

## Frustration 1

Giles opened his door to find Ethan standing there. "Ethan, what the hell do you want?"

Ethan pushed his way inside. "I was in town. I thought I'd drop by for a visit."

"The last time I saw you the military were carting you off to a rehabilitation center. How exactly did you get out?"

"What difference does it make? I'm here now. I thought we could go out for a drink."

"You are out of your bloody mind if you think I'm going drinking with you. You turned me into a demon the last time I did that."

"Yeah, but you had fun, didn't you?"

"I did have fun beating the crap out of you. I have to admit that."

Ethan winced. "Yes, as a Fyarl demon you do pack quite a bit more punch than you do as a tweed wearing librarian."

Giles looked down at the jeans and sweater he was wearing. "I do not wear tweed anymore and I haven't been a librarian for over a year. I wish people would stop saying that." He kicked the door shut. He moved to his kitchen. "Do you want a drink?"

"I thought you just said you wouldn't drink with me."

"No, I said I wouldn't go out drinking with you. Unless you've snuck in here while I wasn't looking and doctored all my alcohol I'm thinking I'm relatively safe." He glared at Ethan. "Do you want a drink, or not?" He slammed a bottle of scotch on the counter.

"Yes." Ethan prowled around the counter and looked at Giles. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing is the matter with me." Giles poured two large drinks. He handed one to Ethan and took his glass and the bottle into the living room.

"I've known you a long time..."

Giles interrupted. "Lucky you."

"...and I know when something is bothering you."

"Well, give the man a prize."

"So, tell your old friend Ethan all about it."

Giles barked out a laugh. "Right. Because I know I can trust you. You certainly wouldn't use anything I tell you against me."

"Ripper, I just like having a little fun."

Giles rested his head back on the couch. "I'm tired of your games. Go play with someone else." He lifted his head. "Oh wait, you don't have anyone else, do you? Gee, I wonder why?"

"Ouch. You are in a mood, aren't you?"

"Go away, Ethan."

"Not until you tell me what's bothering you."

"Hand me the phone, I want to call the Initiative."

"Tell me what's wrong. I hate to see you like this."

"You love to see me like this, Ethan. You like nothing more than to see me miserable and you know it."

"I know, but it's not as much fun if I don't know why you're miserable."

"My heart's bleeding for you." The phone rang. Giles looked up at the clock and then at the phone. He ignored it.

"Aren't you going to answer it?"

"No."

Ethan watched the phone as it rang. Finally he couldn't stand it. He grabbed for it. "Hello?"

"Giles? Is that you? You sound funny."

Ethan made a face and handed the phone to Giles. "It's for you. The old ball and chain."

Giles sighed but took the phone. "Yes, Buffy, what is it?"

"Who was that?"

"Someone who was just leaving."

Buffy humphed. "The phone rang so long I didn't think you were in."

"Where else would I be? Where else am I ever at this time of night, every night?"

"Well you don't have to be so crabby about it."

Giles took a deep breath. "What do you need, Buffy?"

"I just thought I'd call. Riley's busy and I was bored."

"I'm so touched."

"What's the matter with you? I thought you'd be glad I called."

"Oh yes, tossing out bread crumbs to the populace. How noble of you."

"Well, I knew you'd be home."

"Of course I'd be home. What else could I possibly be doing other than waiting for you to call? I'm home every sodding night unless I'm being knocked unconscious at some demon fest with you."

There was a pause. "Okay, well, watching paint dry is more fun than this so I'm gonna go now."

"Thanks so much for calling. It's been a pleasure." Giles hung up. And then he ripped the phone cord out of the wall.

Ethan's eyebrows rose ever so slightly. "Trouble in paradise?"

Giles snickered unpleasantly. "Paradise. Right."

Ethan poured Giles another drink. "Here you go, drink up."

Giles drank half the glass down. He eyed the glass blearily. "I should probably eat something. I don't think I've eaten all day."

"Oh no, you'll get drunk much faster on an empty stomach." Giles could hardly argue with that so he polished off the glass. Ethan filled it again. "Ready to tell me what's bothering you?"

"Nothing you can help me with."

"Now, how do you know that if you won't tell me?"

Giles looked at Ethan. "Do you think that if you get told something long enough that it becomes the truth?"

"I'm afraid to answer that without more information."

Giles just shook his head. "Do you remember how easy it was for me to find a woman to be with?"

"All you had to do was snap your fingers."

Giles snapped his fingers and looked around. "Doesn't seem to work anymore."

Ethan sat up in his chair. "Is that what this is about? You wanting a relationship?"

Giles snorted. "No, I've given up on ever having that. This is about something much more basic."

Ethan grinned. "All this fuss just because you want to get laid?" He filled Giles' glass again. "Look no further. I'm always available."

Giles rolled his eyes. "Do you remember how drunk you had to get me to do that?"

Ethan pointed at Giles' glass. "One more of those ought to do the trick."

Giles grimaced and put his glass down. "I think I'll embrace a life of celibacy."

Ethan pursed his lips. "What does this have to do with someone telling you something until it becomes the truth?"

There was a knock at the door. Giles stood up and flung a hand out at the door. "What perfect timing. You can see a live demonstration." He walked towards the door and threw it open. "Buffy, shouldn't you still be at home watching paint dry?"

"I was worried about you. You sounded so weird. But the phone doesn't seem to be working."

"I know. I pulled it out of the wall."

Buffy noticed Ethan. Her face grew dark. "What the hell does he want?"

Giles looked at Ethan. "That's exactly what I asked him. Don't worry, he was just leaving." He hesitated. "On second thought, feel free to stay. I think I'll leave." He looked around for his jacket and shrugged it on. Giles began patting down his pockets looking for his keys.

Buffy stood in the doorway. "What do you mean, you're leaving?"

"Just what I said. I'm leaving. I'm going to get laid."

Buffy glared at Ethan. "What did you do to him?"

Ethan just laughed. "Not a thing. Why should I? He's doing so well on his own."

Buffy turned a puzzled gaze towards Giles. "What did you mean by that?"

Giles turned to Ethan. "Now pay attention." He turned back to Buffy. "The I'm going to get laid part?"

"Yes."

"What do you think I meant?"

"Well, not what it usually means, that's for sure."

"And why not?"

"Come on, please and eeww."

Giles gritted his teeth. "Let's try an experiment. You say it Buffy."

"Say what?"

"Say, I'm going to get laid."

"I'm not going to say..."

"Say it."

"Fine. I'm going to get laid."

Giles cocked his head to the side. "See, when you say it, it seems perfectly clear to me. I'm thinking that it means that you're going to go find Riley or whatever worthless excuse for a boyfriend you currently have and go shag him silly." He turned to Ethan. "Doesn't that seem clear to you?"  
Ethan nodded. "Oh, quite clear."

Giles turned again to Buffy. "Okay, let's try this again. You ready? I'm going to go get laid." He spoke the sentence very slowly. "Was it clearer this time?"

Buffy looked at Giles as if he had lost his mind. "Did Ethan put a spell on you?"

Giles rolled his eyes. "Is it that inconceivable to you that I want to get laid?"

Buffy squinched her face up. "Why are you acting like this? What's the matter?"

"Nothing's the matter. I'm going to go find some woman and have sex with her. Maybe I'll find two women and have sex with them both."

Buffy put her hand on his forehead. "Are you sick?"

Giles turned to Ethan. "It's like I'm a eunuch. Watch this." Looking at Buffy he put out his hands as if he was going to scare her. "Giles and sex."

Buffy made a face and shivered. "Would you stop that? You're gonna give me nightmares."

"Five bloody years of this. I'm sick of it." Spying his keys on the counter underneath his mail he pounced on them. Giles brushed by Buffy and headed out. Looking over his shoulder he tossed out a final message. "Don't wait up."

End Part 1

## Frustration 2

Buffy was too surprised to do much at first so she just stood there as Giles got in his car and drove away. Finally she turned to Ethan. "What did you do to him?"

Ethan stood up and headed for the kitchen. "My dear girl, why are you so

convinced I did something to him?"

"Because he never acts like this."

"He never acts like he's a man?" Ethan paused and then grinned wickedly when he saw Buffy's discomfort. He lowered his voice dramatically. "With a penis?"

Buffy waved her hands frantically in the air as if to banish that image from her mind. "Stop."

Ethan started opening cabinets, trying to find something to eat. He was laughing. "Poor Rupert." Buffy scowled and headed into the kitchen too. She headed for the right cabinet and pulled out some cookies. "What do you mean by that?"

Ethan tried to get some from her but she held the box out of his reach and headed back into the living room. Ethan looked in the cabinet again and found some crackers that would do. He sat back on the chair, wanting to sit as far away from Buffy as he could manage. "Don't you have things to go kill?"

"I could call Riley and let him know you're here. I will if you don't answer me."

"You are such a consistent joy to be with." Ethan nibbled on a cracker. "What did I mean by poor Rupert?" At Buffy's nod he answered. "Can only be a Watcher when his little Slayer is around. Can't be a man, can't have needs, can't want sex."

"It's not like that."

"It's not like what?"

"It's not that he can't be those things, he just isn't those things."

Ethan's jaw dropped. "This is too priceless. You really do think he's a bloody eunuch."

"I do not."

"Then how can you possibly think he doesn't have needs and wouldn't want sex?"

"Because he's my Watcher."

"Don't you think he had sex with Olivia?"

Buffy blushed and her face grew quite annoyed. "That was different. He couldn't help that. They had history."

"He couldn't help what?"

Buffy let out a disgusted noise. "You know what I mean."

"No, actually I have no idea." He thought for a minute. "How about Jenny Calendar?"

"A total fluke. Besides I was only sixteen."

Ethan started to grin. "This isn't about Rupert at all, is it?"

"Hello, are you a part of this conversation? We are talking about Giles."

"No, we're not. We're talking about you." He poured himself another shot of scotch. He held the bottle up asking Buffy if she wanted some.

"No, me and alcohol are un-mixy things."

Ethan stored that piece of information away for future use. "Why don't you, and I stress the word you, want Giles to think about sex?"

"First of all, this is not about me, and second of all, don't you, and I stress the word you, have an elsewhere to be?"

"And not be here when your Watcher gets home so I can hear all the lovely details about his sexual exploits?"

"Eeww. You guys talk about this stuff?"

"Just the grin on his face will be satisfaction enough." He waved the back of his hands towards Buffy as if to shoo her away. "So, feel free to leave anytime. I'll just sit right here until Rupert gets home."

"I am so not leaving you here alone."

"Well then settle in, little girl, he did tell us not to wait up." Ethan grinned again.

Buffy squinched up her face. "You really think he's just going to go out there and some woman's just going to..." Her face squinched up even further.



Ethan shook his head at her obtuseness. "You do recall that both Jenny and Olivia were stunningly beautiful women that other men probably desired greatly."

"Yeah, so?"

"Who did they choose?" Buffy scowled but didn't answer. Ethan asked again. "Who did they choose to be with? To have SEX with?" The look on Buffy's face was priceless. Ethan couldn't remember when he'd had this much fun and it was so early still. He grinned again and curled his legs up underneath him like a great cat. "Do you have any idea how many women your Watcher has had sex with?"

Buffy's face grew sullen. "No." She threw a pouty glare at Ethan. "And I don't want to know."

"Why not? I would think that knowing about your Watcher's sexual prowess would make you proud."

Buffy put her hands over her ears. "I'm not listening."

Ethan just kept on. "You've never seen your Watcher in action, have you? He's quite something to see. I'm sure he'll get his touch back, pun very much intended, quite quickly." Buffy started humming under her breath. Ethan continued, relentless. "I wonder what he'll start with tonight? Some redhead, maybe a brunette. He always did like brunettes."

"He does not like brunettes." Buffy gritted out the words.

"Jenny was a brunette. Most of the women Rupert ended up with were brunettes. He likes thick dark hair."

Buffy stood, her hands clenched at her side. She shouted at him. "He does not like brunettes."

Ethan's eyes opened wide. "My, my, aren't we overreacting just a bit?"

"Are you just aching for a beating, Ethan? Because you are this close." She held up her thumb and index finger, only a sliver of light showing between them. She threw herself back down on the couch.

Ethan cocked his head to the side, a grin still on his face. "Why are you so sure he doesn't like brunettes? It wouldn't have anything to do with the fact that you're a blond, would it?" He took a sip of his scotch.

Buffy made another disgusted noise. "No." She didn't meet Ethan's eyes.

"It is about that. That's what this whole thing is about, isn't it?"

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"Rupert. You just don't want him wanting anybody, unless it's you."

"Again, beating is imminent."

"Jenny was a fluke, and according to you it only happened because you were young, meaning that you were too young for him. Then Olivia was all based on history, certainly nothing Rupert would have chosen if he'd been in his right mind, not when he had you around. But he couldn't help himself so it doesn't count either."

"That is not what I meant. You're twisting my words all around."

"No, I think that's exactly what you meant. I just think you never put it together for yourself. You don't want to share him with anyone, do you?"

Buffy's face was defiant. "He's MY Watcher."

Ethan barked out a laugh. "You do realize that YOUR Watcher has probably already hooked up with someone."

Buffy rolled her eyes. "That is so not going to happen."

"Hooked up with someone, and right now, he's wooing his way into her bed, mark my words."

Buffy stood again. "Shut up."

"Why don't you just have sex with him, then, if you don't want anyone else to have him?"

She spoke to him as if he was an idiot. "Because he's my Watcher."

Ethan nodded. "I see. So you get to have sex with, how did he put it, one of your worthless boyfriends, and your witchy friends get to shag, and the ex-demon and that boy get to shag, but poor Rupert just gets to be the Watcher. And watch what, exactly, all of you have sex while he gets nothing?" Ethan snorted. "He's put up with this for five years? No wonder he's sick of it."

Buffy sat again. "You don't understand."

"What do you think I don't understand, little girl?"

"Stop calling me that."

Ethan bit his lips while he fought back another grin. "Elucidate me."

Buffy looked at him with suspicion. "Do what?"

Ethan started to laugh, a rich belly laugh. "Don't worry, I wasn't asking you to perform sexual acts on my body. I was merely asking you to explain."

Buffy blushed and scowled at the same time. "Giles needs to not be thinking about sex."

That got Ethan's attention. "Why?"

"If he was thinking about sex it would make things uncomfortable."

"For who?"

"For him, for me. He wouldn't be able to help..." Buffy blushed and looked away.

Ethan sat on the edge of his chair. "He wouldn't be able to help himself from what? Wanting you?" Ethan started to laugh again. This was just getting better and better.

Buffy started getting angry. "I've seen how he looks at me."

"So you treat him like a eunuch and call him names so he won't be overrun with his lust for you?"

"I told you, he looks at me."

Ethan sighed. "As much as it pains me to say anything that you might misconstrue as a compliment, you are a reasonably attractive woman with a fairly pleasing figure. It isn't completely surprising that someone might choose to look at you."

Buffy worked her way through that, feeling surprisingly uncomplimented. "So?"

"So, it is possible that he's merely looking at you from that perspective, and not because he is brimming over with animal passion for you."

"Look, I think I know him just a little bit better than you."

Ethan howled with laughter. "You don't know anything about him. Nothing. You are, without a doubt, the most clueless and astonishingly conceited young woman it has ever been my displeasure to meet." Ethan stood and walked over to Buffy, sitting near her. "I am willing to make a bet with you that if Rupert met you today, if he met you tonight, for the first time, he wouldn't have anything to do with you."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm saying that Rupert wouldn't choose you, little girl. You're too much the virgin for him."

"I am not a virgin."

"Maybe not. But you act like one, all prim and proper with just a little bit of cock teasing thrown in for good measure. Rupert likes a woman who can match him in bed, and trust me when I say, that you are no match for him."

"I am so a match for him."

"Just the fact that you have to say that tells me that you're not. These are uncharted waters for you honeybunch. If Rupert had chosen a Slayer to sleep with on looks and attitude alone, he'd have gone with that little Faith number."

"You mean he'd have chosen a slut?"

"He'd have chosen experience, willnessness, a sense of adventure. Not someone who thinks that just opening her legs up is a bloody gift of such importance that a man should fall down on his knees and give thanks."

"You are so gross."

"See, you prove my point. Even talking about sex makes you uncomfortable. And I know Rupert better than you'll ever know him. Because I know all of him. I know him as student, as rebel, as Watcher, as friend, as enemy, and as a lover. I know all of him. I don't walk around with my eyes closed pretending that parts of him don't exist."

"God, you and Giles...?"

Ethan grinned and stood again, stretching sinuously. "Yes, me and Ripper. Shocked, little girl? Don't worry, oh missionary one, it's old history. He's not interested in me that way anymore, more's the pity." He repositioned himself

in his chair. "Willing to take that bet, luv?"

"How can I take that bet? He does know me."

"I can make him forget. Just for tonight."

"How do I know you won't do something else to him, something to make him not be interested in me?"

"Because I don't have to. Because I know I'll win this bet. I know he won't choose you."

Buffy's pride started to get a little riled. "You are so wrong."

"So, you'll take the bet?"

"What do I get when I win?"

"You can call Riley and let his goons come and get me. But if I win, which I will, you get Riley and his goons off my back." He looked at his watch. "I wouldn't take too long to decide, it may already be too late. He could work fast when he wanted to." He grinned. "Although my guess is he'll still be around. He usually likes to take his time, prowl around a little, get the lay of the land, so to speak."

"How do you even know where he is?"

"I always know where he is. After all the magic we've done together, all the years we've known each other, he's in my blood. All I need to do is concentrate and I'll find him."

Buffy gritted her teeth against the flash of jealousy she felt. "And when I win you'll go back with the Initiative?"

"They won't even need to cuff me."

Buffy grinned. "This will be so fun to watch."

Ethan grinned too. "Yes, it will."

"I have to go back to the dorm and get changed."

"We can stop there on the way. Tart up all you want, if won't help. It won't change who you are. He'll know and he won't be interested."

"You are so going down tonight, Ethan. You have no idea."

Ethan stood. "Let's go." Buffy stood and the two of them headed out of Giles' apartment to Ethan's car.

End Part 2

### Frustration 3

Giles hadn't settled on anyone yet. He had his eye on two lovely ladies and he had made first contact with both of them but he wasn't ready to go in for the kill yet. It had taken him a while to unwind. It taken him a while to even believe he was capable of capturing the interest of a woman.

He let out a sigh of relief. He'd almost let it go on too long. If he hadn't broken free tonight it might have become true. Everything Buffy and the rest of them had been saying about him for far too long. As much as he hated feeling indebted to Ethan for anything he was grateful he had shown up tonight. For all the aggravation Ethan caused, one thing was always true; Giles came out the other end a little wiser about himself. There was no hope of hiding when Ethan was around. He understood the underside of human nature too well, and he knew Giles better than anyone ever had or probably ever would.

So, Ethan had shown up and Giles had finally admitted to the aggravation he'd been feeling about Buffy's treatment of him and her refusal to see him as a man. And when he had first gotten here to this club he'd had to face the damage that had been done to his self-esteem, his self-assurance, and his easy way with woman he'd always taken for granted. It was all almost non-existent. Being here tonight, Giles felt that he had rescued himself just in the nick of time.

Granted, there were extenuating circumstances around his lack of female companionship. He did have his Watcher duties, and one Hellmouth catastrophe after another. But, while that might interfere with him having a relationship, there was no reason he couldn't at least have sex. At least feel like a man every now and then. Not like some castrated one foot in the grave simpering shop proprietor. Giles ran a hand through his hair and looked around.

Thank goodness some woman had mentioned this place to him at the shop. It had been couched in an invitation to join her but Giles had felt several sets of eyes on him so he had deflected the invitation rather than put up with the teasing. But, he had remembered the name of the club. There was no way he would have gone to the Bronze, or any place in Sunnydale for that matter. He

didn't want to take the chance of running into someone he knew. There was no way he could perform under that kind of pressure. Not this first time out.

So he'd spent the last hour circulating. Being careful not to drink much, letting the effects of the scotch he'd poured down his throat at home to wear off. He'd made eye contact with a few women just to test the waters and he'd been relieved when he'd gotten a full look back as opposed to them running away in horror. He'd gotten braver and asked a few to dance, and they'd all agreed. A couple of them had offered to buy him a drink. One had already propositioned him. He had gently turned her down. Conquests that were too easy never really interested him. He liked it when it was a bit of a game. He especially liked it when he found a woman who liked the game too, who understood the rules.

The two he was circling around played it well. He could tell. The perfect amount of putting out and holding back. It was an art that Giles had often compared to fishing. It required an expert fisherman and fisherwoman. The perfect reeling in of the line, and then letting it back out, the divine play of slowly pulling each other closer and closer until you were caught in each other's nets. Nets that were easily cut away the next morning. Not like the net he found himself in now, in his life, living life with Buffy, as her Watcher. That net was impervious and it had become painfully tight lately with no maneuvering room.

Giles put Buffy from his mind and moved back to the bar, a few feet away from one of his choices. She was a stunning brunette. She reminded him a little of Cordelia. For all of her bitchy ways, Cordelia had often taken his breath away with her beauty. Not that he'd have ever touched her or even been tempted to. But he could look, and he had. He was surrounded by attractive women. That was part of the problem.

Willow, Tara, Anya, even Dawn, who was breathtakingly beautiful for someone so young. And Joyce, she was stunning too. Giles had thought about going to see her tonight, just for a moment. He didn't think she'd be too hard to convince to go for a repeat performance. That had been pretty great sex, even if it had been extraordinarily awkward afterwards. And complicated. That was why he'd almost immediately dismissed the idea.

And then there was Buffy. Buffy, gorgeous, lissome, amazingly flexible and strong, and who paraded half naked around him inches from his body. And who would have him in a rocking chair like some old grandfather with an afghan tucked around him, and a cat on his lap as well. As many layers between Buffy and his crotch as possible. Anything to make her not have to think that he had a cock that might get hard every now and then. Giles blew out a breath and reined in his frustration.



He started a little when he felt a hand on his arm. He looked down and then followed the hand up to find the brunette. Giles smiled at her. She pulled her hand away. "Penny for your thoughts?"

Giles shook his head. "You don't want them, trust me."

She looked at the glass he was holding. "I was waiting for that glass to break."

Giles released the tight hold he had on his glass. He let out a silent half laugh. "I appreciate you rescuing me." He let his gaze drop to her breasts and then he looked back up at her face, letting some appreciation show on his face. He saw the merest hint of a smile on her face. Giles was about to ask her to dance when he saw Ethan and Buffy enter the club.

Giles closed his eyes. "Damn it." When he opened them the brunette was looking at him with a startled expression on her face. Giles shook his head. "I'm sorry. Some unwelcome company just walked in the door." He trailed his finger down her forearm. "If you're in the mood for more rescuing I'll be in serious need of it after the conversation I'm about to have."

She smiled. "I might be in the mood for that. Then again, I might get bored waiting."

Giles grinned. The thrill of the chase. "I'll try not to keep you waiting too long." Turning away from Giles in such a way that one of her breasts brushed against his fingers, she sat back down at her seat a few feet down.

Giles was willing to get reeled in right then. His fingers burned and ached for a richer touch. But then he recalled Buffy and Ethan. Gritting his teeth he headed their way.

Buffy had been watching him at the bar. With a brunette. She gasped when she saw the maneuver the woman pulled. "What a slut." She elbowed Ethan. "Did you see that?"

Ethan grinned. "Yes I did. Seems she's a bit interested in your sexless Watcher who only wants you." Ethan glanced at Buffy and grinned. She had tried. She had put on some extra makeup and a dress that was quite short and displayed a lot of cleavage. The window dressing might capture Giles' eyes, but she wouldn't be able to hold his attention.

"She's a ho."



"Buffy, there is a far cry from being a ho as you so charmingly phrase it, to using one's body to entice another. You're much too black and white on the subject. As far as you can see, you're either a good girl or you're a hooker. There's no in between for you." His voice dropped down to a whisper as Giles approached. "And that's why you'll lose."

Giles stood in front of them. "What the hell are you two doing here? Wasn't making me miserable in my own home enough for the two of you tonight? You have to follow me around and do it everywhere?"

Ethan was unconcerned by his tone. "Rupert. Buffy and I just made the most interesting bet."

"Ethan, go away. Leave Sunnydale." He turned to Buffy. "Go home."

Buffy sneered. "Why? So you can make a fool of yourself with that ho up at the bar?"

Buffy found herself taking an involuntary step backward at the look in Giles' eyes. "Buffy." His voice was dangerous. "Go home."

Ethan shook his head. "Can't do that. I have a bet to win." He blew some powder at Buffy's face and spoke an incantation. He was actually playing fair this time. All that would happen is Giles would forget who Buffy was. Ethan had no doubt that he was going to win this bet. Buffy and Giles both coughed.

Giles shook his head as if he was confused. Then he looked at Ethan again. "Go away, I mean it." He looked at the blonde standing next to him. "And take your playmate with you."

Buffy made a huffing noise. "I am so not with him."

Giles grinned and looked at Ethan. "I see you haven't lost your touch."

"Ripper, I want you to meet Buffy."

Giles schooled his face not to smile but he couldn't keep the amusement off his face. "Buffy." He looked down at the floor just for a second to see if it would help him not laugh. She didn't look the sort who would be entertained at someone finding her name amusing. Giles looked up. He'd been right. She was already pouting. "Nice to meet you. So, explain to me why you're with and yet not with my old friend Ethan."

Buffy's eyes widened as she realized that Giles didn't know who she was. She found it disconcerting, and yet, in a way, exhilarating. Ethan was so

going to eat crow tonight. She sent Giles her most sultry look, the one that worked on Riley every time. "We just walked in together. I'm not here with anyone."

Giles had to fight back a laugh. This poor child. Where did she learn her moves? His eyes ran over her. She was attractive and nicely put together, there was no doubt about that. And willing, or willing to pretend she was willing.

Buffy preened under his attention and sent a victorious look Ethan's way. He wanted her. It was written all over him. Look at how he was looking at her. She took another step closer. "Do you want to dance?"

Giles pursed his lips and turned his head to the side. He was tempted but when he remembered what he had waiting for him up at the bar he let it go. He was relatively certain that with this one it would be all tease and no play. And even if it did get that far, she'd lie back on the bed and expect him to do all the work. He smiled gently at her. "Thanks but I've left a friend up at the bar." Glaring at Ethan he scowled. "Stay out of my way." With that he turned his back on them and headed back to the bar.

The brunette was pretending to ignore him and Giles decided if his next move should be to go pay significant attention to her, or let her stew for a moment. He looked for the other woman he was interested in and saw that she was dancing. Walking up to the bar he lightly grabbed the brunette and spun her around on the stool. "Miss me?" He caressed her upper arm with his thumb.

"I barely noticed you were gone."

Giles grinned. "Dance with me? I promise you you'll notice me after that."

"Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?" She wasn't sure she liked that.

"No, I'm just sure of how right it will feel to be dancing with you."

She was off her stool in a second. That she liked. Tucking her arm in his she allowed him to escort her to the dance floor.

Buffy watched the whole thing with her mouth open. Nothing about her world made any sense any more. Ethan watched her as he chuckled softly to himself. If he'd known it would be this much fun just to come to Sunnydale and not pick on Giles he would have moved here ages ago. He put his hand under Buffy's elbow and led her to a table in the corner. A table that had a clear view of both the dance floor and the bar. He didn't want her to miss a thing.

Ethan ordered her a coke and him a drink. When they came and after the waiter had walked away, he gave his drink to her. She took a sip and coughed. After the warmth of it had slid down her throat she turned to him. "He didn't want me."

"Oh he wanted you. Just not enough."

"Not enough? What do you mean?"

"Not enough to put up with your school girl ways. He liked the package but not the lack of promises."

"I was promising."

Ethan snorted. "You were teasing. Cock teasing. With nothing behind it. He could tell."

"Well, I'm not going to sleep with him." She shuddered.

"And he could tell."

"So this is hardly a fair bet if I'm being compared to women who are skanky ho's when what he wants is to get...you know." She looked like she had a bad taste in her mouth.

Ethan grinned. "He still wouldn't choose you."

"He would too." She took another sip. "This isn't a fair bet. The dice are loaded for the other team." She scowled at the sight of Giles and the brunette dancing on the dance floor. They were entirely too close.

Ethan took a sip of the coke and made a face. He stole his drink back. "I could level the playing field. Make it more fair."

Buffy stared at him with suspicion. "By doing what?"

"I could make you want him."

"You could make me want Giles?" She looked at him as if he were insane. "I am not sleeping with him."

"You won't. He won't choose you. Even if he thinks you'll put out, he still won't choose you. You're not his type."

Buffy shook her head. "You are so wrong. Let me try one more time. I know if I get him alone he'll be interested."

Ethan held out his hand, directing her away. "Go for it."

Buffy stood uncertainly. She was nowhere near as confident as she had been earlier. But she refused to admit defeat. She made it to the hallway by the restrooms and waited. He'd have to pee sooner or later.

Buffy was slumped against the wall when he finally made an appearance. She stood up and smoothed down her dress moving to get in his way. He wasn't paying attention and bumped into her. He put out a hand to steady her. "Pardon me. Oh, Bunny, it's you."

"Buffy. It's Buffy."

"Right, Buffy." He gave her a smile and started to head by her.

She grabbed him with a surprisingly strong grip and stopped him. She pressed him against the wall and ran her hands up his chest. "Do you feel like dancing now?" Buffy purred the words out.

Giles' eyebrows rose. "What are you doing?" Buffy pouted a little bit then smiled. "I like you." Trying not to feel dirty she moved close enough that her breasts were touching his chest.

Giles gently pushed her away. "I'm not sure what you like, but I don't think it's me. I'm not what you should be looking for tonight."

"What do you mean? I do like you."

Giles shook his head. "You like winning, I think. Did Ethan put you up to this? He knows you're not my type." Giles looked at her, wondering what was going on.

Buffy moved in close again. Feeling like she was going to have to go home and take a hot shower for about two hours she let her hand brush against the zipper on his jeans. Her eyes widened. He was hard. She smiled at him. "Seems like you like me too." She could sense victory in her grasp.

Giles' eyes narrowed in annoyance. He pulled her in close until she was flush against his body. "Do you think that's all it takes? A hard cock and you've won? I think you like to play with fire when you have no idea how hot it can get." He lowered his head and kissed her. The kiss took Buffy by surprise. She braced herself to put up with it, just until she'd won. But Buffy had never

been kissed like this. It was as if Giles was having sex with her, just with his lips. It was carnal, and breathtakingly sensual, a sexual onslaught that she felt through her entire body. As it started to sweep her away she tried to keep up but she got lost so quickly.

With no warning Giles let her go. "Go home. Find yourself a nice preacher's son. Someone who'll put you up on a pedestal and only make love to you when you allow him to." He left her there and entered the men's restroom.

Buffy sagged against the wall so she wouldn't fall. Her knees felt like jelly. Her thoughts were reeling. She couldn't believe Giles could kiss like that, she couldn't believe he could make her feel like that, and more than anything else she couldn't believe he didn't want her. Well he wanted her, but just like Ethan said, he didn't want her enough. Buffy started to tear up.

Giles found her like that when he left the restroom. Leaning against the wall, tears falling down her cheeks. He let out an exasperated breath. "For the love of..." He grabbed her elbow and led her back out into the main room. He searched for Ethan and when he found him he dragged Buffy over to him and sat her down.

When she found herself sitting she looked up at Giles, her eyes miserable. "Why don't you want me?"

Giles' heart clenched at the sight of her. "Don't take it personally. You're a beautiful woman. You're just not my type." He handed her his handkerchief. "I'm not your type either. I promise you."

Buffy shook her head and grabbed his hand. "But I am your type. You belong to me. You're my..." At a look from Ethan she stopped the sentence midway, the word *Watcher* unsounded.

"I'm your what?" He looked down at the drinks and he glared at Ethan. "Is she drunk? Have you been trying to get her drunk? She's not your type either Ethan, a little too female for your tastes. What are you up to?" He pulled his hand out of Buffy's grasp. He had to pull very hard. He sent her an odd look.

Ethan put his hands up. "I haven't done a thing Buffy hasn't asked me to. I swear. And she only had two sips."

Giles looked at Buffy and she nodded in agreement. "Fine. Then would you both please do me a favor and leave me alone? Is that too much to ask?" With that he strode away. When he realized that both the women he was interested in were dancing he cursed. Sitting at the bar he ordered a drink.

Ethan looked at Buffy. She looked a mess. Her mascara was running down her cheeks along with her tears. "Willing to admit you've lost yet?" He gestured towards the handkerchief she clasped in her hand. "Clean your face up. You look like a disaster."

Buffy wiped her face and was horrified to see the mascara marks. She dug in her purse frantically for a mirror. Looking at herself her lips trembled. She began to wipe the makeup away. Before she was done she just laid her head down on her arms. "Why doesn't he want me?" She had never felt this rejected. Never. Even the morning after with Angel hadn't hurt this much. Something inside of her had counted on Giles, counted on him in a way that made her strong and now, like a puff of smoke, it was gone.

"Come on now, Buffy. You can't really blame him. He probably hasn't gotten laid in months, probably since Olivia left. Of course he'd want someone a little more experienced who could fully participate in the kind of sex he likes. Not some school girl dressed like a...ho." Ethan grinned.

Buffy looked confused. "I thought sex was just sex. What type of sex does Giles like?" She was moderately appalled to find herself somewhat intrigued at the thought of having sex with Giles. After that kiss. If he made love like he kissed she'd combust. There'd just be charred cinders left behind.

Ethan moved closer to her. "Have you ever performed oral sex on a man? Sucked his balls? Have you ever had a man cum in your mouth or on your breasts or in your face? Have you ever had anal sex or masturbated while a man watched you?" At the shocked look on her face he pressed on, elated at her expression. "Have you ever had oral sex Buffy? Had a man taste you as you came in his mouth? Have you ever tasted what your cum tastes like?"

Buffy stammered out a reply. "I've done some...some...of that." She hadn't, not really, but Ethan didn't need to know that.

Ethan laughed. "Oh, yes, I can tell you're a real animal. You can't even say the words. Well, here's some more for you. Have you ever played with toys? Something silly like a feather duster, or something a little more exciting like vibrators and dildos? Ever had someone eat food off of you?" Buffy's face was contorted as she listened to Ethan. She couldn't even summon the strength to get him to shut up. So he kept on. "Have you watched dirty movies with someone and tried out everything you've seen? Have you worn outfits and..."

She jumped on that one as if it was a life preserver.

"I've worn outfits."



"What kind of outfits?"

"You know, lingerie kinds of outfits."

"That's not the sort of outfits I'm talking about."

Buffy's eyes were huge on her face. She felt overwhelmed and inexperienced. "Giles does all that?"

Ethan laughed again. Never had he imagined he'd be given this opportunity to tread the Slayer into the dirt like this and with the truth no less. Twisted to serve his purposes, but the truth nonetheless. "God, Buffy, will you grow up? Anyone with a good sex life does all of that. Not all at once and not necessarily with every partner. But variety is the spice of life. Giles wants a partner willing to try, willing to experiment, someone who isn't afraid of their own sexuality or of his." He prodded her arm with his finger. "And you, little girl, despite the fact that you visually appeal to him, can't give him that and he knows it."

"He kissed me." Buffy hadn't meant to tell Ethan that but the words came out before she could stop them.

Ethan remembered those days. He sighed. "Turned you inside out, did he?"

Buffy nodded. Paired emotions of misery and desire swept through her. Her eyes filled with tears again. "Then he walked away."

"And what did you do?"

"Tried not to fall down." She was too shaken to dissemble.

Ethan barked out a laugh. "See, what he wants is a woman who's going to make it hard for him to stay standing. Someone who'll kiss him to within an inch of his life."

Buffy's lips tightened. "So, make me into someone who can kiss him like that."

"Why should I do that?"

"Then the bet would be fair."

"No, if I make you into someone you're not, there's nothing fair about that. The bet was that he would want you. You were the one who was so sure that

if he were allowed to think about sex while he was around you that he wouldn't be able to keep his hands off of you. If I have to make you into the kind of woman he wants to make him want you it just proves my point that you're not the kind of woman he wants."

Buffy couldn't remember feeling this defeated. Her shoulders were slumped and her heart felt like it was breaking. She looked up at the bar and saw that Giles was back with the brunette. He was whispering something in her ear and she was laughing. They were standing way too close to each other. A painful shaft of jealousy thrust into her heart. She stood. "Fine, you win. Let's go."

Ethan grinned and stood as well. He saw the look in her eyes as she looked at Giles. He was pretty sure that kiss had shaken a few feelings loose in Buffy. "Don't let it bother you so much, Buffy. After all, you said you had no intention of sleeping with him, so it's not like you lost anything but the bet." Ethan smiled knowingly at the flash of misery in her eyes. The fallout from this would keep Ethan amused for weeks.

She spoke in a small voice as they passed by Giles. He didn't even notice her. "Will he remember me again?"

"As soon as we leave the bar he'll remember who you are."

"Will he remember anything that happened here?" Buffy didn't think she could stand the humiliation.

Ethan shook his head. "No. I mean he'll remember it but he won't think it was you. He'll just think some blond hit on him. He won't remember it was you unless you tell him."

Buffy just nodded and followed Ethan out of the bar.

End of Part 3

#### Frustration 4

Giles bent down to nuzzle her neck. All of a sudden he had the strongest sense of Buffy. It was as if he could smell her. As if the smell of her was all over him. He felt his cock grow hard. And he felt the net she had cast around him grow even tighter, threatening to choke his breath away. He muttered. "Not tonight."

The brunette pulled away. "What?"



Giles shook his head. "Amanda, I need you to rescue me again. Dance with me? Make all these thoughts in my head disappear?"

She reached up and brushed her lips against his, just teasing his lips with her tongue. Without a word she took his hand and they weaved their way through the crowd to the dance floor.

Buffy had Ethan drop her off at Riley's. She sat outside on a bench trying to collect herself. She felt as if she might jump out of her skin. Nothing had gone right. She'd humiliated herself in front of Ethan, she'd lost a bet with him, Giles was probably kissing some skanky brunette right now, and despite Buffy's best efforts, he didn't want her. Giles didn't want her. That seemed inconceivable to her.

She stood and started to pace. She couldn't get that kiss out of her mind, or out of her body. Everything had shifted inside of her. Buffy thought about her sex life. Once with Angel, and once with Parker and a bunch of times with Riley. Pretty much the same kind of thing with all three. She'd been with Riley a while now but she was beginning to think that he was the sort of guy who did the Sunday school stuff with the little missus at home and then paid a prostitute to get all that other stuff.

She'd never really given a whole lot of thought to that other stuff before now. Sex had been good enough. But now her body was going crazy thinking about it. And Buffy couldn't stop thinking about it. She let out a whine. And she wasn't thinking about doing any of it with Riley. Buffy couldn't seem to get past a certain set of green eyes, or a certain pair of lips and how hard his chest had felt and how hard... Buffy fanned herself. And then she kicked a stone so hard it hit the building on the end of the block. It didn't matter. He didn't want her. She wasn't his type.

Fine. She could do that stuff with Riley. She ran all the way up to his room and pounded on the door. It took Riley a minute but he finally opened it. It was clear he had been in bed. Buffy threw herself on him and began to kiss him. Buffy kissed him harder than she'd ever kissed anybody. She murmured against his lips. "Kiss me harder."

Riley tried. He pulled her hard against him and tried to keep up. She pulled back and let out a frustrated cry. She began to pace the room. Kissing Riley now was like kissing flat ginger ale. No fizz. Not anymore. Giles had kissed her once and ruined her for anybody else. Riley approached her. "Buffy, are you all right?" He grew alarmed. "You are Buffy, aren't you?" The only time Buffy had ever acted like this was when she'd been Faith.

Buffy rolled her eyes. "Yes, I'm Buffy. Sort of." She put her hand up to keep him from coming any closer. She looked at him. She tried to imagine doing any of the things that Ethan had listed off to her to Riley, or letting him to any of those things to her. She shook her head. She actually couldn't imagine touching him at all anymore. There was only one guy she felt like touching.

Riley looked even more concerned. "What do you mean, sort of?"

Buffy looked at him, a sad look on her face. "I'm sorry Riley. I can't."

"You can't what?"

"I can't be with you anymore." Buffy suddenly gasped. She had to get back to the club. She had to stop Giles from leaving with that woman. "I've got to go."

"Buffy, wait, I don't understand."

"I don't either but I have to go. Now."

"Will you be back?"

"No. I'm sorry."

With that she ran for the door and he could hear her feet running as she left his building. Riley watched her from his window as she raced to wherever she was going. He let out a small sigh. He'd been expecting Buffy to break up with him for weeks now. At least it was over. The waiting was finally over. He crawled back into bed and tried to go back to sleep.

Buffy ran as if her life depended on it. Part of her felt like it did. Part of her knew that if she missed Giles and if he slept with someone besides her that it would kill her. She got there just as Giles was walking out the door, the brunette on his arm. She called his name. "Giles." She was breathless.

Giles looked up and saw Buffy, bent over trying to catch her breath. "Oh, God, Buffy." He excused himself from Amanda and ran over to her. "What's happened? Are you all right?"

"I need you. I need you, now." She glanced up at the brunette.

Giles sighed. "Now?"

Buffy nodded. "Now."

Giles let out a long breath. He walked over to Amanda. "I'm sorry. There's a

bit of an emergency I have to deal with. May I call you?" He saw a flash of anger cross her face. He didn't blame her for being angry. She had played a magnificent game all evening and now it was all for naught.

She shook her head. "No, I don't think so." She gestured towards the other woman. "Go tend to your emergency." She hadn't missed the look on the blonde's face. As soon as she had seen this man's face when the blonde girl had walked into the club she should have trusted her instincts and walked away. That girl had him like a fish on a hook whether he knew it or not. She almost felt sorry for him. It made her smile at him and press a soft kiss to his cheek. "It was fun while it lasted." She squeezed his hand and walked away.

Giles watched her for a second and then he ran back over to Buffy. "What is it? Where's the trouble?"

Buffy grabbed his hand and pulled him to the alley on the side of the building. "This way."

Giles patted his jacket. "I don't have any weapons. We should go to the car first."

"You won't need any weapons." When they had gone in far enough to be fully in the shadows she stopped.

"Buffy, I don't understand."

Buffy pulled his head down and kissed him. She kissed him hard, as hard as she could. She put all of herself into that kiss. It took him a moment but he began kissing her back. This time Buffy was more prepared. This time she kept up, and as his tongue swept in her mouth she met his advances with a fire of her own. Their lips fused together as passion flared between them. Giles' hands were fisted in her hair while hers were hanging on to his jacket lapels for dear life.

Giles finally disengaged. He looked down at her, dazed and disoriented. He put his hand back on the wall to keep from falling. He sort of slid down the wall until he was sitting, his knees almost to his chest. Buffy sank down with him, glad not to have to support herself on her shaking knees.

Giles looked at her. "Good Lord, what was that for?"

She only had one question to ask. "Do you want me?"

"Of course I want you Buffy. What man wouldn't want you?"

"But do you want me enough?"

Giles shook his head. "Enough for what?"

"Enough to make love to me? Enough to want me more than that woman you were leaving with?"

Giles' jaw dropped. "What?" His eyes narrowed. "Did Ethan do something to you?"

Buffy started laughing. And then she thought maybe she was crying. "Yes, no, sort of."

Giles started to get up. "Where the hell is he?"

Buffy pulled him back down. "It's all right, Giles. It's all right. He didn't do anything wrong. He just made me see some things about myself."

Giles scowled. "He excels at that." He looked at her again. "Why did you kiss me like that?"

Buffy inched closer to him. She got on her knees and separating his knees she moved as close to him as she could get. She ran her hand up his chest. "Did you like it?"

Buffy's body was millimeters away from discovering just how much he liked it. Giles tried to back up into the wall some more. It didn't budge. "What did he make you see?" None of this made sense to Giles. He couldn't imagine that Ethan would have made Buffy see something that would make her touch him the way he'd been wanting her to touch him for months. Ever since she'd asked him to be her Watcher again Giles had wanted her. He'd wanted her that day, he'd wanted to pull her down on the couch next to him and make love to her. But he knew that Ethan never would have intended this to happen. Giles was waiting for the other shoe to drop. He asked again. "What did he make you see?"

"That I want you."

Giles lost his breath for a second. When she pressed her lips against his he groaned and straightening his legs he held her on his lap as he kissed her back. Giles lost all track of everything. All he knew was that he wanted her and for some miraculous reason she wanted him too. His lips caressed hers, sometimes gently, sometimes almost painfully and her little moans were making him crazy as she kissed him in return.

Only the fact that they were in an alley kept Giles from going any further. Sanity reared its ugly head and Giles gently pushed Buffy from his lap. "Buffy, we have to stop." He moved to stand but one look at her face and he crouched back down in front of her. She looked devastated. "Buffy, what is it?"

"Am I still not your type?" Buffy started to cry. His words telling her they had to stop combined with him pushing her off his lap had brought back all her painful feelings of rejection.

"I don't understand. Buffy, why are you crying?" He dug in his pocket for his handkerchief and then remembered he had already given it to that blonde woman in the bar.

"You told me I wasn't your type. In there." She gestured towards the club with a nod of her head.

Giles sat down, hard. "That was you?" The memories all shifted in his mind. "Oh, God, that was you." He dropped his head into his hands and groaned. He could hear the other shoe falling, as if from a great distance, gathering momentum. As he groaned again he began to realize that Buffy was sobbing her heart out. He stood again and reached down for her. "Buffy, come on. We clearly need to talk but I'd rather find a more comfortable, not to mention safer place for it than this alley."

Buffy just buried herself against his chest and kept crying. Giles cursed Ethan under his breath and wrapping his arm around Buffy he maneuvered her to his car. When Giles got behind the wheel he watched as Buffy curled up against the car door. He couldn't remember seeing her this unhappy. He started to mentally review his conversations with her when he hadn't known it was Buffy. Giles laid a consoling hand on her arm.

Buffy was inconsolable. He still didn't want her. She had kissed him the best she could and he had still pushed her off his lap. She didn't know how to kiss any better than that. She didn't know how she could convince him that she was his type and that he was hers. All he was doing now was patting her, trying to get her to calm down, but he wasn't trying to touch her or kiss her. He was acting like her Watcher. Buffy started to cry harder as a deep sense of loss started to consume her.

Giles was startled at the vehemence of her tears, and he started to feel quite concerned. He felt an urgent need to get her home. Turning the key in the ignition he began to drive. He approached his apartment cautiously looking around for Ethan's car. Giles was quite relieved when he didn't see it anywhere. After parking he walked around the car to retrieve Buffy. When she

just continued to cry he finally picked her up and carried her inside.

Placing her on the couch he scouted out the apartment to make sure Ethan wasn't hiding anywhere. Then he locked the door. Abandoning his longing to make some tea he sat on the couch next to Buffy. She was sitting with her knees drawn up tight against her chest. It sounded as if she had finally stopped crying but her body was still trembling and she looked woefully unhappy.

"Buffy, will you please tell me what's wrong?"

Buffy's voice was so soft that Giles had to bend down to hear her. "I'm not your type."

"Is that what this is all about? Because I told you that you weren't my type?" Giles felt a little exasperated. "You've been telling me in no uncertain terms that I wasn't your type for five years and you don't see me in tears about it." When he got no response he tried again. "Why do you even care?" More memories shifted into place. "Was this all part of that bet you two had? Did you kiss me to win a bet?" Giles had visions of Ethan laughing himself sick somewhere. Giles stood up and began to pace. "Why would you be so foolish as to ever make a bet with Ethan? What were you thinking?"

Buffy glanced up at Giles and then laid her head down on her knees. Her voice was shaky. "I'm sorry."

"What are you sorry for, Buffy? I still don't understand. Did you kiss me to win a bet?"

"I tried to, in the club, but you kissed me first."

"So, did that make you lose the bet?"

Buffy's eyes filled with tears again. "No, you telling me I wasn't your type, no matter what I did, lost me the bet."

"Buffy, I thought you were a complete stranger and you were hanging around with Ethan. Of course you weren't my type."

Buffy's eyes flashed for a second. "That brunette sure seemed like your type. And she was a complete stranger."

"That was different. She was..."

Buffy's eyes flashed again. "What? Experienced? More experienced than



boring old Buffy? More willing to have kinky sex with you?" She angrily brushed her tears away. "Which is not my fault. I can't help it that the guys I've been with all like boring sex. I didn't know there was all this other stuff to do and that you're supposed to like to do all that stuff. I thought only sluts did that kind of thing. How was I supposed to know that you liked all that stuff?"

Giles' jaw was hanging open. "Good Lord. What did Ethan tell you about me?"

"That you liked oral sex, and an..." Buffy was blushing a brilliant red and couldn't even finish that word. She switched to a slightly less embarrassing one, "...and vibrators. That you liked to watch dirty movies, and play games, and watch women masturbate and that you use feather dusters." Buffy covered her face with her hands.

Giles had to bite his lips to keep the hysterical laugh inside that was threatening to come out. Buffy wasn't done. She spoke from underneath her covered face. "And when you saw me, even when you didn't know me, you could just tell that I didn't know how to do any of that stuff, like I was a virgin or something and it made me not be your type." She looked up at him then. "Ethan said it would happen and it did. You totally blew me off."

Giles sat down next to her. "I'm sorry Buffy. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Do you do all that stuff?"

Giles made a funny face. "Buffy, that list, while it may seem somewhat overwhelming to you is not what I consider kinky sex."

Buffy looked at him in horror. "You mean that stuff is all normal to you? And then you do kinky sex on top of that?" She moaned. "What's kinky sex then?" She covered her face with her hands again. "No, don't tell me, I don't want to know."

Giles started to laugh. He couldn't help it. "Buffy. You really need to calm down." He was certainly getting a crash course in her sex life tonight, or lack of sex life as the case may be.

Buffy stood up. "How can I calm down? I can't compete with that. I can't compete with women who do...bondage things or whip things. I've never even given a guy a blowjob. I mean, I tried once but..." Buffy blushed again and to cover herself she started to pace. "Maybe the guys I've been with have all thought that I was boring. Riley certainly didn't seem to care very much when I broke up with him tonight."

Giles' eyes widened. "You broke up with Riley?"

"How was I supposed to kiss Riley after that kiss you gave me? You made my knees turn to jelly. I couldn't see straight. You set my insides on fire. And then you left me and walked away." She paced to the other side of the room. "So, I go and kiss Riley. I figure I can kiss him the way you kissed me, the way I kissed you in the alley. But, nothing happened. All I wanted to do was kiss you. So I go and find you and I kiss you as hard as I can and then you go and push me off your lap." She stood right in front of him. "If I can't even kiss you right, how will I ever learn to do any of that other stuff so you'll want me? Ethan said you wouldn't want to teach me, that you like women who already know how to do this stuff. Are there books on it?" Buffy whined. "It's so not fair."

Giles was nonplussed. He stared at her for a second. Then he let out an astonished laugh and pulled Buffy down onto his lap. "So that kiss in the alley, it wasn't for a bet?"

Buffy shook her head and let out a sad sigh. "No, it was to make you want me."

Giles put his hands on the side of her face. "It did."

End of Part 4

## Frustration 5

He brought her closer and he kissed her. He touched her lips gently with his tongue begging entry again and she gave it to him. This kiss was so gentle. Buffy could feel her insides relaxing, almost as if he were massaging her. It was undemanding and she didn't even need to think about it to fully participate.

In time she pulled back. "How do you know how to kiss so many different ways?"

"I love kissing."

"You're so good at it."

Giles smiled as he kissed her cheek and her jaw and then her neck. He made his way back up to her lips. She felt like his lips had been gone forever. He kissed her for a few minutes more and then he pulled away. Buffy let out a moan and tried to follow his lips. Giles grinned and held her back. "Buffy, I



want to clear up a couple misconceptions you have before we go any further."

Buffy looked a little nervous and he laughed and held her tightly. She pouted at him. "Are you making fun of me?"

He smiled. "Just a little. Do you mind?"

"I'll let you know. Depends on what you say." She repositioned herself so she was sitting on his thighs, where she could clearly see his face.

"Fair enough." Giles felt an odd sensation. With a moment's attention he realized that he was feeling joyful. It was bubbling up inside of him and he was having a hard time keeping a calm exterior. He blew out a breath to calm himself. "First of all. You, Buffy Summers, are exactly my type."

Buffy let out a soft gasp. "I am?"

Giles smiled. "Oh, yes. You have been for a while. I suppose that as a stranger, that maybe you seemed as if you weren't my type, but it's who you are, the woman that I've come to know and care about that makes you my type. Not how experienced you are, or..." He tried but couldn't keep a huge grin off his face, "...or how much kinky sex you've had." Then he started to laugh.

"See, now you are definitely making fun of me." But she couldn't help but smile in return. He so seldomly laughed. It was wonderful to hear.

"Yes, I am. But only because you delight me so. Second. I would consider it remiss of me not to teach you everything you want to know about the art of making love. I would love to teach you. Ethan was quite mistaken about that. And there are books on the subject, and movies. And we can read and watch them together because I'm sure there are things I could learn as well on how to better pleasure you."

Buffy couldn't keep her eyes off of him. She felt as if he was making love to her just with his words. He continued. "Buffy, we'll only do what you're comfortable with, what feels good to you. You just have to be honest with me. Okay?"

"Okay."

"And third. I am not particularly into nor especially experienced in what I might consider kinky sex. So, let's not even worry about that for the time being. If at some time you want to experiment with any of it I imagine you could talk me into it." He grinned at her. "Okay?"

She grinned back. "Okay."

He kissed her quickly. "Okay." He kissed her again and then again until she shifted in his lap and straddled him. She wrapped her arms around his neck while he pressed her tightly against him. He moved his mouth to her ear and nibbled on her ear lobe. He whispered to her. "Now, will you let me make love to you, or do you want to wait?" When she didn't answer he pulled back to get a closer look at her. She was blushing.

He kissed her cheek. "Lesson number one. Speaking is essential for good sex. And words are very powerful. There is no more powerful aphrodisiac than the right words at the right time. I need to know if you want to wait. And I need to know if you want me to make love to you. I need to hear the words because they will make me want you more, and they will make you want me. Trust me.

Buffy pushed passed her shyness. She looked him in the eyes. "Please make love to me." Giles closed his eyes and Buffy could almost feel the physical sensation her words caused in him. She grew bolder. "I feel like this will be my first time."

Giles groaned and caught her lips up in a searing kiss. Buffy felt as if she was drowning in him. His tongue searched her mouth and mated with hers until a matching heat grew in her body, making her long for so much more. Still kissing her Giles stood, Buffy's legs still wrapped around him. He pulled his head away and smiled at her. "Then let me make it wonderful for you." Holding her tightly he carried her upstairs.

Giles lay her down on the bed. "Now, a lesson about me. I like to talk when I make love. I'll want to tell you how much I love to touch your body and I'll tell you how much I love it when you touch me. I like to ask questions to find out what you like because it's important to me to know how to make you crazy and how to calm you down. I'll want to know everything about your body and I want you to learn everything about mine." He kissed her lips gently and then he kissed her neck again. "Is the talking okay?"

Buffy nodded, her eyes never leaving his face. "I love to listen to you talk."

"Have you done much talking while you made love before?" Buffy shyly shook her head. "So maybe I'll just ask you some questions at first and then as you get more comfortable you can feel free to say what ever you want to say." At her small nod he smiled at her.

He ran his hand down her side, his fingers touching just the side of her

breast. She could feel her nipples start to respond even to that light touch. Giles spoke softly. "May I undress you? I want to see your body. I want to touch your skin. Do you want that too?"

Buffy shivered. She whispered. "Yes."

Giles had Buffy stand by the bed. First he just looked at her. "You are so beautiful." He stood and moved behind her running his hands down her arms. He pulled her bottom against him and he swayed his hips a little so she could feel how hard he was. He slowly began to pull down her zipper, holding the dress in place as it began to fall off of her. As it fell off her shoulders he kissed them both. As it fell to her waist he placed kisses all the way down her back until he was pressing his face against the small of her back. "Your skin is so soft." He kissed her. "It makes me want to kiss you everywhere."

Buffy's head rolled back and she moaned. "I wish you would."

Giles smiled. He let the dress fall the rest of the way to the floor and he turned her around. "You are so perfect." Buffy frowned and she looked down at herself. Giles caught her chin with his hand and he made her look at him. "No, don't do that. We are all taught to dislike our bodies. It's like a disease in this society. Understand that to me you are perfect because it is from here that I see you." He touched his heart. "You are the Slayer, your body is sleek and muscular and I love it. It turns me on. It is perfection to me."

Buffy threw her arms around Giles. "God, I love you so much."

Giles growled as he lifted her so her lips were level with his. Again he kissed her as if he might eat her alive. Buffy just surrendered to it, wrapping her legs around his thighs. Keeping his hold on her, Giles lowered her to the bed again.

He rolled to the side and began to kiss her skin. He kissed her along her collarbones, under her jaw; he kissed her sides and her belly. Then he kissed her breasts, biting her pebbled nipples through her bra. "Do you like that?" Buffy nodded. "Tell me."

"It feels so good." Her back was arched as if to beg him to take more of her in his mouth.

He unclasped the front closure of her bra and pushed it aside. Holding one breast in his hand he laved the other one. "You taste so good. I love the feel of your nipple in my mouth."

His words were setting her on fire. "Keep talking."

Giles silently chuckled. "Ah, I see I have a closet talker on my hands." He moved back up to kiss her, never letting his hands leave her breasts. "I've wondered how they'd feel, how they'd fit in my hands."

"Are they as good as you wondered?"

"It's like they were made for me. As if you were made for me." He moved back down and suckled on her breast. Suddenly he moved off of her.

"Hey, where are you going?"

"Close your eyes."

"Why?"

"Trust me, Buffy. Close your eyes." Buffy closed her eyes and as she did she realized why she could imagine doing all of these things with Giles. It was because she did trust him. She trusted him more than she trusted anybody.

She heard Giles open a drawer and then close it. Then she felt something so soft brush against her body. He'd lick her and something would follow, something that made her skin feel so sensitive. He licked each breast, each nipple and the combination of his tongue and the softness made her crazy. "What are you touching me with? Can I open my eyes?"

"Yes." Buffy looked down and giggled. It was a feather duster. Giles grinned at her. "Now you are a woman of the world. If anyone ever asks you if you'd made love using a feather duster you can look bored and say, of course, hasn't everyone?"

Buffy giggled again. "You're silly." She'd never seen him being silly before and she loved it.

"I like to be silly in bed. And I like to be serious. There's room for it all." He brushed her legs with the feather duster.

"It's so soft." She looked at him with inquisitive eyes. "What else is in that drawer?"

Giles grinned. "An assortment of goodies that I might let you see, if you're good." He gave her a suggestive look.

Buffy laughed. She loved seeing him this way. She lifted her head up and kissed him thoroughly.

When she laid her head back down Giles gestured with his hand. "Turn over." At her look he laughed. "Go ahead, turn over." As she turned he removed her bra. He ran the feather duster down her back, placing kisses both before and after. Moving down her body he removed her panties as he feather dusted her bottom and her legs. Now that he had her completely naked he lay on top of her and then flipped them both over so her back was pressed against his front. He wrapped his legs around her and he fondled her breasts while he nibbled on her neck. "You feel so good pressed against me."

She felt surrounded and protected by him and yet at the same time, completely open. His clothed body beneath her felt so sexy somehow. She ground her bottom against his cock, anticipating the feel of him inside of her.

Giles rolled them over again. "I love that I can't hurt you. It takes some of the pressure off, especially as I'm so much larger than you."

"I love that you're so much larger than me. It makes me feel all girly inside."

Giles chuckled again. He began moving down her body again, kissing her back, kissing her bottom. He nibbled her body, nibbling his way down to her thigh. Giles encouraged her to open her legs wider. "You feel so wonderful to me. Do you like me kissing you and biting you?"

Buffy writhed underneath him as he kissed her inner thigh. Her voice practically squeaked. "Yes. It feels so..." She didn't know what it felt like. She just hoped he didn't stop.

Giles couldn't believe that no one had touched her body here, like this. She was so delectable and so responsive. He was thrilled that he'd be the one to do this to her first. He teased her a bit longer by running his tongue along the seam of her inner thigh, coming so close and yet not touching her core. She was already crazy under him. "Do you want more?"

"Yes." Her fists were clenched at her side.

Giles gently rolled her over running his fingers through her curly hair at her mound. Again he spread her legs and again he teased her with his tongue. Positioning himself between her thighs he watched her as he finally placed his mouth over her, touching her with his tongue.

She almost came off the bed. "Oh God. That feels so good."

Giles grinned and held her down as he licked her again. With his other hand he held her open so his tongue could explore her more fully. "You taste like

honey."

Buffy was past the point of conversation. "Oh God, oh

God." Giles touched her clit with his tongue and moved his hand so he could insert a finger into her vagina. She was so tight. Giles groaned. "You feel like velvet. Use your muscles and massage my finger." When she did as instructed he groaned again. He inserted a second finger in her. "You're so tight and so wet. I can't wait to be inside of you." He started moving his fingers in and out, very slowly, as he continued to lick her folds and clit.

Buffy's body was shaking. Her head was moving from one side to the other as moans left her mouth. Her body was out of her control. Giles was making her hotter than she'd believed possible. Her moans started coming out as pants as the pressure started to build. Giles encouraged her. "That's it. Come for me, Buffy. Let me taste you. Let my fingers feel you pulse." He moved his mouth over her clit and gently ran his tongue over and over her.

Buffy exploded and she let out a scream. Giles moved down so he could taste her juices. He felt his groin respond to the pressure that pulsed around his fingers. He longed to be inside of her but he wanted to give her a minute to calm down.

Buffy had other ideas. She began to pull on him. "Get up here." Giles began to crawl up her body. As he got close enough she started pulling off his sweater. "I want you naked."

Giles was eager to comply with her wishes. He stood and pulled off his clothes. When he was naked he stood there for a minute and let her look at him. She touched his cock. "All mine. All of you. You're all mine and you're perfect." Giles grinned and he moved to lie down by her side. Buffy didn't want that. "No, I want you on top of me." Giles first opened the drawer again and pulled out a condom. Buffy helped him roll it on.

Then Giles rolled on top of her and held her tightly. "You feel so good. It feels so incredible to feel your body against mine." He raised his head and looked at her. "I can't wait to be inside of you."

Buffy thrust up against him. She couldn't wait either. But first she wanted...she turned her head away. Giles turned her head back. "What is it? What do you want? What do you want me to do?"

She could feel herself blushing. "I know you like to talk and everything but is it all right to talk..." She couldn't even finish her sentence.



Giles' eyes lit up. "Talk what? Do you want to talk dirty to me, Buffy?"

Buffy turned her face away even as she nodded. Giles again brought her head back to face his. "Do you want to tell me to fuck you, Buffy? Is that what you want?" Again she nodded. "Do it, then. Do it, and I will. I'll fuck you as hard you want. But you have to tell me to do it." He teased her with his cock but he didn't enter her. He pulled away. "Tell me. Tell me to fuck you."

Buffy looked at Giles' face. She leaned up and kissed him. She kissed her way to his ear and she whispered to him. "I want you to fuck me."

Giles found her lips again and kissed her hard. "You want my cock in you?"

She breathed the word out. "Yes."

"Then tell me."

"I want your cock in me."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Fuck me, Giles. I want you to fuck me." Giles thrust inside of her and they both groaned. Buffy was on a roll now. "Fuck me hard."

Giles grinned and he complied. He pounded into her. "Do you like that? Am I fucking you hard enough?"

"No, fuck me harder." Giles lifted her legs higher and thrust even more deeply within her. "Like that?"

"Yes, oh, yes, like that." He was relentless. Buffy felt pummeled by him and she felt loved by him. After a while she wanted his lips again. "Come down here, I want to kiss you."

Giles released her legs so he could rest on her. He slowed his pace down as he began to kiss her. Their pace became languorous as they matched their tongues thrusting in each other's mouths to match his thrusting inside of her. Buffy felt the pressure mounting again. Giles could feel it; he could hear it in her whimpering. He pulled back from the kiss so he could speed up again. "Wait for me Buffy. Let's come together."

"Hurry."

Giles slammed into her. As he heard Buffy start to cry out he found his own release and he cried out himself. They held each other tightly as their bodies

slowly stopped moving. Buffy locked her legs around him and she ran her hands up and down his back. He practically purred. "That feels so nice. Your hands feel so nice."

Buffy kept touching him. Giles gently withdrew and threw the used condom away in the trashcan by the bed. Giles rolled to her side. He tenderly pushed her wet hair off her face. "That was incredible. You were incredible."

Buffy grinned. "I was?"

Giles nodded. "You were."

Buffy kissed him softly on the lips. "Only because I was with you."

Giles shook his head. "Because we were together."

Buffy looked at him with wonder. "You're so good at all of it."

Giles let out a laugh. "I've had a few more years of practice Buffy. I was having sex before you were born." He kissed the end of her nose. "I can see you are going to be an excellent student."

"Well, I do have the best teacher."

"Thank you very much."

Buffy wiggled against him. "That was the best sex I ever had."

Giles grinned. "And just think we've barely begun checking things off that list of yours."

"I think I want to make it a very long list."

Giles barked out a laugh. "You can make it as long as you want. I'm certain we can figure things out as we go along."

Buffy ran her fingers along his face as if trying to see him with her fingers. "I've been so stupid." She grinned. "And Ethan was so wrong."

"What do you mean?"

"Ethan said that the reason I said all those things to you..." Buffy looked guilty for a moment. "And I'm really sorry about all of that, by the way."

"Consider yourself forgiven for everything and finish what you were saying."



Buffy grinned. "Okay. Actually I have to rephrase it. Here's the stupid part. I thought that the reason I was saying all those things to you was because you wanted me, and if I ever let on that I thought you were a guy, especially a sexy guy, that you'd think I was coming on to you and then things would get really weird."

"Not so stupid. I did want you; at least I have for the past few months. But I think I could have controlled myself if you'd let it slip that you thought I might not be quite so horrible as you'd once thought."

"That was the stupid part. You have more control than anyone I know. But now it makes more sense. It was a way of keeping me in check. Because I think I've wanted you too and I didn't know what to do about it. So, in typical Buffy fashion I went completely the other way."

Giles' eyebrows furrowed. "You've been saying those things to me since the day we met."

Buffy grinned. "I know."

"You've been secretly lusting after me for five years?"

"Yeah, so secretly I didn't even get it, until right now."

Giles burst into laughter. "God, we are a pair. It's somewhat of a miracle that this happened at all."

Buffy grinned. "We owe it all to Ethan."

"I can't wait to tell him." Giles laughed again. "I don't imagine he'll be too pleased."

Buffy frowned. She had just thought of something Ethan said. "Did you like Faith more than me?"

"Excuse me?"

"Faith, did you think she was sexier than me? Was she your type?"

Giles rolled his eyes. "Is this more of Ethan's nonsense?" At her nod he continued. "You do understand that whatever Ethan said to you, he wasn't trying to do you a favor. He was trying to make you feel badly. There is nothing Ethan likes more than to spread misery."

Buffy frowned again. "Are you avoiding the question?"

Giles let out an exasperated laugh. "No, I'm not. And no she wasn't my type, and no I didn't think she was sexier than you. I tried very hard not to think about either of you that way. You were both teenagers at the time."

"Did you really have sex with Ethan?"

"I assume he told you I did?" Buffy nodded. Giles sighed. "It was a long time ago." He looked at her. "Does that bother you?"

Buffy smiled a lopsided smile. "I know this is weird but it sort of turns me on. Not the Ethan part, but the you with a guy part."

Giles kissed her. "Why, Miss Summers, I believe that's rather kinky of you."

Buffy got a delighted look on her face. "You think I'm kinky?"

"The kinkiest."

Buffy let out a happy sigh. She ran her fingers through Giles' chest hair. She looked at him when she could feel him laughing again. "What? What are you laughing at?"

"I told you I was going to get laid tonight."

Buffy let out a peal of laughter. "Yes you did."

Giles supported himself on one elbow as he looked down at her. "What I didn't know was that I would find myself in bed with the woman I love most in the world."

Buffy lifted a hand up and touched his cheek. "I was hoping you'd tell me that you loved me."

"I love you so much. You are the other half of me, you always have been, but never more so than right now. You are my partner in all things."

Buffy's eyes grew bright. "You were right there, right in front of me." She shook her head. "It is like a miracle. It's a miracle that you love me. It's a miracle that I love you back." She grinned. "I'm so glad you decided to get laid tonight."

Giles pulled her close. "Me too. Very, very glad."

"And if I ever see that brunette around I'm taking her down."

Giles let out a sleepy laugh. "The only reason I was even looking at her is because never in my wildest imagination did I think that you would ever be mine." He yawned.

Buffy pulled up the covers and snuggled back down into his arms. "Do you really like brunettes better than blondes?"

"Buffy?"

"What?"

"Shut up and go to sleep."

The End

December 31, 2001