

Stalking 1

She wanted him. She'd wanted him for a while. The workouts were killing her. And today had been the last straw. They'd been working out, practicing hand to hand. They'd worked out hard and they were both sweaty. He'd gotten in a couple of good throws when she'd been distracted by his closeness. She'd had to force herself to not just rub herself all over Giles as she landed on him.

That's when it happened. She'd started to slowly roll off of him and he'd gone to flip her expecting her to still be in training mode and to be moving faster. But she hadn't been, she'd been in full lust mode. So his hand, instead of grabbing her shoulder, had grabbed her breast. And she'd leaned into his hand, and felt her nipples harden.

She'd looked up at his face and closing her eyes had moved her lips up to his. She'd opened her eyes at the last minute to look at him and saw that he had this look of horror on his face as the facts of the situation were starting to sink in.

He pulled his hand back as if he'd touched a hot stove and quickly stood moving away.

"Buffy, I'm sorry, I had no idea." He was blushing a brilliant red.

"You had no idea about what?" She was scowling at him.

"I had no idea where my....h..hand was." He held his offending hand out in front of him, blushing even redder.

Buffy started making a frustrated noise in her throat that got louder until it turned into a very loud vocal sound of disgust. She threw both her hands in the air and stood, placing her hands on her hips.

Her nipples were still hard. His eyes flicked down to them for a moment and then flicked back up, a look of panic in his eyes.

She rolled her eyes, turned and picked up her towel. She wrapped it around her neck covering her breasts. She glared at Giles. "Men." She swept around and walked out of the training room.

Giles could hear Willow. "Buffy, what's wrong?"

"Men are so stupid." She yelled it.

Giles winced.

Xander protested. "Hey."

"Not you, men."

There was a moment of silence. "Hey!"

Giles heard the front door of the shop slam shut, hard. He fully expected to hear the death throes of the bells as they plummeted to the ground. He listened, heard nothing. They had survived once again.

He walked out into the shop. Both Willow and Xander were waiting for him obviously wanting some explanation. Xander started. "G-man, what's up with the Buff? What's with the I hate men shtick?"

They both watched as Giles blushed. He looked down at his hand and quickly put it behind his back. His eyes widened, trying for an innocent expression. "What? Oh, I have no idea." He went and busied himself behind the counter. Willow looked at him, eyes narrowed. She'd get the facts from Buffy later. Xander shrugged and went back to sanding the new shelf he had just finished building.

After feeling Willow's eyes on him, Giles hid the rest of the day.

Willow tracked Buffy down. Buffy still looked unhappy. Willow frowned and moved to sit on the swing next to her.

"Hi."

Buffy grunted in response.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

"What?"

"You know, the it, the whatever you were so mad about today."

"No." Her mouth twisted to one side. Willow just waited.

"It's men, they are so stupid."

Willow waited some more.

"I mean, what does it take, hmm?" She looked at Willow, expecting an

answer.

Willow grimaced. "Sorry, still fact deficient, I need more to go on."

"Okay, you like a guy, you know he knows you like him, or he'd have to be dead, so why doesn't he do something?" She looked at Willow again.

Willow sighed. Then she brightened. "You like somebody? Who, who is it?"

Buffy just scowled. Willow was perplexed. "Did you ask Giles this question? Did he give you a stupid answer? You know Giles isn't real good at this stuff."

Buffy rolled her eyes. "No kidding."

"What did he say?" Willow hoped his answer would offer some clues.

"Nothing, he said nothing, he always says nothing." Buffy's voice got louder and louder.

Willow nodded, sighing, no luck there. "Soooo, who is this guy?" Willow couldn't imagine.

Buffy just blushed. "Buffy, give. No fair not telling, especially if Giles knows. I'm the best friend. I get to know this sort of stuff first. He gets to know the demon stuff first; I get to know the smoochie stuff first. There's rules about this, you know."

Buffy lowered her face to her hands, elbows on her knees. Willow looked at her completely confused. Then her eyes widened. "It's not Angel again is it, or Spike, or...or." She stopped having run out of all the horrible suggestions she could think of.

"No."

Willow breathed a sigh of relief. "Riley isn't back, is he?"

"No."

"It's not Xander is it, because Anya would...."

"No!"

"Do I know him?"

Buffy looked up. "Fine, it's Giles, okay?"

Willow almost fell off her swing. "It's Giles, what? It's Giles you went and asked the question of?"

Buffy rolled her eyes at Willow. "No, Giles is the guy I like."
Willow was speechless. She quickly had to revise her entire opinion about Buffy and her choice in men. She flashed Buffy a brilliant smile. "Really?"

"Buffy was surprised at the smile. She nodded.

Willow kept smiling. "Buffy, that's great. I love Giles, I think he'd be a perfect guy for you, I just never thought you'd figure it out. I think it's wonderful." She sighed a dreamy sigh. She looked at Buffy and her not very happy face.

"I missed something didn't I?" Buffy nodded. Willow thought for a minute. "Oh. He's the stupid guy." Buffy nodded again. "So you two aren't actually...?" Buffy shook her head. Willow bit her lip. "Does he even know? I mean have you told him?"

Buffy stood up making exasperated noises again. "See Willow, this is my point, he's my watcher. He watches me, that's all he does. How can he not know? He knows everything about me, he even knows when I have my period. How can he not know?" She didn't wait for Willow to answer. "I'll tell you how, because he's stupid." Her tirade done Buffy slammed herself back into the swing.

"What happened today?"

Buffy blushed again. Willow's curiosity rose to new heights. She prodded again. "What? Tell me."

Buffy took a deep breath. "He touched me."

Willow's eyes widened. "What do you mean?" This was so exciting; she could hardly contain herself.

"He touched my..." She raised a hand and pointed to her breasts.

"He touched one of your...?!"

Buffy nodded.

"On purpose?"

Buffy scowled. "No."

Willow's face fell. "Oh." She paused. "How did that happen?"

"We were fighting. We accidentally touch all the time. It's kinda hard to avoid."

"But this was different?"

Buffy nodded. She blushed yet again. Willow was starting to get impatient.

"Buffy, what happened?"

Buffy tightened her face and then said it as fast as she could.

"I got excited and my nipples got hard and I tried to kiss him." She stood again.

Willow worked it through and she looked at Buffy and blushed herself. "Oh, my God." She squealed. Buffy looked miserable. Willow squealed again.

"What did he do?"

"He jumped away from me as if I was a fungus demon and started stammering out apologies." She scowled at the memory.

Willow didn't know what to say. She took a couple more swings. Buffy groaned covering her face with her hands. "God, I am so embarrassed. I can never look at him again. I'll need to ask for a new watcher."

Willow cocked her head. "Why don't you just talk to him. Maybe he likes you too. I mean, that's so like Giles to not say anything, or to be all embarrassed. I think you should talk to him." She nodded her head to emphasize her conclusion.

Buffy shook her head. "And give him the chance to get all high and noble and say how it just isn't done and it wouldn't be proper and he's too old for me? No, thank you. He just should figure it out and kiss me."

Willow rolled her eyes at that. "Buffy, he's never going to just kiss you. Not unless he knows how you feel. Even then, it's a long shot."

Buffy got a look in her eyes. Willow started to feel nervous. Buffy nodded. "You're right, Willow. He won't kiss me unless he knows how I feel, so I'm just gonna have to make sure he knows."

Willow smiled hesitantly. "So, you're going to talk to him?" She put her best this is a really good idea look on her face.

Buffy shook her head. "Nope. I'm just gonna show him. That man will not have a single doubt about how I feel when I'm through." She smiled. Willow

wincing.

"Ah, Buffy, are you sure this is such a good idea?"

"It was your suggestion."

"No, no, really it wasn't."

Buffy was past listening and moving into plotting. She smiled at Willow.

"Thanks Will, I feel much better now. I better go patrol. Want me to walk you home?"

Willow shook her head, pointing her finger at her car on the street. Buffy smiled. "Great, see ya later then." She took off.

Willow sat there for another minute. She closed her eyes. Giles was so going to kill her.

End of part 1

Stalking 2

Giles shut his book and leaned back in his chair. He thought of Buffy. He thought of how she had felt under his hand. He felt his body respond. He snapped out of the chair letting out a growl of frustration. He knew he had to stop these thoughts, down that path lay madness. The madness of even thinking that they could be together. It could never happen even if she.....

He took a deep breath. He was okay. He rolled his shoulders. Really, he was okay. He was a watcher. He felt there were rules about this sort of thing. He took another deep breath. He could feel his body calming down. I mean it's not as if he wasn't attracted to her. Jesus, how could he not be? She was a beautiful sexy woman. And it's not like they didn't have moments. You can't put a man and a woman together that much and not have moments. It was inevitable. But, today, that had been a little more than a moment. He took another deep breath. *I can do this. I am in control. I am more than my hormones.* He blew out a breath.

He heard the knock on his door. He panicked. He actually thought about not answering it. He took another deep breath. He walked over pulling it open. It was Buffy, of course. Who else would it be at one in the morning? He breathed. He smiled, calmly.

"Buffy. Come on in."

She smiled, brushing against him as she walked into his home.

He stepped back and followed her at a respectful distance as she walked towards the couch. She stood waiting for him to sit down. He stood waiting for her to sit down. They stood there. Buffy frowned. She grabbed his arm and pulled him to the couch and pushed him down. Then she sat down, sitting very close to him, her thigh pressing up against his. She placed her hand on his thigh and lightly squeezed. He shot up as if the couch were spring loaded. He walked to the other side of the room.

"So, how was patrol?"

She pouted. "Fine."

"Any interesting demons?"

"No."

"Hmph. No vampires?"

"Just Spike."

"Ah....well, good of you to drop by to, uh...report, but, uh...it's late. I need to.....uh....get an early start."

She stood, began to walk over to him. He started to back away, trying to act nonchalant. He edged his way to the door opening it.

"Yes, well, goodnight." He looked outside and then back at her.

She walked right up to him. She put her hand on his chest. She could feel his muscles tighten under her hand. He pulled back as much as he could, trapped a little by his position by the door. He put his best serious watcher look on. "So, I'll see you tomorrow? For training?"

She nodded, cocking her head to one side, a crooked smile on her face. She could feel her nipples get hard thinking about today, thinking about how she could feel his nipple through his shirt, under her hand. She rubbed it a little, brushing it with her thumb. His eyes widened and he looked down at her hand, and then he saw her nipples. He jerked his head back up and grabbing her shoulder he turned her around until she was facing outside. He pushed her out the door shutting it behind her.

Giles leaned against the door. His cock was so hard he could barely think. He wondered if watchers were allowed to call in sick. Training tomorrow was going to be a disaster.

End of part 2

Stalking 3

"Giles, would you stop that!" Xander glared at Giles.

"What? Stop what?" Giles jumped again as the front bell rang.

"That, that's what I'm talking about. You have been jumping every time the door opens."

"I have not."

Xander snorted. "Giles, you're a wreck." Xander's eyes widened. "There's not an end of the world thing going on is there? Something you just forgot to mention." He grimaced.

Giles stood mustering his dignity. "I would never forget to mention something like that. Hmph." He jumped again as the door opened once more. He relaxed when he saw it was Willow.

"Hey guys." Willow walked over to them. She tried to avoid looking at Giles.

"I'm glad you're here, Willow."

A sickly grin came over her face. "You are?"

Giles nodded. "Have you noticed anything....odd about Buffy lately?"

"Odd?" The word came out on a squeal.

"Yes, has she talked with you about anything...different?"

She shook her head emphatically. "No talking, no talking today of any kind, nope, no talking."

Xander frowned. "Weren't you in class all day together?"

She paused. "Well, yes, but that was different. That was school talking, you

know books and pencils, that kind of stuff, no real talking of any kind." She jumped as the bell rang again. She and Giles both looked to see who it was. They relaxed when a customer walked in.

Xander stared at her and then at Giles. "Oh God, it's contagious. It's going to be happening to me soon, isn't it? My carefree days, gone." He sighed dramatically. He looked at Giles again. "What's up with Buffy, why are you asking Will about her?"

Giles furrowed his brow. "She's just been acting a bit...."

"A bit....?" Xander prompted.

He didn't know what word to use. ".....preoccupied."

Xander lifted his eyebrows. "Preoccupied?" He watched Giles and Willow both start at the sound of the door again. Buffy strolled in. Giles moved behind the counter. Willow burrowed her nose in a book. Xander flashed Buffy a big smile. "Hey Buffy. Be forewarned, there's something very contagious going on around here."

"What do you mean?" She looked nervous.

"I can't fully explain, I haven't caught it yet, but it has something to do with the front door."

She sent him a look and he raised his hands. "Just don't say I didn't warn you, that's all I'm saying."

She turned her head to Giles and flashed him a brilliant smile. "Hey watcher-mine, let's go train."

"Why don't you go start to warm up, I'll be there in a moment." She nodded and slipped off her oversized t-shirt. She had on tight leggings and a sports bra. She walked over to Giles and stretched her shoulders back as if to let out some tension. Her breasts jutted out and lightly touched his chest. She released her stretch and grinning at him walked back to the training room.

Giles closed his eyes. He was hard again. He took a deep breath, sticking close to the counter. Giles looked up and saw Xander looking at him, his eyebrows almost off his forehead. "That was an accident right? I mean she was just standing too close to you, right?"

Giles put his elbows on the counter lowering his face to his hands. Xander looked at Willow. "Right?"

Willow slunk down in her chair and raised her book higher. Xander gasped. "Willow, did you do a spell?" Giles raised his head up and looked at her too.

She shook her head emphatically. "No, no spell. I have done no spells. I am completely spell free."

Xander frowned at her. "Not even a little one?"

She shook her head again. "No spells. I haven't done one in days." She caught Giles look. "Weeks, it's been weeks." Giles rolled his eyes. His body was back under control and he supposed he couldn't just not go in.

He walked into the back.

She was lying on the floor. She looked up at him as he came in. "I'm having a cramp in my leg. Can you rub it for me?"

"Of course." He gritted his teeth. He willed himself to think of Latin conjugations. He crouched down next to Buffy a questioning look on his face.

"Here." She pointed to her thigh. He gritted his teeth harder and began to massage her leg. She lay back, her hair spreading all around her and moaned a little. He shifted himself trying to face his body away from hers so she wouldn't see how unsuccessfully his conjugations were going.

"God, Giles, that feels so good." Her voice was husky. He looked at her. Her eyes were closed, her face flushed. Her lips were open, she was almost panting. Her nipples were pushing their way through her top. He groaned seeing her look like how he imagined she would look like if he were touching her, arousing her. He started to lean down, mesmerized by the sight of her.

She opened her eyes in response to his groan and he realized what he was about to do. He reared back, standing, going over to the window. He took a deep breath. He had never wanted anyone as badly as he wanted Buffy right now. He heard her get up and approach him. Without turning to look at her he bolted out the back door.

She stomped out to the main part of the shop. She threw herself in a chair. Xander and Willow both looked at her. Xander spoke. "That was a fast work out. Where's Giles?"

"Gone."

"Gone?"

"Gone."

"I don't get it, what do you mean gone? Like Hellmouth gone, like you slayed him gone, like he's gone to get jelly doughnuts gone?"

She crossed her arms over her breasts. "He's just gone, okay?"

Xander shrugged. "Fine. He's gone, I get it." He caught Willow's eyes and she looked confused too. "So, will he be back?"

Buffy made a frustrated noise. She stood up and paced around a little. "I'm gonna go look for him. I'll be back." She swept out the door.

Xander looked at Willow. "What's going on?"

Willow flashed him an innocent wide-eyed look. He rolled his eyes. He made a beeping noise. "Sorry, wrong answer, let's try contestant number two, what's going on?"

"I didn't do anything."

"Okay, not sure I believe you but let's give you the benefit of the doubt for the moment. What's up with Buffy? What was up with the....you know... the things against the thing there, with Giles."

The bell rang again and it was Giles this time. He looked around the shop carefully making note of the occupants. He relaxed marginally. He walked over to the table. "Buffy still in back?" His face sort of squinched up.

Xander spoke. "Nope, she's out looking for you. Apparently you were gone." He looked at Giles. "Good to have you back."

"Yes, well, thank you."

Willow decided the time was ripe for an exit. She stood throwing her backpack over her shoulder. "I'm....uh, I'm...late, yes I'm late. Have to go. Tara is waiting for me." She flashed them both a disconcerted smile and headed for the door. Both men watched her go. Giles sat down.

Xander turned his attention back to Giles. "Preoccupied?"

Giles took off his glasses and threw them on the table. He needed his world to be a little blurry. He rubbed his hand over his face.

The bell rang again. Xander put up a hand to reassure Giles as he started to turn around. "False alarm, it's not Buffy."

Giles blew out a breath and sat back. Then he sat up straight his eyes widening in alarm. Xander turned his head and saw Buffy enter through the side door. Buffy stormed over to Giles. "I've been looking for you. Why did you run off?"

"I...I...I..."

"Ay, ay, ay." Xander muttered to himself.

"I mean it Giles, why did you run away?" She stood there tapping her foot.

"I needed to beat it." His eyes widened in horror. "Beat...beat the deadline, beat the deadline for something I had to mail. I was afraid the post office would close."

She narrowed her eyes. Then she smiled. She walked over to him, went to stand behind him. She started rubbing his shoulders. "So, did everything.... come out okay? I would have been glad to help." He closed his eyes, a blush spreading across his face. She ran her hands down the length of his arms her breasts pressing up against his upper back. She breathed in his ear. Her tongue came out and licked his earlobe. "I'll see you tonight, after patrol." She stood, flashed Xander a grin and grabbing her t-shirt, she left the store.

Giles caught Xander's eyes, which were bugging out of his head. Xander gasped, "Giles, what the hell was that? Did I wake up in the wrong world? Was that Buffy? Did she....Giles, she was totally coming on to you. You did see that right?" He looked at Giles, hoping that maybe Giles hadn't seen it, that hopefully it hadn't happened. "I mean, earlier, Buffy and the... you know.. the stretch thing, it could have been an accident, right? But this." He held his hand pointing as if Buffy was still standing there behind Giles. Giles didn't know what to say. He and Xander sat looking at each other. Giles put his face in his hands.

Xander reached out and put his hand on Giles' shoulder in a moment of male solidarity. He spoke again, "Hey big G, if she's set her sights on you, you might as well just give up. Bigger men than you have fallen under the power of the Buffinator."

Giles slumped in his chair. "Xander, I'm her watcher for God's sake."

"And that means...?"

Giles blushed. "I...she....we..."

"What? Something from the slayer handbook? No watcher/slayer hanky panky?"

"N...not exactly."

"So, no rules about that stuff?"

Giles looked at Xander. "Just my own."

Xander nodded. He thought about how Buffy had acted. "Yeah, well good luck keeping them."

Giles nodded morosely. He was running out of luck.

Xander looked at Giles, "You know it sort of makes sense."

Giles looked at him, eyebrows high, "Wh..what?"

"You and Buffy."

"Wh..what?"

"You said that already." Xander paused. "I mean, you're together all the time. You both have that destiny thing going on. You both have rotten track records for the romance thing and no hope on the horizon." He looked at Giles, opening his mouth again to speak.

Giles lifted both his hands, "Stop, just stop. Don't say another thing, I beg of you." Xander shut his mouth.

"I'm just saying once you get past the total eeww factor and the years of therapy I'll need, that it makes a certain sense, that's all."

Giles glared at Xander. Xander stood. "I'm going. See me leaving. Color me gone." He walked out the door.

End of part 3

Stalking 4

Giles looked at the clock. He sighed. It was three minutes after the last time

he'd looked. It was still early although not so early that Buffy couldn't be arriving any time. He felt a moment of commiseration for all the vampires that Buffy had stalked throughout her career as a slayer.

The phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Giles, it's Xander. You have to come to the Bronze, now."

"What on earth for?"

"It's Buffy."

"I don't understand."

"She's being stupid."

"Xander, could you please be a little clearer."

"I think she's had too much to drink but Anya says she's in heat." There was a pause. "Do slayers go into heat?"

"Don't be ridiculous."

"Well it would certainly explain the way she was acting today."

"Oh, well thank you very much."

"Hey, I'm the guy who said it made sense, remember?"

"I really don't understand why you want me to come down there."

All of a sudden Giles could hear an argument coming over the phone. "Hey, Anya, don't grab the phone from me when I'm talking." "Well, you're not saying it right." "What do you mean? I just told him to come down here." "Tell him she's acting like a skanky ho and then pretending she knows us and it's embarrassing." "I'm not gonna tell him that." "Xander, look what she's doing now." "God is that even legal? Hey, hey buddy get your hands off her a..."

Giles stood up. "Get his hands off her what?"

"Just get down here now!" Xander hung up.

Giles moved. He ran, actually. The music was pounding and the dance floor was filled with people throwing themselves around. He started looking for

Buffy. He found Xander and Anya first. They were sitting at a table, both of them covering their eyes with their hands. He followed where their eyes would have been looking and saw Buffy. He was sure that there were at least five states where you could be arrested for that. Giles saw green, and then he saw red.

He started making his way to Buffy and when people got a look at his eyes they dove out of his way. Two of the young men around Buffy were more interested in her and how she was gyrating against them to notice Giles. One of them had his hands on her hips and he was starting to raise his hands up her sides. As his thumbs reached the underside of her breasts the young man felt himself being lifted off the floor by his collar. He turned his head to find himself looking into some very angry green eyes.

He was placed back on the floor only to find his face covered by a large hand and the sensation of flying as Giles pushed him away from Buffy hard. He turned around to take care of the other young man only to see him dragging Buffy off the dance floor towards the hallway that led to the bathrooms and an exit.

Anya and Xander had peeked through their fingers at the commotion. They saw Giles send one man flying and start off after the other one.

Anya moaned. "If he comes over here and acts like he knows us too I will never be able to come back here."

"Why? He's being all manly, I thought you liked all manly."

"Everyone's just going to think he's Buffy's pimp."

Giles caught up to Buffy and bachelor number two. He grabbed Buffy's arm.

"Buffy. What the hell do you think you are doing?"

She spun around at his voice. "Giles!" She threw herself in his arms. Giles' arms closed around her.

The young man came up. "Hey, she's with me, get lost."

Giles glared at him. The young man took a step back. Giles looked down at Buffy holding onto him. He snarled. "It would appear she doesn't want to be with you."

"Yeah, well who the hell are you?"

"I'm her....I'm her.... Giles searched for the right word. "I'm her guardian."

Buffy walloped him in the stomach. He almost doubled over.

"You are so not my guardian. That is so ewww."

"Then what exactly am I then?" He gasped the words out.

"You're my....you're my...."

"Exactly." He turned and glared at the young man again and stepped towards him. At this second glare the man's courage fled and he ran out the back door.

"Why on earth did you hit me?" He pushed Buffy away from him.

"You said you were my guardian."

"I was rescuing you from that Neanderthal." He glared at Buffy. "From the entire Cro-Magnon nation actually."

"I didn't need rescuing. No one asked you to rescue me."

"Yes, actually someone did exactly that. Xander called me at home to come and rescue you before you did something stupid."

She gasped. "Something stupid? Me, stupid? There is only one stupid person standing here and it is for sure not me."

Giles pinched the bridge of his nose pushing his glasses up as he did so.

"Buffy, what in the hell are you talking about? And why did you punch me? I am your guardian in a certain sort of way." His eyes darkened. "And what is, as you so succinctly put it, so ewww about that? You didn't seem to think it was so ewww yesterday, or...or today for that matter." Giles could feel himself blushing.

Buffy stared at him. She stepped very close to him and she was too short to give him the glare she wanted. She looked around looking for something to stand on. She found something. She stalked over, got it, placed it in front of Giles, and stood on it. Now eye-to-eye she glared at him. Someone brushed by them and knocked into Buffy. She started to stumble off her perch when Giles put his hands on her hips to steady her.

Buffy's body shivered at the feel of his hands on her body. She lost all train of thought and wrapping her arms around him, one behind his head she pulled

his face closer to hers placing her lips upon his. She used her tongue to try and tease his lips open. She pulled him in closer. He started back, putting up his hands to gently push her away. He couldn't, she used her slayer strength to stay put and kept kissing him. He tried to move his head back but her hand behind his head prevented him from moving.

Giles knew this was wrong. He knew he needed to stop this. He...mmm. She bit his lips following the bite with her tongue. "Oh, God.." He crushed her to him. His tongue met hers and she moaned. He positioned his head to better capture her lips and she pushed her body against his. She felt his erection and lifted one of her legs up his thigh to push even closer against it. He reached down a hand and grabbed her leg by the knee, lifting it higher. He ran his hand up her thigh and caressed her butt. He thrust his tongue in her mouth imagining her underneath him, his cock thrusting into her.

Someone else brushed by them and laughed. "Hey c'mon buddy, get a room."

Giles' sanity returned. "Oh, dear God." He'd been about to....and he was in a bar....and oh God, Xander and Anya. He tore his mouth away from Buffy's lips and looked behind him. Xander and Anya were still at the same table except this time facing him and Buffy, their faces in their hands again.

He looked back at Buffy. She looked just like she had earlier today. Her lips were full and wet, her eyes clouded with passion. Not kissing her took more self-control he thought he possessed. He wanted to throw her down on the ground and show her just what a watcher was capable of. He pulled out of her embrace and pulled her down off her perch. He brought her over to the table where Anya and Xander were sitting and sat her down. He figured he had another 30 seconds before she snapped out of it. He moved Xander's hands from his face and pointed to Buffy.

"Take her home." He could see Buffy's eyes clearing, the passion being replaced with a less friendly emotion. He waited for Xander's nod and then he ran for the exit.

Buffy made as if to run after him but Xander grabbed her hand. She could have broken free but she stopped and looked at him.

"Buffy, what are you doing?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you just looking for a good time and Giles is a means to an end?"

Her eyes got even less friendly. "What exactly do you take me for?"

He tightened his lips. "I'm not sure after watching you tonight. What were you trying to prove?"

Anya chimed in. "Besides proving to the world that you're a.." Xander took his hand and put it over Anya's mouth.

"An, not helping." He turned back to Buffy. "If Giles hadn't shown up here tonight what would you have done?"

"I can take care of myself. I didn't need to be rescued."

"I didn't mean it that way. I mean what would you have done? Would you have gone off with that guy and done what you'd been hinting at out on the dance floor?"

"No."

"So, what were you doing?"

She scowled. "I just wanted to make sure that I...."

He waited. Then prompted. "That you...?"

"That men still thought I was sexy."

Xander's mouth fell open. "Excuse me?"

"Well, I've been trying for weeks to get Giles to notice me and I've been trying really, really hard over the last two days and all he does is not notice or he runs away. What's wrong with me?"

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with you. You are gorgeous." He forestalled Anya. "I mean not as gorgeous as Anya, but a close second." He grinned at Anya and she smiled back, satisfied.

"Well, then what's wrong with Giles? Why doesn't he even notice me?"

"From where I was sitting he looked like he was noticing you just fine."

"Yeah, but then he ran away. Again." She slumped, feeling defeated. "I don't know what to do about it."

"Which brings us full circle. What is the 'it' you are trying to do something about? Do you just want to have a good time? Because if that's what this is

about I think you picked the wrong guy."

She shook her head frustrated. "No, I want to be with him."

"You mean like in the biblical sense of the word?"

"No, well, yes, but.... I want to be with him, all the time. I want to be around him, and hang with him, and wake up with him, and figure out all the things he likes and doesn't like."

"You love him."

She nodded her head, miserable.

He rolled his eyes. "Did it ever cross your mind to just tell him that instead of making with the Don Juanita routine?"

"Xander, I'm so bad at the talking stuff. I figured we could do all the talking after."

Anya nodded. "See, that's exactly what I thought. First Xander and I would have sex and then....well actually I thought then I'd get over him but it didn't work. I just wanted to have more sex." She looked at Xander. "In fact, I sort of feel like having sex now. Can we go?"

Xander took a deep breath. "Yes, just give me a minute." Anya nodded, looking at her watch.

"Buffy, I know that you think this is a good plan, but I gotta tell you, you need to rethink it. When it comes to you Giles is never going to be a sex first, talk later kind of guy. You're too important to him. You have to talk with him first."

A frustrated groan came from Buffy as she laid her head on the table. "I can't. Every time I realize I should just talk with him it is always after I have done something so stupid like tonight that I can't even think of facing him. God, he must think I'm a complete ho."

Anya nodded. "We all think that."

Buffy groaned again. Xander patted her on the hand. "Look, give it a rest tonight, then talk with him tomorrow."

Buffy's head shaking was clear even with her face lying on the table. "I can't. I can't ever look at him again."

Xander laughed. "C'mon, we'll drive you home. You can drown your sorrows in some ice cream."

Her voice was muffled. "I don't have any. I ate it all."

"Then we'll stop on the way home and get you some."

"Okay."

End of part 4

Stalking 5

Anya watched Giles as he paced around the store again muttering to himself. He had been doing it all day. She was sick of it.

"Giles." He kept pacing. "Giles."

He looked up. "Yes?"

Anya rolled her eyes. "What is wrong with you?"

He frowned. "Excuse me?"

"Why won't you just have sex with Buffy."

His eyes got wide. "This is....I can't even....I won't discuss this with you."

"Why not? You had your tongue down her throat right in front me last night."

He blushed. "I..er...that...this is none of your business."

"It is my business when it makes you all crazy and you make my work day extremely unpleasant."

"Oh, well, let me offer my deepest apologies to you. Especially as you have never allowed your attitude to affect this place."

"Look, she wants you. It was pretty clear last night that you aren't completely averse to the idea. You're both adults. What is the problem?"

"Anya, I'm her watcher."

"So, I've seen watchers and slayers get together. It's no big deal."

"You've....I didn't know that."

"Oh, yeah. You're the first watcher I've known who wasn't sleeping with his slayer."

"Really?" He considered this for a minute then he frowned. "You're making this up."

"I'm not."

His eyes narrowed. "How many watchers have you known?"

She made a face at him. "Four."

He rolled his eyes. "How many?"

"Okay, three. And all three were busy having orgasms with their slayers. Don't you think that if the three watchers I met are doing that that most of the rest of them were too?"

"Three including me?"

She stamped her foot. "Okay, fine, three including you, but you want to have orgasms even if you're not getting any yet so that counts." She glared at him. "If Xander had been like you he and I would never have gotten together. I mean, if it's what you both want, who's gonna care that you're her watcher? I mean who cares? You're not that important."

"You have such a lovely way of getting your point across, Anya."

She snapped at him. "Listen, if that is the only thing that's stopping you, it's just stupid."

He snapped back at her. "I don't know what she wants."

Anya snorted. "If you can't figure out what she wants there is no hope for you at all."

"For heaven's sake Anya, do give me some credit. That's not what I mean. What does she want with me? What is this to her? You saw her last night, the way she was with..." He scowled. "The way she was on the dance floor. She was leaving with one of them when I caught up with her."

"She was just desperate. She's been thinking that she's lost all her sex

appeal seeing as you've been completely ignoring her as she flaunts herself at you. She wanted to make sure everything was in working order."

His eyebrows rose. "Buffy was wondering if her sex appeal..." He shook his head. "I have a hard time believing that."

"Yeah, well even you have to believe that as soon as you showed up she certainly wasn't paying any attention to anyone else. Of course, neither were you. Both of you were practically having sex right there in front of everybody."

Giles blushed. "I don't know why she would want me."

Anya scowled at him. "You believe too much what everyone says about you. Giles, you're a good-looking guy. You're nice. You're good to her."

He waved his hand at her. "Thank you Anya but I wasn't meaning to come across as so self-deprecating. I know women are interested in me. I get hit on regularly here; you've seen it." He looked at her for confirmation.

"Yes, I do see women come on to you and you ignore all of them. You won't date anybody. Why?"

"It's too complicated to try and fit dating in with my life."

"Exactly, the same is true of Buffy, that's why you guys are perfect for each other."

"Just because our lives are complicated and dating is awkward doesn't mean she should end up with me as a consolation prize. I am a lot older than Buffy. I saw her last night. Any one of those younger men would have paid money to spend time with her." He stopped, shook his head. "That didn't quite come out right. But, nevertheless, I saw how much she was enjoying herself. I'm never going to get out there on a dance floor like that with her. I don't care how much I've had to drink."

"What I saw was that she couldn't take her hands off of you."

"Desire on its own isn't sufficient reason to risk a friendship and a future that requires us to be together and work well together. I am afraid that if she and I...uh...that if we get together that sooner or later she will come to her senses and realize that she's started something that she doesn't want to finish. I am afraid that it will destroy our relationship in the long run." He looked down, embarrassed that he had spoken of his concerns so freely.

She stared at him a long time. He started sifting through the papers on the

counter. She walked over to be closer to him.

"Giles?" He looked up. "Are you afraid she's going to break your heart?"

He looked down. He picked up a crystal from the basket by the register and ran his fingers down its rough edges. His lips tightened. "I suppose I am." He looked up at Anya, a rueful smile on his face.

"She loves you."

His eyes widened. She nodded. "She told us that last night."

"She told you that she loves me?" He watched Anya nod. "Really?" Anya nodded again.

Giles started to grin and then he got a concerned look on his face. "Maybe she meant she loves me like a father or a brother?"

"Yeah, right, that's why she's been trying to have sex with you."

"Oh, well, there is that, isn't there." He caught Anya's nod and he smiled at her. She smiled back.

"So, you'll have sex with her now?"

Giles nodded absently, then he shook his head. Then he caught himself. "Anya, that is still none of your business." He sighed. Anya frowned.

"I didn't like the sound of that sigh. Giles, you need to get over this watcher thing. None of us have traditional relationships, why should you be any different?"

The bell over the front door rang and Buffy walked in. She saw Giles and Anya talking together and frowned. She stopped and Giles wondered if she was going to leave. She straightened her shoulders and stalked over to the counter.

She opened her mouth to talk and Giles beat her to it. There was something he could do. He didn't want her doubting herself. "Buffy, you look lovely today."

That stopped her. "I do?"

Giles nodded. "Quite lovely."

"Oh, well, thanks. I guess."

Giles eyebrows rose. She spoke hurriedly. "You're not usually big on the compliments, that's all."

"Yes, and I've been quite remiss about that." He turned to Anya. "You look lovely today too."

Anya grinned. "Thank you." She looked back and forth between the two of them. She opened her mouth to speak but Giles put his hand up to stop her. "Don't even think about saying whatever it is you are planning to say."

Anya frowned. "But..."

"No buts. The rest of it, as I have already said, is really none of your business. Assuming you still want a job in the morning."

"I was just trying to help."

"I know, and I'm grateful, truly, but it's time to stop helping now."

Buffy was trying to follow the conversation. She looked at them both. "What are you guys talking about?"

Anya opened her mouth to speak again but she caught Giles' look and snapped her mouth shut. "Apparently nothing."

Buffy looked at Giles, a question still on her face. He ignored the unspoken question. "Have you come to train?" Buffy nodded. "Good, why don't you get warmed up and I'll be along shortly." Buffy headed into the back room, looking back over her shoulder at the two of them, her brow furrowed.

Anya looked at Giles. "Go have sex with her now. I'll make sure no one goes back there." She wiggled her eyebrows, a silly grin on her face.

Giles gaped at her. "No, Anya, I am not going to.... even discuss this with you."

"Well at least shut the door behind you. It will give you a couple seconds warning."

Giles rolled his eyes. "Thank you, Anya, I'll keep it in mind." After assisting a customer he walked into the back. He shut the door behind him.

End of part 5

Stalking 6

Buffy was wearing another skimpy outfit, shorter leggings, and a cropped top. She was stretching out her leg muscles lying on her back on the floor. Giles, for the first time he could remember, stood there and just enjoyed looking at her body. He waited for the voice inside of him to scold him, to shame him, but it wasn't there. Buffy looked up and saw him standing there.

She scowled, misinterpreting his silence and his distance. "I'm sorry about last night."

He pursed his lips. "Which part of it?"

"Sorry?"

"I said which part of it are you sorry about?"

She just looked at him. He tried again. He needed to know something. "Last night, did...are you...do you always dance like that?"

She blushed and covered her face with her hands. She muttered something he couldn't hear. He walked over closer and squatted down. "I couldn't hear you, what did you say?"

"Only when I'm feeling insane."

"Ah. And how often is that?"

"In the past year? Just last night."

He ran his hand through his hair. "That boy, the one that was dragging you, where were you going with him?"

"I figured I'd let him drag me past the ladies bathroom and I'd hop off there."

"So, you weren't going to leave with him?"

She shook her head. "I know I was acting really bad last night, but nothing was going to happen with anybody there."

Giles looked at her, looked at her lips. She saw him looking. She felt a thrill of desire run through her remembering how they had kissed, how wonderful it

had felt. She licked her lips and got up on her knees reaching for him. He put his hand up to stop her. "Something did happen with somebody there."

"With you."

He looked at her, his head cocked to one side. Then he stood offering his hand to her.

"Are you up for more hand-to-hand today?"

She took a deep breath. "Sure." She squared off against him on the mat. They fought ferociously for a few minutes, neither one immediately gaining the upper hand. Finally Buffy got a good handhold and threw Giles to the ground. As he was falling he swept out with his leg and took her down too. She thumped down landing by his side. He smiled at her and lay back, looking at the ceiling. She lay there watching him, her head propped up on her hand, elbow resting on the mat, wondering why he wasn't getting up.

"Did I hurt you?"

He shook his head. He lay there for another minute. Then he rolled over, propping his head up as well. He looked at her. With his free hand he tucked some loose hair behind her ear. "Buffy, you are the most beautiful and sexy woman I know." Her jaw dropped. His hand came up again and closed her mouth. He smiled and stood holding out his hand to help her up. "Again." He assumed a fighting stance. She matched him.

They moved into a fluid balance of defensive and offensive moves. Again, Buffy eventually got the better of him and knocked him to the floor. She sat down next to him this time. He lay on his back again, not speaking. He turned his head and watched her for a moment. She watched him back. She spoke. "Why did you tell me that?"

"I thought you might want to know."

"Did Anya say anything to you?"

"About what specifically? We do spend all day together."

"About anything I said last night."

"Yes, she did. She always feels the need to tell me everything no matter how much I beg her not to."

"Well, remember I was insane last night and some of the stuff I said was

just... you know, insane." She looked at him with a worried expression on her face. "What exactly did she say?"

"She said you were being 'insane' because you were doubting yourself." He gave in to the temptation and raised his hand to lay his fingers against her cheek. He gently rubbed her soft skin. "Were you? Doubting yourself? Did I do that to you?"

She raised her hand and pressed it over his, not allowing him to remove it. She closed her eyes for a minute.

He continued. "Because I'm sorry if I did. That was never my intention. You are an extraordinarily lovely woman. Don't ever doubt that for a minute. All those men last night wanted you." His voice got tight at the end of his statement and she opened his eyes and saw the unhappiness there.

"I didn't want any of them." She moved his hand to her lips and gently kissed his palm. "I just want you."

Giles couldn't stop a groan from escaping his lips and he could feel his body respond as he felt her start to kiss each of his fingers in turn. She inched over to him. "Giles, are you going to run away again?"

He just stared at her, amazed anew at her beauty. He sat up, facing her. He took his other hand and ran it through her ponytail. He had always wanted to do that too. "It's so soft. I always wondered what it felt like." She reached behind her and took out her scrunchie. Her hair fell loose around her head. He smiled at her. He reached to touch it again. "So soft, like silk."

She took his face in her hands. "Giles, I need to know. Are you going to run away again, because I want you so badly it's making me insane. What will it take to make you want me?"

Giles pulled away from her hands, incredulous. "Want you? Jesus." He looked down at himself, shook his head. "Buffy, I've been hard almost every time we've been alone for months. This is not about whether I want you or not." He took her hands and held them between his. "I want you all the time. These last couple of days have been torture."

"Why did you keep stopping me then?"

"Because...because I wanted more than you just wanting me." He pulled his legs up, wrapping his arms around his knees. "I don't want to just have sex with you, Buffy. It's not enough for me. You're too important to me to risk throwing everything away for that. Anya made me believe that this isn't just

about you wanting me. Is it more than that to you?"

She nodded.

"A lot more?"

She nodded again, her eyes filled with her love for him.

He smiled, allowing all of his love for her to fill his eyes, holding nothing back.

"Are you sure?"

She nodded again, her eyes starting to grow bright with tears.

He touched her face again. "I'm sorry if I hurt you. I wasn't running away from you, I was running away from myself."

She reached out and touched his knee. "What do you mean?" He couldn't believe how fast his body responded to her, just to a touch. He dropped his head. He laughed a little and shook his head. He couldn't even remember why he'd been fighting this for so long.

He glanced over at her, ran his eyes lightly over her body. He looked at her, leaning in. "If I'd stayed another minute any of those times, I'd have had you naked underneath me, with me thrusting inside of you before you even knew what was happening."

She moaned a little, shifting her body, heat pooling in response to his words. She could feel her nipples tighten. He shifted too, moving over a little closer. "Every time I saw your nipples hard, like that, all I wanted to do was put my mouth on one, run my tongue over it, make it even harder." He ran his hand along the edge of her top. She moaned again, her breath catching in her throat at the thought.

He continued, stalking her with his voice. "And last night, when you kissed me, when your tongue was touching mine, all I wanted to do was take you. In front of all those people, with the music pounding through my blood just push you against the wall, lift up your skirt, and pound myself into you letting everyone there know that you were mine."

Buffy's head fell back and she moaned again. Giles ran his hand from her neck to her lips. He brushed her lips with his thumb. Ran his thumb lightly between her lips. She pulled his thumb into her mouth, gently suckling on it.

He pulled his thumb out and put it in his mouth, tasting it. "All I've done over

the last few days is think about touching you. Think about tasting you. Think about the feel of you. How your breasts would feel under my hands, how your skin would taste as I worked my way down your body. How wet you'd be and how wonderful you'd taste. I wanted to taste it, taste you after you'd come in my mouth."

He moved even closer until he was pressing up against her. He put his thumb back in his mouth and wet it. He touched her lips with it, wetting them. "And I thought about you touching me. How much I wanted your hands on me. The feeling of your hands around my cock, that it would be harder for you than it's ever been. That the sensation of your hands touching my body would drive me insane. Imagining your lips kissing me all over, feeling like I've never been this turned on in my life, having you next to me, naked, touching me."

He moved his lips close to hers. "Do you believe that I want you?" She whimpered, nodding. "Do you believe me when I say that all I think about is you lying on my bed, your hair fanned out on my pillow, our bodies pressing against each other, the feel of your breasts against my chest. My cock inside you, filling you, feeling you surround me. Do you believe me when I say that I want that?" He watched her lips as they parted in another moan.

He slowly lay her down, watching her body shiver. He ran his thumb over her lips again running his hand down her neck. He ran his hand over her breast, gently rubbing the hardened nipple, his hand continued down her stomach until he cupped her mound. He softly rubbed just for a moment and she pushed into his hand moaning as her body shattered into an orgasm. He caught her moans with his lips capturing her tongue with his and he held her as she pulsed underneath his hand. She slowly relaxed and reached her arms around him to pull him closer into the kiss.

She pulled back, finally, and looked at him. "Oh, my God. That was....amazing. What did you do to me?"

He grinned at her, his eyes filled with desire and mischief. "And just think, I barely touched you." Her eyes widened.

"Oh my God." She pulled him back down for another kiss. He laughed against her lips and then he started touching her.

##

Xander walked into the Magic Shop shortly after 5:00. Anya was grinning, looking at the door to the training room.

"Hey hon."

She looked at him still grinning.

"What's so funny? Where's Giles?"

"He and Buffy are training. They've been training for two hours straight, with the door shut and with lots of orgasm noises." She grinned again.

His jaw dropped. "Buffy and Giles are back there right now humping like a couple of sex fiends?"

Anya nodded, grinning. She held her head up proudly. "I talked him into it. I told him that Buffy loved him."

"Hey, I helped by talking to Buffy last night. You'd never have known that if I hadn't been in helpful friend mode."

Anya thought for a moment. "Yes, you were very helpful. Thank you."

"You're welcome." He grinned at her. "For two hours?"

"Non-stop."

"Wow, I'm impressed. That Giles is quite an animal."

"It's making me want you. Let's go home."

He grinned. "Okay. Lock up, let's go."

Arms around each other they walked out of the shop, locking it behind them as they headed for home.

The End