

Comfort of Fiends

by
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1 With Fiends Like These

“Oi, Whelp!? You in there?”

Groaning, Xander pulled his pillow over his head. “Go away, Spike!”

“‘ey, not very nice way to treat the bloke bringin’ ya coffee and doughnuts.”

Lifting the edge of his pillow, he peered out at the vamp making himself at home in *his* basement. “Okay,” the groggy mortal sat up, “I give. Why is the big nasty not-so-evil chipped vampire bringing me pastry goodness and the fuel of the gods? Is it April already? Or just another apocalypse?”

“Neither, ya git,” Spike snapped as he pushed a styrofoam cup into the young man’s hand.

Greedily, Xander gulped the hot bitter liquid.

“Chits are worried ‘bout you.”

“Really?” Xander looked questioningly at the vamp.

“Yeah.”

It always amazed Xander how the blonde could fit so much meaning into one little word. In this case, he was pretty sure ‘yeah’ meant ‘no, not really, but try to prove it and see how far it gets you’ but with more British-isms. “Doubt that. Wills would be here if they were that worried.”

Spike inclined his head conceding the point, “Yeah, well, don’t exactly know how else to take it when the whole lot of ‘em clam up like they did.”

Xander’s eyes widened, “I’m impressed, Spike. Not many could strike my girls speechless. What did you do?”

“Asked who Jesse was.”

Vampiric speed and reflexes were all that saved Xander from a trip to the hospital and at least second degree burns. Quietly, with a frightening chill in his voice, Xander asked, "Where'd you hear that name?" *Please don't say it. Please don't say it. Please. Don't. Say. It.*

Every bit as quietly but with a surprising warmth, the vamp answered, "You." Then as if aiming to reassert his 'Big Bad' status, "Dream about the bloke often enough, figured it'd be worth finding out who your boyfriend was."

Suddenly, Spike found himself on the floor, a stake at his throat. Trying his best to chuckle mockingly, "Shit, Harris, all this time helping the Slayer and ya can't remember where to stake a vampire."

Snarling, Xander replied, "You assume I want to dust your sorry fangless ass, maybe I just want to hurt you and watch you bleed."

"Xander," Spike was awestruck, whether that was good or bad he wasn't certain, but he did know the vehemence and hatred in the boy's eyes and tone sent chills through his undead body. Part of his brain

wondered if this was the Xander Harris that'd faced down Angelus years ago.

As suddenly as the mortal had been on him, he was gone. Striding towards the bathroom, Xander didn't look back as he called, "I want you gone by the time I'm done."

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Spike stalked through the tunnels beneath Sunnydale, daring anyone or anything to cross his path. He was a Master Vampire, and he was *pissed*! The whelp was his to torment and the mere thought of anyone else having that power over the boy caused his demon to rage. And where did the boy get off- kicking *him* out, attacking *him*? The boy was his and he had every right to know who caused his boy so many restless and conflictingly scented nights.

Well, Spike was resourceful, even when he was human he had a talent for finding information and this wouldn't be any different. He just needed to figure out where to start.

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*Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, **fuck!*** Xander wanted to kick himself... and Spike. Why did he have to start with the nightmares again? Why'd the Bleached Menace have to hear? Gods, he wasn't up to going through this again.

Then there was the anger- he hated that part of himself; it looked too much like his father. He could only hope Spike wouldn't bring it up- yeah, right.

Resisting the urge to pound his head into the shower tiles, he instead rubbed his forehead against the cool pseudo-porcelain and let the freezing water sluice over him, the chill both comforting and refreshing.

"Christ Xan. What did he do to you this time?"

"Oh you know, same ol' same ol'." The battered boy winced as he sat down.

"He didn't?"

"Huh? Oh, nah not this time, just nailed me good against the coffee table."

“Good. ‘cause that sweet ass in mine.”

Xander cringed at the other boy’s words, but at least Jesse took care of him- after a fashion. That’s what he told himself anyway. Jesse didn’t beat him senseless, split him open, and fuck him raw. Jesse helped tend his wounds, kept his secret, and used lube and stretched him (a little) before fucking him. Jesse also claimed he loved him.

“Strip.”

Jesse’s tone was commanding, rather than caring. Still, Xander did as he was told, then lay on his bruised back across Jesse’s bed.

In the frighteningly methodical way he always did, Jesse would examine, poke and prod every cut and bruise on his friend’s body. The boy seemed to get some dark sadistic pleasure from Xander’s wounds. Task completed he’d then kiss his injured companion hard and possessively before quickly preparing him and taking him only slightly less roughly than his father would have.

This time was no different.

As Jesse pounded into him, Xander did his best to block out the words tumbling from the boy's mouth. He focused on feeling- feeling anything but his bruises and the emptiness inside. Unfortunately, that always brought him back to how this all started...

**** School had just begun, days were still long and southern California hot, and teenage boys would sneak out to meet each other and make the most of their stolen time.*

Xander was supposed to meet Jesse by the old tree house that evening, but he never arrived.

An hour passed before Jesse gave in and decided to go check on his friend.

The light in Xander's room was on and the window was cracked open. With skill that came with years of experience the lanky boy scaled the old birch outside Xander's window. What he saw sent shivers through him.

*It was no secret to the boy that Xander's father was abusive, even Xander wasn't **that** clumsy, but he'd never suspected this. Jesse watched enthralled as Tony Harris*

savagely violated his own son.

*Blood flowed in intricate trails over Xander's back and down between his legs. The sight both horrified and aroused the young man in the tree. He ached with desire to be the one penetrating the dark boy he claimed as his best friend, to have that **power**.*

Once the elder Harris 'finished' and left his son's room, Jesse made his move, scrambling through the window to the abused boy on the floor. Jesse unceremoniously ripped a sheet off the bed, wrapping it around his friend and cradling Xander to him.

Xander flinched violently at Jesse's touch, thinking his father had returned, but he stilled quickly at the feel of a hand, much slimmer than his father's, combing his hair and the quietly murmured, "Xan, it's me. It's Jesse. He's gone, Xan, he's gone."

Silent tears trickled down Xander's face and into Jesse's shirt as the boy either succumbed to exhaustion or, more likely, passed out.

Xander awoke with a start the following morning. He was in his bed with an arm around his waist and a warm body pressed to his back. Not how he was used to waking up after one of his father's beatings.

Then a familiar voice said, "Hey, you're awake."

"Jesse?"

"Shh, you were expecting the bogey-man?"

The boy chuckled, "Ow..."

The painful sound reminded them both of exactly why Jesse was sharing Xander's bed.

"How long?"

Xander shook his head against the pillow, willing the question away.

*When his friend didn't answer, Jesse took a harder approach, his tone commanding an answer, "**How long?**"*

Sheepishly, as if the mere thought of the words would earn him another beating, Xander answered, "Since Mom

went to her sister's last Summer."

"Christ Xan, why didn't you come to me or Willow?"

"God Jesse, you won't tell Willow, will you? You know how she gets when she can't fix something."

Petting the boy in his arms, Jesse tried to reassure him, "Calm down Xan, I won't tell her. I promise. Right now, you need to rest. We'll talk about this later."

*Slowly, he relaxed into his friend's warmth and the knowledge that, for the moment at least, he wasn't alone. Just before he drifted to sleep, he muttered, "Thanks Jesse."****

Pacing, Spike decided, was an activity best left to expectant fathers and areas larger than a crypt- or larger than **his** crypt. After hours of futilely chasing sleep, the vampire surrendered to his need to pace and (he growled as the thought escaped his addled brain) brood.

How was he going to find this Jesse person, 'specially with the chits playing mum? Not like he could ask good

ol' Rupert either. And he wasn't desperate enough to risk the Great Poof's involvement even if the cheerleader knew something.

Hmph, cheerleaders, the vamp snickered, stupid bints posing for the camera, barely 'nough blood in their anorexic bodies for an appetizer. That's when it hit him- pictures, yearbooks. This Jesse was someone from his boy's past, which meant high school most likely since the chits knew him, and his boy was bound to have a couple of those blasted mementos around somewhere.

A plan began to present itself- nice and simple. He'd wait for the Whelp to be off making a fool of himself at whatever half-arsed minimum wage job he was working, sneak into the basement and snoop. It was something he'd done countless times since his forced co-habitation with the boy; only difference now was he had something specific to look for.

A mischievous evil grin settled on his lips, a matching glint sparkled in his eyes. This plan was cheering Spike up quite nicely.

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Hidden deep in the shadows, concealed from the glow of nearby streetlights and the invasive headlights of the occasional passing car, Spike waited for the young mortal to leave. He stifled a growl when the boy emerged wearing the humiliating uniform of the week, and watched as he climbed into his monstrosity of a car and drove off. When this little puzzle was sussed, he'd have to see about pushing the Whelp towards a decent job. But right now, he had a man to find.

Spike slipped easily into the basement, nostrils flaring at the heady scent of his boy- his anger, fear, lust, and the underlying ever-present sweet scent of purity that enticed his demon so.

With the knowledge of previous scavenges, Spike quickly locate the books. Carefully, with a reverence he'd deny vehemently if ever questioned, the vamp tucked the books securely in his duster and slipped back out into the night.

2 Fiends and Enemies

Xander stumbled through his shift, his mind was more distant than usual after the morning's Fangless encounter. Damn-it, it shouldn't bother him so much- just because he and the Bleached Wonder were developing a bit less of a hatred for each other and maybe it was nice to have another guy around who was more of an outcast/fifth wheel than he was, but that didn't mean they were friends or that he cared about hurting the vamp's feelings.

It wasn't Spike's fault he'd hit on a sensitive subject- not that he thought for a moment the snarky blonde wouldn't use it against him if he had known- or that Xander was having the nightmares again. It probably wasn't even the vamp's fault that he'd overheard enough to pick Jesse's name out of Xander's sleep induced mutterings.

Xander felt bad, guilty even, he shouldn't have reacted the way he had- letting his emotions get the better of him. By the end of his shift, Xander reached the conclusion that, while he didn't feel guilty enough to hunt down the Not-So-Evil-Undead and apologize, he could afford to make sure he had some decent blood on hand and be a little more civil the next time he saw the

vamp- providing said vamp didn't bring up the incident or Jesse.

"Hey, how're my two best buds this fine October morning?" Xander practically bounced up to Willow and Jesse.

His exuberance coupled with his flashy, baggy clothes always put Willow in mind of Gummi Bears and that image never failed to produce a giggle. "Hey, Xan! Feeling better I take it?"

"You bet, besides I missed you guys."

"Hmm, more likely you missed cheerleading practice," the lanky boy joked.

"Well...," Xander shrugged his shoulders and gave a mischievous smirk.

"Oh, you two, I would tell you to stop being hormonal, but I doubt it would do any good." The redhead gathered her books and stood, "Have fun ogling, I'm going to class."

The girl received two salutes and “Yes, Ma’am!”s as she wandered away from the boys.

“So,” Jesse plopped down on the bench next to his friend, “you really okay?”

“Yeah, Xan-man’s made of rubber- he always bounces back.” The boy offered an entirely too honest and world-weary smile.

“You should’ve called me. I would’ve come, you know that.”

“Jesse...” This was the first time since waking up with his best-friend in his bed that Xander’s father had had a go at him.

“No, Xan. I’m serious, you shouldn’t be alone after... that!”

“Jesse, he didn’t...”

“I don’t care. Obviously, I do; what I meant was it doesn’t matter how bad or how far.” He gripped his best-friend’s shoulder, “If you’re not gonna do something about it

before, you're at least going to come to me after. You understand me?"

Xander gave a half-hearted smile, "Yeah, Jesse. I get ya."

"Good! Now, which way did the Cordettes go?"

It was a few weeks later when Jesse snatched up the ringing phone to hear his best-friend's hoarse and broken voice, "Jesse... need you."

"Hang on Xan, I'm coming."

Once again the slim boy climbed the old tree by Xander's window. Peering inside, he could just make out the shape of the boy curled into a ball on the floor. Quickly, Jesse went to his friend's side, helping him onto the bed before locking and blocking the bedroom door. The lanky teen then returned to his beaten friend, stripped down to his boxers, and climbed into bed with him.

As he slowly began to calm, Xander pushed closer into Jesse's welcoming embrace, chanting, "You came. You came. You came," over and over as if he thought the boy would vanish if he didn't maintain the mantra.

Within a few short months, Jesse had established the cycle Mr. Harris followed, and the two boys quickly fell into a routine based on that. If his father laid into him during the day or outside his 'cycle', Xander would either call or make his way to Jesse. At night, Jesse would wait in the old birch, watching the 'activities' going on in Xander's bedroom. Sometimes nothing would happen, save for some terrifying shouting and threats.

Sometimes, Xander would have a few new bruises to conceal. And sometimes as Tony Harris pounded into his son, the boy watched, wishing he was in place of the elder Harris. Stripping his dribbling shaft roughly in time to the large man's grunts, imagining it was him taking Xander- owning him.

Afterwards, Jesse would climb through Xander's window to hold and comfort him.

It was during one of these 'comfort sessions' that their lips first touched. Neither boy had intended for it to happen, nor had they intended for the heated clash of tongues, lips, and teeth that followed to occur. Nevertheless, it did happen, giving each boy what they craved- for one, compassion; the other, power.

Jesse was on cloud nine- he'd kissed Xander, and Xander'd kissed him! More importantly, Jesse now knew he could get what he wanted. The lanky boy smiled almost manically chuckling to himself as he made his way home- it was not a warming sight.

After leaving the Whelp's wretched excuse for a home, Spike acquired himself a fresh bottle of JD and returned to his crypt to settle in for a fun filled night of reading the boy's high school yearbooks. The vampire shuddered- he just hoped one bottle would be enough.

The first book he looked through was the most recent, and incredibly disturbing; mainly because it proved to him that Harmony was actually more intelligent and tolerable as a demon than when she was alive. Spike couldn't help but be amazed she'd lasted as long as she had on the Hellmouth. The blonde vamp downed half the bottle of Jack just to dull those memories.

As he flipped through the next book, the Scoobies' Junior

year, he was surprised by how vivid and fresh his own emotions were from those months.

Angelus returning, more psychotic and cruel than he'd ever been.

His Dark Princess, happy and healthier than she'd been in decades, dancing around her Sire all gleeful and giddy, her pale skin marred by *Daddy's* wounds and her own sweet blood.

That blasted chair, never again, he'd rather be staked or greet the sun one final time than be a prisoner in his own body again. He still had nightmares about that, only now there were white rooms and white coats and cold hard cages added to the mix.

Angrily, Spike gulped the remaining liquor before hurling the bottle against the nearest wall. "T' hells with this," he announced to the air. "'m still the Big Bad, Master Vampire, two Slayers under m' belt, don't need to be pussy-footing 'round 's if I need permission. Wanna know 'bout the bastard and the Whelp's gonna bloody well tell me!"

The blonde grabbed his duster and stormed out of the crypt, determined to get some answers from his boy.

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Spike strode purposefully towards the boy's house, revising and dismissing ways the scene could play out. One of the few scenarios the vamp hadn't considered was being hit by the scent of the boy's fear and sorrow the moment he was in sight of the Harris homestead. The flash of anger at someone or something, other than him, scaring his boy that badly shocked the vampire. Instantly, Spike was at the boy's window, peering into the dark depths of the basement.

His boy sat on that horrid sofa bed, a small photo in his hands and a stake laying next to him. Spike strained to hear what the boy was saying, his confusion and anger ratcheting with the hodgepodge of words he could make out.

"So sorry, Jesse, so sorry, but she... you... it wasn't because of... you were still my friend... still my friend...," the boy sobbed, hiccupping, and fighting for breath. "It wasn't 'cause of... it WASN'T! You were my friend, you... it wasn't right, none of it was." Slowly the boy cried himself out and fell into a highly troubled sleep.

The moment he was certain Xander was asleep, Spike quickly let himself inside and bee lined it for the boy. He unceremoniously snatched up the photo to see exactly who had this effect on his boy. If he hadn't been so angry, Big Bad status aside, he would have smiled at the picture. It had obviously been taken outside of The Bronze; a tall, lean, dark-haired boy whose face and body screamed 'awkward teenager' stood in the centre, his arms flung around Red on one side and Xander on the other. Spike was amazed, he couldn't remember when he'd seen either Scooby so completely carefree and happy. The vampire felt a sharp stabbing pain in his chest- this was *his* boy. How dare someone else make him that happy or cause him this much pain. Involuntarily, Spike hissed through demon fangs, the sound just loud enough to disturb the mortal's sleep.

Whimpering, "No Jesse... please... I promise he didn't. Promise... would tell you."

The vampire crept to the boy's side. The question of whether or not to risk waking the young man was dismissed with barely a thought- a thought that ran along the lines of 'mine, protect, mine, hurt, mine!' Adopting the voice he used when comforting Dru, the vamp carded

his fingers through his boy's hair and cooed, "It's okay, luv, calm down. That's it, Xan, everything's gonna be alright. Now, what is it you'd tell me?"

The boy squirmed, obviously upset at the question, but eventually he spoke, "If he fucked me," he keened.

Spike saw red. His demon saw red. And the urge to dismember the bastard that dared touch Xander that way was strong enough to set off the chip, but his fury was so deep and pure that the normally debilitating pain was barely a blip on his internal radar. In fact, for once the pain seemed to serve as a focus, showing the vamp what had to be done.

First and foremost was getting his boy out of here. That meant getting Xander a decent job and convincing him he could and *deserved* to have his own place. Then he'd see about disembowelling the waste of flesh his dark human had misfortune enough to call a father. Spike'd lived with the boy, he didn't need the 'who' spelt out for him. He'd heard the rages and seen the bruises Xander passed off as patrol injuries. Yes, chip or no, that human was going to pay.

Spike stayed at the young man's side until he seemed to

reach a fairly peaceful sleep. A lesser demon might've been shocked by how much it seemed Spike cared for the boy and by how easily his mind accepted the knowledge, but this was Spike and after over a century with Drusilla, sudden emotional revelations were a drop in the hat- processed and dealt with as simply and easily as breathing was by the living. Besides, he might not have gotten all his answers, but he'd got a lot- and some new questions he didn't even know he'd had.

3 A Fiend in Need

“Gods damn-it all Xander, as improbable as it may seem, you *can* talk to me.” The vamp was going insane, his boy was obviously upset, but he wouldn't talk. Since the night Spike had discovered exactly how bad things got at the Harris house, he'd set about befriending the boy and getting him the hell away from that place and those people. So far things were going well, Xander was enjoying his new job, construction work suited him, and he was settling nicely into his new apartment. Now if the boy would just open up a bit, but no, he was stubbornly silent. In a last ditch attempt to get a reaction from his boy, “sides, not like I 'aven't sussed most of it myself.”

The young mortal snorted, "Yeah, and what is it you think you know, Spike? What? That my parents are alcoholics, that good ol' Dad has a tendency to get wasted and take his frustration out on me? Well, newsflash Bleach for Brains, it's old news and it's not like I'm the only kid from a rotten home." The mortal was raging and pacing, his emotions clamouring closer to the surface.

In a soft, heartfelt whisper the vamp replied, "You left out the bit where he rapes you."

Xander spun on his heels to face the vampire, his rage evident and tears threatening to spill down his face. He was ready to lay into the vampire, defenceless or not, some lines shouldn't be crossed, but the look on the blonde's face, in his eyes stopped him. Pure, honest concern, and caring shone from those ice blue eyes. Almost more astonishing was the complete lack of pity. His voice, shaky and scared, asked, "How?"

"I'm not stupid, Xan, knew 'bout the beatings for a while. As for the other," Spike's eyes flashed fiery amber and he involuntarily snarled, "you told me."

Xander's eyes widened in terror, "I didn't. I'd never," the

young man insisted.

Spike reached out a sculpted, black lacquered hand towards the human he'd been growing increasingly attached to. "Xander. You were dreaming, thought you were talkin' to that Jesse fellow." The vampire squeezed the boy's shoulder reassuringly.

"Hmmm, Jesse."

Suddenly, much to Spike's dismay, the boy began laughing hysterically, he sounded as if he was coming unhinged. "Xander, mate? Xan? Oi, human, you're scaring the demon, mate. Think you need to calm down."

"That so, Spike. That what you really think?" Xander's words were garbled and interspersed with frightening laughter. "Tell me, then, oh Fanged One, what if I told you that the only two people who knew about Mr. Harris' exploits with his son, both turned out to be vamps and both were," his hysteria seemed to be passing, or at least slowing, as he stared hard into Spike's too blue eyes, "were my best-friends." Xander barked a laugh, and his voice turned hard, "You should stay away from me Spike; I dusted the last vamp I cared about."

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That handful of words triggered a cascade of puzzle pieces falling into place, or at least falling into the general vicinity. The girls' reaction- if the boy had been turned, no wonder Red and the Slayer were so closed lipped. Xander's anger- to stake your best-friend that would be like him staking his Princess.

As if it was the most natural thing in the world, Spike pulled the unresisting human into a tight, protective embrace. "No wonder you're such a shit to me and Peaches." A small smile touched his lips when he heard Xander's half-hearted chortle. Slowly, the vampire moved them to the couch, then eased his boy into a comfortable position as he held him and let him cry himself to sleep.

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Xander squirmed and moaned in his sleep, startling the blonde watching over him.

Not for the first time in recent months the young man had dozed off on 'his end' of the couch while watching the week's offering of gratuitous explosions, excessive gunfire, and questionable, yet copious, amounts of blood with the vampire. It was a ritual that had been set in stone when Xander woke after his breakdown to find himself sprawled on one end of the sofa, a blanket draped over him, and Spike in a matching pose on the other end. There was no hateful or degrading snark. No recrimination for the previous night's events. Just two guys, two friends sharing pizza, soda, booze, and bad flicks.

Another moan came from the dark form, this one more desperate and pleading than its predecessor. Yet again, the vampire fought with himself over the distressed human.

Xander had made it clear that Spike was to stay as far away from the topics of Jesse and the boy's nightmares as possible. And while Spike despised his boy's pain, and the demon raged at being forbidden to protect his boy, Spike understood Xander's need to maintain some vestige of control and he knew his boy would come to him when he was ready. He just hoped he'd be ready sooner rather than later, for both their sakes.

A whimper followed by a cry of pain tore at Spike's gut, as Xander's nightmare seemed to ratchet into a higher gear. He hoped it would pass quickly, the vamp didn't think he could watch Xander in such torment very long without intervening. More whimpers and a plaintively murmured, "No," and Spike no longer cared. Within seconds, the dark haired mortal was propped against the vampire's firm chest with Spike's arms wrapped protectively around him. Spike murmured and cooed, comforting the boy, once again thankful for the years of experience tending to his Dark Princess. The boy's heart rate and breathing began to steady almost instantly, and sooner than Spike would've imagined Xander was again peacefully asleep.

"Oh god, babe," panting, "yeah, so good. Jesus, Xan, ...ungh... oh yeah, no fucking wonder. Always amazes me! ...uhhh... no wonder..."

Xander knew better than to talk or respond other than pushing back against the body pounding into his. Doing so would only make the lies that much more blatant and he needed them. Needed to be able to pretend, to

imagine tenderness, caring- anything other than revulsion at himself.

It had begun so differently. It had begun with hope and comfort. It had begun with an accidental kiss eight months ago. For months before that first not-so-innocent meeting of lips, Xander had taken comfort and refuge in Jesse's arms. His mere presence a better salve than any conventional medicine. Even after the kiss, when the comfort expanded to include sensual kisses and wandering caresses, Jesse remained a remarkable balm.

Then things changed.

****Xander awoke terrified. His body still ached from last night's beating and now he felt an all too familiar pressure against his ass.*

A hand came around to pet his bare chest and abdomen, "Shh, relax Xan. It's me. It's Jesse, not him."

The boy's heart rate slowed a notch at the familiar voice and it's equally familiar words.

Jesse rocked against him, "Oh babe. You make me crazy.

Want you so bad, Xan. God let me in. Let me in. Gotta know. Let me in."

Xander stifled a whimper as his best-friend entered him. After everything Jesse had done for him it didn't feel right to say no, even if he'd had the chance.

"Xan, babe. So amazing, so tight- like a velvet vice! No wonder he keeps coming back. God! Incredible!" The disturbing litany continued on as he thrust into the boy, only ceasing when he finally came.

*As Jesse emptied into Xander's body, he stripped the boy's cock, mercilessly wringing an orgasm from the teen.****

The change in breathing and pulse alerted Spike to his boy's waking. He had two choices; he could move the mortal back to his original position- alone on the far end of the couch, or he could bare the boy's ire. As far as the vampire was concerned the choice was simple, this farce had gone on long enough. Gently, he tightened his hold on the slowly waking young man, taking the opportunity to nuzzle into Xander's soft curls. Whatever had been

plaguing the young man would be dealt with today.

The boy's heart rate suddenly shot upwards and the bitter scent of terror began rolling off of him.

"s okay Xan, promise. You're safe; can wake up now. It's safe, Xan, safe."

Bleary eyed, Xander looked up into concerned crystal blue eyes, sleepily, "Jesse used to tell me that."

Unimpressed, "Did he?"

"Mm-hmm, but he never looked at me like that," he inclined his head towards the vamp. "Not even after he..."

Spike stiffened, what had this Jesse done to his boy? Running long pale fingers through Xander's hair, he tenderly asked, "After he what, pet?"

"Nothing," he shook his head. "Spike?"

"Mmm," the sound seemed more of a warm rolling purr than a 'spoken' response.

“Thank you... but,” the boy hesitated, “why?”

The undead blonde thought carefully before he answered, “Maybe ‘cause you don’t need to be going through this alone. Maybe ‘cause you remind me of someone from another life. Maybe ‘cause you need someone to care.” The vamp drew an unneeded breath before continuing, “Maybe I need someone to care for. Or could jus’ be that I like you despite myself, that you’re my friend, and I don’t like to see the people I care about in pain.” Spike stopped, tilted his head as he considered his own words, then added, “less pain is what they want, but don’t think we’re there yet. Right, pet?”

Xander snorted a sad laugh, “No, so not there we aren’t even in the same solar system.”

They sat quietly for several minutes, Xander protectively tucked against Spike’s chest, while the vampire continued to pet and run his fingers through the mortal’s shaggy chocolate locks.

“That first time... he said I shouldn’t have been surprised. That it was the next natural progression of our relationship. Haha,” Xander barked, “next natural progression!?!”

Spike tightened his arms around the young man, offering what meagre solace he could from such fresh, painful memories.

“Thought he cared. When he found out about what my dad did...,” the young man shuddered, “He even said he loved me.” Xander’s breath hitched as emotions he’d pent up for far too long tried to overwhelm him.

“’s okay Xander, let it out, pet. ‘m right here; not goin’ anywhere.”

Xander allowed himself to get momentarily lost in the coddling and mothering of the blonde vampire. He knew he was in serious danger of losing his heart to the ‘Evil Undead’, if he hadn’t already, but he couldn’t find it in himself to care. It felt too good to be able to tell someone, too good to have that someone protect and comfort him... too good to be held in *Spike’s* arms. As ever seemed to happen with Xander, his mouth bypassed his brain as he began to tell the vampire about the last time. “It was the week before school started, Dad was in one of his ‘moods’- I could tell it was gonna be a bad one, so I called Jesse.” Xander clutched at Spike’s shirt reassuring himself that he wasn’t alone. “I don’t know

when he got there, if it was before Dad started, but I remember... I remember praying, begging whatever powers there were to let him show up soon. I knew if Jesse saw, he'd find a way to stop it- I believed that, Spike. I had to. Anyway," the dark youth rubbed his brow against the cool flesh of Spike's collarbone, "my dad was 'busy' and I looked out the window hoping Jesse'd be there." His breath caught and he made a little gasping/coughing sound before he continued. "He was." Xander jerked his head up, warm, watery, bloodshot eyes seeking cool blue pools of solace, "He was there. Watching. More than watching. He was... gods, Spike..."

The vampire took Xander's face in his hands, gently rubbing away tears and forcing the young mortal to focus on him, "Shh, shh, 'm here, luv and 'is not. Neither of them are. Jus' you an' me. Spike and Xander." Then he kissed the human's forehead and tucked his head into the crook of his neck as he rocked slowly, emitting a low soothing purr.

From his perch in the tree outside Xander's bedroom, Jesse watched the now familiar scene play out in front of

him.

A backhand to the normally smiling face, followed by a punch to the ribs- the crack could be heard even through the closed window. The boy curled into a foetal position as the blows and kicks rained down. When the blows ceased, the elder Harris grabbed his son by the waistband, yanking him to his hands and knees.

The young man in the tree was already hard, his erection pressing almost painfully against his jeans.

Gracelessly, Tony Harris ripped Xander's pants and boxers off of him, then set to work releasing his own cock.

Outside, Jesse followed suit, grunting his pleasure as Xander's father rammed into his son's unprepared ass. Jesse's hand easily followed the rhythm of the older man's thrusts. He was so caught up in the actions and sensations that, at first, he didn't notice the eyes watching him. When he did notice, he locked his eyes with Xander's revelling in the fear and betrayal he saw there.

Within moments, both of Xander's violators came.

Weak, beaten, and crushed the dark boy passed out.

Xander woke up in his bed, cleaned and bandaged with Jesse wrapped possessively around him.

As he tried to wriggle free, Jesse tightened his hold on the boy and spoke, "Do you have any idea how hot that was?"

The abused boy stilled.

"The look in your eyes when you saw me- exquisite." The lanky teen rolled them so that he was atop his life-long friend. "Gonna fuck you so good, Xan. So good you won't even remember that bastard ever touching you." He kissed Xander hard and violently.

Within the week, Jesse was dead and his vampire-self dusted.

4 Family and Fiends

As the weeks progressed Xander and Spike's movie nights became more frequent, and nearly every one ended with the mortal ensconced in the blonde's embrace.

Just over six weeks after Xander's 'confession', on a Tuesday- Spike would remember that for the rest of his unlife- their routine changed.

Instead of sprawling on opposite ends of the sofa, Xander waited for Spike to settle himself then curled into the vampire's side.

Surprised, pleasantly so, Spike wrapped an arm around his beloved human, pulling him snugly to his chest.

That night as he drifted on the verge of sleep, Xander felt the gentle press of cool lips against his forehead and a soft, deep, rich voice whispering, "Love you, Xan. Not

gonna let anyone hurt you again, not if it's in my power.”

Xander slung his arm around his vamp, rubbing his cheek against Spike's firm chest, “Love you, too, Spike. Love you, too.”

~*~*~*~*~

In the morning, Xander awoke to the most beautiful azure eyes. The near ivory skin surrounding them giving them an otherworldly glow. Reaching up, Xander cupped a porcelain cheek. “So beautiful.”

“Morning, luv. Sleep alright?”

Xander chuckled, “You know I did.”

“Yeah, can't blame a bloke for askin'.”

The young man stroked the vampire's cheek, “I do love you, Spike.”

A pained expression crossed the vampire's face, he wanted to believe, he craved Xander's love more than regaining the ability to taste fresh human blood from the

source. “Can you? After everything you’ve been through?”

“Spike, you’ve made me believe in myself enough to get a decent job- one I like and I’m good at; you got me out of that hellhole of a basement; you’ve given me a lifeline with no strings attached. You’ve taken care of me, more than that you showed me I can take care of myself.

“How can I love you after all I’ve been through? Easy. I can love you *because* of all I’ve been through.” He leaned forward brushing his lips against the blonde’s in a sweet, chaste kiss

~*~*~*~*~*~

The following week, Spike moved in.

~*~*~*~*~*~

For the next month, vampire and human shared a bed, ever more intense and passionate kisses, but nothing more.

Spike loved his boy deeply and couldn't bare the thought of Xander feeling pushed into anything- especially when it came to 'them'. He wanted to find a way to broach the subject of sex that left Xander in control. The blonde chain smoked and brooded, yes *brooded*, over this dilemma, barely noticing when the object of his reverie got home. Distractedly he greeted the young man, "'ello, luv."

"Hey, baby. You mind if I grab a shower before we head to the meeting?"

"'course not, pet."

As the vamp idly watched the dark boy strip his shirt, unbutton his jeans, and head for the bathroom, Spike had the most ridiculously simple idea...

~*~*~*~*~

The Scooby meeting was thankfully boring- no major demon activity, standard patrol breakdown, and a wonderful absence of research. The two men even got home at a decent hour.

As soon as they were in the door, Xander's lips were on his vamp's and he was pulling Spike towards their bedroom. Once there, the dark boy laid on top of the vampire, arms crossed over the blonde's chest. He studied the magnificent pale creature beneath him as strong hands traced patterns over his back. Cocking his head, "Okay Blondie, spill."

Spike's brow wrinkled and he replied with an oh-so-articulate, "Huh?"

Chuckling, Xander kissed his vamp's chest, "You've been distracted all night. You might be able to fool the others, but I know my vamp. So what's going on in that beautiful head of yours?"

"Not sure you want to know, pet."

"Of course I want to know, you silly vamp- I love you." The mortal smiled one of his bright, caring smiles; the kind that made Spike's heart melt and his demon's protective instincts go into overdrive.

Looking into the open, trusting, and above all loving eyes of the man he cared so much for, "C'm'ere you," he said as he pulled Xander up for a slow, meaningful kiss. Spike

rolled them so that they lay on their sides, facing one another, "I want to ask you something, Xander."

The young man nodded.

Spike sat up, rubbing his brow; the dark eyed mortal sitting as well. Taking a calming, if unneeded, breath, the vampire asked, "You've never actually made love with another bloke, have you?"

"Spike, I told you...," the young man began-embarrassment and disgust rolling off of him.

The vampire shushed him with a cool finger to his lips. "No, pet. At best, *that*," he spat the word, "was fucking. I asked if you'd ever *made love*."

Silently, Xander shook his head.

"Would you like to?" Spike's tone was hesitant, concerned, almost coy.

This time Xander nodded, still too unsure of his mouth to trust it.

"You trust me, luv?"

Xander nodded once again.

“Come on, luv, I want to hear that sunny voice of yours.”

Licking his lips and swallowing hard, “Yes, Spike. I trust you.”

The vampire smiled sweetly and kissed his boy’s forehead. “Then lay back for me.”

Eyes locked with the vamp’s, Xander did as he was instructed.

Slowly, Spike eased his way up Xander’s body, until he was covering the larger man’s form with his own. “Jus’ wanna feel ya for a bit, luv.”

He let his weight rest on the young mortal as his hands slid over Xander’s arms, feeling the muscle and the heat that radiated through his clothing. Spike burrowed his head into Xander’s neck basking in the scent that had comforted and lulled him far longer than even he realized. “You have any idea what you do to me?” His voice rumbling softly in Xander’s ear, “The way you smell, the way you feel, the way you look, everything about you

Xander beautiful, perfect.”

Lacing their fingers together, Spike brought their hands above their heads as he ground their still covered erections together, and gently, almost chastely, kissed his boy. His full bottom lip lingering playfully between Xander’s as he pulled back to look into lust laden eyes the colour of fine dark Swiss chocolate.

Xander whimpered, begging for those soft lips to return.

Sensually, Spike ran his nails down Xander’s inner arms from wrist to elbow. “Relax Xan, not done yet- not by a long shot, pet. Gonna show you how good this can be- how it’s *supposed* to be.”

The vampire moved his legs so he was straddling the younger man, before pulling himself up to a sitting position. His hands ghosted over Xander’s t-shirt covered chest tracing the dim outline of muscle. Slowly, Spike untucked the shirt, sliding it up as he slid himself down to kiss the exposed flesh of Xander’s belly.

Xander watched in fascination as Spike eased his shirt further up his torso trailing soft, moist kisses in it’s wake.

As Xander followed Spike's thorough perusal of the expanse of flesh, he felt a wave of heat and desire flood him; he didn't care, all he knew was that he *had* to get to that pale, creamy flesh, had to feel it against his. Blindly, he reached down, pulling at the already bunched up cloth of his shirt.

Gently but firmly, Spike covered and stilled the young man's hands with his, "Xan?"

The young man whimpered, then through heavy breaths explained, "Want to feel you. *Need* to feel you."

In his most soothing voice, smiling at his lover, "I know. Want it, too; jus' don't want to push."

Grabbing a fist full of the vamp's shirt, the mortal growled, "Shirts. Gone. Skin. Now."

Chuckling, Spike quickly obliged his human. Once he had Xander's sun-darkened skin uncovered, he kissed his belly below the ribcage, then proceeded to lick a trail up his chest and breast bone, over his adam's apple, exchanging cool tongue for cool lips before passionately taking his boy's lips. "Love the way you taste, Xander- all innocence and sunshine. Never thought I'd know that

sensation again, but you give it to me everyday.” He kissed first one expressive brown eye, “Every time I look in your eyes,” then the other, “every time you smile,” his lips, “every time you touch me,” and his chest, “it’s like being bathed in a warming light. You, Xander Harris, give me the sun.”

Xander clutched at the vampire’s back as Spike kissed his way back down to the soft denim covering his prize. He popped the button on Xander’s jeans, but before he went any further, Spike locked gazes with the wondrous man he covered, “Say the word, luv, and I’ll stop- whatever we’re doin’, I swear.”

“I know Spike. I love you and I trust you,” the young man offered a quirky half smile.

The vamp nodded then nuzzled the bulge in his lover’s pants. Slowly, Spike unzipped Xander’s jeans ; his acute sense of smell flooding with the scent of his boy’s arousal. Just as he’d done with Xander’s shirt, the vampire kissed and nipped his way down the gradually exposed flesh of his lover’s legs. Once Xander’s jeans were gone, Spike quickly removed his own too tight black denims fully exposing himself to his beautiful boy for the first time.

Xander's breath caught, he didn't think he'd ever seen anything more gorgeous. Spike was a sculpture come to life, an elegant, graceful, perfect being who wanted and loved *him*. The sheer concept took Xander's breath away.

A smile worked its way across the vampire's face. It was a smile that spoke of love, promise, desire, mischief, passion, and things to come.

5 A Fiend You Can Count On

Like a sleek cat on the prowl, Spike crawled up Xander's near naked body, stopping at the dark-eyed boy's boxers. Hooking black nailed fingers in the waistband, he tenderly slid them down allowing him access to the dribbling shaft he longed to taste, touch, and feel.

Xander jumped as cool air caressed his rigid cock, and moaned when a cooler tongue trailed a wet path to the head, dipping softly to tease the slit. "Gods, Spike."

"Like that, did you, pet?"

“You could say that- in a completely understating kind of way.”

The vampire chuckled, even as a terrified virgin, which Xander was as far as Spike was concerned, his boy still babbled. He quirked an expressive eyebrow, “How ‘bout this?” With no more warning than that, the blonde vampire took his boy’s far from inconsiderable length into his cool, hungry mouth.

Throwing his head back as he swallowed a scream, Xander’s body shook all over causing Spike to release his heavenly treat.

“Xan, look at me, pet- need to know you’re okay.”

Xander forced himself to look into the eyes of his lover, hoping Spike could see the trust and desire he had for him. The vamp got the message, loud and clear. Still, his desire darkened blue eyes never left Xander’s, even as he took the young mortal’s cock into his mouth, once again.

It took all of Xander’s will not to let his eyes roll back into his head and his head to fall back to the pillow. Spike took his time showing his boy *exactly* what a hundred years of experience and not needing to breathe had

taught him.

Soon the young man was teetering on the edge- an edge Spike didn't want him to go over just yet. Reluctantly, the blonde released the delectable flesh, and slowly slinked up his lover's body. Instinctively, Xander's arms went around the vamp. His hands exploring the smooth, silky flesh.

Petting his boy's dark curls with one hand, Spike traced his lips with the other.

Xander parted his lips and playfully nipped at the elegant digits.

The vampire's wry chortle was cut off by his sudden intake of breath when Xander's warm tongue licked the tip of an 'abused' finger.

Encouraged by his vampire's reaction, the dark, work-tanned young man licked a longer strip over the pale finger, happily taking it in at the slight thrust into his mouth.

Spike couldn't contain the blissful moan at the moist, velvety warmth searing his flesh. "Sunshine," he whispered, removing his finger and replacing it with his

tongue.

Mindlessly, Xander's hands travelled to cup his vampire's perfect ass. When Xander squeezed, Spike moaned into their kiss, thrusting against his boy, rubbing their throbbing shafts together.

His beautiful human gasped at the unfamiliar sensation, breaking their intense exploration of each other's mouths. Spike raised a questioning eyebrow, "Alright?"

Gripping the pale ass in his hands, Xander pushed Spike's body down as he bucked up causing both man and vamp to gasp wantonly. "More than."

A smile, the likes of which Xander had only ever imagined seeing, spread across Spike's fine face. It was joy, mischief, longing, pride, and love rolled into one perfect, almost blinding smile. Tilting his head, Spike watched his boy in amazement, "Pet, next bit can bit a bit scary, I need you to trust me."

"You know I trust you- you don't need to keep asking."

"Yeah, I do, pet. Not gonna risk hurting or scaring you," the vampire traced the soft planes of his lover's face, "or,

worse, betraying your trust.”

Xander cupped Spike’s cheek, pulling him down for a kiss. His lips curled into a slight, shy smile, “The mere fact that you worry tells me you won’t.”

Spike rolled off his precious boy, collecting a tube from the nightstand drawer. Before he even turned back to the young mortal, he heard his heart rate speed up alarmingly. “Xander, Sunshine,” he took his dearly loved human’s hand, “we don’t have to do anything more.”

Gulping, twining their fingers together, Xander looked into concerned crystal blue eyes, “Want to, just scared.”

“Oh, pet,” Spike easily manoeuvred the mortal so he sat between the vampire’s strong legs. Kissing the boy’s neck, Spike held him close as he whispered soothing words into his ear. “Shh, pet. ‘s okay. Just let me hold you, we won’t go any further tonight, okay?” The vampire rocked his love; a soft purr radiating from his chest and through his precious boy.

“Spike?”

“Hmm?”

“I *want* to. I want to make love with you. I want you.”

“Xan?”

“Please Spike,” the young man turned just enough to see his vamp’s eyes.

“You sure?”

“Absolutely.”

Surprisingly, there was almost no hesitation in his love’s voice; once again impressing upon Spike the mortal’s remarkable strength. Having assured himself that his boy was certain, Spike slipped from behind Xander, urging him to lay back down. With his hand on Xander’s chest feeling the pulsing thump-thump of his lover’s heart, Spike asked the hardest question of the night, “How do you want to do this?”

Shyly, “I just assumed you’d...,” the young man blushed and turned his head away from the blonde vamp.

Instantly, Spike was stretched on his side, pressed against his chocolate-eyed boy, petting his hair and turning his

face back towards him. “Only if that’s what you want, you understand me, Xan? **Only** if it’s what you want.”

Xander nodded, then, knowing his vamp wanted an audible answer, he swallowed, “I know Spike.”

Rubbing their foreheads together, Spike whispered, his breath ghosting over the young man’s face, “Tell me what you want, pet.”

Steeling himself to speak the words, Xander took a deep breath, and in a shaky voice, speaking in barely more than a whisper himself, “I want to feel you... inside... taking it all away. Making me feel loved and... and...”

“...important, cherished,” the blonde completed for him. “The most incredible, amazing thing in my unlife.”

With what may have been tears in his eyes, though neither man would say, Xander whispered, “Please.”

He gently kissed his boy’s brow before moving to his mischievous mouth. As Spike gave his precious boy a chance to breath, “Pull your knees up, pet.” Spike ran his hand from chest to abdomen, skirting his lover’s weeping erection, to trail sensually over a bent leg. The vampire’s

body followed his hand 'til he knelt between his boy's legs. With feather touches, Spike continued to caress Xander's legs, his spread fingers travelling up and down the sensitive skin of his inner thighs. As Xander whimpered in pleasure, his knees fell farther apart, opening him even more to his loving vamp. On the next downward caress, the nimble fingers continued on to flit over the delicate skin between the boy's buttocks.

Xander let out a shaky breath at the touch, but Spike sensed no increase in his boy's fear- if anything it was subsiding. Spike smiled to himself, basking in the wonder that was Xander Harris; once again being taken by the young mortal's inner strength.

As the cool thin fingers of one hand danced over and around Xander's hole, the other deftly opened the slick, dribbling a generous amount over his hand and his boy. Taking his lover's erection in his unlubed hand, Spike began languidly stroking the hard flesh as a single slicked finger dipped in and out of his hole, not quite penetrating the ring of muscle there. Soon Xander was pressing back against his vampire's finger encouraging it further inside. "More," even in a whisper his voice was dark and husky. The sound and glazed look of pleasure in the mortal's face were all the incentive Spike needed.

Smoothly, the teasing finger breached Xander's body.

Xander mewled, but didn't stop rocking against his vamp's hand. Before long he was whimpering for more.

Laying a calming hand on his lover's belly, Spike slipped a second slicked finger inside his boy. The young man's brow crinkled and he moaned. The hand on his stomach began petting, as Spike 'shh'd' and cooed over him. Once Xander's body relaxed, Spike began to gently pump his fingers, scissoring and stretching.

A wanton sound escaped the mortal's lips as his head lolled back against the pillow in pleasure.

It was just the moment Spike was waiting for to crook his fingers and cause Xander's world to explode.

"Oh gods!" Gasping for breath, "That was... nice; do it again?"

"With pleasure," the blonde crooned before setting off another round of firecrackers throughout Xander's body.

After a few moments of stimulating his lover's prostate when Spike knew his boy was completely absorbed by

the titillating sensations, he eased a third finger into Xander's willing body. Working the three digits, the vampire lovingly finished preparing the young man he loved above all else.

When Spike withdrew his tantalizing fingers, Xander felt empty, abandoned. His vampire quickly moved to comfort him, peppering his face with kisses between his words, "'s okay Xan... fill you up real good... jus' need to know you still want it... can't bare the thought of hurting... my Sunshine."

Xander looked into Spike's blue-gold eyes, feeling no fear or distress, only feeling loved and protected. "Yes, please Spike. ...please."

The raw need in his precious human's voice caused Spike's demon to rage- it screamed for vengeance, for the blood of those who had almost destroyed such a remarkable human, more than that though it demanded to love-protect-Claim the beautiful dark man, however, Spike knew that wouldn't be tonight. The combination of this being his boy's first time and the chip made the enticing possibility out of the question.

With one last kiss, the vampire sat back on his knees,

placing his lover's legs over his shoulders, and positioning himself to enter his boy.

6 A Fiend for Life

Once again placing a calming hand on Xander's stomach, Spike slowly pressed forward, stopping when his boy gasped. "You feel so good, Xan. You want me to stop?"

Gritting his teeth, the dark mortal shook his head and bore down against the blonde.

A lifetime later, Spike was fully sheathed in his lover's searing heat. "Ooohhhh, gods Spike..."

Tensing his body against the euphoric sensation of being inside his boy, his love, his Xander, "I know, Xan, it's heaven."

"Talk to me, Spike- wanna hear your voice."

At first, the vampire was surprised by the request, but the surprise quickly vanished with the knowledge of Xander's other encounters- silence or hatred from his father and cruel, vulgar words from the boy who was

supposedly his friend. Huskily with a low rumble in his voice the vamp began speaking, "What would you like to hear, Xan?" Spike chose that moment to pull out of his lover. "That you're so warm and welcoming I feel 'm on fire." He smoothly pushed back in, earning a wanton moan from his Xander. "That I love you..." with each declaration came a matching stroke, rubbing Xander's sweet spot with every other thrust. "Love the way you smell- warmth, chocolate, ...ohh... home..."

"Ahhhh!"

"...the way you look- strong muscle, soft caring face, eyes that ...ungh... have seen too much, but..."

Panting, Xander reeled with the words falling from his vampire's lips- so close in structure to the vulgarities Jesse would utter, but so blatantly opposite in feeling and intent. Spike truly was removing the past and replacing it with love and wonder- cherishing him.

"...still keep their sparkle ...oh, baby... the way you feel- smooth velvet skin," the vampire ran a hand over Xander's chest, tweaking an erect nipple as he went- his boy bucking into him at the touch. "...silky soft hair, moist hungry mouth," he shivered as his boy took his finger

into his mouth for a second time, "...tight wonderful hole that should be worshipped and loved- just like the rest of you."

Xander moaned around the vampire's cool finger. This was just what he needed and longed for- love and respect.

Soon Spike's thrusts were becoming erratic, he slipped Xander's legs from his shoulders.

The mortal automatically wrapped them around his vampire's waist.

Trapping Xander's erection between them, Spike pressed their chests together nuzzling his boy's throat. He could hear the blood rushing through the beautiful man's body, smell the enticing mixed scents of love, trust, and arousal, and feel the heart pumping under that deliciously warm skin. He wanted it, wanted Xander, wanted *his Sunshine*. Spike latched on to his boy's neck with blunt teeth; he was so close and he knew Xander was, too.

Xander cried out in pleasure, rocking against the blonde as his loving vampire sucked on his vulnerable neck.

The expanse of pale flesh so close to his own mouth was more temptation than the passion-filled mortal could resist. Without thinking twice, Xander bit roughly into Spike's tender flesh, breaking the skin.

The sudden jolt of pleasure/pain sent Spike over the edge in more ways than one. As his balls emptied deep inside his love, fangs sunk into warm flesh.

Xander felt more alive than he could ever recall, his body tingled, his cock throbbed, pumping hot cum between the two men's bellies, and he swore he could feel Spike inside him coursing through his veins, following the synapses and neural pathways of his mind, becoming a part of him.

Simultaneously, both man and vamp released their hold on the other's neck as the waves of orgasmic electricity began to subside.

Spike recovered first, "Gods, Xan, pet? Xander, did I hurt you?"

Floating on a bliss-induced fog, Xander fought to answer, "I'm fine." A sappy grin crossed his face, "More than fine-perfect."

Nuzzling his boy's hair, Spike wasn't convinced, "I'm so sorry, Xander. Can you..."

Foggy brain notwithstanding, Xander picked out his vampire's apology and interrupted him, "Huh? Baby, you're not making any sense. What's wrong?"

"What's wrong!?! Xan, I *bit* you!"

"Yeah," dreamily, "I bit you, too."

"Xander..."

"What Spike?" His voice dripped with sarcasm, "Am I dead and don't know it yet? Did you turn me?"

Spike rolled his eyes at his love, "No," he said petulantly. Then quietly added, "Just Claimed you."

The young human practically beamed, "Is... is that a bad thing?"

The blonde vamp was taken aback by Xander's reaction, or rather the scent the boy released in reaction. There was no anger; there was fear, but not of Spike or the

Claim, it was fear of rejection- one scent was sweet, the other bitter. It was a fine line, but a Master Vampire knew the difference. Spike rolled off the human, pulling him close, “Not far as I’m concerned. More concerned about you.”

“Why?”

“Shoulda asked. Shoulda explained things to you first. Shoulda made sure you wanted it.”

“Spike, did you even know you *could* bite me?”

The vampire considered the implications of his lover’s question, “No. Figured I couldn’t, if you must.”

“Maybe you could ‘cause I did want it.”

“How could you? You don’t have the slightest idea what it means.”

“Hey, I’ve read Giles’ books... well, the interesting bits.”

Spike merely quirked an eye.

Xander shook his dark head, blushing slightly, then

snuggled against his vampire, “So, tell me now.”

“Xan...”

“What? You want me to know and to make the decision if I want it. So, do it.”

This time it was Spike’s turn to shake his head, adding a smirk for good measure, gods he loved this man who never ceased to amaze him. “Fine. The Claim marks you as mine, other vampires and demons will know you're special to me and under my protection. It also means that if someone wants to hurt me or start a feud, they *may* target you. Since you have a small amount of vampire blood in you, you’ll heal faster and be more resistant to human ailments, *but* your body can become addicted to my blood and if you go too long without it, it *could* kill you.” Spike put a hand up to forestall any questions, “It would take weeks, if not months, to get to that point. It can also be a way to mark an intended Mate. That’s about it. So, any questions?”

“Would Buffy sense it?”

“Shouldn’t, she’d probably pick something up if we were Mated, but the Claim shouldn’t set her off.”

“Deadboy would know though.”

The vampire nodded.

“k. You gonna ask me the million dollar question now?”

Taking a deep breath, “Xander, my Sunshine,” he took his lover’s hand, bringing it to his mouth to kiss, “may I Claim you?”

With a burst of speed that surprised even Spike, the young mortal straddled his vamp. Cocking his head, he studied the blonde, trying to read the emotions in those vibrant azure eyes. Finally, Xander’s face broke into one of his sunshine smiles, “Please. I’d love to be yours, to be the Claimed of William the Bloody, Master Vampire- *MY* vampire.” The dark boy lay atop his vamp caressing his sculpted face, “Love you, baby.”

“You too, Sunshine,” Spike wrapped his arms around his Claimed, holding him close and silently swearing once again to protect this miraculous man and to punish those who hurt him.

Content in each other's arms, man and vamp fell into a deep sated sleep.

The End

This next story in the series is a graphic revenge!fic and does NOT have to be read to understand the rest of the series

A Fiendish Fairy Tale

by

Cobalt Mystic

Pairing: Spike/Xander

Rating: *NC17 but not in the yummy happy Spandery sex way, in the graphic violence type way*

Feedback: *Mys has decided that she actually likes FB, so... constructive crit is fine, just be prepared for Mys to defend/explain her choices, and try not to do any permanent damage, k.*

Disclaimer: *Just playing with the pretty [kittens](#).*

Unfortunately, they are not mine, but I will gladly groom and bathe them before sending them back home to Daddy (aka Joss/Mutant Enemy/et al).

Warnings/Squicks: *ABUSE- both physical and mental*

Summary: *Revenge*

AN1: *Yeppers, ppl, this is the not-so-long-awaited follow-up to [Comfort of Fiends](#)*

AN2: *Yeah, yeah, yeah, Mys got the basic idea for the torture set-up from Val McDermid's [The Mermaids Singing](#) 'cause, damn, but that was cool, lol! This however is a combination of a Judas Chair and The Pear.*

Once upon a time, in a small town called Sunnydale, there was a house. A very old, ornate, and large house- more of a mansion actually. And this mansion could have told such stories. The things it had seen in the last five years alone would curdle the blood of most mortal men, but those atrocities were nothing compared to the horrors the house was about to witness.

It knew, as much as any non-sentient thing could, that things were about to get interesting when the pale

blonde in the black leather duster returned and began clearing out the basement. When the demons started traipsing in and out and the sounds of construction echoed up through the walls, it's suspicions were confirmed.

As houses go, this one had seen a lot which was probably why it tended to ignore the creatures scurrying through it's halls. Still, it's interest was piqued, it knew from experience that the blonde vampire was not prone to flights of fancy, so whatever he was planning must have been very special indeed. Once the construction noises stopped and the demons had left, the house indulged it's curiosity, examining the modifications to it's lower level.

It's a good thing houses don't have eyes because there was no light to speak of and that would've made looking around difficult. As it was, the house had no trouble 'seeing'. The room had been completely emptied, there were cables and pulleys and manacle adorned rebars and something that brought to mind a child's harness-swing. The cables ran from a panel against the far wall through the pulleys to the rebars or to the 'belt' of the swing. But the oddest of the new additions was the silver-polished spike sticking point up atop a three inch wide iron shaft and positioned directly beneath the seat of the harness.

The house tried not to think too hard on the contraption in it's basement- following that path would send destructive shudders through it's old frame.

Despite the things it had seen in the short period of time the small clan of vampires had lived there, the house liked the blonde- he seemed to need a reason to torture, unlike his insane companions. That knowledge made the set-up in the basement all the more frightening.

The house didn't have long to ruminate. Within the week, the blonde vampire returned, a large form that the house easily recognized as a body slung over his shoulder. Intently, the house watched as the blonde stripped his captive and secured him in the cuffs and sling. The vampire then began testing the knobs, levers, and buttons on the panel.

The noise itself was enough to try even a strong man's sanity. Every touch, every twist, every pull not only changed some aspect of the apparatus, but also triggered accompanying creaks, clanks, rattles, retuts, and hanungas.

The most horrifically mesmerizing thing was the spike.

With a raspy 'wheque' razor thin blades, curved like the claws of a cat, slid out from the spike. They ran around the shaft horizontally, the blades alternating directions. A low hum overtaken by a painful nails-on-chalkboard style screech signified the twisting of the mutilating metal. When the screech of the turning died away it was replaced by a sickening 'thlawrp' as the spike slowly sprang open like a blossoming flower.

The intent of the device was obvious, to destroy both physically and mentally the man suspended within it. One thing it knew for certain was that it would NOT watch the device do it's work- enduring the sounds would be hard enough. For the briefest moment, the house considered feeling sympathy for the man, but quickly opted, instead, to wonder what the mortal had done to incur the wrath of the blonde vampire.

It would find out soon enough.

~*~*~*~*~

It started with a dry cracking voice, like the crumbling plaster of the mansion's own deteriorating walls, "Who's there?"

Silence met the question.

In the manner of all bullies, the man attempted to mask his fear with anger and hate, “Get me out of this!”

Still only silence.

“Listen you fuckwad, you’d better let me go.”

Cold, detached laughter chilled the already cool basement air.

Red fury covered the man’s words, “Do you have any idea who you’re dealing with?”

The laughter that erupted this time was dark and menacing. “Any idea who *I’m* dealing with, ho, that’s rich. Think you should be asking yourself that, mate. But ‘m feeling magnanimous so I’ll answer both questions. You- Anthony Harris, drunkard, abusive bastard, rapist, and general waste of flesh and oxygen. Me- your worst nightmare, the one who’s going to make you regret every hand raised in drunken anger, make you pay for every time you defiled him with your filthy body, every gram of pain and damage you caused- with interest.”

“What... what lies has that faggot son of mine been spreading?” The trapped man roared.

There was a hissing growl followed by a piercing scream.

When the vampire spoke next, it was with a frighteningly calm and patient voice. “NEVER. You will never speak that way about him again if you wish to keep your tongue.”

“Hmph, what’s it matter,” the elder Harris scoffed, “you’re gonna kill me anyway.”

A truly delighted chuckle rolled from the vampire’s chest. “Hardly. Oh no, rest assured, you *will* survive this- though you’ll wish you hadn’t. See Angelus may ‘ave been a psychotic bastard, but he taught his Childer well. The secret to a good torture is in the anticipation and giving the mind jus’ enough to work with so it turns in on itself. Done right it’s a beautiful thing.

“Could tell ya in deliciously vivid detail exactly what’s gonna happen. Be like a slasher flick in your head. But that’s too easy- the thing with slice and dices is the shock, sure it might get your blood pumpin’ the first

time, but once the shock wears off ya start to process it and that takes all the fun out. Nah, what we want is more subtle. Want to associate, don't we." The blonde's voice moved away from his captive, "Want you to hear this," there was a tinny rattle and the rebar the man's arms and legs were attached to wrenched upwards causing the man to gasp, "and this," a more metallic sound echoed through the empty room with an added chink-chink-chink of chains as the harness was tugged and pulled, "and know you're powerless to stop it. Ohhh and then there's the best part- we'll let that be a surprise though, shall we?"

The house could hear the smirk in the vampire's voice and secretly, it shared it. If this 'human' did half of what the vamp indicated, he deserved everything he would be put through and more.

A pained wail brought the house's attention back to tortured and torturer. With the clear distinct sounds emitted by the piece of equipment downstairs and the howls of the man trapped in it, the house had no trouble imagining the slow, tedious descent of the man as he was impaled by his own body weight on the shiny silver spike.

The entire process took hours, the device silencing every

time the man's screams did. Eventually, the rattles and the screams were replaced by the sudden 'wheque' and strangled cry accompanying blades sinking into tender flesh. The silence that followed was almost as horrifying as the caterwauling.

When the whimpers began, the house fully expected to hear the hum and hair-raising chalkboard squeal of the spike's rotation. It didn't expect the more subtle chink-chink of rattling chains as the unfortunate man was undoubtedly lifted upwards and the blood-curdling screams as he slid back down.

The cacophony of clangs, clunks, clicks, crackles, jingles, jangles, rattles, and rumbles paired with howls, yowls, screeches, squawks, wailing, and shrieking carried on for an indeterminable length of time.

Of all the things it had seen and heard, nothing had disturbed the house as much as this. As the chilling din continued, the once beautiful structure found itself hoping it's foundation and supports would give way, collapsing in on itself and putting an end to the nightmarish sounds it couldn't block out.

Then suddenly it was over; the noises and bawling

stopped and within minutes the blonde vamp was lugging a miraculously breathing body up the stairs and out the front door.

Epilogue, or What A Vampire Thinks

Righteous indignation was a wondrous thing. A fact Anthony Harris could attest to... assuming he ever regained the power of coherent speech- not likely. He had learnt firsthand the wrath of a Master Vampire- who had learnt the fine art of torture from the great Angelus himself.

After Spike discovered the extent of the abuse Xander suffered at the hands of his father, he began plotting and experimenting. It seemed that the horrid piece of government hardware in the vampire's head didn't take offence to bodily harm against one Tony Harris. Spike didn't look too closely at the why's and how's, though he did have a few theories and he had tested to see if the Chip still worked- unfortunately, it did. The blonde

eventually decided the lack of pain had to do with his Sunshine. Maybe the Chip recognized he was trying to protect the human from a monstrous demon worse than any creature the Hellmouth could conjure. Maybe it was the Claim and the fact that the vampire would see himself dust before allowing harm to come to his precious boy. Whatever the case, Spike was glad of the loophole.

Now Spike was on his way home. The ‘filth’ as he’d taken to thinking of him had been delivered to a pack of surprisingly resourceful and incredibly tight-lipped demons who would ensure Anthony Harris and his soon-to-be-wrecked car were written off as yet another casualty of drunk driving. They were also left the responsibility of dismantling the device and cleansing the house of any evidence of the ‘filth’s’ presence. All Spike wanted now was his boy, he hadn’t seen his Sunshine in close to thirty-six hours, but they were thirty-six hours well spent.

On some level, Spike wished his Sunshine had been able to see and hear the festivities, but that wasn’t his boy’s way. His Xander was too kind for that.

~*~*~*~*~

When the vampire arrived home, Xander was at the door before the blonde's key had slid into the lock.

"Missed you," the dark skinned young man murmured as he wrapped his arms around his vampire in nothing short of a death grip.

The vampire returned the embrace, inhaling the scent of the one person who made him whole. "Back now." Nuzzling into his Sunshine's dark curls, "Sleepin' okay?"

The young man did his best to shrug without changing their tight hold on each other.

"Thought's much. Let's get you t' bed."

~*~*~*~*~

Laying in their warm bed, bodies reassuringly entwined, the two men drifted off.

Just before a restful sleep took him, Xander whispered, "It's over, isn't it?"

Smiling, the vampire tugged the mortal impossibly closer,
“Yeah, Sunshine, it’s over.”

...and they lived happily ever after- or as happily as a
vampire, a human, and an old mansion on a Hellmouth
can.

The End

A Family of Fiends

by

Cobalt Mystic

Warnings/Squicks: *Random acts of Angel!!!!!! But it’s
for a good cause.*

Summary: *Xander has questions...*

AN1: *This is follows [Comfort of Fiends](#)*

AN2: And here's a first for Mys- she got herself a BETA!!!!!!!!!!!! Hugs and thanks to my lovely Xandry One ([👤kitty_alex](#)).

AN3: My sweet Xandra suggested Mys might want to explain Corners and Watch Towers. Now these are how they were explained/taught to the Mys, they are not the ONLY interpretations...

Corners= the four corners of the compass North, South, East, and West (and/or the elements associated with those directions), it's customary to "call" the Corners when creating a casting circle to ask for the blessing/power of their respective planes- it's like the idea of thanking a plant for letting you harvest off of it. Watch Towers= basically the same thing as Corners 'cept the focus is more on the elemental planes and the things associated with them, and often a fifth 'point' to represent the Spirit is included.

Prologue

Despite how girly it seemed, times like these were some of Xander's favourites. Laying, propped up by the absurdly coloured pillows the girls had given them last Christmas, on their oversized bed, his beautiful vampire

curled to him. Neither quite sleeping, just listening and feeling the other's presence. His left hand carded absently through the soft white-blond hair of the head on his chest.

Xander smiled at the memory it conjured, and Spike smiled knowing precisely the thoughts running through his boy's head.

It was the exact position they were in six months ago...

Part One

“What'll happen when I die?”

“Huh? How'd I know? Don't spend time ponderin' the hereafter, do I.”

The boy rolled his eyes at his lover, “I didn't mean in the great cosmic sense. I meant...” his voice trailed off,

“never mind.”

“What, Sunshine? Wha’d’ya mean?” The vampire cooed and nuzzled his Claimed’s neck.

“What’ll you do? Will it,” the young man swallowed around the words he was attempting to get out, “...will it hurt you?”

With a growl Spike went from docile street cat to predatory jaguar, straddling the human and drilling him with his piercing blue gaze. “Course it’ll hurt me! Thought you understood that.”

A warm hand cupped the vampire’s porcelain cheek, “Spike, baby. I know you love me. I was talking about the Claim.”

The tension ebbed from Spike’s muscles and he brought his head down to scent and nuzzle the Claim mark, “Don’t know. Won’t matter though.”

The boy slid his arms around his vamp pulling him close, “Why’s that?”

“Lost the sun once, don’t fancy goin’ on without it again.”

It took Xander a scant second to follow the vampire's meaning. "Spike? You can't mean that."

"Why not? Xander, I've walked this earth for almost a hundred and fifty years and you are the only thing in it that has made me feel whole, contented, and loved. 'm not gonna spend another century and a half searchin' for something that can never be replaced." He raised his head to meet his boy's warm chocolate eyes, "No. You go, I go," the vamp smirked at the simplicity of it- nothing in his mortal or demon life had ever been so fundamentally basic and obvious.

Xander, on the other hand, couldn't believe what he was hearing. How could Spike give up eternity for *him*? It didn't make sense... well, actually it did. Spike always did everything to extremes, so why should it surprise him that his vampire loved that way, too. The young man sighed and shook his head, letting his head loll back into the pillows.

Watching his boy trustingly stretch and expose his neck, Spike did the only thing a self-respecting Master Vampire could do- nipped his Claim mark.

~*~*~*~*~

“You have nine new messages. First message:”

“Grrrrrrr.”

bee-eep “Next message:”

“Bugger.”

bee-eep “Next message:”

“Bloody poof...”

bee-eep “Next message:”

“Bloody hells, aren’t you ever there?!?”

bee-eep “Next message:”

“Oi, Peaches, stop with your self-flagellation long enough to answer the damn phone!”

bee-eep “Next message:”

"...be quicker to bloody well drive there at this rate."

bee-eep "Next message:"

"Angel..."

bee-eep "Next message:"

"...humph, course not..."

bee-eep "Next message:"

"Sire. Please..."

bee-eep

Angel gaped at the answering machine as if it had suddenly sprouted eye-stalks. It wasn't like his Childe to be so civil towards him. He knew Spike had never truly forgiven him for leaving them, for becoming who he was now even if it had been forced on him, and what was more, Angel couldn't really blame him. His Childe had needed him all those years ago and from the sound of things needed him now.

This time, he'd be there.

~*~*~*~*~

The bell over the shop door jangled causing the small group at the table to jump.

“Angel!”

“Giles,” he nodded at Willow and Tara, “Where’s Spike?”

“In the back, sparring with Buffy. Is everything alright?”

The dark vamp moved past the Watcher-come-shopkeeper, “I don’t know, Giles; that’s what I came to find out.”

~*~*~*~*~

As Angel approached the training room, he could hear the rhythmic thwap-thump of two experienced fighters exchanging blows. Just before entering the room he picked up something else- a scent. A scent that confused

and angered him. It was his Childe's scent, only it wasn't coming from his Childe.

Turning abruptly the vampire quickly located the source of the scent.

Xander sat beside one of the large chests, busying himself cleaning and sharpening the swords and axes inside, while he watched his best-friend and his lover fight. When he found himself jerked up and pinned to the wall, golden eyes that were most definitely not those of his vamp glaring at him, it was all Xander could do to suppress a yelp.

Across the room the two blondes had stopped exchanging punches, each having sensed in their own way the approach of the older vampire.

The moment his Xander's heart rate shot up, before the first telltale hint of fear hit his nostrils, Spike was flying across the room.

The blonde vamp slammed into his Grandsire, heedless of the recently sharpened weapons the impact sent them careening towards. As soon as Angel was down, Spike was at Xander's side. "Alright, pet?" The vampire's cool

hand brushed his mortal's face.

The young man nodded, pressing his cheek to Spike's palm.

"Uh, Angel?"

"Buffy," the dark vamp acknowledged extracting himself from the pile of weaponry.

"I'm guessing I really don't want to know what just happened," she half inquired, helping Angel up.

"Probably not," he stated matter-of-factly, trying not to meet the young woman's eyes.

"Dear Lord, is everyone alright?"

"Just a slight misunderstanding Rupert, nothing' to polish your lenses over."

Giles glanced from Spike, looking smug, to Xander, slightly more flustered than usual, to Angel, who bore the expression of a kicked puppy, or possibly the one caught kicking the puppy- it was so hard to tell sometimes, to Buffy, who just shrugged a shoulder

having given up trying to understand anything about the relationship between the two vampires. “Yes,” unconvinced, “Perhaps we should give Angel and Spike some privacy.”

Xander and Buffy each cast questioning looks at their vamps.

Spike lovingly kissed Xander’s cheek whispering, “’s okay, Sunshine, you go with the Watcher. Need to talk to the Poof anyway.”

Angel merely nodded his compliance at Buffy.

Reluctantly, the breathing Scoobies allowed Giles to herd them out of the training room.

The moment his boy was safely inside the shop proper, Spike rounded on his Grandsire, pinning the older vampire to the wall. A sleek muscled forearm nearly crushing his windpipe. “You ever come at Xan like that again and Sire or no, I’ll remove your Neanderthal skull,” the blonde snarled in a frighteningly steady and steeled voice.

Angel didn’t fight his Grandchilde, given what he’d seen

and scented since he arrived he was willing to admit- if only to himself- that he'd overreacted with the kid. "Got your messages," he croaked through the pressure on his larynx.

As the meaning behind the dark vamp's words hit him, Spike began to calm. *Poncy bugger actually came 'cause I called? Hmph. One of these years Poof's gonna stop surprising me.* Stepping away from the older vamp, Spike shook and lowered his head, "Why?"

Angel tentatively laid a hand on the blonde's shoulder. "You sounded like you needed," *me*, the elder vamp wanted to say but didn't, "help."

"And you thought attacking Xander was the way to help?"

"No. Of course not." The broody vampire slouched, "It just surprised me. You bit him Spike, that means either he's not human or the chip stopped working. What was I supposed to think?"

Letting out an annoyed chuckle, Spike pushed himself off the wall he'd been leaning on and began to pace as he spoke, "Oh, I don't know, Peaches, maybe that Xan

wanted the Claim as much as I did. And that because he wanted it the damn chip didn't react!"

"Will-"

Blue ringed golden eyes glared at Angel.

"I'm sorry."

"Yeah, well, meant what I said 'bout Xander."

"I know. Somehow, I think he'll say the same about you."

"You think so?" The blonde smirked at the idea of his boy telling Angel off- again.

Angel actually smiled, "Yeah."

The two sat in silence for a moment calming their nerves and collecting their thoughts.

"Spike?"

"Hmmm?"

"Why did you call?"

Spike let out a deep unneeded breath, “Wanted to ask about the Bonding rites.”

“Spike, are you sure about this?” the older vamp was than a little shocked by his Childe’s inquiry.

“No. And yes. Hells, Angel, why’d you think I called?” Sighing heavily, “A few weeks back Xan asked what would happen to me when he died. Without thinking I told him the truth.”

“Which was?”

“That it didn’t matter, that without him the world wasn’t worth being in- so I wouldn’t.”

Angel waited quietly for his Childe to continue.

“Got me thinkin’ about the Mating Lore.” He wanted to ask. He *needed* to ask. Hells it was the reason he called, the reason his Sire had come back to the ‘Dale. Steadying his nerves, Spike softly spoke, “Is it true? Will a Mated pair meet their Final Death together?”

“Spike...”

“Will they?” Deep blue eyes wavered between pleading and anger.

He wanted to say no, he didn't want his Childe to want this- it was a death sentence. But one look at his favoured Childe, at the hope and desperation in those crystalline eyes and he was answering truthfully, “A lot has to go right, but if the ritual is done properly, the Claim is being continually renewed, and blood regularly exchanged, then yes, it's true.”

The look of absolute joy that spread over the younger vamp's face erased any lingering protests Angel could have made. He knew that look and the emotions that went with it. He'd experienced it, and lost it. It was why he'd left Sunnydale, why he wouldn't look into Buffy's eyes. It was his penance. As much as he loathed the monster he was and the monster he'd made Spike into, he still cared for his boy and wouldn't bring him that kind of pain. No matter how Angelus had beaten and tortured William, the boy's loyalty and capacity for love never faded- something that Angel's soul was eternally grateful for. If ever a demon deserved eternal love, it was his sweet William.

“Sire,” the blonde's voice was soft, he knew what effect

using the title would have on his Grandsire and that he would have Angel's full attention, "if Xan agrees, will you do the rite?"

The dark vamp placed a paternal hand on Spike's shoulder, "Ahhh, Will, if Xander agrees I'll do it."

"If Xander agrees to what you'll do it?"

"Sunshine, thought you were waitin' with the others."

"Yeah, well someone had to check on you two. Buffy was ready to come in stakes-blazing."

"Oi, we're playin' nice!"

A soft chuckle rippled through the air, surprisingly coming from Angel. "I think that's the trouble, Spike."

Xander's rich laugh joined the vamp's, "Mmmhmm, the lack of destruction and sounds of general mayhem are giving the girls major wiggins."

Spike shook his head imagining the Slayer pacing and ranting, fidgeting with Mr. Pointy, while Rupert polished his glasses, trying to assure her that neither vamp would

be dust anytime soon, and the Witches would be alternately freaking and calming themselves and Buffy down, or at least Red would, Tara was probably sitting there with that knowing look silently comforting her girlfriend. “Why don’t you go tell the birds everything’s okay, the Poof and I are just having a rare moment of civility.”

“I got a better idea,” the dark boy declared sidling up to his lover, “Why doesn’t Deadboy go reassure the girls and you can tell me what it is I’m agreeing to.”

Before the blonde could reply, Angel piped up, “He has a point, Spike.”

“ey, not helping! Bloody Whelp’s already too big for his britches, don’t need *you* encouraging him,” Spike mock complained even as he wrapped an arm around the young man in question.

With an exaggerated eye-roll the elder vampire headed for the shop leaving the lovers to discuss their future.

As soon as Angel was gone, Xander turned to face his vamp, slipping his arms around the smaller frame and capturing him with an intense gaze. “Wanna tell me what

that was about?”

Spike tilted his head back, eyes seeming to search the training room ceiling for answers he already knew. Then the blonde smirked, petting the mortal’s arms and shoulders, “Really didn’t want to do this here,” the vampire huffed. “Wanted it to be special.”

Smiling warmly at his lover, the young man asked, “Home?”

Part Two

The key had yet to turn in the lock when a cool hand covered his, stopping him.

“Wanna do this right, Xan, so bear with me, yeah.”

Chocolate eyes full of love and trust smiled at the nervous vampire, the young man nodded, “Okay.”

Reluctantly, Spike let go of the boy's hand, gesturing for him to continue.

Once inside with the front door securely locked, the blonde reclaimed his lover's hand, pulling the warm body flush with his cooler one. Hands whose delicacy belayed their brute strength caressed Xander's shoulders and cupped his face, "Join me in a nice soak?"

Xander often wondered if his lover realized that when his touch was so gentle, and his eyes seemingly devoured him and whispered the promises of dreams, he'd agree to climb into a vat of molten lava. As it was, the young mortal merely nodded.

Smiling, Spike lead his love toward the bathroom; calmly stripping their clothes as they went.

Inside the smaller room, Xander watched as Spike expertly adjusted the temperature and flow of the water to their oversized tub, adding a hint of Tara's lotus/passion fruit oil to the mix.

When the tub was almost half-full, the scent of lotus tingeing the air, and a handful of candles lighting the bathroom with their warm glow, Spike reached out for

his love's hand. Stepping into the warm water he pulled Xander to him once again, allowing the young man to climb into the water as well.

Reverently, Spike ran his hands over the strong, tanned body before him- as always, in awe of the beauty and strength of his Sunshine. Looking at the young man like this, knowing what he'd endured and overcome, it took every bit of his will to hold back the words sitting on the tip of his tongue waiting to be released. The normally snarky vamp was for once afraid to open his mouth, he had an image of how this should go and as much as he might fight it, he was a romantic and no amount of death and mayhem would change that.

Smoothly he sank into the water, bringing the mortal with him, until they were seated, Spike reclining against the back of the tub with Xander fitting snugly against his chest.

"I want you, Xander, for as much of eternity as we can have."

Xander turned in the vampire's embrace, "Spi-"

"Shh, not talking about turning you, pet. You're my Sunshine, all warmth and vitality."

Smiling and nodding his understanding, the young man rested his cheek against Spike's chest.

The vampire ran his pale fingers through his mortal's water blackened hair, "There's a ritual."

"Mmhmm."

"For the Mating of two individuals. They become connected."

"Like the Claim?"

"That's part of it, but it's much more. Their lives, their thoughts, their emotions are joined. It's a bond that can only be broken by death."

Warm fingers stroked and played over Spike's impossibly smooth chest, "That why Deadboy's here?"

"Yeah. Wanted to ask 'im about the ritual, but he was off saving the world or gelling his hair. Guess he got worried..."

"So this ritual, that what you wanted to ask me about? 'cause you oughta know my answer."

“There’s more to it, Xan. A Mated pair are linked physically and emotionally. When one hurts the other knows it, can even feel it if the bond is strong enough. Also means that if one dies the other will, too.”

Splashing water as he tried to sit up, Xander could barely contain his rage, “What the hells were you thinking! No Spike, the answer’s **NO!**”

“Xan,” the blonde reached out trying to steady his lover, only to have the dark boy flinch away from him.

Xander’s sudden movement caused him to lose his precarious balance in the slick tub.

Instantly, Spike had his arms around the human, holding and steadying him. “Xander, Sunshine, listen to me, yeah. You know how the Claim and m’ blood help you heal.”

The young man nodded, still angry, but trying to listen.

“Well, the Bond takes it that much further. Not saying ya won’t die, but it won’t be from old age.”

Beautiful, coffee-brown eyes stared up at him in

amazement.

“Like I said, I want *you*, Alexander Lavelle Harris, for as much of eternity as I can.”

“You’re not planning on going all dusty on me anytime soon, right?” The dark boy asked, a faux glint of mistrust in his eyes.

Smirking, “No, pet, not planning on it for the foreseeable future.”

Xander relaxed, allowing the vampire to once again arrange them comfortably in the tub. Snuggling back into his vampire’s chest, the young man’s voice, smooth and sweet as melted chocolate uttered the sweetest words the blonde had ever hoped to hear, “I love you, Spike. And yes.”

~*~*~*~*~

The room they stood in was nothing short of opulent. Its rich burgundy and amber hues accentuated by the flickering lamplight. The room had been stripped of its furnishings save for the large velvet draped bed in the

centre. Surrounding the bed were three concentric circles. The outermost was drawn in white chalk with four large white pillar candles at the Corners. The middle circle was some sort of fine sand or ash with pure black candles at the cardinal points, as well as smaller evenly placed candles between those points. Finally, the innermost circle was drawn in blood- a mixture of Spike's and Xander's blood; and the candles that stood at these inner Watchtowers, guarding, ready to summon and guide were infused with the same blood mixture, giving the impression that the wax was in a constant otherworldly flux of burnt umbers and blood reds.

Stepping up behind the couple, Angel asked in a tone that was surprisingly more pleased than smug, "What do you think?"

"You've outdone yourself, Peaches," the blonde admitted.

"It's amazing," the awe apparent in the young mortal's words and expression.

Angel smiled warmly- it was a very incongruous look for the normally broody vamp. "We can start whenever you're ready."

Instinctively, the mortal's and vampire's fingers twined reassuringly together. This was it. It wasn't just tomorrow, or eternity; it was the rest of their lives, together, as one- there would be no parting, by death or otherwise.

As if by unspoken agreement, the two men stepped forward and made their way to the bed. Stopping short, Spike pulled his dark love to face him, but before he could speak, Xander informed him, "Don't even ask."

Spike quirked an eyebrow.

Xander glared at the snarky vamp for a brief moment before deciding that kissing him would shut them both up- so he did.

~*~*~*~*~

By the time Xander was able to come up for air, Spike had managed to arrange their clothing on, over, and around the bed, rather than on them. They were so immersed in the intricate exploration of each other's bodies that they missed the rhythmic chanting of Angel

calling the Corners, asking for protection, power, and serenity as he closed the first circle. Nor did they notice when the dark vamp called on the powers of the planes for blessings of desire, faithfulness, honour, trust, and unity before closing the second circle. When Angel came to the third and final circle the power and energy in the room seemed to be a physical thing, waiting to be shaped and molded- directed to its task.

On the bed, the lover's writhed and moaned, gasping their love and passion. As Spike tenderly prepared his young lover, Angel set-up the final stages of the ritual-speaking, then lighting each candle in turn, he found himself mesmerized by the growing iridescent glow as blood, wax, power, and magic converged. Just as Angel lit the last candle, he heard his Childe's love plead, "Please, Spike, please... now- need you."

The blonde vampire lovingly shh'd and cooed to his boy as he aligned himself with his Mate's entrance, pressing forward slowly, until he was balls deep inside his precious Sunshine.

Foreheads rubbed, noses bumped, teeth clashed, tongues twined, and bodies rocked.

The blood infused candles seemed to burn from the inside as the lover's own heat and passion increased. A blue-white glow spreading from candle to candle, travelling and connecting along the blood of the circle.

Power laden blood began filling their mouths, while the glowing energy of the circle created a dome around them.

The white candles flared brightly, lightning streaking between them and to their black counterparts. As the flow of energy from the outer ring of candles tapered off, the conductivity between the black ones increased. Until they too erupted with untold energy. Tendrils of prismatic fire poured into the copper candles, making the air inside seem heavy and static charged.

The world itself could've been crashing down around them and they would never have noticed. The only thing that existed for each man was the other. Spike's universe was Xander, his Sunshine- there was nothing and no one else that mattered; just as the only thing in Xander's world was Spike, his heart and his saviour- there was no past, present, or future, only Spike.

As one, two throats swallowed. Two bodies thrust

together and slid apart. Two sets of teeth sank even deeper into flesh. And two lovers were impaled by bolts of primal energy sprouting from the surrounding dome and suffusing them with the amalgamation of their emotions and psyches- literally, making them one. As the last of the Rite's energies filled their bodies, both man and vamp convulsed in pleasure, clinging to each other as the most powerful orgasms either had experienced ripped through their bodies.

Epilogue

So yeah, it might be girlie, but six months ago one them would be left alone, and now there would be no alone for either of them.

The End

Fiendish Revenge

by
Cobalt Mystic

Warnings/Squicks: character death (sorta), graphic sexual torture, sex as torture, mentions of/implied rape/non-con/sexual abuse, phone sex, pseudo-voyeurism, and pretty much anything warned against in the other Fiend!Verse fics.

Summary: Spike gets his revenge... again.

AN1: Briana ([@brianapotter](#)) humoured the Mys when she was feeling down and re-read and commented on my [Fiend!Verse](#) fics, and in one of those comments she asked if there was any way Jesse could be brought back for Spike to have a go at... well, here it is hun. Thanks for the ego stroking. *hugs*

AN2: This is not Beta'd, my lovely Xandra has one major squick that Mys doesn't share and Mys sure as hell isn't gonna force her to face it.

AN3: This takes place a good year after [Family of Fiends](#) and around two years after [Comfort of Fiends](#).

AN4: Can be found at the end of the fic.

Prologue

“Willow? Are you sure about this?”

“Xan, it’s the only way. Jesse’s got too many wards on him to physically harm him, and everyone’s too afraid of Angelus to confront him, especially after what he did to Spike.”

Xander nodded sadly. “But what about where you send him?”

“Xan, sweetie, getting him away from *you* is what matters. Where ever he goes they’ll be able to deal with him. We have to believe that.”

“Okay,” the dark boy agreed hesitantly. The idea of being free from Jesse after all these years was almost too much for him to fathom. Spike had tried, he’d given his unlife for him. Xander had been forced to watch the man he loved get dusted by the man who ‘owned’ him. Now his Willow had found a way to transport Jesse into another reality, and with him gone they had a chance of escaping Sunnydale and Angelus. “Do it.”

Part One - An Old Fiend

“What in the name of all hells are you doing out here and dressed like *that*?”

Xander’s blood ran cold. He couldn’t be hearing that voice; gruff and dark in such terrifying ways. Ways that promised humiliation, and pain, and malicious betrayal. Slowly, Xander turned to face the voice, silently begging who or whatever might be listening that this was only another nightmare and any second he’d wake up to the smooth sounds of a lilting English accent calming him while powerful arms and body wrapped protectively around him. However, once he was face to face with the owner of that malevolent voice, Xander knew his reprieve would not be that easy to come by. “Jesse?” Xander’s normally strong voice croaked.

“I asked you a question.”

“You’re dead.”

The dark man barked a laugh, “Ha! So that’s what you and that bitch tried to do. Well, I hate to disappoint you,” Jesse roughly grabbed Xander’s chin in his strong hand, “but it didn’t work.” Angrily, Jesse slammed his lips against Xander’s, only to yell in pained shock when the young man fought back with a bite to his lip and a well placed meeting of knee and groin.

As soon as he was free, Xander ran. He was only two blocks from the mansion, from safety, from Spike.

The vampire met him at the door, his Mate’s terror having shot through him like a like current.

The terrified mortal all but fell into his vampire’s arms, panting and clutching the blonde.

“Xan. I got you, Sunshine. I got you.” Spike held his love close, knowing whatever traumatized his boy this much was beyond your run-of-the-mill Hellmouth-bred baddie.

Safe in his Mate’s embrace, Xander began to calm, “It was him. It couldn’t be, but it was.”

“Who?” Spike growled the word, wondering if what

remained of The Filth could have escaped the institution he'd been placed in after his *tragic* accident.

"Jesse," the young man managed.

Spike's features shifted instantly. No wonder his boy was terrified.

"You!?" Jesse snarled from the open doorway, "Didn't I dust you two years ago? Couldn't keep your paws off my property then either."

At the mention of his [Mate](#) being dusted, Xander's anger took over. Turning in his vampire's arms, he spat, "I'm not your property." Xander's voice shook, but his tone was strong. "Spike and I are Mated, so just go- get the hells out of our home and out of Sunnydale."

The lanky man merely laughed, "The two of you Mated? Impossible- Angelus would never have agreed and Drusilla would have turned you; you know how she loves to play with you, especially after I took her Sweet William away," he cocked his head making an exaggerated phoney sad face. "Besides, Angelus gave you to me free and clear when I delivered the Slayer to him."

Spike had had enough, Stepping in front of his love, he spoke with a chilling calm, “Listen here, blood bag, I don’t know what twisted reality you come from and don’t much care, but here, now Xander is NOT yours and **Angel** would most likely kill you for everything you just said.”

“Reality?” Jesse rolled the word around in his mind then nodded curtly as if reaching a decision. Glaring at Xander, “It doesn’t matter what reality we’re in; you are mine or you are dead.”

Spike lunged, only to have a vial of holy water thrown on him.

The blonde howled and Xander screamed, a demonstration of the strength of their bond.

Jesse gaped, “You really are Mated.” He snarled at Spike, “Guess I can’t just stake you like last time.” The young man turned and as he left, he called over his shoulder, “Don’t worry Xan, this only gives me another toy to play with.”

Xander crawled over to his precious vamp, shoving the front door closed once he was in reach. “Spike, baby, how bad is it?”

“’s not that bad, pet. Nothing’ a bit of O pos won’t cure.”

Without the slightest hesitation, Xander thrust his wrist at the blonde’s face.

Spike leaned forward, kissing Xander’s palm. “No Sunshine, you’re stressed enough, don’t need blood loss on top of it.”

Xander was having none of it, “What I don’t need is to see you hurt and not be allowed to help.”

Smiling softly, “Always the White Knight.”

“Shut-up and drink,” Xander replied affectionately.

Spike gently grasped the proffered limb, kissing the throbbing pulse point in Xander’s wrist. “I won’t let him hurt you, Sunshine- never.”

“I know,” Xander whispered. “Now drink.”

Doing as he was told, Spike tenderly bit into his Mate’s wrist. Within moments Spike’s flesh began to mend leaving only a slight scar that both men knew would fade

before a day had passed. Spike licked the wound closed before pulling Xander into a passionate kiss. Releasing Xander's mouth, Spike nuzzled against his cheek soaking up the flushed warmth. "Xan, I need you to do somethin' for me, pet... and you're not gonna like it."

Xander pulled back to look in his vampire's eyes; his brow furrowed in confusion.

"I want you to stay with Angel and his do-gooders while I take care of this."

"No. What if something happens?"

"Shh, nothing's gonna happen to either of us, Sunshine. But it'll be easier for me if I know you're safe."

Frowning, the young man nodded. "But Angel?"

Spike chuckled, "I know, luv, but this bloke knows your friends, you wouldn't be safe with them. 'sides he might be a bloody wanker but he's taken you as family- he'll protect you to the death."

Xander knew Spike was right, even if he didn't like it. "You'll take me to L.A.?"

“ course I will,” he chastely kissed the mortal. “Now, go get your kit; I need to make some calls.”

~*~*~*~*~

Spike presented the essence of casual, lounging against the brick wall in the alley behind The Bronze. His ethereal features glowing as he struck his Zippo and lit his cigarette in a move he knew would alert and attract his prey.

When the footsteps were a little less than two yards away, Spike plucked the smoke from his lips. “You lot. You’re all so predictable.”

“Glad I didn’t disappoint,” Jesse hissed. “Now, where’s Xander?”

“Safe,” Spike replied watching the young man from the corner of his eye, “which is more than I can say for you.”

“Oh really?” Jesse stepped closer, “See, I did some checking up on you, and it seems that a lovely little group, The Initiative, I believe, sliced your head open and

shoved a nice piece of hardware up your metaphorical ass. And now poor William the not-so-Bloody can't hurt a human to save his unlife."

Spike calmly took another drag from his cigarette. "Did you also happen to hear about Xander's father? Tragic that. Not just the physical damage- though I hear the cause of his internal injuries is still something of a mystery- but the mental. The doctors aren't even certain whether it was a physical injury to his brain or a mental break. All they really know is that Tony Harris now has his excrement sucked out a tube and he dribbles his applesauce."

"And you think that means you can hurt me?" Jesse quipped cynically.

Spike eyed his prey coldly, "No, I *know* it does." With a burst of supernatural speed Jesse lay in an unconscious lump at the vampire's feet.

Part Two

When Jesse came to, he was naked, spread-eagled, suspended at waist height above the ground. “So what? You’re gonna fuck me as revenge?”

Spike laughed at the absurdity, “Never. No, no living hand will touch you.”

“You’re not living.” Spike’s captive countered.

“Semantics. Now open wide.”

Jesse clamped his mouth shut at the sight of the large ball gag the vampire held.

Spike inclined his head and rolled his eyes, “Don’t make me ask you again.”

When he received no response, Spike lashed out an arm causing a sickening crack and bloodcurdling scream to break the air as the riding crop struck Jesse’s exposed genitals. Spike quickly shoved the oversized gag in Jesse’s screaming mouth, smiling at the strained expression on the man’s face at having his jaws and lips stretched so far. “Good,” the vampire proclaimed. “The rest of this

should go fairly quickly,” he wiggled his eyebrows at his captive, “then the real fun starts.”

Without another word, Spike began placing and connecting his equipment. First, he placed a strange wedge shaped device at the crux of the man’s ass, the sound of a screw turning and Jesse’s cheeks were being forcibly spread. Inside the ‘wedge’ was a studded teardrop shaped vibrator which the vampire adjusted to tickle his captive’s entrance. Then he slid a suction type tube with a cock-ring at the base over Jesse’s limp cock.

“There!” The blonde smiled with satisfaction. “Ready to play?” Spike turned on the suction tube and the vibrator before making himself comfortable in a beat-up old recliner a few feet away. Next to the chair stood a small table with a cordless phone and base.

Ignoring Jesse’s strangled, muffled cries, Spike picked up the handset, pressed two buttons and waited.

~*~*~*~*~

“Hey Sunshine, how you doin’?” Spike pressed a button on the phone’s base and Xander’s rich voice filled the air.

“Better now.”

“I know, luv. It’ll be done soon; before you know it you’ll be home.”

“Are you going to call me a complete ‘ponce’ if I say I miss you?”

The blonde chuckled softly, “Think I can let it go this once.”

Xander laughed then, too. *“How big of you.”*

“You know it, pet.” Sighing, “I can’t wait to get you home, you know that. Get you in bed, next to me. All warmth and sun kissed skin begging me to touch it.”

There was a gulp from the phone line, *“Spike are you... are we...”*

“I need my Sunshine. Just relax and listen, let me take care of everything. Okay?”

Xander’s breath was shaky as the, *“Okay,”* left his mouth.

“Where were we... oh yeah, warm skin... I’d snake my hand down your chest outlining your pecs, ghosting over your nipples so you make that wispy mewl before sinking lower to run my fingers through those lovely curls. “I’d kiss your lips so softly, then follow my hand down your chest. This time taking a dusky nipple into my mouth and sucking; circling it with my tongue, then nipping it so you make...”

A pleasure filled whimper came from the speaker.

“...yeah, that noise- so beautiful, so pure. Then I’d move to the other one, letting those perfect noises and the heaving of your chest spur me on.”

“Spike...,” Xander pleaded.

“I know, Xan, haven’t forgotten. See, while my mouth works your nipples, I let my hand stroke your cock, my fingers trace over the veins before my hand closes around your shaft, lazily pumping.”

“Ungh, yeah... more?”

“Always for you , love,” Spike purred into the phone. “I slide my mouth down the rest of your chest till my

tongue's dabbing at your slit. I release my grip on your cock as I suck the head into my mouth. I reach for the lube; drizzling it over my hand and your opening. My fingers tickle the sensitive skin there, loving the sight of your dark body hungry for my pale one. Slowly, I slide a finger inside, cocking it to touch that spot."

"Gods!" Xander pants through the phone line.

"Mmm. I feel you tighten around my finger and I want more. I slide in a second finger and you buck against me. I watch mesmerized as you ride my hand."

"Oh gods, Spike, I need more. I need more and I need you in me. Please, baby, please."

"I know Sunshine. Need it, too. The next time you pull off my hand, I add a third finger."

"Yessssssssssss," Xander hisses.

"A few thrusts and your body's begging so beautifully I can't wait. I need to feel you, be inside you. "I remove my fingers..."

Xander whimpers loudly.

“...slick my cock. Gods ‘m so hard for you, Xan. Can I? Please?”

“Always. I love you, S...”

“Love you, too, Sunshine. I ease myself home. So warm, perfect- burning heat, feels like it’s going to consume me...” Spike gasped, “...and I want it to.”

“Gods, yes... ungh...”

“Pet...”

Mirrored and matching grunts and moans filled the room, gaining in pitch and intensity.

“Gods, Spike, I’m gonna cum!”

With that declaration Spike reached up to his Mating scar and swiftly dug his nails in.

Two bodies, though miles apart, came together. Two voices called for each other in unison. The air around the two men hummed with the power of their bond- their minds and hearts calling out to their Mate.

Spike found his voice first, "Sunshine? You alright?"

Panting, *"Yeah, more than. Spike? What...?"*

"You liked that," the vamp smirked into the phone.

"Understatement."

Chuckling, "Get some rest, luv. You're gonna need it once I get you home."

"Soon?"

"Yeah, Xan, soon. Love you."

"Love you, too, baby."

With a wistful sigh Spike hung up the phone.

~*~*~*~*~

Spike stretched languidly in the ratty recliner. "Enjoy the show?" he asked casually as he moved to hover over his captive. Looking down his nose at the man's bulbous

erection, “Thought as much.”

The vampire flipped a switch causing a firm plastic ring to close around Jesse’s cock just below the swollen head. A thin metal rod ran between the recently closed ring and the ring at the base of his cock- forcing the flesh to stay at it’s erect length.

“You want to know why I let you hear that?”

He flicked another switch and the vibrator that had been merely tickling the man’s entrance pressed it’s way inside him.

Jesse screamed, or tried to, and the vampire had to bite back a laugh.

“I wanted you to know.”

The tube that had been applying light suction to the mortal’s cock suddenly shut off.

“To know what it sounded like when he was happy, when he wanted to be touched.”

A low mechanical whirr started as the sucking ceased,

pushing a tiny glass pipe roughly the size of a cocktail stick into the man urethra.

“I wanted you to hear the breathy noises, the groans, and whimpers of Xan in consummate pleasure.”

Jesse’s eyes rolled to the back of his head and he screamed- loud and sharp enough to be heard around the large gag.

“I wanted you to know those sounds were never meant for you. That whatever you may have heard before was nothing. You never had him.”

There was a click and the rounded studs of the vibrator were punctured by the sharp spines concealed beneath them.

“And now,” Spike smiled with malevolence and self-fulfilment that would have made Angelus proud, “I want you to die.”

As the vampire prepared to leave, he flipped a final switch. A switch which triggered an abrasive mixture of sand and water to be pumped through the open-ended glass pipe inserted in the mortal’s penis, as well as

ramping up the speed and thrusting motion of the spike-studded vibrator- effectively drilling his ass. Both processes designed to slowly wear away the flesh from the inside.

With a satisfied smile Spike walked away, the pained moans and cries of the bastard that tortured and threatened his Mate music to his demonic ears.

~*~*~*~*~

Several hours later, Spike returned with a group of carrion demons. The mangled, lifeless body of Jesse McNally, strung up like the piece of rotten meat he was with a gaping bloody hole where his ass should be and the flaccid shreds of his penis spread between his legs, was one of the most wonderful sights the vampire had ever seen.

Spike waved his hand at the body, "Dinner's served boys."

As the demons hungrily set upon the man's body, Spike pulled out his cell phone. "Sunshine, it's done," he smiled brightly at the loving voice on the other end of the

phone, “Yeah, I’ll be there before sunrise,” and headed out the door.

Epilogue

(or an excuse to prove that Snowflake is part of the Fiend!Verse)

The door to his room cracked open, faint light drifted in along with the welcome scents of leather and nicotine.

“Snowflake,” Xander murmured, unconsciously acknowledging his lover.

Spike quickly stripped and slid into the bed with his Mate. The vampire nuzzled against Xander’s neck and his mark, whispering, “Yes Sunshine, your Snowflake.”

AN4: For those who are curious about the Willow and Xander in the prologue- they escaped, Angelus couldn’t be bothered hunting them down, and they are now living like kings in Patagonia.

The End
Snowflake

by
Cobalt Mystic

Snowflake 1

Snowflake, when he's sleeping in my arms that's what I call him. So pale and chiselled with such intricacies and delicate perfection.

He's not fragile though. The peace and vulnerability he shows when he's curled next to me tells me that. After lifetimes with Darla and Deadboy and Dru, he's still William, he might be hidden under layers of 'grr' and 'Big Bad' armour, but he's still there. Changed perhaps, but still William. Still warm and gentle, loving above all else,

chivalrous in ways beyond even his Victorian upbringing.

In a weird way, maybe I owe His Broody-ness for that. With all his attempts to destroy William's beauty, all he did was teach him how to protect it, protect what mattered.

Kinda why he's my Snowflake. They go through so much and still manage to stay true to themselves. Guess it just goes to show, even acts of god can't change who we really are- even my Big Bad, bumpy-headed, grr-faced Snowflake.

Snowflake 2

Spike's thoughts directly after [Fiendish Revenge](#)

"Yes Sunshine, your Snowflake," I whisper against his ear.

He doesn't realize I know he calls me that, or that I

understand why. Though what he sees as beautiful intricacies, I see as the blackened recesses of base emotions. Still, he's always there shining his intense heat into that cold darkness and somehow, amazingly he sees beauty and compassion in the fractured and refracted backdrop.

It makes me wonder what he'll see once his warmth and light illuminate all those shrouded niches.

I want to be an open book for my boy, but I'm afraid of what he'll find- afraid my darkness will infect and consume him before his purity and light cleanse me.

I don't mean redemption, leave that to the Poof and his precious 'soul'. I'm talking about the love and acceptance he gives me everyday; the promise that that love and acceptance is eternal and that I, William the Bloody, am deserving of it.

He's my Sunshine and I'll open myself to him even if his warmth burns me and threatens to destroy all that I am. I'll always be his Snowflake.

The End