

Rating: Heavy R to NC-17

Spoilers: Season Five, the Scoobies know about Glory

Pairing: Spike/Xander

Summary: Xander's construction work falls through, and he's forced to find another job. His first night, and who should be in the audience getting the shock of his unlife but Spike.

Disclaimer: No, I don't own the boys, but Joss is kind enough to share 'em with me.

Bare It All

by

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Part One

“You almost ready to go on?”

Xander sighed, before nodding. “Yeah. Just about.”

The man gave him a short nod, then headed out of the room. Xander glanced around at the many mirrors, his gaze finally landing on the one in front of him. His image bounced back at him, hair slicked back with water, face done up with makeup, clothes tight and ready to be taken off. What the hell was he doing?

But there was no backing out now. Xander bit his bottom lip. He was going out on that stage, and he was going to strip.

He'd lost his job only last week, and had spent the next few days searching for a new job between slumps of drinking. When he'd gone into the SunnyDalight to see if he could [get a job](#) as a bartender, he'd never expected to be offered a job as a stripper. But the pay was twice what he would've gotten mixing drinks, so Xander had agreed.

He hadn't said a thing to anyone at last night's Scooby meeting, though Spike had given him an odd look once or twice. Sure, maybe they were friends now, but that didn't mean that the vampire wouldn't tease him, given the right ammunition. And this was perfect ammo.

Yet some part of him had wanted to tell Spike. Maybe

Spike wouldn't have laughed. Maybe Spike would've understood. *Yeah, and maybe pigs fly*, Xander thought with a disgusted snort.

Just then one of the managers came in. "You're up in two minutes," he said, before shutting the door. Xander sighed, wishing he could rub his face. He was so tired, but he was afraid of smearing his makeup.

Slowly he rose to his feet, then headed over to the door.

Part Two

Spike strode into the room, nodding to Jake the bartender. "Usual?" Jake called, a knowing smirk on his face.

Spike chuckled. "What do you think, [mate](#)?"

Jake gave a small shrug and placed a shot glass in front of Spike. "Care to hear the latest gossip?" he asked, wiping

his hands on his towel.

“Hit me with it,” Spike said, before downing the shot.

“There's a new guy in here. Tight ass. Came in for a bartending job, went out with the stripper title. I think he'll be up in a minute or two.”

Spike grinned, turning to the stage. He might as well get comfortable for both shows. The first show would be the new kid, and wouldn't Spike enjoy *that*. Well, not as much as he'd enjoy someone else, but he couldn't really say anything, could he?

The second show was the audience itself. They would all get in on the act, giving wild cheers and whistles as the act went on, along with a few crude jokes and comments that just heightened the show even more.

All in all, not a bad place to be on Friday night.

Spike frowned, thinking back the Scooby meeting the previous night. Something to do with Glory, but Spike wasn't worried about that. What he was worried about was Xander.

They'd formed a tentative friendship over the summer, and Spike had been there for the whelp when Anya had left him the moment Glory had showed up. He'd been drinking himself into depression when Spike had found him, and so Spike had stormed into the boy's apartment, slapping him hard enough to cause them both to yell in pain. After his vision had stopped blurring, he'd turned to see Xander staring at him, shock visible on his face. The whelp had understood what Spike had done; hitting him hard enough to wake him up, even though it had caused Spike pain on his part. The bottle had dropped from Xander's fingers, and that had been the end of the depression slump.

But last night...the boy had radiated misery, casting anxious glances around the room while trying to bury himself into the sofa. There'd been enough misery to make Spike worry about another depression slump. After he was done with the SunnyDalight, he'd stop by Xander's and check up on the boy. The last thing he needed was Xander to pull out a sharp knife or swallow one too many pills. Spike shifted uncomfortably in his seat. The thought of Xander committing suicide bothered him more than he wanted to admit.

The lights dimmed, pulling Spike from his dark thoughts.

He grinned as the expected hoots started, and the curtain hadn't even been pulled up.

This is sick, a silky woman's voice whispered through the speakers, and the whistles went up. Spike's smirk broadened. Janet Jackson. Nice choice.

Then the curtains opened, the lights honed in on the male on the stage, and Spike's smirk promptly vanished. That wasn't...it couldn't...oh, bloody hell...

“Xander?” he whispered hoarsely.

Part Three

There was no denying that the whelp was on the stage. His fingers grasped the front of his street cap, his head tilted down so his eyes were covered. His right foot was crossed behind his left, and his left arm was bent, his hand on his hip. A tight white tank stretched across his chest, and his pants were tight, with zippers down the

sides of the legs. *It's time to dance*, Janet whispered, and the cap was tossed off. His hair was wet and slicked back, the drops of water making his dark locks glisten. Xander opened his eyes to glance at his audience, and the crowd whistled.

Spike felt his insides churn as Xander took a step towards the crowd. The pants were so tight on the whelp, Spike could see every curve, every line. Xander began to move with the music, and the second show started, right on schedule.

Hoots and whistles went up from the crowd, and along with it the sounds of drunken laughter. "Think I could pay for him to dance a little with me tonight?" a man near Spike said, and Spike tensed.

His buddy snorted, taking another swig of his beer. "Bet his ass would be as tight as his clothes."

They were the normal comments Spike usually heard at the SunnyDalight, but tonight they sickened him, made him want to twist their necks. Xander was displaying the product for everyone to see, though, and he was doing a damn good job of selling it as well.

He turned back to the stage, swallowing as Xander began to rock his hips, his hands going down to the hem of his shirt. With a firm yank it was off, and a sweating chest was revealed to all. Even louder hoots and whistles and yells for that little move.

Inside Spike was seething. What the *hell* had possessed the boy to do this? He had a good job with construction. Granted, he'd told the Scoobies enough times about the boss from hell, but that shouldn't have been enough reason for Xander to quit. And for *this*?!

Xander was on the floor now, crawling towards the audience. He rolled onto his side, licking his smirking lips. He pushed himself to standing once more, then ran his fingers down his chest. He paused to pinch his nipples, then continued to make his way down to his pants.

Spike frowned, peering closer. He could see something the audience couldn't see. The fingers that were ghosting over Xander's skin were trembling. His unbeating heart clenched. The boy didn't want to do this, either. His eyes locked on the boy's face, and for a split second, he saw the seductive smirk falter. Spike stood abruptly and headed towards the stage. Xander had looked terrified.

Xander's fingers grasped the zippers, ready to pull, and he was met with an enthusiastic response. Spike hurried his pace, determined to reach Xander before he tugged the pants off. He would *not* let the boy do this.

With a graceful leap he landed on the stage, ignoring the boy's startled yelp as he pulled Xander into his arms. The audience was on their feet, roaring their disapproval.

“S-Spike?” Xander gasped, but Spike ignored him. Keeping Xander away from the crowd, Spike turned back to glare at them.

“Show's over, you ponces. Go home.”

More roars, but Spike ignored them. He guided Xander off the stage, and away from the angry crowd.

Part Four

Xander couldn't believe his bad luck. First, he hadn't been able to finish his routine. He was pretty sure that even if it hadn't been interrupted, he would've stopped on his own. Second, the person he least wanted to find out about this was holding him tightly, moving him into the darkness of the backstage.

But it wasn't really a tight grip, Xander realized. It was a...gentle sort of touch. The sort of touch Xander hadn't even known the vampire was capable of.

When Spike turned him around, however, Xander was met with one pissed off vampire. "What the bloody 'ell were you doin' out there?" Spike hissed.

"Trying to do my job," Xander said, glaring at the vampire. "Why'd you jump up there and stop me? I was doing a good job." Well, he *hoped* he'd done a good job. Good enough to get paid.

"Oh yeah, you did a superb job," Spike sneered. "Good enough to have a lot of those men hopin' for a chance to see if your body was as tight as your clothes."

Xander paled. He'd only thought he'd been hired as a stripper, not as a...oh gods...

“They didn't tell you?” Spike asked, but his voice was softer now.

Xander swallowed back bile and shook his head. “You don't have to, but if someone asks for you, management's expectin' you to agree,” Spike continued, and Xander closed his eyes, suddenly feeling dizzy.

“Xander?”

“If I hadn't done it, though, s-someone could've just...”

“They won't,” Spike assured him, and Xander found himself back in that gentle embrace. He laid his head on Spike's shoulder, trying hard not to think about it. Sure, maybe he wouldn't have signed up to go 'some place quieter' with someone, but that didn't mean someone wouldn't have forced him to do it. He couldn't suppress a small shudder, and the embrace tightened.

“What the fuck happened out there?!?”

Xander flinched, pulling away to see one of the managers storming over. Spike slid in front of Xander, effectively shielding him from the man. “Got a problem?” he asked calmly.

The man stopped in front of Spike, his face turning red with rage. “Yeah, a big one. I hire the boy behind you to show some skin, and instead get his overprotective boyfriend to haul him offstage! You,” the man said, turning to Xander, “had better get back on that stage and start over. Do the second routine we had planned, and this time, keep your fuck friend out of the dance, okay?”

Xander turned crimson and looked down. Inside he wanted to scream at the man, say that no, Spike wasn't that kind of a friend, he was a good guy who had just saved his life, but he couldn't speak.

“How about this?” Spike said, causing Xander to glance up at him. The vampire was practically growling as he said, “You start tellin' these dancers what's really expected of 'em, and you don't come near Xander again. If you so much as even call him or look at him again, I'll rip your throat out. Are we clear?”

Xander's eyes widened. Damn, Spike could be scary when he wanted to be.

The man's face went from red to purple. “How *dare* you,” he sputtered, but Spike cut him off.

“No, question is, how dare YOU even think that you can do this to people. Good people like him. He's got a heart of gold, and deserves ten times better than what YOU could ever do. Besides which, ever considered tellin' him he was probably gonna get bent over a sofa later tonight?”

Xander opened his mouth, but still nothing came out. *Heart of gold. He thinks I have a heart of gold. Wow. That's just...wow.*

“His body is my property; he signed that paper fair and square,” the manager shouted. “If I want to sell him out, so be it.” He took a step towards Xander, his arm reaching out to grab him.

He never made it. He went sailing across the room, landing with a loud *thud* against the wood floor. Spike shook his own pain off, too fueled by rage to care. “You don't come near him again, do you hear me?” Spike said in a dangerously low voice.

The man stared in fear, before nodding quickly. Xander stared in awe, then panic as Spike turned to haul him off towards the exit.

But his touch was gentle once more, and without another word the two turned and left.

Part Five

They headed out into the back alley, and Spike glanced around before letting Xander continue. Nasties of all sorts would love to hide in an alley like this one. He stole a peek at Xander, then mentally cursed himself when he noticed Xander shaking. He slid out of his duster, bringing it down on the boy's shoulders.

Xander jumped, his face coloring when he saw his 'attacker'. "Thanks," he mumbled, glancing away.

"Welcome. Figured you might like somethin' to keep you warm on the way home."

Xander turned to him then, a small frown creasing his

brow. "Home?"

"Yeah, where you live?" When Xander didn't respond, Spike waved a hand in his face. "Oi, you in there?"

Xander shook himself before nodding. "Yeah, sorry. I just wasn't..." He paused, then shook himself once more. "I can bring the duster by tomorrow, if you want."

The whelp wanted to get rid of him. Spike felt a twinge of hurt, but he quickly hid it. "Who said I was lettin' you walk home alone?" he said, glaring at Xander.

Xander blinked. "I didn't think you'd want to waste your time escorting the donut boy home," he said quietly, before glancing down at his feet.

Spike pushed back the excuse he'd had ready, about wanting to follow the boy home because he had his jacket, and Spike didn't want to see it ruined. The boy would've probably just have given it back. "If I didn't want to waste my time, then I wouldn't have gone on the stage to get my friend out of a dangerous situation," he said softly. Xander raised his eyes, and Spike smiled at him.

“Sides,” Spike continued, “I haven't heard the story yet.”

Xander frowned. “Story? What story?”

Spike headed for the alley's exit, with Xander hurrying to catch up. “The story 'bout how you got into this mess in the first place.”

“Got hired to put stuff on and take it off,” Xander quipped quickly. “Did you find any demons the other day?”

“Xander...” Spike started.

“No? No demons? Eh, Buffy'll find 'em and knock 'em down. She's really good at that whole slaying...”

“Xander...” Spike repeated, his tone louder this time.

“...thing, but you are too, but I'm the master at finding them, or really, them finding *me*, so if you want to find any, you should drag me along on patrol next...”

“XANDER!”

“I lost my job!” Xander shouted, stopping to glare at

Spike. Spike had also stopped, and was now staring at Xander in surprise. “Okay? Construction boss from hell fired me the other week. He said I was 'incompetent' and that I should find a job somewhere else. When I wasn't drinking, I was looking for a job. I went in here to apply for the bartender position, and instead got felt up by a manager who promptly told me to put my body to better use by dancing. He offered double the pay of the bartending job, so I took it. I *had* to, Spike. I didn't have a choice.” Xander's voice had dropped to almost a whisper, looking absolutely miserable at his admission.

Spike stood in stunned silence, his mouth opening to say something, then closing when he changed his mind. After a few moments he got his vocal chords to work. “Had to?” he managed to squeak out.

Xander sighed, running a hand through his hair. “Rent on the apartment is due in four days,” he said quietly. “If I don't pay it, I'll have to go back to...to my parents' basement.”

Spike pushed back a growl. No wonder the whelp had looked miserable yesterday at the Scooby meeting. His options were stripping and dancing, or moving back into the house of nightmares.

“It's really not that big a deal, I guess,” Xander said, having noticed the vampire's rumblings. “It's just...it'll feel like I failed somehow. That I couldn't live my own life, that I screwed up so much that I had to go back to them. That's all.”

Spike was already moving before he'd finished, pulling Xander into his arms. *Why does it always have to be somethin' awful to bring him to me?* Spike wondered sadly. *Wish it didn't have to be. Wish it could be somethin' more that I could give him instead of comfort.*

Keeping one arm wrapped around Xander's shoulders, he gave the boy a small smile. “Home?”

Xander nodded. “Yeah. Home.”

Part Six

Xander was silent all the way back to his house, his mind elsewhere. He thought of the way Spike had stood up for him back at the SunnyDalight. The way Spike had comforted him in the alley. The way Spike hadn't retrieved his arm from Xander's shoulders. It still hung

there, the vampire's hand lightly grasping Xander's right shoulder. Xander found himself leaning into the touch, but since Spike wasn't objecting, neither was he.

He closed his eyes and let Spike open the door. He'd given Spike his own set of keys to the apartment after Spike had snapped him from his depression over Anya. He still remembered the smile the vampire had given him over the two keys. Awe, shock, and indescribable happiness.

Only when Spike shut the door behind them did Xander bring himself back to reality. "Want something to drink?" he asked, nodding towards the fridge.

"Got anythin' that's not watered American crap?" Spike asked, hanging up his duster and moving into the kitchen.

Xander sighed, taking a seat in his chair. "Yeah, there's some good stuff behind the sodas. Get me one too, would you?"

He could hear the *clink* of bottles as Spike rummaged around, and then the refrigerator door closed. Without looking up Xander extended his hand for the alcohol,

more than ready to lose himself in a drink.

Something was placed in his hand, but it wasn't a bottle. Xander frowned, glancing at the soda can, then back at Spike, who was already taking a sip from his own can. "Uh, what happened to the good stuff?"

Spike stared at him, then quietly said, "Think there's been enough alcohol consumed in this apartment already."

Xander looked down, pushing back his shame. "I told you what I was doing between job searching," he muttered, his cheeks turning red all the same.

"Yeah, but that doesn't mean I like it. Losin' yourself in a drink every now and then is all right. You're turnin' it into an obsession. Again."

"Why do you care?" Xander blurted, glancing up at the vampire. "Why *did* you care the first time? So what if the Slayer's lackey gets too drunk. What's it to you?"

Spike set his soda down on the coffee table, then slowly crossed over to Xander. Xander frowned slightly as he watched the emotions crossing over the vampire's face.

Concern, frustration, and...something else. Something Xander couldn't figure out.

Spike crouched in front of the chair, giving Xander a pointed look. "You're the first friend I've had in over a hundred years," Spike said. "Sorry if I don't want to see him lose himself in a bottle over a woman that didn't deserve him, and a job that was so far below him I can't begin to describe." He lowered his voice and said, "You're not a lackey. You're her friend, and you're my friend. Not gonna let you do this, Xander."

Xander mentally went through the emotions shown from the vampire. Spike was concerned about him, he got that. He also got the frustration Spike was visibly showing over Xander wanting to climb into a bottle and forget the world. But what Xander didn't get was that last emotion. The one where it looked like Spike almost...no, no way.

But he'd seen that look before. It was the one Willow used to give Oz, and the one she now gave to Tara. He'd seen it from Buffy, whenever her eyes landed on Angel. Riley not so much, but still, maybe just a little.

It was a look of caring, but it was more than that. It was a look that showed more emotion than Xander had ever

had directed at him before.

It was a look of...

“You still in there?”

Xander nodded, bringing himself from his thoughts.

“Yeah, still here. Sorry I got so...”

Spike shook him off with a small smile. “Don't worry 'bout it. Care to watch somethin'? Some good old fashioned violence?”

Xander couldn't help smiling over that. “Yeah, why not. I moved my videos over to the corner.”

Spike stood and headed over, and Xander knew he'd pick the most gruesome ones he could find. Xander didn't care; they were his videos to start with.

The thing he cared about more, though, was that look from Spike. Come to think of it, he'd seen Spike giving him that look quite a few times lately. It seemed that they'd started a little after Anya had left. But it couldn't really mean that Spike...

“Ooh, *True Lies!*” Spike crowed, holding up the movie in anticipatory glee. “Who's makin' the popcorn?”

Part Seven

Spike fidgeted again, trying to keep his eyes on the movie. He could feel Xander watching him. It wasn't as if the boy was staring at him, though. Just little peeks now and then. Enough to keep Spike slowly going mad with curiosity.

He'd never expected the boy's self esteem to be that low, but Xander's image of himself had surprised Spike. Just the casualness of the way he said he was the donut boy, the lackey for the Slayer made Spike want to cringe. It was like the boy really believed it. The worst part of it was, Xander really *did*.

Another glance sneaked at him, and Spike was forcing himself to enjoy the movie. Arnold was about to kill the torturer; it was one of the vampire's favorite parts. The

man almost worked like a demon himself: swift, simple, and effective.

But Spike could barely concentrate on the scene. Arnold lunged at the tiny old man, and Spike clenched his fists. What the bleedin' 'ell was Xander doing? Trying to drive him insane? Because he was doing a damn good job of it.

The boy glanced at him again, and Spike couldn't take it anymore. He ignored the husband and wife duo as they crept out of their prison, and instead turned to Xander. "Need somethin'?" he asked, raising his eyebrows.

Xander quickly turned his attention back to the movie. "No," he said quietly.

Spike pursed his lips but said nothing, his own eyes glancing back to see Arnold calmly hand his wife a gun. Xander's eyes were glued to the set, and Spike began to relax.

Two minutes later, Spike felt brown eyes on him once more. Spike sighed and swiveled towards the boy. "You can't be starin' at me for my good looks," Spike said, giving Xander a look. Instead of the sarcastic response he expected, the vampire was surprised when Xander

turned three shades of red.

“I was just thinking,” Xander said, fidgeting in his spot on the other side of the sofa.

“About?” Spike prodded, still puzzled over the blush. Mind, Xander was cute when he blushed, but that didn't stop the vampire from mulling over why the blush had occurred in the first place.

Xander shrugged, pushing himself back into the sofa. On the screen, Jamie Lee was shoved into a car by her kidnapper.

Spike watched as Xander warred with himself, and he relented. “You don't have to tell me if you don't want to,” Spike said softly. “Was just curious, seein' as how I was suddenly the center of attention.” He turned back to the movie and watched as the helicopter bearing Arnold headed after the black car.

Jamie Lee was scowling at her kidnapper when Xander spoke. “I was watching to see if I could still see the look on your face.”

Spike waited until the cameras shot up to Arnold in the

helicopter, then slowly turned to Xander. "What look?" he asked quietly.

Xander fidgeted, but kept his eyes locked on Spike. "The one you gave me earlier," he mumbled. "When I asked you why you cared about a loser like me, and why you'd intervened when Anya left and when I was at the club."

Spike immediately felt his heart wrench at the simply stated 'loser' from Xander's lips. *It's not true!!* his inner voice screamed, and Spike heartily agreed. Xander was hardly a loser in his eyes. He remembered the sight of Xander's face when Anya had turned around and walked out of the Magic Box. Stunned, grief-stricken. Then, Xander's face at the SunnyDalight just earlier that evening. Self loathing, fear. Both had made Spike just want to hurry over, pull him close, place a reassuring kiss to his head, tell him everything would be all right, that he'd make it all right somehow.

Spike brought himself from his thoughts to see Xander staring at him, a smile full of awe on his face. "You did it again," Xander breathed, and Spike could only stare stunned as tears began to fill Xander's eyes.

"Did what?" Spike asked, bewildered. He turned to grab

a Kleenex but Xander shook him off, sniffing and chuckling at the same time.

“Sorry, I didn't mean to start waterworks, because this is a happy tears sort of thing, 'cause I can count with one hand the number of times I've ever seen that look aimed at me, and I obviously can't count very high with one hand so that tells you how many...”

“Xander, breathe. What look?” Spike's fingers itched to reach out and brush away the tears.

Arnold began shouting to Jamie Lee about the bridge being out, but Spike and Xander ignored the television. Something more important was at stake, and they both knew it.

Xander smiled, and Spike felt himself melt. That was a smile he hadn't seen Xander wear in too long. One that was pure happiness, free of responsibilities, full of youth and brightness. “The one you showed me earlier. The one you've *been* showing me for days, weeks now, but I didn't dare to even think that it was what I thought it was.”

Jamie Lee and Arnold struggled to reach each other

before the car went over the bridge.

“But tonight I saw it again,” Xander continued, sitting up straighter. “Concern first, for me. And I can't believe how amazing that is, to have all that concern just for ME. And then frustration, but that's an old look I've seen thrown my way,” he said with a grin. “But that's not the thing that threw me the most.”

Spike froze. Xander couldn't *possibly* be talking about...

“You looked at me like you really cared,” Xander said softly. “Friend caring, I saw that. But this went beyond that. Beyond anything I've ever seen from anyone before. I saw more than caring. I saw *love*.”

Two hands interlocked on screen, and the music swelled to accompany the scene. Off screen, one hand slowly reached from human to vampire in silent askance. Spike took the hand in his trembling one, too afraid to hope that this was nothing more than a dream.

“Did I read the look right?” Xander asked, giving Spike a smile.

Spike could only nod. Xander leaned forward slightly, and

Spike unconsciously did the same. Xander licked his lips before whispering, "So, if I were to ask if you wanted to...to kiss me, would you say..."

Spike closed the gap between them, capturing Xander's mouth with his. Xander inched closer, and Spike ran his tongue along the boy's bottom lip. The moment Xander's lips had parted Spike dove forward, unable to restrain himself any longer. He'd waited so long for this, and Xander tasted so *good*...

Xander whimpered and let himself be pushed back onto the sofa. Tongues dueled, before Spike reluctantly pulled away to let Xander breathe. On the television, Arnold was...Spike didn't really care. His eyes were glued to the heavily panting boy below him, eyes dark with desire, lips red and swollen from the vampire's attack. Spike shifted, trying to hide his aroused member. The last thing he needed was to scare Xander off.

A hand was suddenly cupping his groin, and Spike rolled his eyes back into his head, growling low in his throat. Apparently Xander wasn't going to be scared off any time soon. "Xan?" he said, his voice low and husky.

"Yeah?"

Spike slowly opened his eyes to glance down at the boy.
“Bedroom?”

Xander merely grinned.

Part Eight

All he'd done was grin at Spike. That was it. The next thing Xander knew, he was being picked up and carried into the bedroom. He didn't have time to protest, because just as quickly as he'd been picked up he was dropped onto the bed. His eyes glanced up at Spike, and his cock twitched at the look Spike was giving him. Hunger. Desire. And that love look again that made Xander's chest constrict. Because it was all for him.

Spike leaned down, his hands on either side of Xander, and Xander swallowed. He could feel the bed dip as Spike slowly moved his way up towards Xander's face, could feel Spike's jeans lightly pressing against his. Just the

pant legs on the outside of his own legs; no naughty touching.

Yet.

Spike smiled, and the smile wasn't a smirk or a grin or anything rougher and tougher. It was soft and sweet, and Xander couldn't help smiling back. "You sure...?" Spike asked softly, and there was no tone of contempt in his voice. He knew this was a big step for Xander to take, and so he'd given Xander an out.

But his question only made Xander surer of his choice. In response to Spike's inquiry, he raised his head and gently touched his lips to Spike's. "Please," he whispered.

Spike's smile broadened, and chaste kisses were exchanged. Then Xander's lips remained a little longer on Spike's, and then there was no parting. Xander began to lay his head back down, not wanting to get a crick in his neck. Granted, smoochies were way off the wow scale, but if Spike wanted to continue the kiss fest, he'd just have to follow Xander down.

Xander shouldn't have worried: their mouths remained fused together while Xander's head returned to the

pillow. He pulled away to gasp for air a few moments later, and was amused to see that Spike was panting as well. "I thought you didn't have to breathe?" he asked.

"It's not somethin' I think 'bout before I do," Spike admitted. "Just kinda happens."

Xander frowned as he realized that Spike was still bracing himself on the bed, though his head was dipped down. "Doesn't that hurt?" he asked.

Spike glanced at his arms and shook his head. "Not really. Got strength enough to keep myself up, don't worry."

"Well, I'd rather if you just, you know, so I won't worry," Xander said, knowing his excuse was lame but not caring. He wanted all of Spike.

Spike gave a throaty chuckle. "Just so long as I don't hurt you," he replied, before slowly lowering himself on Xander. Then something hard was pressed against Xander's groin, and the human groaned.

"More, please," he whispered, then whimpered when Spike slowly began to rub his crotch against Xander's. The pants were thin between them, only heightening the

pleasure as Spike slid back and forth on top of him.

Xander reached up to wrap his arms around Spike's neck and pulled the vampire closer. Spike smiled briefly before his lips were once more claimed by Xander, and soon Spike's mouth was opening in admittance. Xander immediately slid his tongue inside, letting the tip explore every part of Spike's mouth. The two tongues danced before Xander began to grind back against the vampire.

Spike made a sound somewhere between a moan and a whimper, and it shot straight to Xander's dick. Then Spike stopped on top of him, and Xander froze, glancing up to ask what he'd done wrong. Then a hand reached down to grab his zippers, and suddenly Xander wasn't worried anymore.

Spike must've seen his worry, because he placed a light kiss on Xander's forehead. "Gonna make you feel so good, Xan," he murmured, pulling each zipper down slowly. He pulled the pants away, and then a hand was on Xander's cock.

Slowly Spike began to pump him, his thumb running over the tip every now and then. Xander's hands reached to grab the sheets, before he thought of somewhere better

to place his hands. Reaching down, he found the zipper on Spike's jeans easily, and quickly slid it down. The vampire's dick sprang from its confinements, and Spike had no time to register what Xander had done before Xander's hand grabbed him and squeezed.

Spike jerked in surprise, unable to keep back a growl. "Bloody 'ell Xan," he panted, and Xander began to smile. The Big Bad was breathing. Because of *him*. He leaned up, capturing Spike's mouth with his.

The tenderness that had been there when they'd started was now gone, replaced with pure passion and earnest. Spike began to pump Xander's cock faster, and Xander felt him smirk into the kiss when the vampire's thumb encountered the first drop of pre-come. Xander squeezed him hard as his hand slid up Spike's cock, and it was Xander's turn to smirk.

Spike growled again, his hips rocking when the human's hand didn't move fast enough. "Xan..." he breathed against warm lips, and Xander began to pant. He was going over, he couldn't hold back, he just needed...

Spike apparently decided that Xander deserved payback for the torture he'd given Spike, and he gave a hard

squeeze as he continued to pump. With a cry Xander came, and a few moments later Spike cursed and followed him over. The two lay tangled together, their come sticky between them.

“Wow,” was all Xander could say when he found his vocal chords. Spike merely chuckled. “I don't know about you, but that was...”

“Bloody fantastic?” Spike suggested, pulling his head up from Xander's chest. The two exchanged smiles, and Xander felt something warm inside of him when Spike pressed his lips to Xander's chest. “Yeah, somethin' like that,” Spike continued, unaware of what was going through Xander's mind.

Was he crazy to ask? Sure, he'd seen the look in Spike's eyes before. That didn't mean that Spike wanted hugs and cuddles, though. Did Xander even want those things? From Spike?

His gaze fixed on the content smile on the vampire's face, the relaxed stance, all of it so normal, so *right*, and Xander had his answer. “Could we do more?” he asked quietly.

Spike rested his chin on Xander's chest and gave him a leer. "Didn't think human stamina could stay caught up with mine, but sure, why not."

"Not that. More of...I don't know...us."

The smirk faded from Spike's face. "Us?" he asked.

Xander swallowed, tempted to look away. It was easier to just glance away at something else. But he knew what he wanted now, and he wasn't backing down. For once, he was going to say what he wanted. "Yeah. An us. Can we have that?"

Spike stared, and then he began to smile. Xander smiled back, and wondered why he'd never spoken up for himself sooner, especially when he might've gotten smiles like that. "Yeah. We can have that," Spike said softly, before pressing another kiss to Xander's chest.

Xander closed his eyes, his smile broadening as his hand went up to tangle in Spike's hair. The last sensation he remembered before falling asleep was the gentle gliding of fingers on his arm.

Part Nine

Both awoke to the sounds of the phone ringing. Spike growled at it, and when it didn't stop, reached over to yank it from the wall. "Hey, that phone is not evil," Xander mumbled, still half asleep. "Well, not in the sense that you can slay it."

"Woke us up; that's evil enough," Spike grumbled. He sighed when Xander extended an arm to answer it.

"Hello?"

Spike laid his head back down on Xander's chest. He closed his eyes as he listened to the *thump-thump* of Xander's heart, smiling contentedly. For months this had been his dream; to wake up with his ear pressed against a beating heart. Correction: to wake up with his ear pressed against *Xander's* beating heart.

The heart which had just begun to beat faster. Spike

frowned and glanced up at Xander, who was barely holding the phone to his ear, eyes wide with shock, horror, Spike couldn't tell. If it was that man from the SunnyDalight...Spike began to growl.

Xander snapped out of his shock when he heard Spike. He batted at Spike to stop, and reluctantly the vampire lessened his rumblings. "I'll be there tomorrow," Xander said, then said his goodbyes and hung up.

"Who was it?" Spike asked suspiciously, mentally going through his list of long range weapons. Maybe he could get some explosives and rig them so he himself wouldn't be killing the man, so to speak, and the manager could get what he deserved, the sniveling little bast...

When Xander broke into a huge grin, however, Spike's thoughts stopped short. "You're not gonna believe this," the human said, his grin stretching from ear to ear.

"What's goin' on?" Spike asked, frowning slightly.

Xander sat up and leaned against the headboard, crossing his arms. "You know what? I don't think I want to tell you."

Spike stared at him with a gaping mouth, before he began to grin. So Xander wanted to play it like that, eh? Well, Spike was a master vampire. He wasn't going to bow down to childish games. "Just tell me already!" he asked, ignoring the whine in his voice.

Xander giggled but shook his head. "Nuh uh. Sorry. No can do."

"Please?"

Xander shook his head, trying to stifle his laughter. "Nope."

Spike glared at him, but there was no heat behind it. He was having a hard time suppressing his own smiles. "Pretty Please?" he pleaded, enunciating every syllable.

Xander snickered, shaking his head once more.

Spike gave a playful growl. "C'mon Xan, Pretty Please with Sugar and Cherries and whatever else you want on...sod that," he said suddenly, jumping up, his fingers reaching for Xander's sides. Xander burst out laughing as Spike mercilessly began to tickle him.

“Uncle, uncle!” Xander gasped, and Spike sat back with a triumphant grin.

“‘Bout bloody time. Now give.”

“That was my old job, the construction one?” Xander said. “Well, turns out that two days ago they fired the old boss and promoted one of my friends in his place. My friend was the one on the phone, and he asked if I was still interested in construction work, and would I *please* come back, because he'd love to have me back on the site.”

Spike began to smile. “When do you start?”

“Tomorrow, he said. He also said that he'd be giving me my first month's pay up front, which was really nice of him, because he knows about the apartment payment, and that means I can stay here Spike, I don't have to go back, we can stay here!!” Xander continued to beam, but Spike had frozen at Xander's last sentence.

He couldn't possibly mean... Spike thought, before he cleared his throat. “Uh, Xan?”

Xander glanced at him, frowning slightly at the non-

smiling face the vampire was now sporting. “What's wrong?” he asked, his hand reaching out for Spike's arm.

Spike felt the warm hand slide up and down his arm, and he sighed before asking quietly, “You, uh, just said 'we'. You probably meant 'I', but I just...just wanted to...well, just...”

Xander leaned forward and pressed his lips to Spike's. “I meant 'we', Spike. If you're not adverse to the idea, that is.”

“Adverse to it?” Spike asked, raising a hand to his brow in mock horror. “I should think not!”

Xander laughed, and the sound made the vampire smile. It'd been too long since Xander had laughed like that. Well, that would change; Spike would see to it.

“So...you go back to work tomorrow, right?” Spike asked, rubbing his chin in thoughtfulness. “What do you plan on doin' until then?”

Xander looked confused, and Spike raised his eyebrow suggestively. Xander rolled his eyes when he got it. “You've got such a one track mind.”

“Good thing it's on the same track as yours then,” Spike said, laughing as he leaned over to kiss Xander again. A vampire could get used to this sort of thing.

Part Ten

Not a week later Spike officially moved into Xander's apartment. It took only a couple of hours to move Spike's things, but two days to set everything up just so.

Spike hummed as he dug for his key, his grin broadening as he thought of the look that would soon be on Xander's face. The best Chinese take-out from the best Chinese restaurant in all of Sunnydale. Of course, the one Chinese place that didn't do delivery, so it was a rare treat to have. Xander would be extremely surprised.

The key was inserted, the door was opened, and Spike hurried to the kitchen before the delicious scents gave the secret away. He wanted to show Xander how much

he appreciated living there, appreciated *Xander*, because that boy was one of a kind. Spike was sure his grin was going to crack his face in two. One of a kind boy that was all his. Unlife *couldn't* get any better.

“Xan, got a surprise for you,” he called out, setting the bags on the counter. He turned to the cupboards and pulled out plates and utensils.

“Oh really?” came Xander's reply. Spike grinned and followed the voice to the bedroom.

“Yeah, but you might want to hurry before it gets...” Spike stopped, not two steps into the room, and stared.

Xander was straddling a chair, bare toes just touching the ground. His right arm was hooked around the back, with his right hand carelessly dangling down. His left fingers were lazily running up and down his left thigh, each time straying a little closer to his crotch. He was dressed the same way he'd been back at the SunnyDalight, but there was a genuine smile on his face this time.

Spike swallowed. Unlife, it seemed, had just gotten better yet again. “You were saying something about a surprise?” Xander asked casually, as if he was slouched

on the sofa watching television.

“Sod the surprise,” Spike growled, heading towards Xander. Xander shook his head, halting Spike in his tracks.

“Take a seat,” Xander whispered, and Spike groaned. Look but don't touch. There were worse things that could happen to him. Reluctantly he sat back on the bed, his eyes never leaving Xander.

Xander continued to grin, and his left hand finally moved past his groin and up his chest, all the way until he reached his mouth. He wrapped his lips around his fingers, licking and sucking. Spike reached down to adjust his pants, which were suddenly two sizes too small.

Xander smirked around his fingers, pulling them from his mouth with a small *pop*. Spike whimpered. The pants were now three sizes too small, and shrinking more by the minute.

Bringing both hands above his head, Xander pushed against the floor with his toes, sliding his hips to the edge of the chair. Slowly he rolled his torso forward, his slow movements giving Spike tiny glimpses of well honed

muscles under the shirt.

Spike watched as the hands slowly came down, only to tug the shirt up and off. Xander's chest was damp with sweat, and Spike's mouth was too dry to tell Xander to get on the bed. He needed him, and he needed him *now*.

Xander seemed to get the message. He reached down to his tight pants, teasingly running his fingers up his thighs. His fingers reached the zippers on the sides of his legs, and slowly he began to undo them. When he'd reached the bottom of his hips, he leaned forward, crawling onto the bed and towards Spike. He licked his lips, smirking, and Spike couldn't take anymore.

Spike shot forward, grabbing Xander by the shoulders and flipping him onto his back. Xander had barely squawked out an indignant response before Spike had the pants down and swallowed his human down. With a gasp Xander jerked up into Spike's mouth.

The vampire was already fumbling with the zipper on his own pants. He growled when he couldn't pull it down fast enough, and Xander arched his back at the sensation. "Spike, gods, please..." he panted, hands reaching down to entangle themselves in Spike's hair.

The zipper finally slid down, and Spike almost cried when his hand wrapped around his shaft. He began to pump, continuing to suck and lick Xander. Xander began to babble, keeping a tight grip on the bleached head.

Then Xander was gasping, his come filling Spike's mouth. Spike swallowed it down, then moaned as he came all over his hand. Still panting, he slowly crawled up next to Xander, then collapsed next to him.

"I think that these pants are officially ruined," Xander said a few minutes later.

Spike took one look at the ripped and stained pants and snickered. "Seen better days. But I'd keep 'em, at least as souvenirs."

"You're gross," Xander said, fighting back a grin. "Now, you actually did have a surprise of your own?"

Spike laughed. "Yeah, Chinese from the old market down at Main and Centerville."

Xander's eyes lit up. "The good place from the other side of town? You are absolutely fantastic."

“Same could be said about you,” Spike said softly. Xander blushed but smiled.

“Chinese now? 'Cause I don't know about you, but I'm starving.”

Spike pretended to think it over. “You know, I've just had my dinner, but I s'pose we could...” He laughed as Xander hit him with a pillow, then rose to follow the human into the kitchen.

The End