

Summary: After Buffy's death, a new pack arises to control the Hellmouth.

Categories: [Television](#), [Angel/Buffy](#) Characters: Oz, Xander, Xander/Oz

Genres: Slash

Warnings: Brain-Insane, Caveat Lector

Challenges: None

Series: None

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Story Notes:

This is the sole chapter. I was able to locate it on the author's live journal via the Wayback Machine.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Spikewil

Chapter 1 by Spikewil

Sunnydale, five months after Buffy's death

"Anya, what do you mean you're leaving me?" Xander called out desperately. "I know it's been rough, but you don't need to leave."

"I'm not staying here any longer now that there's no Slayer to protect the Hellmouth from opening!" Anya shrieked, already packing her clothes and her personal things. She had tried to stay in Sunnydale and to love him for Xander's sake, but she couldn't pretend any longer.

"I love you, Xander. But I'm not in love with you anymore and I haven't been for a few months now," Anya said bluntly, not seeing the hurt look on Xander's face.

Anya left the apartment and drove off to God knows where, leaving Xander standing alone in his apartment. The young man sat down and cried. Another woman he loved had left him. He stood up, took his jacket and left to find the nearest liquor store.

Two hours later

Oz drove back into town, shocked at the clear signs of vandalism, robberies and other examples of demon activity. He had been away in Canada for a year and it was painfully obvious that the Slayer no longer patrolled the town. He had called Willow a month ago, from Inuvik, Yukon, only to learn that Buffy had died. Pragmatic as usual, he had offered to come back to Sunnydale. Perhaps he could help the others with patrolling.

He stepped on the brake to stop the van when he spotted Xander swaying across the streets. Because it was still daylight, Oz was surprised to see that the boy had been drinking.

Oz stepped out of the van and carefully walked towards Xander. "Hey, Xander!" Oz greeted, only to be kissed by him. Shocked, he opened his mouth to ask Xander what he was doing but the boy took the opportunity to slip his tongue inside and suck his own very skillfully. Oz understood now why Willow had had so much trouble trying to resist her best friend's charm. The boy was a great kisser! When Xander pulled back, Oz had difficulty understanding what the boy was telling him.

"Anshya lefsh me. Why dosh all thesh girls leave meh? Ams I that ugly? Maysbe I'm bad in bedsh or a hor...horr...bads kisser," Xander mumbled to himself.

"Xander, did Anya leave you?" Oz asked. That part was the only thing he could recognize from the babbling.

“Yesh, Ansya lefts me becaushh nowshh no Slaysher heres!” Xander slurred.

“Okay. Let’s go. It’s almost sundown. I’ll take you to Willow. She’s still your best friend, isn’t she?” Oz asked.

“Yesh, Willow wills takeshhs cares of mesh,” Xander answered, leaning heavily on Oz’s shoulders to keep standing.

“You smelsh good,” Xander mumbled in Oz’s ear.

The wolf staggered when Xander placed his whole weight on Oz. Suddenly, he felt a tongue tracing his earlobe, making him shiver.

Xander bit the soft flesh of Oz’s earlobe and was glad to hear Oz growl in pleasure. He pulled back and looked at Oz. He wasn’t sure if the small werewolf was really there or if this was a hallucination induced by alcohol. But Oz’s lips were begging to be kissed and Xander couldn’t say no. He leaned forward and kissed Oz deeply again.

Oz gasped, he couldn’t believe Xander was kissing him again. As far as he knew, the boy wasn’t gay or bisexual but Xander was still kissing him passionately. Maybe he was wrong!

Xander was enjoying himself. He had no idea that kissing a man could be this good. Xander moaned and pushed himself against Oz. He pushed his tongue inside the werewolf’s gasping mouth. He traced his tongue against Oz’s palate and teeth before duelling with Oz’s tongue. Nibbling and sucking, he used all his skills to drive the wolf wild.

The werewolf couldn’t stop the kissing because he was enjoying it very much. He did, however, push Xander backwards towards his van. He interrupted the scorching kiss to open his van. He pushed Xander onto the comfortable mattress he had used during his journey, stepped inside and closed the door. Xander was lying on his back looking wantonly at Oz.

Oz’s wolf wanted to be taken by Xander and his lust for the boy became stronger than his control. Before Oz knew it, he was straddling Xander and his hands couldn’t stop touching and caressing the boy’s strong and muscled body. He leaned forward and kissed Xander hard while moving his clothed cock against Xander’s.

On his way through Canada’s northern-forested provinces Oz had met David, an older alpha male werewolf. He had learned much from David’s experience on how to control his wolf during the full moons. The alpha male had also taught him how to be with another man and how to fuck one. Contrary to his initial belief, Oz had found out not only that he was bisexual like Willow but also that he wasn’t an alpha himself. The Dingoes, the Scoobies, Willow and Veruca were, in fact, good examples of his need to belong to someone or a pack. This deeply embedded need prevented him from being able to be a successful pack’s leader.

Xander moaned, the pleasure coursing through his body was making him feel more sober. He was fully aware that he was kissing his old friend Oz and getting more and more aroused with each touch of the young werewolf. He kissed Oz back while his hands pulled at his shirt, eager to touch the smaller man. The kiss was briefly interrupted so that they could both undress their shirts and remove their jeans. Within no time, the two men were naked, Oz still straddling Xander.

“Xander, are you sure...?” Oz moaned when his cock touched Xander’s hard cock.

“Oz, shut up and kiss me,” Xander instructed, holding Oz’s head when the man did as ordered.

The men writhed against each other. Oz broke the kiss a second time and reached for one of the

drawers he had in his van. He took out lube and handed it to Xander who was looking at him strangely. Oz smiled and opened the tube, squeezing an amount of lube on Xander's fingers. He brought the hand to his little pucker and placed Xander's fingers against it.

Xander suddenly understood what Oz meant and slowly inserted one finger inside the tight hole. He gasped at the feeling of tightness but continued when Oz moaned and pushed back. A second finger joined the first and then Xander started scissoring, stretching Oz thoroughly. When he added a third finger, it slipped in easily. He continued stretching until Oz stopped him.

"I'm ready!" Oz growled out. The boy kept hitting his prostate without knowing it. The pleasure was coursing through his body and he needed to be filled. He positioned himself above Xander's hard cock and sank down slowly. Oz closed his eyes enjoying the feel of being filled. "Xander, angle your hips and try to feel yourself bumping into something inside me," Oz instructed.

"Like this?" Xander smirked. He knew Oz was thinking he didn't know where the prostate was hid and what its purpose was. Well, to tell the truth, he didn't know what the purpose of the little nub was, but it sure as hell made a man fill with pleasure. He angled his hips and pushed right into Oz's prostate.

"You knew!" Oz gasped through his pleasure.

"I had Anya!" Xander said seriously, like it would explain everything to Oz. "She liked to experiment with toys," he added when Oz didn't seem to understand.

"Oh," Oz answered dazedly.

Xander pushed up harder as Oz sank down faster. They continued that rhythm until Xander felt himself on the edge of coming. He reached out and took Oz's hard cock into his hand and pumped him roughly. "Come!" Xander ordered at the moment when he felt himself coming inside the werewolf.

Oz howled when he came the moment Xander ordered him to come. He collapsed on top of Xander and they both fell asleep, still intimately joined.

Oz woke up when he felt someone watching him. He opened his eyes and was mesmerized by Xander's beautiful smile and bright brown eyes. "Hey," Oz greeted softly. He had expected Xander to flee as soon as he woke up sober.

"Good evening," Xander said smiling. "Did you sleep well?"

"Uhm...you're not freaking!" Oz stated quietly, shocked at Xander's relaxed pose, lying next to him.

"No, why would I freak?" Xander asked surprised.

"Well, considering you're heterosexual and your girlfriend has just left you, I was expecting you to freak out when you sobered up and realized we had sex."

"Well, I seem to be gay now and I was sober before we fell asleep!" Xander explained, in a cheery tone.

"You're gay now? Maybe you're just bisexual like Willow and me," Oz replied immediately.

“Normally you would freak, just by discussing this. Remember Larry?” Oz insisted.

“Maybe I would, but I have dated several strange women since then. I don’t freak out anymore,” Xander stated and smiled.

Oz nodded his head and closed his eyes. “Maybe we could visit Willow and Tara this evening?” Oz suggested.

“Won’t they know immediately what we have been doing?” Xander replied.

“Maybe, would that matter?” Oz questioned.

“No, not to me,” Xander whispered and leaned forward to peck Oz on the lips before sitting up. He slapped Oz’s ass and climbed out of the van, stretching his muscles.

Oz watched Xander’s body appreciatively and waited for the moment Xander would finally notice he was still naked. Oz giggled at the blushing boy hurriedly climbing back into the van. His giggles turned into a full-blown laughter when Xander started tickling him as payback.

“Who are you? What have you done to Oz? He would never speak so much before!” Xander questioned while he tickled his lover.

“I learned to ask questions and talk more on my journey through life,” Oz answered when Xander finally stopped.

They both got dressed, but it took longer than usual since they continued kissing each other. When they were finally ready to drive to the girls’ home, they saw Spike running by and disappearing into the forest, his duster flapping behind him.

“What’s his rush?” Xander asked, watching the blond vampire disappear.

“I don’t know. Want to go after him?” Oz asked curiously.

“No, I don’t. Let’s go visit Willow, Tara and Dawn,” Xander replied.

“Dawn lives with them? I thought Giles would take care of the teenager,” Oz asked surprised.

“They all live together in the Summers’ house except me. I’m the only one with my own apartment. Speaking of, where are you planning to spend the night? The Summer’s place is full and I don’t think you should camp out in your van so close to the Hellmouth.”

“I was thinking of going to a cheap motel until I could find some apartment,” Oz replied.

“Well, why don’t you share my apartment? You could have your own room and we could help each other out,” Xander offered anxiously.

“Really? And what about us?” Oz whispered, still afraid he had made a mistake by fucking Xander. It wouldn’t be the first one he made in his life.

“Why don’t we give it some time and see where this is going?” Xander asked carefully. He liked Oz a lot and hoped the boy would give him a chance to make something out of this.

Oz was surprised. He would never have dreamed about living with Xander, but now that the boy had offered, he couldn’t say no. Maybe this was where his life belonged. “I would love to.”

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