

Twinkies

"Xander?" Buffy asked quietly. They were laying together on the double bed in Buffy's bedroom. The previous night had turned from an evening patrol with a couple of vampires to a conversation over coffee. Their attraction had been growing steadily over the past few months, each taking it slowly.

Their lives had slowly returned to what is normal on the hellmouth. Nightly patrols keeping the undead population at a reasonable level, no real big bag threatening to kill them. After helping them bring Willow back from the edge Giles had decided to stay and work with Anya. Xander and Buffy privately suspected that something might happen there, romantically between the thousand year old demon and the watcher. They had talked about everything and nothing, as they normally did, the conversation not as important as each others company.

After they had quietly walked back to through the cemetery, holding hands when a vampire had walked behind them and put his hand on Buffy's shoulder. Acting purely on reflex Buffy had spun as fast as she can, her stake flying into her hand, then her hand shoving it hard into the vampire's heart. Time seemed to stop. The vampire looked at his chest, unable to believe the wood protruding from his chest.

"Bloody 'ell Slayer, you've killed me". They were perhaps not the most dramatic last words, but as last words go they were extremely accurate. Spike, the big bad, the Slayer's ex lover and attempted rapist disintegrated into dust. Xander slowly sunk to his knees in disbelief, agape at what had just happened. Gently Xander lowered himself to the floor, curling a little. When he was in position, Xander started to laugh. And laugh, and Laugh. Xander laughed so hard his ribs started to ache and he couldn't breath. He clutched his chest, almost scared he was having a heart attack.

Buffy looked down at the stake in her hands, then down at the small pile of dust gently floating down. She realized she couldn't see a computer chip in the floor and wondered idly if it had been removed. It all seemed so anti-climatic. Spike, the old vampire who acquired his nickname due to a hobby that made Vlad the Imapaler look like an upright citizen. Spike, the one she had turned to when she was at the lowest point she could reach, and the one who had not been able to accept that she wanted to return to the light from her personal hell. Spike who had caused so many problems, even when he was helping was dead. Slayed almost by accident as if he was a newly risen vampire only a few minutes old.

She looked down at Xander who was shaking, tears coming out of his eyes as the person he hated

most met his end. First smiling at him, then Spike's expression of complete shock she fell to her knees and started to laugh, not long before joining Xander rolling on the floor. 5 minutes later Xander stopped laughing, reduced to silence he rolled over and half layed over Buffy.

"Thank You" he said

"My pleasure" she replied, a cute smile on her face

Unable to resist anymore, Xander leant in and claimed her lips as his own. Buffy had returned the kiss slowly at first, then with increasing passion.

Which led them here, both covered in sweat, naked on her bed.

"Yes Buff?" Xander asked

Buffy frowned a little, trying to work out how to say the next thing tactfully.

As Xander watched the frown he felt a deep sinking feeling in his stomach, he felt like he was going to throw up, a different sort of sweat started to gather uncomfortably in the small of his back.

"What" Xander asked again, using all of his self control to keep his voice level and non threatening. "I thought you enjoyed it" he placed a small emphasis on the word 'enjoyed'.

"I did" Buffy said quietly, "8 times to be precise. But what happened to you?"

Confused, Xander said "I 'enjoyed' it as well?"

Buffy looked him in the eyes, searching the depth's of his beautiful brown eyes, "But where were you Xander" She traced her hand up his chest, resting it over his heart, "Where were you here?" she moved her hand up to his head "and where were you here?"

Xander frowned at her, not sure what she meant, "I was with you Buffy, concentrating on making love to you".

Buffy nodded slowly, gently caressing his cheek, sliding her legs gently along his, trying to reassure him physically during this talk.

"Who have you slept with?" she asked softly.

"Faith and Anya" Xander replied, a little abruptly, he was confused, he really didn't think that after his first time with Buffy he would be talking about his past loves.

Buffy nodded, having expected that. She stroked his back softly.

"What's the best way to eat Twinkie bar's Xander?"

Xander blinked at the non sequitur. Trying desperately to match the maturity Buffy was showing, he replied "All at once, so you have a huge burst off the goodness"

Buffy smiled a little

"So you don't like taking little bites?"

"Not really, I mean you get the full taste and all the cream, but its just not the same".

"Anya was demanding in bed wasn't she?"

Xander tried to shift a little, very uncomfortable, but one of the downsides to dating a slayer is that your partner is a lot stronger than you. He nodded, "Anya liked orgasms, as I am sure the entire world knows and it was my job to provide them for her." guessing her next question he continued, "Faith was the same, she wanted something from me, gratification and she took it. It taught me what I know, Ahn was very adventurous, she wanted to try every position"

"I thought so" Buffy said softly, looking up at Xander with an expression of love, which helped in the soothing of Xander's stomach.

"Angel was very soft and gentle, like he was afraid of hurting me. I couldn't really enjoy it" Buffy continued to stroke Xander's back, her soft words bouncing off the warm skin of his neck and into his ear.

"Parker was a mistake, it was over before it started for me, he was completely selfish." She felt Xander starting to tense, and gently kissed his neck reassuringly, tightening her legs around him gently, pulling him against her. "Riley was middle American white bread. One position, five minutes at a time." Xander smiled a little, a personal theory vindicated.

"Spike was very good at sex" That statement undid the smile very quickly "But" Buffy continued "there was nothing else, no heart and soul and afterwards I always felt so dirty and dead, like I was tainting my heart with the devil and letting him wallow there" She felt Xander's strong arms tighten around her, no matter the subject Xander could not bear anything to hurt her, and would do anything to help her. She knew that and was permanently reassured by it. It was the strongest drug to her and she was completely addicted to it.

"What we just did was great Xander, you are a wonderful lover, but I want more from you, I don't care how many times I enjoy, I don't want little bites, I want to feel you with me, I want you up flying with me."

Buffy's voice deepened with passion "Xand, I want to fly with you, I don't want you to push me up to places, I want you to come with me. When we make love I want your heart in it, I want your soul, I want you to come quickly, I want you to come slowly, either one, I don't want you to think about it, to think about pleasing me, you do please me, your body and your mind are meant for me. When you are thinking about pleasing me you are drifting away from me, we are making love Xander, not having a competition to see how many orgasms I can have. I need the same feelings

you have, the feeling of taking you to a place you can't control your emotions, when you are completely open to me"

Xander, wordlessly leaned down, light tears dripped on her face as he kissed her gently, endlessly. Sliding his hands over her, he started to move with her.

At the moment of pleasure for Buffy, she felt him with her, he was moaning sounds into her ear, sounds of pleasure, of incoherency, of a mind lost in the pleasure her body was causing, and it took her higher and higher, dragging him closer they kept rising before they where both overtaken by a light so pure and bright that they had to close their eyes to it.

As they recovered on the bed, Xander leaned up and dropped an exhausted kiss on the side of Buffy's mouth.

She smiled at him tenderly

"That was very definitely the whole Twinkie Xand"