Domestic Piranha 0.2: Good Humour

by James, Mad Poetess (mpoetess)

Summary

Xander's hot. Stuff happens. Set before Xander moves into the Hyperion.

The knock at the door made the room hotter. Xander was positive. *Everything* made the room hotter. Moving made the room hotter. Mosquitoes mating in Louisiana made the room hotter. *Breathing made the room hotter; times like this he envied the undead so much, he wanted to stake all of them in one go. Possibly even his boyfriend. Lucky for the vamps of the world, that would require moving. Which would make the room hotter.

"Go away - it's hot, and you're making it hotter," he yelled, thereby making the room hotter, of course.

"Er, Xan?" Spike called back. "You all right?"

Xander groaned. Of course he wasn't. And there was no way he was crawling off the couch and going to the door to let Spike in, because it was too hot to move. "It's *hot*, you...you vampire!" He didn't worry about saying so loudly enough for his neighbors to hear.

There was a pause, before Spike called back, sounding confused, "Er... yeah?"

"And...it's hot!"

There was silence, then Spike said in a very concerned voice, "You said that already, luv. Are you sure you're all right? What happened to your air conditioning?"

Xander gave a weak laugh. "What air conditioning?" He stared at the ceiling, knowing those had to be heat patterns melting the plaster. There had never been air conditioning in this cheap, ratty, run-down apartment. He hadn't realized that would matter, because he'd never felt it get this hot. It was
never this hot in Sunnydale, with its trees and grass and parents paying the electric bill.

He heard something at the front door, then there was scratching and muttering, and Spike saying "Right, that's it."

Xander actually moved his head, even though that made it so much hotter, and watched as the front door opened and Spike walked in. And stopped. And boggled.

"You're naked."

"You broke into *my* apartment, and you're complaining about the dress code?" Xander realized far too late that, 'Yes,' or even ignoring Spike entirely, would have put much less hot air into the room.

"You're naked," Spike repeated.

"Yes," Xander replied, never one to make the same mistake twice. No, he was all about making bigger and better mistakes.

"And I'm your boyfriend; I'm allowed to break into your flat." Spike didn't take his eyes off Xander and his apparently amazing nakedness.

Spike was walking closer, and Xander took a moment to glance over and see that at least his boyfriend had shut the door behind him. It hadn't even generated a short breeze. Then he looked up and saw that Spike was standing over him, staring down at his naked self, and he had a look on his face that Xander knew all too well.

"If you touch me, I will slay you."

Spike froze. "Oh, hell. You really do have heatstroke."

"No, I do not. Yet. I don't think."

"Well, you can't be worried about me going evil again, like the Sire's lot keep wombling on about."

Xander blinked, confused for a moment before deciding that the heat had melted Spike's brain. Only it had probably done so a hundred years back, which explained everything so well.

Spike was still looking worried, so Xander groaned. "Spike, it is too hot for you to stand there and look at me!"

"Could suck you off. That'd make you feel better."

Spike looked confused, and hurt; he was pouting, and normally that made Xander want to kiss him. Or laugh at him. Sometimes both. Right now it made Xander want Spike to go away and stop making him feel more hot.

"You're turning down a *blowjob* ?" Spike made it sound like 'You're turning down ten million dollars and a weekend with an entire mansion full of Playmates of the Year, no strings attached?'

"Spike, if you touch my skin, it will spontaneously combust. If you touch my dick, *that* will spontaneously combust. Since I happen to be fond of both, yes, I'm turning down a blowjob."

"You're mad," Spike said, plainly. He looked like he thought maybe Xander would turn into
psycho lunatic nutter, right in front of him -- which meant he hadn't been listening. Xander sighed. Of *course* he wasn't going to turn into a psycho lunatic. Not in this heat. Being psycho meant *moving*.

"I'm hot," Xander said, taking some pity on him. Maybe being a vampire meant he just didn't feel the heat, and he didn't know what Xander was suffering through. In fact... Xander glared at him. "If you're standing there with no body heat being all not even room temperature and you aren't pressing your naked self against me to leech off my body heat like any helpful undead boyfriend would be doing, I'll be really pissed. Next winter, when it's safe to move again."

Spike's head fell into that familiar 'huhwhathuh' tilt, the one he only did when he was honestly confused. What, he'd lost his ability to understand simple English when looking at a naked person? "But...you said you'd slay me if I touch you."

"That was when I was thinking you would feel as hot as I am. Then what few brain cells I had left kicked on, and told me you might not be. Answer the question, and I'll let you know if you had better be touching me, or better not be."

The huhwhathuh tilt didn't go away, but Spike did raise a hand and press it to his chest. Through his clothes, which either meant he could tell how warm he was through fabric, or his brain had melted on the way to Xander's apartment.

"Well?" Xander asked. Hmm - one word, and it summed up the complete question. And didn't add much to the hot air in the room. He might actually be able to carry on a conversation without killing Spike after all, if he could keep that up.

"Er. Well, it's sort of like trying to tell if you have a fever by putting your own hand on your forehead, innit? My hand's the same temperature as the rest of me." Spike blinked. Blinked again. "Wait, you're asking me to get naked and rub m'self all over you, and I'm telling the *truth* about not knowing if I'm too warm or not? Hell, I *must* have a fever."

Before he could step forward, Xander gave him a death glare. Spike faltered, then opened his shirt and presented his bare chest to Xander. "You wanna test me, then?"

Xander wondered if it would be possible to have sex without moving, or being touched. Probably there was a spell for it - in fact, he suspected he knew a couple of witches who not only knew said spell, but had used it - but finding out would require talking to Willow about sex. And moving. Either of which - no.

He looked carefully at Spike's chest. Purely for research purposes, of course -- assessing the danger. Finally Xander nodded. "Come," he proclaimed, sticking to his one-word communication plan.

Spike came over, willingly. Eagerly, in fact. Knowing Spike, his brain had already leapt forward to the point where they had bad porno music playing in the background. Xander shook his head and reached up to touch Spike's chest with a single finger.

Spike cleared his throat. "Be better if you used the whole hand. Or, you know, a tongue."

Xander considered explaining, again, why he wouldn't be doing that. But - talking, moving, hot. He settled for placing his hand on Spike's chest. It didn't feel noticeably cooler. "Fuck!"

Spike grinned, triumphantly. And reached for his belt.
"No!"

Spike froze, hands on his belt buckle, utter confusion on his face. "But you said..."

Aww, dammit. There was absolutely no way he was going to get this across in one word. Not to a vampire whose IQ was directly dependent on how many pieces of clothing any other people in the room with him were wearing. "You're hot."

Spike preened. Xander thought seriously about hitting him with something next winter. Then - finally - Spike sighed. "Right, yes. It's hot. I'm hot, you're hot, but apparently I'm the only one in the room willing to not mind in order to have a bit of sex." He pouted again, and made a move as though to sit down beside Xander.

"Two inches," Xander warned him.

"Er?"

"No closer."

A bigger, meaner, sadder, woefuller pout. Xander wondered if he ought to start naming each pout Spike possessed. There seemed to be a lot of them. "If I promise not to get closer than two inches, can I take my jeans off?"

Xander looked at him suspiciously. "Why?" And look - he was back down to the one-word sentences. Life was well, not good. Life was hot. But at least he wasn't making it hotter.

"Hardly fair you get to be naked and me not, is it?"

Dubiously, Xander nodded. As long as Spike did nothing to make it hotter, he could do as he liked.

Spike was out of his shirt, jeans, and boots almost before Xander had time to blink. There was even, for a split second, a hint of a breeze. He considered what Spike would do if Xander told him to move around for an hour and keep generating that almost-breeze. That would take more than one word, though, and it wasn't that big of a breeze.

Xander watched as Spike flopped down on the couch beside him. Not that he was likely to *avoid* the sight of a naked boyfriend flopping anywhere, granted. He did take his eyes off the not-all-that-floppy floppy parts long enough to make sure the two inch distance was being maintained. It was.

Just.

He suspected if he demanded someone get a ruler to check, Spike would actually be a millimeter too close. But it wasn't worth pointing out, because it was hot, and it was too hot to say anything more than 'ruler,' and even thinking was starting to be more than he could take.

He groaned. It was hot.

"You know, if you're going to be naked, and groaning, and not let me touch you - why'd you invite me over?"

"I..." Xander stared at him, and played the words through his head. Naked... groaning...what was the question? Spike expected him to answer complex questions like that when his brain had already melted out his ears long before Spike had arrived, much less now that he was naked and sitting on the couch next to Xander?

He groaned again. He should've known there was a reason not to let Spike take off his clothes.
Since when did Spike have to actually *touch* him, to make a room hotter? What on earth *had* possessed him to invite Spike over in this heat?

Wait.

To invite Spike over, he'd have to have stood up. And walked over to the phone.

Bastard.

"I didn't."

"You did too groan, I heard you. Just now - groaned like someone was inside you, only it wasn't me because I'm all the way over here where I can't touch you."

Definitely another pout. Xander scowled. "I didn't invite you." Four words, irritating Spike, and it was getting *hotter*, damn it.

Spike pointed at the door. "Had to have. Otherwise I couldn't've gotten in."

Right, that was it. He was moving the slaying schedule up to autumn. It would have to have cooled down a *little* by then.

"That was a month ago." Five. *Five* words, just to remind Spike of something he already knew, that he'd been invited in the minute Xander had *officially* moved into this dump.

It was too bad it wasn't autumn now, so he could kill Spike before he said anything else. Xander closed his eyes again, and realized the couch was now radiating heat back at him. He groaned. He was going to have to move.


"*Hot*," he whined. Maybe Spike could peel Xander's skin off, and that would make it less hot. Spike was hovering, Xander could tell, and it was not two inches away hovering, either. He pried his eyes open and tried glaring.

"Look, why don't I go run the shower? That'll cool you off."

Xander shook his head. Well, moved it from side to side, which made the leatherette sofa cushion creak and sweat drip down his neck. More sweat. Dripped into his eyes, too. If Spike's chip wouldn't let him peel Xander's skin off, Spike could still help shave his head, right?

Except then they'd have to use the shower, probably. "I tried. Water's hot."

"Well, I meant a cold shower, love." Spike said it very gently and kindly and with no trace of snark - like he thought Xander did have heatstroke, and possibly brain damage.

"The cold water's hot."

There was a dumbfounded silence, which Xander was impressed to discover he could recognize. It was a silence only Spike could pull off, he suspected. Then, predictably, a dumbfounded voice asking, "Er. What?"

Xander groaned. "Hot. Water. Even cold." Did he have to spell out everything? Or was Spike being deliberately obtuse, to make Xander have to talk -- and think -- when it was clearly too hot to do anything but die a horrible -- but motionless, if he were lucky -- death?
"You're saying the hot water's cold? Or the cold water's hot? Or... something else that doesn't make sense?"

Xander growled. He had to stop almost immediately, though, because his first thought was that there was some vampire right next to him, about to bite him. Some not-Spike vampire. Then he realized the growl, low and loud and frustrated to the point of homicide, had come from him. "Hot water is hot. Cold water is hot. All water is hot. Check it yourself."

Then he growled again.

Spike didn't go anywhere. Xander peeled open an eye, and found Spike staring at him in a you're naked and I want to be jumped now kind of way. Xander just raised an eyebrow. "Not a chance, bud. Not until my body temperature goes down at least twelve degrees."

"Twelve? Just twelve?" Spike looked around, as though he might find an air conditioner just sitting around that Xander hadn't bothered to plug in. He looked back at Xander. "Don't you have a fan?"

Good thing lame gags didn't require enough brain-effort to increase the room temperature by much. "I thought you were my biggest fan."

"Well, I *offered* to make you cooler with just me, but you said no. Don't you have an *electric* fan?"

"Spike, if I had an electric fan, can you think of one good reason why I would not have it on and facing me, thereby cooling me down so I'm not so miserable I don't even want to have sex with you?" Xander was stunned he'd been able to say that much without combusting.

Spike seemed to be thinking about his answer, very carefully. Finally he shook his head. "Sorry, you said 'sex with you' and I forgot the question."

The moment the temperature dropped, Spike was a dead man. Er, deader man. Deader vampire. "I think the question was, why are you here. And no, I didn't invite you. Specifically. Tonight."

He had, in fact, thought Spike was going to be helping Angel and his crew-staff-gang-sewing-circle on some kind of ghostbusting mission. The kind where Xander wouldn't be able to feel like he was completely welcome no matter how many times Wesley said rubbish and Cordy said don't be silly, somebody needs to be able to yell and run like a girl so we'll know where the icky thing is, and no matter how many times Spike said screw 'em, you're mine and I don't care what anybody else thinks of you, least of all my enormous dork of a sire. Which would actually be... well, zero, that last one. But Xander was sure he'd just forgotten to get around to it.

Spike actually fidgeted, and suddenly said, "You have any ice cubes?"

Xander almost lifted his head. Almost -- because why would Spike rather play host, than answer Xander's question? If Xander *had* had any ice cubes -- after using them all up last night so he could cool off enough to pretend to get some sleep -- then he might not have cared why Spike's sudden change of topic.

Ice cubes could mean cooling off, and cooling off with a naked boyfriend might be fun. If Xander didn't suspect it would still be too hot to do anything about it, more than two seconds after the ice cube melted.

"Spike--"

"I'll go check." Spike nodded, and was gone, to the kitchen. For about two seconds. Head popping
back out the kitchen door, he asked, "How many ice cube trays do you have?"

Xander was supposed to be able to remember? "Um. Four?"

Bye bye, boyfriend-head. Pause. Hello, boyfriend-head. "They're all in the sink drainer."

Well, yeah. Because he'd used all the ice to cool down enough to get to sleep, then overslept from the heat and not had time to do any more than grab the trays on his way out of the bedroom and drop them in the kitchen on the way to work. He'd have brought home a bag, but no AC in his joke of a car, so by the time he'd gotten it up to the apartment, he would've had a bag of lukewarm water. All of which he should have remembered, but hey, hot, brain melted, naked boyfriend.

"Yes."

"Bugger."

"Not a chance." And sometimes you *had* to waste the energy for the lame joke, even if it *did* make the room hotter. It was just required.

Spike leaned on the kitchen doorframe. "I could take you out someplace. With air conditioning."

Air conditioning. The very words made the sweat on the back of his knees, neck, insides of his elbows, pause, before rolling on its merry way. Xander considered. "Would it involve me putting clothes on?"

"Well.. hell, this is LA. I bet we could find a place they wouldn't mind you being naked. Might even find a spot that'd feed us, and require it, in fact."

Xander gaped in utter disbelief. Not that Spike had suggested it, but that Spike was *serious*. Not in a 'let's wind Xander up' way, but in an actual, there were naked clubs out there and Spike was willing to take him there just in order to cool him off, serious way.

Which -- actually, what was the problem with that? Other than being seen naked by strangers which would require that he die of mortification? "Do I have to move?" Xander asked,

"Er, yeah. Sorry - can't bring the clubs in here. Not without a few phone calls first."

"Not happening," was all Xander said.

"Right," Spike sighed. He'd probably been looking forward to it, the whole ten seconds since he'd made the suggestion. Well, he would, wouldn't he? Not like *Spike* had any qualms about anyone and everyone seeing *him* naked. "No cold water, no ice..." He paused, and his face lit up. "I could put some water in the freezer. And *make* ice!"

Xander didn't know whether to roll his eyes at Spike's tone of amazed discovery, or beam proudly at him, because he really did seem like he'd just figured out something that scientists had been working to perfect for years, with no success. Xander settled for staring at him somewhat tolerantly. Beaming took too much energy, and he was afraid his eyeballs might get stuck if he rolled them.

Spike pouted. God, and it was *another* pout. "What? Don't you want ice?"

"Spike, it'll take an hour for the ice cubes to freeze. Why don't you crawl into the freezer, yourself? You'll cool down faster, and it won't matter if you suffocate."
He was suddenly afraid that he had just given Spike a very, very bad idea. Spike's eyes had lit up, and he vanished from the doorway before Xander could even think of the words 'Spike, I was only joking!' He heard the freezer door open, and groaned. He was going to have...

Er...hang on. He was going to have a life-sized -- well, a vampire-sized frozen Spike cube. Which he could cuddle. "Can you really fit in there?" he called out.

There was a pause. Then there was an ominous pause. Just following the ominous pause, a dangerous silence began. Then there was a loud thump, as of a refrigerator rocking back into place, after having almost fallen on someone.

"Spike?" If he was wrong, and it *had* fallen, he had a squashed vampire in his kitchen. And he'd have to get up. Probably.

"Won't fit."

Oh god. Xander tried not to giggle, because laughing was moving and moving was bad. But then there was a delighted shout of triumph, and Xander got worried all over again. He was *not* pulling Spike out of the freezer, if he'd discovered he could wedge himself in there after all.

But then Spike was hurrying back into the living room, holding something like it was a prize marlin. Whatever marlins were. "Look!" Fish, Xander was fairly sure. Slightly too big to keep as pets fish, and definitely too big for Spike to have found in his freezer. What he *had* found was...

"Oo! Gimmie!" Xander lifted one arm, hand out.

Spike just raised an eyebrow.

"What?" Xander demanded.

"Not very polite, is it? 'Gimmie,' when I've gone to all the trouble of finding them and hauling them out here?"

"Oh, yeah. Because with your superior vampiric strength, carrying a box of popsicles is really demanding." Xander waggled his fingers. "Give."

Spike held the box of pop -- well, store-brand Frozen Fruit Pops, but they tasted the same, and more importantly were just as *cold -- sicles protectively against his chest. "Do you know how many scary foil-wrapped packages I had to make my way past to get to this? God only knows what's inside those things."

"You're a bloodsucking demon who's over a century old, and you're afraid of my carefully-wrapped leftovers?"

Spike stuck his tongue out. "Didn't say I was afraid. Just saying I worked hard for these-- " He indicated the box. "-- and they're mine."

Xander just looked at him. "Who bought them?"

"What has that got to do with anything?" Spike asked, bewildered.

Of course. Since when did 'I paid for it' mean anything to Spike? Xander glared harder, then smiled as evilly as he could. Spike tried not to look hopeful. "If those popsicles can cool me down, I might actually feel like having sex with you."
Suddenly Xander had a box of popsicles in his lap.

He also had a naked vampire kneeling on the floor in front of his couch. Must've hurt, since the carpet was woven from a combination of fiberglass and stinging nettle, as far as Xander had been able to determine. The one time they'd tried to have sex on the floor in here, it had been so uncomfortable that *Spike* had called a halt, picked Xander up, thrown him over his shoulder and carried him into the bedroom.

Maybe Spike had managed to place both knees on a bare spot; they weren't all that hard to find. Kind of like playing the low-rent version of Twister. Spike's hands were very carefully not touching him, braced on the cracked vinyl cushion on either side of Xander's knees. His head was tilted up and he was eyeing the box of popsicles like a dog begging for scraps. Or possibly eyeing what lay beneath the box like a vampire begging for something he wasn't going to get unless Xander got a hell of a lot cooler.

Xander toyed with the open end of the box, incidentally sliding it around a little, spreading frozen goodness over his thighs and happy genitals. Not that happy, he amended, in case Spike misinterpreted that thought. He peered inside, and saw to his grateful surprise, at least six popsicles, all wrapped up tight. How he'd forgotten about these, he didn't know. Oh. Yeah. Brain melted.

"Huh. Which do I want? Grape, orange...."

"You're gonna *eat* them?" Spike asked, shocked.

Xander raised an eyebrow, evilly. It wasn't an evil eyebrow, per se; he wasn't an evil guy. But he had an evil boyfriend, and his eyebrows had been learning things from Spike's eyebrows for a while now. "They're food, Spike. What else would I do with them?"

Spike pouted. Xander couldn't figure out if it was a new one, or the same one he'd seen two pouts ago. "You said we could have sex."

"With *popsicles*?" Xander demanded.

"You say that like you haven't had sex with banana pudding."

"In, Spike. *In* banana pudding. There's a difference. Sex *with* banana pudding would imply that it was a participant."

"I seem to recall there was some in you. At some point."

"We are not having this discussion."

"So what's wrong with sex with popsicles?" Spike asked, as smoothly as if he were really doing as he was told.

Except that Xander had meant *all* of this discussion, and not just the banana pudding part. "I am eating these popsicles, so that I might actually feel cooler." He gave Spike a glare for emphasis.

"But then only your mouth and throat will be cool." Spike's fingers were dangerously moving right above Xander's leg. "If you had, say, a box of popsicles sitting on your lap for a bit, it might then be cool enough for somebody to touch without being threatened with bodily harm."

Xander frowned at him. "I *do* have a box of popsicles sitting on my lap."
"Yes, but if you eat one, the box'll be less cool."

Xander tried hard to think of a way in which Spike might not be right. "They're going to melt if I just rub them all over my body." Xander's brain suddenly forgot all about arguing with Spike. Popsicles, rubbed all over his body.

"Xander?" Spike was saying something, somewhere far away. "Xan? Oh, hell." Something touched his knee. Xander blinked until he could focus again, wondering if he should be Slaying a certain someone, or if bringing the popsicles had granted Spike immunity from the touch-and-die rule for a bit. Except the touch wasn't at all unpleasant - it was cool. Cold, even. He looked down to see Spike very carefully touching the tip of a still-wrapped cherry popsicle to his knee. "Xander, you in there?"

"Muh?" Somehow Xander's legs had fallen open, and it was vampiric reflexes that caught the box and settled it back on top of Xander. A bit higher, this time, up on Xander's belly. Which -- cold, and oh so good. Xander moaned, happily.

Spike's resulting pout was familiar. It was one of the ones Xander had seen earlier, though he wasn't sure which. He could definitely identify what it meant, though, even if Spike hadn't followed it up with a verbal caption. "Oi, no fair. You *are* having sex with the popsicles."

"Am not." He was just enjoying their cool, soothing presence on his skin, and thinking languidly that if popsicles could mate, he'd be offering to bear their children right about now. Which was so not the same as... well, maybe a little. But still.

"Oh, you are," Spike taunted. "I can prove it."

Xander actually looked up, wondering what insane Spike-logic his boyfriend was pursuing now. Spike held up one hand, holding a paper-wrapped popsicle, and then the other hand, which wasn't holding anything. Spike placed his empty hand on Xander's thigh. Xander glared at him. "What are you doing?"

Spike brought his hand away, then touched Xander's other thigh with the popsicle. Xander groaned happily. Spike sniffed. "Dumped for a popsicle," he said sadly.

"Don't be a dink." Xander paused, enjoyed the presence of his new popsicle friends for a moment, then corrected himself. "More of a dink than usual. I'm not dumping you. I'm just..." How to put it in a way that Spike would understand? "This isn't a permanent thing."

"Us?" Spike's eyes got big, and Xander almost thought for a second that he was serious. Instead of just a serious dink.

"No, me and the popsicles. Dink."

"Oh." Spike settled back, and for a weird, insane, my brain has melted and I cannot think moment, Xander thought he ought to apologize for the joke. He whapped himself in the brain, and thought instead about the fact that Spike was pressing the popsicle up against the inside of his leg. "So, is it an exclusive thing?" Spike asked.

"Huh?"

"You, the popsicles. Are you going to share, or do I just have to watch?"
Maybe *Spike's* brain had melted. "Spike, you're the one having sex with me with the popsicles." Damn. He'd said it. He'd meant to string Spike along for at least ten more seconds, until the cold that was creeping up his stomach actually reached his chest.

"I am?" Spike removed the popsicle from Xander's thigh, and stared at it, eyes askance. "Do I like it?"

"DO you *like* it? You have to *ask* ?" Xander made a grab for the popsicle. "Give me that. Then go away. My popsicles and I want to be alone and cold together."

Spike yanked it out of his reach. "Not on your nelly."

"My who?"

"Do you want me to have my...er, this popsicle's wicked way with you, or not?"

Xander almost answered, when he realized he was a moron. Luckily not as much of one as his boyfriend. He reached into the box on his stomach and pulled out another popsicle. He wondered if it would feel as good on his chest, as it had on his legs. "Mmmmm....ahhh, yes." It did.

Spike was having trouble with his jaw. His lips compressed into a determined line, and he trailed his popsicle along Xander's other, warmer thigh. Xander didn't really care who was making his skin so cool he could almost see steam rising off it. Himself? Spike? Popsicle ghosts? It still rated a satisfied groan. Spike smiled, then pulled the popsicle away again.

"Hey!"

"Hang on. Not like you're going anywhere. Just want to get this paper off. Smoother ride." Spike unpeeled the wrapper.

"Stickier, too," Xander pointed out.

"Mm?" Spike didn't seem to hear him. Xander sighed, resigning himself to a *hot* shower, later, then yelled again when Spike put the popsicle into his mouth.

"You cheat! You said we couldn't eat them. We're having sex!"

Spike looked up at him through lowered dark eyelashes, pink lips wrapped around a bright red frozen pop, and beginning to be slightly red-stained themselves. What was the question?

Then Spike slid the popsicle out of his mouth with a soft slurp -- and pressed his lips to Xander's knee.

Xander eeped. Quietly, not in an embarrassing way no matter what Spike thought when he glanced up at Xander and grinned. "You can touch me like that," Xander pronounced. That way was of the good. It was cold.

Cold lips kissed their way down his shin, leaving a line of... not real cold, not for long. But memory-cold, that felt almost as if Spike had painted a visible line down the front of his leg. Then something wet and *very* cold swiped at his ankle. The popsicle, dripping red juice down onto his foot. Sticky. Wet. Mess.

"Sorry 'bout that." Spike grinned, and lowered his head.

"You're gonna...oh, mm."
Spike was licking his ankle clean. In between sucking on the popsicle, so the tongue on his ankle was still almost-cold. It was almost enough to make him want to rip the paper off the second popsicle and start lying a sticky trail of bread crumbs for Spike to follow.

The one he was holding against his chest was melting fast, he realized, and he sat up, fast, holding it out. "Freezer." he shoved the box of must-be melting fast popsicles at Spike.

Spike lifted his head. "You want me to *stop* ?"

"Popsicles. Melting. Freezer." He was back to one word at a time, but this time it was for speed and conservation of resources, not because he was worried about whatever tiny heat his words might be generating.

Spike nodded, took the box, and was gone in an instant. Back in a slightly longer instant, red popsicle still in hand. "You know, if I have to keep going back for one at a time, we're gonna get interrupted. A lot. You mightn't like it."

"What do you suggest?" Xander realized the cold popsicles had actually worked. He was thinking, again. He was thinking he wouldn't kill Spike if he touched him.

"Sex on the kitchen table?"

"Ah, one small problem," Xander said, and when Spike glanced down at Xander's crotch, he decided that, in fact, his boyfriend was going to die. He whapped Spike on the head. Then he grabbed a pillow from the end of the couch and whapped him again, harder. "That's not small."

"Did I say it was?"

"You *looked*." Honestly. You'd think you wouldn't get these kind of problems dating a guy. Spike was supposed to understand about the 'size doesn't matter except all the time' thing.

"Just to make sure nothing bad happened to it while I was in the kitchen." Spike blinked not-remotely-innocently at him. "So, everything in working order, sex on the table, what's the problem?"

Xander tried to remember. He had to eat off that table? Bwah. That might work if Spike didn't have every place they'd had sex and the number of times and what implements and probably what song was playing in the background, catalogued for ... some diabolical reason. For Xander's pleasure, he claimed - which was true enough, but this was Spike. There had to be evil behind it. Anyway, no, nothing wrong with sex on the table under normal circumstances. Should any ever arise.

So... Xander leaned forward, and the sofa creaked. Oh, yeah. "I'd have to *move*.""

"Er. And?"

Spike was just begging to be pummeled again, wasn't he? Oh. Right. He just had moved, in order to hit Spike with the pillow. "There's no place comfortable in the kitchen," Xander said anyhow, just to be contrary.

Spike gave him a look that said he knew Xander had just uttered the seven most inane words in the English language. "Compared to sitting in ninety degree weather on a couch that's upholstered with the mortal remains of a thousand innocent naugas?"

Spike swiped his rapidly-melting popsicle across Xander's belly, leaving a red, sticky line, and Xander writhing atop the equally-sticky naugahyde. "Aggh. That's my point. Don't think I *can*
"Want me to peel you off?" Spike somehow made the offer sound bad, evil, wicked and painful.

Xander held up his hands, ignoring that they were each of them holding a popsicle in one hand. "Yes, please. Then popsicle sex."

Spike paused, standing in front of him. "Quick and possibly painful, or slow and possibly painful?"

It couldn't be *too* painful, or it would set off Spike's chip - and they both knew it. Still, it had that ring of danger to it. That ring which Xander didn't really *care* about at this point, because cool and table and sex and kitchen were far more important than slow-burning foreplay, in this weather. "Now, and possibly you get laid."

And Spike stood there and frowned at him, as though he were taking the time to decide just exactly how to fulfill the command which had included the apparently optional word 'Now.'

Xander managed to wait almost four seconds before he glared. "Is there a problem with cooling me down enough for me to want to say 'yes, Spike, we can have sex now'?"

Instead of getting any answer that made sense -- of course this was Spike he was dealing with, so why was he ever surprised -- Xander found cool lips being pressed against his very briefly, then he was being ripped away from the couch and screaming in almost pain of separation.

In the time it took to get another good breath in, and prepare to whap Spike over the head with the pillow again, his hot, cranky ass was suddenly being plopped down on the almost cool Formica surface of the kitchen table, and there wasn't a sofa pillow within reach. "Hey Spike?"

"Yeah?"

"You wouldn't wanna go back in the living room and grab me a pillow, would you?"

Spike shook his head. "I'd have to leave you, and you might melt while I was gone."

This was a good point. Before Xander could get over the shock of this and actually tell Spike that he'd made a good point, there was something very cold being pressed against the spot right between his legs which normally only contained his balls. Xander yelped.

"Problem?"

"Cold! Eee! Cold!" He wriggled on the table, but he also had a Spike-hand holding him down, even room-temperature skin uncomfortably warm against his stomach. The combination of the two temperatures was enough to make him squirm uncontrollably by itself, without the addition of the totally pornographic look on Spike's face, and the sudden dropping of the vampire's head.

Then there was a tongue where the cold had been - a tongue that swirled around his skin without warming it up at all. Almost spreading the remaining aftershock of chill. Xander made noises that even he didn't know what they were supposed to mean. Spike apparently didn't know, or didn't care, because he didn't stop doing what he was doing.

After a few seconds, when his skin began to warm again and the touch of Spike's tongue was about to become a bad, evil, hot -- in a bad way -- thing, it went away and there was a touch of utter sticky cold, again.

Almost cold enough to burn. Almost cold enough to make everything remotely sex-oriented in its
vicinity suddenly decide on a life of quiet, lonely chastity, to be started right now, thank you. But just there, on that edge. Not quite, and that not quite was almost everything. That edge of sensation, where he wasn't sure whether it would melt or he would. The heat of the air, the warmth of Spike's hand sliding in the sweat on his belly. The cold, and then again, the tongue in its place, just when it was almost unbearable.

Somehow he's closed his eyes, or maybe there was no light in the kitchen and his eyes were wide open and there was nothing to see. And maybe the cold, hard feeling against his back wasn't because he'd laid down on the table, but because...well, no, it was. There wasn't anything poetic it could be.

Fingers ghosted along his thigh and he moved his leg, and it was still so hot, everywhere inside and out -- except for the places Spike deigned to grace with the popsicle's presence and how could he think words like deign, when it was this hot? Xander moaned, wishing they hadn't put the box in the freezer. He wanted every popsicle in the world to be piled on top, burying him in their frozen goodness.

There was one, though. One that Spike didn't have. He remembered. One that wasn't in the box and therefore in the freezer. One that if only Xander could remember where it was, he could... do something with. But where the hell was it?

Oh yeah. His hand. One of them. Xander squeezed experimentally. Ah. Left. He lifted his hand from the table, and cold popsicle-juice dripped onto his chest. Onto his stomach. Very good. Very, very good. He liked his hand. His hand was a happy thing. He squeezed again, and more cold drips.

He brought his hand down, and found a spot on his chest, near his left nipple, that was suddenly quite freezing. Xander sighed, happily. And if he laid the popsicle flat, there was a line almost three inches long, that was suddenly and wonderfully cold. He moved his hand up and down, coating his chest with frozen, delicious, almost ready to be licked warm popsicleness.

He heard Spike move, then, "Mind if I just watch?"

Xander slid the popsicle down his chest until it hit the tips of Spike's fingers where they splayed on his belly. "Yes. I mind." He held up the popsicle, which had melted on its journey to tiny grape slivers that even now did their best to slide off the stick. "No watching. More popsicle."

"What about licking?" Spike did something obscene with his tongue.

"Muhg," Xander said. The licking stopped.

"Was that a 'yes' muhg, or a 'get away from me you fiend' muhg?"

Xander glared. "If you don't start applying popsicles to my body in preparation for having sex, I'm going to lock you in the fridge." Which, actually, would work as well as the freezer, for subsequent Xander-cooling. And Spike might actually *fit*... No. This was a bad idea. It had to be. Right?

Spike shook his head, though he was already moving away, towards the freezer. "Nah. You wouldn't. Least you wouldn't lock it. I'd be cooler than you, and you wouldn't get to enjoy it."

"Shut up." The universal euphemism for 'you're right, and I hate you.' "Blue raspberry."

"Why d'you care - not like you're tasting 'em." Spike returned with a paper-wrapped popsicle, however, and ripped the wrapper off with his teeth, to reveal a bright electric blue.
"I wanna see your lips turn blue."

Spike raised an eyebrow. "You're saying... I should eat this...make my mouth cold...then make you go 'eep' again?"

"See, this is why I like you. It's your grasp of the duh." Xander sighed. "I'm *hot*," he whined. Watching Spike hold a popsicle was doing *nothing* for his incipient meltdown.

"I could hold you in front of the freezer, I suppose," Spike said, frowning. "Would be hard to fuck you, though."

There was something to be said for the power of Xander's imagination - and his firsthand knowledge of Spike's ingenuity when it came to finding new places and ways to have sex. It actually distracted Xander for the heat for about ten seconds, to figure out whether he could possibly clear out the shelves of the fridge, crawl in *himself*, and get fucked.

But no, not with a non-removable vegetable crisper. "You'll be sorry when I melt, and you have nobody left to whip your brain back into place when it gets stuck on slow," Xander threatened.

Spike blinked, and looked confused. "I'm *trying* to cool you down, so I can fuck you. Er -- here."

He pushed the popsicle underneath Xander's cock, above his balls.

Xander yelped, started to leap off the table, then Spike removed the popsicle. Before he could tell Spike just how exactly he was going to kill him -- next winter -- he realized his cock felt good. Not happy, good. But - not hot good.

Spike then put the popsicle in his mouth, and Xander blinked - and stared. Spike was sucking on the popsicle like he was having sex with it. Those soft, wicked lips that always stayed far, far too red for somebody with no circulation, wrapped tightly around the blue spear of ice, and Spike's eyes slowly narrowed to slits. The way they did sometimes when his lips were wrapped around Xander's cock, and Xander would reach down and trail his fingers in Spike's hair, grabbing scrunched curls and holding on for dear life.

It was like watching Spike have sex with somebody *else*, and Xander had a momentary urge to haul off and sock that popsicle right on the chin. Instead, Xander opened his legs a bit, and gave Spike that look that said 'hello, naked here.'

Spike raised an eyebrow, and the popsicle slid out of his mouth slowly. Then he lowered it, and brushed it up and down the length of Xander's cock. Which made Xander blink. Since when was his cock being a length? He was too hot and miserable to have an erection. So he'd thought.

Made him wonder if it *would* turn him on to see Spike fucking somebody else. With his permission. In front of him. While he watched, and didn't touch. For at least thirty seconds anyway. Again, with the urge to punch somebody, except this time it was some-imaginary-body, which was probably still saner than wanting to deck an icy-pop. But his cock was still hard. Harder, maybe, but that was something he could spend time denying when he had the brainpower to devote to it. When there wasn't a rapidly melting popsicle coming back for another pass.

It was a not-so-slow cycle. Popsicle to mouth, all the melty drips sucked off, then popsicle to cock and balls, and everything made cold and blue and sticky. Then back to mouth, and Xander couldn't not stare, and there was probably something weird about it - kinky, at least, in ways he was sure he ought to pretend he didn't know anything about, in polite company. But he probably couldn't tell polite company that his popsicle wielding kinky boyfriend was a vampire. So - what problem was that.
The problem was that the popsicle was making his cock cold - which was making him not so hard, but the popsicle sucking was making him hard, but then he got hot again. Apparently Spike's real plan was to torture him.

"You're evil," he pointed out, as the popsicle, much thinner now, traced a line up the underside of his cock. He managed to say it without his voice shaking, too.

Spike looked at him like he was worried about heatstroke again. "Uh.... yeah?"

"And your lips are blue."

"Yeees," Spike said, leadingly. As though they weren't blue just because Xander had *asked* him to make them blue. Which he had. But - Xander's brain had melted, so he was excused from thinking.

"Can you put them on my cock and see how--" and suddenly he didn't have to finish his sentence. It was a good thing, too, because Spike's cold mouth on his cock made it very, very hard. To think. Blue lips, sucking at him. Cool tongue rasping over his skin like a soft wet living thing with a mind of its own. Tiny sliver of popsicle ice being rubbed slowly over the space behind his balls. Think? Who? What? Could you get coldstroke?

Xander moaned, and decided he was glad Spike hadn't gone away when Xander had told him too. His cock was happy, too, at least until the cold mouth started warming up. Xander waited as long as he could, then he thumped Spike lightly on the head and whimpered. "Hot."

Spike looked up at him, eyes wide open now, and grinned around his cock, and yes, he *did* look hot, and yes, Xander could hear the 'Thank you' gag coming a mile away, and he whapped Spike again, in advance. Or in prevention. Then there was nothing around his cock but hot sticky air, and vampire speed was zooming to the freezer and back before Xander could even work up a good reason to complain.

Orange popsicle, this time, and Spike's mouth on it again. There had to be a law against torturing your boyfriend when the heat index was over a hundred. Yet another good reason to wait til winter for his revenge. Then Spike bent down, and Xander prepared for the cycle to start again - except it didn't. This time, those torturing lips traveled somewhere else entirely. Xander shivered as Spike sucked one of his balls into that wonderful cool mouth.

He gasped again, a happy, don't ever let this end gasp. But it did, and his back was sticking to the table. He started to whine again, wanting to stand up for just a second, then there was something very, very, very cold right where nothing cold had ever been before.

And god, it felt good. He shivered, and suddenly - for a brief moment - he was cool, all over. Then the cold became very much more intimate with his body than popsicles were ever supposed to be, and Xander yelped. He didn't move -- because it felt good, because it was cold, and parts of his body were beginning to admit they might actually speak to him again.

"Unnngh..." he said conversationally. To those parts. Or possibly to Spike.

Spike looked up at him, and he could swear there was actual concern on that face, existing simultaneously with evilsexygrin, because Spike was impossible in more senses of the word than Xander could count on a day when his counting functions *hadn't* melted away or possibly been left stuck to the naugahyde couch like most of the skin on his ass. Probably.

"Okay?" Spike asked, and the popsicle was still and cold and good.
"Mur-wuh," Xander said, distinctly. He realized he didn't actually know what he meant by any of it, nor did he know if he wanted to succumb to the last remaining brain cell which said 'isn't this a little weird?' and ask Spike to back off, or if he wanted to show that last remaining brain cell that, weird or not, it was *cold*. He suspected that one brain cell was going to die or be converted by Spike, sooner or later, so he didn't bother.

"You know, I speak four...well, five...er...six--- a lot of demon languages, plus I can get my face slapped in Latin, French, and Inuit -- don't ask -- and I don't think I ever heard that word before. What's it mean?"

"Shut up."

"Really? What language?"

Xander growled at him.

Spike grinned. "Oh? Why the hell didn't you say so?" He moved the popsicle, just a little.

Xander's mouth had dropped open, probably so he could say something like 'stop being a jerk and fuck me.' But parts of his body were taking over more and more of his attention. For instance, there was a spot on his leg which was telling him that there was a Spike pressed along the inside of it, and he could, if he wanted, wrap his leg *around* Spike.

This was normally a good thing, when they were having sex, so Xander wrapped his leg around Spike's waist. This pushed him a little closer, which made the popsicle slide in farther and made Xander yelp again. Probably because it was cold, Xander told himself. Cold, where no cold had ever gone before, and..."Uuuuurga!"

His eyes were rolling into his skull. That meant he couldn't see Spike's expression -- smug, turned on, most likely both.

There was cold, and there were hands, which weren't quite cold, but not warm, and god, like he cared anymore and they were sliding up and down his legs, tickling the skin of his inner thigh, and where did Spike get that many hands, if one of them was holding the popsicle? Had he invited somebody else in here to touch Xander while Spike fucked him with a popsicle? Did Xander care about that either, at this point? Or was Spike just using that vampire super-speed thing to *seem* like he had more hands than Ollie the Octopus?

And why was Xander thinking about it, instead of letting his brain shut down completely and let Xander do useful things like scream and moan and make Spike unable to do anything but fuck him? Even if he already was? He tried again with the mouth-opening thing, and got as far as panting real loud before giving that up for lost.

Not entirely lost, he discovered a second later, when very wonderful deliciously cold lips were pressed against his and he could taste raspberry and sugar and Spike and the fact that Spike's not-cold body was pressed over him didn't really matter anymore.

It was kind of like drinking a raspberry slushy that could kiss, which was something Xander really thought would be worth marketing -- he'd head down to the 7-11 a hell of a lot more if they had those. Especially if they could also do that thing Spike was doing with his hips, that made his not-cold cock rub against Xander's not-cold-anymore-cock in a not at all cold but definitely amazing way. Probably that was a little advanced for the current state of slushee technology.

"Muh," he said, rather than 'go buy me a slushee.' He said it in three pieces, in between three or
four or possibly nine kisses.

Spike just nodded, understanding that it meant 'more,' no doubt because *he* wanted more, and Xander wasn't shoving him across the room so anything that wasn't expressly 'wait, try it this way' usually meant 'more.' More, in this instance, meant more Spike's cold blue lips -- after a fresh application of popsicle -- and more Spike's hands on Xander's hips, and more Spike's cock up against Xander's, and more popsicle...well, just more.

Somewhere in there it occurred to Xander that the *other* popsicle must be melted right now, and right after that it occurred to him that Spike must know that, since there wasn't a popsicle stick in an inconvenient place right now, and then Spike slid a hand up and touched the slushee-lips-popsicle to Xander's nipple and Xander forgot how to multiply four by seven. That particular braincell -- which he'd thought had melted anyway but apparently not -- just spontaneously combusted, and if he lived long enough to hit 28 he'd probably be in trouble. Not that he cared.

Especially when popsicle was followed by slushee-lips sucking where the popsicle had just been, leaving Xander to bury sticky fingers in Spike's hair and realize that yes, he *did* have the energy to buck his hips up against Spike's. How neat. He tried it again, and was pleased to discover that his body didn't hate him for moving.

He was contemplating a third time, when something cold was pressed into the Spike's-cock-Xander's-cock ensemble. His gasp was swallowed by Spike's mouth, and a cold hand was holding the three eerily-compatible lengths together, and rubbing.

"Spiiiiiike!" he shouted, surprised he was able to form that many consonants.

"Mmmmmph?" Apparently he was doing a better job than Spike, who mumbled and murphled into his mouth and narrowed his eyes to pleased, possibly braindead, slits.

Xander slid the *other* leg around Spike's waist, and pressed them -- and the popsicle, which really should have a name, considering how intimately it was being invited to share their relationship -- closer together. "Guhhhhh," he added for good measure.

"Guuuhhh," Spike replied, nodding his head in a brief moment in between kisses. Things were growing warm, now -- mouths and hands and body parts everywhere -- but Xander didn't care. There were still two parts of him which were cold, and those two parts were in charge.

Xander tried bucking against Spike again, and felt the kitchen table creak and shift. He didn't stop moving, because Spike was the one with vampiric strength and reflexes, and it was his job to prevent lethal accidents to their sex-life. Spike bucked back against him, rubbing their hips together, rubbing their lips together, smearing the whole of them into one happy, sweet, sticky pile of movement.

If Xander could taste with his skin -- and he wasn't sure he couldn't, at this point -- he'd say this was raspberry slushy flavored sex. At the very least, it was the next best thing to having sex *in* a slushee, and he really shouldn't think things like that because a) Spike would want to do it, and b) *he* would want to do it and c) they'd never be able to set foot in 7-11 again. Someday he'd have to buy a slushee machine so they could do it in private.

Suddenly Spike slammed down on him again, as though someone had slid a popsicle in *his* ass -- which, good idea if there were any left -- and began rubbing against Xander like he was about to come. Xander held on, knowing that if he rode it out, Spike's thrusting would probably send him off into orgasm-land, as well.
Spike moved faster, and faster still, and just when Xander thought he was going to come or possibly slip off the table, Spike did slide down. And down and down and mouth where Spike's cock had been rubbing, sucking on *it* like it was a popsicle. And there went Xander. He shouted, and the world became sensations of cold, and hot, and Spike. He came, hard, and he felt the table tilting, or it might just have been his brain.

Probably was his brain, because when he was breathing and being licked and his eyes were open, he was still lying on the kitchen table and the table was still upright. He blinked lazily at Spike, then glanced down the length of his body to where Spike now crouched between his legs. "Uh. You?"

Spike looked up from the licking of the happy floppy Xander parts. "Yeah? Me Spike. You sticky."

Xander shook his head. "No, you with the..." He had the feeling Spike was currently licking up the braincells for complete sentences and the rest of the multiplication tables. "Sticky?" he finally said, and pointed off the edge of the table towards where Spike's not yet happy not yet floppy parts should be hiding.

Spike grinned. "Missed that, did you?"

"Can you do it again?"

The grin got wider. "Can. But have to get dressed, first."

Xander stared at his boyfriend, trying to figure out exactly *how* that made any sense, even in Spike-logic. He listened to his brain clunk in circles until finally realizing that it was useless. "Huh?"

"Need to buy more popsicles."

Oh. That made sense. Except that would mean Spike had to leave. And then Xander would get all - - awww, fuck. Xander was already getting all. He moaned sadly.

"What?" Spike stood up. "Don't *have* to get dressed. Could go get more popsicles naked, I suppose."

Xander moaned again.

Spike frowned. "I didn't break you, did I? Damn, I knew I should've grabbed a pillow or something. Tabletop's too damn hard."

"Spiiiiike..."

"What?"

"I'm *h-o-t*."

Spike blinked. "Er -- am I allowed to be touching you? Because I think I'm stuck to bits of you...." He pressed one hand against Xander's hip which was, indeed, sticky.

"I'm *hot*," Xander whined again. Because he was. Post-orgasmic bliss had vanished into the same mind-numbing, kill-me-now-and-let-me-go-to-hell-where-it's-cool, heat. Maybe if he took his
skin off? He realized Spike wasn't saying anything, and he moved his head just slightly enough he could glare at his boyfriend, if it proved necessary. "What?"

"I--" Spike was staring down, away from Xander's eyes, and looking uncomfortable. Huh. Maybe he was hot, now, too.

"You what? Have a popsicle hidden somewhere that you forgot to tell me about? You want to try that thing where I stuff you in the freezer, after all?" Xander blinked at his even-more-uncomfortable-looking vampire, and had a tiny stupid moment of Oh-yeah-I'm-the-guy-that-moved-two-hours-away-from-friends-and-family-for-*you* insecurity. "You realized this is all a terrible mistake, you came over to dump me, and when you saw me all hot and miserable you decided a final pity-fuck was in order?"

Spike's eyes widened. "Do what, now?"

Xander inclined his head. "Ok, so, evil. You don't do pity. Point taken. You saw me naked and couldn't resist."

"Well, that much is true."

"And now you're gonna sneak off for popsicles and never come back?" Xander was mostly kidding, but he managed to put enough lip-quiver into it that he thought maybe Spike couldn't be sure of that.

"No! I -- Aww, hell." Spike shut his mouth and looked about as uncomfortable as a vampire could look without actually being on fire. Which given the current temperature, probably wasn't that hard for him to imagine.

"What?"

"I--" Spike looked around quickly, then blurted out, "I hate your flat."

Xander blinked. Was tempted to crane his head around, looking at his flat, to see if it had morphed into something new and different and worse than the apartment he'd been staying in for two months now. "Uh, Spike? I hate it, too. But normally I just yell at it. I don't come over and fuck myself with a popsicle then look guilty."

He could see Spike's eyes drift as he said 'fuck myself', but he waited patiently until he had Spike's attention again.

Spike shook his head, briefly, then said, "Yeah. That's part of it, too."

"Still not really making sense, here. So - you hate my place. I hate my place. We both like popsicles in ways man was not meant to know. Why the sad face?"

"I'm not-- I mean." Spike shrugged his shoulders, then said in a rush, "I wanted to know if you'd move in with me."

"Yeah, treehouse. What d'you think?" Spike said quickly. "Nice, up there with a cool breeze blowing through the windows..."

"Right up next to the big bright sun, with a million little sharp boyfriend-slaying implements of
death around to make sure I get plenty of undisturbed rest, and did you just ask me to move in with you?"

Spike nodded. He looked like he half-expected Xander to shove him out the front door and tell him never to return.

"Spike, you're a moron." Xander sat up, and began wondering if he wanted to pack, or just burn the place down and make Spike steal money to buy him all new stuff. Or -- living in Angel's hotel, maybe *Angel* would bankroll it. Not because he liked Xander, but because it would keep Spike happy? OK, more likely Xander's brain was still a puddle in the living room.

He realized Spike was still waiting for an answer -- and he was still looking like he really *didn't* know the answer. Xander stopped, and kissed him.

"Muh?"

"Yeah, muh. Duh."

Spike blinked at him, somewhat suspiciously. "Was that a yes?"

"Of course it was a-- " Xander paused a moment, as pre-brain-melting conversation worked its way back into his memory. Like questions Spike wouldn't answer about why he was here and not out busting ghosts tonight. He glared suspiciously right back at Spike. "Spike, did you come over here in the first place to ask me to move in with you?"

"No! Yes. Maybe." Spike would probably have his hands in his pockets and be looking at the floor, if he were wearing any pockets. "No." He almost sounded firm that time.


"Came over to take you out to dinner, *then* ask if you'd move in with me."

Xander reached out to pull him close again. "Oh." Then pushed him away. "Jerk!"

"Um. I did break you, didn't I."

"No! You came over to take me to dinner and ask me to move in with you and I'm still *here*? You let me be all hot and sweaty and dying instead of taking me away from all this?"

Spike pointed, helplessly. "You were naked!"

There really wasn't anything he could say to that. Except, "Go pack my stuff."

the end

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