

*Summary: Spike and Xander discover they have a couple of things in common. Pairing: Spike/Xander
Rating: NC17 for sexual references, sexual scenes and language.*

Disclaimer: Joss, wonderful creative person that he is, owns all these characters. Wish they were mine. They are probably glad that they're not.

Spoilers: Er...set sometime post series 5, no spoilers

Distribution: If you want it (choking cough of amazement) just ask.

Feedback: Yes please!!

The song used is "Me and My Old Lady" by the Offspring.

Author's note: Thanks to Miss Bee for the AC bit, sorry they still went to see the Offspring. Thanks to Wajoma for her help and supportiveness as always. And thanks to the lovely people on Nummy Treats regarding the whole Anya discussion.

Author's note: Oh dear, I've written some slash. What is the world coming to?

We're Not Gay.

We're Just Friends. Who Have Sex.

by
Juliatheyounger

1 It's not like that

I'm not stupid. Hey stop laughing. I have my moments of intelligence. My point is, I know when a person is attractive, even if it is a guy. It's not a sexual thing, I'm just not blind. And I have to admit, Spike has that dangerous, cool thing going, and the guy *is* buff. Wish I looked that good in jeans. I'm more the baggy, conceal it under layers of clothes kind of guy. I know what girls like. I so know what girls like. (I really need male friends). And Spike has that, well a lot of that. Probably would help if he hadn't tried to kill them so many times. Sort of outweighs the whole sexy thang. Yeah, so, he's hot. I've noticed. So put me in chaps and spank my bare ass. Doesn't mean I'm gay. But it doesn't explain why, at this moment I'm seriously considering what I just thought I considered.

Xander is just looking at me like I grew another head. Or I vamped out or something. Not quite sure which part of what I just said freaked him out but something did. I shrug and take another pull on my bottle of weak American ale. Kid better snap out of it soon or I'm gonna have to finish his beer for him.

I frown, going over what I just said trying to figure out exactly what it was that shook the whelp up so much. I'm a bit drunk. Ok a lot drunk. And remembering isn't the easiest trick when you're a lot drunk. Particularly if you weren't paying attention to what you're saying in the first place. Didn't think he was either, til he got that weirded out look on his face.

Ok. I'll start from the beginning and work from there. Xander was here. We were drinking. We were talking. Actually talking. Like buddy-buddy kind of people. Ahhh beer, the social lubricant. At that thought I take another sip.

Lubricant. That's right. Sex. We were talking about sex. Xander was waxing lyrical about his ex-demon

ex. Bout how good a lay she was. How he missed that. That pathetic kind of thing. And so I said a couple of things. I mean, I do have what, a hundred and twenty, a hundred and thirty years experience. Should be allowed to impart a bit of that knowledge. And suddenly he's looking at me like I just offered to paint myself purple and dance naked on a harpsicord, quoting Blackadder.

Spike is just staring at me now. Oh fuck. I'd better say something or else he'll think I think - and then he'll think- No. Not going there.

"Yeah right."

Oh very smooth. Xander, you are the smooth man. Dumb ass. Now he's looking at me like I'm even weirder. I don't know why I even asked if he'd done it with another guy. I mean, why would I want to know that? That is just so...too much information?

"Don't knock it til you try it mate," I grin, recalling what he was responding to. The kid had asked me

about the poof. Why I called him the poof. So I told him. Left out the dark stuff. Don't need to lay me past traumas out for the perusal of the Scoobies. Just told him: Yeah. We did it. Couple of times. He was all ewww.

Bloody hell I wish they'd stop doing that. Anything I say these days its all "Ew?". Least they've given up on 'duh' a bit. I've a good mind to give them kids a bloody thesaurus. Tell them to look up some bloody more words.

Yeah right, where was I? Oh, Xander's all "Ewwww". So I of course said. "Why'd you ask Harris? Curious?" And about then he got that look.

Oh.

Oh?

Oh shit. He's got that look on his face. The look he gets when he's laughing at you inside and you're not quite sure what the joke is. Ok, projecting highschool a bit here, but you know what I mean. Of course you do. You're my inner dialogue.

"Not knocking it. Not trying it. Very happy with the not trying." I say. I sound convincing yeah? Hello, heterosexual here. Healthy collection of porn? Poster of Angeline Jolie? Breasts. Breasts are good. Very much into breasts.

I laugh. 'Cause I get it now. Harris had himself a homoerotic thought and got spooked. Funny. I have another swig of beer. Thing were going well 'til then, though, what with the drinking and the bloke stuff, so I decide to let it go. In a minute.

"Fair enough," I say. "'Course, no one's to know, if you did- You know. Try. It."

The look on his face is priceless. Then he gets all cool, cause he figures I'm taking the piss. Which I am. Course I am. Like I'm offering? Yeah right. Not to Xander Bloody Harris. Must be on the same train of thought though, cause he asks:

"Why? You offering Spike?"

I was joking. Ok. This has gone far enough. He's still taking making fun of me. He's got to be. Spike's looking at me like he's actually considering... Oh I feel so naked. And dirty.

"You want me to?" he asks. Oh he is so definitely winding me up. He's called my bluff on his bluff. One of us has to break. Ok, it's me.

"I was joking Spike," I say. "Disappointed?"

I'll give it to Harris, he's not afraid of backing down. I give him another one of me patented once overs, the kind that makes bints either slap me in the face, threaten to stake me or drop their knickers.

"Yeah," I say, trying to keep a straight face. That got him. He doesn't know whether I'm joking or serious. I'm joking. Of course. I only get on my knees for one bloke and I ain't done that in over a hundred years neither. Ok, two years. But that night didn't count. We were both pissed. But still, I'm having too much fun to stop tormenting the whelp. And besides, it's sort of a battle of wills now.

"Pity," I say. "It's always fun with a virgin."

"Hey!" I say, indignantly. "Not a virgin! So very not a virgin." Ok, maybe that was a bit of the protesting too much. Again with channeling highschool me?

Spike just chuckles, this - no, not sexy- annoying. Annoying. Laugh. And then he cocks his eyebrow up, like he does and just looks at me. Ok, I admit it, that's cool. Wish I could do the eyebrow thing.

"Not that kind of virgin, lame brain," he smirks.

Oh. Duh. Oh?

"Oh. Again, ew?" I say. And the thought is so not appealing. I am so not considering the idea. I drink some beer and mentally do a Homer...mmmm beer.

Xander gulps down his beer. I think I might have got to him. I obligingly take myself off to the fridge and get us out another couple of drinks. I hand him one just as he finishes the one he was on. He dives into

that bottle again and I take a swig of mine and try and decide where I'm going with this. I suppose I should let up. Not that it wasn't fun, tormenting the whelp a bit like that. But. But if I keep it up, what could've been a pleasant evening, with someone who I might possibly, if I was stoned or something, call a friend, would in all likely-hood turn into a round of kick the Spike. On the other hand if I keep this up....No. Xander Harris remember? Don't really need some smart arse crack about chips or bleach when I'm mid-orgasm thank you very much.

So I sit back on my chair and try to think of something innocuous and completely above board and blokey. Something about football.

"We could say we were drunk."

I do a spit-take.

"Excuse me? Fuck Spike. Give it a rest." I don't know why my heart is thudding too loud. "I get it. Haha. Give Xander crap because he isn't as comfortable

with his sexuality as certain hundred and twenty whatever year old vampires."

I get to my feet. A little unsteadily. Almost two beers in five minutes is probably not that good for the whole balance thing.

Fuck. Good one Spike. He looks upset. Fuck. And he's going to leave. If he can manage to stand up. Time to make things better.

"Hey, where you going? Look, sorry mate. Got a bit carried away. Just a joke. Went too far. Don't really want to get into your pants." I grin, all friendly like. He doesn't look like he's going to buy it.

He doesn't? Yeah right Xander. Like he would. He's been winding you up. Ha fucking ha. He looks sorry. Ah crap. Dammit. Why does he have to look like he actually cares if I leave? I sit down again. Only because standing is hard.

"Your loss," I say. And grin back. Yeah buddy-vibes all round. I need some more beer.

I chuckle and take a drink. A long one. Good, he's staying. Not that I care...it's just. Well gets lonely sometimes. Bloody hell, I've known the whelp for what two, three years now? That'd have to make us mates, wouldn't it?

"Sooo," I say. "How about those Mets?" I feel the need to talk about sport all of a sudden.

Spike seems to be suddenly on his best behaviour because he doesn't pick me up on it, just follows my lead.

"Yeah, bloody good game that. Ever watch Rugby?" he says.

I say no, and we have an argument about the merits of American sports versus English ones. Rugby vs Football. Soccer/Football vs Football. Cricket vs

Baseball. Shit like that. It's been too long since I could talk to someone about this kind of stuff.

I can't believe Harris. He can't seriously be telling me that cricket has no good points.

"Of course it's bloody boring to watch. That's the point. You're supposed to either play it or drink a lot and yell loud abuse at the umpires. If I could be human for one reason it would be so I could sit on the hill in the sun, drink beer and watch the Ashes."

"The Ashes?"

Could the boy be this uneducated? I think its high time I sit him down in front of some cable television.

"England versus Australia." I enlighten him.

"Oh." Xander's face lights up as he thinks of another sports related topic. "Hey, how about Australian Rules?" I laugh and realise I'm having a good time.

I'm drunk. I really am now. I'm so drunk that I actually don't want this evening to end. I realise that I'm having a good time. Spike's being a moron of course. He has no idea about decent manly sport. I make up my mind to get tickets to the next Laker's game and make him go. Man that vampire can talk some crap.

Have I mentioned I'm drunk? That must explain why out of nowhere, somewhere talking about how Aussie Rules guys only wear short shorts and shirts, I ask:

"What's it feel like?"

"What? Short shorts?"

"No," I say. "Gay sex."

Spike just looks at me, but it's not with a smirk. His expression is sort of curious, sort of...cautious. Crap. Why did I ask? Spike swallows and my cock twitches and answers my question.

Why did he ask that? Just when we were getting all manly and blokey and comfortable. Is he joking? He's probably having me on. Paying me back for earlier.

Well he asked. I'll answer.

"Hard to describe," I say. "You're talking bottom I take it? Cause tops much the same...only tighter maybe. Depends."

Ok, I'm not fucking drunk enough.

"Oh. Ok." I say. I'm sort of... I have no idea why I asked and no idea what kind of answer I expected. I guess I was curious. Well I'm a guy. It's sex. There's curiosity.

"Does it...hurt?" Again with the wiggy questions coming out of my mouth.

Spike has that curious expression again, as if he's trying to figure out why I'm asking. He also looks a bit suspicious. I guess he thinks I'm winding him up.

"I just want to know," I say.

"Sometimes," he says, carefully. And there's something. Something in his eyes. For the briefest second. And for the briefest second I want the sharp amused blue back.

He laughs suddenly. And smirks. "But then you know. Vampire. Kind of into pain."

That sort of throws the kid. He looks kind of...well I'm expecting another eww. But then the one thing I never expected comes out of his mouth.

"Yeah, well Angelus never did strike me as a flowers and dinner kind of guy."

I laugh. I have honestly no idea what to say to that. I shift a bit. Aware that my jeans had all of a sudden gotten a bit tight. Then I drain the last of my beer in one go and head for the fridge. Anything to stop the kid looking at me like that. Like he gives a shit.

Spike gets up to get another beer and I'm relieved to not have him looking all of a sudden. Like he's boring into my brain with his eyes. When he laughed, that was good. Definite tension there for a moment. Hence the crack about Angelus. Good old Xander always one with the tension breaker. Yay me.

He comes back and hands me another beer.

"You trying to get me drunk Spike?" I ask, slurring a bit deliberately.

He grins and leers. "Yeah it's my cunning plan to have my evil way with your flabby assed self."

A joke. Good. I laugh. Laughing is very much of the good at the moment.

If you say 'repressed much?' one more time I am so going to get myself another subconscious.

I don't know whether it's the beer, the sex talk, the sport talk or the way fucking Xander keeps looking at me, but I'm getting horny. I'm wondering if we're

both drunk enough to watch some porn. Maybe I should just send him home so I can have a wank and sleep it off.

Spike shifts a bit and I suddenly notice that he's got a hard on. Ok, so I've been a bit on the erect side myself, but I put it down to talking about sex. I am a twenty-year old guy, still not completely master of my domain yet. But, wow, Spike has a hard on. And I suddenly realise I'm staring at it. And oh fuck. I look up and he's looking at me. He was looking at me looking at his hard on.

He looks down at my crotch.

"Want to watch some porn?" he asks.

He was checking me out. I swear the whelp was staring at my hard on. That does it. I shuffle through the box of videotapes on the floor and drag out an oldie but a goodie.

Perfectly decent, hot lesbian S&M action. Nice. I shift over on the couch and make room for Harris.

I sit next to Spike, well as far from Spike as possible while still sitting on the couch. He fast forwards through the piracy warning and the usual bad soundtrack starts up.

Ok. This is good. Very manly kind of thing to do. We will sit and drink our beer and ogle girls. I hope this is girl porn.

"This has got girls in it right?" I ask, panicked.

Spike smirks. "No, it's got sheep. What do you think? Of course it's got girls."

So we're watching a fine looking young thing, blonde, bit like the Slayer, wearing a strap on and spanking this brunette chick. And I'm feeling, a little, you know, aroused. All bloody right, very bloody aroused, if you must know. Pervert. And it has nothing to do with the fact that Xander Harris is

sitting right next to me and I can *smell* how fucking aroused he is, despite my current state of inebriation. I shift a bit, trying to get comfortable, relieve the tightness of my jeans on my hard on. Finally I look at Harris.

"Xander?"

"Yeah?" he says, sort of strangled.

"Don't get all weird on me, right. I'm just gonna undo my pants a bit."

Xander nods dumbly. "Yeah, right, sure. I uh. Yeah, right with you pal, might just undo mine a bit too."

I smirk at this. The kids got more balls than I thought.

I undo my pants. Trouble is, I'm not wearing any underwear and well, it's a bit hard to keep things in place, if you know what I mean.

I glance over at Spike. BY ACCIDENT. As he's undoing his pants. And ohfuckinghell his cock just

springs... out. And. Can I say, I'm impressed? For a not so tall guy, he's got nothing to be ashamed about at the urinals.

I know I turn bright red though, I can feel my cheeks and ears burning. I focus on the girl on girl action on the television. Which does NOT help. My own erection is straining at my briefs. Yeah, I'm a briefs man. Except when I'm a boxers man. I'm versatile. Tonight, I'm very grateful that I chose to wear briefs. I wriggle about a bit, trying not to look at Spike, trying to look at the tv, trying not to feel too horny.

I try to stuff my cock back into my pants. Harris saw it. Fuck. I'd be embarrassed, but you know, I'm me. And, I couldn't help but notice, he looked impressed. I glance over at him. He's wearing briefs but that polyester cotton is getting pretty strained.

Touching my cock to stuff it back in my pants didn't help matters. I glance at Harris again. I wonder how much shit I'd get if I had a wank? Its not like he'd tell the other Scoobies... but you know, for some reason

I don't want to scare him away or freak him out...it was sort of cool having a bloke around to drink with and talk to. I restrain my baser impulses for a bit longer.

I risk another glance in the general direction of Spike. He's got it back in his pants, barely. The guy is wriggling about like his ass is on fire or something. Maybe I should go. Let him, you know, relieve the tension. I'm actually surprised he's not already - I thought, vampire, you know, no shame. I'm sort of wishing for a bathroom or my bed right now, or a warm soft Anya. I should go. Mrs Palmer and her five daughters are waiting for me. Then Spike looks up and catches me looking at him. He holds my gaze and sort of pulls his bottom lip into his mouth for a second and then lets it go. And then he reaches into his pants.

Oh fuck it. Bad idea, Spike, very bad. But fuck it. So the whelp leaves, so fucking what, everyone does anyway, in the end. Like he's going to be good

buddy pals with you tomorrow anyway, I tell myself. Myself agrees. Oh that feels good. Oh yeah. I fix my eyes on the porn, not daring to look at Xander. Don't really need to see disgust, sort of puts you off.

I can't believe he's actually...I stare at him transfixed. Spike is actually going to jerk off in front of me. Ok we're both very drunk, we're watching porn, its late, we're both guys, I rationalise. This is not gay. Yeah I know. Just shut up.

Then as I watch the porn, and glance at Spike and my cock feels like its going to burst, I decide, hey what the fuck, when on a Hellmouth, and ease my own straining erection out of my pants. Which is nothing to be ashamed about in size compared to Spike either, I might add. Oh, now that feels good.

I smell and hear Xander start to masturbate rather than see him. And I know I sound like the poof, but it's more erotic than what I'm watching on tv. I can't help it, I moan.

I hear Spike moan and oh, I feel like I'm gonna cum any minute now. I stare blankly at the hot lesbian fun on the tv, straining my ears to hear Spike, sneaking glances in his direction. Then suddenly I feel a hand on my thigh. Ok, I jump, I admit it. This is too surreal. Spike's got his left hand on my thigh and we're both jerking off to porn. Luckily I'm drunk. Spike's hand freezes for a moment, then as I relax and continue to stroke my cock, he starts rubbing his hand up and down my leg. It feels so good. Is it gay if it turns me on?

Oh pet, yes, that's nice. I know its too much to want Xander to touch me but knowing that he's letting me touch him while he runs his hand over that bloody nice dick fills me full of lust. I suddenly want to kiss him. Ok, not suddenly, I realise I've been wanting to do it for a while. I want to feel those lips. Kiss that smart mouth. Stick my tongue inside. Make him breathless.

And then he touches *my* thigh. Tentatively and oh that in itself sends a wave of pleasure straight to my groin. I have a sudden image of him fumbling at me as we make love. Oh yes! I increase my pace, I'm going to cum, but I don't want to end this, not yet. Once we get the pop shot, its all over folks, whelp goes home, I clean up. The end. Lonely nights ahead.

Then he squeezes my thigh. And I look up and look at him and he's looking at me, and I do a very foolish stupid thing. I lean over and suck his dick.

Ohmyfuckinghellgnnngrhhhh. Fuck.

"Spike?" I gasp as he leans over and on my downward stroke follows my hand with his mouth all the way down my cock, right to the balls. Oh, fuck. Oh yes. Oh yes. Oh, have I mentioned, yes? I grip the couch with one hand and bunch up Spike's shirt with the other.

"Shh pet," I breathe on an upward stroke and then I take him in my mouth again, my own dick forgotten, well not forgotten, more neglected. But I don't mind. This is heaven. He hasn't pushed me off him. He's not struggling. He's liking it.

I think my eyes are crossed. I buck against Spike. Where in fuck did he learn to do that?

"ohyesohfuckohspikeohyes," I babble, gripping his shirt and the couch tighter. "I'm gonna cum."

"Yeah, pet, cum for me, cum for me," he murmurs, how the fuck he does I don't know cause he doesn't take his mouth and tongue away from my dick for a moment.

And then I cum. I cum and cum and cum. Into Spike's mouth. Oh my god, I just came in a guy's mouth. Oh shit, crap. Hey Mom, guess what I'm gay or at least bisexual.

And then he's sitting up next to me, a stupid look on his face, licking his lips, wiping the corner of his mouth with his hand, trying to smirk and look cool

and failing because his eyes...and then I drag him to me and kiss him. I taste myself on his lips and on his tongue, cause, oh yeah, my tongue's down his throat. And his is down mine.

And, since, you know, it's only fair, I grab hold of his penis and start stroking it.

Spike lets out a little moan and presses into me as he continues to kiss me very hard.

Ohxanderyesss. I grind into him, into his hand. One of my arms is wrapped around him, holding him to me tight, the other hand holds his head, pressing him against me as my tongue runs over his, savouring his taste. I'm almost desperate for it. Except, you know, its me. I'm never desperate. But ohfuckinghell I want him. His hand is so warm and he does this so well. I almost chuckle. Wanker. But I don't because bloody hell this is so fucking nice. And then, he reaches down with his other hand and cups my balls. I feel his penis hard against my leg. Already. And that does it. I'm cumming. Cumming all over the both of us as we press into each other,

his cock pressed hard against me, both of us grinding into each other.

Spike cums and after a moment I pull back, letting go of his sticky member with my sticky hand. Ok, there's just general stickiness everywhere, and it's not entirely his fault. He lets me pull back but he's still got his hand at the back of my neck and his other hand comes round and runs gently over my shirt front. He's looking at me...softly? Almost...fuck, tenderly?

I reach up and run my non-sticky hand down his cheekbone. Spike shudders and shuts his eyes briefly. When he opens them he's all, well, normal.

I shut my eyes as Xander touches my face. Oh fuck no. I don't want to feel like this. Not about Xander Harris. Bloody stupid. Such a bloody stupid thing to do. Right fine, was just a bit of fun. All right kiddies, move along, nothing to see here.

I open my eyes. Give him a friendly grin and then get up. I find a towel and throw it at Xander. I don't look at him. Not looking at him. I pull off my cum soaked shirt and bunch it up, wipe my stomach where it's a bit sticky and throw the dirty shirt in the corner.

I clean myself up as best I can with the towel Spike throws at me, but I'm still covered in cum. Spike's cum. He's not looking at me. I watch him pull off his shirt and throw it in the corner. Man he's buff. I am not thinking about licking that chest. Or back. I figure I'd better go before he decides to start making sarcastic comments. I don't think I could handle that at the moment. It was probably all he could do to give me a friendly grin. Thanks for the hand job mate. No problem Spike, old chum, thanks for blowing me.

He moves across the crypt and rummages around in a trunk or something, then he's back. Still not looking at me.

"Here, " he says and throws a t-shirt at me.

"Thanks," I manage. I stand up and pull my sticky shirt off and pull on Spike's black t-shirt. How many of these does he own? It's a bit tight, but at least its clean, and at least I don't smell so much like I just had a vampire come on me. I zip up my pants. I'm feeling a lot more sober now. I suddenly realise the porn is still playing on the tv and the girls are still going at it.

"Guess I should get going," I say, wanting to say more. Wanting him to look at me like he did, just before.

He's going.

"Yeah," I reply. I don't want to look at him. If I look at him, I'll want to kiss him. Or he'll see how I feel and then it'll be time to humiliate Spike. Can't have that. Am the Big Bad after all. I don't feel, like this, about stupid human boys. I sense him stiffen a bit, and I realise that maybe I sounded a bit cold. I resist the urge to pull him to me, say, thanks pet, so much for that, and snog him a bit, but he'd probably think I'm some sort of poofter or laugh. So I turn, nod

briefly, say "Uh, thanks, you know, had a good time," or something pathetic like that. All blokey.

"Yeah, same," he says and sounds equally gruff and manly. "See you round," he says and starts for the door.

"Yeah," I say.

And then the crypt door shuts.

I lean against the crypt door, my heart pounding. Ok, major wiggins. I'm never going to live this down. He's going to use it against me forever. I let Spike blow me. I mean, that's not weird for him, he's a vampire. That's what they do, not necessarily blow guys, but you know, have ambiguous sex lives. I gave Spike a hand job. I can just see the mileage he's going to get out of that.

I sigh. At this point in time I am too tired and have had too much beer to care. I straighten up and slouch off home. I'll have a girly panic attack tomorrow.

I hear him pause outside the door. Just fucking go, I yell mentally. I switch off the damn video and flop onto the couch. I can smell him. Fuck. He'll probably make good use of this. I can't believe I was so stupid. So weak. Ahh fuck it.

I sigh and shut my eyes and try to go to sleep.

2 Ok, so it is like that. Sort of.

I knock some balls around the pool table. Bronze is pretty dead and all the other pool tables are empty. I'm playing by myself. Seem to be doing a lot of that lately. I catch myself thinking about Harris again. Bloody hell, where's memory repression when you need it. Yeah it was - well it's been a while since I was with anyone, so it was nice, you know, to have someone else's hand for a change. But it wasn't like

it was anything earth shattering. Not really. Nothing like a million of the times I'd had with Dru. Not like some of the times with Harmony either. Not like say, if I'd had my dick up his arse or something. Yet, here I am, bloody thinking about it. Again.

And, oh fuck, sunk the bloody Eight ball.

I am going to the Bronze to have a quiet beer, listen to the band and maybe chat up a hot chick. That is why I am going. I am not going just in case Spike is there. Spike being there would NOT be a cause of my going. No way. Nadah. In fact. I think it would be safe to say that if I *knew* Spike was going to be there, I'd run away like the girly man I suspect I'm becoming. Because, oh fuck, Spike? Thinking about that thing we did that we shouldn't have done, way too much. I blame it on not enough sex. So I aim to get some. Tonight. With a girl. Hopefully. Or at least find one to fantasise about.

Haven't seen the Whelp since the other night. Probably freaked him out. Well no surprise there. Haven't gone out of my way to see him though either. Don't need all that awkward "I did something I regret with you and now it's all weird and you disgust me" crap. Not that I went seeking his company before mind. Just haven't dropped by the Magic Box or to any Scooby meetings lately. I'm sure they'll come running to kick down my crypt door soon as any of them need my help.

I take a sip of my beer then rack up another game.

The band is pretty good. I weave my way through the crowd. I hate coming here alone. Will and Tara are off doing spells and I am girlfriendless, so I'm the gay ole bachelor tonight. I mean joyful bachelor. Bachelor having a happy, joy-filled time.

Why is Spike laughing at me in my head?

It's not like I've been wondering about him or anything. But he has been a bit scarce lately. I

haven't seen him since that night. Which is good. Really good.

I really miss Anya. She's the one person I think I could talk to about this. I mean, so not wanting to dwell on the whole mano-a-mano action between me and Spike...but thinking about it too much. Need to talk?

Fuck if I still *had* Anya, none of this would've happened in the first place. No male bonding session, no porn viewing, no masturbation and definitely no having bleached blonde vampires going down on me.

And oh crap, think of the devil. There he is, playing pool.

I look up and there he is. Xander bloody Harris. Starring right at me. Bugger. Yeah, well don't act too keen and eager to see him. I quirk my eyebrow, as if to say. Oh. You.

He's got that confused look on his face. Like he's having inner turmoil. Well at least he doesn't look

disgusted. Maybe he's going to go for the deny everything, nothing happened, we were drunk story. Fine by me.

Oh crap, he saw me. Saw me seeing him, so I can't pretend I didn't see him. And oh look, he does the eyebrow thing. That is so fucking cool. Yet rude. A friendly wave might've been nice. After all we've exchanged bodily fluids. And oh, so didn't need to think that. Ok, hey, I can go over and say hi. After all we were drunk. We were watching porn. Not like we had ACTUAL ACTUAL sex. I'll just pretend nothing happened.

Maybe I could talk to him about this. We're both grown-ups.

What am I thinking?

Xander comes over.

"Hey, not-so evil dead. How you going?" Super friendly like.

"Harris," I say and take a drag on my cigarette. "Out by yourself tonight?"

"As are you?" he says, looking around a bit, as if I'd have a whole gang of friends hiding behind a post somewhere. He seems nervous. I decide to make things easy on the kid, no wise cracks, no mentions of any penis-related pursuits. Just act as if nothing happened.

"Yeah. Good company," I say.

He nods and grins a bit and laughs a bit. Wish he'd stop being nervous. He's making it very hard to pretend nothing happened.

"Want to play pool?" I ask.

I grab a pool cue while Spike finishes off the game he's playing by himself and then sets up another one.

"You break," he says. "Gonna get a beer. Want one?"

I nod and say thanks. Ok, this is going well. Normal. As if we're friends. Which I guess we are, sort of. Something about nearly dying in an Apocalypse that'll bring people together. Yeah, Spike's changed since we first met the fang-happy killer we all loathed and hated. I don't trust him entirely, but these last few months, after Buffy died, have gone a long way towards fixing that. Plus he's got that handy little piece of government hardware in his head. Just as an insurance policy.

This is good. Just like old times. Two guys, playing pool. Having male related good times.

Not that kind of male related. I'm getting myself a new inner voice.

We play pool for a while and I'm sort of thinking that maybe I didn't fuck things up by blowing him the other night after all. It's just like old times. Not old *old* times. If it was like old old times I'd be ripping the whelp's throat out and rubbing my body with his blood. Now that's an appealing thought....Where was I? Oh yeah, old times, like the

other month. Things have been pretty good between me and the Scoobies lately. Must be the whole comrades in arms thing. Maybe me nearly getting killed along side them made them finally believe I'd actually changed. Maybe its cause I stuck around, even after Buffy died, giving them a hand, helping keep an eye on Nibblet. Either way, they treat me pretty decent now, and I try not to be too rude to them.

Yeah, I've gone fucking soft. What of it?

I miss Buffy.

Spike goes quiet all of a sudden. Not that we've been talking much, but he's like got this faraway look on his face. Kinda...sad.

"Your turn," I say, to lighten the mood. "Pay attention fang-boy, I'm about to kick your ass."

He starts. "Huh? Oh yeah. Right Harris, and that'll be the day Satan starts making snow angels. Just remember the balls with a *lot* of white are *mine*. The balls with a *little* bit of white are *yours*."

Oh he is so going down.

I smirk at Harris and sink two balls at once. Yeah, I'm the Big Bad. Then I knock another three in one after the other. Finally I miss and give the whelp a turn. And get back to my brooding. Shut up, I am NOT like bloody Angel. This is manly, contemplative brooding. Not poof like bloody irritating brooding. 'Sides, girl I love just died four months ago. I'm allowed to get a bit introspective on occasion.

So just sod off.

I take my shot and sink a couple of balls. Not doing too badly if I do say so myself. Course I don't have the hours to dedicate to practice like a certain vampire, what with the having to earn a living and all.

I step back and wait for Spike to have his turn. He takes a long swig on his beer and just as he brings the bottle down I get a flashback of him, my cock,

and his mouth doing something to it like what he just did to that beer bottle. You get the picture.

And, oh fuck, I'm blushing.

I glance at Harris just as I reach for my pool cue and the kid is bright red. He catches my eye and looks away. What was that about? I frown and take my shot. And miss.

"Your turn," I say and he avoids my eyes.

Bloody hell. Probably having a freak about...bloody hell...this was going all right too.

Crap, crap, crappity crap. Spike's looking at me weird. Ok, pull yourself together Xander. It was a mistake, something that happened, Spike is obviously going to let it go, so you can too.

Ok. Letting it go. Playing pool.

"Uh, Spike," he says and my gut sinks. I know where that tone of voice is going. I'm beginning to think it wasn't just an unhappy coincidence that we were both here tonight. Don't tell me the whelp wants to talk? Sooth his repressed homosexual fears.

"What?" I ask and take my shot. I don't look at him because he's going to avoid my eyes again and get that nervous embarrassed look again. And if I see that I'll start thinking about the other night. And I'm trying not to think about that, because I'm already lonely and pathetic enough.

"You know, uh, um- that er, like thing. That thing we uh did, the other night?"

I decide if this is going where I think its going, I'm not going to make it easy on him.

"What, drinking beer?" I ask.

Damn Spike. Ok, if he's going to be like that.

"Yeah, drinking beer, and the uh, game we played when we were drinking it. The one with the nudey video?"

Spike smirks at that.

"What of it?"

Ok, here goes. Grown ups. We can talk about this. Short of seeing a psychiatrist there's no one else I can actually bring myself to discuss this with. And the repress memory button in my brain doesn't seem to be working.

"Well, uh, I've, well I've just been thinking about it. A lot. And-" I take a sip of my beer. That might help. Spike is just standing there smirking, waiting for me to dig myself into a big hole. "Oh fuck, doesn't matter."

He's been thinking about it? Oh. Well, to be expected of course, having brought his perceived heterosexuality into question and all. Course he's thinking about it.

"No, go on Harris," I say. "And what?"

He goes red and into babble mode.

"Uh, And....and. Ok. And. And I was wondering if we could you know. Talk about it. I mean, it was just the uh, video wasn't it? I mean- Do you-"

I take my shot, so I don't have to look at him and he doesn't have to look at me.

I don't know what I'm asking really, or what I want Spike to say. Maybe that it was just the alcohol and the porn and that hey, it's something very straight guys do all the time. That it means nothing.

That he hasn't been thinking about it. That he doesn't want to do it again. Or do more. Do me.

He's not looking at me and suddenly its awkward. Me and my big mouth.

"What's to talk about?" I say. What's he want me to say? Yeah I've been thinking about it too. Want to

go explore your sexuality a bit? That I had a dream last night where I was buried to hilt in his body and it was the most fucking erotic dream I've had since before I got the Buffy-Bot? Or, yeah, Xander, it was just the video, you are straight as a die. Somehow I think that one's more likely.

"Forget it," he says. And takes his shot.

"Good," I say.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I say. Oh shit. *Why* did I say that? Cause, forgetting it is a very good thing. Does he want to forget it? Of course he does. Crap. I open my mouth to back-peddle but Spike has pinned me with this hard stare.

"What do you want whelp?" he asks. "You want me to reassure you about your masculinity? Do you want to pretend it didn't happen or not?"

"Uh, pretend it didn't happen?" I choose. But for some reason I feel disappointed that Spike wants to forget it. Too, of course too. I so want to forget it.

I mean / thought it felt great, but doesn't mean / don't want to forget it. Just cause *he* wants to forget it doesn't mean it was bad for him. Ok, I know. I have a major insecurity problem.

"Fine, then shut the fuck up about it and take your shot."

I do. And I miss.

Bloody hell. Did he want me to tell him it was earth-shattering or something. That it was *special*. Bloody vomit. Cause it wasn't. Either of those two things. It was...not awful, yeah, nice even. Nothing to think about every fucking night since though.

I watch him take his shot and miss. And why the fuck I just imagined holding him down over that pool table and giving him one is beyond me. Yeah, forgetting would be just peachy.

Ok, so that totally killed the buddy-vibe we had going there. Spike stalks over to the table to take

his shot. Time to think up something to break the tension. That's what I do after all, good old comic relief me.

I so have to get my mouth sewn shut, because what comes out next is neither comical nor relief-like.

"Do *you* want to forget about it?" I say and bite my tongue nearly in two.

I sigh. What the fuck does he want? I mean bloody hell, where is he going with this?

"Yes," I say. "Yes I want to forget it. Can we please just play pool now?" I shake my head. "Look, Xander. Don't worry about it. You're very heterosexual. No I didn't plan it from the beginning. Yes it was something that just happened. And unless you are seriously wanting to experiment a bit more then I suggest you just pass it off as something foolish done in a drunken moment."

Feeling irritated, I turn back to the pool table.

Bloody hell I hope that's the end of it, because I don't need to keep getting these little reminders.

"Experiment a bit more?" I say, ok squeak. "Uh...do you? I mean...no. Not exactly. Yes. Can- I mean-" I remember a bit of the conversation from that night. About Spike asking if I was curious. If I wanted to try it. Saying it was fun with a virgin. He'd been joking, right? I mean just because I'm thinking about it doesn't mean I want to.

Yeah I'm in denial. But it's a safe place to be.

Spike turns from making his shot. The look on his face scares me and also sort of...well it's kinda intense and this flash of something goes right to my cock.

He strides over to me and stands so he's right up against me and...ohfuck...I can feel his groin pressing into my thigh. And he's got a hard on.

"Is this what you want Harris?" he demands in a low voice. "'Cause if it is then I suggest we continue this talk of yours outside."

Maybe if we you know, kiss or something, I'll get this sorted out in my head. Help me figure out whether it was just a thing or wow suddenly some whole new gay identity I need to work out.

I swallow hard and look at Spike. And he looks at me. I start down the stairs. I don't look back to see if he follows. I hear him. I know he does. It scares me.

We get outside and I slam Harris up against the wall of the alley. I'm pissed off. Pissed off because he's bringing this up and he's going to get freaked out and leave. Pissed off because I want this and I don't want to want this. Pissed off because the whelp's confused and I'm not sure what he wants. Pissed off because I'm the one going to freak him out and I can't help myself. And if I do this, I'm not I'm going to be able to stop feeling what I felt the last time. And he's going to see it. And life just gets fucking complicated then. I press him hard against the wall with my body. He's breathing heavily and his eyes

are wide and I can smell fear. And oh? Lust. He looks bloody sexy.

So I kiss him.

So he wants to experiment hey?

Spike's mouth slams against mine and we're kissing. Not gentle kissing, this is violent, aggressive stuff and I'm half afraid, and half, all 'man this is hot'. He grinds his hard-on against me and presses up against mine. I have a hard on. I am kissing a vampire. A guy. And I have a hard on. Beginning to suspect its not just the lesbo-porn.

I moan. Ohfuckspikefuck.

He moans as I stick my tongue down his throat and grind against him. My hands still bunch the front of his shirt. And ohfuckingoh, one hand is in my hair, holding the back of my head while I violate that smart soft mouth of his. The other arm is wrapped around me, holding me clumsily against him. He's

hard and all the images of the other night are flashing through my head.

I want him.

Spike pulls back and I let out an involuntary moan.

"Huh?" I ask, sort of dazed.

"Let's go back to my place," he says. His voice is a bit husky. And it sends a quiver through me. I must have watched too many Bond movies because that British accent equals sexy in my head.

"Uh, ok, yeah. Probably more appropriate, for the, uh, experimenting." My heart is beating too fast and my hands are sweating and I realise I'm nervous. Oh fucking crap. What am I getting into? I'm not even sure I want to do this. The kissing was...ok, great. Very much enjoyed the kissing. And the stuff we did when we were drunk, obviously, otherwise, hello, not even having this conversation. But doing anything else with a guy? With a guy who is Spike?

"Uh, Spike?" I say. He stops and turns. "I don't want to like lead you on or anything. I'm not exactly sure how far I want to go with this- "

"Don't. I get it," he says shortly. "Won't make you do anything you don't want to." Then he smirks and I feel a bit better. "Got this lovely government chip remember? Your virtue's perfectly safe with me love."

Spike is quiet as we walk to his crypt. He seems almost annoyed. I crack jokes nervously and am rewarded with an occasional sarcastic remark. I'm not sure I can do this if Spike is going to be all intense. It was easier when we were being all buddy like.

We get back to my crypt. I turn the tele on for light, then push Xander up against the back of the couch. I restrained myself all the way home from touching him, but I'm not going to now. This is what he wants. If he gets freaked out it's not my bloody fault. I kiss him running my tongue against his, pressing myself against him. He responds. Yeah

Xander, like that. Seems to like it. His hard-on's a bit of a give-away.

We've got our tongues down each other's throats and our hands are very gropey. I gotta say, it feels, well great. Great but weird. I wonder if I seem this possessive when I'm feeling up a girl? I wonder if I feel this possessive to Spike? His hands claim me almost. If that makes sense. I know I'm making little whimpering moany sounds. But so is he so it's ok. He really seems to want this. But I guess it's the whole vampire thing, no sexuality issues to work out and I'm offering him a screw. And there was no awkward, hey we're here now what'll we do. Spike got straight to it.

Ohhhfuckspike. His hands have started investigating my groinal area and he cups me through my jeans. And then, oh yes, he unzips my jeans and the idea itself makes me harder.

Oh yes oh fuck. I'm fucking glad I decided to wear boxers tonight.

Xander is hard and warm in my hand. I press into him with my body as I start stroking him with my hand. I reach back up to his mouth for another snog, holding the back of his neck with my free hand. He feels so warm, heat pours off him. He's making these whimpering sounds that I hope are good. They sound nice.

Oh yes pet, do that. He unbuttons my jeans and frees my cock as well.

So there we are, tossing each other off. I'd think it's safe to say we're past the mortal enemies stage.

I pull back panting and look at Xander. And bloody hell if he doesn't make me want to cry. Those eyes, those kicked puppy dog eyes. Wanting. Wanting. Fuck him. Fuck him for this. I don't bloody need this.

Spike draws back and for a minute I see that look in his eyes, the one I keep thinking about, the tender one. Then it's gone and he's all lust and heat and a little bit...aloof? He fondles my balls with one hand

and strokes me with the other. Not kissing me, watching me. He's making me so hard, his cool hands on my cock. It's hard to concentrate on the rhythm I'm trying to maintain on him.

"Time for that experiment then Harris?" he says.

I swallow hard. "Uh, yeah, you mean this isn't it?"

"Done this already," he says.

He lets go of my bits and grabs my wrist to stop my pumping. He tosses me a tube of lube he fishes out from behind a cushion on the couch. My mouth suddenly goes dry and I feel half-nervous half-excited. Ok, next phase. I feel like I've gone this far I might as well keep going.

Boy wants to experiment. Fine. I'll be his fucking guinea pig. I drop my trousers and brace myself against the back of the couch.

"All right then, away you go," I say, without looking at Xander.

There's silence and I look over my shoulder. He's just sort of standing there like a great idiot with the lube in his hand. And oh for fuck's sake his hard-on has all but disappeared.

"What's wrong?" I know, all right? I fucking know. I can make a point if I fucking want.

"Uh...just like that? It's just so...cold-blooded. Couldn't we like make out or something?"

"What are you, a teenager?" I sneer. I can't help it. I'm pissed off. He can't have that emotional crap. I won't let him. If he wants soft and romantic he can fucking get himself a gay boyfriend. Not me. I'm doing this for sex.

"You...you want me to...do you?"

I roll my eyes.

"Yes, I thought that was obvious. Thought this was the least extreme of the next step up. Course I can always finger fuck you if you want. Can always fuck you senseless with my cock up your arse."

I see the whelp's cock harden but he frowns then tucks himself away and starts doing up his pants. I feel like shit but I'm still pissed off.

"You know, I think this was a bad idea. I'd better go."

Good one pillock.

I so need to leave now. Spike's matter of fact approach wigged me out. It's just...no. I can't do it like that. Not, just like that. And he seemed so, pissed off. He was fine then suddenly he's all cold. And he sneered. I don't know if I've mentioned this, but disdain's one of my major turn offs. I get the feeling he doesn't really want this. I do up my pants and I'm about to leave when Spike grabs me and kisses me.

"Xander, we'll take it slow, all right?" he murmurs against my lips. He's kissing me and his hand is undoing my pants again and he's got no pants on at all. And he's so hard. And oh crap, I murmur an ok.

We move back against the couch and Spike is still kissing me and jerking me off with his cool hand. He grinds into me and we kiss like that for a while. I start feeling that want again. That feeling that made me let him blow me. That feeling that's been keeping me up at night ever since. He pulls away from my lips for a moment.

"I'm gonna turn around now. I want you to lube up your fingers, the slowly insert them. One at a time. Prob'ly two will do the trick. Get me ready right?"

I nod numbly. Still having the wiggins but Spike's tone is so different. Plus the idea sends more warmth to my cock.

Spike turns around and braces himself against the couch again, spreading his legs so his ass cheeks are parted a bit. I take a deep breath then open the lube.

Oh yeah, that's good. The whelp's hesitant at first but now he's got his finger all the way in and he's moving it...ohfuckyes.

"Oh Xander, yes, that's it, that's the spot." Got to let him know which is the right bit don't I?

Ohfuckingsyesohfuck that's it. I feel him ease the second finger in and then he moves them both in and out a bit. It feels fucking great. Haven't done this in quite a while.

Ohfuck yes pet, that's it, good boy Harris. He grabs my cock with his left hand and begins to stroke it steadily and move his fingers in and out in rhythm. I start to rock against him. I can't help but moan.

I've got my fingers up Spike's ass. I try not to think about that or I'll get freaked. But I must be doing it right because he's actually whimpering. I made the Big Bad whimper. I hope I'm not hurting him.

"Is this ok?" I ask. And my voice is not as firm as it should be.

"Yes pet, yeah, very ok. Fucking yeah. You gonna fuck me Harris?"

I gulp. Yeah guess I am. I'm going to fuck him. I pull my fingers out and put lube on my dick. I am really

hard, but that's no surprise because my brain has one thought. I'm going to fuck him. I toe off my shoes and kick off my trousers. Then move back between Spike's legs.

I position myself and then thrust and ohfuckinhellyes.

"Oh fuck Spike!" I moan.

"Yeah pet, yeah," he says and pushes back against me. I cling onto his back, my left hand loose around his cock. I'm almost seeing stars. He's so tight, it's so cold and hot all at once. And I'm sheathed in Spike. He pulls forward then pushes back against me, fucking into my hand and fucking back on me. I pull out a bit then push forward gently. Oh that feels so damn good!

"You won't hurt me mate," Spike grunts. He calls me mate, like we're playing pool or something, but for some reason it makes me feel more comfortable. I pick up his rhythm and then we are moving, thrusting against each other. Pumping and grrnnghhhhnohdearlordohfuck that feels so nice. So hot. So... ohyes.

"Spike!" I cry out.

"Yeah, give it me Xander. Give it me," he grunts as I slam into him. "Oh fuck yes Xander!"

I hold his cock firmly and he fucks into my hand with each of my thrusts. I lean onto his back and hold his hip with my other hand, holding him tight against me.

I think I'm going cross-eyed. Not much is registering except Xander Harris pounding that cock of his into my arse. Hitting my prostate. Again and fucking again. Holding my dick as I fuck his hand.

Unintelligible words come out of my mouth. I want this so much. It occurs that maybe I should just have given it to the boy. But I would've had to be gentle, would've had to soothed and coaxed and I don't think I could've handled that. Not that. Not sweetness. I want this. This fucking. A good hard shag.

Oh yes, fucking yes. And I'm going to cum.

"I'm cumming," I pant. "Oh fuck I'm cumming Spike!"

"Yeah cum pet, cum," he pants between moans and whimpers and grunts. Then. "Oh yes Xander, oh give it to me love. Fuck me. I'm gonna...I'm gonna cum!" And he does and I feel his muscles clench around me as he bucks against me and my hand.

"Yeah Spike, yeah, ohfuckSpike!" I cry out and I do cum and cum in his ass.

I sink down on the back on the lounge. Xander is bloody heavy against me. But it feels good. It feels so good to have someone screaming your name like that. He withdraws and staggers around to sit down on the couch. Cum is running down my legs. I shakily walk over to where I have a towel then after wiping myself collapse on the couch next to Harris. I'm a little worried he's going to go all homophobic on me now and do a runner.

I look over at him. He looks utterly shagged. And

sated. And like he's not going anywhere for a while. I grin at him and raise an eyebrow.

"So, what'dya think then?" I ask. "How'd you like sodomising me?"

Xander groans/laughs. "Don't put it like that, please Spike," he says. He looks at me and grins. "Great..." He shakes his head in astonishment. "Man, that was great."

I smirk. Then look at my fingernails. "Yeah well, what can I say, I've got a great ass."

Xander laughs and we look at each other for a moment too long and the mood changes. I look away. Can't do that. Not with the kid. He's just experimenting. Don't make it messy. Have fun, that's it.

"So uh, yeah. Pretty amazing," I start to babble as Spike's expression changes. I figure I should probably go. Not like we're going to engage in any post-coital bliss. It is Spike we're talking about. Not exactly Mr Romantic I'm assuming. Then Spike

changes the channel on the tv. A French film is on. Or at least I think its French. There's subtitles and I thought I heard a *parlez vous*.

"Want to have a beer?" he asks. And I agree. Not because I really do, but because I don't want to go, not just yet. Not after *that*. I wonder if I should kiss Spike. I kinda wish we were holding each other. Leftover habit from Anya sex I suppose. Anya always insisted on being spooned afterwards. Held. I can't really imagine holding Spike like that, but then a week or so ago I couldn't have imagined doing this either. I'm not as freaked out as I thought I'd be. Must be the post-orgasmic high.

Spike comes back and hands me a beer and sinks down next to me on the couch.

"Good thing about late night foreign flicks," says Spike. "Safe bet there's going to be nudity."

"Ah culture," I say and Spike smirks at me. I feel kinda pleased that I can amuse him.

I guess watching tv and drinking beer comfortably together is going to be as post-coital as we're going to get.

Harris is watching me. I probably should kiss the whelp. Get all snuggly with him. Don't want him to feel all used or what have you. He seems ok though. Sod it. It will only lead to angst and sickeningly meaningful looks. I take a swig of beer. This is comfortable. This is safe. Things seem ok between us.

Bit of a sight we'd make if anyone walked in on us, sitting here, flaccid dicks, no pants on, still in our t-shirts watching a foreign film and drinking beer.

I chuckle. And nicely shagged.

This is the life.

I'd better go. We've both had at least two beers. The french film is almost a quarter of the way through and there's only been naked breasts once.

"Suppose I'd better go on home," I say and stand up reluctantly. It was comfortable.

"Yeah," says Spike and his expression is unreadable.

I find my trousers and pull them and my shoes on.

Spike stands too and pulls his jeans on.

"Yeah well," he begins.

Should we kiss? I put a hand tentatively on his forearm. Subtle, a manly gesture yet it could lead into a kiss if, you know, he wants.

I feel I ought to...well should snog him or something I spose. I mean we have just fucked, wouldn't be too soft to give him a hard quick kiss on the mouth. Just a thanks for the shag kiss.

Spike claps his hand over the one I've got on his upper arm, sort of a buddy kind of response to my touching his arm. Guess that's all its going to be. Then suddenly he pulls me to him and kisses me

hard and firm on the mouth. For a moment our tongues tease against each other and I start getting hard again. He pulls back and rests his head against my forehead, his hand at the back of my neck.

"Thanks for the shag," he murmurs.

"Thanks for letting me stick my dick up your ass," I reply.

He smirks which is what I'm aiming for. He lets me go and moves away.

"Remember it's your turn next time."

The thought sends a nervous tingle of excitement through me.

I laugh, but it comes out strangled. "Yeah. Next time." Then I add humour. "I'll hold you to that," I say. And I think I might mean it. If I ever decide to do this again. Which I don't know. I might. I suddenly want to get away from Spike so I can think clearly.

"I'll see you then," he says. And the look in his eyes tells me he's starting to freak out about this. I can just see another talk around the pool table coming on.

"Yeah, see you," I reply. And he goes. And I'm finally left alone with my thoughts.

Which is a very bad thing.

3 Possibly

Author's note: Oh dear, it's all downhill from here. Big thanks to Wajoma for her all her helpful info bout sports and what not.

Oh yeah, and we all know vampires don't get stds don't we and that's why the boys aren't bothering with the whole protection thing? Good. Don't want to be a bad influence.

We're out patrolling and for once Spike is with us. Ok, so we happen to be patrolling in his cemetery but we were just walking along and he showed up to help. I can't believe I'm saying this and someone, please, shoot me dead, but I kinda missed having him around. I don't know, I guess I sort of started to like hanging out with him. And I know what you're thinking. You're thinking 'yeah, but not for his sparkling conversation and charming manners'. And you can just shut up, because, I'll have you know, I started to like hanging out with him *before* we got all groinal. I mean, it's nice spending time with someone who actually appreciates the true skill and finesse involved in WWF Smack Down. Someone you can burp and fart in front of without having to blame Miss Kitty Fantastico. That cat has more gas than Billy Johanssen in fifth grade.

And I am so not missing him because of the groiny stuff. In fact, I am pretending the groiny stuff never happened. Particularly the stuff that involved my groin and Spike's ass. As far as I'm concerned if the groiny stuff never happens again I for one will be a very happy man.

And if you say "protesting much Xan?" one more time I am seriously getting a lobotomy.

I gotta stop talking to myself.

Well isn't this just cosy. Me and the remaining three members of the Scooby Gang out for a midnight stroll and a spot of violence against my fellow demonkind. I seriously need a life. So I was bored. So stake me. I heard the Slayerettes a mile off and decided to give 'em a hand seeing as they were making so much bloody noise a completely deaf, blind and stoned vampire would know they were coming. And I don't like their chances if something decided to have a taste of them. Was better when the Watcher was still around, least he kept them in line a bit. Although having to continually save his arse was getting on the tiring side.

"So, the cable guy *finally* decides to show up today," Harris is saying. "It took him two *whole hours* but now you are looking at the proud receiver of over one hundred shiny new channels." The witches make appropriate sounds of approval.

"So Spike," the whelp says. I look over at him.
"Want to come back and watch some of that whacky international sport later?"

He's inviting me over to his place. To watch sport. I look at him suspiciously. Since when does Harris invite me over to his place?

Spike's looking at me suspiciously. Oh crap...he thinks that...and he thinks I'm asking him because....Oh crap. That is so not why I'm asking. I can't exactly make that clear though because Willow and Tara are like right here. And I have a strict no mentioning recent acts of gay experimentation around ANYONE policy.

"You want me to come over to your place, which I have never been invited into before, to watch sport?" he asks.

"And yet you sound surprised," I say. Hiding major embarrassment and panic behind humorous tone of voice, very good Xander.

Spike's still looking at me suspiciously. Does he want to come or not?

"So what do you say, all that cable's a-wasting?"

The whelp looks serious. I think he actually wants me to watch sport with him. Not that I'm complaining mind. Good to have someone to hang out with, and the kid's not bad company. Yeah, I know, I said it before and I'll say it again. I've gone soft. Bloody glad he's not acting all awkward and weird after last time. Bloody stupid that was. Yeah Spike, lift your shirt for some kid just because you feel a bit horny. Pillock.

I take out a cigarette and light it, considering.

"Yeah," I say. "Why the bloody hell not."

And if it is just a ploy to get into my knickers again, well, good luck to him.

He'd better have beer.

I let Spike into my flat. He looks around and sniffs.

"Better than the basement," he says then shrugs off his duster. I've never noticed before how naked Spike looks without that coat.

"So, you want a drink?" I say, moving to the kitchen.
"Sorry no blood but I have bruskiies."

"Yeah, that'll do," he says. I hear him turn the television on and start flicking through the channels. "Ever notice how you have a hundred and fifty channels and nearly a hundred and forty of them are showing Gilligan's Island?"

"Hey," I say. "Don't knock Gilligan. It takes a lot of guts to wear white bell bottoms."

Spike chuckles.

"Says the bloke who actually believes that orange is the new pink."

I laugh. "And fashion tips from the man who saw Billy Idol in concert in 1975 and said, hey there's a look?"

The whelp hands me a beer, takes the remote out of my hand and sits down next to me.

He flicks around until he finds what he's looking for: Manchester United vs Liverpool. I could kiss him.

"Does this meet your approval?" he asks.

"That will do VERY nicely," I say.

I figure that if I want Spike to hang around and watch sport with me and NOT bitch I'd better choose something *he* likes.

And apparently mission accomplished because he is into the game already.

Oh you moron! I can't believe you missed! Play football, Beckham, you prat!

Ok, I admit it, it's a pretty good game. I'm getting with the getting into itness. It's a bit hard not to

with Spike yelling in triumph or hurling abuse at the television set every two minutes. I don't think I've even heard some of those words before. He's on his feet, pointing at the screen now, asking if I saw that and casting doubt on the referee's ancestry. I suddenly begin to understand why English soccer fans have such a reputation.

But oh yessss! Fucking score!!!

Ok, I admit it, I'm having a fucking excellent time too. Glad I asked Spike to watch this with me.

I have to chuckle, hates English football does he? Harris seems to be enjoying the game well enough. He asks me questions every now and then about it. And all right, I admit it, once I high fived him, which I will deny strenuously if he tells anyone.

Heskey you sneaky little bastard!

A couple of hours later the game ends and Spike is elated. Manchester United won. Apparently it's a

big deal. Aside from the fact that I was rootin' for them too, I'd hate to see him if they'd lost. He sinks back into the lounge chair and there's a soft satisfied smile on his face.

"That was bloody brilliant," he says.

I stand up quickly. "Another beer?" I ask.

I watch as Harris walks past me. I flick through the channels while he gets a beer. That was a fucking brilliant game. There's a knock on the door.

"Hey Spike, can you get that? It'll be the pizza," he says.

"When did you order pizza?" I ask.

"I think it was right about when you were calling Robbie Fowler a goat shagging arse licker."

I chuckle. That explains why I didn't notice. I pull open the door and relieve the pizza delivery boy of his burden.

"Hey Harris, got any cash?" I yell out, just to see the terror on the pizza kid's face. I go and put the pizza box on the coffee table and fish through my pocket. I hand the kid the cash just as Xander comes over.

"I've got it," I say and shut the door on the pizza kid.

"And William the Bloody actually pays for something. I must be in an alternate universe."

"Ha bloody ha, Harris, who bought you that beer at the bronze the other day?"

Can I gulp now? Oh yeah...the beer at the Bronze. And we all know where that led, don't we subconscious? The image of Spike bent over the back of his couch flashes through my head. Don't go red. Don't go red. Oh crap, I feel my ears burn.

I slap Spike on the arm.

"Now you only owe me four hundred and ninety-nine beers," I say, not looking at him. I hand him the bottle I'm carrying. "And make that an even four hundred and fifty." I take a swig of my own bottle.

"Ta, pet," he says. I suddenly have a coughing fit.

I said pet, didn't I? Bugger. Harris looks like he just had a coronary. From that reaction, I think it's safe to say he had no ulterior motive for inviting me here tonight.

I chuckle and say "What's the matter Harris?" and slap him on the back as if I was joking and it wasn't some Freudian type slip that comes from that thought I just had. The one I got after I stupidly reminded myself about the last time me and Xander Harris were together. Wouldn't mind, cause I like a good fuck as the next bloke, but it's Xander Harris. The kid's cannon fodder. He's the sidekick for fuck's sake. I'm the Big Bad, a master bloody vampire and I can't stop thinking about some human boy fucking me up the arse. Well I *can* forget about it. I *have* forgotten about it. I haven't thought about it all evening. Not even when Xander was yelling at the tele alongside me and getting all hot and excited.

I'm going to eat this pizza.

I wipe my eyes. Beer went down the wrong way. I think he was joking. I hope so, because my plan for tonight was to have a nice platonic non-groiny night in with a male friend. Cause I can, just spend time with a guy, without wanting him to suck my cock. Ok, so I haven't quite resigned myself to batting for the other team yet.

I'd better eat some pizza before Spike takes it all.

I take charge of the remote and I flick through all the channels.

"Hey, hey, stop! Back, back," says Xander suddenly. I pause and flick back until he says "There, stop."

"You bloody geek," I say. It's Star Trek Voyager.

"Hey, I don't insult Passions. Oh wait I do, but hey this is a good show."

"I didn't insult the show lame brain, I insulted you. Happen to like this one."

"You do?"

"Yeah, got that chick in it, what's her face, Seven of Nine."

"Really, I thought you'd be a Janeway man myself."

"Janeway has that disciplinarian thing going, but she doesn't look as good in tight silver suits."

Xander nods in agreement. "Oh yess," he says.

And that boy is worried about his sexuality.

Trouble is, now I've thought about Spike, me and sex, it keeps popping into my head. I'm suddenly very aware of him sitting next to me. My jeans tighten. And I can't kid myself that it's because of Jeri Ryan.

I notice Xander shift a bit next to me. A certain scent hits me. He's aroused. And what with some things I've been remembering and all, I feel myself get hard. Wonder if the whelp fancies a shag?

Ok, I'm horny. I'm horny because I thought about when I had sex with Spike. I'm horny thinking about Spike sitting next to me, and the fact that we had sex. There, I've admitted it. See I can deal with the whole he's a guy, I'm a guy issue. Not quite sure about the whole anal penetration of me thing though. And Spike said it was my turn next, so I'd better be sure about this before I mention it. That's even saying he's interested. Cause he's not exactly acting as if he wants to get close and personal. I still have no idea why he let me do him last time, except maybe from the sounds he was making at the time. Guess it mightn't be that bad. Oh crap, if I do mention it, he'll think I only asked him here so we could get up to wild sex monkey stuff, which wasn't why at all. I honestly wanted to watch soccer with the guy.

Oh shut up.

We watch tele for a bit more but all I can focus on is Xander sitting next to me. I notice him glance at me

and I shift a bit so I can see him more. All right, so I find him sexually attractive. So bloody what. Doesn't mean anything 'cept I wouldn't mind shagging him again. It's only sex. We watched a good game of football, had a laugh, why not have a couple of orgasms to finish off the night? It's just a bit of fun. I glance over at him again. Wonder if he wants to fuck. He's probably only aroused cause of that chit prancin' about in her tight lycra. Still...

"Oh fuck it," I growl and in a sudden move, I'm leaning over Xander, an arm pressed into the couch on either side of him. I kiss him very firmly, in no uncertain terms, my tongue snaking into his mouth, raking against his. Then I pull back and flop back into my seat.

"There," I say. "Now, you can either ask me to leave or we can do something."

I guess that answers that question. Ha ha, Spike made the first move. He wants me. Oh fuck. Spike wants me. Oh...Spike wants me.

I stretch back on the lounge and look at him.

"What do you mean by something?" I ask, stalling for time, and also trying to look as cool and casual as him.

Spike stretches back too and smirks at me. He glances down at my crotch. Oh yeah, obvious erection.

"I don't know Harris, a little bit more experimentation perhaps?"

Then a brilliant idea hits me. One that doesn't involve my ass.

The whelp actually looks me over. And I find myself getting harder.

"Ok," he says. "I've thought of something that we haven't done yet." And he gets up and walks over to me.

"Oh?" I ask.

"Yeah," he says and kneels between my legs.

You gutsy bastard Harris, didn't think you had the stones. And then he undoes my belt.

Spike inhales sharply when I unbutton his jeans and take him out. Ok, this can't be that hard. Uhoh, sudden performance anxiety. Spike was fucking great at this. What if I'm crap? Can't back out now though or he'll give me so much shit. Ok, I know what I like, I figure I'll just try and do that to him.

I stroke him a couple of times firmly and he shifts forward on the couch. Have I mentioned how big Spike is? He's not ridiculously, x-rated cartoon big but he's definitely above average. He's also uncircumsised. Never played with one of those before. I pull back the foreskin gently then stick out my tongue and take an experimental lick.

Ohh yes Xander, that's a good boy. Do that. For some reason his hesitant exploration of my tackle is hotter than if he got right to it. I lean back in the couch and get ready to enjoy the show.

Oh, pet, that's very nice...I let out a little mmm just to show my approval.

Ok, he seemed to like what I did with my tongue. I cup his balls, fondling them a bit with one hand and hold the base of his penis with the other. Then I open my mouth, take him in and start to suck.

"Yeah Xander, very nice," I murmur. I grip the lounge beside me to stop myself from losing control and fucking into that warm, hot mouth. He's definitely got the hang of this. I run one hand over his shoulder and over his arm as he starts to increase his rhythm. Oh yeah, I could let him do this all night.

Man this is making my mouth sore. I never realised how tiring it is. I pull up for a bit and let my hand slide over his erection that's now slick with my spit and his precum. I pump him while work my jaw muscles, trying to relax. Then I bend down and just

suck the head of his cock while I stroke him. I caress his balls, and thank fuck, they are getting tight. And man I'm horny.

"Oh fuck yes Xander!" Oh fuck that feels good. I try not to thrust up into the kid's mouth. He's wearing out, but I'm going to cum any bloody minute now.

"Just a little bit more pet," I say. "Suck me Xander, yeah, like that!"

I take him all the way in again and up the level of suction. He's bucking against me now and gripping my shoulder. I follow my mouth with my hand, moving up and down. Cause there's no way I'm going to get him all in my mouth. Sorry, no deep throating here. Gag reflex.

I move faster and Spike is grunting and moaning. I let the hand that is fondling his balls slip down a bit into his jeans and I run a finger down along his butt crack.

That does it. He bucks up against me and holds for a second and then I've got a mouth full of cum.

"OH FUCKING HELL YES!" I shoot into Xander's mouth. "Oh fuck yes! Oh fuck, pet, yes." I sink down and open my eyes and...he swallowed it. He actually swallowed it. I can't help it, I kiss him.

Spike slides forward and kisses me hard. His tongue sliding into my mouth, and I know he's tasting himself and I press into him, because, you know, so very horny here. And he's holding me, sliding one hand under my shirt at the back and undoing my pants with the other.

I push Harris back onto the floor and follow after him kissing him and pulling those damn jeans of his down. I pull back from his mouth and move down. Time to return the favour.

Oh, and if this is the reward I get for blowing Spike, then yes, sign me up for a year's supply of blow jobs. It's even better than last time. I shut my eyes and just let Spike do that thang he does.

"Oh fuck Spike, oh yes!" So I get a little vocal, so sue me, you obviously haven't been paying attention to what that guy can do with his tongue.

I tug Xander's trousers down more as I suck on his dick. Finally they are off and I sit up and survey him. He's lying there, finger's digging into the carpet, naked from the waist down, cock all hard and delicious. I take him in my mouth and decide to show him another couple of new things.

Ohspikeyeahpleaselikethatohfuckyes. Oh fuck that guy can suck. Must be a vampire thing. The whole not needing to breathe. He shifts and then he tucks his arms under my thighs lifting my ass and my cock up to him. Oh fuck yes, that feels so fantastic. The

Spike's mouth has left my cock and he takes it in one hand, and....my eyes roll back in my head as he sucks on my balls.

I moan. A lot.

I run my tongue over the whelp's knackers and then gently suck one at a time into my mouth, rolling my tongue over them. He makes sounds that are coming very close to turning me on again. I repeat that a few times then return to his cock for another couple of sucks. I can deep throat you know. I look up at him, lying there, flushed, moaning, his bare legs around me. I sit up.

"Shirt off," I say.

"Huh?" he says, trying to focus. I stroke his cock then take him in my mouth again before releasing him.

"Shirt. Off." I repeat and he blushes a bit then obeys. And now he's before me naked and completely beautiful. I'm hard, my dick is poking out of my jeans and flat against my stomach it's so

erect. I run my hands over his thighs, over his stomach, over his chest. I lick his chest and then flick his erect nipples with my tongue. Then I nibble my way down his stomach, down the little trail of hair. Down to his cock.

I want him.

I buck up against Spike's mouth as he takes me all the way into his mouth and then he lets my cock go again and returns to my balls. Yeah, like that Spike, oh fuckyesplease!

And then he moves down and, HOLY SHIT SPIKE!

"Fuck Spike!" I exclaim.

He runs his tongue over my butt crack once more for good measure.

"You don't like it pet?"

"Oh, I like," I gasp. Then try to laugh. "Who's the ass licker now though?"

He chuckles and then, fuck, he pushes my thighs forward, parting my cheeks and runs his tongue from my balls right down over my anus. And have I mentioned he's still pulling me off?

Xander bucks against me as I lick him. Like that don't you pet? Like more of that wouldn't you? And I work at him until my tongue enters a little. He shudders and his cock thrusts into my hand.

Damn I need lube.

I moan and pump into his hand as he licks me and if it didn't feel so good I would be so grossed out right now. But fuck it feels good and I just want more. Suddenly Spike stops and I let out a moan of protest as he gets up.

He laughs at me.

"Be right back ducks," he smirks. And he goes and grabs his duster. Then he's back and he's....oh...got lube.

I sink down between Harris's thighs again and return to sucking his cock.

"Oh yes Spike! Do that, right there."

I oblige. And then I push his legs forward again, and lubing up my finger run it over his arse. He bucks a bit at the cold.

Gnnnrghhna! Oh, crap, oh fuck, oh shit, oh...oh...oh yes, oh man, oh fuck Spike, that feels so good. I grip the carpet and arch up.

"You like that, don't you Xander, you want my finger up your arse, don't you pet?" I whisper, lifting my lips from his throbbing erection.

He moans in reply and I touch that magic spot again. He bucks into my mouth and I take his whole length in, moving up and down as I stroke in and out of him with my finger. Gently I start working

another one in. He's so tight. Don't want to hurt him. Can't hurt him. Bloody chip makes sure of that. Don't want to hurt him.

He moans and gasps a bit, but then bucks into my mouth again and whimpers in pleasure.

Yeah pet, like that.

Oh fuck yes. It feels so good. So damn nice. Fucking incredible. Spike's fingers stretch me wide, stroking that spot and his mouth takes me in and ohfuckyes, I'm going to cum!

"Oh shit Spike, I'm cumming! OH FUCK, SPIKE!" I cry out and I explode in his mouth, cumming again and again.

I pull back, swallowing. And then I shift up onto my knees. I reach up onto the couch and grab a cushion and slide it under Xander's back, lifting his arse up towards me. I stroke my cock, watching him. He looks completely shagged. He looks at me and moans a little and his dick hardens a bit. He's lying

before me completely naked, arse up in the air, ready for me to take him. I slip a slick finger inside him again, he's tight already. I look at his face and for a moment there's this brief flicker of fear there. Sod that. He moans in protest as I pull out my finger. I want hard and fast. I run my hand over my dick and start to toss off.

Spike kneels above me, still fully dressed and starts jerking off over me. Huh? I kind of expected him to do me. I thought that's where this was going, after that finger stuff. Actually, after the finger stuff, I wasn't about to say no. But no, he's kneeling above me, gripping my knee tightly as he pulls himself off. It's savage and harsh as if he just wants to cum. He's biting his lip and watching me, running his eyes over me, as if I'm the centrefold of some nudey magazine. And it is so wrong and so fucking hot all at once. And I get hard again and want that hand on my cock.

Xander reaches down and starts pulling himself off. It's so bloody erotic.

I jerk against my hand and squeeze hard on his knee.

"Yeah love, toss off for me." Oh fuck yeah. Bloody hell, yes, Xander.

I cum watching Xander wank off watching me masturbate.

Spike cums. He moans and jerks and shoots cum all over me. I don't know how I do it but I cum again soon after and I'm naked, lying on the floor and covered in both of us.

Spike half crawls, half collapses next to me.

"Good idea you had there Harris," he says.

"Yeah, well obviously I'm the brains of this operation," I manage.

And then he kisses me, and it's soft and tender and way too short.

I pull back from Harris then get up and get him a towel. He's a mess.

He takes it and cleans himself up a bit.

"Thanks," he says and he's sort of hesitant as if he's getting a bit embarrassed and not sure...He looks at himself, and he is pretty bloody sticky, the both of us having just blown our loads on him. "Ok, now that's disgusting. I'm going to have a shower," he says. And I nod. And then, while he's in the shower I leave.

I come out of the shower and Spike's gone. I'm too tired to care. I'm too tired to think that this is getting to be a habit. I'm too tired to feel guilty and ashamed. I'm too tired to get embarrassed about what we just did. And I'm too tired to feel a happy sort of feeling when I remember watching soccer and blowing Spike.

I sit outside the whelp's place for too long, having a smoke. It was time for me to go anyway, he'll be wanting to get to bed. Can't be sitting around all evening with him. Will wear out my welcome.

Bloody hell that was a good football game.

Nice bit of work from Xander there too.

I'm just getting into bed when I hear a knock on the door.

Spike is standing there.

"Forgot something," he says.

"What?" I say.

"This." And he grabs the back of my neck, pulls me to him and kisses me hard and firm. He pulls back and smirks. "And to say, thanks for inviting me to watch football. Bloody great match."

I grin. "Yeah, it's not so bad for a girly-man game."

"You know the problem with you Harris," he says, amused. "You've got no taste."

"Tell me about it," I say. "Now get lost unless you want to end up sleeping here."

"Sod that. You probably snore. In fact I know you do, I spent a lot of nights tied to a chair listening to that racket."

I laugh. "And I am *still* trying to repress those blissful months when I was stuck with you as a roomie."

"You know you loved it," he says as he starts down the stairs.

"Whatever, blood breath," I grin. "See you Spike."

"Yeah, see you." And then he's gone and I shut the door and go to bed.

4 Just Friends

Ok. I've invited Spike over again. Cause there's another game on and I thought he'd like it. And besides, it's something to do.

Shut up.

We've just finished dusting a couple of vamps on patrol and Spike is a bit pumped. He's bouncing around like Tigger on speed. I leave him to find the channel and I go make some popcorn and grab a couple of beers. I suppose I should get the guy some blood, but that's just...like...ew. And besides, that would sort of indicate that I intended inviting him over on a regular basis. And though I am sort of enjoying his company, I'm not ready for that 'Spike is my bestest buddy' kind of commitment yet. As for the 'Spike is my sex monkey' kind of commitment I am VERY not ready for that. Although, I must admit, *getting* more comfortable with the idea. More comfortable as in, not as scared shitless as I was two weeks ago. But that was so not why I invited him back tonight. The thing is, I'm still amazed about how much Spike is NOT being an asshole about the whole thing. He hasn't used it against me or told any of the girls or anything. In fact he sort of acts like it never happened, like it was no big deal.

Which is good. I'm so much over the whole talking about it thing. And I've managed to keep my panic

attacks down to a bare minimum. Ignoring the whole sexuality issue rather well too I think.

I settle myself down comfortably on Xander's couch. I'm looking forward to this match. I'm thinking the whelp wasn't too freaked out by our activities a couple of nights ago. Wonder if he wants to do a little more experimenting tonight? The stupid thing is, I'm actually enjoying this thing we've got going here. The hanging about, the meaningless sexual acts. It's pathetic and I sound like a sad tosser, but these last few weeks there's actually been some moments when I've forgotten that Buffy died. That it was my fault. That everything is dark and pointless. Like I said, pathetic tosser.

Then again, maybe I'm just a whore, who'll do anything to watch a Manchester United match.

"You making popcorn?" I say as the scent of it wafts out from the kitchen.

"Yeah, you eat popcorn?"

"Course I bloody eat popcorn. Eat anything, me."
Happen to like most food actually. Gives me something to do.

"Yet you won't give up that nasty blood drinking habit."

"Eating doesn't sustain a vampire, numbskull, need blood, like a transfusion. Don't have our own blood. All borrowed."

"Oh, and there I was thinking it was just a quirky lifestyle choice."

I chuckle, then say sourly.

"Yeah well, it's not a bloody choice to drink it out of sodding plastic bags, let me tell you."

I walk into the lounge while I'm talking to Spike.

"Maybe you could get like an intravenous drip or something, then it wouldn't be so gross." I warm to this idea. "Hey! Check yourself into hospital and say

you've got that disease, the one where you bleed all the time, and you're anemic!"

"So anemic, in fact, that I haven't even got a bloody heartbeat!" Spike and sarcastic, how could I forget?

"You may mock fang boy, but I can see it now: Doctor, Doctor, we need blood -quickly! This man is pale!"

Spike looks at me with a perfectly straight face.

"Xander, you want to wear a nurse's uniform for me some time?"

And is it just me or did that just sound sexy? Oh, it's just me.

I chuckle, Harris turned bright red. Yeah, call me pale, whelp.

"That's it, I'm holding the remote," he says and disappears back into the kitchen. I hear the microwave beep.

I settle down on the couch. The match is about to start. And of course the bloody power goes out.

"Oh bloody hell." The flat is plunged into darkness. The sweet sounds of a roaring football crowd and the pre-game music are cut off.

"Oh, crap," says the whelp in his inimitable style.

"Fuse?" I ask.

Xander falls over something walking into the lounge room. That's right, human, can't see in the dark.

"I'll do it," I say and go and find the fuse box. The fuses seem to be fine and the whole block is in darkness.

"Bloody fantastic," I say.

Damn. I was looking forward to that game. Not that I'd ever tell Spike that. I suppose he'll want to go home now. I've managed to locate the two candle stumps I own but I can't find the matches, so Spike lights them with his lighter.

"Thanks," I say. I look at him. "So...uh..."

"Got cards or anything?" he asks. He shrugs. "Power might come back on in a bit. Might as well stay in case, maybe catch some of the game at least."

I nod.

"Er...no cards...they're at Wills." I rack my brains. "I've got Operation?" Actually, pulling bits out of people, that might be pretty appropriate.

We sit around the whelp's kitchen table with two stubs of candles for light. Least he got the popcorn cooked. A box containing a drawing of a naked man with little holes cut in him is in front of us. In the holes are bits of plastic which supposedly represent body parts. You're supposed to remove those bits apparently. The things they make for children these days.

"The object of the game is to get as many parts out without touching the tweezers to the metal." Harris demonstrates and touches the tweezers to the metal. The bloke's nose buzzes loudly.

"I can't bloody believe I'm playing this," I mutter.

"Come on Spike, think of it as disembowelment."

We play a couple of games and I'm actually better than Spike at it. He's too impatient. He has a scary knowledge of all the body parts though. I refuse to let him tell me any of the events that led to this real life knowledge. I finish off the last crumbs of popcorn. It's pretty fun though. Despite his bitching.

I stretch my leg out and my foot brushes Spike's. He shifts his foot but not away, so that his boot touches my sneaker more. I don't say anything. He doesn't say anything. Operation guy's nose buzzes though.

This ain't too bad. Bloody annoying fiddly game though. I'm getting frustrated. The whelp is wiggling his foot next to mine. I lift my foot a bit and just run the toe of my boot along the side of his sneaker. Just as he's about to lift the wishbone out of our victim. Oh dear. Did the buzzer go off?

I chuckle.

Bastard. He is going to pay. I slip off my shoe and wait until he's almost got his bit out then I run my sock covered foot up his leg right to....And oh look, the buzzer went off. Spike just looks at me. Hey, this has got nothing to do with footsies. This is all about competing.

"Let's make this game a bit more interesting than Harris," he says.

"Spike, Operation cannot *get* more interesting," I grin. "Ok, what do you suggest?"

I'm serious. Strip Operation. The kid stops laughing and catches up with me. Yeah, pet, follow that thought through.

Oh. Oh? My jeans get a bit tight. Ok, another good night to be wearing briefs. I know I'm going to win though so that won't be a problem.

I've got all of four items of clothing on, my shirt, my jeans and two boots. S'alright. The more clothing I lose the higher the distraction factor. Yeah I'm hot. What of it?

Spike sets the buzzer off and pulls his shirt off with a smirk. Spike, shirtless. I take a deep breath. Have I mentioned Spike is shirtless? In candlelight. Spike and romantic is one of those oxy things but he looks...good. And he's looking at me so fucking coolly, with his eyebrow raised, like he's considering me. I shift a bit. Ok, so I'm experimenting with the whole gay sex thing, doesn't mean I'm lusting after Spike. I'm concentrating, dammit! NOT thinking about Spike kneeling over me, jacking off.

More naked Spike, less naked me.

Damn, the kid got that piece out. I take my turn and manage to extract the Adam's apple. I stretch back and just as the kid is having his go, I lift my right leg up and run my foot along his thigh.

The buzzer goes off. He glares at me but...off it comes...

"A shoe?"

"Yeah, like I'm going to start with the big stuff first," I say, grinning at him. "Sorry Spike, I know you're just dying to see my naked deliciousness but you're just going to have play much better for that."

Spike raises an eyebrow, looks me over, then removes the Charley Horse.

Pretty soon I kick off my second boot. Only jeans left. Harris is down to his knickers. Seems his ability to play Operation is proportional to his level of arousal. And he is very aroused. I didn't even have to see the erection straining at his pants when he

dropped his trousers to know that. The scent is enticing. And I'm thinking about what I didn't do the last time. I know I sound like a right big nance, but Xander's chest gleams in the candle light, and he looks almost beautiful. My jeans are tight. One more go, then off they come, and we start playing something interesting.

I shift in my seat. I'm a little bit nervous and, ok, excited. Spike is watching me and he's got that damn sexy look on his face, the one he gets when we're about to do some very inappropriate things. I take my turn and thank god, get the funny bone out.

Then Spike has his turn, and...bastard! He didn't even try!

"Oops," he smirks as he touches the tweezers directly to the metal. The nose buzzes and Spike stands up. "Guess I lose."

I cough. His erection is obvious. My ears are hot. I watch as with painful slowness he undoes each button on his jeans.

I can't help it. I snicker. Yeah I'm mature.

Spike looks annoyed and a little bit offended.

"What?" he demands.

I shake my head.

"Sorry, just...William the Bloody is giving me a strip tease."

Spike looks at me steadily and I can't read his expression.

"That's not all William the Bloody is going to give you either, lad," he says.

Ok, officially out of my depth. Still watching me, Spike starts undoing his jeans again. Then *it* springs out and he drops his jeans down around his ankles and kicks them off. Spike is naked. Spike is standing in front of me. Naked. With a hard on. Now would be a good time to gulp. I've never actually seen

Spike naked before. I've seen him without pants and I've seen him without a shirt but never without both at the same time. And ok, I admit it I've put the two together and imagined Spike and the nakedness. He's better in real life. He's all taut muscle and the candlelight makes him almost beautiful. And I have to remind myself that this is Spike.

"Uh, yeah, guess you lose the Strip Operation Superbowl," I say.

Harris lets his eyes flicker over me. It's hesitant, almost shy and might I add, bloody erotic. "That makes you the winner," I say. I don't move. Just stand there. But fuck I'm so hard now it's getting painful. He swallows hard and then gets up.

"So what does the winner get?" he asks and I have to give him credit for having the knackers to do it. The candlelight makes his tan skin gleam and he's flushed with desire. Bloody hell, I want him.

Spike looks me over and you'd think I was the one naked not him. We're really close now. Too close. I wish my heart would stop racing. Spike doesn't take his eyes off me. He's studying me. And he's looking at me...almost...softly. Then he reaches out a hand and runs his finger tips down my chest. Ok, I shuddered. Then I touch Spike's face and I know I'm trembling, I'm just nervous ok. Because this is different. So different to before.

Yeah whelp, you want me don't you? Xander looks at me and there's a sudden vulnerability there that makes my figurative breath catch in my throat. His fingers nervously trace over my cheek and I can feel him trembling. And his eyes are all dark and wondering. I want this, I realise. I want this sweetness. Fuck the consequences. We move in closer to each other and then very softly, I press my mouth to his.

We kiss so gently, it's amazing, almost as if we're both afraid to touch each other, which is weird. I

wonder if it's because we're both practically naked? Cause when we were clothed we were all over each other. Now, Spike just presses his open hand to my chest and I rest one hand on his upper arm and with our other hands we cup each other's faces and we kiss.

Oh fuck it feels so nice. It's so incredibly tender it's almost painful. I don't know if I've even ever kissed Anya like this. And it's Spike I'm kissing like this, and it doesn't even feel wrong.

Our kiss deepens and we move closer, press into each other. Mmm nice. I press my hips into him a little more firmly. Xander runs his hand so, fucking, painfully slowly, down my back, down my side, then just...strokes me...so gently. He's kissing me so slowly, so gently. He's bloody doing my head in. This is too fucking sweet. I break from his lips and trail some kisses down his jawline, to his neck, kiss along the pulse point there, sucking, licking. He grips my cock harder. Nice. And although the blood pumping so close to the surface of his skin makes my demon

hunger and me harder, he doesn't flinch, just presses against me more and lets out this soft little moan. His other hand grips my arm, holding me to him. I thrust my hips gently against his hand, and make little nips and sucks along his throat, down his collarbone, then back to his lips. I can feel how hard he is, digging into my stomach. I don't think he even realises what he's doing to me. The number of good spots he touches.

"Spike?" he says as I pull away from his lips.

"Yeah pet?" I murmur nibbling at his earlobe. He shivers.

"Oh fuck that feels nice," he laughs a little.

"Spike?" I try again.

"Yeah?" he whispers in my ear.

"I, uh, I get it. I know this is just sex," I say. I'm not sure what I'm going to say or do and this is so incredibly tender that I need him to know, that I know, that this means nothing to him.

"Yeah, it's just sex," he says and it sounds almost like a sigh. And he stops for a second. Oh crap. Have I fucked up the moment? But then he's back at my neck and his hands are gliding over my body again.

"I just thought I ought to tell you that I get that," I say. "That I know."

"I know too. We're just fucking."

"Good."

Spike licks my ear.

"Can we make love now?"

"Yeah."

"Uh, bedroom?" Xander asks. "More comfortable."

"Fine by me." And we do that tangled-in-each-other walk to his bedroom. Harris lets go of me when we get there and he pulls the covers back on the bed. It's dark but I can still see him. Neat little thing, this vampire vision. He looks nervous. I go over to him

and press myself into his back, wrapping my arms around his stomach. I kiss the back of his neck.

"Ok?" I ask.

He nods and doesn't tremble as much.

"S'alright pet," I say. "I won't hurt you."

"I know," he says. "Just, you know, never done this before."

I grin. "Virgin," I tease.

"Shut up, dirty old guy," but he relaxes a bit and his voice sounds more normal.

"What do you expect?" I say. "I am a vampire. It's our job to debauch innocent young things like yourself."

And then that innocent young thing wiggles his arse against my very hard dick.

Spike's hands slip down from my stomach and he begins fondling me through my briefs. He starts

kissing my neck again and I lean into him. Spike's being so gentle. Which, I know, is weird, but I'm starting to get used to Spike doing stuff I didn't expect. I don't feel so nervous now. Excited? Yeah. Horny? Definitely yeah. Looking forward to doing some more of that stuff I did with Spike last time? Oh yes. Nervous, not as much. And then he runs his tongue...ALL. The. Way. Down. My. Back.

"Gah!" I actually say and shiver because it's ticklish and sends tingles to all the right places. I feel Spike chuckle rather than hear him and then he eases my briefs down and that tongue continues on its merry way.

"Oh fuck!" And I nearly fall over.

I kneel behind the whelp and stroke him with one hand while I pay some attention to that arse of his. Xander is actually pretty fit. Must be all that construction work he's been doing. Funny the things you think about when you've got your tongue stuck up someone's arse. He grabs hold of my shoulder for support. I work my tongue in and out a

bit. Bugger, why don't I ever get the lube ready first?

I pull back.

"Xander, got any lubricant in that bedside cabinet of yours?"

"Yeah," he says breathlessly. "Bottom drawer. Squirty bottle."

I get up and go find it. I grin as I pull it out. "Buying in bulk then pet?" I say.

Xander lies down on the bed. "Well, you know Anya. Liked the sex."

Oh. Yeah.

Spike climbs on the bed and straddles my hips. He leans forward onto his elbows so he's on all fours above me. It's dark and the only light comes through the bedroom door from the two candles in the kitchen. I can just make out Spike's features. He's looking at me. Then he leans down and kisses

me. And it's firm but still very very tender. And yeah, I kiss him back. And then...oh man, that feels good. Spike lowers himself down on me. Our naked bodies touching, his cock touching mine, our tongues down each other's throats. Naked skin against naked skin. We start moving against each other, kissing, touching, rubbing. Remember Xander, friction is your friend. I run my hands over Spike's body, trying to touch all of him. I know I'm moaning, but it's so not like just jerking off. It's like Anya times. And then all too soon Spike pulls away and starts making his way down my body. But hey, that also feels great so who I am to complain? Then that cool mouth is on my cock again and I just shut my eyes and let my brain turn into a gooey horny Xander mess.

I'm so fucking hard it's not funny, but for some reason I don't want to rush this. I want this to be perfect. I want to make him feel so bloody good he'll be gagging for me. I start making him ready. Gently. Want him to want this. Want to be able to take him.

"Yeah Xander," I purr. "You like that?" I get a whimpered yes and I return to sucking his cock and preparing him with my finger. Not as tense this time. Liked this last time didn't you pet? I slip in a second finger and start to slide in and out, hitting that certain spot so he bucks his cock up into my mouth. I suck him all the way in and then release him slowly as I crook my fingers, just a bit.

"Fuck Spike! Oh fuck yes!"

Yeah, he likes that.

I shut my eyes and I still see stars. And then he's...three? OHFUCKSPIKE! I'm gripping the sheets so hard. And all I can feel is Spike's fingers and Spike's mouth. It's weird and uncomfortable and so fucking good all at once.

"Oh fuckpleaseSpike!"

"What do you want Xander?" he asks, his voice odd, and tense.

"More...please." He thrusts his fingers in faster and I arch up and groan. "OHfuck Spike!" I want more. I want him, I want more so much.

"Tell me pet, what do you want?"

Oh I get it.

"You Spike, I want you."

And then Spike withdraws his fingers and he's up above me, his cock lightly sliding over mine. He kisses me and all I want is to have him inside me again. I look up at him and he's not smiling and I can just see his eyes looking at me.

"Want me to do this?" he asks and his voice is a bit choked.

I swallow. And I almost can't believe I'm doing this so I decide not to think about it.

"Yeah," I say. "Now. Before I change my mind."

I lift Xander's legs up around my waist, slipping a pillow under his arse, and add more lubricant. A lot

more. Can't have the kid getting hurt. I take his swollen cock and start sliding my lube coated hand over it. Don't want to hurt him. Don't want to hurt him. I concentrate on what I'm doing to his dick rather than what I'm about to do with mine. And then I very, very carefully push. Xander grunts and lets out a tiny whimper. Not trying to hurt him. Not hurting...

"Relax pet, you have to relax. Relax for me Xander," I murmur. He's so hot and tight and OHBLOODYHELL! Oh sweet sodding hell that feels good.

Relax he says. Fuck. I try, but let me just say, this is not exactly a calming activity.

"GNnrrnngghhgh!" is about the best I can manage as he enters me. Way bigger than the fingers. Oh god, fuck, crap, shit, oh fuck....oh...ohh...oh? I grip Spike's forearm for support. And suddenly, oh fuck that feels good. I've never felt anything so fucking intense. Spike pushes fully in then we're both frozen there.

I feel Xander shudder around me and I'm, what, nearly a hundred and thirty years old, and I feel like I'm about to cum already. I watch his face and he's looking up at me and holding my arm too tight. I take a breath then slowly pull backwards, Xander moans, and I hope it's a good moan, but the chip isn't going off, but oh fuck that's it, that's so bloody good.

"You ok, pet?"

I try to find my voice and I know I'm shaking. This is almost too much.

"Yeah, yeah I'm good." So good. This is so very good.

Spike pushes forward again and then he hits that spot. OHGNRGSPIKE! He draws back and I shift my ass forward to meet him when he thrusts again.

Good boy, yeah Xander, that's it, like that...Xander moves into my thrusts and I'm trying to be gentle but oh damn it all to hell, it feels too good. I'm losing it, I'm not going to last much longer, a stream of nonsense comes out of my mouth.

"Yeah Xander like that love, fuck me. Xander fuck into me, yeah pet, do that, let me fuck you, yeah pet, like that don't you pet..." that sort of bollocks. Oh fuck it feels so bloody good. So hot, so tight. We thrust against each other, me pumping Xander's cock in rhythm with our fucking.

"Oh fuck Spike, oh please yes, oh yeah fuck me Spike, fucking hell yes," I babble and its dark and I can't see anything except stars and all I feel is being stretched and fucked and pulled by Spike who's above me and in me. I didn't even know guys could have sex like this, face to face.

"Oh fuck Spike!" And he's so fucking big inside me. Yeah I'm enjoying it.

We're just grunting now, the two of us, grunting and panting and thrusting and I know we're both going to cum soon, but I don't want to because this feels too bloody nice. And then the lights come back on and I see him properly, see him below me, face flushed with lust and pleasure, lips red, brown eyes glazed. Wanting more. I did that. I caused that.

The lights flicker on and suddenly I can see Spike. He looks shocked. And I know this is going to sound really gay, but hey I'm taking it in the ass so I don't think it matters, but he's so beautiful, I never noticed how blue his eyes were before, so blue and they're wide and a bit glazed from the sex. And he's just looking at me and I look at him and we just look into each other's eyes and we keep fucking.

"Xander, oh fuck, I'm gonna cum," I grunt. He thrusts his arse against me as I pull back and I slam into him again.

"Fuck Spike, fuck me, fuck, I'm cumming,
OHDEARGODDD SPIKE!"

His muscles clamp around me with his orgasm.

"OHFUCK, OHHELL, OHXANDER!!" And I pull his
cock, pumping cum all over us as I cum and cum
inside him.

Spike pulls out of me and then he collapses down
on me. I can't move. I'm so completely fucked. Spike
groans and pulls himself up and kisses me
drunkenly. I kiss him back and we just lie there for a
while kissing very soft sleepy kisses that feel like
heaven. Spike's arms are wrapped around me and
he's stroking me very gently.

"You ok?" he murmurs.

"Mmm, yeah," I manage. It's nice. I think I'll shut my
eyes for a little while.

I must have fallen asleep on top of Xander because the next thing I know I open my eyes and we're lying there all over each other. He's warm. Warm's nice. I don't bother opening my eyes for a while, just lie there and listen to his breathing and his heartbeat. Warm.

Oh bloody hell, the match!

I wake up with a start as what feels like a ton of vampire jumps on me.

"Wake up, Harris, you're missing it!"

"Huh?"

"The match, Manchester United versus Leeds. Last half." He gets off me.

"Oh." I sit up and blink trying to focus. "You're naked."

"Well yeah, we just had sex."

Oh of course. He smirks then kisses me quickly but still manages to get his tongue in.

I sit up and Spike is gone again. I find my briefs and pull them on then walk on very shakey legs into the lounge room. Spike is sitting my couch, focused on the soccer, completely oblivious to the fact that he's naked. I bend down and kiss him on the mouth then flop down beside him.

He looks a little startled, then grins and turns back to the game. His hair is all sticky up.

Harris sits next to me still looking half asleep and decidedly shagged. I rest my hand on his thigh and sit back to enjoy the match.

It's a pretty good game but I'm too tired to get really excited about anything at the moment. And my ass is a little sore, not a lot, but just a bit, guess my muscles aren't exactly used to that. I can't believe I just did that. You know what, I don't care. I'll have an attack of homophobic panic later. I put my arm up along the top of couch and run my hand through Spike's hair, he presses his head back into

my hand and he lets me pull him down to rest on it on my shoulder and I drape my arm around him. There, comfortable.

I tuck my hand under Xander's thigh and rest my head on his shoulder with him resting his head against mine. Yeah, that's nice.

Oi! Fuck you! Blind bloody ref!

Somehow I fall asleep, which is actually quite a feat, considering all the abuse Spike is hurling at the tv. When I wake up there's a blanket over me and Spike is gone.

It's morning, I'm going back to bed. Don't think I'll be getting up until midday.

The phone rings.

Great, can't a guy get any post-vampire love slave sleep around here?

I'm sitting in the Magic Box playing Cluedo with Lil' Bit while we wait for the witches to get their spell shit together and for the whelp to arrive. Stupid board games are getting to be habit. Doesn't anyone play chess anymore? Some nasty's been bothering poor innocent little humans and we need to deal with it. Like I care, it's all violence to me. Just looking forward to a nice night out. Haven't seen Harris for a couple of days. Not since the Strip Operation and Leeds match. Wonder if I can get him alone in the training room later and do some more of that experimenting.

The door jangles open and he comes in.

And so does the ex-demon.

They're holding hands.

"Hey," I say, holding Anya's hand tightly. Maybe too tightly. The others all say hello, looking curiously at Anya.

"Hello everyone," she says. They all murmur a polite hi back and Anya smiles brightly. I know she's a little

nervous though. Willow, Tara and Dawn all know I'm back with Anya. They seem cool with it. I look around and see Spike. He's looking at me. And there's something in his expression, but then it's gone. No. No I'm not going to feel guilty. What's to feel guilty about? It was just fun. Just experimenting. Spike didn't care. We were just...I don't know, fuck buddies or something. And I can't believe I just thought that.

Willow comes over and starts explaining about the demon we're chasing. An' gives me a quick hug and another bright smile and heads over to check on her money. It's so good to be back with her. I love Anya. I have great sex with Anya. Anya wants me back. Why wouldn't I be back with Anya? I haven't told her about what happened with Spike. I don't know, after the first time I really wanted to talk to her, tell her about it. But now. I guess, I don't know. I just can't. I figure Spike probably wouldn't want me telling anyone about it either.

"I see Harris went crawling back to the ex-demon," I smirk to Dawn. She quirks me a smile.

"Yeah they got back together yesterday."

Yesterday. Well's to be expected isn't it? Was just a bit of fun after all. Just sex. Just some convenient orgasms. Could tell he wasn't comfortable about batting for the other team. Obviously went running back to nice safe heterosexuality after that little adventure. Well good. Least I won't have him around bothering me anymore.

I'm going home.

Uhoh, and time to prepare for fireworks, Anya asks Willow about the shop's records. When An' and I broke up, she left town for a while and Willow took over looking after the shop for Giles. Obviously my honey bun has a few questions. I am so not getting involved in that one. I decide to go over and talk to Spike. Maybe I should have told him first...sort of rather than having him find out like that. Not like we were *seeing* each other or anything though. It

was just something that happened while we were hanging out. He wouldn't care.

I look over to where Dawn is sitting though and Spike's not there anymore.

Stupid. Bloody stupid. I shouldn't have left. Now the whelp will think I left because I actually give a toss that he's back with his ex-demon chit. I should go back, pretend I went for smokes or something. Oh fuck it. I open my crypt door and stomp inside, slamming the door behind me. I turn on the tv, light up a cigarette and flop down on my couch. I don't care. It was just a bit of fun. Knew the kid was just curious. Had a couple of decent orgasms, nothing to write home about.

True, it wasn't bad hanging out with another bloke either. Can do that at the Bronze anytime though. Not like Xander Harris is bloody special or anything. Could probably pick up some casual sex there too if I had the inclination. Haven't really bothered with that though. Not since Buffy died...not til Harris. Probably why I went for it. Been a while. Just horny.

He wanted it, I wanted it, why the hell not. Now he's got the demon girl back to get him off.

I hear the door swing open.

"Spike?" I ask. He's sitting on his couch in front of the television. And yes. Ok? Yes. I'm here because I feel guilty. Ok. I've said it. Just don't ask me to think about why. I've just got this horrible feeling that I really hurt Spike's feelings. That he left the Magic Box because he was upset or something. Yeah, dumb, hey? It's not like he even has feelings. Well not about me.

"Yeah?" he says and doesn't even look around.

"What?"

"You, uh, left?"

"Yeah, forgot my smokes."

"Oh." Good. Cool. That is good. He didn't leave because he's pissed off or hurt or something. Good.

"You coming back?"

"Maybe. Witches ready yet?"

"Well Willow was fighting with Anya over the till when I left so I'd say no."

"I'll drop by shortly." He didn't even make a crack about Anya. I wish he'd turn around. Stand up and look at me or something. Something. Should I apologise? He'll just laugh. Ego much Xander? I'm the one thinking this actually is a problem. He just wants his cigarettes.

I wait for the kid to leave but he just stands there and I'm getting edgy.

"Uh, Spike?" It's that damn tone again. The kind that leads to him saying bloody stupid things.

"What." I know I sound abrupt. I mean to.

"Uh, An' and I are having a sort of party thing on Friday night. You're welcome to come."

"We'll see," I say. "I'm pretty busy. Things to kill, sitting around to do." Why the fuck would he want

me to come to his party? More to the bloody point, why the fuck would I want to go?

I swallow. I'm having this sudden irrational fear that I've fucked up the whole friendship thing we were developing. I suddenly need him to know I wasn't just hanging out with him for the sex. Because, believe it or not, its true. I mean I actually liked hanging out with him. I need him to know this. It's very important that he knows this.

"Spike I just want you to know, I really liked hanging out with you. It wasn't just the wild monkey sex. I thought you should know that." I say. "And, even though I'm back with Anya I'd still like to, you know...hang out."

He doesn't say anything. Fuck. Why the hell does the idea that Spike was only being friendly with me for sex bother me? I mean soulless vampire? Oh yeah and really opening yourself up for a major put down here Xander. Spike's sure to say he was only in it for the sex. I suddenly feel like I'm in highschool again asking if I can sit with the cool kids. I don't

know why I thought he actually liked spending time with me.

I'm getting the let's be friends speech! He's bloody giving me the let's be friends speech! Fuck him. I stand up.

If it didn't make me look like I was gagging for his body I'd tell him I was only hanging out with him for the sex. But bugger, why should he think I gave a toss about his company? Just stupid football and beers. Nothing special.

"Don't bother yourself about it Harris," I say and manage a shrug. "I know you're being a white hat and all, but don't feel you need to keep hanging around for decencies sake. Was just a bit of fun. Forget it. Go back to your girlfriend."

"I wasn't- Right. Yeah. Whatever," says the whelp and I suddenly feel like shit because he looks like I just kicked him. He actually cares?

Oh who gives a fuck. Yeah, what the hell, if he wants to shoot pool and let me watch his cable television, who am I to say sod off?

"Course if you see anymore Manchester United matches coming up..." Spike says.

Ok, I'll take that as a 'yes, Xander, it would be very pleasant to keep associating with you despite the cessation of our sexual activities'. I can't help it, I do an inner snoopy dance.

"Yeah sure," I say, really casually. "Whatever. So, see you Friday?"

Spike shrugs.

"We'll see." He grabs his pack of cigarettes and inclines his head towards the door. "Better go see what those witches are up to."

He's going to walk back with me? All right I'm thinking about being in dark secluded places alone with Spike which is so not what I should be thinking. Anya naked. Anya naked. Anya naked.

I walk alongside Harris in silence. Don't particularly feel like being chatty. I'm not pissed off. I'd have to care to be pissed off. If I am pissed off it should be at myself, cause I bloody knew this was inevitable. The whelp's voice breaks me out of my considerations. I was not brooding.

"Hey Spike, I'm going to L.A. in a couple of weeks to see the Offspring. I bought a couple of tickets, you want one?"

I frown and look at him. He starts talking too much, like Red.

"I mean, Anya doesn't even like the Offspring and neither does Willow or Tara. Not that you're my last choice or anything but I thought you might like to come when I bought the tickets and I had to get two then or they'd be sold out. I mean, if you don't want to I'll just scalp them or something-"

He's asking me to go to a concert with him? Maybe the kid actually does like hanging around a neutered old dead bloke. Either that or the whelp's going to a

lot of effort to prove he wasn't just hanging out with me for sex.

"Yeah I'll come," I say and surprise both of us. Offspring. Won't be too bad. Least it's not some bloody boy band. Well he is one of the sodding good guys. Must need to salve his conscience. Needs to prove to himself that he wasn't being nice just to get into my knickers. All right, I'm bloody glad. I admit it. I thought that would be it. He'd have his convenient heterosexual shag back and wouldn't want a bar of me. Kind of liked hanging out with him. Watching the football and playing pool. Haven't had someone to do stupid shit with for a long time.

Oh sod off!

Ok, that wasn't too hard. I mean I was sort of worried there, when I remembered the tickets. Cause I was counting on Spike wanting to go see the Offspring with me and then, the whole getting back with Anya thing...Maybe things will be cool after all. I mean it *was* just something that happened.

Neither of us had anybody. It was just sex. Two guys getting each other off. It was just extra on top of the buddy stuff.

I don't look at Spike and we walk back to the Magic Shop in silence.

5 Issues

Oh great. What's the time? 3 am. Gnnngh.

"What's wrong honey?"

Nothing, I tell Anya. It's nothing. God, I wish I would stop dreaming about the bleached wonder. Anya snuggles up to me. It feels good, but I feel sort of like I'm lying to...someone. I pull Anya closer to me for a moment. And kiss her softly. She kisses me back and for a moment things are good. The truth is

though, we aren't as comfortable as before. There's this thing there between us. Like we're both assessing the situation. Like we're both weighing up our options. Like we're both on probation. Suddenly everything is a big deal. Like if I say the wrong thing An will leave. Like if things aren't going well I'll...no, not going there. There leads to thoughts that are uncomfortable and sticky. And that I shouldn't be thinking. Not if I want this to work with Anya. I'm not sure why we broke up in the first place. I think it had to do partly with me not letting her tell anyone about our engagement. We still haven't. In fact the whole marriage thing hasn't been mentioned. I think its that 'uncertain about our relationship' thing again. It was the engagement and there was also...I'm not sure, just things, little things that happened too often, an argument that was bigger than it should have been, things that have been bothering both of us for too long. And then Anya leaving.

And then...yeah, stuff. Stuff I still haven't told An' yet.

"Did you have a bad dream?"

Depends what you mean by bad.

"Uh, yeah," I say.

"Poor Xander."

I kiss her on the forehead and hold her to me. And I suddenly need to tell her.

"Anya?"

"Mmm?"

"When...when we were broken up...I - I slept with someone." Ok. Suddenly scared. Very scared. I feel her stiffen beside me. Ok, maybe shouldn't have told her that.

"Do I know them?"

Is it ok to tell a little lie if you're telling a big truth?

"You might've seen them around."

Anya is quiet for a while.

"How many times?"

"Um...how many times?"

"Yes, how many times did you have sex? I'd like to know whether it was a girlfriend-boyfriend type of slept with or a I miss Anya and I need sexual release type of slept with."

I almost laugh. "Uh, so not the girlfriend-boyfriend type of slept with. Twice, well four times if you count the blow jobs. Only four times." Only four times. And if you packed those four times into twenty-four hours it doesn't even make a one night stand. "I was missing you."

I think I was. It was all about missing Anya. And ok, a bit of curiosity.

All right, a lot of curiosity. And being horny. A lot of being horny. Ok, and having fun.

Anya snuggles closer to me.

"Well, that's ok. We were apart for several weeks. As long as it wasn't emotional, I understand if you felt the need to have sexual intercourse. After all we have been doing it at least once a day for the past two years. To expect you to completely stop is unreasonable."

I can't say anything. That's all it was. Sex withdrawal symptoms. Yeah, that's why I let a vampire fuck me up the ass. That's why I made love with Spike.

I squeeze Anya tighter and try to go back to sleep.

I honk the car horn. It's still light out and I'm not bloody frying my arse just to knock on the whelp's door.

After a couple of minutes the passenger door opens.

"Hey Spike, can you honk that horn any louder, Mrs Evans hasn't quite called the cops yet."

"Get a move on Harris, would like to see at least some of the concert if that's all right with you."

He throws an overnight bag back onto the back seat, climbs in and shuts the door.

I grin. I've been looking forward to this concert for weeks. This is going to be fucking cool. Going to L.A.

going to see a band. Hang out with Spike. Ok, so that's a sign of how bizarre my life has become, that hanging out with Spike is on the list of highlights in my life. But it is. Ok, so he tried to kill us like, often, and he can be a real prick sometimes, but lately he's been pretty cool. He actually seems to care about Dawn and he helps out all the time and I can't remember the last time he asked for money. I'm pretty sure the girls have been buying him blood. And I know Willow gives him cookies.

And since I got back with Anya I've actually had a pretty good time just hanging out with him too. Seriously. Just hanging out having good buddy times. Doing absolutely no groin-related activities. It's weird, like he actually wants to be in my company even though we're not fucking. Which is sort of cool. Cause we do have a pretty good time just with the hanging out. Actual laughs. And those cool philosophical discussions like some of the guys at work have. You know, about really technical stuff. Like the science of the Matrix.

"So who's on Dawnster Duty tonight?" I ask.

"Witches," he says and starts the car. Some old punk rock band starts blaring out of the speakers. High definition. Spike's got a pretty good sound system. Oh and I just realise that he probably killed someone for it.

"So, um, looking forward to the big Offspring concert?" I ask, trying to think up some conversation. It was never this hard before. Or maybe I just didn't care about being nice to Spike. I don't know why it matters so much, but I like hanging out with him and...it just matters.

Wouldn't admit it but I'm looking forward to this bloody concert. Wouldn't tell him that though.

I shrug. "Like a hole in the head. But something to do innit?"

He rolls his eyes. "You know you don't have to come. I can make myself an easy twenty bucks on that ticket I'll have you know."

I smirk. "Ah, but then you wouldn't have the pleasure of my company all the way to L.A. and back, would you?"

"Oh yeah, of course. Be still my beating heart."

I glance over at the whelp. He's sitting back in the seat like he always does, as if he's draped there. Don't think I've ever once seen the kid sit up straight. Those broad shoulders of his, sort of bent, like he's trying to blend into his surroundings, not make himself obvious. Kid's got an insecurity complex a mile wide. Shouldn't do, Harris has nothing to be ashamed about. Can be a self righteous prick at times, but all the same, he's damn funny and bloody loyal, always trying to do the right thing. And brave, though he can come across as a coward, as a bit useless, but that kid'd die for those he loved without thinking. Bloody stupid, but you've got to admire that. Saved me once. Stupid idiot. He's intelligent too, though he hides it under stupid remarks - easier to play the fool I spose. No risk appearing dumb if everyone thinks you are anyway. Kid needs a bloody shrink.

We're going to stay in a motel in L.A. Wills suggested we visit Angel but Spike was very expressive about his feelings in regard to *that* particular plan. And yeah I wasn't exactly in love with the idea either. It's not that I hate Angel, I just, well, he's still not my favourite vamp. Something to do with being terrorised by him. True Spike has also terrorised us, and knocked me unconscious once...and tried to turn us all against each other... Ok, so it's irrational, but hey, I'm allowed to hate someone unreasonably. It's got nothing to do with knowing what Spike and Angel used to do. It has so not got anything to do with jealousy.

Besides, I still hate Spike. I just like him a bit more now.

We drive in silence for a while 'cept for the dulcet tones of the Sex Pistols. I look over at Harris and

he's staring off through a hole in the blackening on the car window.

Yeah, been thinking about Harris too much lately. Yes, about fucking him. Can't be healthy that. Particularly as he's settled himself back nicely into the role of good little heterosexual boyfriend again. Not that I mind. I mean, least one of us is getting laid regularly. Always knew I was just a convenient male body for him to experiment with, explore his sexuality, all that. And me, well I got a couple of good shags out of it. Made me forget Buffy for a bit. And somehow it seems better to wank off thinking about Harris than her. Seems wrong to think about Buffy like that now. Sides, makes me bloody miserable.

Still hang out with the whelp a bit, play pool, catch some games on the tele, that sort of useless stereotypical male activity. Not as much though, as before, just - don't particularly feel like watching him and his ex demon chick get all lovey dovey. Rather not vomit copiously thanks all the same.

And you know, it would be much bloody easier not to think about shagging Harris if the git didn't keep glancing at me the way he does. If I didn't keep catching him looking at me when he's supposed to be bloody looking at the nice innocent football game on tv. Would be much bloody easier not to think about his dick up my arse, burning me like fire. Much bloody easier not to imagine fucking him hard, surrounded by his heat. And it would be much fucking easier not to think about that stupid wide-eyed look he had when I made him cum the last time.

Fuck.

"Spike?" Xander is looking at me. Got lost there for a minute.

"What?"

Ok, what's up his butt?

"Ok, I know this is just setting myself up for an insult, but tell me again why did we decide that you get to drive?"

"Cause, you're not drivin' this car. EVER. An' I'm not driving your heap of shit all the way to L.A. *And*, I'm not getting in a car with you behind the wheel, more's the point."

Oh and there it is, insult right on queue.

"Uhuh, it's that macho vamp thing isn't it. Must drive the car. Ug me male. Bring on the chest beating."

He smirks.

"I thought it was you lot that was descended from apes."

"Excuse me, you were human once. And hello, vampires are way more neanderthal than humans are."

"Hey, don't start getting all nasty bout the wrinkly brows. If you humans are the height of evolution, seeing as we eat you, ipso facto we out rank you on Darwin's little survival of the fittest gig."

"So what's that make a slayer then?"

"Freak of nature," he says.

And it pretty much goes downhill from there, until it's a healthy round of "I know you are but what am I?"

"Idiot," I say.

"I know you are, but what am I?" he says for the twentieth bloody time. He's worse than bleeding Harmony.

"A very silly little pillock, who will get himself a right good spankin' if he doesn't shut the bloody hell up."

"I know you a-" A spanking?

"Ooh Spike, kinky," I say in my best camp Big Gay Al voice.

"Mate, you have no idea." And he gives me this look. Ok, time to gulp, cause it was the same look he gave me the...the Operation night.

Then he smirks.

He's joking. Ha ha. The joking is good right? That's what buddies do, they joke. It's comfortable and friendly and very not awkward. So I'm a bit jumpy about the whole guy on guy thing at the moment. Doesn't mean Spike wants to have sex with me anymore. He hasn't even mentioned it, in fact he acts like it never happened. Which is good. Cause I know he doesn't have any feelings for me. I know he's still got this thing for Buffy. Which I kind of sympathise with, I actually believe he loved her now. Just things he's done. He's still helping out, even though she's dead, even though there's not a big chance he's gonna get into her pants.

Uh, better say something in response, show I'm not even thinking about Kinky Spike.

"Oh and too much information?" I say in my best ew voice.

Yeah Harris, you wouldn't want to know the half of it. Wouldn't mind handcuffing him to a bed sometime. Show him a thing or two I'll warrant his little demon girl never showed him.

Sodding hell. I'm hard again.

Funny thing is, Harris is only the second human I've ever shagged. Him and a blonde bint in France, but I was about to kill her so it's not exactly the same. Don't get me wrong, wasn't rape, she was willing, just, didn't know there wasn't going to be much of an afterglow so to speak. Dru went right off her nut when I told her. Couldn't understand it at the time, cause you know, feeding's very sexual and it's not exactly uncommon to cut out the metaphor and just do it, but now I think back, maybe she saw it as a prelude to my feelings for Buffy. Or maybe she just knew how much I liked it. Or maybe she was having Angelus flashbacks again. Either way it wasn't worth the grief to do it again. And, well, since Dru, there's been Harmony, there's been a robot and there's been Alexander Harris.

Being inside a human, having them inside you, its unbelievable, the heat, the blood in their veins, so close to the surface. Bloody intoxicating.

Not like I lust after blokes usually. 'Nother first with Harris I s'pose. Only other bloke I ever lusted after had bloody stupid poofy hair and was a right bastard.

Oh god, I just looked at Spike's crotch. What is wrong with me? So I still think about Spike and the sex with Spike. So what. It's not like I'm going to do anything about it. Like, sometimes I think about when I had sex with Faith, sure I usually wake up screaming, but it's still thinking about it. I mean it was pretty good sex. The Spike sex I mean, not the Faith sex, it would be weird to just forget about it. It's normal to think about great sex, right? When I broke up with Anya I still thought about sex with her, not that I broke up with Spike because you have to be together to break up. But still, you get my point. It's ok, right?

I concentrate on the road. Two weeks. It's only been two weeks. Have to think bout something else, because bloody hell, I'm not obsessed with Xander. So I want him. So I want to lick that chest of his and have his body wrap around me again. So bloody what.

Thing is, he's made it perfectly clear how he feels. I've got some pride you know. Not going to let him know I've been wanting him. If he knows that, the sadistic little bastard will never let me live it down. Kid's got a mean streak in him worse than Angelus. And what good would it get me anyway, if I told him? He wants his soft human girlfriend, not some chipped pathetic vampire.

Need a shag. Maybe I should pick someone up tonight.

I glance over at Spike and he's watching the road. Now would be a good time to talk about something manly.

"Hey did you see Crocodile Hunter the other night?"

Spike snorts.

"Fucking psycho."

"Now Spike," I say. "You've got admire a guy who spends his time messing around things with big teeth."

"What, like you?" I leer. And flash him some fang.

"You trying to tell me you've got some knackers hidden away there Harris?"

The whelp gives me a fake shocked look.

"Come back and say that when you can actually bite someone, fangless," he says.

I look at him.

"Xander, really, I'm hurt. Oh wait, no I'm not."

He grins. "Admit it Spike, you just wish you were as big and tough and sexy as Steve Irwin."

And I have to laugh cause that's the most fucking ridiculous thing he's said today. I know who's bloody sexy. Ridiculous boy.

Spike is talking complete shit, he was so not in Nazi Germany.

"So you're trying to tell me you met Hitler."

"Yeah. Me and Dru crashed one of them flash dinner parties some top notch Nazi git was holding."

"Uhuh, and this was before or after you flew a plane in the Battle for Britain?"

"Before o'course. Pay attention."

Okkaayyy.

"Spike, you know I don't believe a word you're saying?"

"An' why the fuck not? I've been alive for over a hundred and twenty years. Got to do something to kill the time. What, you think me and Dru sat about

plotting to take over the world all the time. Get bloody boring real quick that would."

Spike's stories all begin with "Me and Dru". I guess he must have done pretty much everything with her. Which is kind of nice...I guess. In an obsessive psychotic vampire killing team kind of way. I mean, no wonder he was so cut up when she dumped him. I guess she really was his best friend.

"No, I think you spent the majority of your existence smoking, having sex and eating innocent people."

"Well, yeah," he admits. "There was a fair bit of that. But in the pursuit of those worthy activities, we also did some historically interesting things. Blimmin' hell, Harris, from all the documentaries featuring old geezers wittering on about their pasts, you'd think there'd be some interest in a bloke who'd actually been there and still had all his faculties."

It's fun riling Spike. All right, suicidal, if he didn't have the chip. He gets so indignant. Funny.

And I know he enjoys it too. There's this almost grin hovering there. I guess he likes the conflict.

"You're right Spike, I should have more respect for the elderly. Want me to mush up your food for you?"

Trip goes pretty quickly. Whelp babbles on bout all sorts of gobshite. He's not bad company, if he can stop being a comedian for one second. Let him take over the radio for a bit. Some damn awful caterwauling from some prepubescent girl group is wailing on right now. I pull into the motel we're staying at. Anya booked a room for us over the Internet. I told her I'd find us a place to stay but apparently she doubted my abilities to find precious little Xander here appropriate shelter.

"Right, let's drop our stuff off and get to this concert," I say.

Harris nods.

We go and get the key from reception. All booked and paid for, lovely. Remind me to thank the whelp's girlfriend when we get back.

Xander unlocks the door, seeing as it was his credit card and signature and all. Nice enough room as motel rooms go. Minimal six legged life. Non-smoking apparently. Thank you Anyanka. Like I'd smoke in the room anyway. Have *some* self restraint. Ok, I would, but only after sex, and it's not like I'll be havin' any of that.

Two beds. Tele. Oh and cable.

Nice.

I dump my overnight bag on the floor. Ooh little coffee and sugar sachets. And towels folded neatly on the beds with little guest soaps.

I open the mini fridge. Empty. For some reason An' refused to book anywhere that had a mini bar. You'd swear she didn't trust us. Spike pops in his bags of blood, that have been keeping cool

wrapped up with a couple of cold packs. In a Hello Kitty bag. He claims it's Dawn's.

You'll notice I said beds. Two of them. One each. One for me and one for Spike.

Separate.

Why do motel rooms always make me horny?

I glance up and Spike's looking at me. He drops his Hello Kitty bag on the bed (snicker), and sort of coughs.

"Right, come on Harris, let's get going," he says.

We head into the club where the Offspring are playing. Lots of little teenage girls giggling and squealing. And I know this is Harris's idea of heavy music. Sad. Still, coulda been worse. Coulda been that bint I've caught him listening to, Christina Bloody Aguilera.

Wonder if he picked this band cause of me.

Shut up, you pathetic, dead git.

We grab some beers and sit back and watch the support band. They're pretty good and sound a lot like some of the groups that play at the Bronze. Cool. Spike's doing some people watching. Which involves him watching the crowd then leaning over to me and making witty comments about whoever had the misfortune to attract his attention. Ok, so I do it too. We amuse ourselves.

Shut up. I am so not as bad as Spike.

Finally the Offspring get their arses out on stage.

"Hey, Xander, 'm going to go dance a bit, you want to?"

He looks positively terrified.

"With you?"

"No, moron, in the mosh pit." I shake my head. "For fuck's sake."

He looks disgusted. Good one Xander. Yes, Spike would really want to dance *with* you. Dummy. Crap.

Bloody hell, as if I'd want to dance with him. Press my body up against his and grind against him, writhing together in time to our own lust ridden rhythm. Not bloody likely.

"Yeah, duh Spike," he says.

Oh. He was kidding.

I'm thinking, right now a nice energetic jump around in the mosh pit would be a really good idea.

It's a stinking, hot, sweaty, seething mass of humanity. Screaming out, laughing and yelling along to the music coming from the stage. I can hear hearts pounding all around me. Hear and smell the rushing blood. It's intoxicating. Best fun you can have short of killing and shagging. There's pushing,

punching and kicking, and blokes and chits being handed over the top of everyone. I'm only doing the pushing, sodding chip.

I've lost Harris. He's in here somewhere.

Oh and ow? Ok, I'm going to be the big wuss boy and get out of the mosh pit.

I make my way out of the pit. Disengaging from the hot flesh and blood scent. Most of the sweat I'm covered with isn't mine. Bloody good fun all round.

And I'm going to sound like a great big girly man again, cause walking out of the crowd of people into actual breathable air is one of the fucking best feelings in the world.

I take a deep breath as the sudden refreshing relative coolness hits me. I find a convenient wall and lean against it.

Wonder where Spike is?

I see Harris. He's covered in sweat, his hair's stuck to his forehead and that bloody stupid shirt of his is torn open. And he's panting a bit, eyes wide.

I'm hard.

Spike is standing right in front of me. And he's all...hot and breathing heavily. Which I know he doesn't need to do but seems to do all the time anyway.

Ok, taking a deep breath too now, because he's all taut muscle in that shirt and you can practically feel the pent up energy radiating off him. And he's looking at me. Just...standing there, looking at me. And way too close.

Dexter Holland is screaming out something about balls and chains.

And I just look at Xander. Those bloody wide brown eyes looking back at me. And yeah, not exactly having the purest of thoughts at present.

And fuck it all to hell.

Then he moves as I move.

And oh god yeah, we're kissing.

"Me and my old lady lay in bed all day. When I say I love her, well she rolls the other way."

And his lips are on mine. And oh god, it feels good. I grip his arm roughly and he's not even touching me with his hands. Just lips of Spike. Tongue of Spike. Did I just whimper? I'll take that as a yes. And oh, hands now, his hand on my hip and one on my arm and it's too tight, but oh fuck, have I mentioned it feels good?

"But really she don't mean it, everything she says. Still if I believe in love, there's nothing wrong..."

The whelp's tongue's in my mouth and this is turning out to be the best bloody idea I've had all night. And he's hard. Hard like me as I press my groin into him and hold him tight against me.

"There's nothing wrong with my head."

Spike grinds his hard on against mine and I rock my hips against him. He feel's like he's all tight jeans and cock and muscles. Oh god, I can't believe that turns me on.

Ok, got to breathe.

"So what if we're making a scene now you know you know she don't give a shit, when she's pawin and grabbin on me now you know I don't mind a bit"

The whelp pulls back, gasping. He looks at me all confused. Time for the bloody gentle let down

speech or the get off me speech, or more bloody likely, the ew gross much speech. I look at Xander. Yeah I'm panting. Can't help it. The whelp licks his lips.

Then we're at it again.

I want him. And I don't bloody care.

"It's all good we ain't gonna change now. The world is unaware."

Oh god, Spike. I hold him to me. His body is hard, and ok, I've been thinking about exactly this. This is wrong. There's definitely some wrongage. But am so not thinking about that now.

"So if you want go on and stare, cause we don't care. We don't care...."

I press Xander back up against the wall. We're groping each other and snogging and he's making all those good sounds.

"Bloody hell, I've missed this," I breathe.

Bugger, I said that out loud. Don't care. It's true. Have bloody wanted to do this for weeks now. Every time he makes some half-funny remark at my expense, and every time he makes some self-deprecating comment. I crush my mouth on his, before he can say something now.

"Me and my old lady suck each other dry. And when in that position I'm the luckiest man alive."

"Quenching our libidos, passing time away."

And ok, my brain's starting to kick in now. Spike missed this? Spike's been wanting me?

Oh fuck. Anya.

Oh fuck.

Oh fuck.

"Spike-" I manage to say.

"Yeah?" he asks and oh, he's...

I grab at his hand just as he's starting on my zip.

"What?" he asks, and looks confused.

Crap.

"Spike - stop."

Oh. Anya. Of course.

Fanbloodytastic.

Spike pulls away and leans back against the wall. He lets out a deep breath.

Crap.

I'm supposed to feel proud of myself right? Cause I did the right thing? And didn't cheat on my girlfriend. But actually all I'm feeling is horny and...a bit sick. Crap. And Spike is just leaning against the wall, his eyes shut. Crap.

"Now that we believe in love, there's nothing wrong, there's nothing wrong with our head."

I close my eyes. Ok. Kid doesn't want to. Not like I'm desperate for him. Bit of a shag in the back of the car would've been nice, but not like I can't live without it. Can't let him think I give a shit about this.

I open my eyes.

"Want a beer?" I ask.

I swallow hard and nod. And I just do the wall leaning thing. Ahh nice. Comfortable, non-judgemental, wall. Oh god. I kissed Spike. Ok, so I didn't fuck Spike, but kissage is not good. And the wanting to fuck Spike? Very much of the bad. Sleeping with Spike is so not a possibility. I can't have sex with Spike, or do any sticky touchy feely things either. It's just...I just can't. It's just wrong. And it's not just because of Anya's old life as a vengeance demon. It's, well, she's great to me and lovely and she doesn't suspect a thing, and what kind of prick takes advantage of that. And we just got back together.

Even if I do want Spike. Which is so very, very, not helping.

I come back with a couple of beers and hand one to the whelp. I glance at him. And he's studiously not looking at me.

Bloody hell. Bloody pathetic this is. S'pose I'd better say something. Lighten the mood up. Act as if nothing happened.

He beats me to it.

"And you wanted to go see Anal Cunt," he says.

Spike smirks.

"Heard good things bout that band. Probably would've got a bit of headache though if I wore razor blades into the mosh pit."

"Nice Spike. You're a really swell guy, you know that?"

He chuckles.

"Yeah, mate, I'm real swell." And there's just something in his tone and he looks away.

Crap.

6 Not Anya

I just look at Anya. I don't know what to say.

"Did you have an enjoyable time at the concert?" she asks.

I nod.

"Presents," I say, holding up the bags. "Uh, I brought you presents."

And then I don't have to speak for a while because Anya is busy looking through the gifts I bought and

exclaiming and being excited. Presents were a good plan.

And Anya is just so happy and just so pleased that I can't say anything. She keeps kissing me and opening the plastic bags and its just stupid crap I bought. Just things that I thought she might like. But to her it seems so special. And I don't know why I don't buy her more presents.

I'm scum.

I watch the whelp disappear into this apartment block, then start the car and drive away. Don't know what to think. Don't know what to want.

Harris was doing that whole inner turmoil thing all the bloody way home. Sorry I had a wank with him now. It was his blimmin' idea. Wasn't my fault he walked in on me.

Bloody hell.

Am thinking that if I hadn't come out of that bathroom, it would've been a good thing. Or even if I'd just kept my dick in my pants in the first place, so the whelp wouldn't have walked in on me. Cause much as I liked playing spank the monkey with the kid, the whole cold shoulder treatment on the way home wasn't exactly a barrel of laughs.

Fuck.

Way he called my name though. And he can deny it all he wants, but he was lookin' at me. It was me he was tossing off over. Know he still wants me, for all his protesting.

Yeah pillock, that's why he's gone home to his nice warm woman while you go back to your cold empty crypt and relive past shags with your hand. Sad, pathetic loser.

It's later. Anya is fixing something on her website or selling shares or something. She thinks I'm watching

television, but really I'm thinking. I'm thinking about her and about us. I switch off the television.

"Anya," I say. And I feel like I'm watching myself talk from somewhere deep inside myself. "I don't want to hurt you."

She looks up at me and frowns.

"You don't want to hurt me Xander? Why would you hurt me?"

And I look down.

"I love you Anya. But I don't think...I mean. I think you were right to leave the first time."

"But why? I don't understand. Well I do, but those are my reasons. Why are you unhappy? Haven't I been trying hard enough?"

"No, no, it's not your fault," I say. And I want to tell her about Spike, I really do, but it just sticks in my throat. So I don't. I just try to explain why, while leaving out all the lusting after blond vampires part. Which is hard because I'm not sure of why myself.

"I'm just worried that I'm using you," I finish lamely.

"Using me?"

I sit down and put my head in my hands. "I think I might just be with you because it's easier." I take a deep breath. "And...lately... I've been thinkingaboutotherpeople."

I should just tell her I think I'm gay. But it's not like that. It's just Spike. And I'm not even sure if that's a reason to leave her. And I can't bring myself to even start explaining about that.

"There's someone else?" Anya's voice is trembling and I feel worse, if that's possible.

I shake my head. Because there's not. There's a guy I want to be friends with but who I ended up fucking. There's not someone else. "No, no, it's not that. There's no one else, but I'm thinking about other people. And I shouldn't be doing that."

"Oh," she says in a small tight voice. And have I mentioned that I feel like shit? I expect questions, and arguments and Anya trying to convince me to

change my mind. But she's silent. I look up and she's just crying.

She sniffs.

"You're right, we can't keep doing this. I hoped things would change but they haven't."

"I'm sorry," I say.

"I am too Xander. You were a good boyfriend most of the time. And I will miss the sex."

I manage a half grin. "Me too."

Anya sniffs and smiles a watery smile.

"The sex was good."

"I'm sorry Anya. I really wanted this to work."

"I know. So did I," she says. "I think that's why we stayed together as long as we did. I pretended all the things that were wrong weren't."

I nod. And pull her to me, hugging her tight.

And yeah I cry too.

I suck.

I find out about Harris breaking up with his girlfriend through Dawn, couple of days after it happened, apparently. Nibblet tells me that Harris told Anya he was thinking about other people but there was no one else.

"Like I give a toss 'bout Harris's love life," I tell her and turn back to my book. It's a Stephen King and it's bloody funny. Damn good writer.

No one else, eh? And there's not going to be neither, least not me, if I have any say in it. Was just sex. And if he wants it again, which he will, he'll fucking have to ask, cause I'm done making the first move. Tired of being a convenient male body.

'Thinking of other people'? Yeah, done a bit more than that didn't you Harris?

I do NOT bloody care that he didn't come running once he broke up with demon girl. Never once crossed my mind that he dumped her for me.

Oh, just sod off.

Ok, so I've broken up with Anya, but that doesn't mean I'm just going to go running to Spike now. I mean, it's SPIKE. Spike who is a vampire, who is a guy, who thinks I'm lame. Who bites his lip when he jacks off and cums because I do.

No. No. No.

Besides, I told Anya there wasn't anyone else. I mean, it's not like I'm going to tell her, but what if she finds out. There has to be a suitable mourning period first before I get horizontal with anyone else. Just because. It's the right thing to do. And anyway, Anya hasn't left this time. We sort of decided that we still **liked** each other and Anya was so, like, amazed that she really wants to try the 'being friends' thing. Which is actually pretty cool. Because

I don't **not** want to see her anymore. So I don't want to stuff that up either.

But things are really tense with Spike though. I haven't talked to him since that night. I mean, it's too weird and awkward. I don't know what to say. I guess I don't know how he'll react. I hope he's not pissed off with me about the whole not speaking thing. He might think I was pissed off with him. Ok, I was, at first. Ok, still am a bit. But I know it's not fair to blame him for me breaking up with Anya, or having sweaty, naughty thoughts about him. Which is why...I mean I've got to talk to him sometime, I don't not want to be friends with him either.

I mean we say hi. Well, he half waves when I say hi. Ok, so I don't say hi specifically to him, it's like, hey Will, hey Tara, hey Spike. And he does that wave thing.

And even if I do you know, want Spike, and a suitable mourning period has passed, what if he doesn't want me anymore? What if it was just sex, some game? And why am I thinking about this like it's more than sex? Because Spike, boyfriend? No.

Very no.

Of course, if I happen to be with Spike, and Spike happens to like, do that kissing stuff he did at the concert, then there's no reason for us not to have the wild monkey sex, preferably with penetration. If he happened to.

I show up at the Magic Box for pre-demon slaying meeting. The usual, how big is it, what kills it, where is it, let's go thwack it. Harris is there. Haven't spoken to him since that night. Not that I'm avoiding him or anything, just, what's there to say? Hey mate, heard you broke up with your girlfriend, wanna shag? Not bloody likely.

'Sides, not like he's doing much talking either. Just says hi then avoids looking at me for the rest of the night. Not bloody awkward at all.

So I'm thinking, not much chance he's going to be wanting a shag in the near future, no.

"So Spike and Xander if you go to check on the south side for this nest, Tara and I will work on this spell-"

Spike and me? Gulp? No. Not good. Bad. Very bad. I risk a glance at Spike. He's just standing there examining his fingernails. I can't say anything cause then he'll think I don't want to spend time with him. Which isn't true. I do want to spend time with him, just not yet.

Oh good. The witches have suggested I go spend some quality time with Xander. That's not going to be uncomfortable.

We're walking through the park by the lake. Uhuh, Sunnydale has a lake. Perfect for moonlight walks and creepy unexplained disappearances. Ooh and I'm so glad I'm here with an only slightly reformed soulless killer. Lucky me.

Right at this moment the soulless killer is jumping on stuff and jumping over stuff. It's so not sexy.

Of course, if he **happens** to like, decide to redirect that excess energy elsewhere...Argh! No. I'm not wanting Spike/Xander sexual situations. Because that would be...bad...why again?

Harris is walking couple of feet away. We ain't said much. Sod him. He's the one who got all silent.

I jump over a park bench and kick some stones. Hope some nasties show up soon. I'm bored.

Harris keeps glancing at me. Well, if he wants me, all he has to do is ask. Never know, might say yes.

It's about bloody time he broke up with the demon chit. Him snogging and getting all hard and wanking off with another bloke, namely me, should've tipped him off that all wasn't well in the Harris household. Still, lots of blokes have spent their entire lives livin' a lie. He coulda done that too, I spose, nice and safe and very respectable until you're found dead of a heart attack in the home of a 17 year old rent boy with a ball gag in your mouth.

So, got to give him credit for breaking up with her I suppose.

The not talking is getting to me. Now I'm sort of over the being pissed at Spike and the brooding thing doesn't hold much appeal. I should say something. Anything. Just to you know, lighten the mood. Get some buddy-vibes happening. Stop Spike looking like he wants to rip out my spinal column and use it to beat me over the head.

"So, uh, ever seen one of these Kirniarn demons before?"

Yeah, work talk. Safe. Companionable.

He nods.

"Nasty little buggers. Fond of flabby construction worker types."

Oh.

Hey!

I smirk. Took him a bit to process that one.

"Hey, buddy, I'll have you know I'm not at all flabby. Very much taut and well-muscled," he says.

I look him over. "Oh," I say. "My mistake. Must have been the angle I was looking from."

He thinks about that too. And blushes. Yeah, it could be taken in a dirty kind of way. If I'd happened to have, say, knelt behind him, and licked his arse. Which I have.

I'm trying to think of a witty comeback insult.

"Might want to get that eyesight checked there Spike. Seems to be failing you a bit. Must be age."

Oh there we go.

He chuckles. Yep, I'm the funny one.

Hmmm. If he's not interested, what I'm going to do now will have no effect at all, now will it?

I lift my shirt up.

"Harris, this is taut and well-muscled-"

Unfortunately I don't get a chance to see the effect my bloody gorgeous body has on the whelp because we must have disturbed the Kirniarn nest and a whole swarm of them attack us.

Lucky they're only two feet high.

I was not affected by Spike's abs. I'm not being distracted thinking about them. So not turned on by that hard, pale flesh. And what it would be like to run my tongue over it. Ok, focusing.

These Kirniarn demons are scary, like toddlers with too many teeth. Kind of like the baby alien things on Galaxy Quest. Spike's kicking them away, but there's heaps of them. Like really scary garden gnomes.

I think they're swearing at us.

Little buggers.

"Xander!" I yell as I boot one across the same park bench I jumped before. "Ow, dammit, little bastard!" Bitey little blighters. "Lake!"

They can't stand water. And we kick them off us, heading for the lake. Why the little fuckwits nested near a lake is beyond me. Convenient for us though.

Think they eat ducks. Or old ladies who walk Chihuahuas, and feed ducks.

We wade into the water, flinging the demons off us. Now I'm sure they're swearing. Potty-mouth demons. A couple try to jump across from the shore onto us but miss and flounder in the water squealing until they get back to shore or until they stop floundering. Ok, guess they can't swim.

I grin at Spike.

"Ok, that was a useful piece of knowledge bleach boy."

He's grinning too and checking out the Kirniarn bites on his arms. I've got a couple, ok about five. They sting.

"Uh, Spike, are they like poisonous or anything?"

I'm starting to swell.

"Not usually," he says, taking my arm. He looks up at me. And ok, not liking that look. Too much concern there Spike.

"Hold still," he says and brings my wrist to his mouth.

Knew vampire sucking power was good for something.

"Er, Spike? You are just taking the poison aren't you? You're not having a little snack there right?" he says.

I give him a dirty look and spit out the infected shit from his arm. Then just give the wound a lick for good measure. True, vampire spit's good for that sort of thing, but it was more for the look on the kid's face that I did it. Interesting.

"Shut up Harris," I growl and turn to the next bite.

He's got a heap on him. And they are infected. Never knew the little buggers were poisonous but Harris could just be allergic. I snort at that thought. Typical.

Ok, I've got three bites on my arms. One on my side and one...um, on my upper thigh. The kind of place that you sort of have to drop your pants to get to. I think Spike realises this about now too, because he's looking in the direction of my butt. He coughs, then quirks that eyebrow of his.

"Right," he says. "Drop your pants then."

We're just over our knees in water, about mid-thigh. I can't drop my trousers too far or I'll lose them in the lake. And Spike can't exactly kneel down to suck out the poison either. So he's kind of leaning over beside me, hanging on to me for balance while he puts his mouth just under my right butt-cheek.

Yeah we fall over.

"Sodding hell," I growl. We didn't just fall over, we completely-submerged, totally soaked, wet to the bone, Xander sodding Harris's big fat arse on my head, fell over.

And Harris is just laughing at me like a complete pillock. Git. This coat is leather you know.

Time for revenge. There's one more bite left on the kid.

"Lift up your shirt," I say. He peels the wet material up, exposing the bite and also his not-so flabby stomach. I'm wet now, so it don't make much difference, so I kneel in front on him in the water. I put my hands on his hips and press my mouth to the bite and suck out the poison. Then I lick.

Harris quivers. Heh. If he wants me he's bloody going to have to ask.

Oh god.

So maybe I lick a bit more than the area covered by the bite. Can't be too careful where poisonous bites are concerned. And maybe I licked just a bit slower and just a bit more **intimately** then I did with the other bites.

No need for Harris to fall over again.

And losing balance then was probably the best idea I've had in a long time, cause otherwise Spike was going to be face to face with something in my pants that was not a stake. And that wet cargos would do nothing to hide.

"Uh, Spike?" I say suddenly. "I think the Kirniarns have invented the boat."

Oh sodding hell. Isn't that just the bleeding bollocks. The little blighters have got themselves a raft and are attempting to send a naval contingent after us. I look across the shore to the other side. Can't see any of the little buggers on the other side.

"How well can you swim?" I ask Harris.

"Spike," he says. "I've spent twenty-one summers trying to swim in a pool full of my cousins. I think I can take them out."

We walk home all squishy. When it comes to capsizing a flotation device carrying small human shaped creatures, I'm the champ. True I learnt most of my skills from being on the receiving end of said capsizing, but all the same, I rule. Spike just looked on in awe the first time, then joined in. We just sank the boat, let the little monkey-butts drown, then sent the boat back to shore for the next lot. They kept coming. Spike kept making comments about lemmings.

"Now that, my friend, is what I like to call a plan without flaws," I say to Spike.

He laughs, a good laugh.

"I'm bloody impressed Harris. Think you've found your calling. Life guard in the kiddies wading pool." I don't think I need to mention that it was Spike, the Big Bad, who had opted for running, while I, Xander Harris wanted to stay and fight. I don't think I need mention that. Now. Maybe tomorrow, at the next Scooby meeting.

Apart from that suspicious poison-sucking incident he hasn't tried anything seduction like. Because, you know, if he **happened** to, well I don't have to say no this time. Wonder if he will when we get back to my place. Oh, yeah, we're going back to my place. He doesn't have a shower. Don't let the brochures fool you, Lake Sunnydale is neither pristine nor clear blue.

"You know, that old nature documentary," says Spike. "The one they always show of the lemmings jumping off the cliff?"

Oh no. "Yes?"

"You know the cameramen pushed them don't you?"

"Thank you Spike, I won't be able to watch old Disney ever again."

"Xander?"

"What?"

"You do know they used up about a hundred cats filming Milo and Otis don't you?"

"Shut up Spike."

"Kept drowning having them amazing adventures apparently."

"Thanks Spike."

"Was Milo the cat or the dog?"

We stumble into Xander's apartment, sopping wet and laughing. Xander looks like a drowned rat. I tell him so.

He looks at me as if he's thinking of a retort.

And then he's just looking at me.

Spike's soaking wet, hair plastered to his head. Shirt clinging to his body. He's shrugged off his duster already. He said something, something I should respond to. Oh yeah.

"Look who's talking," I manage. Not exactly Original Comeback of the Year, but I'm kind of distracted because he's sort of close. And have I mentioned how blue his eyes are? And ok yeah, I'm thinking about his hands on my hips and him kneeling in front of me and yeah, what else he could be sucking, if you must know, aside from a poisonous bite.

Now would be a good time for him to try that seduction thing again.

I look at Xander. Not going to make the first move.
Not this time.

I can tell from that look on his face, from his dilated pupils, from the nervous way his heart's beating, without smelling it, that he's aroused.

I just stand there. Close. Breathing him in, drinking in his face, looking at those damn soft lips...And, ok, yeah, he'd better bloody hurry up with that first move.

I lick my lips. Spike's so close. Really close. And he's kind of breathing. And have I mentioned he's close. I shift just a bit then, and my hand brushes over his. He swallows. I'm pretty sure he wants... He shifts a

bit too, and we're practically touching now. Spike's looking at me like he wants to devour me, but he's not moving, just watching me. Like he's waiting. And he's kind of...amused? Dammit! Why won't he just kiss me already?

Xander's breathing heavy now. Can feel him against me almost. Yeah, pet, just a little bit more. I lick my lips, just for encouragement. Thoughts of last time I kissed him flash through my mind. Pressing him up against the door. Feeling his tongue in my mouth, his cock rubbing against mine. I run my eyes over his lips.

Yeah pet you want me. Just tell me so.

And then, thank fuck, he kisses me.

So I move in closer, and he doesn't move at all as I bend forward and press my lips to his. He returns the kiss but doesn't deepen it. He very chastely, very unSpikelike, just kisses me back. And that's all. So very not like I remember kissing Spike. I run my tongue out, over his lips, trying to gain entrance to his mouth. His lips part but only slightly and his tongue brushes against mine. There's no possessiveness. There's no devouring. It's weird, like he's holding back. Dammit, what's his problem? Doesn't he want this?

I pull back, frowning.

"Uh, Spike?" I begin, not sure how I'm going to put this. Going to participate or what might not be the most tactful way to put it.

"What do you want Harris?" he asks. And his voice, is sort of odd.

I swallow. And have I mentioned how close he is? Yeah I think I have. And I've just had his lips on mine. Softly. Restrained.

"Yurgh?"

Spike raises his eyebrows. And I turn red. He pins me with his eyes.

"Tell me what you want Harris," he says, and there's something in his voice, that's just a bit scary. Intense.

I cough and try the whole making actual words come out of my mouth thing again. Ok, I'm getting a bit irritated too now, because, a) horny, b) horny, c) Spike not doing anything about a or b.

"Why Spike?" I ask. "What do **you** want?" Why can't he just seduce me already?

His face is barely inches from mine. "Just tell me Xander," and there's a hint of a growl.

"You, ok, Spike, I want you," I snap.

"Then show me," he says.

Ok, I get it, I did the big rejection thing last time. So this time I have to take control.

Ok.

So I do.

Xander's tongue snakes into my mouth and he kisses me fiercely. He starts pulling me, us, towards his bedroom. And oh, hello, he pushes me up against the wall and...yeah, bloody hell yes...I know I whimper. I forget sometimes how much bigger than me he is. Not now. That gangly body presses me into the wall, his groin rubbing insistently against mine. His tongue in my mouth. My hands run through his hair as we devour each other.

Been to long. He better bloody not change his mind this time.

I pull back from Spike, trying to gasp in air. Then

we're at each other's mouths again. But still, Spike's doing that, holding back thing. It's weird, I'm not used to taking charge. I'm used to Anya taking charge. Hell I'm used to everyone taking charge. I've never taken charge. Except when I played that bondage game with An, but even then she told me what to do. Now Spike's not leading or anything. Crap, that means I've got to lead. I don't like leading. Ok, we're kissing, that's good. There's rubbing of groins and assorted body parts, also good. Spike's made whimpery noises when I pushed him against the wall. Guess he kind of liked that.

And yes, the thought does occur to me that maybe he just wants me to show him I want him.

Ok, I'll take charge. Spike whimpers again. This could be fun. I start walking us to the bed.

Xander's hands are up under my wet shirt now, pushing the sodden material up my body. I stop

myself from just ripping his clothes off and instead imitate his actions. Hands are on my belt, under my shirt, at my sides. I fumble at his zipper as my button fly is undone.

But he pulls away from my hands and starts exploring my neck with his mouth, his hands still roaming over my wet skin. He slips around behind me and moulds his body against mine, he's hard against my arse. I reach back and run my hands over his sides, not trying to hold him to me, mind. Just touching. Those hands of his pull my shirt up and Xander pulls back for a minute while I pull the wet material off over my head. He pulls me back against him and rubs his body against mine while his hands do a bit of exploring. An' I just let him.

I push Spike's sodden jeans off his hips, and press my still clothed groin into his bare ass. I press into him hard, mock fucking him almost. He grinds back

against me and oh, tingles, really good tingles. I run my hand over his hard abs and up across his chest. And I just want to fuck him now.

My jeans are stuck halfway down my thighs, wet denim's a bugger, but I don't bother trying to fix that problem because Xander is behind me and he's hard and his hands are running over me and one's on my chest and he's tweaking my nipples. And the other hand....oh yeah, pet, good, like that. He rubs himself against my arse and I feel his lips on my neck and ear. I reach my hand up and back and run it through his hair as he nuzzles my neck. His other hand strokes my cock and I put my free hand on his and we rock together for a couple of moments.

Fuck this is heaven.

Oi, where's he going?

Oh. Lube.

I grab the lube and squirt some onto my fingers. Spike hisses sharply as I slide my hand between his butt cheeks. I press my body back against him and start stroking him again as I try to feel inside him. Try to find that spot. The one that makes me see stars.

Oh fuck yes. A slick finger, then another is inside me. I know I'm panting. And he starts stroking my dick again, while he explores me in this awkward position. Suddenly he pushes me onto the bed. And I hear him undo his pants and I feel him kneel behind me. Yeah, pet, just give me a good hard shag.

The slick fingers invade me again. I bury my face into the bed and arch up for him. My cock rubs against the bed cover. Yeah pet, yeah Xander. Good. Please, do that. Oh yes pet, that's it, that's the spot. I muffle a moan into the mattress. Just letting him do this. Let him show me he wants me. He's a quick learner. Stretching me wider, preparing me, making me ready. Making me buck and whimper just by touching that spot he found. Oh fuck, his cock. Oh fuck. Oh yes. Xander yes.

I thrust into Spike and it feels so good. I had almost forgotten what it felt like inside him. He feels so good. Feels so good. Oh god. Oh fuck. Feels so fucking good.

Xander hands dig roughly into my hips and he pounds into me. Good pet. Do that. Show me you want me. Show me pet. He wants me. Wants me so much. Show me Xander. Show me. So hard. So hard. He grips my hips tighter and slams himself so hard into me. Pushing me forward, rubbing my cock against the bed. So far inside me. So hard. Show me Xander. Show me.

And I hear him moaning and grunting and panting out stupid nothings. Telling me how good I feel. Telling me how much he wants to fuck me. Praying to all and sundry and telling me he missed me all at once.

Oh god, oh yes. I start to babble I know I do. A slow thought starts to build in my mind. Spike's face is buried in the bed and his hands clench the sheets. I watch the muscles of his back ripple with each

thrust as he arches up. Then I realise what the thought is. Spike's just lying there. He's just making these sort of grunting, panting sounds. He's not making all those good sounds he usually does. No "fuck yes, Xander, pet yeah, like that," none of those sounds that send flashes to my groin. He's just...taking it. I stop.

"Spike? Are you ok?"

"Yes, bloody hell, don't stop."

Ok. But I can't, can't keep...not...With shock I let go of his hips. I didn't even know I was holding them so tightly, and I lean forward over him, supporting myself above him with my arms. I feel him shudder beneath me as the movement pushes me inside him deep. My lips graze over his shoulders, over his neck and I pull out a little and push in slowly.

He arches up against me at my thrust and I take the opportunity to wrap my arm around him, pulling him sheer against my body.

He groans and I bury my face in his neck, in his still damp hair.

"Fuck me, Xan, please," he says in a voice that throbs with something I don't think I understand. So I pull out and in, moving deep inside him. Oh fuck yes, this is good. So good. He's so good. Why did I take so long to get here?

Ohfuckyesbloodyhellxanfuckyes. His weight on me, enfolding me, covering me, claiming me. And he's hardly moving, tiny, tiny thrusts deep inside me. And I can feel his lips on my shoulders, on my neck, on my ear. Words are being whispered, breathed against me.

"So tight, so good, Spike, so good, please Spike, tell me Spike, tell me, tell me."

"Yeah, Xan, yeah love, yeah it's good, yeah fuck yes, deeper pet," and I groan because he's started pulling out now, pulling out and moving back in, so slowly, so fucking painfully, deliciously slow. Pulling out, pulling out, just so, just enough to- oh fuck!

Yes! I arch up against him as he hits that spot, and then the little bugger does it again, ohfuck, again, ogodoyes, and again, harder and harder till I'm talking in tongues pretty much or at least in several obscure demon languages. And he keeps thrusting and we're both moaning and panting and talking shit, and ohfuck. I'm gonna...ohbloodyfuckinhellyes, I'm cumming.

"Xander! Fuckyes! Ohgoddyesssss!"

"YesSpikeyes, oh shit yes! Oh Spike!" And he grunts out his release deep inside me.

I fall onto the bed panting. Man. Man that was...wow. Intense. Fuck. I lie there panting.

"That was intense," I say. I get no response. I look up and Spike's just sitting there. His wet jeans still around his thighs. I watch as he stands and tries to pull them back up a bit, to cover himself. They make

it mid buttock. I watch as he walks a bit unsteadily into the lounge room, watch through the door as he pulls his cigarettes out of his duster and walks back into the bedroom. He sits back down on the end of the bed where he was and tries to light a damp cigarette. It's then that I notice that his hands are shaking.

I don't know what to say.

"Spike? You ok?"

He nods.

"I...I didn't hurt you did I?" The sleep that was threatening to overtake me is gone, replaced by something that feels like nausea.

He shakes his head. "Nothing I didn't like anyway."
Oh good, a smile.

I don't know what to do. Should I make a funny remark, get us back into our friendly banter, light mood zone? But that seems wrong. Wrong after...that. I move forward a bit. He gets his cigarette lit and lifts it to his lips with shaking hands.

Probably not the time to mention my no smoking in the bedroom policy I just made up.

I decide to just stop thinking.

I feel strong arms slip around my waist and a warm body against my back. A warm body, albeit one in damp clothes.

"Hey," Xander says softly. And I get a twisting feeling in my gut.

"Hey," I say and wrap my left arm around his. He rests his chin on my shoulder.

I feel like I've got a big ball of emotion inside me. I don't know what I feel. He's right; that was intense. Can't just laugh that one off. It was too much. My chest feels tight. And we just sit there for a bit while I smoke my cigarette.

Spike finishes his cigarette and crushes it out on the sole of his boot before aiming the butt towards my bin.

"So," he says. "You and demon girl broke up."

"Yeah," I say.

"Oh." There's a pause, then he says. "So you wouldn't care if I ask her out then?"

For a brief horrible moment I suspect that might have been Spike's plan all along. But no, he's joking. Good. That's good. Never thought I'd be happy to see joking Spike, but I am. I snort.

"Gee Spike, should've asked when I was still with her, we might've been able to get a threesome going." I feel slightly bad because that might be disrespectful to Anya, but then Spike chuckles, and things feel a bit better. I let go of him.

"I'm going to pass out, come and lie down with me," I say, letting myself fall over sideways. He turns around and grins at me.

"No stamina," he says, then undoes his boots and kicks them off before stripping off his still damp jeans.

I realise I'm still in my wet clothes so I peel off my shirt and pants as well. I throw the clothes on the floor then crawl up the bed to my nice comfy pillow and I feel the bed sink down beside me.

He lies on his back, arms behind his head, starring at the ceiling.

"Spike?"

"Yeah?"

"That was great."

"Yeah, mate, it was."

He makes a sleepy chuckling sound.

"Oh it's mate now is it, gee Spike, no love, no pet, no honey?"

"Nuh, think I'm a bloody poofter or something?" I say.

He's obviously thinking about how ridiculous a statement that is considering what we just did.

"You homosexual Spike? Never. Now get that sweet ass of yours over here so I can give you a great big kiss, love muffin."

I laugh and kick him.

I don't know what's going to happen next, what he wants.

Think I've bloody gone and fallen for him. Fuck.

We lie there for a bit longer. I'm still in shock over the great sex. I can't believe I didn't know if I wanted this or not.

"Spike?" I say.

He makes a sound that indicates he can hear me but is too tired or lazy to bother using actual words.

"I missed this too." And I hope he knows what I'm referring to - what he said at the concert, before I stopped kissing him.

"Good," he growls. "Now shut the fuck up and come here." He pulls me against him and for once I'm the one being spooned. It feels good.

"Course, if you get back with Anya again tomorrow I'm going to bloody kill the both of you."

I snort, half asleep now. "You'd commit homicide for me. Gosh Spike, that's...very, very scary."

And he laughs against my back and just that sound makes me feel so good.

This is nice.

7 More than friends

I lie awake for a while, my arm tight across Xander's middle, just feeling him beside me. Just listening to him sleep.

There's something beautiful about him and I don't care if I sound like a complete ponce. He makes funny noises in his sleep. I feel dawn approaching and think about leaving. And I would've except that Xander pulls out of my embrace and rolls over facing me.

"Hey Spike," he says smiling sleepily, like he's just remembered I'm there, and that it's a good thing. He lifts up and drops a kiss on my mouth, then wraps his arms about me and falls asleep again.

So dawn comes and I haven't left.

Ooh yay, it's Saturday. I open my eyes and find Spike propped up on one elbow watching me. He's still here. And the happy feeling for *that* is almost as good as the one I had for Saturday. And yes, the weirdness of this fact does not escape me. Ooh our first spend-the-entire-night-together.

Shut up.

"Hey," I say.

"Morning," he says.

My first instinct is to kiss him, but I don't, because, Xander here, majorly insecure. So instead I just watch him. He's looking at me. Wonder what he's thinking. Hope he's not sorry about last night. Heh, last night, time for a gratuitous wow. I try to avoid the questions that pop into my head like 'Where we're going from here?' and 'Is this going to happen, like often now?' I scratch at the Kirniarn bites. They're purple and starting to itch.

"Hold still," Spike says suddenly. And takes my arm.

He watches me steadily as he lifts my wrist to his mouth and licks the still healing bite.

Feels nice. Hey, the guy sucks my dick, I've got past the whole, ew, his mouth on me thing.

The Kirniarn bites are an ugly purple. They're healing, just not quite there yet. I put Harris's wrist down and move closer, licking the second bite, further up his arm. Xander's pupil's dilate and I don't break eye contact as I support myself over him and lick the bite on his other arm. I can hear his heart pounding and the smell his blood, hot and close to the surface. But better than that is the scent of arousal. Pheromones are wonderful things. I move down his body and lap at the bite wound on his side. I can feel his erection poking into my arm.

I pull [back up](#). He's watching me, biting his lip. Wondering if I'm gonna laugh at him, I expect. I don't.

I hold myself over him, then lower my body...just enough and brush my lips over his. He lifts his head, trying to catch my mouth. I bend down again and we kiss, not fiercely - tenderly, sensuously. I pull back. >

"Roll over," I say. And yeah, my voice is just a bit husky. This is getting to me too. So bloody what if I'm thinking 'bout last night and it's making me hard. So bloody what if *he's* making me hard.

He gulps and rolls over as requested. I rest my hand on his arse as I bend down and lick the wound on his thigh.

He lifts up just a little. Yeah, know what you're wanting love. I chuckle softly, then run my tongue up his thigh. And across the crease in his backside.

Hello! Spike? Tongue? Spike's tongue? Hey that tickles! Ooh! Spike's tongue runs up over my butt cheek. I part my legs helpfully. And he licks down at the spot between my balls and my butt. Then he's

back to my inner thigh.

He snorts.

"Harris, you. Shower. Now," he says. "You taste like swamp water."

I turn red, but laugh, because, yeah, so-called crystal blue waters of Lake Sunnydale are not.

I roll over and look up at him. And I can't believe I actually say it, but I do.

"You, ah, want to join me?" I ask.

He raises an eyebrow but he kind of looks pleased.

"Alright," he says.

My penis jumps even further to attention at the very bad, naughty thought of naked showering. But then certain parts of my body send certain signals to my brain. Ok, first I have some calls of nature to attend to.

Harris comes back from the lav and stands in the doorway watching me. He's got his boxers on now but there's a definite little campsite set up under there.

"Ready for that shower?" he asks, his voice just a bit unsteady. My cock twitches.

"Yep," I say.

I follow Xander into the bathroom and he turns on the shower and gets under. Bloody stupid, but I'm almost scared to breath in case I wake up and this is just a bloody dream. Cause he's still here, he's got an erection and he doesn't look like he's about to call me disgusting anytime soon. In fact, the kid's looking, well, like he's very much wanting my company, and I'm not just talking about his dick. He's got this bloody puppy dog 'hope I don't kicked in the head' look.

And then, the little bastard turns the showerhead and squirts me with water.

Right.

I'm in the shower stall in a second, pushing him up against the wall, turning the shower onto him full force.

He's laughing and sputtering and trying to push me off and turn the showerhead away. He manages to do the last part and I start getting drenched. I retreat to the other side of the shower. He points the showerhead at me there for good measure but it doesn't reach my face so it's sort of pointless.

We both stand in our respective corners. Watching each other. Oh dear, looks like we've reached an impasse. Notice he's still got his erection.

Yeah, course I've still got mine.

He wipes the water off his face and breaks into that goofy grin that I'm starting to think I like. All right,

that makes me feel like a million bloody dollars ok?

I grin back.

Spike's leaning on the shower wall, grinning at me. I summon up my best glare and haughtily grab the soap. Stepping forward so the shower spray hits my back I lather up the bar of soap and start running it over my body. Slowly. While I watch Spike.

Have I mentioned the decision I came to? Round about when Spike started licking my butt this morning? The one where I just go with this? The one where I don't get all freaked out by waking up next to Spike and liking it? The one where I don't ruin future potential hot sex opportunities by having uncomfortable talks? Yep. Basically I decided to let my cock do the thinking today. I'm good with all the decisions it's made so far. Speaking of my favourite appendage, I lather up a bit there as well.

Spike gulps. Hehe. I made Spike gulp. Yeah I'm the

sex god.

"Soap?" I ask.

That's it. In half a second I've got Xander up against the shower wall and I'm sliding my hand through the soap he's lathered on his body and we're nose to nose.

"Ta, love, thanks," I say and slide my body through the suds on his. He laughs. And then we're both slipping against each other. I brace myself against the wall, just for more leverage. I grin as he lets out a moan. And then...my hips thrust sharply against him as his fingers slide between my arse cheeks. I rest my forehead against his and try not to whimper.

That got the smirk off Spike's face. We stare into each other's eyes and I know I'm panting. I want to

kiss him. His dick is right against mine. Friction. Ooh nice. One of my fingers finds its way somewhere tight.

Spike's eyes close for a second and he lets out a quiet moan. He opens his eyes again and there's amusement there.

"You like my arse Xander?" he breathes.

"Yeah," I say.

"Why do you like my arse Xander?" he asks and thrusts his hips into me again.

"Um...your ass....let me see..." I consider this. Ok, there are some very obvious and very not straight reasons why I like Spike's ass.

"Because," I say and thrust my finger just a little deeper, setting off that chain of events that results in nice cock-on-cock friction. "It's really not that saggy for a guy who's nudging a hundred and thirty."

Spike chuckles. Then something just a little scary and intense comes into his eyes. "Turn around," he growls.

Ok, scary and surprisingly commanding. And oh, my penis obviously likes it. Hey, it's in charge. Obeying now.

Spike presses me against the wall, his soaped up erection rubbing between my butt cheeks.

"Like your arse too," he murmurs. "Gonna show you why."

I tense in anticipation. I'm dying to touch my cock, but somehow I know that's not in the rules of the game of the moment. I'm pretty good at playing games. Ask Anya. A small tingle of fear is in my stomach, but apparently not working to change my penis's assessment of the situation.

A whimper of protest escapes me as Spike pulls back. He chuckles again. I *know* he's enjoying this.

Oh fuck. Oh yes. Grnrrghh.

Spike's soapy finger eases its way inside me. The tiny thought occurs to me that maybe putting soap in certain places isn't exactly good for you, but hey, it feels ok. Very ok.

His finger works it's way in and I lean against the wall shaking from the sensation. The shower beats down on my lower back.

"Touch yourself," he says. I hear the slip, slip of him moving his hand over his own soapy erection. Panting slightly, I reach down and grasp my hard-on firmly.
Oh yeah. That's the stuff.

Xander whimpers as I move my finger, and then he bucks when I find that spot. I pull out a ways, then slip that finger and another back in. He groans. Likes that. I start sliding my fingers in and out,

mimicking my own thrusts into my hand. Mimicking his thrusts into his hand. He's so tight. I work my fingers a bit, stretching him. He's relaxed though. Wants this, can tell. I work a third finger in.

He groans there and clenches his arse a bit. On the edge of uncomfortable I think. I keep my hand still for a bit, till I feel him relax. Then start sliding them, in and out. Faster, harder. His breath and heartbeat quicken.

"Spike, oh fuck that feel good," he pants. A moan this time. I quicken the pace on my cock and feel my balls tighten. So tight. Want to be in him.

I'm in heaven. Or at least some really nice place where vampires do amazing things to your ass. Oh fuck. I can barely stand.

"Stop touching yourself," Spike says suddenly.

I groan, but hey, his game. I reluctantly let go of my

erection. And maybe it's the whole kink factor, but Spike being all commanding, plus doing great things to my butt, is a real turn on. Kind of like when me and An' used to play Princess and Slave Boy.

"Good boy," he murmurs. And I'm dying to touch myself again. I feel Spike position himself behind him, his fingers still slipping in and out of me, making me see black spots.

"Brace yourself," I manage.

Xander presses both hands to the shower wall and I see the muscles in his shoulders flex slightly. I bite back a moan of anticipation.

And then I swap fingers for cock. Hard.

"Oh fuck!" I exclaim as Spike thrusts into me. Black spots turn into stars. It's almost painful. But not. So

not. He thrusts hard, not like last time, this is powerful...he just pounds into me. Gripping my hips and just fucking me. It must only be for about twenty seconds, four, five powerful thrusts, but it's the longest damn twenty seconds in my life. Every thrust sends explosions through my body, I can't hear, I can't see...and oh, fuck yes, oh god, oh fuck, gonna cum, gonna cum. And then I feel Spike explode inside me. And I reach down and pull myself hard, cumming all over the shower wall.

He leans against me heavily.

"That, Harris, is why I like your arse," he gasps.

A laugh shakes my body. And then I feel Spike shake against me too. And then we're both silently laughing. Shaking with it. I think it must be from shock. From that intense thing we just did. He pulls out of me and turns me around and just kisses me. Holds me up, holds me against him, and kisses me.

It feels so good.

I congratulate my penis on some good executive decision making.

I pull Xander with me under the shower spray and set about washing him for real this time. He's got this bloody stupid grin on his face. I did that. Made him boneless and shaky. I wash him carefully, like I used to wash Dru sometimes. And then he takes the soap from my hands and starts washing me. I let him. His expression is serious, studious as he runs his hands over me, finding every crevice and nook in my body. I wonder vaguely if that's what I seemed like when I washed him. I kiss him again, then, his tongue tangling with mine, as we stand under the hot water, letting it wash the suds off us.

"So, I guess I'm stuck with you all day," I say as I dry myself off. I'm literally squeaky clean. Spike wraps a towel around his waist and looks at me carefully. Crap. I was just kidding. It wasn't like being stuck

with him was a bad thing. I hope he knows that. He knows that right?

"Less you've got a blanket you want me to smoke up, then yeah." And he raises his eyebrow and pads out into the bathroom.

Ok, salvageable.

"Nope, sorry. Guess you're just going to have to stay here."

Spike smirks, then picks up his jeans and pulls a face.

"Got a washing machine?" he asks.

The evil little sod grins evilly at me.

"No," he says. "But I do have some clothes you can borrow and I'll take your stuff down to the laundromat when I get the chance."

I wince, suddenly assailed by hideous memories of hawaiian shirts.

"I might be fucking you Harris, but you're not bloody getting me to dress like you."

I expect a laugh and some comment about how his dress sense isn't as abysmal as it actually is, but he suddenly sort of goes a bit pink looking. And has a coughing fit.

"Um, yeah, we're um, that's what we're doing all right." His eyes look wild.

Fuck. Bloody hell. Bugger. Sort of just implied this was a relationship, albeit one based on sex, didn't I? And Harris obviously had a hard time dealing with it. Bugger. Last thing I want is to look needy around the kid.

I look at him.

"Chin up, Harris, probably won't happen again," I

say.

"Oh, right. Of course not."

Bloody hell. One minute he's having a choking fit cause we've got something going, the next he's all kicked small animal because I said we wouldn't do it again. What does he want? Well, sod him, what does he think this is? Think we've got a bit beyond it just bein' an experiment or a one night stand. Or a mistake. Can't keep doing this and pretend he doesn't want me. Need me. Last night proved it. He wanted me.

Things are suddenly very uncomfortable.

All right.

I walk over to him. I'm still in just my towel and so is he. I invade his personal space a bit. He looks at me, sort of mesmerized. I lean in and murmur in his ear.

"I want you. You want me. It's called fucking. You can get all sad and broody about it or we can have

some fun. Personally I'm gonna have the fun."

And just to punctuate my statement, I clap my hand on his arse and pull him flush against me, and kiss him very firmly. I feel him get hard against me and his lips part and I feel his tongue against mine.

I pull back. Point made. Not fucking going back to all that bollocks before he broke up with the demon bint.

Xander looks a bit shell-shocked and I can hear his heart racing. He swallows.

"You want some breakfast?" he asks.

Fucking. Me and Spike are fucking. Not just, we fucked, but present tense, something we do, fucking. It's like saying, me and Spike play golf. Or me and Spike are squash buddies. It's something we do, have done and will do. And why does this suddenly terrify me? I mean, last night, was, ok,

incredible, and this morning? In the shower? I can't walk properly yet. I mean, when Spike said we probably wouldn't do it again - disappointment, major disappointment.

I think just having it said, laid out like that, freaked me. Ok, I can deal. Nothing's changed. It's not like we're buying rings for each other or picking out stylish bed linen together.

We fuck. It's something we do. We also watch tv and play pool and drink beer.

I calm down a bit. In that context it's suddenly not so wiggy.

I finish making two bowls of cereal. I ought to get some blood in for Spike.

Spike walks into the kitchen then, completely naked.

“Uh, and I guess clothes are optional,” I say. And I’m growing hard just seeing the hard-on Spike’s

sporting. What is he, a walking towel rack? He's naked, hair still damp from the shower and all hard and lean. Ok, I'm gay.

He just smirks at me, takes a bowl of cereal and sits down on my couch in front of the television.

Oh yeah, I've got it. Harris couldn't take his eyes off me. Sugar coated breakfast cereal, morning telly and a potential fuck, sounds like my idea of a bloody good day.

I watch Harris walk into the room. He's wearing jeans, too baggy as usual, but there's just something about the way they hang off his hips. I raise an eyebrow as he looks at me and I see him glance down at my huge stonker of an erection (even if I do say so myself, course I do, I'm fucking well hung) and turn bright red. Notice he's been turning less pink lately though.

I get the urge to do something about Spike's hard-on. It's just like, begging to be, ok, fucked, or sucked or possibly jerked off. But hey, have chocolatey nutritious breakfast cereal to eat. He's going to have to deal with it himself. I sit down just as the Pokemon theme song starts up.

"OH BLOODY HELL!"

I jump, nearly spilling my cereal.

"What?"

"Give me the remote," Spike nearly begs. "I'm not watching bloody Pokemon. There's got to be something else."

I grin evilly.

Harris is a fucking sadist. I can't believe he made me

sit through a whole bleeding half hour of that utter shite. Finally its over. The theme song for the next show starts up and I sigh with relief. Thank all that's good and holy and or evil. DragonballZ.

Much as I admire the artistic skill involved in producing DragonballZ, I gotta say its not a patch on the cartoons I used to watch as a kid, stuff like Voltron and Battle for the Planets. Even Gummi Bears. Hehe. Spike's getting into this though. It's funny watching him. He's like a big kid. Still got his erection though.

It's while we're sitting there later, though, watching Saturday morning cartoons, that I start following the idea of me and Spike fucking to it's natural conclusion. Spike indicated last night that he would probably be upset if I went back with Anya. Are we talking an exclusive arrangement here? Is Spike only going to have sex with me? What if I develop another fucking-relationship with someone else? Will this be like a regular thing or something that

happens say, once a month? Forget fucking someone else, what if I met a nice girl, guy even, and want to go on a date. I mean, what is this between me and Spike? Because, comfortable now with just sex, but where is it going? I don't know if I want it to develop into anything more, but do I just put potential relationships on standby until we get bored with screwing each other? And maybe I *do* want it to develop into something more, but Spike doesn't?

"What?" Spike says.

"Huh?"

"You're brooding," he says.

"Am not."

"Are bloody so. Put some gel in your hair and you'd be my bleeding grand sire."

I grin. One thing we have in common already, Angel dissing.

Spike grins back and it doesn't seem so scary after all.

He was thinking bout us. Just know it. I'm here, I'm giving him earth-shattering fucking orgasms. What more does he bloody want? Can't we just get back to good times hanging out and some regular shagging thrown in?

I'm the one that should be having the second thoughts. He is, after all just a human. Xander Harris. Butt monkey. Not like we can head out on the town on a nice jolly killing spree together.

Sod it. Wouldn't do that anyway now. Xander has sunk into silence again.

“Right,” I say. “That’s it.”

“What?” he asks, startled.

“We’re gonna spend the day here, might as well have some of that fun before you suck all the joy out of the room.”

The look on his face is priceless.

“Huh?”

“We’re gonna explore your sexuality some more.”

Xander’s doing a good interpretation of a stunned mullet. Who has happened to have turned bright pink. “Uh, yeah, that might be fun.”

The quickened heartbeat and those pheromones are giving him away a bit though. And making me hard...er.

“Yeah, pet,” I purr. “I figure there must be few things you haven’t tried yet, even with demon girl.”

Xander swallows hard.

“A sex fest huh, well I had ‘sit around watching tv

and eat pizza' scheduled for today's exciting activities but let me just check my diary, I think I can pencil you in."

Spike laughs, but then he drops his gaze and lets it run over my body. Oh.

"So, uh, what do you want to do exactly," I say, going into Willow-esque babble mode. "I mean, uh, before I commit myself to weird Vampire sexual hijinks."

Spike raises an eyebrow and looks at me as if he's got a whole list of perverse things he wants to do and is trying to decide which to try first. I'm also now very aware of the slight uncomfortable feeling I have in my ass still. I'm thinking Spike better not want to do anything too energetic. My subconscious helpfully sends me the image of what I did last night though. The image of Spike bent over my bed. And how it felt. Ok, very much up for some of that.

Spike smirks. “How about I unzip your pants and take out that hard cock of yours and remind you why it’s a good thing to be screwing something that doesn’t need to breathe?”

I swallow (again).

“Um, yep, ok, sounds like a good plan to me,” I manage.

Spike runs his tongue over his teeth and gets up and kneels before me. I sit back and watch him unzip my jeans. Ok, and hard? I think the answer to that is yes. Naked Spike is going to blow me. Yup, hard is the correct term here folks.

And then Spike takes my cock in his mouth and he’s sucking me...and grnurgle?

Technically, not something new, but, hey, I’m not complaining. Suddenly I’m reminded of that night in Spike’s crypt when we were watching porn and jerking off and I wanted to touch him and then he

leant over and started...fuck...doing exactly this.

I'm thinking of all the things I want to do with Xander. Thinking bout what we did last night and last month and not thinking about bloody irritating thoughts like what does this mean and where are we going and shit like that. Am thinking I want my cock in Harris's arse again, and I want his cock in me. Thinking I liked it when he took control. Thinking I liked it when he let me take control. Easy to forget sometimes that Harris can hurt me easily now. Think he forgets too about what I am.

And then I decide what we're gonna do next. I pull up suddenly from Xander's lap and he lets out a groan of protest.

"Come on love," I say, standing up and holding out my hand to him.

He gets up, looking a bit glazed and takes my hand and I lead him into the bedroom.

“Lie down, pet,” I say and he obeys, looks a bit curious. I get on my hands and knees above him, my face over his hard red erection and my arse over his face.

He suddenly laughs nervously.

“Ok, never done this before. Obviously I’ve had a 69 before, just not the two penis variety.”

I respond by returning to sucking one of the said penises.

And then I feel that hot mouth close around me and I let out a very unbig bad whimper of pleasure. Hot cock in my mouth and hot mouth on my cock.

I start sucking in earnest. Xander grips my thighs and takes me into his mouth as far as he can. Not very far that, but bloody hell, it’s far enough.

Oh fuck yes...I feel like Spike is sucking me out of my dick. There's something sort of cool about doing a 69, like we're equal, like it's all about everyone's pleasure. I try to take him deeper into my mouth. And sucking cock is easier to do too, when you're having yours sucked. His hips start thrusting into my mouth and I grab his thighs to stop him thrusting too deep. I actually don't mind if he does the thrusting now and again because it gives my neck muscles and jaw a break, but still got this gag reflex thing going on.

I suck harder on Harris. Can see his balls tighten, he stiffens a bit and I can tell he's gonna cum. I fuck into his mouth harder, but I don't care if I don't cum now, have some more interesting things to try first. And then Xander bucks underneath me and cries out and shoots into my mouth, pulling hard on my dick as he bucks with the orgasm. Fuck, yeah, good pet, ohgnnrrgbhhhh Xan....

I feel Spike cum into my mouth and I swallow hard, trying to keep up, all the time riding my own orgasm. Oh fuck. Oh yes. I let go of Spike's dick and lie there panting.

Spike gets off me and lies beside me on the bed. He's grinning. I grin back.

"Ok, count me in for a day of debauchery," I say.

Spike props himself up on his elbow next to me. He runs his fingers over my chest.

"Hmmm, such a pretty innocent boy, you really don't know what you've let yourself in for do you?" he says half mockingly.

"If it's anything like what we just did, then lead on oh perverted one."

Spike chuckles and kisses me quickly on the mouth.

"Pet, you have no idea."

I grin.

“So, what next sensei?”

Spike looks thoughtful. Its weird I can almost see his brain come to a decision. A decision he likes the sound of. This incredibly lustful expression just suddenly appears.

“Get up and undress,” he says.

I stand up, a little embarrassed, stripping off for Spike. Part of me still expects him to laugh at me or humiliate me, despite everything. The rest of me just feels all glowy and horny from the blow job. I peel off my t-shirt, and give a mock shimmy. Spike laughs. I snicker too and then put my thumbs in the waistband of my jeans and begins to slide them down my hips.

When I look up I see Spike. He has his hand on his cock and is masturbating. Spike getting off watching me undress. Ok, it turns me on. So I'm sick and disturbed. At this point I'm returning all decision

making to my dick.

I'm thinking Harris won't own all the interesting toys I'd like to use with him. Also thinking we might leave his introduction to BDSM to another day. At the moment multiple orgasms are interesting in their own right. Licking that hard tanned body and sinking into those warm depths, being burnt by his hot cock is more than enough.

Xander stands there his hand reaching for his own dick as he starts to toss off, watching me wank, watching him. Like in the motel, only this time it's gonna lead to something interesting.

"Want to fuck me Harris?" I ask.

"Yeah," he breathes more than says.

“Want to stick that cock of yours in me?”

“Yeah.”

I get onto my hands and knees on the bed.

“Lick my arse,” I say.

Harris moves behind me and I feel warm hands on my arse cheeks, parting them. I slid my hand over my cock in a slow rhythm as a tentative tongue slips hotly between my cheeks. Oh fuckyes.

“Yeah, pet,” I breathe. “Just like that. Good boy...yeah Xan...”

Ok, so I admit, like maybe even yesterday this would have grossed me out. Heck, even when Spike did it to me, the ick factor was pretty high. But it

feels good, very good, to have done and now, at this exact moment, its really erotic. And the good noises Spike is making is helping. A lot. This is the aroused Spike I know and...um...fuck...the one that keeps up a running commentary about everything I do. It's good. Better than his silence last night. This is light, this is fun. Not intense and...too much, like last night...Last night when I felt like kissing him and holding him and telling him it was ok.

I push my tongue inside him a little bit, making him hiss and swear and tell me I'm doing this just right. All that cunnilingus with Anya paid off, I have very well developed tongue muscles. I decide to get inventive.

Spike suddenly pulls forward and rolls onto his back. He pulls his knees to his chest.

"Fuck me," he says in a choked kind of voice.

Xander kneels down in front of me again and sticks

his tongue back in my arse. I writhe against him.

“Bloody hell, Harris, fuck me already.”

He just smirks and then licks my balls. Oh, fingers...nice. One finger slipping in. In and out for a bit...then two...oh yeah pet, that’s it. In and out, making me wide. Want more.

“Fuck me, Xander, want your cock.”

Three fingers. Oh fuck yes.

“What do you want Spike?” he asks, bastard.

“You, love, fucking hell, your cock in my arse.”

He chuckles and just keeps working my arse with his fingers.

“What’s the magic word?”

“Ohfuckgnn...Now,” I say.

“Wrong, it starts with ‘please Xander sex god with the biggest dick’ and ends with ‘in the entire universe’.”

“Bloody hell-” and then he hits that spot and I moan, which sort of defeats the purpose of the argument I was going to make. “Fuck me please Xander sex fucking god with the biggest fucking dick in the entire bloody universe, which by the way, I want NOW.”

Lube. I nearly forget lube. I grab the squirty bottle and slick myself up. I position myself at Spike’s butt and slip slippery fingers inside him once more for good measure. He grips his thighs tightly, holding himself open for me. My cock jumps and I slide my free hand over it.

“Now, Harris.” Spike begs. Spike actually begs for my cock. I made Spike want it so much he begged. Huh, yay me. I am the fucking sex god. I pull my fingers out then put the head of my dick in their

place. And as I do, I watch Spike's face. I'm going to be able to see Spike's face as I fuck him.

Ohhhhgoddies. Xander pushes all the way in and leans over me so I can hook my legs over those broad shoulders of his. He braces himself on his arms next to me, then pulls out slowly. And all the time he's watching me. Watching me like he cares. With those damn chocolate brown eyes I'm gonna drown in. He pushes in again and I moan. Bloody hell that feels good. So good.

"So good pet," I tell him. "You feel so good. Want you in my arse all the time."

He says my name, then leans forward and kisses me. I wrap my fingers in his hair and kiss him back. Kissing and fucking and we're barely moving now, just kissing and fucking...bloody hell, this feels good.

Oh damn, this is heaven. I don't want this to stop. I

want to have Spike's tongue in my mouth and my dick in his butt forever or viceversa. Don't care. Just more.

"Spike," I pant. He's so beautiful. Pleasure is written all over his face. And he's looking at me...wanting me. "So tight, so good," I begin to babble. "Want you Spike. Want you Spike. So sorry Spike, sorry for being so stupid. Shouldn't have gone back to Anya--"

"Shh pet," he says and silences me with his tongue down my throat again. And then we start rocking against each other, harder and faster until I feel cold cum from where Spike's cock is trapped between our bodies and my own orgasm over takes me and I explode inside him. I slip off Spike and we lie there for a while, exhausted, kissing softly and just touching a bit until we're both ready for more.

It's well after sundown when Harris wakes up. We fucked pretty much all afternoon. I've been watching him sleep. Think I might be onto a good

thing here. Think he's starting to realize that too. He's wrapped around me. Or rather, we're wrapped around each other. And I don't particularly care to move. Even though I'm getting a bit hungry and there's a bag of pig's blood in my crypt with my name on it. Literally. Nibblet writes 'for Spike [heart] Dawn' on 'em.

Finally Xander stirs.

"Mmm," he says. Then, "ow."

"Sore pet?" I ask.

"Bit. You?"

I shake my head. "Amazing vampire healing abilities, even when you've been fucked in the arse five times since lunch."

"Wasn't five," Xander laughs sleepily.

"All right, six, your turn next Harris."

“I believe I had my fair share of buggerings,” he murmurs.

I smirk. “Yeah, pet, that you did.”

“So,” I say, from my comfortable spot on Spike’s chest. “You want to go see a movie or something tonight?”

He’s quite for a minute.

“Yeah,” he says finally. “Why not.”

“Cool,” I say.

“Let’s swing by my place first though so I can get myself something to eat.”

I laugh then sigh theatrically. “Sure, fine, feed your craving for the blood of the living. It’s not my fault you’re too good for popcorn.”

I hit him with a convenient pillow then and laugh.

“Get up and have a shower before I discover you fucked the chip out with the rest of my brains.”

“Ooh threats-“ Xander begins and then he starts to laugh. Real belly laughing.

“What?” I demand.

“I never did get to wash your clothes.”

Hawaiian shirts. No. Please, no.

“That’s it,” I say. “We’re definitely going back to my place first.”

And for once I’m happy. Good happy. All because of stupid bloody Xander Harris who’s laughing his guts out at me

“Spike,” he says, wiping his eyes. Oh yeah, so

fucking funny. "Come and shower with me."

Definitely onto a good thing.

Spike thwaps me with the pillow as he walks past me to the bathroom, then ambushes me at the door and proceeds to kiss me. I think I'll let my dick do all my thinking from now on cause things seem to have gone pretty well today. I decide to put all that scary thinking and talking on hold indefinitely. Yep, kissing not thinking, definitely the way to go. And then Spike pulls me into the shower.

Later, when we've finished the movie and Spike's grinned at me and walked backwards down the stairs looking at me as he says goodnight, I shut my door, grinning like an idiot, and sit on my couch. I catch myself thinking about when I'm going to see Spike again. Cause you know, great sex and a lot of fun being had by all. I think a bit more about Spike. Think about the way he smiles at me sometimes, the way he looks at me. Thinking about what we

did, and what we could do. And so then I start thinking about where this is going with Spike. And then, for some reason that probably has to do with word association or something, I start thinking about Anya and about Cordelia again. About what happened with them. About how things started. And suddenly I realize that I've never actually had a relationship with someone I *chose*. I just seem to sleep with someone or grope them in a broom closet, or whatever, and then just somehow end up in a relationship with them. There's no rational getting to know each other, liking each other, heck, even loving each other and then getting to the physical stuff. I just seem to end up with people. And if I think about it, I've never actually ended up with people I've actually wanted to date. Even my brief fling with Willow was all about lust.

And I'm sort of thinking that falling for people because of sex probably isn't the most healthy way to start a meaningful relationship.

And I'm thinking that maybe now I've noticed this pattern, maybe I ought to do something about it.

8 Talking

I don't see Xander Harris for a whole entire day. Good effort on my part I think. After sundown on Sunday night, I drop by a liquor store and grab a six pack of beer. The good imported stuff.

I take the stairs two at a time up to the whelp's apartment and then knock loudly on the door. It takes him a long time to answer.

"Hello love," I say when he finally opens the door.

"Spike, hey," he says. "Um...so, um, you want to come in?"

I raise an eyebrow and give him my patented leer.

"Um, right yep, come in."

Something's not right. Something's wrong. Harris seems nervous, more than that, not happy to see me.

Fuck.

Spike sits down on my couch, and quirks his eyebrow. Confident, sexy. It's not helping, not now I've come to my decision.

"Um, listen Spike – I've got something I need to tell you," I say, tucking my hands in my jeans so they'll stop shaking. I look up at Spike and I feel sick. He hasn't got that

sexy look anymore. His expression is suddenly cold, closed.

"Oh, and what's that Harris? That you can't see me

anymore? That this is a bad idea? Well, save your breath pet, I'll be on my way-

"Spike! No, wait-

He stops. Looking at me. Waiting for me to say whatever I'm going to say to make this not sound like what he just said.

"I'm not going to say that. Sheesh. Give me a chance here." Ok, so I'm stalling. Cause, this is not going to be easy to say.

He just looks at me, waiting.

"I've been thinking. About us, about me and my incredibly bad luck with relationships-

Spike smirks coldly. "So what, you're gonna end this nice little fuck-game we've got going because you can't keep a girl?"

"No- Spike! Just shut up and listen for a moment, ok? Fuck, I had what I wanted to say all planned out

and everything.”

He shrugs and sits down. “Go on then.”

“I like you. I like what we’re doing. A lot. It’s just, this is how I start all my relationships. We fuck or grope or whatever, and then we just somehow end up going out. And...I like you. I want to be your friend.” I wince at this, expecting a derisive laugh and comment. Instead Spike keeps silent. Ok. Good. “But if we do keep doing this, we will end up in a relationship, even if we just mean it to be no strings sex, and it will be for the wrong reasons and it’ll end and just be, all bad. And...I guess what I’m saying is...if we’re going to end up together, I want it to be for the right reasons. I want it to be because we chose each other.”

Ok. It’s been said. Ok. I risk a glance at Spike. He’s just looking at me.

I feel sick. And the thing is, the thing that’s now dawning on me is that this whole plan rests on the assumption that Spike wants to be with me, wants

me for more than happy groinal times. Just like I have these weird very-much-like feelings for him. What if he doesn't?

Ok, yeah it's much easier to be all self-denying and willing to give stuff up when it doesn't seem like it's going to happen.

Bloody hell.

"Not quite sure what you're saying there pet," I say, cause I'm not. Harris looks down, studying his shoes. "Cause if you're wanting hearts and roses and declarations of undying love, then I'm sorry pet, but I can't give that to you." I look away before continuing. "I love Buffy, you know that. Her being dead hasn't changed that, too soon for that."

Harris looks up. Big brown eyes. Hurt. "That's not what I meant," he says. "And I don't love you either."

But, I guess, I'm wondering if I could add a 'yet' to that. I guess I'm wondering if this is about more than fucking...I guess I wondering, if you met me in a club, would you ask me out?"

Oh yeah, that really summed it up.

Spike gets up and walks to the window. He opens it to the night air and sits on a chair backwards, having a cigarette. He doesn't say anything. Crap. And the realisation is starting to sink in that my little ultimatum - have this mean something or end it - might just mean the end of good times with Spike. And since when did just fucking become such a bad thing. What's wrong with just fucking. Hey, we were having a good time. Stupid, stupid brain.

"Yeah," says Spike suddenly, interrupting my thoughts. "I would."

“Huh?” I say.

He turns and looks at me, and says super slow for the moron. “If I was in a club and I met you, yeah, I’d ask you out.” He puts his cigarette out and stands up. “I don’t love you Harris, but I like you. Too much. Think about you too much and want to be with you too much. Not sure if that’s what you’re looking for but it’s all I’ve got.”

And then he leers at me.

“So, can we fuck now?”

And I start to laugh. Not so much for the humour content, cause, he’s done that one before, but more because, I’m so relieved. And I hadn’t realised I’d been holding my breathe until then. And my stomach’s doing flip flop things.

Xander wipes his eyes, still grinning.

“Spike,” he says. “I like you too much too. And, if I met you in a club, I’d um, well actually, I’d probably just go home and panic about my sexuality.”

I grin at him. Bloody hell, damn kid, I’m getting soft. I should be ridiculing him, mocking him, crushing his self-esteem. But no, I’m standing here, grinning like a git. Happy.

Xander suddenly becomes serious.

“I think we could be together because we make each other laugh and because we both like tv and chocolate and the same movies.”

“People have been together for less,” I say in agreement.

“I think the hot sex is fun, but I’d be happy too if you just wanted to hang out with me. And I like hanging out with you more than I do...ok, a lot of people at the moment.”

He's not bloody getting to me. I'm not getting all mushy and gooey. Am getting hard though.

"And if you feel the same way, then I'd like to keep hanging out with you and I'd like to, um, make with some of that kinky vamp lovin'."

I hold my breath. Spike just looking at me.

And then he swallows.

"Ok," he says. "Let's give it a shot." He smirks at me then. "And if it makes you feel better, it's because we both like each other, and find each other bloody attractive, an' it's not convenience or just sex or any of that rot."

"Ok," I say. "Cool. Um. Ok."

Spike sighs and rolls his eyes, and then grabs me and kisses me. Mmmm, oh yeah. Spike pushes me up against the fridge and I feel his groin and leg pressing into mine. And my hands are bunching up his shirt and grabbing his butt and pulling him closer to me. And he's holding me tight.

I pull back. Ah, oxygen.

Spike looks at me and shakes his head, but his eyes are soft.

"Pillock," he says.

"Bleached menace," I say.

"You gonna stop worrying bout this now and just let me have my evil perverted way with you?"

"Um, maybe?"

"I bought beer?"

"Mmm beer," I say. "The perfect accompaniment to

any date.”

“Yeah baby, gonna treat you real good. What’s on telly?”

So we sit and watch car racing on telly and drink beer and eat pizza, an’ I keep my hands off Harris for most of the night, which is more than I can say for him - Mr Wants More than Fucking turned into a bloody octopus. Finally I give in and I show Xander how you can watch tv and still get fucked up the arse at the same time.

Spike bends me over my coffee table and does that, gah, thing he does with his tongue, oh and the fingers, and the lube...ok, and now his dick.

“Lean back,” he says when he’s deep inside me. So I do, and he pulls me back so he’s sitting on the couch and I’m sitting on his lap. On his cock.

Oh yeah. Makes me appreciate the shopping network a whole lot more watching it this way. Spike moves his legs just so and grunts a little as he shifts inside me. And then he sits back comfortably, pulling me against him, and just starts lifting a little with his hips. Feels good...ok, really good. His hands rest on my lap and play with my erection and I feel him nibbling on my ear as I flick through the channels in between Michael Schumaker’s laps.

This is pretty bloody close to heaven I think. Xander’s warm body covers me, surrounds me with his scent, his warmth, as he leans back comfortably against me. Lovely tightness around my cock as I run my hand over his erection and up underneath

his t-shirt, feeling that warmth, his soft skin. Xander's free hand rests beside us, running over my bare thigh. I lift my hips up and down slowly, making tiny thrusts deep inside him. Here, now, I feel more satisfied than I have in a long time. Don't care about cumming, just about being like this.

Mmmm, this is nice. A guy could get really used to this. Spike's arms around me, touching me in the good bad touch way, running over my stomach and over my thighs in slow circles. Gentle and slow and just comfortable. It's nice. I guess Spike is trying to be all relationshippy tonight. Which is also kinda nice. He licks my neck and then returns to my ear, making me shiver. As I shift slightly I'm reminded pleasantly that I am impaled on Spike's cock here. I decide to try something out. I clench my ass muscles. Spike groans. Ok, mission accomplished. Heh.

He thrusts up deep inside me. Oh yeah. I clench again, and he thrusts, until we get into a rhythm of clench, thrust, clench, thrust. We're fucking without moving very much at all.

Spike doesn't say anything through all of this, and neither do I. It's like we don't need to. That just doing and feeling and touching is more than enough. Just being together.

The whelp's breathing heavy now, and his cock is straining against my hand. I'm pretty close myself. I let go of Xander's cock and put my hands on his hips, lifting him up slightly so I can thrust deeper. He leans forward, bracing himself on his knees, lifting his arse for me, one hand reaching to pull himself. Once, twice, a third long thrust, then ohfuckyes, I'm cum..mingg...

Spike groans softly as he comes. He lets go of my hips and pulls me back against me, his hand returning to my erection. Ok, makes that two hands...

I let out an unintelligible sound which was meant to be “Oh yeah Spike” as his hands cover me, long firm strokes.

“You like this, love?” he asks me softly, kissing my shoulder.

I nod. “Uhuh,” I manage.

“I like touching your hard beautiful cock, like being inside you. Like having this big, hard, beautiful cock inside me,” he says.

I grunt out a yeah and then I come.

I relax back against Spike. Boneless. He wraps his

arms around me tightly.

And just about then I hear a knock on the door.

“Oh fuck.”

I’m covered in cum, Spike’s still inside me, my pants are around my ankles.

“Ignore them, pet, they’ll go away,” murmurs Spike, not even loosening his hold. And that’s sort of nice too.

I groan. “It could be important.”

Spike sighs. “Yeah, s’pose, but haven’t they heard of telephoning.”

There’s another knock.

“Just a minute!” Xander calls out and pulls off me. I’m still hard, and sticky from some recent orgasming, but I tuck myself away and do up my pants. My hands are still covered in Xander’s cum, so I wander into the kitchen and wash them. Xander hovers for moment, trousers around his ankles, trying to decide whether to deal with the cum on him or his pants first. He pulls off his t-shirt and wipes his stomach, then pulls up his trousers.

“Want me to get the door pet?” I ask.

“Um, yeah, no wait. I’m good. I’ll get it.”

“Xan, shirt,” I say.

“Oh yeah, right,” and he hands me his cum stained one.

“Love, I meant you’d better put one on, might be one of your mates. They’re gonna wonder why you’re sitting around with me half naked.”

It hits me then, what Spike is saying, what he's offering. He's offering to keep this, us, a secret from my friends.

I open my mouth to protest, but Spike just raises his eyebrows. He's right. I'm not ready to do the outing thing yet.

"Go finish up, I'll get the door," he says. He throws the dirty t-shirt at me.

I nod dumbly and run to my bedroom to find something to put on.

I hear Spike open the door in the next room.

"Hullo love." I hear him say.

"Spike! What are you doing here. Where is Xander?"

Anya.

Oh fuck.

I hurry into the living room.

“An’ hey!”

“Hello Xander. What took you so long to answer the door?”

Spike wiggles his eyebrows at me and withdraws. Obviously he’s going to leave this one to me.

“Sorry, I was just washing my hands, pizza-“ I shrug in a convincing manner if I do say so myself.

“Well, I just came over to return some more of your items I found in my apartment,” says Anya obviously accepting my explanation. She hands me a plastic bag of stuff and looks closely at me.

“You’re looking very flushed Xander. Are you feeling sick?”

“I’m fine, heh, not feeling sick at all. Uh, thanks,” I say quickly taking the bag. “I, uh, I’ve got some of your things too- “ I grab a bag from the top of the fridge full of tampons and other assorted female type products I found in the bathroom.

“Thank you,” says Anya. She looks at me sternly. “I was concerned when Willow said she couldn’t contact you yesterday after you went to fight those demons.”

I laugh nervously. I’ve already had that call from Willow this morning. So I might have taken the phone off the hook on Saturday when I was momentarily busy having a day of fucking with Spike, it’s not like I was in any actual danger or anything. Wills was seriously pissed off. I’m gonna have to do some major league peace making... tomorrow. And don’t even ask what excuse I gave to my best friend in the whole world. I played the tired, sore and injured card. And told her I accidentally knocked the receiver off the phone.

“Heh, yeah, I was kinda tired-“

“I mean, that was the sort of thing you did when we were together and having post-trauma sex. And then, when I got here, you took a long time to answer the door...”

I gulp. Oh crap. I didn't want An' to find out, not yet, not like this.

“So obviously I assumed you were lying to me when you said there wasn't someone else. But now I see its just Spike here. So I'm very happy and relieved.”

I try not to sigh with relief. Because hey, now would be a good time to be honest. I involuntarily glance at Spike. He's sprawled on the couch, watching us and looking very amused.

“Um, yeah, just Spike, doing the old hanging out.”

“Oh, I see. Well, I thought you might like to spend some time with me, but since you have Spike visiting, I'll go home now.”

And yes, I'm feeling guilty.

"An' wait, you don't have to go, you can stay and hang out-"

"No," says Anya. She looked at the empty pizza boxes and beer bottles and the sport on the television. And Spike on my couch. Please don't let her notice the lube. Please don't let her notice the lube. "As much as I want to do platonic activities with you Xander, I don't think I would enjoy participating in your male bonding session."

I'm not blushing. And no, the thought of a ménage a Xander/Spike/Anya did not just enter my head. And I wish Spike would stop smirking.

"An' seriously it's fine," I say. "Spike and I were...just watching television."

Anya smiles sadly. And yeah, I'm such a bastard.

"I understand Xander. You have your own life now. I'm pleased to see you're making male friends."

“Do- do you want to meet for lunch tomorrow or something?”

Anya smiles then. Oh yeah, Xander the jerk is such a hero.

“Yes, that would be nice.”

Spike looks at me steadily as I shut the door and walk back to the couch.

“Sorry,” says Xander.

“What for? Course you’re going to do the right thing by your ex. It’s what you white hats do.”

“I mean about not telling her about us-“

And this is why this kid is doing my head in. Which is

why I'm gonna make this easy on him. I lift me chin and look at him squarely.

"Yeah, about that, how about we don't tell any of your mates for a while. No use them getting their knickers in a knot if we might not even work out."

And the relief on the kid's face is at once both a kick in the guts and all the thanks I need.

But then Xander looks at me.

"It's ok Spike. I know I'm being weak here. And I will tell them, I just need some time. But I appreciate you trying to cover for me."

Bloody hell. I should just kiss him. I lean back on the couch.

"Covering nothing whelp. How'd you think it will look for my reputation as the Big Bad if it gets out that I let some kid regularly arse fuck me into the mattress?"

Oh. Ok. Hadn't thought about that. I know I'm dreading telling the guys that Spike and I are looking at being significant others, more even than telling them I'm batting for the other team now, but I didn't think that Spike might be embarrassed about being with me. I mean, he might still be covering, trying to make me feel like it's his decision not to tell people so I won't feel guilty. But what if he's not. Ok, and now I'm feeling guilty for ever feeling embarrassed about wanting *him*.

"Hey."

I look up. And Spike's looking at me, amused.

"That was an invitation by the way."

Oh.

Ok.

And then we're kissing and I'm undoing Spike's jeans and pulling them down to his knees and pushing his legs back up against his chest. And I'm pushing a finger in and then two and making him gasp and then I'm kneeling next to him on the couch and I'm pushing my dick inside him. And we're both groaning and grunting and panting and making all those good sex sounds.

I grip my legs behind my knees, holding them close to my chest, opening myself to Xander. He's holding me with one hand and bracing himself with the other on the side of the couch, but then he leans forward, pulling my legs up over his shoulders, and pushes in so bloody deep.

"Fuck yes, Xander," I bite out, wrapping my fingers

in his hair and pulling him to me, kissing him hard. He gasps my name as he pulls back and then kisses me again.

And we stay like that for, all right, not much bloody longer, because we're thrusting against each other hard and then cumming just as hard.

Xander collapses against me and I let my legs slide off his shoulders. We just lie there.

"So, want another beer?" Xander asks after a couple of minutes.

"Yeah, sounds good."

He goes to get up and groans.

"Second thoughts lets leave that for ooh about half an hour?"

And I laugh. And that's why I'm here.

I lie there for a bit more, and it feels good and completely right to be lying on top of Spike, just letting him hold me, and letting me just hold him. I haven't completely analysed why I like Spike so much, but I think this right feeling has something to do with it. That and he gets me. And he laughs at my jokes.

Then I remember my surprise. A sort of 'something that Spike would like' present I got just in case the discussion worked out ok. And yep, am thinking it worked out very ok.

So I struggle to my feet and wobble to the kitchen and get two beers out of the fridge and also a bag of cold blood.

I lie on the couch, completely satisfied. Can't be bothered pulling up me jeans. I hear a pop, pop as Xander takes the caps off the beer bottles.

I hear the whir and then beep of the microwave before it sinks in that I *have* actually been smelling that smell I thought I smelt.

He bought me blood.

Xander Harris bought me blood.

He's grinning as he hands me the warm mug.

I look at him, curious.

He grins and shrugs. "Hey, what kind of relationship would this be if I didn't let you eat?"

"Ta love," I say, but it doesn't come out as ironic and casual as I want it to. And I look away. Bloody hell. Now he's really done my head in.

The look on Spike's face was definitely worth the effort of buying that blood. Purchasing fresh blood isn't as easy as it seems. For a start, butchers don't like to deal direct because they don't exactly want vampires coming into their shops. So I had to go to this dodgy guy who I'm pretty sure is a demon. And there was some general creepiness and wigginess. But Spike's expression, sort of amazed and touched and pleased – definitely worth every gooey minute.

I grab my beer and sit down next to Spike. Things are kind of quite for a moment. I'm not sure whether cuddling would be appropriate. So I just let my foot touch Spike's. Spike drinks his blood and I'm not quite sure what to say now. But this is me, here, so I talk anyway.

“So, um, I got that whole work thing tomorrow, and I guess I'd better get some sleep, you want to stay

tonight?”

Spike shrugs and puts down his mug, wiping his mouth.

“Yeah, might as well.”

“Cool, great.” I can’t help my pleased smile, and I have to look away as Spike gets this odd kinda pleased look. But then I recover enough to add, “Only if you’re not going to hog the blankets bleach-boy.”

Spike smirks.

“Harris, I’m gonna be too busy listening to you snore to hog any blankets.”

“Oh right, yeah cause I’m the one-“ I stop. “You know you’re not wearing any pants right?”

“Yeah, glad you noticed.”

“Ok, good.”

9 Lovers

There's something good about companionship. Great sex aside, having someone to talk to and share a joke with is what life's about, or unlife if you want to be pedantic.

And yeah I spend too much time at Harris's and when I'm not there he usually ends up at my place.

The kid's funny and nasty and if he could just get over his obsession with being a good guy, things would be perfect. Bloody hell. I'm not kidding anybody, he's heroic and loyal and too bloody self-righteous, and he wouldn't be Xan without it. Sides it gives us something to fight about.

Going all right though, this bloody stupid idea to have a “relationship”, haven’t heard the whelp complaining anyway. And yeah, I guess he’s right about it, probably would’ve got to this stage anyway without the talking, but it’s nice to know we’re doing this because we both want it and it’s not just convenient or experimental or just sex. I’ve already said I’m love’s bitch, don’t need to repeat it.

Feel happier now, though, than I have in a long time.

So things are going well. Really well. I’m talking lot’s of fun, and me and Spike actually enjoying being

with each other. We do everything together and *want* to be together. I find out stuff about him that I would never have guessed in a million years and I tell him stuff about me. And its cool. And have I mentioned fun. And sometimes, ok, nice. Plus sex.

Oh yeah, the great sex. All kinds of sex. Hot sex, fierce sex, tender sex, fun sex, lazy sex, kinky sex.

Somehow I can't tell the others though. It just seems, never the right time. And also, I kinda don't want them to wreck this. I don't want people being negative and spoiling this really good thing I've got going with Spike. So I don't end up telling them. We just let it go and figure they'll work it out eventually. It's not like we hide that we're friends. We don't make out in front of anyone or anything, and we NEVER hold hands anyway, but it's not like we pretend to hate each other.

It's Willow that says something first. And even then she doesn't really know. We're at the Magic Box

and Spike has just arrived. He grins at me and indicates that he's going out the back for a smoke. I nod.

"It's a good thing you're already dead Spike or else I'd be making you quit those things."

He smirks.

"Don't worry mate, I won't let any of those nasty carcinogens get near your precious lungs."

"Idiot," I tell him.

"Wanker," he grins and heads outside.

"You and Spike are spending a lot of time together lately," she says. I feel my heart racing and I know I go red. But there's sort of this feeling of relief, finally they know. But then Willow continues. "I think it's great. Really great. I mean, you need a friend, and Spike seems much happier lately. Dawnie was getting really worried about him, he seemed so sad."

“Yeah, well, what can I say, he’s pretty cool when he’s not trying to kill us.” And no, I know, that’s not me telling all.

And that seems to be the end of that, except that I don’t realise that Anya is nearby.

“And he must be pretty good at sex too, because, after all, you gave me up for him.”

It’s said in a completely friendly manner, totally Anya, totally honest. I should have known she’d realise. I open my mouth to say something, anything, but it’s Willow that speaks first. She lays into Anya for being rude, for being spiteful. And An’ just stares at her, bewildered.

“I don’t understand why you’re being so mean to me Willow. It’s true. Xander and Spike are lovers.”

And she says that about loud enough for everyone in the room to hear, and turn and look at me. At least Giles is in England. But still, Tara and Dawn

look at me, and I think it's finally occurring to Willow that what Anya is saying might be true. My mouth is still open. And then I see Anya looking at me, tearful, wanting me to back her up, vindicate her (and yes I know what that word means). And I figure I owe her that much.

Before I can change my mind, the words just come out of my mouth.

"Heh, funny thing, An's right, Spike and I are doing the wild monkey dance," I say.

Anya smiles triumphantly.

"I told you they were homosexual," she says. And suddenly I'm sorry I didn't tell her from the start, because I realise now that she's been looking for an answer about us. And being gay was the right one. And then she hugs me.

"I'm being very supportive," she tells everyone. And in her own way she has. Because I know Anya and she didn't push or get vocal, or try to get me to talk

about it or even plot revenge, she just let us be. I feel suddenly very sad that things didn't work between us.

"Xander?" breathes Willow. She looks shocked, almost disgusted. It hurts.

"Sorry Willow, I...should have told you before, it just never seemed the right time." Lame. Very lame Xander.

And Spike chooses that moment to come back into the room.

I walk into the room in time to see Xander being rounded on by Red. Xander looks miserable and by the accusing looks I get I'm thinking a certain big announcement has just been made. Willow's looking at Xander like he's stomped on her childhood memories or something. Anya, well

Anyanka looks quite happy actually which is a relief. Red's lover is nervous but that's nothing new, and the Nibblet is just looking offended.

"Why didn't you tell me you were gay?" Dawn demands immediately.

I raise my eyebrows and look at Xander. So they do know. He looks back at me, pained and apologetic looking. I feel like shit that this has to be so hard for him, angry that it has to be, but on the other hand I don't have to pretend anymore. Fun for a while, but the excitement of sneaking around wears off after a bit. But Dawn's still glaring at me, wanting an answer.

"Wasn't exactly, um well, it just happened Bit."

"So you love Xander now?"

I glance over at my companion of three months and two days.

"Maybe love, if not, then I'm well on the way to."

Xander meets my gaze across the room and he smiles shyly. And I prove myself a bigger poof than Angel and smile shyly back.

“So is that why you’re always over there watching movies?” Dawn says, interrupting our moment.

I grin. “Something like that pet. Haven’t been neglecting you have I Little Bit?”

She scowls.

“Hey, like I care if you want to be gross with Xander.”

“Sorry Dawnie,” says Xander.

She won’t even look at him.

“Here, Dawn, be nice to Xander, not his fault I’m incredibly irresistible.”

“Yeah, right, get over yourself Spike,” Dawn says.

“Xander,” says Willow then. “Can I talk to you in private?”

Xan winces and I give him my encouraging look. I’m not so much worried that Red will talk him out of this, but that she’ll get upset when he doesn’t listen to her. Because, that’s the thing, I know Xander now, and I know that what we have can withstand even Willow Rosenberg.

“So, Spike,” says Anya. “I hope you are giving Xander a lot of orgasms.”

I follow Willow into the training room. She doesn’t look at me.

“You’re...you’re happy?”

“Yeah,” I say simply.

Willow nods.

“Because you know, he’s a vampire, and I know I was just saying it was great you guys are friends, but I don’t want you to get hurt and he’s still evil despite the chip-And how come I didn’t know you were gay?”

“Will, it’s ok,” I say. I sound calming, I hope I sound calming, do I sound calming? Willow looks a bit calmer. “Spike isn’t making me do anything and even if he could hurt me, which he can’t, chip remember, he wouldn’t.”

Willow looks sceptical.

I shrug, “What and lose his ticket to free beer and cable?”

Willow sighs, then puts on her resolved face.

“Xander, you should have told me.”

“I know. But, don’t take this the wrong way Will, but I knew you’d freak, I thought Anya would freak too, and, ok, I didn’t want to spoil what was going on with Spike.”

Willow bites her lip.

“I’m sorry Xander. I shouldn’t be all judgy, but I just worry and look at what happened with Buffy and Angel-“

I grin, which is probably the wrong thing to do.
“Hey, no soul to lose, so I’m cool there.”

“Xander,” growls Willow.

“I’m fine, it’s fine, but I want you to be ok with this.”

“You’re definitely happy?”

I nod.

“Ok. Ok. I can deal. I’m good with the dealing. Hey I

dated a werewolf.”

“And hello, I’m not the only gay one in this room.”

Willow grins. “Welcome to my alternative, alternative lifestyle.”

Anya and Dawn interrogate me while Harris is off smoothing Red’s ruffled feathers.

Anya is sure I’m not giving Xander enough orgasms. She’s instructed me to count them and report back to her. I ask them how they finally figured it out, and they tell me what happened. So Xander told them. The little happy quiver I get inside is best not mentioned but my appreciation for the size of the whelp’s knackers has increased ten-fold.

Dawn’s still a bit sulky.

“I think it’s nice they have each other,” says Willow’s girlfriend suddenly. “No, no offence Anya.”

“Ta love,” I say, causing the girl to give me a shy smile and duck her head. I glance at ex demon girl. “You aren’t mad pet?” I ask her.

“No. I was a little upset. After all, look at you and look at me. I’m a lot prettier. Xander being gay is the only possibly explanation for him choosing you over me. However, I can appreciate an attractive male body so I suppose if that’s what Xander was really after I can’t stand in his way.”

“He didn’t want to hurt you,” I say.

“I know,” said Anya. “Things weren’t right for a long time. That’s why I left in the first place.”

I nod. Wouldn’t have blamed Anyanka if she’d been right pissed off with the both of us. But her reaction now makes me respect her even more.

“Thanks, love,” I say. I hear the training room door

open and Xander finally returns.

I see Spike turn and stand as I walk into the room. He's looking questioningly at me and it makes my stomach flip flop. Ok, I'm being soppy, but it's kinda cool to know that the person you care about cares about you too.

"So, how about that pizza?" I say. And Spike grins at me.

It's all good.

Later that night as we walk back home, I do something I haven't done before, I take Spike's hand. He looks at me questioningly then squeezes back.

"Nice thing you did there mate, meant a lot to me,"

he says.

“It’s time they knew,” I say. “Actually I feel relieved now that I’ve told them.”

Spike squeezes my hand again.

“Anya took it pretty well.”

I sigh. “Yeah, bit of a blow to the ego here. I mean, I’m not vengeance worthy?”

Spike laughs.

“Don’t worry pet, I’d rip someone’s throat out for you.”

“Yeah, but you’d do that anyway, so it doesn’t really count.”

He grins, then looks at me with an injured expression. “Yeah, but I’d rip someone’s throat out for you *even* if I still had the chip.”

“Oh,” I say. “I guess that means something then.”

Spike stops. He raises his eyebrows at me, and then takes advantage of having hold of my hand to pull me to him and kiss me hard.

“Let’s get home,” I say as I pull back panting.

“Best thing I’ve heard all bloody night,” says Spike.

And I gotta agree with him there.

“So love,” I say two blocks later. “When you gonna tell the blokes at your work?”

“Oh they know,” says Xander.

“Yeah?”

“Apparently Joel has good gaydar.”

“And you told em you were?”

I feel suddenly proud of Harris. Would take a lot of balls to do that.

He shrugs.

“Yep, I said, ‘yeah, I’m gay, and every night I go home and fuck a vampire, guess you’re necrophiliadar must be on the fritz there Joel’.”

I laugh. Little bastard. I can just imagine him, making them laugh, protecting himself.

“So guess you don’t want me along to the work Christmas party then,” I say. And I pout, but only cause it drives Harris wild.

Xander shakes his head, gives me a kiss and walks ahead.

“Of course you’re coming. They all want to meet you.”

I've only gone two steps when I get pounced by my vampire boyfriend, yeah my boyfriend, lover, fuck buddy, significant other, whatever, he pounces me. I stumble forward laughing as Spike grabs me from behind and licks my ear. Licking turns to kissing, not my ear, my mouth and soon we're pretty much dry humping each other in the middle of the street.

"What was that about home?" I manage finally, when Spike pulls back to let me breath.

"Fuck home. Want to do you here."

And because I've got Spike's groin grinding into my groin and Spike's tongue teasing my neck and ear and Spike's hands doing all these other distracting things, I'm almost inclined to agree with him.

“Mmmmmohyeah, no wait. No, not quite ready for the public sodomy exhibition.”

Spike pulls up and for a second I think he’s going to go pouty again but then he’s on his feet and pulling me with him.

“Come on then.”

“Um, Spike, this isn’t exactly the way to my place.”

“Nope,” I say.

“Oh.” There’s a pause. “So where **are** we going then?”

I push through some bushes into a secluded area of

the park. Nice spot for waiting for prey.

“Here,” I say and spin Harris around and start kissing my bloody annoying lover. He pulls back and looks around.

“In the park?”

“No one around. Completely private.”

He opens his mouth to protest, but I unzip his fly.

“Come on pet,” I say as I drop to my knees.

“Haven’t you ever wanted to get violated in a public place by a soulless demon.”

“Well since you put it that way...” and he groans, but I think it’s more what I’m doing than what I said. I take that beautiful cock of his into my mouth and do what vampires do best, suck. Bad pun, so stake me.

Xander’s hands slide through my hair and I grip his hips, holding him close to me.

Love how he needs me, love how he makes those soft, bitten-back moans, love his cock basically.

I wrap my fingers in Spike's hair, more for support than to keep him blowing me, because Spike never stops until I'm practically begging him to. I can feel my knees buckling already. Spike's right, it's completely secluded here. But the idea that someone might walk in on us, in on me, getting a blow job from Spike its....ok yeah, a major turn on. Anya was one for the everywhere and anywhere sexual experience but the most daring we got was the back of my car. Oh ok and one time at the beach. And the Magic Box. Never in the park though, in the middle of Sunnydale. I look down at Spike. It's dark and all I can see is his white-blond hair and his eyes, looking up at me.

Ohfuck, so good. Damn. Yes. Ohgodddd...Gonna....

I sink onto my knees, panting, holding onto Spike. He's grinning at me with that pleased with himself look, so I find his mouth and kiss him. He pulls back, breathing heavy. I still don't know why he does that, but it turns me on. Maybe that's why.

"Hands and knees pet," he murmurs. "Want to take you here."

And no, the idea isn't losing its appeal. Spike shifts behind me and tugs my jeans down over my butt. He slides his hands over my ass, then around over my dick. I'm getting hard again, amazingly. I feel denim press against my butt and Spike strokes my cock and fondles my balls.

"Yeah, pet, you like this don't you? Me taking you here, in the dark, where anyone could walk in on us, see me having you."

I groan. I think that answers Spike's question.

"This one of your fantasies love?" Spike asks softly.
"Some bad vampire finding you in the dark an'
having his way with you?"

"Um, maybe one vampire?" I say. Spike's hands
leave my cock.

"Hmm, and who would that be?" I hear the pop
pop of Spike undoing his button fly.

I suppress the urge to say Angelus.

"You?" I ask.

Spike smacks me on the butt.

"Me," he says firmly. "Me finding you out one night
by yourself. And you think you're done for, that the
Big Bad is gonna drain you. But I don't, not yet,
instead I suck you off and make you get on your
hands and knees-"

I breathe in sharply as Spike rubs the head of his cock over my anus. It's slick with pre-cum.

“Make you offer your tight hole to me.”

I hear the sound of Spike looking through his pockets, then the sound of a cap behind removed from a tube. There's a sudden cool wetness at my asshole. Ah lube. And then the initial fleeting discomfit as a finger pushes into my entrance. Oh, and then the pleasure. I groan. One then two slick fingers sliding in and out, scissoring, brushing my prostate, making me-

“Spike, please, you inside me-“

“Make you beg for my cock-“ Spike murmurs, continuing his fantasy.

“Please Spike,” I say, just to play along of course. Hah. Yeah right. Want him. Now.

“Please what Harris? Tell me what you want.”

Um, the formula for cold fusion?

“Your cock, Spike, fuck me, please.”

And then that wonderful feeling of his big dick sliding inside me, stretching me so wide, filling me completely, pressing that spot. I moan.

“Yess...yeah pet,” Spike hisses. “Fuck yes.”

Heaven, this is, think I’ve said that before, but it is. Heaven, being inside him. Being deep inside this boy, this man, my lover. Seeing him here, on all fours, me fucking him in the park, bloody erotic. I move slowly at first, letting that tight arse of his get used to me size, and then as he starts pushing back against me, I thrust harder.

“Like that don’t you Harris, you want my cock, you need it. Been waiting in the dark for the Big Bad to come and fuck you.”

Xander groans. “Harder, please Spike,” he pants. So I oblige.

We play these games we do, sometimes it’s Xander being the dominant one, pretending I’m a whore, sucking him off, getting on my knees for him, taking his cock, begging for it. Sometimes it’s me taking him like some slut. Sometimes we’re just equal and we make love, an’ sometimes we don’t fuck at all and just touch each other.

Might be the game, the fantasy or it might be the fact that Harris is getting very hot and flushed and delicious, or it might be those emotions that ‘ve been building up in me all evening, but all of a sudden I vamp out.

And suddenly, like *really* uhoh I'm dead, suddenly, Spike pulls out of me and I'm flipped on to my back and he's leaning over me and that's when I realise...

"Um, Spike, really getting into character here aren't you?"

He doesn't change back. He doesn't even crack a smile. He just stares at me.

And it's weird I'm not so much scared, more just nervous, and it's not because I'm afraid of him, it's more I'm nervous about where this is leading us. Big important relationship defining moment thing happening. It's not like we've discussed the vamp sex bite thing, but I know its there, sometimes Spike's eyes change just for a second, just for a second they're gold and hungry. We haven't talked about it, but I know he wants it. And I think he can

do it too, despite the chip, if I let him.

And I'm ok with it. Nervous, but ok with it.

"Don't hurt yourself," I say. And shut my eyes.

Oh. Bloody hell. I don't know whether to be touched or hurt or put off or bloody what.

"Don't-" I say.

Harris's eyes open.

"Don't just lie there like a sacrificial virgin."

He blushes, which makes it harder, all that lovely blood rushing to the surface.

Xander blood.

“Expecting pain here Spike, what do you want me to do?”

I sit back on my heels.

“Bloody hell, I don’t know. Want it?”

He sits up and looks at his knees.

“Ok, here’s the thing,” he says. “I know you want to do this, so I want it because of that, but for me...not so sure I’m into the whole voluntary blood letting thing. Not exactly big on visits to the blood bank.”

I shift forward and lift up his chin. Big brown puppy dog eyes, worried, nervous, embarrassed. Xander. My face shifts back to normal.

“Here love, you’ve never been bitten have you?”

He shakes his head and laughs self-deprecatingly.

“Aside from some Dracula induced bug-eating, I’ve been relatively vamp free. Heh, saving myself for

the right dead guy.”

He’s talking quickly, nervous. Don’t want that. Want my happy confident lover. I kiss him softly. And when I pull back he’s looking at me. I run my fingers over his cheek, down his jaw, over his smooth throat. Beautiful.

“It’s nothing like you’ve ever experienced love. It will hurt a bit, but love, it’s fuck, like flying. Why’dya think vampires do it during sex?”

He quirks a smile. “Munchies?”

Funny. He’s a funny one my Alexander Harris.

“No pillock, it’s passion, it’s fire, it’s because it feels bloody good.”

Xander has relaxed a bit. Good. Still the moment’s sort of gone so it doesn’t matter if I do this now. I want to do it soon though, now I’m remembering that fantastic flying feeling, to show him, to show him what it feels like.

Spike just looks at me. Then kisses me. He pulls back and he's still got that serious expression, the one that makes me nervous because Spike is never this sincere. It means this is too important and I'm worried I'll fuck things up.

"Don't want to kill you love or turn you, you know that right?"

"Yeah," I say. "Trust me Spike I wouldn't be doing the sacrificial virgin if I thought that. I'd be the very sensible, running away not-so sacrificial virgin."

He smirks and kisses me. And we kiss a bit more. And then we do some more kissing and Spike pushes me back onto the ground. His fingers find my ass and we're doing a lot more than kissing. I lift

one of my legs up, I'm getting pretty good at not getting tangled in my jeans, and Spike presses against me. He pulls back from my mouth and trails kisses down my jaw, to my neck

Harris immediately tenses, but I just kiss and lick. I pull my fingers from his arse and push inside him. And I'm lost there for a moment, tasting his skin, smelling the blood so close to the surface, and feeling him so tight around me. So alive, breathing, pounding, hot, living.

"I love you Xander," I say. Just say it. Because it's true. And I thrust forward.

He arches his neck into my mouth and grips my back tightly.

“Love you too Spike,” he gasps.

I groan into his neck. I know it, but it’s good to hear it.

God. Spike loves me. I mean I kind of know he does, he practically said it tonight, but this is actual saying it. It’s the one thing I missed about my relationship with Anya. The I Love You’s. And ok so *I* could have said it to Spike, but didn’t want to because of the potential embarrassment factor. Because he’d made it clear that he loved Buffy and it was all good anyway, and it’s hard enough saying I love you as it is. Because hey, I’m a guy here. And I didn’t want to say it first and I wasn’t even sure if I did love him. Ok, so I was sure, but I still couldn’t just say it.

Spike loves me.

And I said it too.

Good.

That's good.

Oh fuck that feels good. I shudder as Spike nibbles gently on my neck. Nibbles and licks and oh his cock.

This feels so right.

Oh fucking hell, yes.

“Fuck, Xan, bloody hell you feel good,” I say. I thrust into him, faster. And he pushes against me, panting and groaning in the way he does when he's getting close. We grunt and pump against each other and then it happens. My fangs drop and I bite.

“Oh fuck yes Spike!” Xander cries out. And as his blood hits my tongue I cum. Cum and cum.

I’m falling, and all I can feel is Spike’s cock and Spike’s mouth and this flowing, flying feeling. And ohhh fuck, Spike, yes.

I arch up against Spike, holding his head against my neck and his body close to me. And I’m still cumming.

Xander’s heart is loud in my ears and his body is almost burning me. But that blood, sweet and

strong and...Xander. With a groan I pull back and lick his neck, closing the wound. We lie shuddering against each other for a long time.

“Huh,” says Xander after a while. “That’s got to be the longest orgasm I’ve ever had.”

I chuckle.

“Yeah love, me too. All right then?”

“Yep, I think I can say I’m very much with the vamp sex bite.”

I find his mouth and kiss him. Wonder if he can taste himself on me.

“We’ll save it for special occasions,” I say. “Don’t want you getting too pale and anaemic for a good hard shag.”

Xander thwaps me.

“And there I was thinking you were concerned

about my well being,” he says.

Spike shifts off me and I stretch and wince. Funny but my neck is the least hurting part of me.

“Can we go home to a nice comfortable bed now?” I ask.

“Whatever you want love,” he says and stands and helps me to my feet. He pulls me to him before I can even pull up my pants and we kiss again. I can still taste the tang of copper. Weird how it doesn’t seem gross. Spike rests his forehead against mine.

“Bloody hell love, you’ve made me drunk.” He dips his head down and licks at my neck again. “Taste so

good.” With an audible intake of breath he lifts his head and we kiss again.

I decide to try out the ‘I love you’ again.

“I love you Spike,” I say and I don’t sound nervous at all.

“Mmm, love you too pet.” And Spike starts licking my neck again.

I laugh and push him off me.

“Ok, now I know that’s just the blood talking.”

He grins. Then looks down at my pants.

“Let me get them for you,” he says.

It takes Spike a while to get my pants pulled up and zipped. And by that time I’m ready to pass out into a nice little post-orgasmic sleep right there in the park.

“Home,” says Spike, standing up and wiping his mouth.

“Mmm,” I say. “Carry me?”

“Bugger off, “ says Spike as he slips his arm under my shoulder and helps me stand.

I get the whelp home and undress him when he falls onto the bed exhausted. I’m still horny. Human blood will do that to you. Slayer’s blood even more. But blood during sex, that’s the stuff that will give you a high all day. I tuck Xander into bed and undress and crawl in beside him. He rolls over to me and kisses me sleepily. I feel like having a wank but I don’t want to move out of this position.

Best bloody feeling in the world.

And tomorrow it will be just as bloody good.

I lie awake and listen to Harris sleep. Listen to his heart and his breath and the occasional gurgle from his gut.

He's in me now. And I can almost see his dreams. The colours are bright and for the first time the light doesn't burn.

I dream colourful dreams. I only notice because the colours are so bright, so deep and brilliant. I'm standing on a grassy hill and I'm looking out at a field that's full of sunlight.

There's sunlight everywhere. They're weird dreams but not weird in a cheese guy, first slayer trying to

kill me way, it's a nice, wow kind of weird. And Spike's in them.

I'm sore when I wake up but I'm also warm and Spike is draped across me, fast asleep. Waking up to Spike's naked body is very much of the good.

I stretch shift a bit and he stirs. We do a sleepy cuddle realignment. I shut my eyes and decide to spend the day in bed.

"Xan," mutters Spike in his sleep.

I smile and shut my eyes.

It's good.

The End