Masks

by purplefeen

Spike/William  
genre: human AU romance rating: Mature Adults Only  
**warning: m/m slash, incest**

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banner by VamptasticA



William looked into the mirror and made sure the look was flawless. It was. It had to be. He'd spent almost a year perfecting this spell. A year in which his studies had gone downhill to the loud protestations of his parents and teachers. His brother had been inordinately concerned about him this last year. He was too preoccupied, they'd all said. He had to pull it together and straighten up, they'd said. Stop letting his mind wander. It wasn't wandering; it was firmly fixated on the same thing it had been fixated on since he'd been twelve.  
  
*'Seven years. A long time. Maybe it'll be my lucky number.'*  
  
It was an obsession, not a passing fancy. Who cares about studying engineering when all you can think about is making love to your twin brother?  
  
And so the spell. A simple glamour - or so Uncle Ethan said. One that would make him appear to be a beautiful woman. Who would, if all went as planned, pick up Spike in his favourite pub and take him back to his dorm room to fuck the hell out of him. Uncle Ethan didn't know that part, of course.  
  
The spell had to be flawless because his concentration was sure to slip during the act itself and he couldn't drop the glamour for even a moment. Spike could never know.  
  
One night, that's all William wanted.  
  
Or… all he could afford to have.  
  
The last seven years had been hell. Watching Spike grow and change and discovering that each glimpse of his brother made him so hot he'd felt about to bust. Hiding his lust behind magazines of nude women he'd left strewn all around their room so that Spike wouldn't suspect what was really going on.  
  
Seven years of watching his brother masturbate to those same magazines and not having the courage to crawl out of bed and slide over Spike's naked body and take him in his mouth like he'd longed to do. Spike had never been shy about getting himself off in front of Will. If he had, this might have been easier. But no. Every time Will turned around, Spike was whipping it out and pumping himself and making Will's mouth water.  
  
He, in turn, had begun wanking like mad because the sight of his brother's nude body in the throes of passion made him crazy. They'd even made a game of it. "It's like doing it in front of a mirror," Spike had joked, "Only better, 'cause its taboo, like. Watching your brother, an' all."  
  
William knew exactly what he meant. Oh, boy did he know!  
  
Identical twins born thirteen minutes apart. Exactly alike down to the last freckle. Personality wise, very different though. Both into comic books, sports and video games; they diverged with Spike's passion for music and Will's love of books. Spike was more outgoing and social, Will more introverted and serious.  
  
But those differences always brought them closer as children. Where one lacked, the other fitted in nicely. They'd been the closest of brothers, the closest of friends. Always made their similarities and differences work *for* them, not against them.  
  
That didn't change as they grew into adulthood.  
  
They'd even learned to be ambidextrous when they beat off. It brought more authenticity to the mirror image effect. They'd both gotten good at knowing when the other was about to switch hands. It was almost as if they anticipated the other's moves. It was part of the game to see if you could throw your brother off by switching hands and ruining the mirror game. But they always seemed to know. Wouldn't that make sex between them just *brilliant*? Each one anticipating the other's moves, knowing exactly what was needed - wanted?  
  
He closed his eyes and blew out a breath. Had to stop thinking about it.  
  
Time to put this plan into action.  
  
  
  
The bar wasn't as crowded as it usually was on a Tuesday night, Spike thought with a sigh.  
  
*'Oh yeah, Halloween. Bloody stupid holiday if ya ask me. Dressing up like some fairy princess or whatnot. '*Be who you aren't*', isn't that what the stupid bint had said? Who else am I supposed to be then?'* He could be William, he supposed, then ran a hand through his now cropped and bleached hair. Guess he couldn't, not now, could he? The hairdo had been last summer's whim, but he didn't regret it. He had to stop being William's mirror image. Had to get out from under the pull of William's influence.  
  
Had to stop… everything. Everything he could.  
  
He'd switched majors from engineering to architecture. He'd quit the rugby team and started playing guitar with a bunch of mates from his martial arts class. They weren't bad and getting better. Had their first gig at a bar across campus set for next month.  
  
And best of all, they practiced four nights a week and it got him back to the room after Will was asleep. Four whole nights with no temptation.  
  
Almost none. Will was even sexier when he was calm and peaceful in the arms of sleep. He was so tense and on edge lately; the only peace he found seemed to be in dreams, so Spike would never wake him just to…  
  
*'Just to what? Just to shag yer brother? Yeah, that'd go over well.'*  
  
Spike sat at the bar and ordered a black and tan, a real one, not that crap in a can. He noticed a bird with killer legs giving him the eye from one of the booths, but he wasn't in the mood for company tonight.  
  
He felt… off. Where was Will? He'd said he had some mysterious errand to attend to, told Spike not to expect him till late. Will never stayed out late. He was the *good* brother. Or had been, until last year. Something was on his brother's mind. Something that was consuming him and try as he might, Spike couldn't discover what it was.  
  
He suspected it had something to do with Uncle Ethan. He'd caught Will talking to him on the phone more than once and he'd hung up quickly. Their mother's brother Ethan was bad news, even Mum didn't speak to him anymore. Had played around with some dark magic when he was younger. *If Will was getting into that shit…*  
  
But Will had sworn it was just research for a class paper. Ethan did know quite bit about mythology and both the boys were taking a class on myths and legends. Still.  
  
When they'd been boys, they'd told each other everything. No two people could be closer. Then one day he looked up, he'd been thirteen - he could remember it like it was yesterday. He'd gotten a shower and was drying off in their bedroom. He looked up and Will was watching him. And Will had a boner in his boxers. A big, stiff cock just sitting there like a pink elephant in the room.  
  
All Spike had wanted to do was touch it. He'd wanted to touch it so badly he was frozen in place with want. Just touch it, that's all. Feel what it felt like and see how it reacted to his touch.  
  
The spell had been broken when Will, overcome with embarrassment because Spike was staring at his cock, coughed and stood and excused himself. Neither mentioned it again but they'd never been quite as close after that.  
  
Oh, they'd become close in other ways. His brother developed a fascination with the female form and took to looking at nudie mags all the time. Made him perpetually hard. They'd both taken to beating off almost constantly; Will to the pictures in the magazines and Spike to the sight of his brother in the bed across the room.  
  
On their sixteenth birthday, they'd caught each other staring. Spike had been embarrassed at being caught by his brother, but he played it off by saying something stupid about wanting to see what it looked like as if he were looking in a mirror. Will had been a good sport about it and played along. It had become a game. A very satisfying game that gave him an excuse to fantasize about his brother out in the open. Or rather, inside his head, but still, he could look all he wanted.  
  
It made him almost demented with want.  
  
He'd dated every bird he'd seen to try to calm the storm inside. Tried to rid his mind of all the thoughts that shouldn't be there. He'd lost count of the women he'd fucked; he'd considered trying a bloke just to see if it would ease his heart, but they were always too tall or too dark or too rough, never… never Will.  
  
He was pulled from his thoughts by a clinking sound in front of him. He opened his eyes and saw a penny rolling to a stop on the bar next to his glass.  
  
"Penny for your thoughts," a sweet-as-sugar voice purred in his ear. He turned just enough to see that the leggy bird from the booth had settled in next to him.  
  
Spike sat back and lifted his beer, taking a slow swig. After licking the foam from his lip, he told her, "Sorry, Pet. Not tonight. Been a long day and I just want to get drunk."  
  
It's not that she wasn't attractive. She was. In fact, if he'd called up and had a woman made special order to his specifications, this one would be what came in the box. But not tonight.  
  
"Give me yer number. Maybe another night, yeah?"  
  
She smiled sweetly at him and confessed, "It's all right. I've never picked a guy up before. Maybe I did it wrong?"  
  
She was blushing and it really was very becoming on her. He was a sucker for shy blushes. Reminded him of Will.  
  
"No, Luv, ya did just fine. Just… m' heart's kinda already promised, ya see."  
  
*'Now why did I say that?'*  
  
He glanced at her to make sure his words hadn't hurt and something… odd happened. The girl… shimmered. Just a passing fancy or a trick of light maybe, but it made a shiver run up Spike's spine all the same.  
  
He shook his head to clear it and downed the rest of his beer. Getting drunk quickly was the best option.  
  
He ordered another beer and looked around as he waited for the buzz to settle in. He had the weird sensation that William was here, but he looked around and his brother was nowhere in sight. He downed that one as quick as he could and ordered another. The girl was still sitting beside him, not shimmering, just drinking her beer, so Spike decided to make conversation.  
  
"What's yer name, Pet?"  
  
"Will–la. Willa."  
  
Spike smirked. "Figures."  
  
She looked confused. "Why?"  
  
Spike was quick to reassure her. "Nothing, Pet. S'not you. I just seem to have Wills on the brain tonight."  
  
She seemed content with this answer which Spike probably would have questioned if he hadn't been so intent on getting drunk.  
  
The two sat side by side for over two hours, passing polite chit chat back and forth but not really talking, just passing time. Drinking. Getting drunk. Rather, Spike was. Willa had been nursing the same beer all night.  
  
She seemed a little nervous, like she was about to say something important but kept changing her mind. As long as she didn't go crackers while he was sitting here, Spike didn't care what she did.  
  
When he looked around for maybe the fiftieth time, Willa finally asked, "What do you keep looking for?"  
  
Spike glanced her way, as if he'd forgotten she was there. "Nothing. Just… keep getting the feeling m' brother's here."  
  
She smiled seductively and asked, "Is he as pretty as you? Maybe he'll give me a shot."  
  
Spike smiled wistfully. "He's much prettier than me. Beautiful even." He looked her up and down, "Yer even his type. Maybe I should introduce you."  
  
"I'm not your type then?" she asked, as if she were surprised by this.  
  
Spike looked into the depths of his beer, looking for answers. "My type is… Let's just say you lack a few elements to be my type." He looked her over carefully. "Close though, especially around the eyes." Blue eyes, as blue as his. As blue as William's. Just like William's… he really had to get over this obsession. Now he was seeing Will everywhere.  
  
Clearly confused, she went back to drinking her beer, contemplating his answer.  
  
Going over what she knew about Spike, every little nuance of every little fact, she finally smiled. "You're gay," she said matter-of-factly, as if this was something she should have known all along.  
  
Spike finished his beer and pulled out his wallet, laying enough bills on the bar for both of their drinks. He was feeling tired and mellow and just wanted to go back to his room and sleep.  
  
"Oh, Luv, if only it were that easy. It is *so* much worse than that, you have no idea."  
  
With that, he was gone.  
  
Will sat there for a long while after that, thinking over everything that was said. His brother had it bad for someone and he'd never even noticed. How could he have missed this? Maybe he'd been so obsessed with getting physical with Spike for the past year that he'd not paid attention to his brother's emotional state.  
  
If Spike was in love, Will would never do anything to get in the way of that. His dreams would have to be cast aside. He could live with never having Spike if it meant Spike got to be happy with the one he…  
  
*'I just seem to have Wills on the brain tonight.'  
  
' He's much prettier than me. Beautiful even.'*  
  
Had he really been that blind?  
  
  
  
William entered the room cheerfully, throwing his keys on the desk.  
  
"Hey, Spike. Have a nice Halloween?" He had a bag of chips in his hand and he held it out to Spike, offering him one.  
  
Spike declined, not even lifting his head from the guitar magazine he was pretending to read.  
  
Will just smiled and plopped onto his bed, as if everything was as it had been.  
  
"So, did you go to any of the parties?" Will asked, determined to make conversation.  
  
"No. You?" Spike looked up, pretending interest in the mundane topic.  
  
"Stopped by one, was odd. Everyone in masks and you're not allowed to take them off until midnight. So everyone goes around flirtin' and dancin' with strangers because its not them, you see. Not until midnight when they take off their masks."  
  
Spike smiled. "S'called a masquerade, ya git. You've heard of 'em b'fore."  
  
"Well, yeah. But I'd never *been* to one."  
  
"Liked it, did you?" Spike couldn't help but ask as the delight was plain on his brother's face.  
  
"Yeah, I did." He pulled two black domino masks out of his pocket. "Wanna try it?"  
  
Spike looked at the hand holding the masks. "Try what?" This just sounded like it was going to lead to trouble.  
  
"Putting on masks. Being someone else until midnight. Whoever you want to be. But not who you are." He hesitated then finished, "Not my brother."  
  
Spike smiled, liking the idea. "And where shall we go then? Wearing our masks."  
  
Will was so happy he was practically bouncing on the bed. He jumped up and dropped one of the masks on Spike's lap. After pulling a set of clothes from his closet, he said, "I'll meet you at the Baxter House masquerade in half an hour."  
  
  
  
There were too many people here. It was noisy and hot and he couldn't find Will. He sat an empty shot glass on the bar and grabbed another one, heading for the patio door that would lead to the cool, and hopefully quiet, garden.  
  
It was nice out here. The air was refreshing next to the stifling heat of the party and only random noises made it this far outside. The music was loud enough to provide a little background ambience, but it wasn't making him deaf.  
  
"I saw you in the party. Was hoping you'd come out here." A voice sounded behind him. It was a voice he recognized, and yet, not. It was deeper, huskier. Seductive.  
  
He turned and faced the man in the black domino mask. Dark blond curls framed his hidden face. Blue eyes glistened behind the mask. He stood straight and confident in his navy blue suit, the one with the subtle pinstripes. The blue shirt was the same colour as his eyes and the tie was navy with a small white diamond pattern. Spike had one like it in black.  
  
"Yeah?" Spike asked back, praying this was leading where his heart wanted it to. But there was no way… was there?  
  
"Yeah," the man said, stepping closer. "Been wanting to get close to you for some time now."  
  
"Have you?" Spike asked, sincerely puzzled.  
  
White teeth smiled beneath the mask and that mouth was making him crazy with want.  
  
"Been looking for a way," the man confessed. He was up close now, closer than Spike's personal space would normally allow. As close as a lover might get. Closer than a brother normally would.  
  
"What's yer name?" Spike asked, curious as to what the man would say.  
  
"Does it matter?" he asked, running a finger down the line of red buttons adorning the front of Spike's shirt. "While I have the mask on, I'm anyone you want me to be."  
  
Spike smiled at that.  
  
"Who do you want me to be?" the man asked, stepping even closer, letting his breath ghost across Spike's neck as he whispered in his ear.  
  
"There's a bloke I've been wantin'," Spike confessed. "'Bout your height and build."  
  
"That right?" the man asked, smiling in pure delight.  
  
"Just right," Spike whispered and pulling his brother close, he covered his mouth in a kiss. It started out soft and slow, each learning the other's taste and feel. Each one not quite believing that this was *finally* happening. Maybe it was only the masks and when they took them off, two other people would be there.  
  
But as each brother began to see that he was not the only one who wanted this; that he was not the only one who'd been *longing* for this, the kiss turned more passionate. Tongues danced and circled, darting in and pulling back, tasting and teasing. Hands roamed bodies, feeling a person that seemed very familiar and very new all at once. Teeth clashed and fingers entangled hair. Finally, when oxygen became an issue, they pulled back.  
  
Each smiled in joy at this newfound knowledge and Spike's hand slipped down into Will's open palm.  
  
Will looked around, suddenly shy. "Someone might see us."  
  
"S'all right, Luv. No one'll care. It's dark. Just looks like two blokes snoggin'. See that all the time."  
  
Their lips met a second time, and the ever-careful Will maneuvered them into a darker spot under an ash tree. It was all wondeful and good, but it wasn't enough.  
  
Taking his brother by the hand, he pulled him out of the garden and began running toward the building that housed their own room.  
  
They were laughing as they fell through the door, grabbing onto each other and trying to kiss while ripping each other's clothes off. When they were naked, Spike reached for his mask, but Will stopped him with a hand and his voice.  
  
"No!" Will exclaimed, but at Spike's hurt expression, Will explained, "Not until midnight, all right?"  
  
Looking at the clock, it was 11:42. "All right," Spike agreed. Truth to tell, the sight of Will in all his glory wearing just a little black mask was turning him on no end.  
  
But now that they were here, the momentum seemed to have slowed. This was *it*, this was finally doing what had been so forbidden before. What if the stories were right? What if they did go to Hell for eternity for this? What if…  
  
What if's didn't matter. They'd known since they were kids that this is what was meant to be and if God didn't like it, He'd just have to shove it, now wouldn't He?  
  
Reaching out a hand, will cupped his brother's cheek. "We're someone else until midnight, remember?"  
  
Yeah. Someone else. Not brothers. Just men. Just lovers.  
  
They came together and kissed, all the suppressed longing finally finding an outlet. Will pushed Spike down into the chair and fell to his knees in front of him.  
  
"What're you-"  
  
William leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to the top of Spike's erection. It felt so good to *finally* be here, where he'd dreamt of being so many times. Before he lost his nerve, he opened his mouth and took in the pulsing head of Spike's cock, relishing in the feel of it growing bigger as he sucked.  
  
Spike looked down, unable to believe this was really happening. There was a full moon tonight. Didn't they say people did crazy things during a full moon? And tonight was Halloween, that had to count for something.  
  
Dark blond curls pooled in his lap as his brother sucked him off; giving head like he'd done it a million times before. Maybe he had. Jealousy came screaming to the front of his mind before passion pushed it back again, lost in the sensations of his beloved brother swirling his tongue around the head of his cock.  
  
This was too good to be true. Maybe it wasn't. Maybe he was still back in the bar with that pretty…  
  
*No. It wasn't possible.*  
  
But somehow he knew.  
  
"Will?" Spike panted and tried to pull away but Will wouldn't let him. Concentrating on what he wanted to say instead of the cum filling his balls, Spike asked, "This isn't the first mask you've worn tonight - is it?"  
  
In the blink of an eye, Willa was on the floor in front of him, pink lips kissing his engorged head and rosy tongue darting out for a taste of pearly cum.  
  
He was about to come. "Change back," Spike ordered and as Will appeared from Willa's body, Spike shot off into her -his- mouth and one twin swallowed the other's release with a sly grin. Will kissed Spike's thighs as he caught his breath, soaking up the sight of his brother looking happy and sated from his own attentions.  
  
When he could get it out, Spike asked, "How did ya do it?"  
  
Will winked, "Well, I just opened my mouth and -"  
  
Spike laughed and leaned forward, catching his brother's neck with his hand and pulling him close. "Uncle Ethan helped you."  
  
It wasn't a question but Will took it as one. He answered honestly, "Yeah."  
  
"Magic."  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"How?"  
  
Will sat back on the floor and stretched out, leaning back on his elbows. His still raging hard on pointing skyward.  
  
"It's a long, boring story and we have," he turned toward the clock that read 11:51. "We have nine minutes before the masks come off. I'd rather -"  
  
He stopped when Spike fell forward on top of him, kissing his mouth, his neck, his ears. Will tried to touch everywhere at once, learning the feel of this body that was so familiar yet so foreign.  
  
Spike leaned to his right and opened the drawer on the table next to his bed. He pulled out a tube of Astroglide and popped the top.  
  
"What are you -"  
  
"Been wantin' this for a long time now," Spike confessed, then corrected and said, "Er, been wantin' this with another bloke. Since I don't know who you are under that mask, o' course."  
  
Will smiled as Spike used his lubed fingers to prepare himself. He looked at Will's bellybutton as he admitted, "Been practicin', just - just in case. Didn't think I'd ever, but -"  
  
"Ride me, Spike," Will ordered, and Spike lowered himself oh so slowly onto his brother's rigid cock. It wasn't just that this was so new, it wasn't just that this was something forbidden - it was that he knew, at last, that it was he that Will desired. Not the girly mags, not the women he dated. That was all just cover for what he truly desired. To finally know that you are the object of desire for the person you love is a heady thing and Spike took time to adjust to that as he adjusted to the feel of being filled like he never had before.  
  
He'd used his own fingers to practice, but this wasn't nearly the same.  
  
It took some minutes but finally he was sitting astride his brother, letting his body and his heart fill with the wonder of it.  
  
Will's eyes were a dark, smoky blue as he looked up at him and he settled his hands on Spike's hips. Together they started moving and found a rhythm that suited them. A slow, sultry beat that had Spike arching his back and Will clenching his hands into fists.  
  
Nearing his climax, Spike opened his eyes to look at Will and his gaze passed the clock on their way. 12:01 Past midnight.  
  
Reaching up, he removed his mask. He leaned forward and touched a finger to Will's as well, but Will didn't seem to want to let his go.  
  
Spike kissed him softly, and licked his bottom lip before working his way inside. Will gave in and opened to him. As they relaxed into the kiss, Will let Spike slide the mask from his face.  
  
When Spike's cock became too restless and insistent, Spike sat up again and rode his brother, grabbing himself in a fist and thrusting in time with Will's movements inside him.  
  
He'd never dreamt it would feel like this. More than just pain, more than just tight fullness. Completion. Like he was, for the first time in his life, the man he was meant to be. He felt like he could fly. Like there was nothing too impossible for them. Together, they were so much more than just two mere men.  
  
He leaned forward, feeling the soft push of muscles of his brother's chest against his own.  
  
Will's arms wrapped around his back, hands grasping, fingernails dragging, bringing small trails of crimson to the surface. It was heaven.  
  
Lips meet again, slower this time, but more insistent. They were both so close. So close to that precipice that would bring them the euphoria they'd been dying for since they were kids.  
  
Closer to the end of this magical night.  
  
"I love you."  
  
Will said it first. Shyly, as if he hadn't wanted to say it, but it was forced out of him. Like he'd only meant to exhale, but these words appeared of their own volition.  
  
Spike stopped kissing him and caught his breath, resting his forehead atop William's.  
  
"It's about time. I've loved you since I was twelve."  
  
Will smiled. "Me too. Never had the nerve -"  
  
"- tell ya 'fore now." Spike finished for him and they both felt like the world had opened up before them and offered its bounty.  
  
That settled, they both let the moment they'd been avoiding come. There was nothing to fear now. Will closed his eyes and with a single thrust, came inside Spike as his brother came all over his chest.  
  
It was more than climactic. It was liberating.  
  
Will softened and slid out of Spike; too tired to move.  
  
Spike seemed to sense it and stood himself, grabbing a towel and cleaning off first Will's sticky chest, then his own sticky parts.  
  
Silently he pulled Will up and pulled the sheets back on Will's iron bed, letting him crawl in. He slid in next to him, cradling his head on his Will's chest, too sated to talk. Will wrapped him in his embrace and the brothers fell into a peaceful slumber.  
  
  
  
Will couldn't move his hands. He wanted to turn in his sleep, but something - something cold - prevented him.  
  
It took him a full two minutes to open his eyes, and as he did, he noticed he couldn't move from the waist down either. Eyes finally open and focusing, he saw the smiling face of Spike, who was straddling his hips.  
  
*'Oh yeah. Finally got what I wanted.*' He smiled back.  
  
"Finally awake, Sleepyhead?"  
  
Will couldn't stop smiling. "I love you."  
  
Spike's smiling got a megawatt brighter before he leaned down and took Will's mouth in a kiss. A sweet, closed-lip kiss. It would have been G-rated if they hadn't been brothers. If they hadn't been naked. If they hadn't been in bed together. If one of them hadn't been tied to the bed. If they hadn't been fully erect with their dripping cocks rubbing together.  
  
Spike pulled back and bit down on his bottom lip, looking suddenly shy.  
  
"Was afraid you might have changed your mind or gotten nervous," he confessed, fingering the cuffs on Will's wrists.  
  
That's when Will noticed that he was restrained again. He also noticed the dozens of candles lighting the room.  
  
"The only thing I'm gettin' is turned on."  
  
Spike grinned. "Yeah?"  
  
Will thrust up against him. "Oh yeah."  
  
Spike reached behind him and picked up a bottle of almond oil. "Got this in anticipation of Rhianna Lewinski," he informed Will.  
  
Will's body tensed and his cock softened slightly. "Not the appropriate thing to say at a time like this, Spike."  
  
Spike just smiled. "Looks like she's gonna have to do without. Looks like everybody's gonna hafta do without me from now on. Everyone but you."  
  
Little Will perked right up. "Right thing to say at a time like this."  
  
Spike's oiled and now warm hands slid across his brother's broad chest.  
  
"I love you, Will. Always been you. Always be you from now on. Only you. And I'm the only one for you, right?" Will didn't answer and Spike started to pull back, nervous.  
  
Will smiled and let out a soft chuckle. "It's only been you for a long time, ya git. Why d' ya think I couldn't concentrate on anythin' for so long? Couldn't get you out of my head."  
  
Spike's almond-scented hands pulled on Will's rigid cock. "Wanted this?"  
  
Will's eyes rolled and his breath hissed. "Yes."  
  
Spike couldn't believe how turned on he was getting from hearing his brother confess his desire.  
  
"Wanted me ta touch ya?"  
  
Will didn't seem inclined to answer so Spike stopped his hands and looked a question down him.  
  
"Yes," Will admitted softly.  
  
"Wanted me ta-" Spike leaned down and licked across Will's full bottom lip.  
  
"God yes."  
  
"Want more?"  
  
"Or I'll die."  
  
Spike licked down Will's throat before kissing his pulse point. He opened his mouth and took small nipping bites across his neck.  
  
"Wanted to be in my bed every night?" he whispered in Will's ear.  
  
"Yes."  
  
Will thrust up, trying to get a little friction.  
  
Spike sat up and oiled Will's chest and stomach. He moved to sit between Will's legs.  
  
"Wanted me to fu- make love to you?"  
  
Will smiled over the rewording. Looking at Spike, he admitted, "More than anything."  
  
Spike took his time with Will, going slow, inserting first one finger and stretching and then another. After three fingers that had Will panting with lust, Spike got to his knees.  
  
"Hurts just a bit, at first. Get that part over with quick, yeah?"  
  
Will nodded, too far gone to care.  
  
Spike lifted Will's legs, exposing that sweet little hole that had occupied so many of his fantasies. Bending Will practically in half, Spike quickly, with the help of the almond oil, thrust himself firmly inside.  
  
"Aaaaaaaaahhhhhhh" Will moaned.  
  
Spike grinned. "Like that, do you?"  
  
"More. Please more."  
  
Spike was happy to oblige. Candles really were romantic, he decided. The glow of candlelight on William's oil-slick skin was amazing. Beautiful. Incredible. Sexy as hell.  
  
Will was tight. Oh so tight. Perfect tight. Grasping him and pulling him back every time he pulled away. He leaned forward, leveraging on the back of Will's thighs.  
  
"Like that?"  
  
Sweat ran down Spike's neck as Will answered, "Don't stop. Don't ever stop."  
  
"Not gonna stop, little brother. Never gonna stop. Gonna be inside you forever. Every night. Every day. Whenever you want me."  
  
Will was getting impossibly tighter, moving close to orgasm and that worked for Spike because he couldn't hold back any longer. Spike grabbed Will's bobbing cock with an oily hand and pumped as his climax hit him and he filled his brother with cum.  
  
He pulled out quickly and wrapped his mouth around Will's cockhead just a second before he shot off and Spike tasted semen for the first time. He used his mouth to keep working Will as he came, delighted to hear him screaming out "Spiiiiiiiiiiiiike!"  
  
He swallowed around his brother's cock, thinking it was fitting that he should fill Will with cum and Will was now doing likewise.  
  
Spike reached up and pulled Will's hands free of the ties, one navy - one black, both with a small diamond pattern, holding him to the bed.  
  
Moving back up to lay on to lay on the pillow beside Will, Spike yawned.  
  
"Mmmmm," Will agreed. Spike pulled Will's head onto his chest and cuddled him as they fell asleep.  
  
  
  
Three and a half hours later, the phone rang, and Spike was quick to answer it before it woke Will.  
  
"'ello?"  
  
"James?"  
  
Spike smiled. "Mum, ya know I hate that name."  
  
"Sorry, Spike, but its your name. I just called to tell you- Wait. Why aren't you in class? I was expecting to talk to William. You should be in your CAD class this morning."  
  
It always amazed him that Mum knew their schedules better than they did.  
  
"Took the morning off. Had a long night."  
  
Concern filled her voice. "Are you all right?"  
  
Spike smiled and ran a hand through Will's soft curls. "Right as rain, Mum. I don't think we'll be having to worry about Will anymore. I… I had a talk with him last night. I think I got it straightened out."  
  
"Oh, thank heavens. I didn't know what we were going to do next. Is there anything I can help with?"  
  
Spike almost laughed. "I don't think so." He decided to go the safe route. "Mum, he's bisexual."  
  
"Is that all? Why didn't he just tell us?"  
  
Feeling Will's warm breath ghost across his skin, he told her. "Glad to hear you say that because I am too."  
  
Mum laughed. "Well, I could have told you that."  
  
Spike shook his head. Of course she knew.  
  
"Why didn't you tell me?"  
  
"Would you have believed me?"  
  
"I guess not. Why did you call on this fine morning anyway?"  
  
"I just wanted to tell you boys that I bought your plane tickets for Thanksgiving. Your plane leaves Wednesday at two. I'll email the details to you."  
  
"Thanks, Mum. Love you."  
  
"I love you too, honey. Tell William hello for me."  
  
"Will do."  
  
He hung up and curled up around Will once more, thinking over his new plan to make love to Will as often as humanly possible. And he thought about Thanksgiving. At home with his family. It was going to be interesting to see how that worked in with the new plan. Now that they'd removed the masks, Spike didn't ever want to have to wear them again. Well, maybe in front of Mum and Grandmum.  
  
  
  
The End