Hurt Me Softly.

by Hulk_Stanner

Summary

Xander likes it rough... Maybe a little too rough...

Notes

More cross posted stuff. Probably one of my more violent things... lol. Also, I like evil Angel... He's fun to write.

Angelus flicked his wrist, and cracked the whip through the air with practiced ease, leaving a thin, bloody gash across his lovers back. A sharp cry was his reward and Angelus smiled darkly, and cracked it again, adding another long, thin mark to criss-cross over the many that were already there. His pet knew first-hand that the killer-of-thousands was very good with a whip. "Scream for me love..." Angelus said, and he flicked the whip out sharply, yet again, and was pleased when his request was granted.

Angelus smirked, and put the whip aside, drawing a small dagger from his belt and moving across
the room, to stand directly behind his chained up lover, running the sharp blade lightly down his back, and leaning foward to whisper in his ear, huskily; "Now, Xander... Beg for me..."

Xander whimpered quietly, then did as he was told. "Angelus... Please..."

Angelus grinned evily, and ran the point of the knife down his back again, and Xander gasped, and said; "Please..."

Angelus set the dagger aside and leaned over; teeth grazing his throat, lightly, as he shifted to his vampire form, removing his coat and tossing it over a chair. He growled hungrily in Xanders ear, and demanded; "Scream for me..." before pushing himself roughly into Xanders entrance, and biting his throat as he thrust into him, repeatedly, and Xander screamed.

He didn't scream because it hurt – he liked the pain – he screamed because Angelus wanted him to, because it pleased him. Xander didn't always understand why, but for some reason he wanted to make Angelus pleased. He wanted to let him hurt him, and use him, and own him... He wanted him.

Perhaps it was the fact that Buffy and the others always ignored him, always thought he was no good for anything. Or maybe he was just sick. Whatever.

Xander wasn't sure exactly how this strange, secret tryst had started, or for how long he'd wanted it, but one night when Angelus had caught him alone and taken him away to torture him, he'd suddenly discovered that he actually kind of liked it.

Angelus had laughed when he'd realised that Xander actually enjoyed being tied up and beaten, and had made a kind of game out of smacking him around whenever they crossed paths, but eventually even these random encounters weren't enough for Xander. He'd started seeking Angelus out, or wandering around the cemetery, hoping he'd show up.

Angelus had cornered him near a crypt one night, and somehow Xander had ended up naked and chained to a wall... Angelus had managed to find him most nights after that, and for whatever reason, Xander had never sought to end the farce.

Angelus bit him again, and Xander cried out in a choked yell, relishing the feeling of the vampire's teeth at his throat, the sharp pain, and a slight dizziness as Angelus fed on him. Never killing him, but not quite turning him either.

The vampires large length burned inside him, and the cuts on his back and front stung sharply as Angelus moved against him, running the small blade down his chest as he thrust fiercely into him, all the while growling, and whispering softly in his ear.

"You know the one thing I really like about you Xander, is that you always scream, always beg... but you never beg for your life, never beg for me to stop, to let you go... You beg for me, you want me, want me to hurt you, to own you... Y'know I always wanted a dog, but I guess I got the next best thing; I got a bitch, and a willing one at that. So, tell me Xander; Do you like being my bitch? My plaything? Do you think your slayer friend would still want to know you if she knew you played pet to her evil ex-boyfriend vampire? Or don't you care? Is she nothing to you, as you are to her? Just another convenience... What if I killed her? What if I killed them all? Would you still come to me? Would you still play...? Would you still want to be my bitch if they were all dead? Not that it would matter, what you want. See, I would just take you anyway, willing or not... but this way's just so much easier!" Angelus growled, fiercely, and dug the point of the knife into his side, below his ribs, and asked, threateningly; "Well, would you?"

Xander gasped, and suddenly realised he should've known this was coming. Angelus would make
him choose, in the end; he could watch his friends die, and stay with Angelus, or he could try to save his friends and watch them killed slowly, and still end up with Angelus. Either way, he figured the vampire would never let him go. Not now. He also doubted he'd simply kill him. Turn him, maybe, but not kill him. Death would be too easy.

"Make a choice, Xander; Me, or them? We both know you're not getting out of this. I promise I'll kill them quickly if you behave... If you bring them to me..."

Xander whimpered a little, knowing he had lost either way. The least he could do was to offer them all quick deaths, instead of the slow, painful torture that Angelus was well known for.

Angelus pressed the blade a little deeper, turning it slightly, and Xander gasped, and managed to speak; "I'll stay... Just... Do it quickly. Please..."

Angelus grinned at his ear, and said; "Good boy. Now; I want to hear you scream again..."

Xander moved slowly as he entered the library – cautiously. He'd made sure, as always, that the marks on his neck, and the cuts on his front and back were not in any way visible. He'd gotten used to not flinching when they twinged, or when one of the gang hugged him... Angelus wouldn't be happy if they found out just yet.

"Hey guys! What's hap'nin'?" he asked, perching on the edge of a desk.

"Oh, nothing much, the usual. There's still no word yet on Angel, and the whole 'big evil' thingy is a bust so far." Buffy said, and Xander mentally prepared himself for what he was about to do.

"Ah, yeah... On the matter of the whole Angel thing; I ran into Mr Evil himself the other night, and I think I know where he might be holed up!"

"Really? How do you know that?"

I followed him, kinda. Let's just say I stayed out of his way and watched him from a relatively safe-ish distance..."

Xander! You followed a vampire that wants to kill you! Are you insane!"

"Probably, but at least now I know where he is."

Buffy sighed dramatically. "Okay, well, your suicidal-ness aside, where is he?"

Xander sighed, hating himself. "He's at the factory..."

"Great!" Buffy started grabbing weapons and handing them round. "I say we just go down there in force, hit him hard and fast!" She threw Xander an axe, and he took it, turning it over and over in his hands.

He knew what would happen once Buffy, Willow, Giles and Oz entered the factory where Angelus was waiting. The vampire had rigged a trap for them all, and it was Xanders job to lead them right into it.

Xander brooded all the way to the factory, debating the merits of chickening out. "Ah, guys, y'know, maybe we should'n..." He stopped suddenly, remembering the feel of Angelus's teeth in his throat, the essentially mild torture that he enjoyed – Angelus could make it hurt in a bad way too, if he wanted. Not to mention that if he backed out, Angelus would only find them all anyway, and torture them endlessly before killing them. Xander really didn't want that. "Ahh... Maybe we should just,
y'know, go in through the front door? Y'know, hard and fast, an' all that...?

Buffy nodded. "Yeah. Right. Front door. Let's go!" She kicked the door open and charged in, and Xander hung back a little as the others followed. He wasn't supposed to get himself caught. Angelus wouldn't be happy about that.

There was a loud clang! And Xander suddenly found himself airborne as he ran into the side of a large steel cage that Buffy and the others were trapped in. He hit the ground back first, and opened his eyes, groaning, to the sight of Angelus's legs, standing over him.

The vampire bent down and grabbed his shirt front, hauling him to his feet, and laughing maniacally, shifting to his vampire form. "Oh, well done, lover! Once again you've managed to get them all in trouble..." He laughed again, and turned Xander to face away from him, one clawed hand at his throat, the other twisted roughly into his hair.

"Xander!" Buffy yelled, grabbing the bars and shouting at Angelus; "Angel! I swear, if you hurt him...!"

"You'll do what, exactly, Buff? Kill me?" He laughed again, and let Xander go, taking the axe from the ground where he'd dropped it, and walking over to her. "Don't worry, I'm not gonna hurt him. Well, no more than he likes, anyway." He grinned.

"Wha...?"

"Oh, what? He hasn't told you? Well now, Xander, you've been keeping secrets from your friends... You know I told you that keeping secrets was bad, right...?"

"Xander, What is he talking about? What secrets!"

Xander remained silent.

Angelus continued. "Do you want to know how you really got here tonight? How I knew you were coming?"

Buffy's face was full of confusion, and she asked; "What are you talking about, Angel?"

Angelus pulled Xander to his side, holding him tightly around the shoulders. "I want you to watch this, Xander. I want you to see the look on her face when I tell her, all of them... Look."

Xander looked, and he knew, without a doubt, what he was about to see.

Angelus bared his teeth, in a feral, triumphant grin, and dropped the bomb. "Dearest Xander here, god bless him, hasn't been all that truthful about his whereabouts these past few weeks, have you? Sneaking around, seeing me behind their backs..."

"Xander..." Buffy's voice was desperate, pleading.

"Who told you all where I was hiding? Who told you all to use the front door? Who led you into this trap in the first place, huh?"

"No... No, Xander, it can't be. You couldn't..." She was grasping now, unwilling to believe, and Willow looked heartbroken, Giles shocked, Oz slightly bewildered.

"Why don't you tell them Xander? I think they should hear it from you..." Angelus leaned down and licked his throat, and Xander shivered, and took a breath.
"He's telling the truth... I did. I've been seeing him for weeks now, in secret..." Xander saw their hearts break. Giles and Oz screamed and threw themselves at the bars in rage, and Willow slumped to the ground, in tears. For some reason none of this hurt him as much as Buffy, staring motionless, and deceptively calm, disappointment, and betrayal clear in her eyes, with the knowledge that it was the truth.

"Xander, how could you... Of all the stupid, selfish things you've ever done... Why? Why, Xander, you owe me that much, at least."

Xander closed his eyes, and Angelus growled and nibbled on his ear. "Yes, tell them why, Xander..."

"Because I had no choice..." Xander said, softly, looking his ex-friends in the eye, letting them see the truth of it.

Angelus grinned and moved behind him, running a claw slowly down the front of his shirt, and saying: "That's right. No choice. Whether you gave them to me or not, you'd still be mine... and I'd still kill them all, only, slowly – painfully. You brought them a quick death, lover."

Angelus tore his shirt off, revealing the old scars, and the still fresh cuts across his chest. "There's no need to hide this anymore... There's no shame in liking a little pain, Xander..."

"Xander...! You let him do this to you! Since when did you become such a masochist!"

"Ever since you left me to be tortured by him for days on end!" Xander said, suddenly wanting to make her angry, just to see the hurt look leave her face. "You know, there's a point, after a while, where the pain just becomes good... and he knows just how to make you like it... crave it, need it! And after a while, I realised I was never getting out. Not dead, not alive... Guess I just got hooked by another homicidal demon, huh? Only this one turned out to be an addiction, and kind of a hard habit to break, you know me and demons... and for some reason, part of me just really doesn't care! 'Cos you know what? I'm actually happy! I was always somebody's bitch for you, Buffy, at least now I'm gettin' something out've it!"

Buffy's face changed from hurt to angry, and it hurt Xander less to see her angry at him... She should be.

"Xander, I swear, if Angel doesn't kill you, then I will!"

Angelus laughed, and twirled the axe in his hands, walking slowly around the cage, Xander still pressed close to his side, as though physically held there. In a way, he was. Angelus's will was enough to hold him these days.

"Y'know Buff, if you do ever happen to manage to kill him, I'm afraid I'll be rather annoyed. Besides, it's really all your fault that he's here. You see, through your ignorance of him, your belief that he was weaker than you, you made him strong, you made him mine... and then he brought me you. His persecuters. Y'know, I do love a good revenge kill. Revenge is fun!" He sighed as if bored, and led Xander over to the set of chains hanging from the ceiling, and shackled his wrists over his head.

"Y'know, Xander, I think maybe we should show them just how much you really do enjoy my affections. Plus, it'll break Buffy's little heart to see her ex-boyfriend getting all up close and personal with her ex-best friend! I know, I promised I wouldn't hurt them – physically – and since I'm not actually touching them... and come one! Of course I wanna have a little fun!" He growled lightly, and moved to stand behind him, licking his neck, slowly, and running his claws up the sides of
"Hmm, my work's half done for me..." Angelus said, glancing down. "You see what I can do to him, Buff? How easily I can make him want me... make him want to be hurt... I could've done the same to you, given time, but Xander was easy..." He ended the sentence by raking his claws deeply down Xanders back, and he cried out, closing his eyes as Angelus drove his claws into his side. Not enough to do any permanent damage, but enough to make him scream, and beg for more.

"Angelus... ugh! Please..."

Angelus obliged, and pulled the small knife from his belt, running it lightly down his spine, making him shiver, and a small moan escaped him. Angelus bent his head to lick the blood that trickled slowly down his back, and Xander whimpered, enjoying the feel of the vampire's cool tongue trailing over the fresh wounds, tasting him.

Angelus moved back up, to his neck, undoing his belt, and whispered loudly, so everyone could hear him; "By the way, Xander, you've been so good these past few weeks, and I think it's about time that I reward you for your good behaviour..." He thrust forward, suddenly, forcing himself into Xanders entrance, and lunged for his neck, fangs slicing deep into his throat, holding his head in one hand, his waist in the other, drinking him as he moved inside him, controlling him in every sense of the word.

Xander gasped, and jerked back towards him, and Angelus growled, pleased, and drove further into him, buried to the hilt inside him, his fangs driven as deep as they could go into his flesh, as he drank just enough... He felt Xander go limp against him, and he released, sating himself, and he let go of Xanders neck, gasping slightly.

Angelus pulled out and licked his teeth, doing his pants back up, and unchaining his pet, before laying him on a sofa, gently, and slicing his wrist with the dagger, letting a few drops of his blood trickle down Xanders throat, to turn him.

He looked at the horrified faces of the slayer and her friends, and said; "Oh, don't worry, he'll wake up soon enough, alive and kicking... Well, actually, he'll wake up dead! Now... I promised I'd kill you all quickly, so..." He picked up Xanders axe, and swung it through the bars of the cage...

Xander woke, and stretched, and Angelus stopped his pacing, and came to him. Xander growled, sniffing, and said; "You left one alive..."

Angelus smirked, and threw his hands up. "Yeah, you caught me! I guess I kinda lied, well, not really, I killed three of them real quick, the other one is yours... I know you always liked her the best..."

Xander stood up and looked to the cage, then laughed. "You left the red-head! Nice!"

"I figured you'd like to have this one for yourself, her being you ex-best friend an' all... and while you were asleep..." He grabbed someone from the sofa behind him. "I brought you a snack..."

Angelus threw a struggling, tied up girl towards him, and Xander grinned, and phased, reveling in the strength and feel of his new vampire form for the first time.

"Aw, Angelus, you shouldn't have...!" Xander said, growling, as Cordelia Chase wriggled in his arms, her wrists bound behind her, unable to speak through the thick piece of material tied in her mouth.

"I got sick of her talking." Angelus said, smirking.

"Yeah, she always did talk too much... and now she'll never speak another word..." Xander growled,
and bit her throat, sinking his fangs deeper as the fresh, warm blood flowed, feeding some dark, raging hunger inside himself, and at the same time making him want even more...

Xander gasped when he finished feeding, and threw Cordelia's body aside, smirking, and said; "Oops... I think I drank just a little bit too much..."

Angelus grinned, and pulled him into his large, strong arms, holding him as he'd never held him before – close, and a little affectionate. Xander purred, and wrapped his arms round his neck, pressing closer.

"You know, Angelus, I think I like it when you hold me this way..."

"Oh, really lover? Then perhaps you'll like this even better..." Angelus bent down, and kissed him, firmly, his tongue invading Xander's mouth with force, holding him there with a hand at the back of his head, still asserting his dominance.

Xander let Angelus master him, albeit a little more affectionately than before, but he was still in control, and Xander found he rather liked it that way... Oh, he was stronger now, better, but Angelus was still his master, his keeper, his sire... and Xander still liked it when Angelus hurt him...

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