

My first challenge fic!

Despite being given my prompts a month and a half ago, this was finished at the last possible moment. Ultra-thanks and hugs to [👤cordelianne](#) for a heroic last-minute beta job.

Written for [👤svmadelyn](#)'s "Cuff 'Em, Vamp 'Em, Or Just Make 'Em Come Already" Kink and Cliche Multi-Fandom Challenge.

Pairing: Spike/Xander

Rating: NC-17

Words: About 6500

Prompts: Kink – collar. Cliché – character is [sekkritly] a virgin.

Summary: One's cuffed, one's vamped – and since that was damn obvious, one's also hyena'd. Biting. Growling. Wall-slamming. Rapid coming. Meaningful eye contact. Basically, this is self-indulgently written to fit my kinks. Read it and ye shall know me.

Feedback: Oxygen to the flame. Concrit also highly welcome by email.



Animal

by
Electricalgwen

When the call came in to get his ass over to the Summers' house *right now*, Spike had expected to get mildly singed around the edges, it being high California noon. He'd guessed it was the end of the world yet again, he'd figured he'd be asked to translate something demonically unpronounceable, and he'd been pretty sure that Dawn would beg to paint his nails sparkly blue when the crisis had been averted.

He *really* hadn't anticipated Harris sniffing his crotch.

"The *hell?!"* seemed a completely inadequate response.

He was not, however, surprised to learn it was Red's fault. Again.

"The dimensional transfer worked so well on Olaf! And then when I moved Glory, I thought, if I can do it within the world, maybe I can move her *out* if I just got enough power going!" She slumped. "Next thing I knew, the circle went poof and Xander bit my ankle!"

Giles frowned. "I think perhaps you skipped a bit in the middle, Willow. Could you explain exactly what led up to the circle going poof, as you put it?"

Willow looked abashed and twisted her fingers in her skirt. "I moved Glory. Giles, I moved a *god* and survived! The only problem was that I didn't really know where to put her. I wanted to send her back to her hell sweet hell and lock the door and throw away the key – well, not literally," quick glance at pissed-off Buffy, "– but we don't know the energy signature for her dimension. It's like not knowing her zip code."

"So, I worked out a way to hold a portal in place on this end, and move its other end. Like a police scanner. It's a straightforward modification of the portal spell I used before, but I took a clause from the *Lucis terminum* transformation. It was supposed to flip through the possible dimensions, kinda like running a computer algorithm, until it located Glory's home base."

Glasses were being polished. "I thought you had more sense than to do such things without my input, Willow. And I'm highly surprised that you involved Xander in this exercise."

“I didn’t involve him! Or... I guess I have, but I didn’t mean to. He was just here. He wasn’t even here, he was in the other room, fixing the window! Tara and I were working in here. We had the portal opened and scanning – and it seemed *perfectly* stable, Giles – and at the same time it collapsed on itself, we heard this noise, and Xander came through the door on all fours. And did I mention he *bit* my ankle? He’s like – well, he’s sort of like when the hyena was in him, but he’s not even talking this time. He’s behaving like an animal. I mean, look at him!”

Spike looked. The boy was sprawled in a deceptively relaxed slouch on the end of the sofa, absently scratching his stomach. Half-closed eyes surveyed the room.

“Such a spell would require an enormous amount of power. How did you generate the energy required?”

Willow looked deeply guilty. “Um, I used a strand of Dawn’s hair.” She took a deep breath. “The Key can access any place, and Dawn’s essence juiced up the power on the spell enough to keep moving through the dimensions.”

And the reason for Buffy’s furious scowl became clear.

“It didn’t put her in any danger, Buffy! It just drew on the power the monks trapped in her, to kind of...focus the signal. And it was working! Really well! We could sort of see, or not quite see, but anyway feel the different dimensions moving past. None of them locked into place, but I’m sure we were close, I could sense it!”

Past glasses-polishing, into nose-pinching. “But?”

Willow sighed. “But...we weren’t the only ones watching. In a lot of places there were...things...at the edges of the portal.”

“Things?”

“*Things*. Not human. Not even corporeal, most of them. Looking for...looking for a way through, and a place to go.”

“And you didn’t *stop* when you realized this?” Spike hadn’t seen Rupert this riled in a while. He wondered who’d win, in a showdown between Red and Ripper.

Willow lifted her chin. “I had control! I was moving fast enough to keep them off guard. The portal’s not enough, Giles. I *did* read about this. They need a receptacle as

well. When you and Ethan...” She trailed off, as Giles was looking well-and-truly furious at this point. “Anyway. The point is, you need to give them a space in this world. A body. You have to,” she glanced at Spike, “invite them in. And I *didn't!*”

“You didn’t have to. I suspect that door was opened four years ago.”

Willow’s eyes widened in comprehension. “We banished the hyena spirit. We got it out of Xander, but we never, um, disinvited it. You think he still had a connection.”

“Presumably it recognized the body, the mind, it had been in before. There was an opening – a conduit, if you will – and the spirit took it.”

Buffy, moodily silent to this point, spoke up. “It’s worse than before. He isn’t talking this time – *Xander* isn’t talking! – and Giles, I’m not even sure he recognizes us. We have to do something, fast. You remember what happened last time.”

Giles sighed. “The difficulty with creating spells willy-nilly is that the counterspell often proves near-impossible to sort out. I simply haven’t the experience, nor, I suspect,

the necessary references for this. We'll need to visit one of the less...reputable spell-casters in town, and we'll almost certainly need some ingredients beyond what the Magic Box stocks."

"So, we go and see disreputable guy, and do some shopping, then you and Willow wave your hands and exorcise Xander." Buffy rose and headed for the weapons chest. "What kind of guy are we talking about? Should I bring the axe?"

And Harris was up out of his seat in one lithe, fluid burst of speed and his hand was turning the door handle even as Spike realized this was the first time that Buffy had moved out of the direct path to the door.

The beast had good instincts. More patience than Harris ever had.

Better moves too. He'd gotten halfway out the door before Buffy, vaulting over the back of the couch, grabbed his elbow, hauled him back into the room and kicked the door shut. He twisted in her grip and tried to sweep her legs out from under her. Spike eyed the boy's frame with grudging appreciation, almost respect, as he put up a decent fight. That was a good body, without

Harris bumbling around in control of it.

Boy'd make a good vampire. Dru was often crazy but seldom wrong.

Sadly – he was enjoying the sight of the Slayer being kicked about by her lapdog – Buffy regained control of the fight and the boy, flipping him face-first onto the rug and sitting on him, both his wrists clasped in one small hand.

Harris grinned and began stretching languidly beneath her, obviously enjoying their close contact.

Buffy glared and cuffed the back of his head with her free hand. “Dawn is so staying away from here until he’s back to normal.”

“She’ll be fine at the Magic Box with Tara,” Willow hastened to reassure her.

“Spike, you’ll have to stay here and keep him under control.”

Spike pretended to consider it. “No.”

“You’ll do it or I’ll stake you.”

“You can’t get up,” Spike pointed out reasonably.

“Giles! You come sit on Xander so I can stake the undead evil thing.”

Spike choked on a laugh. Giles went red and fiddled with his glasses. Buffy glared harder. Willow intervened.

“Please, Spike, you saw what he’s like! What if he went after Dawn? Last time he ate a pig and tried to rape Buffy!”

“How exactly do you expect me to keep him out of trouble?”

Exasperated look. “Just keep him here! Don’t let him out!”

Spike rolled his eyes, tapped his head. “Chip? Remember? I don’t fancy being stabbed through the brain with hot poker, trying to stop your puppy from making a run for it.”

“Oh.” Pause. “Buffy, maybe you’ll have to stay. Spike

could come with us?”

“It’s daylight.”

Giles sighed. “Some of my sources wouldn’t welcome a vampire anyway. I’m afraid Spike is the best choice to stay here. We’ll have to restrain Xander physically, but Spike can keep an eye on him and let us know if anything untoward develops.”

“Restrain him physically? You mean, tie him up?”

Giles frowned. “He’s too strong. I think we’ll have to use the chains I got for Spike.”

Spike grinned. “Now *that’s* poetic justice.”

“You can’t chain up Xander!” Willow wilted under Giles’ stern look. “Okay, I know it’s *all* my fault and I’m a bad witch and a bad friend, but you can’t chain him up like a...like an animal!”

“Willow, he’s acting like one. He could seriously hurt people, and possibly harm himself. We can’t let him get out. Spike can stay here and make sure no harm comes to him. Feed him, and, er...”

“Take him for walkies?”

Giles glared, “...and call us immediately if the situation changes or, God forbid, he escapes.”

“Fine. Giles, you get the chains, and hurry back.” Xander appeared to have given up interest in the proceedings and gone to sleep, but Buffy wasn’t relaxing her grip. “Willow, why don’t you call Tara and let her know what’s going on? Tell her to keep Dawn with her.”

“And bring some blood, and cigarettes!” Spike called as Giles headed out the door. “If I’m stuck here babysitting all day, I want something out of the deal.”

~*~*~*~*~

Giles had returned with a box containing Spike’s chains, handcuffs, rope, padlocks and a few other tricks. Xander was now secured with hands locked together behind his back, and ankles chained to make running near-impossible. He’d woken in a flash and put up a vicious fight when Giles had approached with the cuffs. It had taken Slayer strength, and knocking his head against the

floor, to get him to submit.

“I think you’d better put him in the basement, Buffy. You can secure him to the wall there – chain him to the shelving, or the pipes.”

Buffy hauled the still-struggling Xander down the stairs and looked around in distaste. “Sorry about the mess. I keep meaning to get it cleaned up, but, you know – apocalypses! Not that you’ll notice right now. I really am sorry about this, Xander,” she went on, looping his wrist chain around a metal shelving bracket. “It’s just for now, and you won’t remember it anyway, and it’s for your own good. I’ve given you a bit of length on these, you can sit, or lie down – there’s the camp cot there. Spike’s gonna stay with you. Be good, okay?”

“Don’t worry,” Spike drawled. “If he pees on the floor, I’ll tell him he’s a Bad Dog.”

Buffy rolled her eyes and stamped up the steps. The kitchen door slammed.

Xander whined and leaped forward, tugging hard on his chain, but was pulled up short before he reached the base of the steps. He growled and retreated, leaning

back against the wall in a sulk.

Spike surveyed him with interest. Harris wasn't so bad when he wasn't...being Harris. Made quite the picture, chained to the wall in silent displeasure.

A wicked smirk sidled over Spike's face.

"Well now. Isn't this a change. Slayer's White Knight, tied up for being bad."

No answer.

"Don't worry, your little friends'll have you fixed in no time. Be a shame not to have anything to remember it by, though. Suppose we take some pictures?"

Not a flicker of response. He wasn't sure when he might have cause to use any photos, but it was always useful to have a tasty bit of blackmail material tucked away.

Needed that extra touch, though. He squatted and rummaged through the mostly-empty box Giles had brought, looking for something he'd spotted earlier.

Perfect.

He stood, holding a wide black leather collar. Serious business – heavy-duty clasp, thick metal ring at the back.

“Bad dogs need to learn some obedience.”

Muscles tightened as Spike approached – the beast recognized a fellow predator. Good. Spike hadn’t been sure whether enough of Harris remained to inform it that Spike was harmless.

He looked directly at it, let his eyes shift to gold.

“Behave.”

The animal froze. Holding eye contact, Spike moved into Harris’s personal space and held up the collar, eliciting a snarl of protest. Spike stared harder and bared his still-human teeth; the beast subsided, grumbling. Spike reached out and stroked the nape of its neck, feeling and relishing the coiled tension in the broad shoulders, edge of fear and defiance. Eyes cold and hard, green sheen over the brown.

Spike locked the heavy leather collar around the boy’s neck.

Looked...nice, there. Suited the boy, dark against the tanned skin. His fingers lingered a moment, caressing the leather, before he drew his hands back.

As his wrist passed the boy's mouth, Harris lunged forward and *snapped*, teeth tearing into Spike's flesh. The rich, hot scent of blood rushed into the room.

Spike gasped and inhaled sharply; the jaws around his wrist *hurt*, but an agile tongue was licking, sucking, *slurping* at the blood and this was a Very Bad Idea and he was stopping the boy *right now*.

Yeah, any time now.

Spike's head fell back and he panted in short, quick gasps as that tongue rasped, caressed the thin skin of his wrist and drew his blood out, while blunt teeth worried his flesh and sent little flickers of delightful pain up and down his spine. It felt so *good*. No one had drunk from him since Dru left. Heat flared in his groin.

He dimly realized that the boy was jostling against him, nudging him with his shoulder and steering him with the teeth in his wrist, shoving him back to the cool basement wall and covering him with his larger, much hotter body.

One of the boy's legs pushed in between Spike's, and suddenly Harris was grinding against him, slamming him repeatedly into the wall, biting and sucking harder, growling and panting and jerking and thrashing on Spike's stunned body, until suddenly he moaned and tensed and *howled*, teeth nearly meeting through Spike's wrist, before collapsing against his chest, still panting and shivering and emitting tiny little moans.

Spike's brain finally caught up with events and realized that Xander Harris had just come in his jeans, while humping Spike's leg and sucking his blood.

Sure, vampire blood was pretty intoxicating, especially when given to someone who *wasn't* mostly dead, but this was so far beyond "The *hell?!*" that Spike was wordless. Clearly *he* had fallen through a portal and ended up in some freaky alternate universe. One in which Harris got off against Spike's thigh. In just under a minute.

No. Correction. Harris' body had gotten off on Spike's thigh. Harris was somewhere else entirely. Most days, Xander Harris would not willingly touch Spike with a ten-foot pole; touching him with his dick was...beyond unconscionable.

Didn't mean Spike hadn't liked it, though. A lot.

Liked the ferocity, the power and confidence the animal was still exuding as it licked and released his wrist, moved up to gently nibble the base of his neck, all the while emitting a low, rumbling growl. Liked the way it writhed, stretched sensually within its restraints, tilted its head and scritchd the back of its neck against the collar.

Possession was a nice look on Harris.

The animal wriggled over him, teasing, enticing, and wafting delicious smells of spent come and fresh arousal under Spike's nose. His cock, already straining against his zipper, grew almost painfully hard as Harris rocked against him and licked his ear.

Why exactly was this a bad idea?

Right. Xander Harris. Friend of Slayer. Hater of vampires. Mocker of Spike. Currently wearing hideous Hawaiian shirt and a green-eyed, aggressively sexual personality not his own.

Oh, fuck it. He was still evil, the boy was literally panting

for it (and whining, and growling, and all manner of appealing noises that were making Spike's cock sit up and beg), and he hadn't been this desperate for a fuck in ages. The boy was unlikely to remember a thing, or have the balls to tell his friends, if he did. And in the event Harris did remember and decided to come after Spike with a stake – well, perhaps it was about time Spike moved on from this hellhole anyway. Not that Sunnydale was all bad, if it occasionally threw up perks like this.

He reached out, hooked a finger through the ring at the back of the collar, and pulled Harris's head back. The boy stopped wriggling and growled softly, meeting Spike's eyes with his own. Defiant, but wanting.

Spike didn't break eye contact as he fumbled around on the bench behind him, locating a length of chain. He hooked it through the collar ring, then stepped up to Harris, their bodies just brushing. Still holding his gaze, he reached around and secured the chain leash to a pipe. Tugging down just a little, forcing Harris's chin up slightly, exposing his neck with a strong pulse visible at the edge of the collar.

Xander's heartbeat sped up, and he pushed his groin forward against Spike's leg. Spike arched an eyebrow;

either Harris had more stamina than he'd credited, or the hyena had almost no refractory period. He ignored the bulge in the boy's jeans, though, as he dropped to his knees, instead separating the cuffs that locked the boy's ankles together. Two quick tugs and clicks later, Harris's legs were spread slightly apart, chained to metal shelving on either side, and the scent of his lust was unbelievably strong in the still air.

Spike sat back on his heels to admire the picture Harris made with ankles secured, arms manacled behind his back, collared and tied to the wall. Didn't stop the boy from squirming, though – wiggling his ass back against the wall, then thrusting his hips futilely at open air. As Spike continued simply gazing at him, the boy hissed, tossed his head as much as the leash would allow, and glared out through the overlong hair that fell into his eyes. Emerald eyes, that flashed as he growled demandingly, arrogantly.

Spike rose in a fluid motion and slammed his hands up on each side of the animal's head, demon rising and snapping in its face, growling in return. The hyena whined in sudden fear at the display of power, though the smell of lust intensified still further. It ducked its head – *Harris's* head – and looked up through long dark

lashes. The whine changed to an enticing whimper, as the animal turned its head to the side, bending its neck in submission.

He gazed at the smooth skin offered to him, baring his fangs at the sight of the pulse jumping at the edge of the leather band. *God, if he tastes half as good as he smells... Fuck. Don't think about it. Take what you can have.* He growled at the boy again, warningly, before pushing off the wall and trailing pale fingers over the boy's ugly shirt front. Buttons pinged into corners as he effortlessly ripped it open, leaning forward to lick over living *hot* skin and dark nipples. Delicious salty sheen of sweat. Rattle of chain as the boy tried to pull his hands free and failed.

Spike knelt again, unbuttoned the boy's jeans and shoved them part-way down his thighs until the material rucked up. Thin boxer shorts, sticky with semen, clung to an impressive erection. He leaned forward and mouthed the boy's cock through the fabric, relishing the taste and the way the boy moaned and begged wordlessly, arching his back and bending his knees slightly as he thrust against Spike's face.

Fully vamped, Spike pulled his head back and grinned up at the boy. Fangs glinted in the dim light and the lithe

body tensed in its restraints as Spike bent, openmouthed, towards the boy's groin. High-pitched disbelieving whine, hint of fear in the scent – swamped by a wash of fierce desire as Spike sliced through cotton and tore the boxers off with his teeth. Hastily discarding the shredded fabric, Spike returned to trace the swollen cock in front of him with tongue and the smooth edges of fangs. His careful teasing was rewarded with further frantic groans, as the boy jerked his head against the leash but kept his lower body still, not risking the slightest nick in the delicate skin. Not that Spike could harm him in the least – but the animal in front of him was clearly stimulated by danger, and Spike saw no need to remind it of the reality of the chip.

Long slow licks, cleaning him thoroughly. Despite Harris's attempt at control, his cock was jumping involuntarily against Spike's lips. The taste of his come was swirling around Spike's mouth – *not blood, but almost as good, salty-sweet-bitter-him, want more, want to drink hot from the source*. Spike retracted his fangs and gave one last teasing flick of his tongue up the smooth length, before wrapping his lips around the boy's cock and taking him deep. He was rewarded with another howl and frantic pulling on the chains as the boy braced his feet and began to fuck his mouth hard. Spike gripped the

boy's ass, enjoying the feel of hard muscles flexing beneath the skin, and sucked harder. His own cock was pulsing in time with the one in his mouth, and he groaned as it moved faster, deeper, harder, and then Harris was coming again with the same moans and jerks and howls, hips snapping and cock shooting long hot streams down Spike's throat.

None wasted this time. Spike sucked him clean and released his slowly-softening cock, as the boy leaned back against the wall, sucking in panting breaths. Spike unlocked the ankle restraints and stood and watched Harris watch him as he removed his shirt and undid his pants. He stepped closer, within reach, and the boy immediately craned his neck forward as much as the leash would allow, rubbing his cheek against Spike's chest, turning his head and mouthing at Spike's nipples.

Spike untethered the chain leash from the wall, hooking the end around his right hand. If the beast decided to make a run for it, this was its best chance – its legs were freed, and Spike wouldn't actually be able to hold it by the neck – but it didn't know that. It continued to lick over Spike's chest, moved up to gently bite his collarbone, then turned its head and Spike almost shivered as that alien green gaze met his. Heat and

ferocity and power – all submitting to Spike.
Acknowledging its master.

He leaned forward and kissed the boy.

More moans and hot tongue tangling with his and he could really get used to this, except he couldn't because it was only going to last this afternoon, and he'd better get on and take what he could, while he could.

His cock was now steadily leaking and throbbing, frantic for some attention. As the beast licked around the inside of his mouth, chasing its own taste, Spike rubbed against the sweat-slicked hollow of its hipbone and groaned. Pulled the boy harder against him, thrusting harder, pressure building. He stroked down the long supple spine; as he reached the curve of firm buttocks, the boy arched his back, whimpering invitingly. Spike moved faster, sliding on hot skin, as he trailed his fingers lower and stroked lightly, teasingly over the hole.

Harris's body tensed slightly, although the hyena's green eyes flashed and he whimpered harder.

Shit. Spike's intellect elbowed his libido out of center stage long enough to point out that Xander Harris had, by

all appearances, been entirely straight thus far in his short life. Harris's ass was almost certainly virginal and unless Spike was looking for a killer migraine, a change of plans was in order.

He pulled back, grasped the back of the collar in one hand and pushed the boy's shoulder down with the other. The beast caught on quickly, kneeling in front of Spike. Glancing up knowingly, it licked its lips as Spike guided its mouth over his cock.

Oh *God!* Warm, so warm, and that amazing tongue was rasping up and down his cock, curling around his balls occasionally, and doing wonderful things with his foreskin. Spike made a mental note never to complain about Harris's constant babble again, if that was what kept his tongue this strong and agile. He allowed the boy to control the pace for a while, enjoying the amazing sensations, letting his need for release build higher and higher. He briefly thought about freeing the boy's wrists, but refrained. Much as he'd love to feel those hands on his body, he had no illusions. If he relinquished control, he guessed both Harris and the beast would run from him.

The boy pulled back eventually, barely touching, lightly

rubbing his cheek and lips on Spike. He looked up through those damnably long lashes again and Spike's cock jumped and spilled precome onto that full lower lip. A languorous tongue crept out to wipe it away, and gently flicked at the bundle of nerves below the head.

Enough teasing. Spike released his hold on the collar, and wound both hands into Harris's hair. Holding him steady, he pushed deeper and deeper into the boy's heated mouth, slowly at first, then faster, faster, urging the boy on, ignoring his strangled gasps, riding harder into his mouth, more, deeper, faster, hotter, until lightning exploded at the base of his spine and the world went white and his legs gave way and only the strong body beneath him kept him standing as he lost himself.

Still breathing hard, he released his death grip on Harris's scalp, and brought one hand round to stroke the side of the boy's face. A few strands of dark hair were tangled round his fingers.

He'd pulled out some of the boy's hair. Without so much as a hum from the chip.

His eyes blazed as he reached down, grabbed Harris's collar, and hauled him roughly, exultantly to his feet. His

erection roared back to life. Whatever was in the boy, it went deep enough that the chip didn't see Harris as human anymore, and that meant Spike could hurt him, and *that* meant Spike was going to fuck that virgin ass into next week.

He pulled him across the floor to the cot and pushed him down on it, face-first, looping the chain leash around the edge of the metal frame. No resistance; the animal whined and raised its ass in the air, wriggling. Spike paused, looking around frantically for something, anything, slippery. *Old paint, laundry detergent, window cleaner, ant poison...ah!* He grabbed the half-empty bottle of expired suntan lotion and coated his fingers.

One finger, and Harris stilled, uncertain about the new sensations. Spike patiently loosened him up, worked in a second finger, reached for that little nub and – there. Harris jumped, moaned, wiggled more enthusiastically and pushed back against the invading digits. Spike worked him, stretching, loosening, brushing over his prostate, until the boy was taking three fingers easily while panting and trying to rub his renewed erection against the mattress.

Spike withdrew his fingers, tipped the remains of the

lotion into his palm, and slicked his cock. One hand on the boy's neck, holding him down, making the beast submit, as he began to push, slowly, into that moist tight heat. The boy whimpered as Spike breached his outer ring of muscle. Spike allowed him a minute to adjust, fighting for control.

Harris finally relaxed slightly, arching his spine still further and pushing back invitingly. Spike growled, grabbed his hip and pulled the boy hard onto him. He set up a fast rhythm, slamming into the tight body, angling to hit that sweet spot with each stroke. Neither of them were going to last long at this rate; if that enthusiastic blow job hadn't taken the edge off, it would have been over already. He slowed briefly, breathing hard, and the boy glanced back over one shoulder. Stretched his neck to one side. Offering.

Spike's eyes widened. How on earth had he missed that next, logical step?

He morphed and slammed the boy into the cot, plastering himself to his back and sinking his fangs in deep at the edge of the collar.

Life and heat and pure sex poured into his mouth. He

fought for control, almost coming from the taste alone, not to mention the submissive noise Harris made in his throat, and the way he gasped, bucked wildly back against Spike, and shuddered his third orgasm into the sheets. Spike allowed himself several long, precious mouthfuls, savouring each one, holding still inside the quivering body. *He **does** taste as good as he smells...better...*

He pulled his fangs out of Harris's shoulder, swiping his tongue over the last seeping drops of blood. Drew in a deep breath, mouth wide-open, smelling and *tasting* again the rich musk of the boy's release. Indelible scent, marking him.

He pulled out of the boy and nudged him to turn over. The animal rolled on its back, submissive, spreading. He guided his cock in again and grasped a strong thigh, bracing, pulling the boy harder against his fierce thrusts. He was nearly there, overwhelmed by sensation, hot body claspng him, taste of blood still so alive in his mouth. Raising his eyes from the boy's sweat-glistening chest, he was caught in an intense green gaze.

Not all green. In the depths a swirl of brown, a flicker of awe and terrified wonder and – recognition.

Spike breathed, “Xander.”

And broke eye contact because it was too strong, too *personal* and wasn't that a dumb thought when he was balls-deep in this animal's ass. He pounded the larger body into the thin mattress, concentrating on the physical sensations, closing his mind.

Through his panting, sliding and thrusting, he heard a faint reply, “Sssssspiiike...”

He tensed, slammed home, and *screamed* as he came.

~*~*~*~*~*~

It took the girls until well after dark to return – apparently root of hellebore was not to be had for love nor money this time of year, and it had taken some serious wheedling (and probably more than a little threatening-Slayer-posturing) to get Giles' usual supplier to part with some, at an extortionate price. By that time, a woozy, sated Xander had been cleaned up, tucked back into his jeans – minus boxers – and was peacefully sleeping chained to the freshly-made cot. He was also

minus a shirt; what with the rapid removal, the blood, and being used to wipe them both down, the palm-tree-bedecked monstrosity hadn't survived. Spike wasn't in the least sorry, though he was immensely thankful that between his licking the wound and the hyena's recuperative powers, Xander no longer sported a vivid bite mark. His own wrist was similarly unmarked, though still twinged pleasantly when he moved.

He had to work harder than usual to keep his face impassive, and his hands off that hot expanse of skin, while unlocking the still-dozing Xander. He undid the chain leash from the bed and handed it to Buffy, who eyed him in disbelief before grabbing Xander and hauling him upstairs into Willow's magic circle. Willow was bustling around, lighting candles and triple-checking ingredients, still casting deeply guilty sidelong glances at Xander.

Spike once again had occasion to be grateful for supernatural recuperation, as Xander walked with his normal gait – or at least, stalked with the hyena's normal gait – and showed no sign of discomfort when directed to sit on his ass on the hard floor.

“Did you *have* to chain him to the bed? And with a

leash?!”

“He got pretty – wild – with me, luv. Lucky thing Rupert had that collar in his box of tricks. He’s a dark horse, that one. Wonder who he chains to the bed?”

Buffy made a choked noise and even Willow looked a little shell-shocked. “Ewww! I... You... Spike, it’s bad enough I have to acknowledge Giles *has* a sex life. I *really* don’t want to think about any details. Especially involving... eww.”

Spike leered at her before dropping onto the sofa in an apparently bored slouch. “Where is old Rupert, anyway? Thought he was going to give you a hand with the mumbo-jumbo?”

“He’ll be here any moment. He had to swing by the Magic Box to pick up Dawn.” Willow turned her guilty look towards Buffy this time. “It was her essence that opened the portal. I could reopen it with something of hers again, but to force something back through? And close it? She has to be here in person.”

Buffy had her back to them, as she fiddled with a ritual

knife and some oil of cloves, but the set of her shoulders spoke volumes.

~*~*~*~*~

Giles and Dawn arrived not long after. Spike took himself off to the kitchen and heated a bag of blood, electing to stay as far from the magical workings as possible. Twenty minutes, three incantations and one small explosion later, he walked back into the living room to find the hyena banished, the portal closed, and a confused Xander flat on his back on the floor.

Willow and a completely-unharmed Dawn helped him up and steered him into the kitchen for Twinkie therapy, while Buffy and Giles cleared away the circle.

“We appreciate your assistance today, Spike, and yes, you will be compensated. Perhaps you would complete the task by accompanying Xander back to his apartment? He’s doubtless somewhat shaken by this experience, and I’d like to be sure he reaches home unmolested.”

“I had plans,” Spike said curtly. “Isn’t it the Slayer’s job to protect him from the nasty vampires?”

“I need to get on with the search for Glory. We can’t know if she sensed Dawn’s involvement in this.”

Giles nodded. “We’ve already lost valuable time today due to Willow’s...mishap, and we may have risked exposing Dawn’s whereabouts. It’s not an onerous task. Just get him home uneaten.”

Spike frowned. “Think he’ll go with me? After all, I did chain him to the bed.”

“Don’t worry,” said Buffy chirpily. “He won’t hold it against you – he won’t remember anything. He didn’t last time, anyway.”

Spike caught the faint movement as Giles pressed his lips together.

Xander chose that moment to reappear, wearing an old T-shirt of Tara’s that stretched tight across his chest. He looked less confused, but remained uncharacteristically quiet.

“Xan! Feeling better? You look better.”

“Twinkies. Universal cure-all,” Xander said solemnly.

“Listen, I need to patrol. Giles says they released a big power surge with Dawn’s name stamped all over it, and I want to make sure Glory isn’t tracking her down. Spike’s agreed to walk you home.”

Xander looked less than thrilled at the news, but simply shrugged and headed for the door. “Thanks, Buffy. ‘Night, Giles.”

Spike gave the room a brief nod and exited in a swirl of leather.

Giles shook his head. “We’re doomed. Sure sign of the impending apocalypse.”

“What?”

“They’re *both* being quiet.”

~*~*~*~*~

Xander trailed a pace or two behind Spike. They walked the first few blocks in relatively normal silence.

After that, the silence became a live thing, with teeth. Spike could feel it crawling up and down his back, nibbling at his spine in an entirely unpleasant way. Finally, he whirled around and glared at his charge.

“Remember, *you* started it. So here’s the deal. You don’t stake me, and I don’t breathe a word to your little friends.” Turned his back again, kept walking resolutely.

“You called me Xander.” The voice was almost a whisper.

Spike stopped.

“You never call me Xander.”

Spike said nothing, though the tilt of his head could be taken as encouragement. If one were in the right frame of mind.

Or recently out of one’s mind. “You saw – me. I thought you just wanted the hyena. The demon. But – you spoke to *me*. You never said a word to it.”

Spike turned, shrugged, and started patting down various pockets for cigarettes, swearing when none were

forthcoming.

“I...shit, Spike, I... Look. I’m... Fuck, I never... I mean, maybe I thought, now and again, but I’m not...” Xander looked down and scuffed the ground. “Shit. I don’t know what I... but that was... it’s never been like... and I don’t know what you... Damn.”

“Know what I did like about the hyena, Harris? Direct. To the point. None of this indecisive shit. Want. Take. Have.” He spun round and started walking again. “You, on the other hand,” throwing back the words behind him, “don’t have the guts to admit to anyone, including yourself, what you want.”

Striding away fast now, duster flapping. “Hyena wanted me, and took me. Took my blood.” Veered off, stopped under a lamp-post, rummaging through pockets. Deliberate show of scenting the air. Not looking at Xander. “And you still want me now.”

Soft sneakered footsteps slowing behind him. Deep breath.

“You’re right. I do.” Another slow breath, swallow. “But I don’t know what – Spike, what do *you* want?”

Spike finally located and extricated a cigarette, flicked his lighter. Took his time before turning around, thoughtful look in place.

“Could really use a beer about now. Maybe one of those onion things.”

Xander’s tension unwound in a startlingly hyena-like giggle. “Bronze?”

“You’re paying, mind you. Rupert still owes me for babysitting duty today, and you just watch, he’ll try and stiff me on it. Whole afternoon of watching you, and all I’ll get is a couple of bags of expired blood.”

“Not all you got.”

Faint smile. “No. Got something more. Just...not sure what, yet.”

Xander shoved his hands in his pockets and started ambling off in the direction of the Bronze.

“Give it time. We’ll find out.”

The End