



Strange Mentors

by

Creed and Echos Revenge

"What the fuck is that?" Wolverine growled. He was wrapped around Remy on the bed in his cabin, but a weird howling noise had woken him out of a deep sleep. He sniffed once and could swear he smelled sulphur.

He tried to slip out of bed without waking Remy, but failed miserably as always. "Stay behind me," he said after they had both pulled on some pants. "I don't know what's out there." They were both too busy to notice the blinking light on the intercom

they'd turned off the night before.

"Remy not likin' this, cher," he whispered from behind Wolverine. Hovering a few yards in front of the cabin was a glowing black sphere laced with lightning.

Wolverine took a single step forward, trying to get a better look at it, when bands of lightning arced out of it and started pulling him in. He felt Remy grab him and try to pull him back. "Let go of me," he bellowed. "You're not getting pulled in there with me."

"Not gonna happen, cher. You promised Remy you wouldn't leave him," Remy said as he tightened his grip just before they were both sucked into the sphere.

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"You guys almost done?" Buffy grunted. There had been a coven of magic using vampires trying to unseal the Hellmouth and they were trying to stop it. The spell took four people so Willow, Tara, Giles and Xander were in the back of the room casting while she and Spike tried to keep them safe.

"They're getting close, Slayer. I been keeping an eye on the spell," Spike said as he staked another of the vampires. "Fuck, they might not be close enough." A black sphere was forming over the Hellmouth and it kept growing while the last of the coven was staked.

Lightning arced out and threw Buffy and Spike against the wall. At the same time the spell was completed and the room was washed in light then darkness before things returned to normal, other than the two barely dressed figures collapsed on each other where the sphere had been.

"What happened?" Willow shouted out. She had known that the spell was unpredictable, but this was completely unexpected. "Did it pull something

out of the Hellmouth?"

"Don't know, Red. They don't smell like demons but they don't smell totally human either." Spike grimaced mid sniff. "One of them smells kinda like a werewolf." He and Buffy moved in a little closer while he was talking.

Wolverine's head snapped up when Buffy approached and he jumped into a crouching position protecting Remy. His claws extended immediately and he started growling at her.

"Thinking the not a demon guess was way off there, Spike," Buffy said, pulling her stake out. She looked the two strangers over carefully, noting the claws on one and the glowing red eyes on the other.

"Why don't good guys ever come though the evil portal thingie?"

"Little girl, put down your pointy stick," Logan growled, still putting himself between Remy and her, even though he didn't register her as a real threat. He wasn't willing to put Remy at risk.

"Buffy, please give them a chance to talk before you kill them," Giles said as he moved up behind her.

"There was no feeling of evil as the spell completed and it should have stopped any demons from coming through."

"Should have being the optimal words there," Buffy huffed as she used her stake to point at Remy first then Logan. "That one has demon eyes! If he's not a demon then he's a half breed or at least a freak, then there's Mr. Edward Scissorhands wannabe over here."

"Girl, you better watch your mouth," Wolverine growled. "We were asleep when your bubble thing dragged us here. If you think you can go around pulling people here to kill you got a rude awakening coming."

"Logan, we need ta get outta here," Remy said. He could sense that what appeared to be no more than an overzealous cheerleader had every intention of killing them and believed she could do it. What was

scarier was the fact that everyone else in the room believed that she could too.

"Slayer, these aren't demons. Chip gets all tingly just thinking about tearing either of their heads off," Spike said. He caught Wolverine glaring at him for a second as his attention went between the two of them and flashed into game face. "Don't flash those things at me. I just kill demons now not humans."

"Shit!" Logan hissed. "That's some mutation! Bet it's a great party trick, kid."

"Yes, well, they don't even seem to recognize vampires. I think we should all calm down and discuss this," Giles said looking at Wolverine. "Can you put those back from wherever they came from? Buffy will put the stake away and Xander will lower the crossbow."

Logan sheathed his claws, but Remy reached out to touch him. Mostly it was to ground himself in a room full of volatile emotions, but he also just felt

the need to touch his lover. "Logan, need ta get outta here..." Remy repeated. He was feeling jittery and the girl made his skin crawl.

"He might be uncomfortable around the Hellmouth," Willow said quietly. "We could go to the far side of campus before talking. He might feel better then."

Spike for the first time looked closely at the man mostly hidden by the larger man. He was young and probably the age of most of the Scoobies. His muscles were well defined and his long red hair fell past his shoulders. Combine that with the kid's red on black eyes and he made a striking figure. Logan noticed Spike looking over Remy and started to growl low in his stomach.

"I see," Spike muttered under his breath then started when it was obvious that clawboy had heard him. He kept his voice at the same volume and kept talking "I'll stay away from yours and the two of you stay away from the boy. He's mine even if he doesn't know it yet."

Wolverine bared his canines at Spike and continued to growl, but it lessened a bit when he nodded. He somehow sensed that this 'Spike' was just one step above feral. "Some clothes for my boy would be nice."

Xander uncocked the crossbow and walked up to them. "Hi guys. I'm Xander and this is Buffy, Spike, Willow, Tara, and Giles. Don't let Deadboy Junior over there scare you," he said with a smile. "Now lets get away from the portal to multiple hell dimensions."

Logan gave Remy a look to let him know he didn't want him to talk. He made sure to keep Remy behind him at all times. "Wolverine and Gambit," Logan introduced them, deciding it was safer to go with their fighting names.

"See, Spike, I told you all the cool guys have codenames. Even guys from other worlds have nicknames too. I'm going to pick one," Xander said as he led the visitors down a rubble filled hall.

“Y’all can call us Remy ‘n Logan,” Remy said and then shut up when Logan scowled at him.

"Cool, those are normal sounding names. Not demony at all, but why do your eyes glow like that. It's kinda cool to see that on someone not trying to rip my heart out. Never appreciate red eyes when you're about to die you know." Xander said to Remy. He was ignoring Logan for the most part because he didn't seem nearly as friendly.

“Does the boy ever shut up?” Logan growled to Spike before Remy could answer.

"Naw, the whelp always has something to say. Now that he knows you're not demons he'll want to be your best friends," Spike said with a trace of bitterness in his voice. "Just wait 'till Rupes starts quizzing you. You'll be wishing the boy was all you had to worry about."

“I don’t take shit from no one,” Wolverine said to Spike. “We’re not some sort of animals you can

experiment on.”

"No, of course not. We'd never do anything like that, but I will have some questions for you. I'll need to know where you came from if we're to have any chance of returning you to whatever dimension you came from," Giles said. "We tried to seal the Hellmouth as soon as we found out what was happening, but we were obviously too slow. I'm not sure how to send you back without reopening it."

“Dimensions? Hellmouth? What kinda place is dis?” Remy asked. He might be a thief and not claim any sort of personal relationship with any god, but he’d been raised a good Catholic going to church on Easter and Christmas. Mentioning of demons and hell made him more than uneasy.

"You're in Sunnydale, California, but there is a portal to hell here and because of that lots of demons and vampires," Willow babbled. "We kinda kill them all and mess up their plans, but this group got pretty far along in opening the Hellmouth before we dusted them all. We resealed it, but

somehow you got pulled through first. Do you have shrimp on your world?"

Remy blinked at Willow a few times. "How do ya t'ink we make gumbo? What's your power, mon petite?"

"Well, this former demon who was here for a while before she left to explore the world told us about a dimension without shrimp so I was wondering. Oh, me and Tara are witches." When Remy got an apprehensive look she giggled. "Not bad witches. We're good witches so you're safe with us."

"Don't know 'bout anyone who plays around with all dat voodoo mumbo jumbo," Remy said. He might not follow it, but he had a healthy respect for voodoo practitioners after growing up in Louisiana.

"Mr. Remy, is this far enough away that we can talk about what happened?" Giles asked as they got to an almost intact room on the edge of the school. "It will be easier to discuss this all at once."

“Don’t call Remy Mister,” Remy laughed, but from habit he knew he had to hide his empathic abilities. “And didn’t need ta be away from it, just was a lot ta handle, dat’s all.”

"Well, from your reaction I thought you might be able to feel the Hellmouth. All of us can feel it to some point, but those of us who use magic can feel it as can vampires like Spike," Giles said. "Let's take care of the questions the two of you have first then I have some for you."

“So this is California,” Logan started. He looked at Remy until the younger man sat down and then he started to pace in front of his lover, his protective instincts in overdrive. “If this is anything like our world, then this state would barely classify as earth. But your world is full of vampire, demons, witches and...” Wolverine looked at Buffy and snorted. “Pom Pom girls with delusions of grandeur.”

"Hey buster, I'm the Slayer. I've killed more demons and vamps then you can imagine so don't make fun

of my clothes. At least I'm wearing more than sweatpants," Buffy said. "So what are your non-human powers or is it just the shiny claws?"

"Not stupid enough to tell ya that, bub," Logan grinned. "And I know I look damn good in just sweat pants. After we were pulled out of bed, you're lucky we didn't show up naked."

"Please, if we're to get you back home, you're going to have to trust us at least somewhat," Giles said with a sigh and a glare in Buffy's direction. "Mr. Re... that is Remy must have some affinity to the emanations of the Hellmouth if it was bothering him like that and at least part of your abilities were shown with the claws. We've told you about ourselves. Buffy is the Slayer, imbued with superhuman strength and ability to sense evil. Spike is a vampire currently working for us, Willow, Tara and I are all spell casters, and Xander helps out."

Xander winced a little when he got stuck with the title of 'helper'. He felt like a schmuck and he hated that people they'd just met knew that he was

lowest on the totem pole that was the Scoobies.

"He's da strongest of you all though," Remy said quietly with a small smile in Xander's direction. His feelings of being on the outside felt familiar to Remy, but he had an inner reserve of strength that Remy could only envy.

Buffy laughed out loud at that comment. "What, were you a comedian in your dimension? Xander is like our sidekick. Are you growly man's sidekick?"

"Slayer, you might not want to piss off the nice man with the claws," Spike said. "You lot are always underestimating the whelp." He lapsed into embarrassed silence after seeing Xander's incredulous expression. It might not be his place yet, but he wanted to be protecting Xander the way clawboy was protecting his mate.

"Are all couples in your world same-sex?" Willow asked, wanting desperately to change the subject. "One can only hope there's someplace out there like that, can't we?" She looked at Tara and

smiled softly.

"No," Wolverine growled, "And I doubt that question will help us get home."

"Logan, be nice," Remy whispered to his lover and came up behind him, placing his hand reassuringly on Logan's shoulder. He was used to calming down his fierce lover. "Da lil' ladies are together, like us."

"Buffy, take Willow and Tara back to check the seals on the Hellmouth," Giles said. After he was sure they were gone he turned back to the two visitors. "Alright, it's been a very long night and I'm tired of the bickering. You two sit down and answer my questions so I can decide what to do for tonight and where to start researching tomorrow."

"Logan..." Remy said the name in a warning tone when he heard Logan start growling again. He knew his lover's instincts were on overdrive, so Remy made a point of sitting next to him so close that he was virtually in his lap. "We'll answer your questions if we can."

"Thank you, I need to know what you call your world and exactly how you got pulled here to start with."

"We calls it New Jersey," Remy deadpanned and smirked after a moment. "Big dinosaurs roam da earth and everyone is gay..."

"Brat!" Logan huffed fondly and cuffed Remy on the back of his head. "It's called Earth. We live in New Jersey at a school for gifted kids."

"Fascinating, so you're from an alternate earth. That might make it easier to send you back if we can find the right one and we won't have to open a hole to a hell dimension. How did you get pulled here?" Giles said. He'd pulled a mini-notepad out of his blazer pocket and was taking notes while he talked.

Logan repeated the story detail and watched Giles scribble on the [notepad](#). Remy leaned over and whispered in Logan's ear, "He reminds Remy of da Professor."

"You guys have your own version of Giles?" Xander asked. "Is he as uptight as G-Man here?"

"Non, not da same man," Remy explained. "He's just da leader of our group. Well, not da leader, dat would be ol' Cyclops, but he does run da school and he created da X-Men."

"Fuck, you're superheroes aren't you? Like in comic books. Do you guys have uniforms?" Xander turned to Giles. "X-Men definitely sounds like superheroes, just like the JLA or something and if they come from a copy of earth I bet not everyone has claws and red eyes."

"No, not everyone, just the mutants," Logan explained. "And we're not superheroes. We're people tryin' to do the right thing."

"Well, this is enough to get started. Xander, can they stay at your apartment for the night? I know you already have Spike there, but there's even less room at my place for them," Giles said, wanting to

keep them separated from Buffy for now if possible.

"If they don't mind sleeping on the floor..." Xander said. "And I assume you'll want to stay together because I got the impression that you're... ya know, hooked up."

"You got a problem with that, boy?" Wolverine challenged as he pulled Remy upright next to him.

"N-No," Xander shook his head and gulped heavily.

Spike gave a warning growl he was sure Wolverine could hear and moved slightly closer to Xander.

"Let's get out of here before Slutty comes back, eh? We can talk on the way back."

"I don't know how your world works, but we'll attract a little attention walkin' around without shirts on," Logan noted. "At least get one for Remy here. He gets cold quickly."

"Here," Xander said, pulling off his orange and yellow floral print shirt and handing it to Remy. "My

t-shirt will keep me warm enough and you all can borrow some clothes when we get to my place."

"Hey, dis okay," Remy smiled at Xander, humouring him in a way he had learned early on without hurting the young man's feelings. "Nice n' bright. Don't suppose ya got any glasses ta hide Remy's eyes? And maybe a big coat?"

Wolverine took one look at the shirt and decided he'd stick to his sweats if all the boy's clothes looked like that. Scenting the air, he smelled Buffy coming back. "Put it on. It's time to get the hell out of here before she gets back."

The trip back to Xander's apartment was made in relative silence until they entered. "Ummm, I kinda rethought it. Spike can have his room, you can both have mine and I'll take the couch. My bed is way more comfortable than the floor, even if it's not quite big enough for the both of you..."

"No, cher. Remy n' Logan can't take your bed," Remy said. "The floor's nicer then some of the

places Remy's slept."

"You have to take my bed," Xander gave Remy a goofy smile. "You're my guests. It doesn't matter, really."

"So, if you're a vampire why are you helping them?" Logan asked Spike. He wasn't really bothered by Xander talking to Remy anymore. He'd figured out the boy was just being friendly, but he did want to find out just what was going on in this world.

"I got my reasons," Spike answered with a shrug. "Listen, I can smell the smoke on you. Wanna come outside and share a fag with me? The boy hates it when I smoke it inside."

"Spike has a chip that some evil government types stuck in his head. Makes it so he can't kill us, but he's always telling us as soon as he gets it out he's gonna kill us all," Xander said with a shrug. "Not gonna leave him to fend for himself though so we give him blood and he helps us kill stuff."

“Thanks, pet,” Spike said with a sigh and then turned back to Wolverine. “Want that fag now? Outside.”

"You got any cigars?" Wolverine asked as he looked disdainfully at the pack of smokes Spike was holding up. He was hoping he wouldn't have to settle for those.

“Nah, bad habit that,” Spike said and walked outside. He lit up a cigarette and took a deep drag.

"These taste like shit," Logan said with the cigarette dangling from his lips. "So why haven't you taken the boy? He's attracted to you." He figured the sooner those two were paired off the better, especially if they were all living together.

“It’s complicated. There’s an age difference for one. And I’ll have you know this is the best brand I’ve stolen in a long time.”

"Bullshit, he's just like Remy. He'll never be ready on his own. You gotta get him ready then take him,"

Logan said. "He wants it, but he's too afraid right now. He'd probably be a lot of work like Remy too."

"Oh yeah?" Spike raised an eyebrow. "What exactly did ya do to get that raver ready for you?"

"Just focused on him for a few days. Once he was sure I was interested and not going to hurt him he couldn't get to me fast enough," Logan said with a grin. "Bet you some decent cigars your boy's the same way. Hey, those government types that got you, they still around?"

"Nope," Spike answered quietly. "They fooled around with Mother Nature and tried to make the perfect solder. It backfired on them."

"Good, I don't like their type. These claws are a gift from some like that on my world. Took 'em a few years to get it right from what I remember," Wolverine said with a growl as he stomped out his cigarette.

"Sometimes what they did makes me feel like less

of a man, but then again... I'm not a man, I'm a vampire," Spike said, pulling every last bit of smoke he could out of his butt. "I notice that your boy's carrying around a lot of hurt with him. Xander's the same and he's not completely human either. Had more than one run in with a demon."

"Yeah, he's empathic and I've never seen him take to someone like that. Figured they were alike somehow. Before we go back in tell me about the bitch. She rubs Remy and I the wrong way."

"Add me to that list," Spike snorted. "She's the queen shit around here. Born to fight the evildoers like me, la de freakin' da. Vampire Slayer with an attitude problem."

Inside, Xander was trying to get all the details about the X-Men he could. The whole idea of real superheros was overwhelming, but Remy seemed really normal in spite of being a superhero. "So have you and Logan been together long?" he asked after most of his questions were left unanswered.

"Little over a year since da ol' man decided he wanted me," Remy said.

"And you were cool with that? I mean you wanted him too right?" Xander said a little wistfully.

"Yeah, wanted da Wolverine a lot," Remy responded. "He's everything dat I wanted."

"You're really lucky then. I saw the way he was protecting you, but he doesn't mind that we're in here talking while he's outside," Xander said. "How did he tell you he wanted you? Did he just come up and say it straight out or something?"

"Started payin' attention ta Remy," he said, smiling at the memories. "Also started ta chase away anyone else who might've been interested. Started actin' all possessive and shit... it was real cute."

"I can imagine him scaring people off. I'm scared of him when he's not even paying attention to me you know. He kinda gives off the 'would be so easy to kill you if I wanted' vibe that Spike gives off," Xander

said with a chuckle. While he was talking he went to the hall closet and started pulling out sleeping bags and blankets.

“Ya know, there’s a way to appease men like dat,” Remy told Xander. “You just hafta make dem t’ink they’re in charge all da time, but we’re really da one in charge. Once ya got ‘em, they need ya and they usually hate dat.”

"Thanks, but I don't think I have to worry about that. I seem to just attract demon women who want to kill me, or use me for sperm," Xander looked down and kicked at the bedding he'd gotten out. "I don't look anything like you though."

“Dat’s right, ya look normal. You’re beautiful.”

"Right, because normal looks so cool," Xander said with a snort. "It was nice of you to say though." He lapsed into an embarrassed silence as Spike and Logan walked back in.

“You bein’ good, Remy?” Logan asked, taking one

look at the embarrassed young man standing next to him.

"Remy always be good. Jus takin' to Xander." Remy walked over and let Logan wrap his arms around him.

"He's gettin' tired," Logan grumbled. "Where's our bed?"

"Um, right there," Xander said pointing at the pile of stuff he'd gotten out of the closet. "Unless you've decided to use my bed tonight after all. I really don't mind either way."

"And when are y'all goin' to bed?" Logan asked. He knew what he wanted to do and it involved Remy. "Floor's fine with us."

Xander blushed when he realized why Logan was asking that. "I'm going to bed right now and I sleep really soundly. Not sure when Spike's going to bed, this is kinda daytime for him you know. You guys need anything or should I go now? I'll make sure to

give you warning before I come out in the morning."

"Why don't you come out with me for a bit, Xander?" Spike asked. "When was the last time you ate?"

"7-11, Twinkies, a slurpie, and a quick patrol?" Xander asked. "It would take at least two hours and we'd be quiet when we came back in. Unless that would bother you guys too much."

"Yeah, yeah, that's fine with us," Logan answered, already pushing Remy towards the pile of blankets. "Have fun and bring us back some Twinkies. Oh, where do you keep your stuff?"

Spike dug around in his duster and tossed some lube to Logan. "There ya go, mate. Remember the boy has neighbours and all that rot." He had to fight back a laugh at the blush that seemed to be taking over Xander's entire body.

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Xander had his stake in his pocket and was demolishing an entire pack of Twinkies. They were walking in one of the safer cemeteries in town “patrolling”. “These are really good, want some Spike?”

"Naw, I'm still not sure those things are even good food for a human," Spike said while idly scanning the graveyard. With a mental shake, he decided to try out Logan's advice. "Should probably start eating better, Xan. Maybe have Buffy or me teach you how to fight better, too."

The smile dropped from Xander’s face. “I know how to fight,” he mumbled. He was used to Buffy insulting his lack of skill, but Spike usually only gifted him with snarky comments he could dismiss. He knew how to fight, but anything he ever did was always outshone or interrupted by Buffy.

"Yeah, but you could fight better. Less chance of getting hurt then, and some of us have over a hundred years of practice," Spike said, fighting the urge to snap at the boy.

"I have the knowledge of the soldier in my head," Xander answered a little testily. "I can fight as well, or better than any humans, but Buffy isn't a regular human. No one can measure up to her. Even Willow and Tara aren't normal, they're witches. Giles... well, Giles was a watcher and has that whole Ripper thing going for him. I'm the only one who's just a regular, pitiful human."

"I wasn't insulting you," Spike said with an annoyed sigh. "I was just pointing out that with some practice you could be even better, but if you're not interested that's fine with me."

Xander was more than used to people getting pissed off at him. "I'm not worth teaching. Why don't you go do vampire things and I'll just keep patrolling." He didn't even bother to finish his

Twinkie and just stuffed it back into its wrapper, then into his pocket.

"Wouldn't have offered if I didn't think you were worth teaching, and you're not wandering off alone. Going around to find things to kill is a vampire thing," Spike fell into step with Xander and followed him deeper into the cemetery.

"Must be nice to know you're going to live for awhile," Xander said, wanting to change the subject. He thought it was unlikely that he would make twenty-five years old and a miracle if he saw thirty.

"Sometimes it is, but sometimes it's worse. When I'm in a fight and think I might get dusted that's thousands of years I'd be missing at least," Spike said. "So you want to start training with me?"

"It would be a waste of your time," Xander insisted. "That and I really don't have the time. I have to help patrol at night and then work on top of that. I'm helping Buffy pay for her tuition since she

doesn't have time to work, study and be the Slayer..."

"You're paying so that bint can go to school? She's the Slayer and odds are she'll not be around long enough to put a degree to good use," Spike snorted. "We'll find time starting tomorrow. Might be a good thing to get started when those other two are here. Can demonstrate some stuff that way." Spike was so distracted reining in his normal snark that he didn't sense the vampires before they were practically on top of them.

Spike was so busy fighting three fledglings that he wasn't able to help Xander who was stuck fighting the oldest and largest vampire. He was able to dust the fledges quickly enough, but before the dust settled he heard Xander cry out in pain.

"Bloody hell," he cursed when he saw the vamp biting into Xander's neck. He leapt over the body in front of him and tore the head off the vampire that had Xander.

Blood was pouring out of the wound on Xander's neck and the boy was actually laughing. "Going to bleed to death..."

"No you're not," Spike mumbled as he bent over Xander's neck. "Just gonna get this sealed up and then taking you home." He ignored Xander's protests and put his mouth over the wounds. One quick draw to get any essence of the other vamp out then a few swipes of his tongue to make sure the wounds healed without a scar.

"You could take more if you wanted," Xander whispered, turning his neck to the side.

"Not trying to drain ya, pet," Spike said, indulging himself while Xander was too out of it to pick up on the nickname. "Just making sure there was no taint of him left in you." He picked Xander up and started hurrying back to the apartment. "You sleep if you want to. We'll be home in a few minutes."

"You could have had more blood cause I know you needed it," Xander slurred and then giggled a bit. "I

don't mind being your blood bank."

"Offer sometime when you're not half dead and I might take you up on that, pet," Spike sighed, wishing Xander was like this all the time. He kept up a stream of pointless conversation until they were outside the door to the apartment. "We're coming in," he said loud enough for Logan to hear him and opened the door.

"Not done yet!" was Logan's curt reply from the dark corners of the living room, followed by the sound of skin hitting skin and Remy's moans.

"We got attacked and the boy got hurt before I dusted them all," Spike said, totally ignoring Logan. "Gonna put him in his room and fix him something to eat and drink."

"Fine," Logan grunted and continued to pound into Remy. He was just about done and wasn't about to stop just because someone else was in the room.

"Remy's really lucky isn't he," Xander mumbled as

he was laid on his bed. "I thought that bite would have hurt more. Are you going to tell Giles?"

"No, I won't tell Giles," Spike said, starting to pull off Xander's blood stained shirt. "Why is Remy so lucky?"

"Cuz he's got Logan taking care of him," Xander almost whispered as he started to fall asleep. "They really like each other you know."

There was a loud scream from the living room and curses in French. "Yeah, I can see that they like each other, pet," Spike said.

He watched Xander sleeping for a minute and gave their guests a minute to clean up, then went out to get Xander something to drink. He'd watched the boy when he was hurt before and knew he'd be awake again in less than thirty minutes. "If you do that again, keep it quiet. Boy's asleep now," he hissed as he walked by the blanket-covered forms.

"My boy has passed out, so don't worry about it,"

Logan said with a fond chuckle. "You need any help?"

"No, I think he likes you so I don't want you anywhere near him. Nothing personal, mate, but I don't need him seeing you helping him when he's hurt," Spike said. He poured a glass of orange juice and grabbed an apple to slice up.

"I was thinking more about keeping watch," Logan grunted. "Can't be too careful when you're dealing with the enemy."

"They're all dust, literally, and vamps can't enter a house unless they're invited," Spike said as he walked back to Xander's bedroom. "Make sure your boy knows not to open any curtains while I'm here."

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Spike decided he was going to train the boy, whether he liked it or not. Now it was just a matter of trying to arrange safe gym space. He wouldn't use the Slayer's training facilities and risk her mocking Xander. He could call in a few favours around town and he thought he had just the place in mind.

"Hey, Xander, you feeling better?" Remy asked as he got up from the chair he was sitting on. Spike had left him with specific instructions to stay by Xander and for Logan to guard from the front room.

"I feel like I have a hangover," Xander groaned with his head under a pillow.

"Spike left dis juice for ya," Remy said. He pulled the pillow away and handed Xander the glass. "He tell Remy to make sure you drink it all if you wake up, cher."

"Spike really said that?" Xander started to blink at Remy owlshly.

"He worries about you a lot," Remy said. "He tell Remy what to do for half an hour, and made sure Logan was staying away from you."

"Why would he want Logan to stay away from me?" Xander asked, now slowly sipping the juice.

"He t'inks ya got a thing for Logan," Remy said in a whisper. "He don't want Logan anywhere near ya."

"I... I don't have a thing for Logan," Xander stammered and a little of his juice sloshed on to the bedding. "Why would he think that? You don't think he really thinks that, do you?"

"He's jus jealous. Logan da same way. He don't want Remy near Spike much," Remy answered with a shrug. "And Remy can sense da vamp's jealousy easy."

"How can you sense that? What else can you sense?" Xander didn't even pause between questions. He was never able to read Spike accurately and now there was someone who could.

"Not fair for Remy to get in someone's head and tell all der secrets, but Spiky's very possessive of you. Maybe more den Logan is of me," Remy said.

"No, he's not," Xander denied. "It's not like that between us."

"Remy, don't know what ya do, just how you both feel." Remy took the now empty glass from Xander. He didn't want to spell things out too much, but a small push might be enough so the two of them would talk to each other.

"Spike could have moved out a while ago," Xander said, trying to sound casual. This wasn't something he could discuss with anyone normally. "He doesn't have to stay here, but I want him here."

"Remy not telling no more, cher. You two need ta figure de rest out together," Remy said. "Gonna get you more ta drink, want Remy to get some food, too?"

"I'm not hungry," Xander mumbled. The truth was he didn't have much food in the refrigerator or cupboards. There would be blood in the fridge for sure and Weetabix in the cupboard for Spike, but it was between paycheques and Xander couldn't afford too much human food right now.

"Spiky's bringin' back food," Remy said with a grin. "He's finding someplace to train you. Don't want you hurt again."

"I'll have to pay him back," Xander muttered. He wasn't sure how long Remy and Logan would be staying with them, but it would definitely be a drain on his resources. He would just have to ask for extra shifts at work.

"He'll take care of things if you let 'im," Remy said just before he left the room and headed to the kitchen.

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“I’ve spoken with Logan at length. As far as I can understand, they come from world where humans started to mutate into a new species. I’ve compared histories and our past seems to be relatively the same, but the current President is certainly different. The best possibility I can see is somehow being able to contact a person in their dimension called Charles Xavier. Logan says he’s the most powerful psychic on their world,” Giles said. They were trying to come up with a game plan to get the men back to their dimension.

"Good, those guys may be good guys but they make me get all icky when they're around," Buffy said. "So how do we contact this professor guy? Magic?"

“Yes,” Willow said. “I had to find something to tune into in their dimension that their world has that ours doesn’t. Logan told me that his claws are made of something called Adamantium that our world doesn’t have. If I open a portal aimed to

target a dimension with Adamantium, then that should work.”

"We may have to try for a while to find the right one. There are many legends about Adamantium so it's possible that many worlds would have it," Giles said. "But I think it's a good place to start. Have either of you called Xander to see how they are doing?"

“We didn’t talk to Xander too long,” Willow admitted. “I didn’t really need to talk to him, only Logan or Remy.”

"Well, we'll keep working on possible spells and they can come over here after dark," Giles said absently as he handed Buffy and Willow some books. "I must admit this whole situation is quite fascinating."

“Well, they’re not that fascinating to me,” Buffy huffed. “The sooner they’re gone the better.”

"They seemed very nice," Tara said from the couch.

She had been quietly looking through some books the whole time the others were talking. "They'll make sure Xander's okay."

"I don't trust them," Buffy insisted. Xander had been helping her out financially ever since he'd gotten his first pay cheque. He'd come to her and just slipped her a couple of twenties saying she deserved it for what she did. Xander had told her to buy things for herself and that's what she had done. "Spike is already a bad enough influence on Xander. He's slacking off."

"He's not slacking off. What are you talking about?" Willow asked. "He's at all the meetings."

"It doesn't matter," Buffy said, rolling her eyes. "Did you see how that Logan guy was always touching the one with the demon eyes? Are we sure Xander is safe around them?"

"As sure as we can be," Giles said. "And the two are obviously lovers so the touching would be natural."

"It's not," Buffy grumbled. "And the age difference is disgusting."

"Buffy," Willow said sharply. "There's nothing wrong with an age difference if they're both over eighteen, and I thought they looked kinda cute together. Reminded me of Spike and Xander with one all growly and the other kinda sweet."

"Ewww," Buffy made a gagging sound. "That is not a mental image I want! Now that really is disgusting, Spike and Xander? Please!"

"Why is that disgusting?" Willow challenged.

"Well, it's not you and Tara," Buffy said with a long sigh. "They're guys."

"Same principle, Buffy, and you better get used to it because I think they're building to having a thing," Willow snapped back.

"As if Spike would want Xander," Buffy snorted.

"Um, I think he's just waiting for Xander to be ready," Tara said. She never looked up from her book so missed the looks on everyone's faces.

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Wolverine used his claws to stab a piece of pizza and hand it over to Remy. "There ya go, Cajun. Nice to see that pizza is the same here. Not sure if I could live without it."

"Stop! I don't want to think about non-pizza worlds, and don't even mention non-Twinkie worlds," Xander said with a smirk. He mowed half-way through a piece of pizza before he spoke again. "Spike, you are my hero. You talked the pizza place into putting extra pepperoni on here again didn't you?"

"Yeah, I know you like it, pet," Spike answered. "Now getting them to put raw hamburger on was another matter."

"Oh no. There will be no raw or bloody items on the pizza when it's delivered. After it gets here you can use blood or whatever you like on your pieces. That was the deal in return for me giving up garlic," Xander said, ignoring the chuckles coming from Remy and the smirk on Logan's face.

"Spoil sport," Spike huffed a little, but smiled. "Don't worry. The pizza bloke said no and called me a freak."

"Nothing wrong with a little raw meat sometimes. I like meat in general don't I, Remy?" Logan asked with a leer. He'd figured out it was fun watching both the boys blush at the same time.

"Logan!" Remy groaned and lowered his head so that his hair hid his face. "Behave yourself. Or you get no more meat..."

"Oh they don't mind. I'm sure they both would enjoy a nice piece of meat themselves so they know what I'm taking about," Logan said. He'd heard

Remy and Xander talking earlier, but thought the two of them would need more than subtle pushes.

Spike watched as Xander's blush crept down from his face to his neck. "Hey, nobody teases the boy like that but me," Spike growled.

Xander's blush managed to intensify somehow even as he flashed Spike a hesitant grin. "We have to finish up so we can get over to the magic shop," he said trying to change the conversation.

"Logan and Remy could head over der by ourselves... give y'all some time alone..." Remy suggested.

"No, we couldn't do that to you. Plus, if we don't come Buffy will think you killed us and it will get all messy," Xander said. "Maybe we can all patrol together tonight though. I mean all four of us, and we can show you demon killing stuff."

"And we can show y'all what we do," Remy said, cracking his knuckles. "Haven't trained in a few

days. Gettin' stiff."

Xander glanced at Remy and turned bright red at the mental picture he got. "I'm going to go get dressed," he got out in a strangled voice as he left the table. He wasn't even interested in Remy like that so why did his mind seem to be stuck on sex and taking innocent comments the wrong way.

Remy waited until Xander was in his room before he spoke. "Ahh, poor boy. Remy remembers what it was like to be dat age. All dat hormones and pent up sexual energy..."

"You're only a year older than him, Rems," Logan pointed out with a dark chuckle.

"Da boy's still innocent. He jus needs someone to get him to open up. It'll be easier for him. He don't have the past that Remy does."

"He's got his own problems," Spike said and then got up from the table. "I've gotta go see how's he's doing."

"Remy gonna lock those two in a room soon," Remy said as he moved into Logan's lap. "Xander needs Spike and I think he needs him soon."

Logan slapped Remy on the ass. "Fine, then they'll be gone long enough for me to fuck you again."

"Non, not now. We have to meet the others. Maybe Remy do it tonight if they still stupid." Remy squirmed a little and smirked as the other two came out of the bedroom.

Xander took one look at Remy and then noticed that Logan was growling lightly. "Ah man, you two were at it again, weren't you? Maybe they have more sex in your dimension than here..."

"They just have more sex than most people," Spike said. "Right, Logan? I can tell the two of you are always pumping out pheromones and shit. Gets more than annoying."

Logan snorted and raised an eyebrow at

Spike. "You're not the only one who can smell pheromones, bub."

"Go. Go. Time to go to the meeting," Xander babbled as he started to blush again. He carefully avoided looking at Spike as he ushered them out of the house.

They walked to the meeting without further incident and were soon inside the Magic Box. Buffy was sitting farthest away from them and for some reason kept glaring at Xander. He went over to her and whispered, "Buffy, I get paid on Friday."

"You sure you're going to have any left after taking care of Spike?" she hissed.

Xander winced. They'd never talked about this openly before. She didn't ask for money, he just gave it to her. At first it had been because he had a crush on her, but now it was out of obligation and guilt. "He pays for his own stuff most of the time."

"Fine," Buffy said, withering a little under the looks

both Spike and Logan were giving her.

“Sorry,” Xander mumbled and slipped back to his chair slumping deeper into it.

"We're gonna have a little talk when we get back aren't we, Xander," Spike said as he moved up behind Xander's chair. "Few more things are making sense."

Xander sank deeper into his chair. He remembered his father saying things like that to his mother. “Yes, Spike.”

"Don't get upset." Spike could smell just how uneasy Xander was now. "Just meant we're gonna talk about ending whatever you're doing for Bitchy. If she's treating you like that there's no need for you to be givin' her money."

“Don’t wanna talk about it,” Xander mumbled.
“We’d better concentrate on getting Remy and Logan home.”

"I think I might have a way to locate your home dimension," Giles said once everyone was settled. "After that we will still have to find a way to open a portal, but it will be a start. We think we can use your Adamantium to locate similar dimensions, and then try to contact Dr. Xavier to verify we have the right one."

"Will Remy and Logan be able to get through da portal?" Remy asked.

"That would be the goal, yes. First we have to be sure we are trying to open a portal to the right place, and where exactly that is will determine how we have to open the portal," Giles said. "Now, to cast the first spell we are going to need some shavings off your claws, Logan."

"That's not gonna happen, bub," Logan laughed. "Adamantium is indestructible."

"He can just put his claws in the potion. It shouldn't hurt him at all," Willow piped up.

“Are you sure, lil’ witch?” Remy asked. In his own right he was very protective of Logan.

"Well it should be safe, and it's really the only way. We could try to find another way though if you want, but I don't know how long that will take," Willow said. "Of course your friends could be looking for you too and get you before we find out how to get you home."

“It’s okay, Rems,” Logan said and patted Remy on the thigh before he got up. “I’ll be fine. Nothin’ can kill me, remember?”

"If you'd like to all go patrol or explore the town it will be a few hours before we're ready to try this," Giles said. "Willow and Tara will have to stay here with me."

Willow put a beaker of orange goo onto the counter with a flourish. “Yes, that’s a good idea,” she answered for them. She was very excited about trying this challenging new spell. “Now Mr. Logan, if you would be so kind as to put your claws in

here. Tara and I can get started right away.”

"Willow, he'll have to do that at the end," Giles said with a sigh. "If you'd read the whole spell you'd know that the item being searched for needs to be in the potions when the final spell is cast."

“Yes, yes... okay, I forgot,” Willow said absent mindedly. “I’ll reread the spell and you guys go kill evil thingies. You could bring me back some earth from a freshly dug grave if you have time.”

"We'll go with the girl," Logan said. "Spike and Xander can go off on their own."

“But you promised I could see your powers in action,” Xander protested.

"We'll all go out after the spell is done and the Slayer is in bed," Spike said. He started tugging Xander toward the door. "Come on. We can stop and get some food on the way."

“Food?” Xander perked up. “Can I have whatever I

want?"

"Someplace quick," Spike said as they walked out. "I want to kill something before we have to go back in there."

Spike ended up buying Xander a quick supper at a fast food restaurant. They were on their way to a graveyard when Spike spoke, "I said we'd have to have a lil' talk, pet."

"Hey, it's not really any of your business if I give Buffy money is it? I make sure you have everything you need too don't I?" Xander asked between bites.

"Pet..." Spike said in a warning tone.

"It's not," Xander said stubbornly. "She can be a real bitch, but she's saved us all, and the world, and she should have some fun. We both know she's a Slayer and going to die young."

"You barely have enough to pay your rent and feed yourself," Spike reminded Xander. "Do you really

think that some of those groceries magically appear in your cupboard?"

"Wait, you've been buying me food?" Xander asked, stopping and staring at Spike. "I thought I was going to the store less, but never really paid attention. Why are you doing that and not buying your own blood?"

"Cause I like it when you buy me blood," Spike grinned at Xander. "And it's easier for you."

"Spike, you just confuse me," Xander said as he started walking again. "You're buying me food, but leave me to buy blood for you. You don't want me giving money to Buffy, but not so you get more, just so I work less."

"You're always taking care of everyone else, but who takes care of you?" Spike asked and moved closer to Xander, putting his hand on the back of Xander's neck.

"I can take care of myself just fine. Been doing it as

long as I can remember," Xander said even as he leaned into the touch.

"Don't you ever think about someone taking care of you, pet? Just a bit?" Spike prodded.

"Maybe, but what about when they left," Xander said quietly. "Are you offering? Then leaving me to wonder when the chip will stop working and I'll be alone or dead? It's safer not to let anyone get that close or be that important."

"You know that the Niblet doesn't really come off as human?" Spike said. "Or Oz. I never killed them."

"Are you saying we'd be safe even if you didn't have the chip?" Xander asked. "I mean you could be restraining yourself right now cuz you don't want to make us mad. Trust me I've spent a lot of time trying to figure out your motivations."

"I might not have a soul no more, but that doesn't mean I don't feel," Spike said quietly. "I wouldn't kill you, boy. If I wanted to kill you now, all I would

have to do is pay someone to do it.”

"So you're saying I'm safe with you?" Xander said.

"Like really safe, and you wouldn't get mad if I had you repeat that while Remy and Logan were listening?"

“I might do pretty much anything you asked me to,” Spike said and then immediately added, “Within reason of course.” He didn’t want the boy thinking he could walk all over a Master Vampire.

"Well, we need to patrol. We can talk about this later right?" Xander asked as he fell back into his normal attitude.

“Sure thing,” Spike agreed. Didn’t want to rush into anything, now did he? Of course his hand had started to caress the back of Xander’s neck sensually. He always found necks erotic now.

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Xander led Spike back to Giles a little early, hoping to beat the others there, but they ended up being the last to arrive. There was more than a little tension in the air. Remy and Logan were on one side of the room and Buffy on the other with a glaring contest going on between them. "Are we late?" Xander asked, trying to break the tension.

"Yes, you are!" Buffy snapped. "They wouldn't let us cast the spell until you were here. Apparently they only trust you."

Spike raised an eyebrow at Buffy then turned to look at Logan. "Had fun with the bint did you?" he asked.

"They fight like demons," she snapped before they could answer. She didn't like being out done and they had definitely out done her in battle. "Fucking mutants."

"Let's get this over with shall we?" Spike asked. "I'd like to get someplace more friendly." He glared at

Buffy then followed the two mutants over to the table where Willow was guarding the potion and paraphernalia she had set up.

“All you have to do is dip your claws into this potion,” Willow instructed Logan, waving her hand at the now bubbling orange goo.

Logan slowly lowered a single claw into the bubbling mass. He wasn't afraid of much, but dealing with magic unnerved him. He was prepared for something to happen but the flash of light and clap of thunder still managed to surprise him even though it didn't do anything to him.

Remy was behind him and trying to pull his claw out of the goo when Willow yelled out, “No, you have to leave it in there! It’s acting as a grounding agent!”

"Explain little girl," Remy said, fighting not to start charging the small rocks he'd picked up.

“Look!” Willow said and pointed to the middle of

the room where a swirling portal was developing. It was flickering in and out with small lightning bolts shooting out.

Giles started taking notes and casting spells at the scene shown in the window. It flashed like a television changing channels as it cycled through eight worlds then slowly faded.

“Take your claw out now,” Willow instructed. Her brow furrowed as she concentrated on the spell. “We know it works now. It’s just a matter of fine tuning it and finding the right dimension.”

"We know it's one of these eight," Giles said absently as he started adding details to his notes. "I can probably figure it out from here. It will just take a little while and I'll have to cast a similar spell when we're ready to verify my selection."

“So what we all do now?” Remy asked. Logan leaned over and whispered something in his ear. “Umm, we hafta wait, oui? We can wait away from here, eh?”

"Right then, we're going home," Spike said. "You can call us when you figure it out. Don't go stopping by without any warning." He headed out, trusting the others would be following him.

Remy went and grabbed Xander's hand pulling him towards the door. "C'mon , cher. Remy got a lot of things to talk to ya about."

"What is this, talk to Xander night?" he grumbled even as he followed him out. He waited until they were almost half way to his apartment before asking what Remy wanted to talk about.

"Anyone ever give ya da old bird and da bees talk?" Remy asked.

"Yeah, well no, but I know all I need to know about that stuff. It's kinda hard not to get out of high school without figuring it out you know," Xander said.

Remy looked back a few feet where Logan and

Spike were walking behind them. He leaned in closer and whispered, "What about da gay kind, luv?"

"I'm sure it's not that different. I mean I know how everything fits together and I don't think Logan wants you talking to me about this stuff does he?"

"Logan knows dat Remy can do whatever he wants if he knows what's good for him," Remy said and looked over his shoulder. "And sweetie, it's a little different. Remy bet that your Spike is a very... intense vampire, non?"

"He's not my vampire," Xander said with a snort. "I can't imagine Spike being anyone's something after he became a Master Vampire. If anything, he thinks of me as his, but I guess he probably wouldn't even do that."

Remy leaned in a little closer and whispered to Xander, "Der are ways of findin' out if he's... dat's why Remy wanted to talk to ya."

"What do you mean? Wait, you do know Spike can hear us even if we whisper right?" Xander asked when he looked back and saw Spike and Logan both pretending not to pay attention to him and Remy.

"Nah, dey busy talkin' bout der own shit," Remy said and then tugged on Xander's shirt to get his attention. "Now dis is da important part. You can get whatever ya want outta him."

"I don't want to get anything from him," Xander hissed. "This isn't a game or something. Plus, if he is interested I don't want to scare him off. Spike doesn't like being manipulated."

"It's not manipulation, its sex," Remy sighed, thanking whatever gods they had in this universe that they were almost home. "Well, it's kinda da same thing. You gotta talk dis out with him, but jus remember. You don't like anythin' he does, you jus say no. You're da one in control. Ya already have him wrapped around your lil' finger..."

"Your boy's not causing me problems is he?" Spike

asked as he and Logan walked into the apartment behind Xander and Remy. He hadn't quite been able to hear the last few whispered comments.

“Just pointing out that Xander has you wrapped around his little finger,” Logan pointed out with a snicker.

"I keep thinking I should be getting annoyed that you two seem determined to stick your nose in our business when there isn't even anything there yet," Spike said. "But if your boy can get Xan to open his eyes some I guess it will be worth it."

Remy was currently whispering something in Xander's ear, making Xander gasp. He turned around and looked at Spike with wide eyes. "You can do that!"

"Do what, pet?" Spike asked. He was more than a little distracted by the look of excitement and awe in Xander's eyes.

Xander blushed deeply. "Nothing," he mumbled

quickly. "I'll show you later... or you can show me."

At Remy's pointed cough, Logan spoke up. "Let's get some grub then Remy and I are going to bed. We'll take Spike's room and you two can share Xander's room."

"No, we'll take Spike's room," Xander said quickly. "It's safer for him."

"Get your food and eat then. Xan wants to use you two as human, or quasi-human, lie detectors so if he asks me questions tell him if I'm being honest," Spike said. He wanted stuff cleared up before he had Xander in his room.

"Ya pretty much know Logan's powers now, but Remy promised he'd show you his," Remy said. He went over to a cup of cold coffee left over from when they'd gotten up and charged it for a few seconds. The coffee was bubbling and steaming when he handed it to Xander. "Can do dat with anything, but my favourite is da playin' cards."

"Bubbling playing cards?" Xander asked, confused even as he took a drink of the coffee and started grabbing stuff to make sandwiches. He also pulled out a bag of blood for Spike.

"Non," Remy sighed. "Remy can charge stuff and make 'em blow up."

"The coffee's not going to blow up is it?" Xander asked worriedly. "Because I already drank some and if it blows up that's not going to be good."

"Nah, only if Remy charged it more," Remy explained. "Don't worry. Now hand me Logan's sandwich. Logan likes his cheese melted."

"Well, Xander, you want to ask me those questions again with the two of them here?" Spike asked.

"No, I gotta either trust you or not, Spike," Xander said carefully. "I wouldn't want you asking me questions with them watching me for any lie."

"Spike can already tell when you're lying," Logan

said. He wanted the boy to make sure he knew everything going into a relationship.

"I know that," Xander said without looking away from Spike. "I was just making a point. I'm the one here who has to take things on trust."

"Da best relationship are never easy," Remy pointed out.

"Thanks, pet. You can trust me you know," Spike said. "Now if the busybodies are done eating we can all go to our rooms."

"Mmm, da man... vampire is eager," Remy laughed. "Dey always make da best lovers!"

"And how would you know that," Logan growled. "You never saw a vampire in our world which just leaves vampires here."

"You're always eager, cher," Remy pointed out with a grin.

"No, no sex at the table. Then I'll think of sex when I eat and embarrass myself in front of other people," Xander said backing up. "We can leave the dishes, Spike. It's time for bed." Xander almost ran out of the room and into Spike's room.

Spike's room wasn't really a room, more of a closet really with no windows and dominated by a large mattress on the floor. Xander sat on the mattress and started to busy himself by fluffing the pillows. He didn't mean to start smelling one when he was fluffing it, but he did and it smelt like Spike.

Spike smirked at him when he walked in on Xander mid-sniff. "I smell good, don't I?" he asked as he sat down next to Xander.

Xander dropped the pillow guiltily. "You smell like Spike..." He then realized how stupid he sounded and winced.

"Calm down, Xan," Spike said as he settled behind him and started massaging his shoulders. "No need to get nervous or try to impress me now. We're well

past all that. Just tell me what's going on in that head of yours."

"Nothing, really," Xander said and moaned a little when Spike hit a particularly tight knot. "Well, nothing and a lot. I was thinking about how good your pillow smelt, that you'd look good on black sheets and I was wondering how thick the walls are."

"Won't matter how thick they are," Spike answered honestly. "Logan's gonna hear us just like I can hear them, but don't think about that. So, what do we need to talk about before we shag? I know you humans have to talk things out if sex is more than just some fun on the side."

"Maybe I don't wanna talk," Xander blurted. If they talked it might delay things and he didn't want Spike to change his mind.

"Okay, pet," Spike whispered as he leaned in a little closer. He reached around Xander and started unbuttoning his shirt. When there was no protest

he started kissing the side of Xander's neck.

Xander whimpered and instead of flinching away, he moved his head to give Spike better access to his neck. "You can, if you want to..."

"Mmmm," Spike moaned as he shifted into game face and let his fangs glide over Xander's neck.

"Later, when we're both ready." He moved back enough to pull Xander's shirt off and then pulled him around so they were face to face.

Xander's hand came up to trace over Spike's ridges and then leaned over to kiss, then trace them with his tongue. He was fascinated with Spike's ridges and wondered if they were sensitive like he hoped.

"Jumping right to the good stuff are we?" Spike asked between moans. He pulled Xander down until he could capture Xander's lips in a kiss before he came in his pants. While he had Xander distracted he pretty much tore his own shirt off.

While Spike was kissing him, Xander wasn't so

distracted that he wasn't able to reach up and started to caress Spike's ridges with his fingertips. He was quickly developing a small fetish for Spike's ridges, especially knowing that this was the form that Spike was more comfortable in.

"Xan," Spike growled warningly. "Stop teasing like that until we're both naked. Been waiting too long to be inside you."

"Why can't I fuck you?" Xander challenged. He wasn't the only one who'd been thinking about that.

"Didn't say you couldn't did I? That will be after I'm done though," Spike said as he worked on getting Xander's jeans off.

"Right, sex is good," Xander muttered. He wasn't trying to consciously delay the sex, he was just a little nervous, but then a little, booming voice inside his head told him to shut the fuck up because he was about to get laid.

"No, pet, sex with me is great." Spike had slipped his pants off and let himself settle down against a naked Xander. "Last chance to say no," he said, holding himself still. "Once we do this I'm not letting you go, ever."

That statement made Xander smile at Spike. "I like it when you're possessive. Makes me feel wanted."

Spike growled his approval at that and started kissing Xander while his hands roamed over the body he'd just had peeks of before. Their cocks were rubbing together, but he was careful not to let that go too far. Xander needed to come off his cock this first time. Even with humans there were some vampire traditions that were adhered to.

"Spike... please," Xander moaned when he couldn't take it anymore.

Spike grabbed the lube he'd left out when he got undressed and started stretching him. He kept up a steady stream of encouragement that got louder as Xander's moans increased in volume. "Almost

ready, pet," he finally said.

"Hurry," Xander begged, arching his back. "Waited too long..."

"Fuck," Spike moaned as he lined his cock up with Xander's now loose hole. He was trembling with the effort of keeping himself from shoving forward. "Going slow, just breathe for me Xan."

"No, now!" Xander growled and tried to move his hips to meet Spike.

Spike considered just slamming in for a brief second, but knew it wouldn't be worth Xander's possible reaction. He ignored the screamed demands and slid slowly in. Once he was all the way in he let out an unneeded breath and gave Xander a quick kiss, shutting him up. "So you want it faster?" he asked, once he could tell Xander was starting to relax around him.

"Yes, now!" Xander demanded. He was tired of waiting and wanted to belong to someone. He

wanted to feel Spike moving inside of him and claiming him.

Spike started moving, speeding up as he was sure his boy could handle it. This time wasn't going to be sweet. It was going to be rough but pleasurable for both of them, and from Xander's screams he was enjoying it, a lot.

Xander finally couldn't scream anymore and his voice was hoarse as he cried out silently. He knew enough about vampires that Spike would have to draw blood to be able to cum. He wanted to feel Spike's fangs slicing into his flesh.

Spike was subconsciously cataloguing the responses of the body below him as he timed their approaching orgasms. As he got closer he leaned over with his fangs hovering over where he was going to bite. He waited until he was on the stroke that he knew would be the final one. Pulling out, he slammed back in at the same time he bit into Xander's neck.

Xander's world was now filled with so much intense pleasure and pain that they mingled together. Shivers shot up his spine and, in the end, his eyes rolled back into his head as he came.

"Suppose I should be proud I fucked you into unconsciousness," Spike groused as he pulled out of an unconscious Xander. In spite of his tone, he carefully cleaned Xander up and then spooned up behind him on the bed. He figured he had at least twenty minutes before he woke up and wanted to fuck again or talk.

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Xander was walking around the apartment with just a pair of jeans on. He wanted to show off the bite marks on his neck on his way to the kitchen to get some food. Correction, a lot of food. Mind blowing sex apparently made him hungry.

"Brings back memories don't it, cher," Remy asked Logan. Xander had a self satisfied, glazed look in his eyes that made Remy want to be dragged back to the bedroom.

"What? You sayin' I'm not romantic anymore?" Logan huffed. "We went out to the Keg last week."

"Not saying dat, but remember da first time," Remy asked. "Was so happy to have you dat Remy was in a daze jus like him."

Logan cuffed Remy on the back of the head gently. "That's cause I fucked your brains out, just like that poor boy. And you're still in a daze all the time, Rems."

"Morning, luv," Spike said as he strolled out of the room in Xander's boxers which were barely staying on his hips. He wrapped his arms around Xander from behind and gave the most prominent bite mark a kiss. "Gonna have to get you on vampire hours, aren't we?"

This time it was Remy who smacked Logan. "See, Spikey's all romantic!"

"And he's mine," Xander said with a mock growl as he allowed Spike to move him in the kitchen.

"Which is kinda why I want to tell Buffy while you guys are here. I can't stop her if she does something stupid but you guys can. Hopefully she'll calm down by the time you have to leave."

"Dat girl got some serious anger management issues," Remy snorted. "She try anythin' and Remy got no problem putting her in her place... which jus happens ta be face flat on da ground."

"Later. Right now my boy is going to eat, then we're going to take a shower. After that we're going back to bed and making sure we can keep you awake," Spike said with a smirk. "Not going to worry about anything else for the next ten hours."

The End