

Summary: Spike and Xander share a night of domesticated bliss

Categories: [Angel/Buffy](#) Characters: Ensemble, Spike/Xander

Genres: Gen, Slash

Warnings: Previous Warnings Apply

Challenges: None

Series: Baby Blues

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Story Notes:

SPOILERS: Mostly general up to the end of S5.

NOTES 1: Xander POV. The series will switch POV as it goes along.

NOTES 2: Buffy is alive and well in this fic. Not sure if she just didn't die or if they brought her back somehow. It's not really relevant to the story so make up your own minds.

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Karen

Chapter 1 by Karen

Part 10 - Craving

Xander POV

"Bye Xander."

"Bye, I'll see you tomorrow." I wave to Willow and Tara as they pull out and drive away. Thank God, I thought I was never gonna get home. I don't know how many hints I dropped, but they just didn't get it. I didn't want to be rude and just come out and say 'take me home now'. It was so cool of them to invite me to spend the day with them, but there is nothing like coming home again, especially when you have someone waiting for you.

I enter the front door to my apartment complex and press the button for the elevator. It arrives quickly; I step in and press for my floor.

The thought makes me smile: having someone to come home to. I mean Spike has pretty much been living with me for a few months now, but he wasn't mine before, he was more like a roommate. Technically the living arrangements haven't changed; Spike still sleeps on the couch and I still sleep in the bedroom, but things are different. Before, we didn't take every opportunity possible to kiss and grope each other silly.

We do that all the time now, but that's as far as it's gone. We haven't been ready to take it any further; Spike needs reassurance that he is not just a substitute for Anya and I need to come to terms with being with somebody else. The guilt still gnaws at me sometimes, but I've been trying to keep it in check. Giles has been a good friend to me. I've woken him up in the middle of the night a couple of times, just to get him to reassure me that I am not a bad evil person for being happy again. I think I have laughed more in the past two weeks than I have in the past three months. I've found my jokes again with Spike, but every so often I see myself laughing and smiling and the guilt just hits me.

I don't know if I ever expected to be happy again, but I know I didn't expect it to happen so quickly. I think that this is what bothers me the most. What if people think Anya meant so little to me and that I got over her so fast. Usually a little alone-time with Spike gets rid of thoughts like that. As he says 'Fuck what other people think. The only thing that matters is how you feel', and he's right, I guess. I just wish I could be that confident about it. Deep down I know that Anya would want me to be happy, and that's the thought that helps me sleep at night, that and the fact that I am happy with Spike and the knowledge that he is right there in the next room if I ever need him.

The rest of the gang have been supportive, or at least Willow, Tara and Dawn have been

supportive, Giles has been understanding and Buffy has been tolerant. I don't suppose I can expect any more, I'm just glad they are not all threatening to stake Spike on sight, although I do think that both Giles and Buffy had the requisite 'hurt Xander and die' talk. They didn't need to, but I love them for it.

Much of their acceptance probably has more to do with my condition than anything else. I sometimes think that if I asked them to, they'd all club together and buy me a brand new, shiny red Fire Engine, like I wanted when I was a kid. I'm actually surprised I haven't taken more advantage of the situation. Ooo, there is that gold plated, limited edition model of the Millennium Falcon that I've had my eye on. Maybe if I ask nicely?

The elevator stops at my floor, the doors open and I step out. I walk along the corridor to my apartment.

I remember the last time I did this: spent the day with the girls and came home at night to my apartment and Spike. Only last time he wasn't home, he had left and all that was there was the note. I'm suddenly gripped with the irrational fear that maybe that's all I will find again. What if he decides all this isn't worth it, that he doesn't want to be a part of my life, or my baby's life? What if he's left again? I quickly get out my keys and unlock the door. I know he wouldn't leave me. He promised he wouldn't leave, didn't he? I open the door and...

All the lights are off, but it isn't dark. The apartment is engulfed in a soft flickering glow. There are candles everywhere, creating a magical atmosphere, the orange and yellow light dancing over the walls and ceiling giving my apartment a feeling of such warmth and safety.

"Welcome home Xand." Spike emerges from the kitchen smiling brightly at me. He walks up to me and kisses me lightly on the lips. He moves to take off my jacket, I let him as I just stare around the apartment in wonder at what he's done. He hangs my jacket up and comes back to stand in front of me. The candlelight makes everything in the place look so beautiful, especially him, not that he was hard on the eyes before. The light just serves to accentuate every angle and curve in his face. I feel like such a girl even thinking it, but boy has that man got cheekbones or what? I finally find my voice and speak.

"Spike, you did all this?"

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"Cause, I wanted to celebrate."

"Celebrate what?"

"You, pretty much."

"Awww, aren't you the big sap these days?"

"Hey, watch it pet. I go to all this trouble just for you, and you insult me. Fine, I won't bother next time." He sounds upset but his eyes betray him. They are glowing with mischief and the candlelight is only highlighting the fact.

"No, seriously Spike, what's the occasion?"

"Nothin' I just thought it'd be nice is all. You know a bit of a change never hurt anybody." He's lying though his fangs. "Now, why don't you go sit down and I'll bring you your food."

"Food? You cooked dinner?" I try to keep the complete shock out of my voice but it's hard. "Now Spike, are we talking actual cooking here or just your usual reheating in the microwave

"Yeah, I'm talking actual cooking. You wanna make something of it?"

"No, no, I didn't say a thing." I raise my hands in surrender and go to sit at the table. He's covered it in the good tablecloth, the one that Anya insisted that we buy for any 'decent' company that we have over. It makes me a little sad to think that she never got a chance to use it, and now here it is being used for a candlelight dinner for Spike and I.

Okay, I need to shake off these thoughts. I just need to focus on now, on my evening here with Spike.

There is a candle in the centre of the table and a small vase with a single red rose in it. If I didn't know any better I'd say that Spike is trying to be romantic. Not that I don't think Spike can be romantic, I'm sure he was with Drusilla, but with me? Can two guys be romantic with each other? I'm new at this so I don't know.

"Spike? Are you trying to seduce me?"

"Xan, my legs aren't nice enough for me to be Anne Bancroft and your too tall to be Dustin Hoffman." He jokes but I can see the gleam in his eye.

"No, you are, aren't you? You're trying to seduce me."

He doesn't answer me, he just turns back to the kitchen again and says over his shoulder. "I'll go get the food."

Okay, I guess tonight could be the night then. Am I ready for this though? It looks like Spike is, if this little seduction scene is anything to go by, but am I? It's true that it's been harder and harder to end our little groping sessions lately, and it's been getting increasingly more difficult to say goodnight at the end of the day and sleep in separate rooms. I really want to feel what it's like to take that next step, but to say that I am a little nervous would be like saying Spike is a little fond of blood.

He interrupts my thoughts by bringing over a plate and placing it in front of me.

"Pizza and peanut butter!" I can't help the grin that spreads across my face.

"No. Pizza and chunky peanut butter, your favorite."

"I think that is the first time someone has voluntarily got this for me. Usually everybody is so disgusted with the thought, that I have to badger them to death or just give it up and get it myself."

"Well, it is completely repulsive Xander, you have to admit, but you enjoy it so I'm prepared to make the ultimate sacrifice and endure the sight of you eating it."

"You're such a martyr Spike."

"I know." He says it with a very serious look on his face but his eyes are smiling.

"Are you not eating?" I notice that he doesn't have a plate for himself.

"No. I'm just gonna watch you eat." He sits down and rests his elbows on the table and nestles his chin in his hands.

I lift up a slice and take a bite. The taste is like pure heaven and I can't explain why. Dawn asked me once what it is about it that I love so much, and all I could come up with, is that it's so much more satisfying than anything else I eat at the moment. All the different tastes and smell combine together to awaken my senses and fill me up like nothing else can. It just really hits the spot.

"Where did you order this from?" I ask with a mouth full of food.

"I told you, I was cooking."

"Oh you were not, ya big liar."

"Why Xan, I'm shocked that you could think it of me. I swear I made that with my own two hands." He is way too good a liar, if I didn't know him so well I might almost believe him.

I'm nearly finished my pizza when he gets up from the table and goes back to the kitchen. He comes back through with a dish that he sets in front of me.

"I know that you love chocolate, but you can't have it right now, so I hope this will do instead."

"What is it?" Whatever it is, it smells delicious.

"Strawberry and peanut butter mousse. A little recipe that I invented for the occasion."

"Okay, now I know you're lying. There is no way that you invented this." I push my empty pizza plate aside and start to eat the dessert. It's even better than the pizza, the flavors meld together and melt on my tongue.

"Of course I made it. Why do you think it took Red and her little girlfriend so long to bring you home, I needed time to get finished."

"Nah, still don't believe you." It's a good explanation though, and to a more gullible person it might have worked, but not me. "Come on, fess up. Where'd you get it?"

"Oh fine! I didn't make it myself, I couldn't cook worth shit if my life depended on it. But it was hard work though, do you know how many restaurants and catering companies I had to phone to find one that would actually make...that." He gestures at my food with a look of disgust on his face.

"And I really appreciate the effort Spike. I'm sure your dialling finger must have got really tired."

"Make fun all you want, but it's the thought that counts."

I finish my meal, and Spike stands and starts to clear up.

"Spike, have you been taking Home Ec classes at night school and not telling me or something?" I can't resist teasing him.

"Shut up and go sit down on the couch and relax. I'll just be a few." I shake my head a little and laugh quietly. Somehow I think with all my joking, this will be the last time I see Spike do anything domesticated. I love what he's trying to do for me, but it's just a little strange to see him do this Martha Stewart impression.

I move over to the couch and try to get comfortable. It's not as easy at it sounds with the big bump in front, but eventually I find a position that works.

I look around the living room and I can see now that Spike has taken even more time over this than I originally thought. He's dusted for one thing, and vacuumed too, I think. All the magazines

are in the magazine rack instead of spread out on the table or lying on the arm rests. The cd's and videos have all been put away and the empty pizza boxes and soda cans that usually litter my apartment have been thrown out. Okay, so now I feel guilty about my teasing. He probably spent all day doing this, and all I do is make fun. I find I suddenly need to come up with a more masculine word for sweet.

I shift position a little on the couch and I can feel something jabbing into my backside. I reach under and pull out a picture frame that I had been sitting on. I turn it over to see what the picture is, and I see that it's the one I got from my first ultrasound a few days ago. Spike had it framed? Okay I'm just gonna go with sweet.

My baby's first picture, it really is amazing... or at least it would be if I could actually make out a damn thing. It's like one of those magic eyes pictures, where you stare at it, trying to make out any kind of detail until you end up cross-eyed and with a headache. It looks more like the snow you get on the tv when you can't get a signal, than a baby, but it's still amazing.

Dr. Matthews pointed out all the things she could see, "This is an arm, and this is a foot and that's the head..." I just took her word for it. Spike went with me to my appointment and when the image came on the screen he held my hand a little tighter and he wouldn't stop staring at it. That is until he realised he was staring, and he got all embarrassed and he said "Yeah, well, it's kinda neat." He actually used the word 'neat'. As if my world was not surreal enough.

Dr. Matthews said that if I wanted to know, she could tell me the sex of the baby. I wasn't sure how to react to that. I mean, I never even thought about it really. It's just always been 'the baby'; it was never a 'he' or a 'she'. I mean, knowing a gender would just make it so much more real, so I said no. I think Spike was a little disappointed but I just wasn't ready to find out. That is until the curiosity got the better of me, and I phoned Dr. Matthews office yesterday and asked her to tell me. So now I know the sex of my baby. I have an actual pronoun I can use instead of always using 'it' and it really does make it all the more real. I'm not going to tell anybody else, at least not yet. I kinda like being the only one that knows. It's just my little secret that I can keep all for myself, or at least for the next three months.

"I see you found your present." Spike brings me out of my reverie and indicates to the picture still in my hand.

"You had it framed."

"Yeah, well, Dawn actually picked it out 'cause I couldn't exactly go to the mall during the day, but it was my idea." He looks so proud of himself. I may have to find a stronger word for sweet.

"It was a nice idea. Thanks Spike, I love it." He looks pleased that I like it. I put the picture carefully down on the table and gesture for Spike to come and sit with me on the couch.

He sits down beside me and I scooch closer until I can rest my head on his shoulder. He takes my hand in his and starts idly playing with my fingers.

"Thanks for dinner Spike."

"Sure."

We really do have a talent for scintillating after-dinner conversation, don't you think?

"So, what's the reason for the whole seduction scene then?"

"I was pretty much hoping to seduce you." If I wasn't nervous before, I sure as hell am now.

"Oh."

"But, if you're not ready, you know I would never push you, it's just that it's been getting more difficult..." I shut him up with a quick hard kiss.

I pull away and look him in the eye, making sure he knows I'm serious. "I'm ready, I'm just...nervous." He looks visibly relieved. I guess I'm not the only one that's been getting a little frustrated. "Plus, I don't know how it would affect the baby. I don't know if we should wait and ask the doctor." The thought only just now occurs to me, and I don't know if I'm just using it as an excuse for my apprehension, but it is something to think about.

He looks suddenly uncomfortable and he won't look me in the eye. "I uh, asked the doctor, after your last appointment."

"You asked my doctor if we could have sex?" Well, that's not embarrassing in the slightest.

"I wanted to make sure that it was okay for the little one is all." At least he has the sense to look a little apologetic. I guess he was looking out for my best interests but I don't know if I'll be able to speak to her again, without my face becoming a very attractive shade of beetroot.

"Well...what did she say?" His face lights up a bit more now, with just a hint of that sexy leer he has.

"She gave us the all clear, just as long as you were the one to...you know. She said it would be best if I didn't...you know, to you."

"Spike you are over a century old and you can't talk about sex without all the 'you know's'?"

"Well it's hard with you being all pregnant and all. I try to talk about it and then I see the bulge and... can I help it if I was born a Victorian? Some habits are very hard to break and... shut up!"

It's no use; I just have to laugh at his awkwardness. It's not often I get to see Spike get all flustered. It's one of those moments that you just want to memorize so that you can play them back in your head at a later date. He looks a little pissed at me and that just makes me laugh harder.

He reaches his hand out and puts it round the back of my head, curling his fingers through my hair. He gently brings my head forward and seals his lips over mine. I'm not laughing now. The feel of his lips moving slowly and softly over mine shoots straight to my groin and I can't help the moan that escapes. I think that was all the encouragement that he needed to lean forward a little more and intensify the kiss. His mouth opens a little, encouraging me to do the same. Our tongues touch briefly, gently tasting one another.

This kiss reminds me so much of the first one we shared a month ago: so sweet and tender, but invoking so many powerful emotions in me. This time, however, I don't reject him and I don't pull away. Instead I use my hands to pull at his tee-shirt tucked into his jeans. I slip my hand under and lightly brush my fingers over his skin, almost tickling him. I love to touch him, his skin is so soft and cool and smooth.

The kiss grows quickly, and soon we are almost swallowing each other. His tongue sweeps the inside of my mouth, leaving nowhere unexplored. My hands move round and I grab possessively at his back, needing to hold him close. Both of his hands are in my hair now, holding my head in place as he devours me whole. My hands move lower down his back until I slip one past the waistband of his jeans and down. Spike breaks the kiss suddenly and backs away a little.

Did I do something wrong?

"Spike?"

"It's okay Xan, it's just I think we're getting a little ahead of ourselves here." His face is flushed and his lips are red from the kiss. I imagine I probably look just as dishevelled.

"But I thought you wanted to..."

"Oh I do, believe me I do, I just want to make sure we both on the same page here. I mean with the baby and all, are you still sure you wanna...?"

"I'm ready Spike. You don't have to worry, I know what I'm doing here."

"I just don't want you to feel like you have to do this out of some stupid obligation that you feel towards me." He's been like this a lot over the past two weeks. I need to keep reassuring him that I really do want to be with him. I know he feels like he's living in Anya's shadow.

"I want you Spike. I want you so much. Please I... I need this, I need you." My voice is low and a little husky. The kiss got me so worked up, I can feel myself getting harder at just the thought of what's ahead.

Spike's eyes have glazed over a little and he licks his lips, his face the very picture of arousal. "Maybe we should move this through to the bedroom then, you'll probably be more comfortable." He stands up and offers me his hand. I take it and he helps me up. He gives me a gentle kiss and then leads us both through to the bedroom.

He backs me up until I am at the bed. "Sit down," he says softly.

After I sit, he bends down and begins to take off my shoes and my socks, absently tossing them aside. Then he quickly does the same for himself. He stands up and takes hold of both my hands motioning for me to stand up again. He takes a hold of my tee-shirt and carefully pulls it up and over my head. My instincts take over and I wrap my arms self-consciously over my bulging stomach, embarrassed at my size. He is all lean muscle, and all I seem to be is fat. He takes a hold of my arms and gently puts them over his shoulders so that my arms are wrapped around his neck. He puts his arms around my middle and he hugs me close. He bends his head forward and puts his mouth to my neck and starts to kiss his way down and over my shoulder blades. I tilt my head to give him better access, loving the wonderful sensations his kissing is causing.

"Never be embarrassed with me Xander, never. You are so beautiful like this, you should never try to hide yourself away." He murmurs these words to me in-between his kisses. I can barely focus on the words: my head is swimming.

"Hmnh." I've pretty much lost all capability for coherent speech and all he's doing is kissing down my neck.

He starts to move further down my body, placing soft wet kisses down my chest. My arms slip away from around his neck but my hands find themselves in his hair. I run my fingers through it, enjoying the feel of his soft, obviously freshly washed curls, as he moves lower still to place a couple of reverent kisses to my belly.

He hooks his fingers to the elastic waist of my oversized pants and starts to pull them down over my hips. I can see his shocked expression when he finds I'm not wearing any underwear. He looks up at me questioningly.

"What? I haven't been able to find anything that fits comfortably recently."

"M'not complaining pet, just saves me time in the long run." The sexy leer is back again and I can't help but smile at it. My self-consciousness fading at his noticeably delighted appraisal of my body, especially at my now fully hard cock jutting out from under my distended middle.

He gets me to sit down on the edge of the bed again, and he shuffles forward, still on his knees and my hands still in his hair. He puts a hand on my chest and gently pushes me back until I am lying flat on the bed but with my feet still on the floor. He spreads my knees apart and moves in between them. He bends forward and places a long lick right from the base of my cock to the tip.

"Oh, God, Spike!" I throw my head back in pleasure. He has taken the tip into his mouth and he is swirling his tongue around. "Oh, God, that feels so good. Oh yeah, more." I'm babbling I know, but his mouth on my cock is driving me crazy. It's been a while since I've had any sort of direct stimulation and if he keeps going like this I'm not gonna last long.

He starts to slowly move his head up and down my erection taking me in a little further each time, until I am fully sheathed inside his wonderful mouth. He starts to suck in earnest, using his throat muscles to add further stimulus. I start to buck my hips up off the bed, my breathing coming in short sharp pants. It's too much.

I use my grip in his hair to pull him off of my cock; it slips out of his mouth with a loud slurp. "Please stop Spike." I gasp.

"What, did I hurt you? Are you okay?" He looks up at me a little shocked at my action, but with worry in his eyes.

"I'm more than fine, Spike. That was just...wow!" My breathing is starting to even out and I begin to relax a little more. "It was just a little too much, too fast, that's all. I want to last for you Spike. The sensations were so intense, I was gonna come any minute."

"Well that's the whole bloody pointy moron." He laughs a little at my actions. "I want to make you come. I want to make you feel good."

"You do, I just...the first time I come I want to be in you."

"Umm, I hate to tell you this Xan, but you were."

"That's not what I mean and you know it." I slap him playfully across the head.

"Okay, Xan, whatever you want. This is your night. Just tell me what you want."

"Well you could start by getting undressed. I'm starting to feel a little exposed here." I try to copy his trademark leer and I wiggle my eyebrows suggestively. All he does is laugh at me so I'm guessing I failed miserably.

"Your wish is my command." He stands up and steps away so that I can see him clearly. I back up so that I'm fully on the bed with my head resting against the headboard. I want to really enjoy the show.

He starts by unfastening the first couple of buttons on his jeans, not enough to see anything, but enough to tease me. He slowly lifts his tight black tee-shirt over his abdomen and chest and up over his head until it is completely off. He tosses it back over his shoulder, not caring where it lands. He lets his hands drift over his chest, caressing himself softly, circling one nipple, and then the other. In my mind I pretend that it's my hand that is touching him, making him shiver in anticipation. His hands roam lower over his body until they reach the fly of his jeans again. With aching slowness, he unfastens the rest of the buttons and starts to push the jeans lower and lower down his body. I am unsurprised to see that I'm not the only one who was not wearing any

underwear today, as his jeans slide down low enough to free his hard cock from the confines of the denim.

He shuffles the rest of the way out of his jeans and kicks them to one side. Throughout his strip he had never taken his eyes off me, enjoying the way the slow revealing of his body only serves to arouse me further. He starts to trace up and down the length of his cock softly with one hand while the other moves back to his chest to pinch and fondle his nipples.

I can't take this teasing anymore; I need to feel him now. "Spike, please. I want you, please."

He moves forward and climbs onto the bed, crawling up until he is face to face with me, his body perched over mine. He bends down and kisses me. His mouth opens and allows my tongue entrance to explore him, as he did to me earlier. He lowers himself down a little, so he is resting on his elbows and we just sink into the kiss. I run my tongue over his teeth, an up around the roof of his mouth, desperate to taste every part of him I can find. I get completely lost in sensation of his mouth moving over mine that I eventually forget how to breathe through my nose and I have to break the kiss.

He looks amused, and a little smug at the reactions he is able to get from me as I gasp for air. He starts to slowly glide his lips over my neck again, allowing me to get my breath back. As it evens out I can feel him begin to lick his way down my throat and over my Adam's-apple. He keeps going until he reaches my chest and he starts to lick his way to my nipples, swirling and flicking his tongue over one and then the other.

My mind is reeling from all the new sensations I am being exposed to, that I feel I have to speak up now before I completely lose the ability to talk. "Spike I...I've never done this sort of thing before, with a guy I mean. I'm not really sure what to do." He looks amused again. "I mean, I know the basics about what goes where and everything, it more the specifics I'm not really sure about." Okay, my face feels so flush with embarrassment, I feel like there should be steam coming out of my ears. To his credit, Spike doesn't laugh at me.

"Don't worry about anything Xander, I'll take care of everything. Just lie back and enjoy." He places a quick kiss to my forehead and moves over to the side and rifles through the dresser drawer. He comes back over with a tube of lubricant in his hand. "Before we do anything, I'm going to prepare myself a little so that I can take you. It's been a while for me too, I haven't been with another bloke since Ange.."

"Spike, I beg you not to finish that sentence. That is a thought I so do not need running through my head right now."

He laughs softly at my embarrassment over the thought of him and Angel together, as he sits back so he is resting on his heels, straddling my legs. He squirts a generous amount of the slick substance over his fingers and he reaches under himself and inserts one into his ass.

"Spike, do you want me to..."

"No, you just lie back, let me do all the work here okay."

I can see him slide the finger in and out of his ass. I'm transfixed at the sight; I don't think I have watched anything so erotic in my life, as the sight of him preparing himself for me. He adds a second finger and then a third to his ministrations, as he adds his pinky I can see him wince and I get a little concerned.

"Spike, are you gonna be okay, I don't want to hurt you?"

"Don't worry, the body has a wonderful way of stretching in all the right places. I'll be able to take

you."

After a couple more minutes of preparation, he removes his fingers and squeezes some more of the lubricant onto his hand. He covers my erection thoroughly, stroking me as he does so, making sure I am at full hardness. He moves up my body again until he is straddling my hips. He takes hold of my hands and we curl our fingers together as he lowers himself over my cock, taking me in, in one smooth slow thrust downward.

"Oh, Spike...Spike, my God, so good." I was not prepared for the overwhelming sensations rippling through by entire body. Despite his preparations he is still so tight around my cock. He doesn't do anything at first, he just allows himself to get used to my size. But soon he starts to move and the feeling is explosive.

He uses his legs and his hold on my hands as leverage to slowly move himself up and down my cock. With each movement, leaving only the tip still inside until he pushes back down again. He is going so slowly, I need more; I need to feel more of him. "Faster Spike, more, please."

He quickens the pace a little, rolling his hips around erratically at the same time. I start to thrust upward, trying to match his movements. We set up a steady rhythm between us, slowly accelerating with each thrust.

"Oh yes, Xander yes. So good... so right... love this... love you."

Oh God, he said it. He said he loves me. My head is already spiralling out of control with the sensations coursing through my body, my mind can barely grasp the idea. He probably didn't realise what he said, he was just caught up in the moment.

"Xander open you eyes, look at me." I hadn't even realised that I had closed them. He is staring at me so intently; I can't help but stare back. The sight of him riding me is so intense. He is practically bouncing up and down over my cock.

"Spike, yes...oh God yes." I'm babbling again, I just want him to understand how good he makes me feel.

"Oh God Xander, I love you so much. Never want this to end, I love you...I love you."

He said it again. He means it, he really means it. I have to say it back. I love him so much, I want him to know.

"Spike I...I need you. I want you so badly, never stop." I can't say it. Why can't I say it? I do love him, I know I do, so why can't I tell him?"

"Spike I..." I love you. "I need you so much, you feel so good. I'm so close Spike, I need to come, please make me come."

I can feel myself nearing orgasm, Spike riding me faster and faster, until I have to let go and I release surge after surge of come into him. Spike muscles spasm around my cock and he climaxes, moaning out my name spurting his come all over my chest without either one of us having to touch his erection. He keeps on riding up and down, slowing his pace until the aftershocks of our shared orgasm are over.

He rises up, and my now soft penis slips out of him and I groan at the loss of intimate contact. He lays down on the bed beside me and allows me to catch my breath. All my nerves still feel like they are on fire. That was the most powerful, intense sexual experience of my life. Once my breathing slows to normal he moves closer beside me and rolls me onto my side facing him.

Neither of us wants to say anything to break this silence, it's cocooned around us, shutting out the rest of the world. His eyes are so intense, I feel like I could get lost in them for days; his expression one of such passion and love...for me. It's still hard to believe that he could feel this way about me. I hope my expression mirrors his. If I can't say it, then I want him to be able to see in my eyes how much I love him.

He is slowly stroking the side of my face with the back of his hand; his touch is so soft, almost reverent. He leans in slowly and gently kisses me on the tip of my nose. He backs away again, gets out of bed and heads for the bathroom. Damn I hate to see him go but I love to watch him leave. God, I can't believe I just made a joke about Spike's ass. My boyfriend does have the nicest ass though. Boyfriend. Jeez, there is a scary word, but...I think I like it.

He comes back through to the bedroom with a damp cloth to clean us both up. He can be so tender sometimes, it can be hard to reconcile the Spike I see every day to this version. There is no leer on his face, no sarcasm in his voice, no swagger in his step. I think this is a Spike he doesn't really let people see, I feel so lucky that he feels secure enough to show it to me.

He puts the cloth aside and climbs back into bed, pulling up close and wrapping his arms around me until I can rest my head on his shoulder. I don't know if this is just the hormones talking but I think I enjoy this as much as the sex: the intimacy of being able to just hold someone like this, without having to cover an awkward silence, or feel self conscious about the way you look, or embarrassed about the simple need to be held.

I can feel my eyelids start to get heavy, and a gentle drowsiness taking over. I can feel Spike's hand on my hair, slowly stroking, soothing me to sleep. I can hear him softly whisper to me. "Love you Xan."

I'm nearly asleep now, without even thinking about it I whisper back "I lo-" PAIN! I am wrenched awake suddenly and I jerk from Spike's hold. Oh God, I have never felt such intense pain in my stomach, just there for a second but then it subsides, reduced to a dull ache and...a new sensation I can't describe.

"Xander! Xander are you okay? Is something wrong, did I hurt you?" Spike is looking at me with such fright in his eyes. His hands are gently moving over my whole body as if searching for some external injury.

The baby. The new sensation: it's the baby moving. There is an actual live person moving inside of me.

This is real. This is so real. I can feel each kick and turn, it's so intense.

"It's okay Spike, I'm fine. It's just...the baby is moving." He stares in awe at my bulging stomach, his hand hovering just above, afraid he might hurt me with his touch. I take his hand in mine and hold both against the bulge.

"Oh my God, I can feel it." Spike face lights up into an enormous grin. He bends forward and kisses me, while his hand starts to softly rub my stomach.

I can still feel the pain with the baby's movements, it's not as sharp any more but it's still there. I try not to wince at the sensation. I don't want to worry Spike, he seems so happy. This is probably normal though, right?

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