early morning air. *'Shit. Might as well go and get the car.'* He the thought. *'At least I have an excuse to come back tomorrow. Still gotta pay Spike back the borrowed cash.'*

"Hold up there Champ. Where do you think you're going?" Spike's step had fallen in beside him. Lighting up a cigarette he blew the smoke in Xander's face. "Weren't thinkin' of slippin' off with me money were ya?"

Xander stopped walking and faced Spike. Highly insulted at the implication, Xander huffed "No, Spike, I was not sneaking off. I'll get you your money. Anyway I thought you were going to see to it that I won. What the hell happened?"

"Can only do so much, Pet. Not my fault you can't play. Now, we're about an hour away from daylight so your friendly UV challenged vamp here needs to head home, and you're coming with. There is no way I'm letting you out of my sight till I get my money back." Spike turned and resumed his trek down the street hoping he hadn't overplayed his hand and Xander would follow.

"Hey! I'll have you know I have mon...."

That's when the situation started to become clear. This was much better than if he had won. Oh yes, the potential of this was mind boggling.

But this needed to be handled delicately. Don't appear too anxious, but not too resistant either. The wording had to be exact. Running to catch up, Xander looked over at Spike and answered "Yeah, o.k."

It was a short walk to a quiet residential area. While only a few blocks off the strip, it seemed a world away. Older large homes that had been tastefully turned into smaller, comfortable

apartments. Small but very upscale.

Punching in a number code into the security system, Spike went directly to the first apartment and keyed open the door.

He then stepped aside to allow Xander to enter. Focusing on the interior of the spacious room Xander moved forward and promptly bounced back landing on his ass.

Spike roared with laughter. "How's it feel, Pet? Had the entrance warded. You need a proper invite by the owner, which just happens to be me."

"Yeah, Spike I get it. Now I know how you felt all those times. Ha Ha. Point made"

Xander actually didn't think it was funny at all. Remembering all those times he and the gang had done that to Spike and watched him blocked out and bounced off suddenly made him very ashamed.

"Please come in Xander Harris" Spike made the grand gesture of sweeping his arm toward his apartment, formally inviting the fly into his web.

"Thank you Mr. Sirrah." All hard feelings forgotten, Xander smiled and entered the area that he would soon use as his trap, reaching down he adjusted his fly. "Speaking of which, where did you come up with the name of Sirrah?"

"Had to think of something didn't I?" Spike had already lost interest in the conversation and possibly his guest as he disappeared into what must have been the bedroom. "I'm going to take a shower, Pet. Make yourself at home"

Xander dropped down on to the couch. This really was a nice place. He wouldn't mind staying here for a while. Only question now was what was the best way to make that happen? That's when his mind started to wander, as Xander's mind often did.

Xander could hear the water running. *'Hmmm, Spike is in the shower.'* he mused. *'Damn, he never did say where I would be sleeping tonight. Just like him to leave me sitting here at 2:30 in the morning with no set place to sleep.'*

Well I will not be treated this way. I will just march in there and demand an answer!"

Spike had just lathered himself up and was preparing for a long hot luxurious wank. How could he not? The very person he had been pinning for was sitting in his living room.

Later, when the blood was no longer needed in his cock, he would get his brain on the task of thinking of a plan to keep Xander here as long as possible.

He had no sooner than gotten a good grip on the situation and one or two strokes when the shower curtain was suddenly jerked back.

"ACK"

Xander stood there. Oogle, scan, stare, shrug. "So where the hell am I supposed to be sleeping tonight? You never did say."

Xander's attitude and tone could have been the same if he had asked Spike the time, or when the next bus would be stopping by.

Spike was frozen in mid stroke. "Couch?" he squeaked.

"Fine. And don't use all the hot water. I'll be showering when you're done." With that, Xander was gone.

Lucky for Spike the tire had not gone flat because he was now more in need of that trip down the 'hurt myself highway' than ever before.

Part Nine

'WOW! Well that's one impressive vampire! If I was impressed by vampires.' Xander went back to the couch to await his turn. Sitting there was not nearly as comfortable as it had been before he went in the bathroom.

Xander adjusted himself and tapped his leg nervously as he waited. *'Soooo, wonder what he thinks about when he....Nope not going to go there.'* Xander got up and paced the room.

Spike stood stock still.

Dick in hand and mouth hanging open.

He didn't know whether to kick himself for missing a choice opportunity or be embarrassed for being caught.

O.k. that wasn't even a choice, because frankly nothing he did embarrassed him. Finally looking down he noticed he still had a very eager cock awaiting his next move. A cock, that if it had feet

would have chosen the kick his ass option.

Without further hesitation, Spike soaped up and slapped skin on skin till he bent over, moaned Xander's name and shot a wad against the shower wall that could possibly have damaged the tile.

Xander continued to walk. Back and forth. Forth and back. After a few minutes he heard the water shut off.

Rushing back to the couch he leaped towards the seat and landed just as Spike walked out of the bathroom. Feeling much more relaxed Spike stuck his head into the livingroom, called out "All yours, Pet," and headed for the bedroom to dress.

Xander jumped to his feet and rushed toward the bathroom. He hated the thought of having to put on the same clothes he was wearing now, but till he could get back to his car and pick up his bags tomorrow, he was just stuck.

Stripping quickly, he cranked on the hot and jumped in. All he wanted to do right now was to take care of business.

Serious business.

Business he couldn't understand the exact reason for. There were no women around, only his good buddy Spike.

Compact and muscular Spike. Amazingly well hung and -eep - hard Spike. Xander had no more than really gotten wet and latched a strangle hold on his "business" when...

WHING

The shower curtain flew open. There stood Spike. Xander's hand stopped all movement. Spike's line of vision zeroed in on the "business" directly in front of him.

Five Seconds

Ten Seconds

"Spike?"

Spike's eyes suddenly snapped up and locked with Xander's. "Towels. Forgot to give you a towel. Laying a towel here for you." With that he was gone.

For Xander, this was one of those life altering situations.

The veil lifted and it was all crystal clear.

No more confusion, no more half thoughts.

He absolutely knew now what it was he wanted.

He knew why he was here and what he had been searching for.

His life now had meaning, and that meaning was finding a way to coax Spike's cock up Xander's ass. When the mental picture of that formed in his brain, Xander tugged his painful cock, groaned "Spike" and came quickly down the shower drain.

Huh, seems his cock was light years ahead of him on purposeful understanding. Amazingly, Xander was not all that shocked by this revelation. He was much too relaxed by one of the most powerful orgasms he had ever had.

~*~*~*~*~

'WOW!' That's one impressive human.

All long and fat and really hard.

Bet it feels great. Bet it tastes even better.

Damn, if only he had turned around. I'll bet that is one sweet ass.

Oh, yeah, I made the right choice. One way or another, Xander is going to be mine. Mine to keep, and fuck, and suck, and not necessarily in a vampire way.

Looking down at his renewed hardon he sighed disgustedly. "Not again?"

Eagerly the head of his dick bobbed and twitched in it's best effort to nod it's head and answer "Yes again. Very much again."

'Well hell. Some cocks just can't be reasoned with.' Spike proceeded to take matters into his own hand when Xander chose that moment to exit the bathroom.

Slowing only slightly as he passed, Xander glanced down at the punishing Spike's cock was

enduring and strolled on to the living room. *'Yup,'* He thought smiling, *'That's for me.'*

Xander had redressed in t-shirt and boxers. He dropped to the couch and settled in. He was extremely pleased with himself. He just knew coming here was the right choice.

Yawning, he rested his head on one of the couch cushions. First thing tomorrow I need to go make arrangements for the car and pick up my clothes. Then all I have to do is think of a way to make him want me to stay. Shouldn't be too hard.

Least I know he isn't with anyone else. That hand appeared way to experienced.

Xander was so jumpy he wasn't sure he would be able to sleep. The butterflys in his stomach reminded him of the excitement he used to feel on Christmas eve. Wondering if Santa would come. Wondering what he would bring. Course that was before he got old enough to realize that Santa wasn't real and thank God wasn't the one who left all those empty beer bottles under the tree.

It was slightly traumatic to think Santa was an alcoholic. But, yeah, it was kinda like Christmas. Maybe he would write Santa a letter. Snickering, Xander composed it in his head.

Dear Santa,

I have been a very good boy this year.

I will not ask you for a bicycle like I did every other year since you never brought it anyway.

This year I would like something very special.

This year, Santa, I would like Spike's cock up my ass. I know that is an unusual request, but I would be very happy if you could fill it.
ha ha.

I will leave milk and cookies out for you.

Your friend,

Xander.

Part Ten

Spike felt twitchy. He could feel the sunrise not far off the horizon and he had been trying to sleep, but how could he?

Just knowing Xander was out there on the couch was almost more than he could stand. So warm, so human, so Xander. Being in a situation like this was all he had dreamed of for months before the fall of the Hellmouth. It was all he thought of in the weeks after.

He was crushed when Xander dumped him just like everyone else had. Run off and left him behind. Discarded him like a used snotty tissue.

Before then he had even, in his mind, planned how they could be room mates again. Set up house in some cozy little crypt. Xander would settle into the living room and Spike would settle into Xander's ass.

Ah, the coveted ass. The one that was presently sleeping on the sofa not too far away.

Spike flopped over on his other side. He knew all he needed was time. Time could melt glaciers. Time could turn coal into diamonds. Time could convince Xander he needed Spike just as much as Spike needed him.

O.k. possibly Xander would have to be turned in order to extend the time limit a few hundred years, but Spike was not opposed to any plan that might work.

Spike lay as still as he could. Straining, he could hear Xander breathing. Rough and irregular. *'Ha! So he can't sleep either.'* Rolling onto his back, Spike continued listening, wondering why his breathing was so off.

Then with a groan, it hit him. *'Oh, no. Not again.'* Reaching down between his legs he knew that his cock had also heard and was aware of what Xander was doing.

Peeking under the sheet, the happy head of his dick was looking right at him. He could have been wrong, but he would have sworn the slit was smiling. In the dim room it resembled one of those big round smiley face stickers you see everywhere.

'Oh what the hell' He wrapped his fist around it and proceeded to choke. Spreading his legs he let his hand run on it's own. Using all his concentration, he focused on Xander's breathing.

Every once in a while Xander would moan or shift around. Spike could just imagine him squirming underneath him.

He caught the vague smell of arousal and his hand pumped harder. *'There!'* Spike tilted his head to the side. He knew when Xander's cock had started to leak. He could detect the wonderful smell of come in the morning air.

Spike lifted his hips so he could easily slide his other hand down to cup his balls. They were deliciously heavy and full.

Xander shifted again and Spike imagined him rolling over to offer himself up.

Both Spike's hands pulled and rubbed a little harder. The head of his cock was now bubbling it's own juices and the combined smell of the two of them was more than he could take.

Turning quickly to muffle his screams of passion into the pillow, Spike emptied his balls, pumping his juice out onto his sheets and hand. All he could think of was that Xander was doing the same.

It was almost like they were having sex.

Together.

Almost.

Spike sighed and fell asleep.

Xander finally found his other shoe. It was almost daybreak and he was anxious to get started. He hoped he hadn't wakened Spike with all his fussing around while he scrounged up his clothes and got dressed. He knew he had grunted a couple times when he was jerking up his jeans, but since he heard no movement, Spike must still be asleep.

He had several things to do, and he wanted to be finished and back here before Spike woke up. Which, if he remembered from the Sunnydale basement days, was probably around late-as-hell-in-the-afternoon.

Luckily there was an ATM machine in the lobby of Spike's building. Actually Xander had noticed that there were ATM machines in the lobby of every building in Vegas. It seemed to be some sort of city code. Using his bank card he withdrew several hundred dollars and started on his way.

Arriving at the parking garage was the first item on his list. He had decided that with the early morning traffic being quite a bit easier to deal with he would drive to all his other errands then as a final stop, get rid of the car.

He really hoped he was making the right choice, but if Spike saw the expensive convertible, he would know Xander could pay him back. He might even be willing to take the car in exchange. No, Xander could not allow Spike any loopholes like that.

The garage was deserted but for a couple trucks, a van, and an old man sleeping in the booth at the front entrance. Tapping on the bullet proof glass, Xander woke him up and handed him the ticket.

Despite the fact that there were only four vehicles in the entire garage, it still took nearly thirty minutes to retrieve the car.

Xander handed over the money and was given the keys.

As soon as he slid into the drivers seat, he smelled it. DAMN! The interior of the car smelled like a whore house. That God damn kid had apparently had more than just his own right hand in here for a good fucking.

The combined aura of ode pussy was interwoven with the permeating stench of what had to have been quarts of come. Whoever bought this car had better have plenty of little pine cone air fresheners to hang from the rear view mirror.

Rolling down the windows and hanging his head out like a dog, Xander took off for his next stop. A twenty-four hour adult supply shop. He had only been in one of these places once or twice before so he opened the door cautiously and peeked in.

Surprisingly, it seemed fairly normal. There were no perverts licking feet or applying duct tape to their body parts or any of the other things he thought might go on in a place like this. Whistling, he stepped in and grabbed a cart. Never knew what you might find.

First item - lube. And lots of it. Oh, Look! Flavors! He scanned the row. Being new to this he wasn't exactly sure whose preference the flavor was for. The lickor or the lickee.

Better buy several. They all made him think of sex.

Cherry - snicker. Banana - long and curved. Orange - round and juicy. Chocolate- cause duh. He loaded up and pushed his cart to the next isle. Cur thump cur thump. Damn wheel.

Condoms. Nope, none needed. Vampire - no germs. Virgin human - no previous ass useage.

He inspected the edible undies and passed. Sounded like they might get sticky and uncomfortable when wet.

He cruised down the leather section, perusing the whips and cuffs.

Possibly later.

That seemed more of a holiday gift item.

Finally after selecting a nice collection of butt plugs and vibrators he headed for the checkout.

Xander felt slightly guilty tearing the clerk away from his reading of Butt Munchers Monthly, however time was of the essence so he needed to move on. Laying everything on the counter, he watched as each item was scanned and priced.

Hmmm. Just seemed like he was forgetting something. Ah yes, batteries.

"Tell me, my good man," Xander asked thoughtfully with his hand on his chin, "Does The Purple Pirate vibrator take different batteries in the glow in the dark head than in the main part of the peg leg?"

Without looking up, the clerk added three pack of various sized batteries and totaled the order. "\$85.98. Cash, no checks."

"Sounds reasonable." Xander counted out the money and snatched up his treasures.

Part Eleven

Xander jumped back into his car and headed out onto the highway. His next stop was the most important one. He needed to find a way to spend as much time as possible with Spike in order to sway him over to Xander's way of thinking, so of course the only solution was the Starfish.

Obviously he couldn't hang out there every night just watching Spike, and he sure the hell couldn't gamble or he really would be broke. Nope, he was going to have to take drastic measures. He was going to have to get a job.

Xander pulled in to a gas station one block from the Starfish and jumped out. Going through his suitcase in the trunk, he selected a clean shirt and tan dockers.

'Damn!' He held the clean clothes up to his nose. *'That fuckin' fuck smell has even seeped into my bag and clothes.*

'What the hell did that kid do in my car?' Realizing he had no other options, Xander ducked into the

men's room and changed.

Arriving at the Starfish he paused at the bar to allow his eyes to adjust to the dim lighting. "Like a beer?"

This time Xander was ready. Slapping his hand down and leaning in on the bar he faced off with the bartender. "I do NOT want a beer. I want to see the manager. Now!"

Xander was so proud of himself for standing his ground he failed to notice the subtle change on the bartender's face when he had gotten close.

Clearing the bar in one athletic leap, the bartender slid up next to Xander and sniffed deeply. Flashing a smile that surpassed any he had seen the night before, Xander almost thought he saw an extra set of teeth in the bartender's mouth. *'Must be a trick of the light,* he thought.

"So, office? Manager?" Xander squeaked attempting to retain his feeling of control. A feeling that was somewhat in jeopardy with the bartender pressed flat against his body and sniffing wildly.

"BINKY!"

Both Xander and the bartender jumped like they had been shot. Hustling back to his station behind the bar the bartender smiled up at the huge green man and asked meekly, "Like a beer?"

Ignoring him the man turned to Xander, looking him up and down. "Names! Mr.Kermit. I heard you were looking for the manager."

Xander cleared his throat and brushed off his shirt. "Yes, sir. I'm looking for a job as a waiter. Friend of mine works here. Said he would speak for me." Yeah, it was a lie, but a small one, so it didn't really count.

One step closer and the manager smiled then quickly switched on the scowl. "My office now!" Kermit pointed in the direction of the back.

Xander tried to ignore the sound of both the bartender and the Manager sucking air through their noses as he passed.

He did, however cringe when the sniff was capped off with an "Ahhhhhhh"

Xander found himself in a small functional room. No color, no decoration. This was a room for strictly business.

Mr. Kermit entered, waved in the direction of a chair and closed the door. "So, you want a job. What employee did you say would vouch for you?"

Xander squirmed nervously "Ah, Spike, I mean William, the Black Tr., um Black Jack dealer."

Kermit leaned back against his desk. "Willlllliam" His eyes rolled back in his head and he moaned loudly. Rubbing his hand down the front of his pants, Xander could clearly see the outline of TWO large erections starting to grow. Grabbing and adjusting first one then the other, the manager quickly recovered and continued as if nothing had happened.

Xander didn't find any of that unusual, as Spike generally caused the same reaction in him.

"Yes, of course, as a vampire, I can see what he finds attractive about you. You do realize this is a demon bar. You have any experience with demons?"

Xander beamed "Hellmouth born and raised."

"Excellent reference!. You're hired!" Kermit tipped back in his chair, lit a cigar, and continued. "We are very elite here and certain things are expected of our employees. You will have to be waxed for the uniform."

Xander gave that some thought. He wasn't sure what that meant or what was involved, but hell, how bad could it be. "O.k." he nodded.

"Next, you will be expected to closely follow the written script. Can you read and memorize lines?"

Shit, he wasn't expecting a test. "Absolutely!"

Mr. Kermit handed Xander a sheet of paper which Xander studied for several minutes. Finally looking up at the manager Xander put on his biggest smile and shouted "Like a beer?"

"Holy Shit!" Kermit jumped up from his chair "You're a natural!"

Xander was thrilled. Only one thing slightly bothered him. "I'll do my best, but to be honest I don't think I could smile as big as Binky the bartender."

Kermit waved his hand dismissively. "Don't worry about him. That's a bicuspid demon. Only thing you have to watch with him is if you see the extra sets of teeth in his mouth, he's just about to eat you. Other than that he's a very competent employee. Now if we are all done here, I am going to send you down the hall to be waxed. They will also give you a uniform and I will expect you back here to work at 8 P.M. tonight."

"O.k. sure, That gives me time to go home and shower and...."

"NO!! I mean no need, my boy. The customers will love you just the way you are."

Xander shook the manager's hand and started for the door. Pausing as he grabbed the knob, he turned, gave his best smile and asked "Like a beer?"

"Brilliant!" Mr. Kermit had hired a genius.

The rest of the morning was a nightmare of pain and humiliation. In all the demon torture books he had seen in Mr. Giles library he didn't remember any that described the horrendous practice of hair waxing.

He also didn't understand why the spanking he received was part of the uniform fitting, but what the hell. At this point he was just trying to keep his focus on the goal.

It was a mantra he repeated over and over in his head. A form of meditation that got him through the worst of the day.

'HMMMM Spike's cock, my ass. HMMMM Spikes cock, my ass.'

At last he was done. All the necessary papers had been signed. The uniform tightly fitted, and his entire body stripped of all hair and at least one layer of skin. Thinking all pain was behind him, Xander attempted to redress in his own clothes.

The rough feel of the denim and cotton against his still raw skin felt like fire. All he wanted to do was get back to Spike's and get out of these clothes.

One more stop.

Xander whipped into a used car lot as near to Spike's apartment building as possible. He held a quick conversation with the unsavory used car dealer and knew instantly he was going to be screwed out of a fair price.

"Sorry" The dealer did his best to look disinterested in the amazing red sports car. "Car's used. Can't offer any more than that." Xander looked at the offered price the car slug had written on the note pad.

Time for drastic measures. Casually Xander stepped in closer. He knew instantly when the salesman caught a whiff of him. The offer doubled. Xander accepted and walked away counting his money.

He was tired from lack of sleep, in pain from the body stripping and spanking, and his arms and back ached from carrying the bags from the car dealer. All he wanted now was a nap before he had to report for work.

Banging on the door, Xander shouted "Open up Spike, it's me."

Jerking the door open, Spike was slammed in the face with the smell of at least three pussies and a couple of cocks.

Stunned, he fell back against the open door as Xander breezed by.

"I'm gonna need a spare key, Buddy." Xander sailed into the bedroom.

Part Twelve

Without realizing it, Spike had slipped into his demon face and was growling at the mental picture of the wild orgies that were forming in his brain.

"Where the hell have you been, and why do you smell like a whore house!?" Spike demanded, rushing ahead and blocking the doorway.

Tapping Spike on the wrinkled snarling forehead Xander calmly walked past him and into the bedroom. "Tut, tut, my friend. You know that what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas."

"We're still in Vegas, you moron. Now I want to know whose juices you apparently have been bathing in."

"Calm down, Spike. It isn't what you think." Xander grabbed the hem of his stained t-shirt and started to pull it over his head.

Spike had cooled himself and forced his human face back to the front. Possibly he had jumped to conclusions. After all Xander had only been gone a few hours.

Just then the shirt came off and Spike caught sight of the pink, raw, hairless skin. Arms, chest, stomach, lower for Gods sake.

BAM!

In a move so fast it threatened to cause whiplash, the demon face was back. "What the fuck?"

Xander looked down at himself.

He really hadn't wanted Spike to find out about the job until it was too late to stop him.

"Oops! Been a long morning, Spike. I need a wash up. We can talk later." Xander grabbed the shirt and took off for the bathroom. Fuck what Mr. Kermit said, Xander needed a shower. Hustling into the bathroom, he grabbed a towel, turned on the water and dropped his pants.

Spike was hot on his heels. This was a conversation he didn't want Xander wiggling out of.

"I want some fucking answers now!" Spike kicked the door open and charged in. Catching sight of Xander just as he jumped into the water, Spike caught the distinct outline of hand prints on HIS Xander's ass. HOLY SHIT! He had been spanked!

Taking a deep unnecessary breath, Spike knew this was a make or break point in his plans. If he didn't get a grip on his emotions he would do something incredibly stupid and scare Xander off. Stomping off to the kitchen he grabbed another pack of blood, a pint of Jack and his trusty cigarettes.

'Get hold of yourself, Spike. Take a look at the big picture. Sure, the boy smells like six different kinds of come, but to think of it I didn't smell Xander come, so either he didn't shoot his wad or someone caught every drop - ACK. The boy was spanked for Christ sake!'

His brain was spinning in its grave.

'O.k. let's go at this from another angle. He had a good time. So what. Not going to happen again is it? I can see to that. Boy does not need to have a good time till I'm ready to give him one. Just going to have to keep a closer eye on him till I bring him around to my way of thinking'

Well, now that was a decision he could live with. The past was past. He would just go in there and inform Xander that Spike was the bigger person in all of this and he was willing to forgive him. Hopefully Xander would not question why he was being forgiven.

Spike entered the bedroom and was stopped in his tracks. There in his bed was Xander. All curled up, tucked in and sound asleep. He had the face of an angel and snored like a truck driver. Spike was struck by how sweet that was.

Quietly he closed the door and backed out.

Returning to the living room he spotted Xan's suitcases sitting by the door. *'Curiosity killed the cat,'* he thought, but thank God he was already dead. Anyway it was just expected of a vampire. He popped the locks.

Tumbling out onto the floor was four bottles of lube, all different flavors, several packs of batteries, six varied sizes of butt plugs and the king of all anal vibrators, The Purple Pirate.

'Huh' Spike scratched his head. 'Wonder where he found one of those. I have looked everywhere for the Purple Pirate. Well this is just the last straw.' He was fuming. 'If he thinks this thing is going up anyone's ass but his own, or maybe mine, he has another thing coming.'

Stuffing it all back in, Spike made a decision. Enough pussy footing around.

Scratch that.

No more dicking around.

'I have been a patient vampire. Tonight I stake my claim. Xander will be mine!'

Xander stretched and yawned. He felt fantastic. The nap had done him a world of good, and his plan was right on track.

He would stay right under Spike's nose until he had no other choice but to fuck him.

Funny thing was, it's more than that, Xander admitted to himself. He really liked Spike. He had missed him terribly and everything felt better since coming here. He really wanted this to work. He really wanted Spike to want him.

Checking the clock he knew he had to get up and moving if he was going to make it to work on time. Padding barefoot to the kitchen, he found a note on the counter.

Xan,

Left early for work. Help yourself to anything in the frig.

Do not go out!

See you when I get home,

Spike



Xander kissed the note and folded it neatly. Whistling, he returned to the bedroom to dress. Taking advantage of the fact that he was alone in the apartment, Xander grabbed the suitcases he had left in the living room. Luckily he had thought to hide his new purchases in one of the smaller ones. There was no way he was ready to explain all this to Spike.

He took it all into the bedroom and hid his prizes in the bottom drawer of the night stand. Nice and handy. Just in case.

Noticing Spike had a computer in the corner of his bedroom, Xander also thought this would be an excellent time to drop Willow an e-mail. He really did miss her, and knew she carried her laptop with her everywhere she went. Still it wasn't like the old days. She had moved on and now, thank God, he was too.

Spike arrived at work. Removing the cover shirt he wore on the street, he hung it in his locker. Rubbing a little oil on his chest, and he was ready to go.

He needed this familiarity to calm himself and get grounded. Relaxing, he rolled his head from side to side. He flexed his muscles and took a few moments to admire himself. He had let the whole situation get out of hand. He was in charge of this plan. Xander would fall in line. Period.

With a clap and a wave of his hands, Spike took his position and plastered the required smile on his face. Three hands later and the routine of the evening was falling into place.

"Like a Beer?"

Spike looked up and thank God he no longer had a working digestive system or he would have shit himself on the spot.

Part Thirteen

Xander had arrived for work right on time and slipped in to the employee dressing room. He knew Spike would already be on the table as he preferred to dress at home. Starting a new job had stopped making Xander nervous years ago.

He had way too much experience.

Besides, he had been practicing his line all afternoon and felt he had it down pat. "LIKE a beer? Like A beer?" Like a BEER?" Yeah, he was ready.

Just as he was putting the finishing touch of oil on his smooth, surprisingly erotic, hairless body, Mr. Kermit rushed in to welcome him personally. "Xander, my boy!" Xander was scooped up and thoroughly sniffed.

Dropping him like a hot potato, Kermit stepped back. "You showered."

Xander continued to tie his shoes. "Yeah, it was getting a little too ripe."

"Yes, I understand." Kermit nodded seriously. "Sometimes you just get so many layers of spunk on yourself you must scrape one or two off. Happens to the best of us"

Xander wrinkled his nose, but made no reply.

"No problem. The customers, they will love you anyway. Not too often do they get access to a real human."

The wording of that struck Xander as odd, but not really concerning, so feeling he was ready, he adjusted his bow tie and prepared to enter the casino floor.

"Any last minute instructions for me?"

Mr. Kermit stood back and openly admired the young man in front of him. "Sure, yes, just remember, the customers can touch, tip and sniff. It is probably wise, though, not to let them nibble. Some have poor control skills."

That seemed reasonable to Xander. "Anything else?"

"Well, we do cater to a large contingence of frottage demons. Our only rule with them is that if they do a full body bump and roll around you, and then come in their pants within three minutes, we ask that they tip you. Only seems fair."

'Damn,' Xander could have just kicked himself for leaving the apartment without his watch.

With all bases covered, it was time. Xander strutted confidently to the door. Turning around at the last minute he blasted a high beam smile and with his most animated jazz hands announced

proudly "Like a beer?!"

He was gone before noticing Mr. Kermit grab both his cocks and do a double come in his pants.

I can't wait to see Spike's face when he sees me in this outfit. Just knowing I'm going to be all up under his dead nose every night will drive him batty. Hee Hee batty. Xander was giddy with anticipation.

After stopping by the bar for a sniff and a tray from the bartender, Xander headed toward the center of the floor. Creeping up behind Spike he let one rip. "Like a beer?"

The response was everything he had hoped for. The hand of cards Spike was dealing flew into the air. Seeing that the dealer was obviously distracted, several of the players scrambled for the aces and face cards. Others attempted to snatch chips.

Just as quickly, Spike recovered and snapped back around in demon face. "Hey!" he snarled.

Sheepishly they all smiled and replaced what they had taken.

Looking back at Xander, all he said was "We'll talk later."

The rest of the evening went surprisingly well. Xander found he really liked this job. He handed out beers faster than condoms in a high school locker room, and the tips just rolled in.

Around midnight a frottage demon did indeed do a rub an roll. Luckily he was aware of the rule and as soon as he released Xander's body he whipped out a stop watch.

Clicking the button on the top, Xander and the demon both waited.

Two minutes, thirty seconds and the eruption in his pants could be seen from across the room. Xander smiled and held out his hand. The demon giggled and counted out the bills.

Nervously, Spike had been closely watching the entire evening unfold, and he was not happy. Xander was exactly the type of toy these demons like to play with. Ordinarily that wouldn't bother him, he knew that physically Xander was safe.

Neither Spike or Mr. Kermit would allow anything to happen to him. No, that wasn't what had Spike concerned.

It was the amount of money Xander was earning. The tips were adding up rapidly. At this rate Xander would have enough money to repay the debt in just a few nights work.

Apparently the same realization struck Xander and in unison they looked at each other and requested "Take a break?"

It took five more minutes before Xander was able to get free and by the time he hustled out the back door Spike had already lit up and smoked half a cigarette. Attempting to look disinterested, he tipped up his head, "So got you a job, huh?"

"Yeah, thought I could earn some money, you know what with being broke and all. Still nowhere near close enough to being able to pay you off, though, so if you're even thinking of trying to get rid of me just forget it Buddy."

"Bloody right you're not leaving. Owe me a bunch, you do. More every day. What with food and shelter and hot water. Take long enough showers to cause all that pink skin to pucker like your grandma's ass, you do"

"Damn right, you evil fiend! And don't you even think about trying to throw me out or I swear you never will see any of that money! When did you see my grandma's ass?"

Mumbling as he ground out his cigarette butt, Spike cringed at the memory. "Might have walked in on her when she was visiting at your place. Thought it was you in the shower. Pulled back the curtain and....."

Spike and Xander both shuddered violently.

Xander cheered considerably, "Well, now that that's settled, I suggest we get back to work."

Holding the door open to allow Xander to pass through first, Spike bowed at the waist and with a sweep of his hand smiled. "After you, Roomy."

Part Fourteen

Morning came quickly.

The evening had been a blur of beer, gropes, and tips, most of which were shoved roughly down his spandex pants.

Which wasn't bad till they let go of the pants just to watch them snap back against his cock like a giant rubber band.

He may have to look into a cup.

The real money came from the frottage demons. They were definitely a wham bam thank you Xan.

It was all great,
but the amount of cash he had at the end of the night was almost troublesome.

Back in the dressing room, Xander stuffed most of it into a paper bag and left it secured in his locker. He cringed at the amount, and didn't want Spike to see. Just as he was attaching on the lock, Spike entered to room.

"So, how did it go tonight? Seemed like you were really raking in the dough."

"Yeah, it did look like it didn't it? But you know how cheap most of those demons are - no offense. No, I really didn't make that much. At this rate I don't know when I'll be able to pay you back"

Spike gave a long suffering sigh and a barely suppressed grin. "Now I suppose you're hungry and I'm going to have to take you home and feed you."

"Thanks, Buddy. I'm hungry enough to eat the asshole out of a skunk." Throwing his arm around Spike's shoulder they headed for the exit. "Just put it on my tab."

"You can count on it, Xan. You can count on it."

Arriving back at the apartment Xander had already started to think of as home, he kicked off his shoes and headed for the kitchen. "How about I fix some breakfast. Eggs maybe? I'll throw a little blood in yours."

Spike had gone straight to the bedroom to change. It warmed his dead heart hearing Xander putter around in a kitchen

Spike already thought of as theirs. "Sounds great, Pet. Some A+ would really hit the spot."

Doing some quick calculations in his head Spike knew a human as scrumptious as his Xan would easily rake in enough money to pay off his debt in no time. It was definitely time to kick up the heat. Besides, the thought of Xander using those wonderful toys with anyone else just set his teeth on edge.

'O.k.' he thought, *'It's Showtime.'*

Stripping down buck naked, Spike sauntered casually into the kitchen. Xander had his back to him and was humming happily as he whipped the eggs. Pouring the blood in half the mixture slowly, Xander turned, "So how much blood do you usually ...!!!!"

Walking over and pressing his side to Xander's side, Spike leaned down sniffing the bowl. "Looks about right." Then running his gaze slowly up Xander's body, looked him in the eye and added "Maybe you could give me more. You know how much I need it." With that he dipped his finger in the bowl and licked and sucked it off noisily.

'HOLY FUCK!' Xander coughed loudly to cover the gasp that wanted to escape. 'How the hell can Spike do that shit and not realize what effect he has on people?' Struggling to regain his composure, Xander frantically whipped the eggs. Turning back around quickly to the stove in an attempt to conceal his growing erection, he poured the mixture into the skillet. 'Calm the fuck down. Now think! The amazing heavy hooded cock that you have been dreaming about is presently swinging sweetly between those soft hairless thighs and standing right behind you. Act cool. Don't stare!'

Casually Xander dropped the spatula he was using on the floor. "Oops," he laughed nervously "Clumsy me"

Turning and stepping forward he bent quickly and came face to face with.....*'o.k. it is no longer swinging. It is now standing straight.....Oh look. When it gets really hard the head peeks out of..'*

"Help you with something there Xander?"

"Nope I got it" Triumphantly Xander waved the spatula in the air, and returned to the task at hand.

Finally pride and relief combined as the eggs were cooked and dished up.

"You, ah, usually walk around like that?" Xander waved his hand up and down Spike's body pausing his hand and wiggling his fingers in the direction of the pink and proud.

Spike glanced down and back up. "My place innit? It's what I do. If it bothers you I guess I could pants up or somethin'."

Xander threw both hands up and turned his attention back to the plate in front of him. "No, no. This is your party. I'm just passing through."

Breakfast was strained, Xander tried his best to look without looking and Spike did all he could to keep his bold and beautiful clearly aimed in Xander's line of vision. Encouraged, Spike could see that Xander was intrigued. That didn't mean he was ready for an all out bugging, but hey, it was a first step.

Spike yawned and stretched. Standing, he scratched his bare butt cheek and headed for the bedroom. "I'm done. All tired out. See you later." Xander watched him go. 'Stupid, stupid, stupid!'

If Xander had been more flexible he would have kicked himself in the ass. *'Now he knows you want him. You idiot'* And the worst part was the with all the ducking and dodging, he still didn't get a really close look at it.

Something that Xander found he was quickly becoming obsessed with. He felt that if he could just get a really good look he would be satisfied. At least for now.

Xander paced around the living room. Watching the bedroom door, it was just killing him that Spike was right in there.

Probably sleeping naked.

On his back.

With the sheet pulled down.

With his legs open.

AHHHHHH

A plan. That's what he needed. A way to get a close up examination of the goods, so to speak. Checking the clock, Xander saw that it had been about twenty minutes since Spike went to bed. Knowing from past experience that it only takes the vampire about five minutes to conk out, he figured Spike must, by now, be dead to the world.

Pardon the pun.

'Just a quick peek', he thought. *'If that goes o.k., then maybe a little longer. Just play it by ear.'* Easing the bedroom door open, Xander poked his head in. "Spike?" he whispered. No answer. Stepping inside the door, he tried again. "You awake, old buddy?" Nothing.

Creeping towards the bed, Xander saw that he was absolutely right. Spike was indeed on his back, stark naked, legs spread, and sheet down. *'Can I call it or what?'* Feeling bolder, Xander slithered right up next to the bed. *'One final test'* he told himself. "Spikey, old man. You in there?"

Wow, if he hadn't known Spike was a vampire, he would have thought he was dead for real. No breathing, no moving, no nothing. *'O.k., Xanman, this is your chance. Get a really good look and get it out of your system.'* Bending at the waist, Xander tried to take it all in. Visually at least.

'Damn! It's too fuckin' dark in here' Frustrated, Xander tried getting closer, but it didn't help. He tried squinting, and leaning to see it from different angles. Nothing worked.

Glancing around the bedroom, Xander knew he was going to need a flashlight. *'Where the fuck would a vampire keep a flashlight? Shit! Vampire eyesight. Probably doesn't have one.'*

Snapping his fingers, that's when it came to him. The perfect solution. Easing the bottom drawer of the bedstand open Xander extracted the Purple Pirate he had hidden there. Thank God he had remembered to put the batteries in the glow in the dark head.

He hadn't noticed before but when held in your hand it had an almost pulsing motion and combined with the warmth felt almost like a human cock. Fumbling for the top button, he switched off the heating element. No, he wanted it cool.

Lifting it to his lips, he sucked and licked the head to moisten it. Then rubbing the wet pulsing hardness over his nipples, he closed his eyes and pretended it was a cock. A cool, stiff, vampire cock sliding down his chest. Xander bit his lip to keep from moaning.

Gliding it further down he let it tease around his belly button, imagining Spike hovering over him. Lips just inches from his. Moving it down again he lightly pressed the rotating head against the seeping slit of his own cock.

They swirled together in sticky sweetness.

SHIT! That felt good.

Pulling it back, Xander didn't want to come so soon. Giving his anxious cock a rest, he rubbed the vibration down the crease between his thighs and groin, squeezing his legs together to feel the tingle throughout the whole area.

Sucking it again to rewet it, he slid it down and ran it up and down the underside of his sac, pressing gently between the balls. The zing ran both up his cock and down to his hole. It was glorious.

Finally gripping his cock he let his mind run silently with all the things he wanted to say out loud. *'Fuck, yes, Spike! God, I've wanted you so long. You feel so good. Please fuck me, Spike. Fuck me.'*

Stripping his cock harder and faster, Xander pressed his buccaneer buddy to his waiting ass. The feel of it was too much. Thrusting his hips up, his asshole slammed shut and his cock came suddenly, spurting on to his hand and stomach.

His body remained rigid as the after shocks slowly eased. Finally relaxing back down, he peered down at the cooling mess in the hair on the stomach. Flipping off the switch he tucked his new friend under his pillow and wiped himself up with the sheet.

'Well,' He snickered *'The speed of that could have been embarrassing. Better keep practicing several times a day so that when the time comes to walk Spike's plank, my little pirate buddy will have me ready. Arrrrg me matey'*

Snuggling down, Xander slept like the dead.

Late afternoon arrived, and both occupants started to stir. Spike woke first. Stretching and rolling

over, the details of the night before came back to him in full color. Thinking it over, Spike decided it was time to take charge of the Xander situation.

The way he saw it, if Xander was awake last night it was proof that he wanted Spike. If he was asleep he must have been acting out what his subconscious was telling him, which was that he wanted Spike.

The only thing preventing the natural progression of the pleasures of the anus was Xander's hesitation. No problem.

With Spike taking over the plan, things should take off quickly and run smoothly. His past being what it is, Spike had resolved not to declare his feelings first and risk the pain and embarrassment he had so often been slapped with.

As much as he wanted Xander it had to be Xander that came to him. He wasn't, however, adverse to helping him come to the right decision.

Marching, stark naked, into the living room, Spike kicked the end of the couch Xander was just starting to rise from.

Falling back, Xander leaped to his feet, startled. "What the...?"

"I want my money, Xander." Spike crossed his arms and took a very no nonsense stance.

Xander mirrored the stand. "Well obviously I don't have the money. So what are you going to do?"

Temporarily distracted by the heavenly aroma of Xander's last night spend on the sheets, Spike momentarily lost track of his train of thought. Finally, however, it was just that fragrance floating in the air that got him more determined than ever. "I think you're forgetting who you're dealing with. Vampire here Harris. You don't fuck a duck and you don't owe money to a vampire."

"Why the hell would I fuck a...."

"Missing the point Harris!!!" Spike refused to lose control. Taking a deep breath, he painted on one of his best leers. "You're a smart boy, Xander. I'm sure you've read all those nasty vampire books the Watcher used to keep hidden.

Spelled out simply. You owe me. I'm collecting. Until the debt is paid, you are mine. Pet, slave, call it what you want, you're mine."

DEAR SANTA,

FUCK THE BIKE!!
THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK
YOU!!!

YOUR BEST FRIEND,

XANDER

Spike staggered back.

The blast of pheromones in the air was overwhelmingly delicious. *'Oh yes! Let's just see how far we can take this'* Spike paced back and forth in front of the sofa.

"First, there will be rules. You will treat me respectfully. You will serve me whenever and wherever I say."

Xander's cock twitched.

"You will dress and undress me."

Xander's cock lurched.

"You will meet all my demands, REGARDLESS, of what I want you to do."

Xander pressed his joined fists roughly against his swollen cock and came silently in his sleep pants.

Seeing the body flush and smelling the increase in semen in the room, Spike smirked, turned and went back to his room to dress.

Xander did a quick version of the snoopy dance and barely controlled his need to giggle. His brain was bubbling and boiling with the fantasies of all the horrible, degrading, evil things that the vampire could do to him. Beyond his control, the giggle popped out.

'O.k., Xander. Get a grip. Don't be too obvious. He probably just wants his blood warmed and his socks washed. All I need to do is switch that to his cock warmed in my ass, and his asshole washed by my tongue.' Slapping his hand over his mouth, the giggle reappeared.

Just as Xander felt he was regaining some small amount of control, Spike stuck one hand out the bedroom door and snapped his fingers. "Shower time pet. Need the water heated and my body sponge soaped"

Xander roughly slapped himself across the face to make sure he wasn't really sleep walking after all.

Part Sixteen

"Let's go, Harris! Chop Chop. Time to get movin' Don't fancy being late for work. Cards to shuffle, chips to count and such."

Xander scrambled into the bathroom. Not sure exactly what to expect, he was surprised none the less, to find Spike sitting, stark naked, legs crossed, on the closed toilet seat, filing his fingernails.

Pointing casually at the shower he tossed instructions without looking up. "Start the water and let me know when it's good and hot. Also, my favorite sponge is hanging on a hook. Do be a good little pet and get it all soapy for me."

Clearly this was not to be the x-rated shower fantasy Xander had playing a loop through his brain. "Uh, sure thing, Master." Unfortunately, the sarcasm of the last word was lost on Spike, who only caught the title and not the tone.

His cock twitched.

Still, he refused to look up. Spike was determined that when he finally let his cock pack it's little overnight bag and rent a room in Xander's ass, it would be because Xander himself had asked.

He would not make the first move.

He would not beg.

All Spike had to do was encourage him to see the light.

Xander scurried about foaming the sponge and periodically testing the water till it was good and steamy. Finally, all was ready. Carefully schooling his expression to conceal the happy grin that threatened to explode, Xander began to disrobe.

"Ahem. Pardon, pet, but what do you think you are doing?"

"Well, I don't intend to take a shower with my clothes on."

"Xander, Love, you are not going to take a shower at all." Spike casually pushed by him and stepped into the water.

Letting out a long happy sigh, he stood under the spray and let the water cascade all down his body. Xander, on the other hand, stood, half dressed, watching.

"What..?" Xander sputtered, jerking the curtain back

"Oi! Letting all the heat out!" Spike snatched the shower curtain back into place.

Watching Spike's outline as he shampooed his hair and lathered his body with the very sponge that Xander himself had so carefully soaped, he tapped his foot as he waited impatiently for an explanation.

He watched as Spike rinsed his hair, and he waited. He watched as Spike rinsed his body, and still he waited. Xander was beginning to remember why he always thought Spike was such a pain in the ass, long before he wanted Spike to be a pain in his ass.

"Look, Spike..."

"Hold that thought, pet. Go fetch me a towel. Believe I'll have a pleasant little wank then be ready for you to dry me off. Quickly, Pet, Quickly."

Xander could mentally hear Spike snapping his fingers.

'Fetch a towel? What fuckin' nerve..... A WANK? Doesn't that mean....?' With the speed of a rumrunner heading south, Xander was back in four seconds with the towel.

Apparently four seconds was enough.

Through the curtain, Xander could clearly see Spike's outline as he slowly, slickly, lovingly, massaged a perfect, proud, protruding prick.

Xander's jaw and the towel both hit the floor at the same time. His fingers twitched and itched to reach out and touch something. Spike's hand sped up and he started making the most erotic low growly sound deep in his chest. Xander's body swayed forward. Desperately he held himself back.

He wanted Spike so badly he thought he would faint from need, but he also needed to know he

would not be rejected.

His past love life left a lot to be desired, and as much as he wanted Spike, he would not make the first move. He would not beg.

Carefully, Xander peeled back the elastic waist band of his sleep pants. It was still dry and crusty and stuck to his belly hair from his earlier conversation in the livingroom. He had really been looking forward to that shower.

Peeking down, he could see that apparently Bubba was also ready for a romp in the water. Ordinarily this could be an awkward situation if it weren't for the fact that Spike was slapping away just a couple of feet and a thin sheet of plastic in front of him.

Xander shrugged and took a choke hold on Bubba. Watching Spike, he could see him standing with one hand on the shower wall. His head was down and it sent a thrill down Xander's stomach to his balls knowing Spike was watching himself as he stroked.

Xander could hear Spike growl and grunt. It looked almost painful the way he was pulling and squeezing himself. Xander wished it was his cock that Spike was punishing.

Xander tried to imagine standing, bent over, with Spike pressed against his back as that thick cock pounded into his ass.

Just as he thought he could take no more, he saw Spike stiffen and heard him whisper "Xander" as he spurted down the drain.

Pressing his cock against his body, Xander came seconds after. Swaying with blissful aftershocks, Xander smiled sleepily.

Slamming back the curtain, the sight that Spike faced caught his unneeded breath. Xander stood there, deflating cock in his sticky hand. Hair mussed and face and body flushed a perfect pink. Xander looked up with half hooded eyes

"You called my name."

"Sure did, Pet. Was wondering where you were with the towel." Stepping out, Spike reached down snatched up the fallen towel and proceeded on to the bedroom.

"By the way, Harris. You can wash your hands and wipe yourself up with a damp cloth, but no shower. Now, hurry up and dress. Our shift starts at the Starfish in thirty minutes. Time enough to grab a sandwich if you hurry."

Tossing his used towel to Xander he watched as Xander stomped, cussed and dried himself with it.

This was NOT what he had in mind.

This was degrading.

This was restrictive.

He felt owned.

He felt.....

Xander may often be accused of being slow off the mark, but he did eventually catch up. He stopped drying. His eyebrows shot up and his very best "Like a beer" smile spread across his face.

Possessive Spike.

Submissive Xander.

YES! This was headed in the right direction after all.

Now that Spike had taken Xander on as a pet he had no intention of letting anyone or anything get their mitts on him.

By using Spike's towel, Xander now smelled like both of their spunks smeared together.

It was a major announcement to all the demons at the Starfish.

It promised to be a very interesting evening.

Spike had no idea.

Part Seventeen

Traffic had been light and they were well on their way to work. Taking the back streets and avoiding the congested Strip, Xander was glad Spike knew his way around. With his sense of direction, Xander would have been lost. Spike, on the other hand appeared to have a built in vampire GPS.

'Wonder if that sense of direction will help him wind his way around my tushy when the time comes?' Xander squiggled in his seat.

Spike snuck a peek over. It seemed as though Xander would give off waves of arousal at the oddest times. *'Even back in Sunnydale, never could figure what was on that one's mind'*

"So, I've been puzzling on something, Pet. If you drove here and then retrieved your bags from your car, where did you park it? I assume you're still driving that rat trap you bought from your disreputable Uncle Rory."

"Rat trap? Oh, right. Yeah, funny thing." another twitch, followed by much seat squirming, "I drove it here, it broke down, and when I left it parked on the street they must have towed it away. Maybe a car thief stole it. Anyway, it's just gone. Poof." Xander smiled, proud of his quick thinking.

Spike was tickled. That couldn't have worked out better if he had paid someone to steal it. He didn't want Xander having any avenue of escape. Not till he had a chance to show him how good they could be together.

Truth was Spike had been lonely since leaving California. He had spent a lot of long solitary nights thinking of Xander, and now that he was here, he had no intention of letting him go. Loneliness was not good for a vampire.

Looking down at his right hand and flexing his fingers, Spike wondered if it was possible for a vampire to get carpal tunnel. Shrugging, he relaxed back in his seat, one hand on the wheel and darting rapidly through traffic, he tried to sound helpful.

"Well, we could call the police. You know, have a report made and all. Really don't think they would spend much time looking for it, though, piece of shit and such. Car was hardly worth driving. Frankly if they do find it I wouldn't want it parked anywhere near my place. Total embarrassment it is. Can of crap. Bucket of junk....."

"I get the point!!!" Xander wasn't sure why he was so insulted, but damn it, he was. That little red sports car had meant a lot to him and he missed it. It was the first nice thing he ever owned.

Course Spike had never even seen it, and he didn't know that the car he was cracking on had died months ago.

Xander still remembered the day he bought the Miata. The really good looking salesman had winked at him and told him it was a hell of a phallic symbol.

Xander wasn't sure what that meant, but it sounded like something magic. Like something Willow would order at the Magic Shop. "Get me two bat eyes, a cup of powdered ginseng root, and a phallic symbol. We can save the world with this spell!"

Xander smiled. He missed Willow. He also missed the car. Whenever he wondered if selling the

Miata was the right thing to do he focused on why he had done it. And the why was sitting right next to him. Looking sexy and smelling even better. Guess the only thing to do is make sure it wasn't sold in vain.

"So, Master, just how the fuck is this pet shit supposed to work while I am schlepping beers and graciously accepting gropes and tips?" Xander turned sideways in his seat.

It was much better focusing on Spike rather than the scenery that was whizzing by at the speed of light.

Ignoring the blasting horns and waving fingers that followed his path, Spike cut through a parking lot and around a taxi picking up four nuns. Xander blinked. *'Wow, I didn't even know nuns knew words like that'*

Spike never took his eyes off the road. "Simple. I am a master vampire, and you are my pet. As soon as we enter the Starfish, everyone in there will recognize and respect my claim. They will not touch you and they will not speak to you without my permission. You will be allowed to continue working there because it suits me to keep you close, however, things will be different."

Xander glanced up in time to see the casino parking lot approaching rapidly on the left. Before he had the chance to suggest they slow down, Spike slammed on the brakes, spun around as he hit the gravel, and slid to a stop neatly in the first available parking place.

Xander took a minute to thank God he had not shit himself. Considering the fit of the spandex pants, it could have resulted in a very ugly evening.

Spike made no move to exit the car. Xander waited to see why. "Xander, Love, a good pet gets the door for his master."

Xander's eyes glazed over as his brain picked up that train of thought and took off at high speed with it.

'A good pet sucks his master's cock.'

A good pet rolls over on his tummy for his master.'

A good pet spreads his....'

"Xander! Open the damn door!"

In a flash Xander was out, around, and opening the door as Spike stepped royally onto the curb. Pausing as Xander closed the car door, Spike straightened his bow tie, smoothed back two errant hairs on his stiff over gelled head and rearranged his somewhat puffy package into a more comfortable position. "Ready Pet?"

"Yes, Spike. I mean Master Spike. Or is it Master William? Or Master Sirrah? Or "

Spike groaned and left Xander musing on the walk.

Somehow this was not quite how he had envisioned it.

At least he would finally get the respect he deserved from those wanker demons in the Starfish. Reaching the back entrance he waited as Xander ran to catch up and open the door for him.

The inside of the casino was always the same.

Loud.

Slot machine bells ringing, coins clanking as they hit the metal trays.

Lights flashing. Red, blue, white, streaming, promising.

People laughing, shouting as they hit or just missed that one big jackpot. Dealers calling hands, and waiters with the ever present "Like a beer?"

It was all background noise. Sounds that can be tuned out without effort or conscious thought. It was all low on Spike's list of priorities.

Stepping in confidently, Spike was nearly bowled over as he was roughly shoved aside. "Xander! My boy! Now that's the scrumptious treat I hired!" Kermit had rushed out of his office as they passed.

Xander wondered briefly how he could say all that and sniff him at the same time.

Seconds later, feeling a cold nose work up his back, Xander glanced over his shoulder in time to hear Binky, the bartender growl low in Xander's ear "Like a beer?"

Furious, Spike stood back observing what appeared to be a Xanwich.

Part Eighteen

"Hey, Get the fuck off him!" Spike stormed forward and jerked Xander out from between the two hungry, horny, three dicks between them, demons. Rubbing himself, Kermit studied Xander's neck as best as he could from across the room.

"Don't look bit. Did you bite him yet? If he ain't bit he ain't claimed proper like. You gonna bite him? Can I watch. Might be a few dollars in it for you." Kermit was clearly drooling, eyes glazed and twitching.

Xander tried his best to stifle a moan. The whole mental picture slammed him in the gut. The thought of being bit by Spike was something that had only just started to creep into his fantasies. Now it exploded in his brain in full color.

And to do it in front of people? Oh my God! Was that a new kink? And watching Spike get paid for it? Holy Fuck!!

Xander groaned. Temporarily forgotten, all eyes turned his way. Staring pointedly at his crotch Spike demanded "What the hell is your dick hard for?"

Xander knew he had three options. Denial, apology, or diversion. He slapped on his best smile and checked his watch.

"Oh, look at the time. We're going to be late for work. Gotta move that beer."

All three demons watched him leave. Whistling and bouncing like he didn't have a care in the world.

Binky headed to the locker room to change his sticky spandex. Kermit ducked into his office to find his oil and turn the security camera on Xander, and Spike was left standing alone and wondering where it all went so wrong.

'Fuck! Goddamn greenass bastard is right. Need to get him bit.' This was all just getting too confusing.

Spike's demon was screaming for him to just grab Xander, bite him and fuck him into the middle of next week, but his reason side fumbled for a revised plan. Muttering, he reported to his blackjack table, clapped, showed his hands, and relieved the dealer on duty.

Watching Xander all night was slowly becoming hell on earth, and as someone with some real life hell experience, he knew just what that was like. His breaks were taken quickly, chain smoking in the alley, and pacing frantically.

He just knew that by shift change at 4 a.m. Xander would have enough cash to pay his debt and be on his way. What to do. What to do? This was going to take some serious thought.

The evening had certainly started out on an interesting note. Xander wondered if all those years in

shit end jobs could have been avoided by simply writing "does not shower" on the job applications. It appeared to be a hell of a selling point.

If his whole reason for being here wasn't to snare himself a blond vampire, Xander could have gone in the back room a dozen times tonight. None of that interested him. It was not where his heart lay.

Xander was overwhelmed by demons sniffing, ordering beer and stuffing dollars down his pants. This was not good. Time was running out and his hopes and dreams were flushing quickly down the drain.

He easily had enough money tonight alone to repay everything he owed Spike and then some. He needed a plan. A new plan. This was going to take some serious thought.

One hour. Xander checked his watch for the hundredth time tonight and realized time was almost up. It was now or never. Desperately his brain searched for a solution. Looking up, his eyes locked with Spike's and in that unblinking gaze it came to him.

A plan.

No, a fucking brilliant plan.

Spike couldn't tear his eyes away. Staring at Xander, he could see something earth shattering pass over him. Grabbing the pit boss to fill in for him, Spike rushed to Xander's side.

Latching on to his arm he dragged him quickly into the employee locker room. "Xander? Pet? What's wrong?"

This was it. In that quick millisecond, Xander developed, honed and prepared to put his plan into action. Knowing it was now or never, and without further ado, Xander burst into tears.

"Oh my God! Xan, Love, what is it?"

Pitifully trying to regain control of himself, Xander pushed Spike away and hid his face in his hands. "No, No. I can't tell you. I am too ashamed. It's just too horrible to comprehend."

Pausing and peeking through his fingers, Xander didn't have long to wait.

"Whatever it is, you can tell me. You're my pet. You can tell me anything. Please, Xan, what happened?"

Tearfully resigning himself to telling his Master what he had done, Xander sighed and sat down on

the steps.

"I did it for you Spike. I wanted to get the money to pay you back. I just want to be a good pet and make you proud."

Xander looked up and batted his eyelashes over his best puppy dog eyes.

Spike steeled himself for the news. Whatever Xander had done, he could handle it. After all, how bad could it be? "It's alright pet. Tell your Master what you did. I promise I won't get mad."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

"Double promise?"

"I double promise"

"Cross your....."

"Xander! Just fuckin' spit it out!"

Standing up, Xander backed slowly away from Spike and in a voice only a vampire could hear, he confessed. "I went to Mr. Kermit and told him if he would pay you all the money I owe you he could watch while you fuck and bite me."

"WHAT?" Spike staggered backward. He couldn't believe his ears.

It was all being handed to him on a silver platter.

Everything he ever wanted.

And the only catch was, what? That green two cocked idiot got to watch? Well, fuck, he was a vampire. He didn't give a shit if the whole world watched.

"I...You...We..." Taking a deep breath, Spike tried again. "Xander, Pet, why would you do such a thing? Do you realize if we do this, you can't leave? You will belong to me permanently"

"I guess I just didn't think. I'm sorry, but it's too late. I already made the deal. He did promise to stand out of the way where we will never see him while you are doing the dastardly deed. You won't even know he is there."

Xander did his best to look contrite. This was perfect. He would get fucked, bit, and the one thing

he wanted most of all.

He would get Spike. And the best part was he had enough money to make it seem Kermit had actually handed over the payoff. Kermit would never know. And all is right with the world. After examining all angles, Xander could honestly see no errors in his plan.

"I suppose if you refuse I could go see him again. I can't even imagine what he will do to me as punishment. Maybe eat my eyeballs or knit my intestines into a sweater." Xander shrugged. He hung his head, resigned to accept the torture.

'O.k. Spikey this is your moment. Impress the lad with how noble you can be and collect the prize.'
"No, that won't be necessary. I suppose I can see my way clear to do what must be done. Is now too soon? I mean no sense in putting off the inevitable." Spike began removing his pants.

"Wait! Not yet. I need to run home to pick up some...um....items. We can use the back room. Stay here. DON'T LEAVE!" Xander pointed his finger sternly under Spike's nose as he snatched the car keys and ran for the door.

On his way to the back room to simmer in anticipation of the coming (hee hee) event, Spike needed to make just one stop. Slamming one of his Doc Martins against Kermit's office door, Spike stomped toward his desk. Kermit was startled, he had never seen William so angry.

"All right you double dicked Prick! I'll fuck the boy up the ass till he can't walk straight for a week. I'll pump him so full of vamp cum it will run down his legs for an hour, and I'll bite him just as he comes. Then I'll claim him as my own, and you can watch, but don't you ever threaten him again. Do you understand?"

Kermit passed out, and his head hit the desk with an echoing

'THUMP'

Part Nineteen

Xander hit the apartment and flew in like a hurricane. Stripping as he dashed for the shower, he was in and out in five minutes. Still dripping wet, he pulled on a clean pair of jeans and a shirt and dropped to his knees in front of the bed stand.

Frantically rummaging, he selected several butt plugs of various sizes and two bottles of flavored

lube. *'Hmmm. Cherry to start and passion fruit to finish.'* Xander stopped himself as he threatened to giggle hysterically.

Checking his watch he saw that he had been gone almost seventeen minutes. Scrambling quickly up he rushed for the door. Passing by the couch he noticed the purple head of his mutineer friend peeking out from under the cushion. "Maybe next time, buddy."

Startling, full color pictures assaulted his brain. Images of Spike in all his naked glory stalking towards him. That wonderful cock, hard, hooded and wet, bouncing as he moved.

Xander faltered at the front door as the visions overwhelmed him. Looking down at his own very eager pants ferret, he wondered if he had time? Wouldn't take more than a tug or two. *'Nope! Gotta be a good pet and save it for the Master.'*

Xander groaned as the panorama in his brain burst into a wide screen epic. Shaking his head to clear it, he hugged his possessions close to his chest and ran for the car.

Dumping them on the passenger's seat, he turned the key, threw it into gear and squealed the tires in a way that would have made Spike himself envious.

Spike paced and smoked two cigarettes to calm himself after his tirade with his big ass boss, Kermit. It didn't bother him at all that people wanted to watch, in fact it only made his performance a little more polished. Some of his best work was done on stage - so to speak.

No, what pissed him off was that shithead had the nerve to threaten his Xander. Hell, he didn't care about the money.

He had plenty. He was only working here because he was at a crossroads in his unlife. A middle time between here and there.

But now he had a purpose again. A pet to train, and ownership was not something Spike took lightly. There were all sorts of responsibilities that went with pet ownership. It was true that getting one as a young pup was easier, but an older one could still be molded, formed, trained and taught, and he was just the vamp to handle the job.

Spike smiled at the mental images swirling around. Images of how he would have to correct and punish his wayward pet. Smacking him with a cool cock on the nose when he misbehaves.

Bending him over Spike's knee and spanking that pink, firm round bottom when he steps out of line. Tying him to the bed frame and.....

"Where the fuck did he go?" Spike lit up another cigarette. Heading down the hallway, he checked in several of the back rooms. The first two were separated by the central hallway. These rooms

were the largest.

They were also the most disgusting. They were nothing more than square, 15' X 15' areas. There was no furniture save the wooden benches that ran the length of each side.

They were dark, utilizing only the light that streamed in from the ceiling lights in the hallway. These were quicky rooms. Evidence clearly splattered on the floor and walls.

Rooms men came into with each other or with one of the waiters or employees. They were for nothing more than a fast exchange of blowjob or butt fuck for money or pleasure. They were rooms Spike never wanted to think of Xander stepping foot in.

Moving on, he came to the next two. Also opposite each other, they were somewhat better furnished. Resembling a cheap motel room, they each had a bed with stiff suspicious coverings, a bedstand for supplies, and a toilet and sink in the corner. They were functional.

A bit more than a quick fuck, but still lacking in that personal, emotional, component that this night cried out for.

Not that Spike cared for himself. Vampire here.

Fuck and a fight was all he needed to get off, but these humans were a breed apart. Wanted coddling. Needed to be touched and talked to first. All things that Spike was more than willing to engage in.

Not for himself, of course.

Only for Xander.

No, this still would not do. Looking on down towards the end of the hall, he knew all that was left was the offices.

A huge grin that quickly slid down to a leer, Spike knew just where to go. Striding forward, he came to a room that was used as an outer office. A den of sorts before you entered the area of Kermit's own space.

It was a small cozy room that had filing cabinets, and a small desk against one wall and most importantly, a rich, plush, double sized, maroon leather couch. The floor was thick with heavy wool carpet. Carpet that would cushion bare feet, knees or a naked ass.

Besides, it seemed somewhat judicious that Spike and his pet would leave enough of a mess that Kermit would no doubt have to shitcan that sofa and, with luck, maybe the carpet too.

Decision made. Preparations to be completed.

Sticking his head in the outer office, Spike acted as though still pissed off, he had come back to chew on Kermit for a second time. "Kermit!"

No sign of the demon. Trying again, somewhat easier "Kermit?"

Still nowhere around, Spike had satisfied himself that the boss had gone home. Perfect.

By the time tomorrow when Kermit demanded a date and time for the claiming, he could parade Xander's scar and bowlegged walk. Proving it was too late.

Personally he would have enjoyed the thrill of the applause and cheers of the audience, but Xander was tetchy about it so, maybe later. This time was all about getting the deed done. Make it permanent. For good. For keeps.

"Where the fuck was he?"

Flying through traffic, Xander passed the Catholic church and swerved around the same gaggle of nuns headed for morning prayer. *'Gee, you'd think if they can't do it, they wouldn't be so quick to yell it.'*

Cheerfully he waved out the window at them and sped on. Hitting the gravel of the parking lot, Xander copied Spike's move, spinning sideways and sliding to a stop just missing Kermit's Cadillac by inches.

Snatching up his equipment and pressing it tight to his body, Xander kicked the cardoor closed and ran for the building's back door. Bypassing the hallway to the casino, Xander was looking for a different type of action.

"Spike?" Xander tried to keep his voice low. Loud enough for a vampire to hear, but not a - whatever the hell kind of demon Kermit was.

"In here, Love." Xander followed the sound of Spike's voice to the inner sanctum of the main offices.

Realizing where they were, Xander was delighted. He knew by schedule, Kermit would be working the casino floor for at least two more hours. No chance would they be interrupted. Spike, too, was confident of their privacy, believing Kermit had already left, taking the night off.

The time of magic had arrived.

Part Twenty

Spike had clearly spent some time preparing the room. All Kermit's papers from his desk had been thrown to the floor and kicked to the side. Candles were lit and the lighting dim. Smiling, Xander stood in the doorway and admired Spike's initiative. It was wonderful.

"What'ch got there, Pet?"

Xander had forgotten the arm load of toys he had brought, and looked down embarrassed. "Oh, just something I thought a good pet should bring to his Master."

Spike was thrilled. He was afraid Xander was going to take some coaxing and wheedling. Then he remembered that this was only being done so Xander could repay a debt.

Frowning for only a second, Spike decided it didn't matter why, only that it was done. Besides, he wasn't called Master for nothing. Once he put a royal fuckin' on the boy, he would be too satisfied for regret.

Noticing a quick frown flash across Spike's brow, Xander wondered if Spike would have done this without the threat from Kermit. He knew he should feel guilty for the lie, but he just couldn't. And anyway, when it was all done he would be the best pet Spike could ever want, and neither of them would ever be alone again.

Walking slowly around the perimeter of the room Spike appeared to be looking for something specific. "Well, since Kermit's sick ass isn't in here I guess he is watching from another room, huh?"

Searching his brain for a good lie, Xander decided simplicity was the best. "Yeah, he said to just go ahead. Kinda like he didn't even know we were in here doing anything."

That answer seemed to satisfy Spike, and he stopped looking. "Sure, we just pretend he's already left for the day."

Returning to Xander and the things he was dumping on the couch, Spike immediately recognized them as the ones Xander had hidden in the drawer. Rooting through the pile he was a little disappointed to see the purple pirate not present and accounted for. Oh, well, next time.

"So, Spike, where do we start. You know I've never done this before. I mean I have had sex. Both

alone AND with other people. I just mean I never, you know, with another guy. I never really realized I wanted another guy till I thought about you and I think I'll shut up now." Xander took a deep breath and waited.

Spike cocked his head to the side and just took a minute to study the human in front of him. He had definitely filled out since Sunnydale. Maybe some taller, too. Wonderful dark eyes and very kissable mouth.

Watching the vein in Xander's neck throb with each heartbeat, he wondered if Xander knew that somewhere down the line there would be blood sucking involved in their relationship.

The more time that passed the more nervous Xander became. "Um, Spike? You still with me here? I do something wrong?"

Shaking his head, Spike approached Xander and ran his hands up Xander's chest. Reaching his neck, Spike slid his hands around the back of Xander's head and pulled his face close. "I am definitely here, Pet, and you have done everything absolutely right."

With that Spike closed the gap between them. The kiss started out lightly.

Just testing.

Giving each a chance to evaluate the other on a level they had never shared. Both decided the other was more than acceptable and the kiss deepened. Leaning his head slightly sideways, Xander opened his mouth in invitation. Groaning, Spike slipped his tongue in. He had never tasted anything as sweet and warm as this human.

Xander was so open and despite all he had done in his life, still pure. He wore his emotions and feelings so openly they were all there to be tasted.

No wonder he was a demon magnet.

Xander had never been a big fan of just kissing. Anya wanted to do it all the time, and it was o.k., but it really seemed sort of pointless. Besides, she would open her mouth and then wait for him to dazzle her with his magnificent tongue play. They were usually both very disappointed.

He now understood what tongues were really all about. Spike was doing amazing things with that cool, slick, hungry, Oh God, what else could that tongue do? Xander moaned. A deep aching sound that went straight to both their cocks.

Pulling back for a deep breath, Xander dove in again. This time battling tongue for tongue. Reaching around Spike's hip, Xander pulled him in tight till their cocks bumped against each other.

Hard against harder.

Both men forgetting what fibs they had told to get here.

The ends very certainly justified the means.

Without breaking contact between their cocks, Spike slipped his hand between them and grabbed hold of the tail of Xander's shirt. Xander released the firm butt cheeks he had been clutching and lifted his arms.

Still shirtless from his shift as dealer, Spike closed his eyes as Xander rubbed his warm naked skin against Spike's cool oiled body.

Both men's nipples were stiff from arousal and the cool air of the air conditioned office. Brushing them together caused a wonderful tingle that tickled into their stomachs and balls.

Stepping back, Spike reached down and unbuttoned Xander's jeans. When he got no hesitation, he followed it with a slow unzip, and tugged the jeans over his hips. Gracefully lowering himself to his knees, Spike buried his nose in Xander's groin and inhaled deeply.

He smelled so good. Clean, like sandalwood soap, just slightly covering a deeper scent of male musk and arousal.

Under it all was the pure smell of Xander's own chemistry.

An addictive wonderful smell that Spike wanted to swim and surround himself with. If he and Xander were never together again, the memory of this scent would stay with Spike for the rest of the time he walked this earth.

Sliding his hands into Spike's hair, he cupped around the back of Spike's skull. Holding his head still, Xander spread his legs and jerked his hips forward to press his leaking cock into Spike's face. "Taste me, Spike. Tell me if my cum now will taste as good as my blood later."

Spike moaned. *'Jesus could that boy talk some stuff.'* Composing himself, Spike let his tongue snake out and lick quickly over the head of Xander's cock making it twitch. "Mmmm, sweet as honey."

Spike licked his way up and down the thick shaft until Xander could stand no more teasing.

"Wait, Spike, wait. I'll come too soon." Xander tried to pull away.

"Just the thing, Pet. Make the main event last longer." With that he swallowed Xander's cock down till it hit the back

of Spike's throat.

Sliding back he stabbed his tongue into the slit roughly. Five more tight sucks and Xander doubled over, pumping hot bitter sweet liquid life into Spike's mouth.

Rising to his feet, Spike ripped off the stretched spandex pants he wore and nodded at the oils and toys on the couch. "Where do we start, Love?"

Part Twenty-One

Staring down at everything he had tossed onto the sofa, Xander stammered and sputtered "I don't know. Just looking at it all makes me glad you sucked me off or I would blow before we even got to the good stuff."

Laughing, Spike scooped all the bottles and plugs up and set them neatly in a row on a leather topped magazine rack at the end of the couch. "Lay down, Pet and spread yourself for me. I want to see what I'm getting"

Immediately Xander laid back. Bending his knees and putting his feet flat on the couch, Xander opened himself up. Never taking his eyes off Spike's face, he relaxed considerably when he saw only admiration and affection in the vampire's face.

Kneeling on the floor beside him, Spike ran his hands all over Xander's body. Xander was torn between total relaxation at the feel of the cool hands caressing him and arousal as his recently spent cock struggled to revive. The cock was winning the race.

Pinching and pulling Xander's nipples into peaks with one hand, Spike reached over and picked up a bottle of lube off the table with the other. Pouring a small amount of the oil onto his fingers, Spike waved one of the fingers under Xander's nose then touched his lips.

"Smell that? Taste it, Love. That's cherry. This is the last time we'll use this one. After today it won't suit you."

Xander groaned, opened his mouth and licked the flavored oil off Spike's fingers.

Sitting back on his heels at the side of the sofa, Spike examined the contents of the table. Finally selecting one of the butt plugs, he poured a little of the oil on the end. Both of the men watched as the oil ran down, coating the entire plug.

Spike tilted his head to the side, examining the plastic in his hand. "Not the smallest, but not the biggest. Just a little something to get you used to the feel of having something up there. You and the demon girl ever play like this?"

Unable to find the complex words to say 'no', Xander just shook his head, never taking his eyes off

the plug.

"Push off with your feet, Pet. Lift your hips so I can see your hole." Deciding long ago that Xander had no more time to waste on embarrassment, he did as he was told.

Wetting his fingers thoroughly with the oil, Spike gripped Xander's cock and stroked it to full thickness. Then running his hand down to the soft skin behind the balls, he lightly brushed over the waiting hole.

Despite his need, Xander flinched at the unaccustomed feel. "Shhh. Just relax, Pet. Not going to hurt you. You belong to me now. This belongs to me. Mine to play with whenever I want."

The possessiveness of Spike's word were the right trigger and Xander's opening relaxed. Slipping the tip of his finger inside, Spike made sure Xander was well lubed, inside and out.

Just as he was realizing he enjoyed the strange feeling, the finger was gone. Looking down, Xander watched as Spike rechecked the plug to make sure it was well lubed.

"Relax for me Pet. Lift your legs and hold them back." Xander did as he was told and tried to force his body not to tighten up.

Positioning the round end of the plug, Spike applied a small amount of pressure and the head slipped through. Throwing his head back, Xander tried to block out mental images of it being Spike that was sliding into his body. "Fuck, that might have been a wasted blow job."

Chuckling, Spike got up and laid himself on top of Xander. "Not going to do any more just yet Xan. Get used to the feel then we'll move on."

Running his fingers through Xander's hair, Spike leaned down and kissed him softly. Immediately Xander opened up and deepened the kiss.

Giving the human a chance to take in some oxygen, Spike kissed his face, neck, temple, and nipped his earlobes. He then returned to Xander's mouth and reacquainted himself with the warm wet interior of his pet.

Xander was in heaven. He had never been kissed like this and couldn't get enough. He wanted to climb in Spike's cool mouth and set up camp. A tent maybe. Somewhere he could live, sleep in and maybe figure a way to get a small tv inside.

Feeling how absorbed Xander was, Spike slid his hand down between them and gripped the plug. Working it back and forth with the oil, Spike finally had it all the way in. Breaking the kiss, Xander realized what Spike had done.

"Mmmm. Feels good."

Then Spike tipped it forward and pushed till he found what he was looking for. Xander's eyes popped open wide. "Oh my God! Do that again."

Snickering, Spike complied. Slowly he began moving the plug. In and out, brushing over Xander's hot spot on every other time. Now humping the plug, Xander wondered why no one ever told him about this before.

With both cocks oiled and slippery, Spike laid flat on Xander and began rubbing them together, moving the plug in a rhythm that simulated the fucking Spike had planned for Xander later. Humping back against him frantically, Xander had hold of Spike's hips keeping him close.

"Spike! Please, Spike, I can't hold back."

"Come on ,Xan. Come with me." Pressing himself down hard, Spike jerked and felt the combination of cool and hot semen running together on their bodies.

Carefully, Spike pulled the plug from Xander's anus. Xander was unable to assist, as none of the muscles or brain cells were functioning at the moment.

Finally after a minute's thought, Xander looked over at Spike who was still stretched out on top of him. "You didn't bite me. I thought it wasn't official till you bit me? Aren't you gonna? I mean if you don't want, I can understand, I just thought...."

"Didn't say I was through with you did I? Now be a good little pet and stop bitchin'. Give Spike here a mo and we'll be ready to finish."

"WHAT?"

Trying to sit up, Xander noticed an amazing amount of oil and cum running down the side of Kermit's sofa. Shrugging, he reached for his t-shirt to clean them both up.

"There is no way I'm going to be able to get it up again." Wiping both himself and Spike, Xander dropped the disgusting shirt on the carpet.

Standing up he bent over to pull up his jeans. Smacking him soundly on the bare ass, Spike used his firmest voice. "I said I was not done! Now get those pants off. I want to fuck my pet!"

Xander's totally deflated cock twitched and moved. "Yes sir."

The tone was quiet and humble, but the eyes were thrilled. The pants hit the floor.

"I think some punishment is in order for disobeying your Master, don't you?"

"Hell yeah! I am a bad, bad boy."

Without further ado, Spike grabbed Xander and flipped him over his lap. One, two, three solid smacks on each cheek left wonderful red hand marks.

Both men moaned.

Part Twenty-Two

Rubbing his cool hand over the sting of Xander's sore butt cheeks felt wonderful. Tipping his ass higher like a puppy needing a scratch, Xander wiggled for more.

"Like that, Pet?"

"Yeah, feels good." Xander began slowly humping Spike's lap. His cock trying valiantly to rise, and failing.

One last rubbing circle and Spike came down with a final SMACK. "OW" Xander squirmed, attempting to get up. Rubbing his abused ass, Xander pouted "That hurt."

"Ah, poor pet. Come here and let the Master see."

Turning him around and bending him over so that his hands were on the seat of the now sticky sofa, Spike spread Xander's ass cheeks apart and kneeled down behind him.

"Doesn't look too bad. Maybe I better check." Before Xander could ask, Spike took one deep swipe over Xander's hole with his cool slippery tongue.

"Jesus, fuck!" Xander immediately assumed the position.

Licking and tasting Xander was heaven. The combined flavor of Spike, cherry lube, and Xander's own distinct musk was better than anything he had ever known, dead or alive.

Still rocking back into Spike's face, Xander was surprised to realize he was indeed hard again. Dropping his head, he relaxed and gave all ownership of his body over to Spike.

Snatching up the passion fruit flavor of lube, Spike coated his aching cock without ever removing his tongue.

Finally standing up behind him, Spike reached around and felt the hardness between Xander's legs. "Thought it wouldn't come up again," he chuckled.

"It's hell the things a good pet will do to try to please his master," Xander groaned.

Rubbing his hand on Xander's lower back, Spike lined himself up, "This is it, Pet. Relax yourself, and we'll go slow."

Knowing that between the butt plug and the through rimming, Xander was as ready as he would ever be, Spike started pressing the swollen head in.

It actually took less pressure than Spike had feared and the head popped through the tight ring of muscle.

"Christ. It feels so big" Xander exhaled a breath he didn't realize he was holding. Fighting the urge to ram in, Spike stilled himself.

"So tight Love. Gonna squeeze me so good."

Wanting more, Xander moved his hips back taking another inch or two. After doing this a few more times, Spike was balls to butt cheeks fully in. Slowly he began rocking. On the third pass Spike lifted his foot and rested it on the couch to give himself a higher angle.

"Fuck! Right there! Come on Spike, ride me just like that."

Deeper and harder, Spike picked up the pace. He constantly pounded Xander's prostate causing the ache in his balls to throb almost painfully.

Reaching around with one hand on Xander's chest and the other on Xander's cock, Spike pulled Xander upright and his back flat against Spike's chest.

Knowing he would soon blow his cum deep into Xander's body, he whispered in his ear. "Come for me Pet. Come now." And with that Spike shifted to game face and plunged his teeth deep in Xander's neck.

The erotic shocking pain shot through Xander like a knife and his cock tried it's best to give up just a few more squirts of fluid. Two deep swallows and Spike retracted his teeth. Licking closed the mark, his face returned to human.

Standing unmoving for the next few moments, Xander was finally the first to step forward,

dislodging Spike's cock from his ass. Fearfully, Spike waited to see what Xander's reaction would be when the realization of what they had done hit him.

He didn't have long to wait.

With gross amounts of vampire come running down his legs and pooling into the carpet, Xander pointed at the used t-shirt and grunted. "Clean me up and take me home. I love you, but I swear if you touch my cock or ass once more in the next twenty-four hours I will dust you myself."

Spike cheerfully obliged. Dressing them in whatever usable clothes they had left, Spike poured Xander into the car and drove him home

Exhausted, both men slept through out the entire day, not rising again till the sun had set again. Moving cautiously, Xander felt like he had just gone ten rounds in the ring with Tyson.

Including the sore bite mark.

It was wonderful.

Stretching out he noticed Spike was already up and gone.

"You finally up, Pet?" The bedroom door swung open to reveal a naked, smiling, vampire with a double cup of blood.

"Thought maybe you were going to sleep away the whole day and night."

"Nah, just enjoying the after glow. But if you made some coffee I might be persuaded to get up and join you."

Nodding, Spike headed off for the kitchen and Xander walked, bowlegged, into the shower. One question did stick in his brain, though.

"Hey Spike" He stuck his head out the bathroom door. "Where the fuck did you get the last name of Sirrah?"

"Spell it backwards, Love."

Taking a few minutes and spelling it out in steam on the shower wall and Xander was thrilled.

Standing under the spray of hot water, a small corner of his brain tried to panic, but he knew he had made the right choice, so stuffing all those thoughts into a mental ziploc, Xander sealed them shut and enjoyed his shower.

He had made his decisions.

