

Moral Flexibility 1

Giles almost stumbled down the stairs as he ran to respond to the loud knocking. He tightened the tie to his bathrobe and opened his front door. It was Angel. Giles' eyes grew large with concern. "What's wrong? Is Buffy...?"

Angel put his hand up. "She's fine."

"Thank goodness. You haven't come into town lately unless there's been a problem." Angel just stood on his stoop, a small smile on his lips. Giles remembered that he had done an uninvite spell to keep Spike out after coming home one night to find that Spike had helped himself to all of Giles' Weetabix. He hesitated for a minute but good manners overrode his reluctance to let Angel in. "I'm sorry, please won't you come in?" He backed away from the door and Angel came inside.

Giles started heading for the kitchen. "Would you like something to drink, some tea perhaps?" Angel followed him.

"No, well yes, I would like something to drink but it's not tea." Something in his tone of voice made Giles spin around just in time to see Angel in vamp face ready to strike. Giles desperately tried to get away but there was no room to maneuver. Angelus was on him in a moment and Giles felt the fangs dig into his neck. As he was dying, his life's blood draining away he felt Angelus press his wrist to Giles' mouth. Giles tried to resist but he was too weak to put up much of a fight. Angelus held his nose until Giles had to open his mouth to breathe and then he drank.

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When Giles' opened his eyes he knew right away what had happened. He could feel the strength of his transformed body and the hunger racing through him. He sat up and saw that he was in his bedroom. There was another feeling consuming him as well, even sharper than the blood lust. Giles was angry. He started muttering. "Out of all the fucking vampires in the world it had to be Angel who turns me. Christ. Bloody fucking Angel." He kicked the door to his bedroom and it knocked off its hinges and crashed to the floor.

He noticed that Angel had pulled down all the shades. Giles rolled his eyes. "Thanks dad, so thoughtful. You could have at least left me a goddamn snack." He cautiously moved the shade a bit to see if it was dark. It was. He headed downstairs. He was still angry. He kicked his coffee table and it flew across the room crashing into the wall. "Fucking Angel." He felt violated. He shivered the whole length of his body. He kicked his couch this time figuring it

would stay put. No point in destroying his entire home.

He walked back upstairs to get dressed. He was still in his bathrobe. He went in to look at himself in the mirror and then let out a shaky laugh when there was no image there. "Okay, that will take some time to get used to." He shook his head and then still looking at the mirror he put his hand up to his face to make sure he was still there. He left the bathroom quickly and after standing in front of his closet for quite some time he finally got dressed.

He heard the door downstairs rattle and start to open. Buffy called out his name. Giles swore and turning to the window in his bedroom he opened it and jumped out. He dropped down to the ground and felt his new body absorb the impact. He looked up and grinned. "This, however, I like." He felt strong, he felt good. He felt hungry. He moved off into the darkness in search of dinner.

Giles had fed. He roamed around the U.C. Sunnydale campus thinking. He had been observing vampires for years. Mostly he thought they were stupid. Every now and then there had been an exception. Vampires who had the ability to think, to control their desires for a greater goal. But most of them were, without a doubt, abysmally stupid. Every one of them had deserved to die.

So over the years he had started a silly game. Something to occupy his time while observing Buffy stake one vampire after another. The game had been to figure out what he would do if he ever became a vampire. What he would do differently. How he would make sure he survived when so many of them didn't.

Granted, most vampires didn't rise with all their faculties intact, so judging them according to his intellect wasn't exactly fair. Something usually got lost in the translation from human to demon. He grinned. He could tell that he'd translated just fine. All of his mental prowess was present and accounted for. Except now he had a vampire's strength and agility. And immortality. He grinned again. He had no intention of being a stupid vampire.

He thought about Buffy. Buffy would feel that she would need to stake him because he had made her promise to if he ever got turned. Giles realized that was a bad plan now. He was pretty sure that Buffy wouldn't be able to stake him. Not positive, but pretty sure. He wondered what it was about slayer blood that made all the vampires want a taste. Giles wondered if he could talk Buffy into giving him a sample. He grinned. He figured he'd get a sample one way or the other.

First, though, he had some business to take care of. He swung off and

headed into one of Sunnydale's cemeteries. He found the crypt he was looking for and pushing the door open he stepped inside. Spike was watching TV. As Spike looked up Giles took in Spike and his crypt with a hand sweep and a disgusted look. "This is how you live out your destiny as a vampire?" He moved closer to the TV. "What are you watching?"

Spike looked back at the TV. "Farscape. It's pretty good." Giles sat down next to him. Spike shifted a little to give him some more room. They watched in silence until the advertisements started.

Giles looked at Spike. "Can you tell when there's another vampire nearby?"

"Sometimes. When I care." He looked at Giles. "Why?"

"Oh, no reason." The show came back on and they began to watch again. At the next set of advertisements Giles turned to Spike. "Want to help me kill Angel?"

Spike's eyes widened. "Kill the poof? Not that I would mind him being dead, in fact it's one of my favorite wet dreams, but what's he done to piss you off?"

Giles turned to look at Spike without saying anything. Spike just looked back until finally he got exasperated. "What? What did he do?" Suddenly Spike got really still and he listened. No heartbeat. "Jesus, Angelus is back?" Giles nodded. Spike jumped up and away from Giles. "He turned you into a fucking vampire?" Spike looked nervous. When Giles was riled he'd made Spike a little nervous when he was human. "What do you want? You're not here to stake me are you?"

Giles rolled his eyes. "Why would I want to stake you? I want to stake Angelus."

Spike nodded his head and looked at Giles from his head to his toes. "I should have guessed just by the clothes you're wearing." Giles was dressed in black, black jeans, black t-shirt, black leather jacket and black boots.

Giles looked down at himself. He looked up at Spike a little concerned. "I didn't think tweed or corduroy was quite the look for a vampire. Do you think it's okay?"

Spike nodded. "Yeah, you look good. And you're right about the tweed. We got a rep we have to protect, you know, the big bad and all."

Giles rolled his eyes and looked at the TV again. "Right, so here you sit watching the telly. Oh look, it's back on." Spike sat down again and they

watched the final scene.

As the credits rolled on the screen Giles looked at Spike. "So, will you help me, or should I go do it on my own?"

"You know, it's sort of an unwritten rule but generally speaking vampires don't kill their sires."

Giles just stared at Spike. "Angel killed Darla."

Spike winced. "Yeah, I know. But Darla was trying to kill Buffy. Usually a child kind of hangs out with his sire."

Giles laughed. "Right, hang with Angelus." He looked at Spike. "I'd stake myself first." He paused. "I mean to kill him, with or without your help."

Spike snorted. "Angelus would kick your ass from one side of this town to the other. You're too new. He's much stronger than you."

"He may be stronger, although I think that's debatable, but I know he's not smarter."

Spike agreed with that. "He'll still clean your clock."

"Not if you help me. Surely both of us together are stronger than he is."

"You're a brand new vampire. You'd be a liability in a fight."

Giles played his last card. "He'll go after Buffy." He watched Spike's eyes narrow as he considered this. "Besides, I'm a trained fighter, not like your usual new vampire. Remember I've been sparring with a slayer for years."

Spike's eyes grew speculative. "That's true enough, I guess you are pretty good in a fight. And you're right, he will go after Buffy." He sighed and then decided. "Okay, I'll help you. I'll help you kill the poof." He jumped up energized. "C'mon, c'mon, let's go kill the bloody wanker." He leaped in the air making jabbing gestures.

Giles grinned at his antics and stood up. He and Spike swept out of the crypt.

##

Buffy was in a panic. When she had gotten to Giles' home she had found no sign of Giles but had seen the coffee table in pieces and the bedroom door off

its hinges. She had sensed that a vampire had been there just a few minutes before. She was running through the cemetery, looking for Spike. Her senses started to tingle. She looked up and saw Angel walking towards her. She gasped out a sigh of relief. "Angel, thank God. Something's happened to Giles. I think a vampire took him."

Angel looked appropriately alarmed. He put his arm around Buffy. "Don't worry Buffy. I'm sure he's okay."

Buffy shook his head looking up at him. "I have to get him back before they 𐄂" Before she finished her sentence she sensed another vampire and looked up to see Spike. She backed away a little, waiting to see what was going on. Spike sent a nod her way, took a long drag off his cigarette and threw it on the ground. He looked at Angel. "Angelus. When did you get back in town?" He pursed his lips, a toothless grin on his face as he saw the anger on Angelus' face. He knew Angelus had wanted to play more with Buffy before revealing himself.

Buffy backed away, the dismay clear on her face. "Angelus?" She started to shake her head, not wanting to believe that he could be back. She thought of Giles and her heart started racing. "Where's Giles?" She could feel the panic inside her growing. "What have you done with him? If he's hurt I'll kill you."

"Buffy, I'm right here." Giles stepped into the clearing.

"Oh, thank God." Buffy almost doubled over, the relief at seeing Giles was so strong. She saw that he was standing close to Angelus. "Giles, move away. It's not Angel."

Giles nodded. "I know."

Buffy looked confused at his response. She turned her head and saw that Angelus was smiling at her. She whipped her head back to Giles and saw that he had vamped out. She shook her head in disbelief. Nothing could be more horrible than this. A moan came from her lips. "Oh God, Giles, no." She fell to her knees. Angelus struck. He kicked her, hitting the side of her face with his boot. She flew a few feet but the blow had snapped her out of her grief, the need to survive stronger for the time being. She stood quickly and moved in, a stake in her hand.

Angelus just backed away. He smiled at her. "Buffy, are you upset I turned Giles? Don't worry. He won't be lonely. After you die I'll go turn Willow and Xander. I'll make sure he has lots of company."

Giles turned his head to Spike and rolled his eyes. Spike pretended to put his

finger down his throat. Giles bit back a laugh and turned back to watch Angelus.

Sure of his victory with his new childe behind him Angelus threw a series of punches. Buffy felt a few of them but most of them she blocked. She was luckier and hit Angelus again and again. Angelus started to look a little concerned. He took a second to look at Giles to find that Giles had his human face back on, interest showing in his eyes as he watched Buffy fight. Buffy followed Angelus' eyes and she noticed Giles too. Angelus turned back to Buffy and taking advantage of her momentary distraction he lunged at her and knocked her down, using his body weight to pin her. He put his hand on her face and started to turn her head baring her neck.

Buffy saw her death and tried to buck Angelus off. Suddenly Angelus flew off of her. Giles had him by the scruff of his jacket. He threw him towards Spike. Spike spun and let go a kick that made Angelus stagger towards Giles. Giles let go with a kick of his own and Angelus spun in the other direction. Spike moved in and punched him while he was still reeling and Giles took a stake out of his pocket. He looked at Spike. "You ready?"

Spike took in the gleam in Giles' eye and took out his own stake. He grinned. "Ready."

Both Giles and Spike moved in on opposite sides of Angelus and both raised their arms back. Moving almost faster than the eye could follow they plunged their stakes into Angelus' heart; Spike from the back, Giles head on. Giles just grinned at the betrayed look on his sire's face. Spike and Giles both looked on in immense satisfaction as Angelus slowly turned to dust and crumbled at their feet. Spike let out a holler and went over and stomped on the dust, then sent some of it flying with a couple of kicks. He gave Giles a high five and after showing Giles what he had to do, Giles' returned it. They stood there grinning at each other.

Spike let out another yell. "God, he's finally fucking dead." He high-fived Giles again and Giles completed his part of the ritual. Giles looked down at the ground where tiny dust parts of Angel lay. He felt so much better now.

Buffy was still on the ground. She had sat up as Angelus had flown off of her and she had watched, her mouth open, as the three vampires had fought. Her mouth was still open as she watched Giles and Spike celebrate. Giles suddenly turned to Spike. "Hey, let's go kill Drusilla."

Spike stopped smiling. "No, let's not go kill Dru."

"Why not? I owe her a staking too."

"Because she's my sire. Because she's mine."

"Spike, she's a fucking lunatic. Why would you want her?"

"Look, we're not going to kill Dru."

"Just find someone new to obsess over."

"Fine, I'll take Buffy."

"No you won't take Buffy, she's mine."

"What do you mean, she's yours?"

"Just what I said. She's mine."

"And who's gonna stop me from taking her?"

Buffy punched him. "How about me?"

Spike glared at her grabbing his nose. "Ow."

Giles ignored the altercation. "How about Willow?"

Buffy tried to punch him too but Giles just blocked her punch.

Spike was still rubbing his nose. "Hello, Giles, she's gay."

Giles shook his head. "I don't think so. I've seen how she looks at you. I think she'd be willing."

Buffy tried to hit him again and Giles again blocked her punch. He turned to her. "What do you want Buffy?"

Her jaw dropped. "What do I want? What do I want?"

Giles just looked at her, waiting for her to speak again. When she seemed unable to summon any words he turned again to Spike. "Of course, you can't turn her."

"Why not? I mean I know I can't because of this sodding chip but you could do it for me."

Giles turned to Buffy as she was whacking him on the arm now. "Do you have

something to say?"

She stopped hitting him. "Why aren't you trying to kill me?"

Giles just looked at her. "Why on earth would I want to kill you?"

"I'm the slayer. Don't you want to kill me?" She sounded annoyed about it.

Giles looked at her perplexed. "Are you complaining? Do you want me to kill you?" She stomped her foot. Giles bit back a grin. "Buffy, if there's one thing I cannot abide it is an idiot. And vampires are for the most part insufferable idiots. You'd be doing me a favor if you killed off the whole lot." He shivered and made a disgusted sound. "Disgusting creatures."

Spike didn't like that idea. "Hey!"

Giles realized his error. He looked at Buffy. "Except Spike. I need him." That mollified Spike. He couldn't stand most vampires either.

Buffy just looked at Giles. "I'm. The. Slayer." She spoke the words slowly at him as if he was an idiot.

He rolled his eyes. "Yes, thank you, I know that Buffy. I'm. A. Vampire." He spoke the words slowly back at her. He opened up his arms. "I don't exactly see you rushing to plunge that stake in my heart." He stood there; arms open, daring her.

She looked at the stake in her hand and back at him. She frowned and put the stake behind her back. Giles grinned.

She glared at him. "Just tell me you haven't fed on anyone."

"Of course I fed on someone, I'm a vampire."

"Who, who did you kill?"

"Parker Abrams. I never could stand him."

Buffy smiled in delight. "Really?" She felt all warm and fuzzy inside. Then she realized what she was doing. "No, wrong, that's wrong, that would be wrong."

Giles rolled his eyes and turned back to his conversation with Spike. "I don't want to turn Willow. I like her just the way she is."

"What do you mean?"

"We'll need her. Willow is very bright and talented and she'll be useful. Somehow, though, I get the feeling that if Willow were turned she wouldn't be the brightest bulb on the Christmas tree." He grimaced at Spike. "Think Harmony."

Spike shuddered. He thought for a minute. "You really think she likes me?" He pouted his lips and shifted up and down on the balls of his feet.

Giles grinned. "Yes, I think she might." He turned again to Buffy as she was whacking him again. "Could you please stop doing that?"

Buffy stopped. "What do you need Willow for?" Buffy knew she sounded a little jealous. She made a face, annoyed with herself.

Giles grinned and chuckled her under the chin. "I don't need her as much as I'll need you, so don't be jealous."

Buffy smacked his hand away. "Why do you need me? What makes you think I'd help you?"

Giles reached out and grabbed the lapel of her leather coat. He pulled her to him and lowering his head he kissed her hard. She fought at first but slowly started to respond. Her arms snuck around him, stake still in the one hand that now rested on his back as she tried to pull him closer. Giles parted her lips with his tongue and thrust inside. He ravaged her with his lips and his tongue until she was dizzy. He abruptly let her go, putting a hand out to keep her from falling. Giles looked at her and put his face close to hers. "Because you're mine."

Buffy made a little sound. It sounded like "oh." Giles turned back to Spike as Buffy swayed a little on her feet.

"We do need to do something about that chip." Spike's eyebrows rose but he didn't say anything. "You won't be much use to me unless we can get rid of it." Giles nodded for a minute, lost in thought. He looked up at Spike. "I have an idea."

Buffy was listening and knew that whatever idea he had it was a bad idea but she was having a hard time connecting her brain to her tongue. Her tongue seemed to be firmly connected to the butterflies colliding in her stomach.

Spike turned to Giles. "What's your idea?"

"We need to go to LA."

"What's in LA?"

"Something Angel told me about last year, some karaoke bar where they can answer questions for you."

"You mean like how do I get rid of this bloody chip?"

Giles nodded. "Exactly."

"How do we get there?"

Giles pulled keys out of his pocket. "I have a car."

Spike smiled. "That'll work."

Giles turned to Buffy. "We'll be back as soon as we can." When she didn't respond he just smiled. He pulled her to him again and kissed her hard and quick. He and Spike both headed back to his apartment to pick up his car. Buffy tried to follow them but her knees still weren't working very well. She sank to the ground and just watched them walk away.

End Part 1

Moral Flexibility 2

Buffy sat there for a few minutes more after the two of them were out of sight. She still couldn't seem to wrap her arms around a coherent thought. She decided she had to talk to Willow. She got up and ran to Willow's place.

##

Willow lay there in bed listening to Tara breathe. She was feeling a little wigged. She was a little wigged because when Tara had been touching her earlier she hadn't gotten turned on. She was also a little wigged because she'd been thinking about somebody else for a while now. She was a little wigged because that somebody was a guy. And she was mostly wigged because that guy was a vampire. She slapped her hands over her face and groaned. As Tara stirred she moved her hands to cover her mouth.

Suddenly someone was pounding on the door. "Willow, it's Buffy, I need to talk to you."

Willow jumped out of bed and went to open the door. Tara had woken up as well and raised a sleepy head to the door. "What's the matter?"

Buffy saw that she had woken Tara and winced. "Sorry Tara, I have to talk to Willow." Tara nodded her head and lowered it back down to the bed. Buffy looked at Willow. "Get dressed, we need to talk."

Willow saw the look on Buffy's face and nodded. She quickly dressed and the two of them walked outside to sit on the front stoop. Willow waited for Buffy to speak but Buffy just sat there. Willow yawned. "C'mon Buffy. What was so important you had to drag me out of bed?"

Buffy turned her head to Willow. "Angel lost his soul again."

Willow put a hand to her mouth and gasped. "Oh, Buffy." She looked around nervously, wondering why they were sitting outside. She tried to remember if she had invited Angel in before.

"He turned Giles into a vampire."

Willow gasped again and tears formed in her eyes.

"I think Giles has figured out a way to get rid of Spike's chip."

Willow thought she might pass out. Her heart was racing. She looked at Buffy, not even imagining how Buffy must be feeling. She stopped in surprise. Buffy didn't really look that upset.

"Buffy, how come you don't look that upset? Are you in shock?"

"He kissed me."

"Angel?"

"No, Giles."

Willow gasped again. Then she looked confused. "Before or after he became a vampire?"

"After."

Willow tried to process all the information she had just been given and her brain refused to cooperate. She shook her head, determined to start over beginning with the part that scared her the most. "So where's Angelus now?"

She peered out into the darkness sure he was standing out there somewhere, waiting to pounce.

"He's dead."

"Thank goodness." Her eyes widened. "Eep, I'm sorry Buffy."

"He almost killed me tonight."

"What happened?"

"Giles saved me."

"Before or after he became a vampire?"

"After."

"Before or after he kissed you?"

Buffy had to think for a minute. "Before."

"Ah." Willow nodded her head as if it was all clear now. She closed her eyes. She opened them and turned her head to look at Buffy. She still didn't get why Buffy wasn't more freaked about the whole thing. "So, isn't it a bad thing that Giles is a vampire? And isn't it weird that he would save your life? And isn't it weird that he kissed you?" Somehow that seemed the oddest thing to Willow.

Buffy nodded her head, then she shook it, and then she did a combination of both. "I don't know Will. But he did save my life and he said he didn't want to kill me. He said he wanted me to kill vampires. Except for Spike." She looked at Willow confusion all over her face.

Willow grinned. "Was it a nice kiss?"

Buffy's face got all dreamy. "Mmmm." Then she shook herself, frowning. "No, he was acting all cave man-like, saying that I belonged to him."

Willow's eyes got wide. "Giles said that? He said that you belonged to him?" Buffy nodded. Willow squealed. "What did you do?"

Buffy made a face. "Waited for him to hit me over the head with his club and drag me off to his cave." She lowered her face to her hands. "God, what is it with me and vampires?"

Willow shook her head. "I don't know."

Buffy sat there for a moment, face still in her hands. Suddenly part of Spike and Giles' conversation came back to her. She lifted her head up. "By the way, what is it with you and vampires?" Willow tried to look confused. Buffy continued. "Are you having naughty thoughts about Spike?"

Willow looked dismayed. "Why? Can you read my mind again?" She put her hands up on her head as if to guard her thoughts.

Buffy's jaw dropped. "You are. Oh my God. You're having naughty thoughts about Spike?"

Willow just blushed. "I'm such a ho." She moaned and dropped her head to her knees.

Buffy patted her on the head. "Me too." She sighed. "We're both vampire ho's." Buffy dropped her head to her knees too.

##

Buffy, Willow, Xander and Anya sat around the Magic Shop. Xander kept looking back and forth between Buffy and Willow. He knew something was up. He could practically smell it in the air.

Buffy sighed again. She couldn't seem to figure out how she was feeling. She knew she ought to be telling Xander and Anya about Giles but she didn't know how. She'd think about how he'd been turned and her heart would seize in her chest and she'd feel more desolate than she'd thought possible, even worse than when Angel went away. But then she'd remember how he'd kissed her and she'd have to shift in her chair, the tingle in her lower body making her dizzy with desire. Then she'd realize that Angel was dead and that would make her feel sad, and then she'd remember that he'd tried to kill her, that it had really been Angelus and that Giles had killed him and then he'd kissed her and she'd be shifting in her chair again. Every thought kept circling around to Giles kissing her.

She looked outside. It was finally dark. She glanced at Anya. "He didn't say anything else?"

Anya shook her head. "Nope. Just called and told me that he would be gone all day and be back tonight." Her face suddenly brightened. "Oh, he did mention something about having a discussion about increasing my responsibilities." Her eyes narrowed. "He better pay me more money."

Xander looked at Willow. "Where's Tara?"

Willow bit her bottom lip. "She...she's gone for a while."

Xander looked confused. "What do you mean?"

Willow squinched her face up and flashed a quick look at Buffy. "She wants to give me some time to figure stuff out."

"Figure what stuff out?" He caught the look between Buffy and Willow that time. He slapped the table, finally annoyed. "Okay, give. What is going on with the two of you?"

Just then Giles and Spike walked in the door. Xander's eyes opened wide at the sight. Giles was dressed all in black and he was laughing hard. He was laughing at Spike and Spike was looking annoyed. Spike growled at him. "Would you shut the fuck up? How was I supposed to know it was already dead?"

Giles laughed some more. "For three months? The chip's been dead for three months and you never even had a clue? Jesus, Spike."

Xander's jaw dropped at that comment. Spike hauled off and tried to punch Giles. Giles blocked it and laughed some more. Spike started muttering and stalked off to stand in the corner. Willow's eyes nervously followed him. She accidentally caught his eye and he winked at her. She let out a gasp and turned back to the others.

Xander was looking at her again. "What was that?" She shook her head. He sighed and then he got nervous again. He looked at Giles while he pointed at Spike. "His chip's gone?" At Giles nod and grin Xander shook his head. "And this is funny, why?"

Spike spoke from the corner. "Because he thinks he's a bloody comedian, that's why."

Giles strolled over to Buffy and pulled her up out of her chair. "Miss me slayer?" He lowered his head and caught her lips in a searing kiss. His arm pulled her in tightly against him and he wrapped his fingers through her hair, holding her head hostage as he swept his tongue in her mouth. She groaned and tried to crawl up his body. He was setting every one of her nerve endings on fire. Nothing had ever made her feel like this.

He pulled his head back pleased at the look of desire on her face. He whispered to her. "We'll finish this later." As her eyes sort of glazed over he let

her slide down his body until she was sitting again.

Giles took in the dazed looks on everyone's face. He grinned again. "I'm guessing that Buffy neglected to mention a few things? Hmm?"

Xander felt underneath him, making sure that he was sitting down. There were so many things going on that he didn't get. He slowly swung his head up at Giles as if in a dream. "What didn't she tell us?"

Giles ticked the items off on his fingers. "I'm a vampire, Angel is dead, and Spike no longer has a chip and ♯" He pointed a finger at Xander, "♯ in case you were wondering, no, you may not stake him. Or me for that matter." He thought for a moment. He looked at Anya. "Oh, and I'll need you to manage the store during the day now. I will, of course, increase your salary."

Anya furrowed her brow looking at Giles. "Will you increase it a lot?"

Giles grinned. "I'm sure we can arrange something that will be mutually satisfactory."

Anya thought for a moment and then nodded. "Okay."

Xander looked at her as if she was insane. "Anya, he just told you he was a vampire."

Anya just looked back. "Yeah, so?"

Giles grinned and walking over to Spike he slapped him on the arm. "You owe me fifty bucks. I told you she'd be reasonable about it."

Spike just glared at him. "Sod off." Giles had been right about everything so far and it was starting to irritate him. Not enough to do anything about it, just enough to make him feel grouchy. He watched Willow from the back, sweeping his gaze along her creamy shoulders. He thought about running his hands through that thick hair of hers and maybe just having a little taste of her. Not enough to piss off Giles, but just enough to brand her as his. He could feel his cock getting hard and after a glance around the room he adjusted himself, feeling an uncomfortable tightness in his pants.

Xander stared at Anya disbelievingly. She met his gaze with no difficulty. He gave up and looked at Buffy. "Hello? What happened to 'hi, I'm Buffy, I kill vampires?" He shook his head. "You kissed him. You kissed Giles." Buffy just looked at him. She still couldn't think straight; Giles' kisses kept muddling her brain.

Giles walked around to Willow. He put his hand on her shoulder and Xander started to tense up. Giles waved him off with his hand. He bent down and whispered in Willow's ear. "Why don't you and Spike go in the back? I think you have something to talk about." She blushed and he grinned. Spike heard what Giles said. When Willow dared a quick glance at him he made a quick motion with his head towards the back. Willow looked at Buffy and raised her eyebrows as if asking her what to do.

Buffy guessed what was going on. She raised her eyebrows right back. "You're asking me?" She rolled her eyes. She looked up at Giles and her stomach fluttered. She had never realized before how handsome Giles was. He had felt so hard and strong under her hands. All she could think about was getting him naked. She groaned and put her face in her hands.

Willow stood uncertainly and Spike came out of the shadows to stand beside her. As they both turned and headed for the back Xander started to stand too. Giles came over to him and put his hand on Xander's shoulder. He pushed down hard. Xander slammed back into his chair. Giles spoke to him. "Don't worry about Willow. She'll be fine."

Xander's heart was thumping in his chest, watching the door close after Spike and Willow. "You mean after he kills her? After he turns her? Define fine. He's a vampire."

"He won't hurt her. He won't turn her."

Xander turned around so he was facing Giles. "How the hell do you know that? And why should I trust you? You're a vampire too." It all suddenly became too much for Xander and he had to fight back the tears.

Giles pulled up a chair and turning it around, he sat on it backwards, resting his arms along its back. "I know that because Spike knows what I'll do to him if he hurts Willow. If he hurts any of you."

"And why should Spike be afraid of you? He's been a vampire way longer than you. Isn't there a pecking order or something?"

Giles grinned. "Usually. But I'm not your typical vampire. I † well † let's just say that I've gone to the head of the class."

"Why?"

He stood and walked behind Buffy placing his hands on her shoulders. She couldn't help but lean back against him. Xander stared at the two of them. Giles looked back at Xander. "Guess."

Xander looked at the two of them. "You mean her?"

Giles rubbed her shoulders for a minute. "Well, it certainly doesn't hurt."

Xander guessed some more. "Because you're a watcher?"

Giles nodded. "Right again."

"Won't they kill you when they find out you're a vampire?"

"Why should they find out?"

Xander's jaw dropped. "Is no one getting this but me? You're a vampire."

Giles shrugged. "I see no reason to inform them of that point. I figure I have another thirty or forty years of salary coming to me before they start to really wonder why I haven't died."

Xander looked at Anya again, hoping to get some help. Anya just glared at him. "I like my job."

"Yeah, but that was before. Now if you piss him off, instead of firing you, he'll just kill you. That way he doesn't have to pay you any unemployment benefits." He glared darkly at Giles.

Giles snorted. "Don't be absurd. Why would I kill Anya? I need her to run the store." He looked at Xander. "Although you might not want to be annoying me."

Xander's jaw dropped and he looked at Buffy. "Did you hear that? He threatened me. Stake him. He's a vampire. Didn't we already learn this lesson with Angel?"

Giles placed his hand on Buffy's throat, feeling her pulse beat beneath his fingers. "Angel was an animal." He scowled. "You can thank him for turning me into a vampire." Suddenly he grinned. "Oh, no, you can't, can you? He's dead." He leaned down and replaced his hand with his tongue, licking over her pulse. He could smell her scent as she responded to him.

Xander called her name again, not understanding. "Buffy, is he like Dracula? Are you in thrall? Do you need me to stake him?"

Anya spoke up. "Don't you dare stake him. If you stake him, I'll be out of a job."

Giles reluctantly stopped nibbling on Buffy and turned to Xander. "Xander, none of you are in any danger from me, or from Spike, unless you try to kill one of us."

"I'm having a hard time believing that."

"I know. But it's true. If I kill you Buffy would feel she had to stake me. I'd have to kill her and then I'd lose my main advantage. Why would I want to do that?"

Buffy glared at him. "Your main advantage? Is that what I am? An advantage?"

Giles bent down and whispered in her ear. "But such a lovely one, wrapped in beautiful rosy skin that makes my tongue ache to run all over it." She shivered. He spoke again. "We belong together Buffy. We always will."

He glanced at Xander. "Buffy is mine. She always has been. I am simply claiming her now. Watchers and slayers always belong to one another. The fact that I am a vampire now changes nothing except that now I feel free to make her mine." He moved a little closer to Xander. "And she is mine. Do you understand?"

Xander pressed back into his chair, a nervous look in his eyes. "Yes, I got it. She's yours." He pointed at Anya. "I already have a girlfriend."

Giles grinned. "Xander. Spike and I, and whatever other vampires we choose to allow to live, will keep you safe. They will obey or they will be dead. You'll be safer now than you ever were." He glanced at Anya and back at Xander. "Plus, I'll make you rich."

That got Xander's attention. And Anya's too. She spoke first. "Rich? How will you make us rich?"

Giles sat down next to Buffy. He ran his finger up and down her thigh. "There's a huge demon underground head-quartered here in Sunnydale. Spike and I plan to be running it within a year. He looked at Xander. "I'll need some clever humans to handle certain daytime activities. Humans I can trust. Someone who wants to make a lot of money and isn't afraid of being in charge." He left that hanging, noting Xander's pursed lips and speculative look. He glanced at Anya and Anya gave Giles a brief nod. Giles was satisfied. He had no doubt that Anya would take care of Xander, no doubt at all.

##

Willow looked a little nervous as Spike closed the door behind them. Spike was beginning to believe that Giles had been right. He could smell Willow's arousal, and the smell turned him on even more. He pulled Willow to him and began to nuzzle her neck. She pushed him away, frightened. "No, I don't want to be a vampire."

He took a step back, hands in the air. "I wasn't biting you. Can't you tell the difference between biting and nibbling?"

Willow bit her lip. "I don't think so."

Spike let out a sigh. This was going to take longer than he thought it would. She wasn't quite ready to rip her clothes off the way Buffy seemed to be for Giles. He spoke to reassure her. "Okay, luv. We'll take this nice and slow." At her shy look he grinned. "Come and give us a kiss, pet."

Willow blushed and slowly walked over to him. She pressed a quick, chaste kiss on his lips and then backed off. Spike bit off a curse. Okay, this was going to take much longer than he thought. Jesus, he'd probably have to buy her flowers. He held out his hand. "Want to take a walk?"

She nodded and took his hand. Spike led her out the back door and into the moonlight.

##

Giles couldn't take it anymore; he had to have Buffy now. He reached down and pulled her up. He grabbed her hand and moving her so she was between him and Xander he placed her hand on his erection. Her eyes widened and he saw desire on her face. He grinned. "Time to go." She nodded, hoping her knees wouldn't give out on her. Giles looked at Anya. "Will you lock up?" She nodded. Giles put his arm around Buffy and headed out the back door.

Xander watched them go. He looked up and saw Spike and Willow walking past the store, hand in hand. He glanced up at Anya and she grinned at him. "Xander, we're going to be rich!" She was thrilled.

Xander slouched in his chair. He couldn't believe this was happening. Yesterday life seemed so normal. Today, it was like the Hellmouth version of Disneyland. He chewed the inside of his cheek. Sitting there his mind started to wander. He wondered what it would be like to really have all the money he

wanted. He pictured himself sauntering up to demons and having them leave him alone because he was Giles number one man. Maybe Giles would let him be mayor. He put his head back on the chair and dreamed.

End of Part 2

Moral Flexibility 3

Buffy stood in the bathroom, staring at herself in the mirror. She was wearing a soft satin pink bathrobe that clung to her figure. She saw something out of the corner of her eye and her heartbeat picked up when she saw Giles standing there. She smiled seductively at him. "Couldn't wait?"

Giles' eyes were dark. "No." He reached for her and grabbing her shoulders he brought her to him. He lowered his head and caught her lips in a bruising kiss. He almost hurt her. If she'd been anyone else but the slayer it would have hurt. Buffy reveled in it. She bit him back, biting and sucking on his lips.

She started to reach down to touch his cock but he stopped her. "No, turn around." He turned her until she faced the mirror again. He moved to stand behind her. She looked again at herself, knowing Giles was there but seeing no reflection of him in the mirror. She started to look back at him and he stopped the movement of her head, forcing her to look forwards. He ran his hands down her, over her breasts, over her stomach and the juncture of her legs. She gasped at the sensation, feeling his touch, yet seeing nothing.

He stood again and slowly parted her robe. He slid it off her shoulders and he watched her in the mirror, standing there naked. He removed his clothing, still staying behind her. He slowly put his hands around her, making her keep her head up. He slowly caressed her nipples, and they both watched, as they grew hard, as the skin grew flushed. He ran his hands down her stomach and through the soft hair that grew at her mound.

Squatting down behind her he moved her legs further apart. He ran his tongue up the inside of her leg, from her ankle to her upper thigh. Her breathing became faster. She watched herself become more aroused, as if the air around her was mating with her. She wanted to touch him but he wouldn't let her turn around. He wanted to watch her. He wanted to watch her want him.

He licked her again. When he reached the top of her other thigh he moved his lips to her bottom. He began to bite her and suckle on her rounded flesh, running his fingers between her cheeks, teasingly running his finger over her anus. Buffy gasped at the unfamiliar sensation. She reached out and grabbed

the counter with one hand, feeling as if she might fall.

Giles started working up her body, kissing, licking, biting her flesh up her side, on the side of her breast, her shoulder, her neck. Buffy felt like her body was on fire. Her eyes were dark, and her lips full and dry from the exertion of her panting. He started working down on the other side. Without even knowing she was doing it Buffy moved a hand to her heat, feeling the need for more.

Giles softly chuckled. He took her hand and put her fingers in his mouth. He suckled on them and she could feel the strength of his tongue, the feeling sending bolts of desire through her. He directed her finger to her opening and together with one of his fingers he inserted them both. She moaned as she felt her finger with his moving in and out of her. Then he removed his finger and replaced it with his tongue. He played with her nether lips and with her fingers with his mouth. He flicked his tongue over her clit and smiled as her whole body jerked.

He spread her legs wider. Buffy watched her legs seem to move on their own, as if she might take the whole world within her. Her nipples were so tight they hurt. Giles removed her hand from inside of her and moved it to her nipple. He closed her fingers over it and made her caress herself. She let loose a cry at the sensation. Giles watched her, watched as it looked as if she were by herself, satisfying herself. He reached between her legs again and inserted his finger inside of her. He moved to the front of her still on the floor, commanding her to keep her head up. He flicked his tongue over her clit again. She jutted her hips forward. She watched herself react to his touch. Watched her body gyrate and buck and shiver as he licked and bit, and suckled her flesh. She couldn't stop the moans from escaping. She played with her nipples, moving from one to the other.

Giles moved behind her again. He bent her down a little and she had to put her other hand out to keep her balance. He stood and opening her with his fingers again to help guide him, he thrust his cock inside of her with no warning. She was wet and ready and she let go a groan, deep and guttural as he filled her. She slammed her body back to meet his. He kept his hands on her hips and plunged himself into her, watching her body move in time with his. They both watched as she was consumed by the passion of their movements. He lowered his hand and touched her clit again as he was about to come. She let out a scream as her orgasm hit and he could feel her pulsate around his cock. He demanded she watch and she watched her face as it flushed and as she screamed her release feeling the sensation of him inside of her, seeing no one in the mirror. He thrust inside her one more time.

Even after her orgasm Buffy was still turned on. She couldn't ever remember being more aroused. She pulled away from him and turned around, needing

to see him, needing to kiss him. He had a vampire's stamina and he met her passion with an equal amount of his own. He lifted her and carried her to the bedroom. He threw her on the bed and she laughed. She launched herself at him, her momentum throwing them both to the ground. They wrestled for dominance, the fight arousing them more. She scratched him and bit him and he loved it. He pinned her down and thrust inside her again, pounding her into the ground. He leaned forward and bit her nipples. She bit his shoulder, drawing blood. All her strength went into their lovemaking. She didn't have to be careful; she didn't have to hold back anything. She flipped Giles over and rode him hard, as he held her breasts and thrust up in time with her.

He licked the salty sweat from her body. He delighted in her strength, in the testing of his strength against hers. He held her tightly as she finally came, as she screamed out his name and fell against him. He flipped their bodies over and finished his own thrusting with her underneath him until he found his release. Giles rolled off her and they both lay there on the floor, panting.

Buffy's head was still spinning. She turned her head and looked at Giles. She realized that there was probably no one on this earth who knew her like this man did. No one who could have gotten her so aroused and made love to her so completely that she felt as if not a part of her inside and out hadn't been involved. She'd never felt anything like it. She was getting horny again just thinking about it. She laughed. "What the hell did you do to me? I can't believe how much I want you." She looked at him. "I don't get it. Is this just because you're a vampire? Am I really that easy when it comes to vampires?"

Giles laughed and sat up. "No, you've always wanted me."

Buffy gaped at him. "What?"

"You did. I'm not saying it was a thought you were particularly comfortable with but I could see it in your eyes. The speculation, wondering how I'd be in bed. You ached for it when you'd come over after patrol, all aroused from the killing. Admit it."

Buffy pursed her lips thinking about it. Her lips changed to a pout. "Did you ever want me that way before ♪?" She gestured at him in a vague way.

"Of course. All the time."

"Oh, all right then. Me too." Giles grinned at her. She looked at him with a speculative look in her eye. "So were you this good before you ♪ you know?" Again the vague gesture.

Giles laughed. "Yes." He tilted his head at her. "Although the extra stamina

helps, and that whole mirror thing." He waved his hand in the direction of the bathroom. "A bit disconcerting on the whole, but I liked this part of it. You were magnificent in all your passionate glory." He leaned down and ran his tongue repeatedly over her nipple, as if he were a cat licking cream from a bowl.

She arched her body in response. "God, you mean I've been missing out on this the whole time? Oh God." She moaned as he ran his tongue down her body, opening her legs so he could reach her center again. She reached out and pulled his body to her so she could reach his cock. She took him in her mouth. Giles groaned and turned her body so as to give them both better access. He put a finger in her, lubricating it well. He began to run the moisture to her anal opening until he could slip a finger in there as well, slipping a second finger in her vagina. He moved both fingers in and out as he licked her. She let go of him as the sensations rocked her. Her orgasm was shattering, leaving her gasping for air.

He slowly pulled his fingers out of her and she moved to take him in her mouth again. He laid his head on her thigh, watching her as she sucked on him, as she licked the length of him, as she cupped his balls and ran her hand up and down his shaft while her tongue flicked the tip. He began to slowly thrust in her mouth and she allowed him to set a rhythm. She could feel him, as he got harder, as he drew closer. She opened her eyes to see him watching her, his eyes dark with passion, little moans coming out of him as he bucked his hips. He warned her and she just tightened her lips around him as he came. He called out her name and lay his head back allowing the orgasm to claim him.

They lay there momentarily sated. He shifted his legs so she could rest her head on one of his thighs. She played gently with the hair around his cock, pulling the curls until they were straight and then letting go. She looked at him. "Did you kill Angelus because he was going to kill me?" She had been wondering about that.

He nodded. "Yes." He spoke again. "I was going to kill him anyway, but I certainly wouldn't have allowed him to kill you. I won't allow anything to kill you."

She chuckled. "Poor Xander."

He ran his fingertips through the hair at her mound. He gave a slight shake of his head. "He'll be all right." He ran his fingers through it again looking at her. "You ever think about shaving down here?"

Her eyes widened and then she grinned. "Why, would that turn you on?"

He looked at her body to assess her. "Yes, actually, I think it might."

Her grin grew wider. "I think that could be arranged."

He grinned back and then he jumped up and pulled her up too. "Let's go take a shower."

Once in the shower, Buffy grinned at the look of concentration on Giles' face as he applied the razor to her. She kept her balance with one hand on the curtain rod and one hand on his head. She spoke. "Why do you think that Xander will be all right? He seemed pretty unhappy."

Giles made another stroke with the razor. He felt her skin with his hand to see how smooth he'd gotten it. "Xander's felt powerless his whole life. I imagine he's pretty sick of it. Once he starts getting a taste for power, he'll take to it like a fish to water, trust me."

"So, you really would use him?"

"Of course. He's bright. Once he realizes he's safe he'll get a kick out of pushing demons around. He'll be fine."

She pursed her lips. "How about Willow?"

Giles put some more shaving cream on her. "I'm hoping Spike will do the trick."

"What if it doesn't?"

"Well, in addition to having you and all my watcher training, there's something Xander forgot to mention."

"What's that?"

"Magic. I can do magic. I can teach Willow how to do all the magic she wants." He grinned. "I don't think she'll be able to resist that."

Buffy looked down at him, her eyebrows raised. "I forgot all about that. My God, nobody's going to be able to mess with you, are they?"

"That's the plan."

She felt a surge of pride that this amazing vampire was all hers. "So, how will you and Spike get enough blood?"

Giles wasn't sure he followed her. "What do you mean?"

"Well, Spike seems to have trouble getting enough bags of blood for himself. How will you get enough for the both of you?"

Giles rinsed her off and looked at her. He couldn't wait to take her again. "What are you talking about Buffy? We'll both get our blood from humans, when we feed."

She looked at him horrified. "What? I can't let you do that."

He put his hand on her cheek. "Yes you can. If there's anyone who can find a way to believe that this is all right, it's you. I have faith in you."

"Giles, you can't just go around killing humans."

He turned off the water, grabbing a towel off the rack. He started drying her off. "We won't kill just anyone. Think Buffy. Think of all the miserable excuses for humanity that are out there. Think what a better world this place would be if there were no child abusers, no wife-beaters, no murderers, no thugs or bullies. There is an endless supply of people out there that no one would ever miss, people that don't deserve to live."

He stepped out of the tub. "Look at it as an extension of what you already do. You'll take care of all the worthless demons. Spike and I will take care of all the worthless humans. We'll make this place a heaven on earth. Sunnydale will be the safest place to live on the planet. And it will all be because of you. You'll be its queen."

He pulled her out of the tub and gave her one last vigorous rub with the towel. He bent and kissed her hairless mound and rose still speaking. "If I ever kill anyone you think I shouldn't have, you let me know, and I won't make the same mistake twice. I'll give you that power over me."

Buffy's stomach did flip-flops at the thought of having that power. It was true. There were so many people who did more harm than any demon ever had. Sometimes she'd hated that she couldn't kill them. She looked up at Giles. "What would you do if I said no?"

He put a hand on her neck. "I'd kill you." He pulled her to him, against his hard cock. "But I'd much rather make love to you."

She pushed herself off the floor and wrapped her legs around his waist. She kissed him and thrust her tongue in his mouth, searching for his. She pulled

back after a minute and looked at him. "Me too." He grinned and kissing her hard he carried her back to the bedroom.

End of Part 3

Moral Flexibility 4

One Year Later

The limousine pulled in front of Summers Enterprises, the newest high-rise in Sunnydale. It parked in its reserved spot. The driver got out and came around to open the door for the passenger within. Xander stepped out of the car. The driver spoke. "Will you be requiring my services later, sir?"

Xander shook his head. "Nah, I'll take the Jag if I go anywhere tonight." He slapped the driver on the arm and headed up the steps into the building.

The doorman rushed to open the door. "Good evening, Mr. Harris."

Xander flashed him a grin. "Good evening yourself." He started humming as he hit the button for the elevator. Once inside he used his key and pushed the button for the next to the top floor. He caught his reflection in the brass panels. He grinned. He had to admit that he looked good in black.

When the doors opened he stepped out. The demon sitting at the reception desk stood. "Ah, Mr. Harris. You have several messages, and I've left a schedule of tomorrow's appointments on your desk.

"Great, thanks. Is the boss in?"

"Yes, he was just asking about you."

Xander headed down the hall to the large corner suite. He knocked and heard Giles tell him to come on in. "Hey, Giles."

"Xander, any luck?"

Xander shook his head. Then his eyes widened in alarm. "Hey, aren't you standing a little too close to the sun."

Giles smiled. "No, look, it's starting to work. I don't think I'm ready for direct sunlight but as long as it's filtered it's not burning me anymore"

Xander frowned. "I wish you'd let someone a little less important be the

guinea pig in Wes and Willow's magic experiments."

Giles shot Xander an incredulous stare. "I don't want anyone else knowing about it. Once we know it works, only four vampires will have access to the spell. Me, Spike, Wes and I." The door opened again and Xander finished Giles' sentence, smiling.

"And the love of my life." Xander held out his arms and she moved to him and hugged him. He backed up a step and took a look at her. "Mmmm. You look good enough to eat."

Cordelia laughed. "Hey, that's my line." She pouted. "I'm hungry. Do I get to eat tonight?"

Xander held up a business card and handed it to her. "Here's dinner. He refuses to negotiate and we have to get that warehouse built."

Giles shook his head. "What is it with the building inspectors in this town? That's the third one this year already." He turned to Xander. "Who'll replace him? Do you know?"

Xander nodded. "Yup, and he's in the bag. Very willing to cooperate."

"Good." Giles looked at one of the messages on his desk. "Anyanaka's having to recruit more vengeance demons. She can't keep up with the demand. She's meeting with D'Hoffryn tomorrow."

Xander laughed. "Well, it was what she loved to do best." He smiled a rueful smile. "She loved it more than me, obviously." Cordelia glared at him and he ran his hands down her arms, reassuring her. "And, considering how things worked out, I couldn't be happier."

Giles pursed his lips. "She's making us a bloody fortune. It's one of our most successful businesses." At her request, Giles had figured out how to turn Anya back into a demon. By that time they had desperately needed a bigger base of operations. Giles closed the Magic Shop and Summers Enterprises was born. It was accessible by the front door and by the sewers. The building was set up so a vampire could traverse the entire building and stay out of the sun's rays. Giles had done his homework and found the perfect architect, who he'd then turned. The architect still worked for him. He had an office on the 14th floor.

Xander watched as Giles stood in the sun. "So, what's on your devious mind for Willow and Wes to work on next?"

Giles thought for a moment. "I can't decide. I think I'd like them to figure out how to ensure that anyone we turn comes through the process without losing their skills. Not everyone comes through with flying colors like Wes and Cordy." He smiled at Cordy. "Not that I was surprised with you, my dear, but Wes † well, I was sure I'd have to stake him." He turned back to Xander. "And at some point, I'll need to turn you and Buffy. I'm sure Spike will want to turn Willow."

Xander scowled. "I still don't get why you won't just turn me now."

Giles shook his head. "I need you too much the way you are. I can't afford to lose that. Plus, I need someone who can be outside during the day. We can talk again if this spell really works, I promise."

Xander shrugged. He had a few more years before he'd really start pushing it. Or until he started losing his hair. Then, Giles was turning him, no matter what. He motioned to the computer. "Have you heard from Willow and Spike?"

Giles snorted. "No, and I don't expect to. After making him wait all this time to have sex I don't imagine he'll be doing anything on his honeymoon but fucking." He turned as the door opened again. "And speaking of that †" He walked over and kissed Buffy full on the lips.

She smiled at him. "Speaking of what?"

He whispered in her ear. "Fucking. What I want to be doing with you right now."

She shivered. She still couldn't believe how he affected her. Buffy sighed and putting her arm through his, leaned against him. She spoke. "Oh, how'd the meeting with the building inspector go?"

Giles kissed her again. "I'm happy to report that Xander has solved that little problem."

She smiled. "Cool."

Giles looked at Xander and Cordy. "So your dinner plans are all set?"

Xander grinned. "We're good to go, boss."

Giles grinned back, satisfied. He looked at Buffy, his eyes dark with desire. "I have dinner plans of my own."

Buffy grinned up at him. "No snacking on the slayer allowed."

He nibbled at her neck. "Just a little taste?"

Xander snorted. "Okay, we're out of here. We'll leave you to sort out your dinner plans on your own." He reached for Cordelia and they left, heading for their apartment on the top floor.

Giles smiled as the door shut behind them and he began nibbling on Buffy's neck again. Buffy's knees grew weak and Giles scooped her up, taking her over to the couch. His phone rang, the red one. Giles kissed her hard and went over to answer it. She watched him as he talked, her body growing aroused at the sight of him.

She thought about the last 12 months. Giles had done everything he'd said he would. They were very rich and powerful. Sales-clerks scurried to wait on her in stores. People could walk outside at night again and live to tell of it. Crime was almost non-existent in Sunnydale. She looked at him and sighed. She felt so lucky that even as a vampire, that Giles was such a good man. Buffy turned so she lay on her back. Maybe she would let him have a little taste. To be perfectly honest, it really turned her on when he did it. Her hand snuck down between her legs.

Giles had finished with his call. He walked over to her, watching her. He smiled. "Starting without me?"

Buffy looked up at him, moaning a little, her hand still between her legs. "I was just thinking about you biting me."

Giles walked to the foot of the couch. He moved on to it and started crawling up her body until he lay on top of her. He shifted to his game face and sunk his fangs into her neck. She groaned and bucked up against him. Giles just took a sip and then he pulled back. "Let's go upstairs and get naked. I'll bite you when you come. I'll make you scream."

She rubbed against him and groaned again. "Promise? Promise you'll bite me?"

Giles nuzzled her neck and then standing he pulled her up. "Oh, I think I can promise that." He slapped her on the butt and using the private staircase they went upstairs.

The End

September 29, 2001