

Pairing: Spike/Xander

Summary: Xander recalled something he'd learned in business class at school—if a salesman can get you to talk about something like you already own it, you're sold.

Rating: NC-17

Story Notes: This is for Tesla321, for her birthday back in Oct 2005. Yes, I suck.

Length: @1,880 words

Disclaimer: All hail Joss from whom all these characters flow

Completed: December 2006

Thanks: To The Deadly Hook

Sold

**by
Herself_nyc**

"Look how lovely you are." Spike ran a finger down Xander's chest, and popped it into his mouth to suck off the tangy sweat.

Xander stared at the low ceiling, criss-crossed with pipes. "I'd prefer, if you're gonna call me names, that you call me *manly* names."

"What's not manly about it?"

"I let you ... uh ... I let you—"

"You *let me* fuck you. That what you tryin' to say?"

"Uh, right. I let you do that, and then you call me 'lovely', so I feel like—"

"A girl? Nuthin' in the world wrong with *them*. Anyway, you don't fuck like a girl. An' there's your pretty blush—you know what it does to me?" Spike gathered Xander's fingers and brought them to his twitching cock.

"Oh God. Not again so soon, please." Even as he protested, Xander couldn't resist handling the cock that rose against his palm, like a dog nosing wettly into his hand. Except Spike in bed wasn't like a dog—he was a wolf, who growled and bit and covered you and—and—and—oh *shit*. He should never have succumbed to this.

Spike tucked his hands comfortably behind his head and watched Xander caress him. "I wouldn't say you 'let' me. I'd say it's more like you 'beg' me."

"Spike, jeez—"

"Back to what I was sayin'. You're lovely, when you're splayed out like this after a good rogerin'."

"Um ... okay." He couldn't believe Spike was talking to him this way. It did kind of make him feel like a girl. A girl whose guy really really dug her.

This was weird.

"A proper man *you* are. You should know it."

"If you say—I do. I *do* know it. I'm a man. Who ... likes m-m-m—well, you."

"Pet." He grabbed Xander by the nape and pulled him in to kiss.

Spike was an amazing kisser, and this kiss was so friendly that it made him feel he was about to be gutted like a fish.

Xander groaned. "I'm in so much trouble." What if his Mom heard them? Spike was noisy, which was all kinds of hot while they were doing—*that*—but afterwards, thinking about it, Xander wanted to curl up into a snail-size ball. And what if the girls found out? Buffy would

never speak to him again if she knew he'd let Spike seduce him this way. And not just once. Once maybe would've been—well, not *excusable*, but he could say he was tricked, somehow. But this had been going on now for over a week, and he *had* to be walking funny. Plus, he was covered in bruises because a cruddy old sofa bed was *not* the best venue for the Undead Sex Olympics. And there were hickies the size of Newfoundland. Spike never quite broke the skin, but he'd fang out and grab on like a leech and oh *fuck* it was fantastic when he did that and why didn't it ever make the chip fire and what would happen if Xander told him he could, maybe, just a little—he almost had, just now. Almost urged Spike to taste him.

This was *so* fucked up.

Spike was fully erect again—this was the fourth time in less than two hours, which made Xander feel at once like the luckiest guy in California and like Jesus God How Did I Get Here? He'd had only the vaguest glimmer of an idea that he might possibly potentially have some slight gay element in his make-up before Buffy stashed Spike here in his cellar, but now he'd fast-forwarded to a pre-emptive nostalgia, consisting of a suspicion that no cock he'd get for the rest of his life was going to be any match

for the one he was pumping on right now. He couldn't get enough of it. Of *Spike*.

"Thing is, lovely man as you are like this, you turn into a right prat when you're back in your clothes."

"Huh?"

"Your clothes, they're ridiculous. You dress like a child. A child whose mum dresses him funny."

Xander sat up. "*My* clothes are ridiculous? You wear the same thing every damn day! A day in 1977!"

"Black leather an' blue denim are classics."

"As is the Hawaiian shirt, if you—"

Spike tweaked his nipple, a touch Xander registered in his balls. He bit back a groan.

"You dress like prey."

"I do not! I *am* not! Anyway, you can't—"

"Just tryin' to give you the benefit of my over-a-century's

worth of experience, you silly twat. You think you're ever gonna get any trim, or dosh in your pocket, lookin' like a relief map of Wakiki?"

"Why should you care?"

"Don't want to be seen with you like that."

"I don't want to be seen with YOU *at all!*" Xander let go of Spike's prick, and scrambled to the edge of the bed.

"Stop. *Stop instantly.* This is *way* too gay. You are *not* my boyfriend. We are not doing this! *I* am not doing this— not with a vampire!"

"Could turn you, an' that wouldn't matter. You'd be pretty forever, we'd blow this stupid burg, I'd teach you to hunt, an—"

"What? No! NO! Anyway, the chip—"

"Suspect it wouldn't go off if you *wanted* it. An' maybe you're startin' to. Want it." Spike crawled up behind his hunched back, breathed cool air against his sweat-soaked nape, and followed it with a feather-touch of fingertip, skittering down his spine, making him arch and sigh. "Ever thought about it, Harris? Really, what would

you lose?"

"Uh, gee, my *life*? I like my life!"

"You hate your life. If you didn't, you wouldn't be playin' secret games of hide the salami with me in the basement an' goin' out lookin' like graduation day at Clown College. Lemme turn you, an' then you'd find a bit of self-respect."

Xander rounded on him. "*That's* what this is about? You seduce me and lay on the sweet talk and you think you're gonna turn me and then I'll hunt for both of us forever?"

Spike kissed his shoulder, his lips moist against Xander's sweat-slick skin. "You say that like it's a bad thing."

Xander elbowed him hard, and sprang up. "I should've known! You're trying to recruit me to be your minion, to kill for you." Even as he said it, Xander shuddered, recalling something he'd learned in business class at school—if a salesman can get you to talk about something like you already own it, you're sold. And he *could* envision it—ruling the night—somewhere far away from the slayer—never getting punked again by anyone, never delivering another pizza, and never ever ever

having to say goodbye to Spike's fat prick or the way he lit up like a pinball machine at full tilt when Spike shoved it inside him. He'd wouldn't see Willow and Buffy ever again—they'd be his enemies forever—but maybe he wouldn't care.

"You bastard! What's to keep me from staking you as soon as you've taught me everything you know? Betcha didn't think of *that!*"

Spike smiled, and spread out his arms. "Could stake me right now, couldn't you? Any time these last ten nights. Know you've got stakes hidden all round the place. But you haven't."

"Because Buffy asked me to keep you here, and—"

"Would never happen, pet. You're too fond of me already." Spike wrapped a hand around his prick, leaning back to show himself off as he pulled it. Xander wanted to throw something at his head, wanted to cut Spike down to size, wanted to put his clothes on and leave. But all that happened was he stared at Spike, his own cock getting hard as Spike's kisses and touches and almost-bites and so-hard-so-good fucking whirled around his mind. He did hate his life. It was no kind of life at all,

Spike was right about that. Fooling around with Spike was the best thing he had going. It was the best thing *ever*.

And if he just said yes, he could be done with his pathetic life, and on to something else.

Something sexy and exciting and powerful and yes, evil, but manly. It would be manly. Because Spike would have the chip and so he'd always need him, he wouldn't be so cocky then, and together they'd ... they'd

Spike rose, panther-lithe, and pulled him close. "Meant what I said. You're lovely an' a sweet fuck an' meant for better things than this bloody cellar." Xander's erection rubbed against Spike's, his mouth opened to him, and Xander was going to pull away, he was going to say *no*. In just a second, he was going to unwrap himself from Spike's arms, tear himself back from those coaxing kisses.

In just a second.

Spike's cock prodded his navel, slid across his belly, making him curl and gasp. "Wanna put it to me, Harris? Would you like that? Put this lovely boy inside me? That way you'll be in me when I go into you. That'll be nice for

both of us, won't it? Start us off as we mean to go on.
Won't it, Harris?"

Oh God. He was trembling now, his skin bridling and racing, his brain blinking, his cock in full charge. "I didn't say yes—!"

"Haven't said no." Spike inched backwards, drawing him towards the bed. "Say no to me, Harris, an' we'll stop all that turnin' talk, just have us a good fuck. You just say it, an' mean it, and you'll be safe as houses."

He was going to. He really was.

In just a sec'. Because right now Spike was telling Xander how much he wanted Xander's big sweet cock to fill him up, as he crab-crawled backwards across the mattress on his elbows, his legs open in an M, lifting himself to show his ass. Which should've been disgusting because who wanted to look at another guy's winking ass, but somehow it wasn't disgusting at all, and Xander wanted to dive right in. He wanted to sink his tongue into Spike's smooth puckered hole, make it all wet and throbbly the way Spike did to him, and then go into him really slow, getting all the way in and pushing Spike's knees back 'til he was doubled, 'til he was bearing all his weight, 'til

Xander was right up in his face.

He'd never been inside a man before, and he wanted to be—he *needed* Spike, God he needed to get laid like this *now*, and once he was on top of Spike and deep up inside, banging away like the king of the universe, getting Spike all worked up so he'd fang out, then he'd look him in the eye and tell him there was no way he was going to be bitten and turned and kept close to him forever.

There was just no way. He wouldn't give up his Hawaiian shirts and his soul and his friends, not to be an eternally strong and masculine master of the night, not to be Spike's lovely man. That wasn't gonna happen.

And he was going to say so. And mean it.

He *was*.

"Come on, pet. My arse won't fuck itself."

Closing his eyes, Xander took one long deep breath.

The End