

Wolfsitting

written by Calle Dybedahl

My 2003 Secret Slasha assignment. I don't do the boyslash, so I'm afraid it rather sucks.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Oz/Xander

A.S.S Story codes: mm

Story rating: G

"Don't get me wrong," Xander said on the first night of the full moon. "It's not that I mind sitting here. I know it's something that needs doing, and it's something that I *can* do. It's just that I wish I could do something more *active*."

It was the middle of the night, and he was sitting on top of the sturdy table in the center of the Sunnydale High school library. Through the small window in the book cage the cold bluish light of the full moon fell, giving the room an eerie feel.

Or maybe it was just the Hellmouth being its usual creepy self.

Also inside the cage, a wolfy Oz growled and beat on the steel-mesh door. That didn't worry Xander at all. If Oz was able to damage that door, he would've done so a long time ago.

"But," he went on, "that's as it is. Buffy and Faith have the whole Slayer thing going for them. Willow is getting real freaky with the magic, and Giles has years and years of training as a Watcher. So it's only right that they go out and do the dangerous stuff, while I stay here and keep an eye on you. That's important too. For sure."

He got down from the table and started pacing back and forth in front of the book cage. Inside it, Oz threw himself at the locked door over and over again.

"And it gives a guy a chance to think, you know?" he said, more or less in the direction of the werewolf. "It's not like there's anything else I could do in here."

For a moment, he could almost hear Giles' sarcastic reply to that. He glanced towards the shelves full of books.

"Yeah, like *that'd* ever happen," he said to himself. "I've got enough thoughts of my own without filling my head with *other* people's thoughts as well."

He went on pacing.

"Not that I really want to think," he said. "Because I've had some pretty disturbing thoughts lately. In a Larry sort of way."

Steps outside, approaching the door. He fell silent and looked around for a weapon. Or a place to hide. Before he found either, Buffy and Faith came through the door.

"Oh," he said. "Hi. I didn't think you'd come here tonight."

Buffy shrugged. "Patrol was a bust," she said. "So we thought we'd check up on you and Oz."

"No trace of the monster?" Xander said.

"Not a one," Faith said. "So we're hoping the brain trust will come up with something tomorrow."

"So," he said, "you're planning to stay here for the rest of the night?"

"Yeah," Buffy said. "You can go home and catch some sleep."

"Maybe I'll do that," he said. "See you tomorrow."

As the library door closed behind him, he thought he heard Faith say something about it being her turn to be on top. He shook his head and walked on. He must've heard wrong.

"I don't know if they're wrong thoughts," Xander said on the second night of the full moon. "I mean, OK, they're *unusual* thoughts, but not *wrong*, if you see what I mean."

He stopped his pacing and thought about the sentence that had just passed over his lips.

"Scratch that," he said. "I'm not even sure *I* see what I mean."

He started pacing again, ignoring the growling and fence-rattling from the book cage.

"It's just that when I see you and Willow make with the kissing, I'm not sure which one of you I'm jealous of. And that's a scary thought. At least if you're me. Because that's Larry territory. And I'm not sure what the gang would think of that. I mean, Willow'd go completely bananas if I came out as gay. She's sensitive like that. Buffy'd probably be cool with it. Giles'd polish his glasses. You'd be mister silent, as usual. And Cordy would expect me to start caring about how I dress."

He pulled out a chair from the table and sat down on it.

"But none of that is going to happen," he said to the madly growling werewolf. "Because I'm never ever going to mention getting a happy from watching you. At least not while there are other people around to hear it. Not in a million years. No matter how much Larry talks about tastefully announcing a coming out."

He sighed.

"Maybe I should read something," he said. "Maybe I can find a book with naughty pictures in it."

"We think it's a werecondor," Giles said. "There is such a bird on temporary display at the zoo, and the total lack of tracks leading to and from the scenes of carnage fits rather well with an airborne assailant."

It was just after classes had ended for the day, and the Scooby gang were collected in the library.

"Swell," Buffy said. "So how to we catch it? Maybe that Slayer's Handbook you never showed me has a chapter on sprouting wings?"

"No, there isn't," Giles said. "The best thing would be if we could keep an eye on the bird at the zoo tonight, but that might be difficult. They improved their security rather a lot after the hyena incident."

"Maybe we could let Oz in there," Willow said. "He'll be all wolfy and animal-like, so they wouldn't suspect him."

"What good would that do?" Xander said. "He doesn't remember anything from when he's a wolf."

"Yes I do," Oz said.

And then he looked at Xander, and smiled a mysterious little smile.