



For the [Fang Fetish Round 8 Challenge](#)

Fandom: BtVS/HP Fandom

Pairing: Spike/Xander

Rating: hard R

Word Count: 4,360

Thanks to [kitty poker1](#) for the beta

Dawn Summers, Matchmaking Genius

or

How Fandom Saved My Life (Not Really)

by

Snowpuppies

I am a genius.

Really.

Ok, go ahead and laugh if you want, but it's true.

Dawn Summers, [Matchmaking](#) Genius.

Why do I deserve this magnificent title, you ask?

Well, if you'll look over behind that stack of Giles' moldy books you'll find Spike and Xander *totally* making out.

Yeah, you heard me right: Spike and Xander. Mr. I-eat-nummy-doughnut-boys-for-lunch and Mr. The-only-good-vamp-is-a-dead-vamp are completely, absolutely stricken with lovey-dovey bliss. Ok.

Maybe not *lovey-dovey*—I said I was a genius, not a miracle worker! It's more like *groiny-dovey*, which doesn't really make sense, but the point is that they're together, as a couple.

And *I* did that.

Well...mostly.

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It all started with Tara.

Yes, I know you want to get to the groiny bits, but you asked for a story, so I'm starting at the beginning.

Anyways...*Tara*.

Tara's been writing Harry Potter fanfiction for, like...*forever*. She thinks it's a secret—keeps her story files on a disk hidden beneath her socks and only works on it when Willow's away in class or at the library studying—but really, the only thing that's a secret is that Tara doesn't know it's not a secret. I mean, she doesn't know that I know and she doesn't know that I know that Willow knows. Come to think of it, Willow doesn't know that I know that she knows, either.

Oh. Willow knows, too. Did I forget to mention that?

So, right, back to Tara's fanfic. I've been reading it for over a year, 'cause, you know, fandom rocks, and all that. Sometimes I think she's better than JK Rowling, since she really gets how *perfect* Draco and Harry are for each other, and the way she writes them together is so amazing.

Here—let me read you a little bit:

When Draco looked up, it was if he'd been struck by lightning. The hairs on the back of his neck stood on end and a tingle shot up his spine to twinge in the back of his skull. He was perfect...absolutely, completely perfect. Draco couldn't believe his [mate](#) had been under his nose all this time. Bright green eyes, compact, muscular body, and such passion... Draco's cock twitched as he imagined that fiery Gryffindor temperament in between Slytherin green sheets. Harry Potter was his mate. He sighed

dreamily; now all he had to do was convince Harry to give him a shot.

See? Isn't she good?

I'm telling you, Harry and Draco are totally right for one another. That's my OTP, by the way—One True Pairing—although I do like all the pairings Tara writes. I even find the femmeslash interesting, in an I'm-not-sure-I-want-to-know-what-Tara-and-Willow-do-in-the-bedroom-though-I-kinda-do sorta way.

And the best part? Sometimes when I get home from school and everyone else is out, I sneak into Tara's room and take a sneak-peak at her WIP's—that's Works in Progress, for those of you who are fandom-illiterate. I always make sure to feedback when she posts, though, 'cause, you know, feedback feeds the muse and all that. On nights before I know Willow has an all-day study session, I'll even log-in under all my different usernames and leave lots of comments, so Tara will have inspiration so she'll finish her super-long fic where Draco is a

veela and Harry is his mate, but they don't know for, like, the longest time, and then when they find out they're so mad, and then Harry refuses to eat and Draco starts to waste away and I really can't stand waiting any longer so she needs to finish *right now!*

I *hate* WIP's.

Ok, so it's not that bad. She's almost finished, and I know it'll turn out all right, because Tara *always* writes happy endings.

Must be because she's so happy with Willow.

Speaking of Willow, I mentioned that she knew Tara's secret. She even created a username just for replying to Tara's fiction. She's a die-hard Snarry fan. Which is so *gross*, cause he's old and greasy and grouchy and stuff. I think Willow just has a thing for teachers.

Anyways, back to how this all relates to Spike and Xander, because it totally does.

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So this one afternoon, I'm trolling through Tara's fic disk, like always, when I find something *totally* unexpected: RPS about Spike and Xander.

No kidding.

Spike/Xander RPS.

Oh, RPS is Real Person Slash, by the way, because, you know, it's slash about *real* people...or real people and vampires in this case...so I guess that's technically RPVS...but, whatever, you get the point.

Anyways, it was totally *hot*—you don't believe me? Here, let me read some of it to you...

Ok, yeah, so I printed it out so I could re-read it at my leisure. So sue me.

So...anyways, listen to this:

Spike grunted; Xander's tongue was hot and slick against his own. Stubble scraped along his cheeks, his chin, and he moaned, one hand sliding up Xander's back to knot in messy black locks, the other slipping down to cup Xander's ass, pulling him closer.

I mean, how yummy is that? Can't you just see it?

Oh, you've got to hear this part, too:

Spike's cool hands roamed over Xander's body, possessively. Xander shuddered at the feel of being claimed, being owned. He felt as if he could just melt into Spike's arms and be safe, be special, be loved. As clever fingers began to unbutton his shirt, a wet, cool mouth ravaged his neck, his shoulders, his chest, and Xander felt his knees buckle. He didn't fall—Spike's arms held him close.

Wow. It gets better every time I read it. But don't you see? It fits! It's perfect—they're perfect...for each other, of course, so when I read it, I just knew that they had to be together.

And then suddenly, I started to remember the way Spike would sneak looks at Xander's ass while he was installing the new shelves at the Magic Box, and how Xander always seemed to fidget just a bit *more* when Spike walked into the room.

And I thought, "Why not?" I *knew* they were meant to be together, and since they're guys and are therefore completely clueless when it comes to relationships, it was obvious that they needed a little help...

...so I did something about it.

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Since we're discussing secrets, I guess it's time to tell you mine. After...*Mom*, and that whole resurrection fiasco, I told Willow I'd left her spell book in the cemetery. Of course, that was just a teensy bit of a lie.

I kept it and hid it under my bed.

Since then, I've read it, like, a *zillion* times or so, so when I decided to help Spike and Xander find their way into groiny-dovey bliss, I knew exactly where to look.

History of Witchcraft has one spell in particular that I thought would just do the trick. It uses written language to construct vague images and impressions that are then communicated in dreams to the focus of the spell.

Basically, it takes a story then makes now-in-Technicolor™ movies of the action, then plays them over and over in someone's head while they sleep.

Perfect, no?

Told you, I'm a genius.

So, with one printed copy of Tara's RPS, a sprinkle of dried skullcap, three ounces of ground patchouli, a pouch full of mugwort, a small-economy-sized container of sea salt, a snapshot of Xander (one

corner slightly chewed by Miss Kitty Fantastico) and five candles (two unscented, two vanilla and one slightly-used cucumber melon) later, I got ready to send Xander Harris some really steamy dreams.

You know, if you hadn't heard the rest of the story, that part might sound kinda weird. But, of course, the dreams were about *Spike*, not me, because okay, so I had a teensy crush on Xander in, like, the fifth grade or something, but I'm *way* past that—not that he's not cute, and he totally makes me laugh (last week, he made me snort milk through my nose *three* times because I was laughing so hard), but really, he's not my type—and besides, he's so obviously *gay*.

My type? Not telling.

Nosy *much*?

So anyways, this would be the part of the story where Tara lectures me on improper use of magic, and reads me the riot act on interfering in people's lives. That is, if she knew.

But of course, she doesn't know, so this all stays between us, right? Because if she found out, she would get the disappointed face.

I *hate* the disappointed face.

Just so we're clear on all that.

Really, though, I didn't do anything too intrusive. They were just *dreams*. It's not like I made anyone fall in love with someone.

I just...gave them a nudge.

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It was about two weeks before I noticed a change.

The gang was hanging out at our house one evening, watching "B" movies while Xander and Tara played MST3K (Mystery Science Theatre 3000, don't you people get *out*?). During a break between

DVD's, Spike got up to step out and “have a fag” — do I have to point out the subtext, here?—and his leg brushed against Xander's hand.

Xander blushed.

Seriously, his ears turned redder than Willow's hair.

What's better is that Spike noticed, just before he stepped out the door. And I swear this happened, although Spike would threaten to hang me by my toenails in the sewer and let dog-sized rats eat my hair for telling anyone, but Spike almost *smiled*.

It was working.

I was thrilled.

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Things went on like that for a while: they'd “accidentally” —uh huh, yeah, right—brush hands or shoulders or some other part of their anatomies—

not *that* part, well, not yet anyhow—and then Xander would blush or fidget (or both) and then complain about how caffeine runs right through him and excuse himself to the bathroom.

Like I didn't know what he was *really* doing in there.

So, I thought things were working out pretty well—chance of success, eighty-seven percent—until Willow noticed.

I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised—I'd been perving on their escalating manly not-flirting for weeks, so Willow clueing in wasn't a stretch. Of course, Tara obviously noticed before any of us—you remember the RPVS, yeah?—but she's cool and all non-judgmental and stuff, so I didn't have to worry about her interfering with my master plan.

But when Willow started getting that little crease between her eyebrows every time Xander “excused” himself to...well, you know...I knew it was time for damage control.

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Willow'd been badgering Xander about getting an on-line journal for, like, *months*, so I knew exactly how to proceed.

I mean, what better place than the vast Mecca of the internet to pave the way for true love?

So, yeah, I created a journal under the guise of one Xander Harris.

You're so *not* busting me for that—people pretend to be someone they're not all the time on the internet. It's practically *expected* that everyone's lying...at least about something.

Anyways, with a few clicks of the mouse,  **carpenterguy7of9** was born.

Yeah, so it's a lame username, but I had to think like Xander and be all male and obvious and stuff, so I

think I did alright. I mean, it's not like Xander would have a cool username like  [bsb4evah111](#), which, coincidentally, is my RL persona—Real Life, get with the program, will you?

Yeah, I know. I rock.

So anyhow, I made a few entries: the requisite first “hi, this is my journal and I have nothing interesting to say whatsoever” post, then a few newbie questions, and then I prepared my masterpiece—the “I have a crush on this guy and I think I might be gay but my friends don't know and probably won't approve” post.

It sounded just like something Xander would say—I really *am* good.

I made sure to friend Willow's public account,  [gaywitch81](#), then sat back to watch my genius unfold.

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Usually, this is where the floor falls out from under my feet, so I was expecting disaster around every corner.

Strangely enough, it never came.

I mean, other than Willow noticing in the first place, which, really, was small potatoes compared to what could've gone wrong.

It's kinda odd, but I guess that's what happens when something's just meant to be.

I mean, like I'm gonna complain that my master plan didn't go all crumbly and fall down around my head?

Please.

Right. So, back to the story:

The next part should really go under the Comedy section, because subtly supportive Willow? So not

subtle.

She gave Xander extra pats on the shoulder and smiled encouragingly when he shared any part of his life, be it a story about his day at work or his out-loud internal debate on whether to have Crispy Flakes or Puffy Pops for breakfast the next morning.

Even Xander, Mr. Oblivious-to-everything-not-named-Spike, noticed how weird she was being.

But the best part was the impromptu speeches. Anytime the gang was together, researching the latest baddie or just hanging around having pizza and watching horror flicks, she'd find the strangest of times to interject pro-gay statistics and sentiments.

It was absurd, really, since no-one in the group cares that Willow's gay, it's just who she is—kinda like saying Buffy's short and bleaches her hair—so really, she pretty much came off as a little off her rocker.

I think Buffy even wanted to check for demon possession.

But anyways, Willow's support-o girl—and doesn't that make you think of old lady bras?—act actually helped. When she'd start acting odd, Xander would glance at Spike, who would roll his eyes like a bored teenager and then Xander would have to cover his mouth to keep from laughing and hurting Willow's feelings.

Ok. So, it was just eye contact. But, really, it was *friendly* eye contact, of which there previously had been zero. So, see? Plan still moving forward.

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The best thing about being the Slayer's little sis is that I'm practically invisible.

No, really, I am.

And for a long time, it really bothered me—Buffy

would jump through hoops and leap tall buildings in a single bound to keep me safe, but talk to me? As *if*.

To be completely honest, it still bothers me, sometimes.

But for all my disgruntlement at Buffy and her pals for ignoring “little Dawnie”, being invisible is *unbelievably* useful.

In this particular instance, I was able to discreetly follow Spike and Xander when they went on “patrol”. Yeah, it belongs in quotes—you’ll see.

Anyways, they kinda rambled around the cemetery, walking *way* closer than usual, chatting about Xander’s geeky sci-fi shows and Spike’s soap operas, not even looking for demons. At one point, they were attacked by a vampire, but Xander just sat on a tombstone and watched while Spike traded about three punches with the vamp and then dusted him.

And then Xander wiped the dust off of Spike’s

shoulders and chest, and let me tell you, his hands *lingered*. Spike caught Xander's hands before he could pull them away and then they leaned closer and closer and...

Did I mention I was crouched in a bunch of shrubbery? Because the leaves were all scratchy and it was hot and hard to see and...

Oh, alright, I'll get on with it.

You sure you don't want to hear about the shrubbery? Because really, I think the thing was possessed, and there wasn't a path to be found.

Wish I'd had a herring.

Oh, yeah, you wanted to hear about Spike and Xander. Fine. Whatever. I get it: I'm chopped liver.

So...they were leaning closer, and then it happened: they kissed.

I had to bite my hand to keep from squealing.

It was so sexy. Spike's tongue was licking at Xander's lips and Xander was making this cute little whimpering noise and then they stumbled back against a tree and Xander was pressed against Spike, who had his hands on Xander's ass, and even from where I was hiding I could tell that Spike had *quite* the grip.

Of course, that's when Buffy ruined everything, as usual.

No, she didn't catch them or anything—God, would *that* have ruined my plans—she just started yelling for Xander to let him know it was time to go.

Spike and Xander, of course, jumped about a mile apart. And Xander blushed and Spike had a hand cupping the front of his pants...*adjusting* himself...I hope.

So Xander stuttered and stumbled off to join up with Buffy and the others, while Spike lit a cigarette and wandered in the direction of his crypt.

I stood and hoped my legs would regain feeling.

Thinking about it now *still* makes me all tingly—the kiss, not the shrubbery, although it could be tingle-worthy, in a nefariously demonic...plant...sort of way.

Did I mention I hate shrubbery?

But, getting back to the point: I got them to kiss—
Success!

Yeah, yeah, I get it.

Don't worry, I'm not done yet.

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So, I told you that nothing bad happened, right?
Well, that's not *entirely* true.

I mean, ok, nothing *disastrous* happened, but...I sorta got caught at my own game.

Hold on, I'll explain.

It was a few days after the kissing incident—fangirlsquee!—and I'd gone to visit Spike because it was Friday afternoon and we always have a Passions marathon. You see, his crypt gets crappy reception, so I tape all the episodes and take them and we watch them together. It really works out well, because I can record them while I'm at school and Spike gets to sleep in late, and we both get to talk about our favorite characters and storylines, because, honestly, TV is *so* much better when you get to talk about it with someone.

Another reason why I love the internet.

But anywho, I came for our weekly marathon, and while we were waiting for the tape to rewind, he just kinda *stared* at me, smoking his cigarette and looking all contemplative.

So then he gets disappointed face—apparently, Tara's not the only one with this particular expression in her arsenal—and tells me to stop messing with Xander.

Of course, being the super genius that I am, I play it cool: I don't know what he's talking about.

Well, I may be a genius, but Spike's like a hundred years old or something, and really, he's pretty smart for a vampire, so he calls my bluff. And honestly, I've never been able to lie to him. Sometimes I know he lets me convince him of stuff, but outright lying? Never happens.

So I cave like a...cave-y...thing, and tell him all about the spell I used.

He was, like, really upset and I swear I saw a tear slide down his cheek. At first, I was really confused about why he was so upset, but then I realized: He thought Xander had only kissed him because of the spell.

At that moment I could see all my hard work melting down the drain.

So I did the only thing I could do: I ran like hell to the house and brought back the spellbook.

Spike read the spell through three times, asking all sorts of questions about how I performed the ritual and what text I used and how many times I'd done it—and you know, Spike should work for the FBI or something, because interrogation? Really his thing.

So after about two hours of grilling, Spike finally relaxed. He flipped through the spellbook, and I could tell he really thought I should return it to Willow, but I knew he wouldn't actually say anything about it, because Spike's just cool like that. Kinda like Tara, except in a "don't mess with me or I'll rip your head off" way, instead of a "the world is a bright and happy place" sorta way.

And then he found the RPVS.

It was actually really hot watching him read.

He didn't say anything while his eyes ran back and forth over the page, but he started licking his lips every few lines and shifting in his seat as things became...uncomfortable for him in the lower regions. And when he got to the part where he fucked Xander over the gravestone, his eyes glazed over and his left hand started clenching his thigh over and over and over...and I just *knew* what he wanted to be doing.

Damn. I need a cold shower just thinking about it.

Anyways, when he finished, he cleared his throat, blinking a few times before handing it back.

He seemed pretty impressed, so I promised to show him Tara's fanfic page the next time he came over when everyone was out.

I think I can turn him into a Harry/Draco shipper. I mean, what with the light and dark and the fighting and the hatred and the star-crossed lovers thing and the hot sex? He'll love it.

I just love converting people to the great 'ship Drarry.

And besides, it's not like he hasn't seen all the movies—I had to beg him for two weeks to go with me to the premiere of *Order of the Phoenix*, but he totally enjoyed it—and I know he's “borrowed” my books because I picked up GoF—Goblet of Fire, do you people *ever* get out?—to check a minor point of canon, and it totally smelled like cigarettes.

So yeah, he'll be all over the Drarry.

But anyways, getting back to my story: disaster averted...*again*.

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So, there's not a whole lot left to say. I mean, I did get them to kiss and after talking to Spike, I knew he would keep after Xander—and who could resist a wooing Spike? Other than my lame-o sister, that is.

God, she's stupid. But I don't feel sorry for her, really, because she had her chance, and boy, did she blow it.

Speaking of blowing...

I did take one last precautionary measure, just to make sure that everything worked out alright...

A few weeks later, I overheard Xander telling Spike that he would pick up a pizza and meet Spike at his crypt, and Spike said he'd go get the beer.

Perfect opportunity.

So, naturally, I ran to Spike's crypt and hid behind a sarcophagus.

What?

I had to make sure it worked!

You'd have done the same thing. At least *I* can

admit it.

And so yeah, I was all hunkered down behind the tomb, and Spike strolls in with beer, and Xander comes in with the pizza—and about now I'm *really* hungry, because Xander has a pepperoni in the stack of boxes he's carrying and I *love* pepperoni pizza and it smells so good, but I can't reveal my hiding place...

But come to think of it...Spike's nose is wicked good, so he must have known I was there, anyways...

OMG! Spike knew I was there. The whole time.

The *whole* time.

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Well, no disaster, really. So Spike knows I'm a perv; Pot, meet Kettle.

So anyways, they had pizza and beer and sat *very*

close on the couch while they watched *Star Trek: Voyager* re-runs, and then they made out a while and got all groiny together.

What?

You want me to tell you that Spike sucked Xander's cock until he came, screaming Spike's name and clenching his toes? Or that then they fucked against the wall—Xander's ankles around Spike's neck and Spike's fingers leaving bruises on Xander's hips—until they both collapsed in the floor in one big pile of sweaty, panting man-muscle? That it was so hot that when I got back to the house I had to change my panties *and* my jeans?

God, you're such a *perv*!

Ok, so *I* was the one watching. *Voyeur*, thy name is Dawn.

Oh, don't give me that; Buffy had already lost it to a twohundredsomething-year-old vampire by the time she was my age. Playing a little peeping Dawn

is mild in comparison.

Plus, I've got *much* better taste.

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So anyways, after that, it was all gravy. I'm not really sure what that means, but it sounds good, right?

I mean, I love gravy. It's really good on mashed potatoes, and roast, and—Oh! Turkey and gravy and biscuits and gravy and...I'm really hungry, now... Gee, thanks a *lot*!

But anyways, my point is that gravy's good and so is...life, I guess.

Ok, so things weren't perfect: Buffy totally hit the roof when she found out and Willow cast about a hundred revealing spells on Xander to determine what demon mojo he was under and Giles actually polished his glasses so hard he broke them, and

Tara just kinda sat there and watched it all with a sappy smile, but all that's a different story.

The point, after all, is that I am a genius.

And yeah, Spike and Xander are together and having lots and lots of sweaty man sex—that I am *totally* not watching through the web cam I installed behind Xander's Babylon 5 collector's plates—and Tara's still writing HP fanfiction and Willow's still reading it in secret and really, we're all doing pretty well, current apocalypse notwithstanding.

Isn't fandom great?

I mean, I can't say that fandom saved my life or anything like that, but it did save Xander from marrying Anya—then, of course, she went all demon-y and made a guy French for some reason and released a really gross puppy-eating worm on Sunnydale, and sorta killed a bunch of Frat boys with a giant spider, but on the bright side, Spike and Xander are all groiny together, and yeah, they're in love, too—not that they'd ever admit it, of course—

so all in all, things have worked out pretty well.

It's almost like that fic where Hermione wrote Harry a letter from Draco and Draco a letter from Harry and—

Oh! Rabid Plot Bunny!

I've got to email Tara.

Fin

Special Edition Authors Commentary:

<http://snowpuppies.livejournal.com/223453.html>