

Fandom: BTVS

Pairing: Spike/Xander

Written for  [adventdrabbles](#)

Christmas Drabbles

by

Skargasm

Advent Calendar

Finger tracing over the sealed edges of the cartoon houses, Xander searched for the correct one. HA!! There it was – December 1st. Sliding his fingernail beneath the edge, he flipped it open gently and popped out his treat, sliding it between his lips and beginning to suck slowly. A loud groan dragged his eyes open and he focused on the dishevelled blond lying next to him, hand sliding beneath the sheets and moving sneakily towards Xander's lap.

“Pet, are ya gonna eat all of 'em like that?!”

“Only if it makes **you** react like – ooooooh Spike!”

Snowed In

“WOW!! It looks really pretty but I don't see why we can't go out in it.”

Spike snorted. Poor Xander, still used to the American grand scale of things.

“This is Britain, luv. A foot of snow and we're all told not to travel, schools are closed, blah blah. Used to make it damned hard to get a hot meal, I can tell ya. Although, one winter Dru n'I had an idea for making blood popsicles – the mess she made....”

“Spike?”

“Yeah luv?”

“Please can we just stick with snow – pretty?”

Building a Snow-Vamp

An evening building a snow-vamp might not be the height of sophistication but Spike couldn't remember when he had had more fun. He even liked the jaunty black hat and scarf Xander dressed it in, although he thought using red food dye as blood dripping from it's mouth was a bit much. Turning to Xander, he felt the hefty thud of a snowball hitting his duster. Looking down, first in disbelief and then in disgust at the pile of slush slithering down his body, he scowled. “Xander – what did I tell ya about not using the yellow snow?!”

Mistletoe

Giles sidestepped through the doorway, narrowly avoiding colliding with Spike and Xander who seemed oblivious to the obstruction they were causing.

“Giles!! They're just honouring tradition – what else are they meant to do when under the mistletoe?! And you did invite them for Christmas....” Willow laughed.

“Well I think they look hot.” Daisy was practically drooling as she stared at them, and cleaning his glasses Giles despaired of protecting the youngest slayers' innocence over the holiday season. Although he did wonder...

“Yes, well, I'm all for following tradition. But just who put mistletoe above *every* doorway?”

Egg Nog

“Oh wow, Spike, I just had the most *amazing* dream!! It was you and me, and we were stood in a window kissing, and the sun was setting or rising – I'm not sure which – but we were highlighted by the most glorious colours, and there were huge glittery stars and then everything kinda faded and it was just your eyes staring at me from the sunset – it was just awesome!”

“That's it luv, don't care if it's Christmas or not. I warned the Watcher what you get like! Sorry, but no more eggnog for you!”

Treasure Hunt

“Must you make so much noise?!”

“Not my fault you kept drinking, Pet. Told ya not to sink anymore eggnog but you kept on.....”

“Yeah, yeah, Mother, next time I'll listen. **Who** is that thumping up and down the stairs? Sounds like a herd of satanic elephants.”

Spike smirked, flopping back into bed and ignoring Xander's gasp of pain at the bounce.

“S'nothing luv. I told the Slayers in training I'd hidden their presents round the castle so there's 25 girls thumping around doing a treasure hunt.”

“Thanks so much Spike.”

“Anytime, pet, anytime!”

Fa La La La La, La-La La La.....

Upon arrival Cordelia happily wandered off with Willow, leaving the three in an uncomfortable silence. Spike was extremely agitated, insecurity sharpening his tongue.

“Oi, Peaches, you keep your eyes and hands off my boy – don't go getting any ideas.”

“Spike - “ protested Xander while Angel sighed.

“I have **no** idea what you're talking about.”

“You know damned well what I'm talking about – you've had your eye on him since that hospital thing.....”

“*Angelus* had his eye - “

“You just try it mate, and I'll do more than deck the halls!”

Family at Christmas

Spike's head swivelled back and forth like he was watching a tennis match.

“My money's on the cheerleader.”

“No way – against Buffy?!”

“Luv, Cordelia's **evil** – she ever gets turned and I'm on the next shuttle off this planet!”

“Huh,” Xander replied, pretending to admire the Christmas tree the SiTs were decorating but actually watching Cordelia, Buffy and Angel circle each

other. “Yeah, I'm with you. Can I have some egg nog?? I'm not gonna make it through a whole evening of this without *something!*”

“Get me some while you're at it Pet!”

Christmas Cards

“Who are you writing a Christmas card to?”

“Huh?”

“I already sent one to Clem. Lemme see!”

“Xander.....”

“You're sending *Drusilla* a Christmas card?!”

“OI!! Dru loved Christmas! She'd put up a tree

n'everything. Used to want to put someone on top but to keep 'em upright you had to kinda impale - ”

“Whoa, yeah, I get it. Where do you send her card – like, wouldn't she eat the postman?! Hey, she could get an email address – madvamp@biteme.com!”

“You can be such a jealous little shit.”

“Bite me.”

Silent Night

Thanks to [👤starr_falling](#) for the idea!

Spike shifted uncomfortably, heaving a sigh as he realised it was too quiet for him to sleep. He was used to the noises Xander's body made whilst sleeping. And to being used as a teddy bear/pillow. How had it come to him sleeping on the couch cos

of a bloody Christmas card?! A noise from the doorway made him sit up, ready to talk but Xander beat him to it.

“If I said I was sorry, would you come back to bed?”

“If I said / was sorry, would you make some cocoa to bring with me?”

Prickly Holly

“And what happens if I touch you - *here*?!” Xander smirked as Spike writhed from side to side, moaning. Spike's eyes were flickering from blue to gold and back again, a trickle of blood slip-sliding down his chin from fang-bitten lips.

Carefully, Xander once again spread the holly over his palm and slid it down Spike's belly to graze the

head of his straining cock, holding back his own moan at the uninhibited responses from *his* vampire. He would never be able to look at holly again without getting turned on because this was so damned beautiful to watch....

All I Want For Christmas

“I don't mean to be jealous.” Gripping the curls at the base of Spike's neck, Xander's head arched back and he moaned as Spike grazed his neck with his fangs. “It's just I'm not used to getting what I want.”

“Should be used to it by now, pet. I'm not going anywhere – not now, not ever.” Like a girl in a romance novel, Xander felt like he was drowning in the kiss he and Spike shared, although lack of oxygen was a real danger for him.

“S'good. Cos all I want for Christmas is you!”

Snowball Fight

A night-time snowball fight sounded like fun. Girls versus boys maybe *not* so good an idea. Huddling behind a tree, Xander watched as the SiTs plus Buffy pelted Spike and Angel with snowballs whilst the two vamps tried valiantly not to look as though they were losing. Badly. Cordelia and Willow were giggling on the balcony, and Giles was watching from the safety of his study.

The silence was all the warning he got, and Xander screamed as Spike shoved a giant handful of snow down the back of his neck.

“Didn't want ya to feel left out Pet!”

Jack Frost

“Bloody hell, luv, your hands are freezing!” Spike pulled away from Xander's chilly embrace, yanking off the man's heavy coat and throwing it to the floor.

“S'your fault! You shoved snow down my back”. Shivering, Xander leaned against the bedroom door, watching mesmerised as Spike slithered down onto his knees.

“JESUS CHRIST!!!” Jaw dropping, Xander scrambled onto tiptoes to avoid the freezing cold hands yanking open his trousers and grabbing his cock. Brain in meltdown, he gurgled, “I thought Jack Frost nipped at your nose!” as teeth gently nibbled before he was sucked into wet warmth.

Gifts

“Xander?”

“Yeah Wills?”

“You know the gifts you and Spike brought with you for each other?”

“Yeah?”

“Well – you have realised you'll be opening them in front of everyone, right?!”

“Sure. I found this amazing book of poetry.”

“That sounds lovely, sweetie. But actually, I'm more worried about what *he* might have bought you.”
They looked at each other, then at the presents

under the tree. “Which ones are they?”

“Black and red paper – probably safest to remove them all.”

“Xander?”

“Hmmm?”

“Is that one **buzzing**?!!”

Surprise

“It **buzzed** Spike!”

“You're shite at getting up in the mornings – I thought that would bug you enough to get you outta bed!” Spike smirked. “You and Willow are dirty minded lil bastards – what did ya think was in

there?!”

“NOTHING!! We thought – that's SO not the point! You *would* tell me if there's anything I shouldn't open in front of the SiTs right?? Please?”

For a moment, Spike was silent but he couldn't resist the pout and relented.

“Nah, you're alright Pet. But make sure ya watch the Slayer open hers!”

“I'll make sure Willow has the camera ready!”

Icicle

“DON'T quote Deadboy at me. Just put Spike on the bed and leave.” He stalked from the bathroom carrying towels and a razor, checking the

temperature in the mug of blood on the bedside table. Running the razor over his arm, he dripped blood into the mug before sitting down next to Spike.

“Only *you* could get staked by an icicle, sweetheart” he murmured as he painted his lover's lips with blood and waited for a reaction. Any reaction to quell his fear. “Please - *please* wake up.”

Christmas Past

“Hey babe, remember our first Christmas? We weren't even sure we were friends, let alone lovers, but by the end of Christmas Day I couldn't imagine living without you. And you promised me I wouldn't have to. You **promised** me I wouldn't lose my heart if I gave it to you. Please – don't break that promise.”

“Any change?”

Xander barely looked up from his vampire, a head-shake his response. Spike was in there, could hear him, he knew it. And he was so going to kick Spike's ass for scaring him when he finally woke up. If he woke up.

Christmas Present

“Holy water in an icicle stake – what will these humans come up with next, eh William? Can't offer you much – somehow, don't think saying thank you for saving me will do. I can just hear you now, calling me Peaches, telling me to shut it.”

“But Sire's blood may help – bring you back a little bit sooner. You need to return quickly, William -

your Xander is suffering without you. There are many who love you and need you to come back.....including me.”

No reaction. Laying his forehead onto Spike's, Angel whispered almost silently. “Please – come back to us.”

Christmases Future

“I heard you, luv, heard everything. Heard how much you love me and need me. Always knew you were strong, luv, strong enough to love a demon like me. I remember that first Christmas. Meant every word I said – don't make promises I won't keep. Your heart's safe wiv me, same as mine wiv you. Never letting you go, Xander, not now, not never – stuck with me for eternity. For all the future Christmases to come, I'm wiv ya. You are my

everything.”

Now all he had to do was wake up and say those words aloud.

Blessed Event

Whispers and sighs in his ear. Shifted to his back by gentle hands that stroked, caressed, touched all over, love and need in every gesture. Cool lips taking his, tongue pressing for entry as his body was gently prepared. Familiar stretch and burn – beautiful pain of becoming one when the fear was it would never happen again. Inexorable rise, hoarse cries, straining, yearning, heart thudding, lungs screaming – hard, deep, desperate, *needed*. Scorching release that **only** came with being reclaimed. Blessed exhilaration of fangs striking

deep. Panting, clinging, crying - sweet, possessive growling that could only be “Spike...!”

Blessing

“I know you're not interested in receiving our blessing. See, we thought he was avoiding a real relationship, was scared of losing someone so chose a vampire despite how he feels about them. But seeing him this week – watching him suffer, God, it was the absolute worst. I swore to myself, if – when you got better – I would say this. So here it is – and just once. You and he are perfect together. You make him happy. And you're family. Spike? Spike? Oh man, Willow he fell asleep – do I have to say it again?!”

Guess Who Got Stuck In The Chimney?!

“Climb down the chimney, he says. It'll make everyone think it's Santa, he says. The SiTs are missing their families and this will make their day, he says. Spike was going to do it but since he took that icicle meant for you he can't, he says.

Does he mention the fact that this friggin' castle has ten chimneys? Oh no, why would he mention that. Make things too easy. And what this soot is going to do to my Armani suit? Why he couldn't give me time to get changed into -

SPIKE! XANDER!! You **better** not light that fireplace!”

What Spike REALLY Got the Scoobies for Christmas!

Sitting back against Xander, Spike smiled happily. Oh yeah, he knew how to make everyone's Christmas all right. He was pretty much healed from the little incident with the Holy water stake – thanks in no small amount to the blood his Sire had given him and the devoted care of his lover. And Christmas Day was turning out to be an absolute corker!!

The Cheerleader was sat opposite him on one of the comfy leather sofas, Angel curled up at her feet. His Christmas present to her had made her blush but judging by her scent, made her very very happy. The Vampire's Kama Sutra, complete with illustrations, might seem like a dangerous gift to give to Queen C, but Spike knew that beneath the uber-bitch exterior, Cordelia was a little bit shy, *very* inexperienced, and scared of not measuring up to 240 years worth of lovers!! How she couldn't see that 'Gelus was completely arse over tit for her was beyond him, but Xander had revealed that Cordelia never really expected people to love her just for herself. Sourcing it had cost him a pretty penny, but it was worth every one for the look on her face

when she opened it, went bright red, then settled down to read. Angel's face – well, brick red was a good colour on the poof, and the pat on the back he'd given Spike that had practically sent him face-first into the wall certainly conveyed his gratitude.

His real gift to his Sire arrived shortly after sunset. The banging on the front door when the SiTs had just gone to bed sent Willow hurrying to answer it, and the high pitched squeal had hurt his ears. Wood and Faith walked in like they owned the place, and Spike hadn't been able to stop the grin that crossed his face. The Dark Slayer (as he called her in his head) was his kinda woman – they had bonded in a basement whilst facing the First – and he completely understood his Sire's attachment to her. Angel had been holding back tears at being reunited with his 'family' after losing so many of them over the years and it was almost worth putting up with that complete arsehole Robin for the happiness on Faith's face when the poof picked her up and gave her a huge hug.

The Watcher was grateful for his gift too. The public

gift – journals Spike had kept over the years that would help fill the gaps in the Watcher's Council Library – had been special enough. The man's glasses had almost broken with the strength of the polishing he gave them, and it took him a good ten minutes to stutter out his thanks. Of course, the stuttering might have had something to do with the private gift Spike had given him. All well and good other people having dulled senses – the poof still insisted on drinking animal blood so his nose wasn't working as well as it should. Spike, however was on the good stuff courtesy of his boy, and the first time he'd walked into the room with the Watcher and Red his eyebrows had almost disappeared into his hairline.

When no public announcement was made, Spike pretty much sussed that they weren't out as it were. Spike paid a friend of his for a 'dulling' potion plus recipe so that, as long as the two of them didn't want people to know, their scents wouldn't give them away. Why they couldn't admit how they felt and just go with it was beyond him – when you found love, you held onto it with both hands, fangs

and claws because you never knew when it might be taken away from you. Xander knew but he said he actually understood why they didn't say anything. Apart from not knowing how the Slayer would take it, neither of them were ready to risk their hearts so publicly – Willow had never quite gotten over Tara, and Giles – well, Giles felt a bit weird basically shagging an ex-pupil! More power to them as far as Spike was concerned, and thank fuck he didn't have all that morality crap playing with his head. Well apart from the soul.

Willow's public gift were some papers of Dru's that Spike had dug out of storage. Had a few spells but mainly bizarre little prophecies that the stars had shared with her that Willow was completely looking forward to trying to translate. More guff if you asked Spike, but it made Red happy so that was good.

Buffy's public gift made all of them laugh. A calendar of Watchers with Giles as Mr January looking rather sexy. After much incredulity and hilarity, Spike admitted he'd been playing with the

computer Xander had bought him and photo-shopping pictures of the new Watcher's faces onto naked male bodies had been a lot of fun. Buffy had gone all shades of red looking at the image of Andrew, and as promised Red and Xander made sure they took **lots** of pictures of her face as she looked through her calendar.

His present to Xander – well that was an ongoing thing. The black leather kilt had been an impulse buy when they decided to accept the invitation to Scotland for the festive season. Paired with the black silk shirt and a new pair of Docs, it was a wonder he'd made it out of the bedroom. As it was, Xander appeared to be soldered to his side, and wandering hands kept trying to find out what a vampire wore under his kilt. Spike admitted it – he loved it when the hyena made his boy go all possessive. Xander was still embarrassed by the growling he'd done at the ladies when the two of them first came downstairs – like the women had any control over their reactions to his appearance. A little eye liner, a new hair cut and bleach job and the outfit did the rest. Spike knew he was in for

some hardcore claiming when the night was over, and he was rubbing his hands with glee. Ever since Africa, Xander had been 'set free'. His first stop when he got back to the States was L.A where he had tracked Spike down and invited himself to spend Christmas with Spike in his craptastic apartment. Bored shitless, Spike allowed the boy to come home with him, not realising as soon as he walked through the door that the boy intended to challenge him.

That had been a fight to remember – at the time, Spike hadn't been serious. Who the hell was the Slayer's one eyed minion to be challenging him for the right to claim his arse? But Xander had been dead serious, a fact that got through to Spike around the time he was thrown into a wall and Xander had tried to bite him on the back of the neck. From that point on, Spike had realised he wasn't dealing with *just* good ole Xander from Sunnydale, and the fight had got pretty nasty. The scents coming from the boy – primal, intense, fucking gorgeous – had distracted Spike one time too many, and he found himself face down on the

floor, with his jeans halfway down his legs and a primitive Xander intent on claiming him as mate. Took some pretty nifty work to get out of *that* position, although not half an hour later he'd been pretty happy to be back in that position. When Xander wanted something, he went all out for it and Spike found himself the owned mate of a primal hyena before he was even sure what the hell had happened.

Angel had almost popped a blood vessel when he walked in on them the next evening, but really, the poof should have known to knock. The scents of **LOTS** of sex and blood should have been a bit of a clue as to why Spike hadn't turned up for work. And Spike knew full well, the older vampire was jealous despite hooking up with Cordelia. Angelus had had plans for Xander from the time the boy had stood up to him at the hospital, and seeing Xander coming out of Spike's bedroom, that glorious tanned skin covered in bite and scratch marks, had been enough to yank the poof's chain good and proper.

Since then, Spike and Xander had been inseparable

and were a package deal. You needed one, you got them both whether you wanted them or not. It was difficult to tell when possession had turned into love – Spike's demon was perfectly happy with being claimed by the hyena bitch – but somehow the two of them bonded over sci fi, beer, pool and a shared understanding that they were eternally second choice to everyone else. For the first time, they chose purely for themselves and boy, did they reap the rewards. Loyalty, absolutely fantastic sex and ultimately love made Spike the happiest little vampire this side of Hell and he wasn't going anywhere that his boy wasn't going.

The Bit's gift was winging it's way to her in Rome where she was studying and unable to make it home. So that was everybody happy with what Spike had got them – public and private – and it made his inner William happy to see his family so settled and content. Yeah, it had been a difficult week – one didn't almost dust and not get a bit of a scare, but this advent had been pretty special. It was good to see his minions in a good place, know where they were and what they were up to. Oh

fine, he might as well admit it, if only to himself – it was good to have the people that he **loved** with him and happy. And if his senses were working, the final gift was arriving right now.

“Hey Slayer!!”

“What Spike? If you just want to have a go about the turkey again - ”

“No, no – think we've all made our feelings clear about that. Any other celebration you ain't cooking – no way, no how!! No – I was gonna ask ya to get the door.”

“What?! There's nobody at the - ” The doorbell forestalled Buffy's arguing, and scowling in Spike's direction she pulled herself out of her comfy seat and headed towards the front door.

“Spike?” Pulling him closer, Xander asked the question directly into Spike's ear, the warmth of his breath causing a shiver to travel down Spike's spine.

“Ssshh, Pet, you're gonna love this. Last pressie for Christmas an' all that.” Everyone turned to watch through the wide open door as Buffy flung the front door open, well aware now of Spike's propensity for pulling surprises.

“RILEY!”

The End