

An Autumn Evening 1/5

Summary Giles is depressed.

The only one he could ever talk to was dead and buried. He had returned to work after the funeral. Xander had mourned and matured. Giles found a kindred spirit in the lad, they had both loved Chloe and often in the weeks after her death would spend evenings together discussing Watcher lore, Xander drained Giles of information about what it was like to be a Watcher eventually convincing him that he would make an excellent investigator.

Xander was a bunch of questions in a body and Giles was the opposite with answers. At the end of the evening Giles closed the door on Xander's retreating back and fled to Chloe's room and the vial she left behind. The day came when it was empty and Giles went out on a hunt for more.

Angel and Buffy organised a Wake for Chloe a few weeks after the funeral. Giles was guest of honour, he arrived late and de-tweeded. He smiled at them all and attached himself firmly to Willow's side. She didn't mind his attention one bit! He shared childhood stories with the gang and seemed to be in good form, almost out-quipping Xander at times. Buffy went to the bar with Angel to re-fill everyone's drinks, she looked back at Giles.

"He looks well, doesn't he, Angel? I have my old Watcher back." Angel stared at Giles and filled his lungs briefly, he knew it was an act.

"Not for long..."he muttered. The book in his breast pocket quaked fearfully at the Watcher-Slayers destructive path. Angel lay his hand gently on the infants back soothing it. "We'll help him darlin"

##

Xander was leaving to train in London to be a Watcher it was Chloe's last wish and his fervent hope to be a Watcher who would make Giles proud. The gang was there at the airport to see him off. Giles hugged him and wished him well. Xander paced backwards, burning them all into his memory, especially Giles.

"I'll return by Thanksgiving, in full Tweed," he joked.

##

He carefully arranged the flowers on Chloes grave. The red roses were from Xander, deposited earlier in the day by special messenger. It was kind of him to think of Chloe whilst in the middle of his final exams as a Trainee Watcher. Xander's letters were full of jokes and snipes at his professors and Giles spirits lifted whenever a new letter arrived.

He smiled sadly down at the grave. Chloe hadn't had Polio as a child So the excuse his father had used to have her educated solely by Watchers was a lie. His father knew all along just how special Chloe was. She was the Watcher-Slayer, a hybrid sworn to silence during the hours of darkness and a play of normality during the day.

Chloe had killed her first vampire when she was eleven. At thirty Whilst she showed the first signs of the cancer that was to kill her she was sent to the Orient by the Council to a

temple that proved to be a vampire 'Hot Spot'. Chloe walked into and active Hellmouth. The vampires couldn't believe their luck! Not only an English woman to feast on but a Slayer! She was held captive and tortured for three years, during that time she had three human babies. Their father turned them and one fateful night they were let out to feed...

Chloe staked her own children and every undead thing in the temple.

##

He sighed and gathered the plastic wrappings from the flowers. He plucked one rose from Xander's bunch and placed it on Jenny's grave. Chloe wouldn't mind sharing, then he walked slowly away.

##

Giles was depressed. He was going out tonight. If Willow were here, she would talk him out of it. But they hadn't parted on the best of terms. Towards the end of the summer term they argued on a daily basis. She trying her best to get him to talk about his feelings and he doing his damndest to push her away.

God! He needed her now! What he did tonight would be the answer to all his prayers and make his problems fade away. He made sure he had plenty of cash and glanced in the mirror before leaving, he didn't look like a Watcher. He looked hungry and oblivious to his responsibilities. He wanted to be... Ripper.

##

It was early in the morning when he staggered into his sitting room. He dropped his coat and kicked off his shoes, stretched his arms over his head and kicked his door shut. He let his arms drop to his sides. He felt good. Nice and warm. He grinned suddenly Ethan might describe him as 'well fucked.' He sank down into his sofa and dozed for a while.

The next night was a repeat of the first, he went to the Bronze and partied till dawn, the crowd at that time of day had just one thing on their mind, getting high and remaining so, Ripper eagerly joined in. Slowly and surely Giles slipped away and Ripper's lust for pleasure and thrills surfaced, but he was no longer in his twenties and soon it stopped being a pleasure and became a necessity. Ripper abandoned his post, leaving Giles to deal with his addiction.

##

Giles got ready to go out quickly. His movements were jerky and he sniffed constantly. He'd left it too long this time. Cash? Yes. Enough? Perhaps... He left in a hurry.

He was back inside an hour walking calmly round his flat looking for something to sell. He collected all the items he could and put them in a holdall. He looked through his possessions again.

A silver photo frame with picture. He turned it over and shut his eyes on the memories. He opened the back with numb fingers and took out the photographs, laying them face down on the bed. He picked up an earring from the dresser and put it down again. He couldn't sell that! He surveyed the room one last time and left, closing the door behind him.

##

He knew he had to stop soon, but his body had other ideas, he craved the oblivion the drugs gave him. His mind could only function in drug induced calm. There were so many demons and plots that he fancied it was a personal vendetta! His sister was dead and now they were coming after him! Where the hell is the vein? He strained to see in the dim light of his room. There...home! He sucked in a tortured breath, in his imagination cards were filed, books were shelved and his desk was clear, for another day. Not so long ago it would have lasted a week, he stowed his kit and tumbled into his bed in dreamless sleep.

His bed was a comfortable mess. Ethan would love it. Ethan would have loved it. His friend had become terribly proper in the last twenty years, not quite so reckless. Nothing less than silk sheets and maid service would do for Ethan now. Maiden service! He laughed and slowly reached over to his nightstand. Time for more. Someone came in downstairs. He hesitated then finished tying the tourniquet. If he was quick he could be done before they came in.

"Giles..." That was Willow. The needle slid easily into his vein and gasped at the relief rush. "Giles, the place is a tip..." She's coming up the stairs. The drug took him away as she opened the door. Willow came into the room. He sniffed her perfume and turned languidly to face her. He smiled gently and reached out a hand to stroke her arm. She pulled away staring in horror at the state of his room, his fingers dropped from her arm and the tourniquet slipped to the floor.

She stepped back from the bed. "Oh, Giles! What have you done?"

His eyes closed in sleep. He was conscious of her drifting about the room picking up clothes and shaking them. He heard his kettle whistle then much, much later a vacuum being used.

The noise was deafening after all the weeks of quiet. He sat up completely awake and in a foul mood. He got out of bed too quickly and waited while his head caught up. He wrapped his robe round him and ventured downstairs. He reached round Willow and switched the cleaner off.

"Why do you have to make such an infernal racket, woman?" They regarded each other in silence. She turned the cleaner back on and carried on with her vacuuming. He went into the kitchen and sighed.

"You've washed up. I had a system going you know. I was growing fond of the mould in this cup! It was the only friend I had!" He was shouting over the noise when she suddenly turned the cleaner off and started to wind the flex round the handle to put it away.

"You have friends, Giles. Not many would like to see you in the state I saw you in earlier. When did you last eat? You look ill." Willow was trying very hard not to scream at him, rage at him. How dare he endanger his life! Didn't he know that she cared about him?

She watched him as he watched her. There was something about him now. A dangerous sort of something. He turned toward the sink and stared out of the window.

"Go Willow. Leave me be." He felt her arms link round his chest and he took a deep breath.

"No. I won't leave you. You need help Giles."

He thought desperately, how can I get her to go? She couldn't want me now, surely? He twisted round in her grasp, the robe opening, and pulled her to him. Kissing her, he slipped her arm from round him and softly kissed up her arm from her wrist to the crook of her elbow.

"Mmmm, Willow, you have such soft skin." He glanced up at her, his eyes a vibrant green.

"C'mon, Willow, come upstairs and I'll make you feel... wonderful!" He took her by the hand and she followed willingly. In his now tidy room she halted, feeling awkward and shy. He smiled gently at her and reached for her arm taking it in a vice-like grip. He opened the drawer of the nightstand.

He gazed at the soft skin and grinned wickedly. "Soon have this looking like mine..." He bared his forearm for her to see. Her eyes widened in panic and she struggled to free herself, screamed and fled. Giles sank to the floor and couldn't stop his tears. She wouldn't come near now. He had frightened her too much.

##

Willow was crying onto the vampire's shoulder. It had taken her an hour to tell him all that had happened.

Angel's expression was hard to define but it had murderous intent in there somewhere. The prophecy volume squirmed against his body, it knew another Watcher-Slayer was near. He marched to Giles' house broke in and found him passed out on the stairs.

End of Pt 1

An Autumn Evening 2/5

Summary Angel Helps Giles through his withdrawal and teaches him to fight like an 'Old Vampire'

Angel sipped blood as his captive awoke. He'd bathed and clothed him and put him in chains. Very long chains. Giles looked round. He was here again at the mansion, the embodiment of all his nightmares. He didn't remember how he got there.

"Hello, Rupert. Welcome to my home. Relax, you're safe here." He smiled, showing his fangs, as he paced slowly round the man on the floor. "You upset Willow, y'know. I don't like my friends being upset."

"W...what are you going to do to me?" Giles stammered, shivering. As the effect of the drugs he'd taken ebbed away.

Angel stopped pacing and crouched down to look into his eyes. "Absolutely nothing. You're going to do it to yourself this time, Rupert."

##

He watched over Rupert as he got steadily worse, he paced at the beginning raging at angel for taking him from his home and pleaded to be set free. Rupert didn't sleep, Angel didn't sleep, and he was getting hungry! If needs be he could last up to two weeks without blood. He gazed at Rupert-pints of warm blood pulsing through his body. Angel felt his vampiric ridges erupt and he fled to the silent blackness of the courtyard. He found two rats and a stray cat. It would do.

Willow was with Buffy. She winced as Buffy took her frustrations out on a hapless and helpless newborn vampire. Angel attracted Willow's attention and she followed him into the shadows.

"About Giles, Willow I've got him." He paused as she reacted. "But I don't cook and he'll need to eat. Could you cook for him and leave it outside?" she nodded.

"The Watchers are frantic. He's not sent any reports in months. They say that if the reports don't start soon they'll send an investigator..." She looked at him anxiously.

"Fake 'em. Send fake reports, Willow. They won't know it's you. If you want him to have a life after this..." He was lost for the word. "Cock-up. Just do it, Willow. Got to go...She's coming." Angel melted into the shadows.

"Who were you talking to, Willow?" Buffy asked.

"Angel..." Keep it simple. Breathe...lie. "He was entertaining and asked me to cook for him." Good. Almost the truth.

He didn't expect the attack. Giles broke a chair over his head as soon as he got in the door. Angel staggered out of the way as a shard of wood whipped through the air towards his chest.

Giles' strength was born of desperation. He kicked at the stake and it skittered away. He held Giles by the throat, his face vamping. The body beneath him was shuddering with pain and the need to stop that pain at any cost. Angel smiled and bared his fangs; the vein throbbled under his fingers.

"I've not eaten in a week, Rupert... Feeling lucky?" He licked the neck and threw the body from him. He picked up the bag containing his food and popped it into the fridge. He glanced back at Giles. He had landed awkwardly with his back slammed against a stone pillar. He didn't move until the next night.

##

Angel was sitting on his sofa reading and murmuring to his book when a noise made him look in Giles' direction. He was standing up.

"I'm hungry..." Angel looked him up and down. God, Giles was a mess! When he didn't get an answer, Giles shouted.

". You've got to feed m.me..." In a sudden rush he lunged at Angel. The chain stopped Giles' momentum. He fell on the floor and brought his hands to his injured ankle. He was weeping with the pain.

"Please... Let me go..." Angel stooped down to him.

"You said 'please' to me once before. Do you remember?" Angel asked gently. Giles nodded his head. "I didn't let you go. I won't let you go until you're fit, Rupert. Do you understand me?"

Rupert hung his head tears filled his eyes. "I scared poor Willow to death! I didn't mean to, God, what must they think of me?"

As Angel regarded Rupert his book warmed and sighed though only he heard or knew its ways, Rupert was getting better. What could he tell him? That no-one save he and Willow knew where he was? That the Council had been trying to track him down? No. All that would send Rupert spiralling down again. He opted for silence. Giles looked at him with realisation dawning in his eyes.

"You're helping me?" Angel nodded. He helped him up and unlocked the chain on his ankle. The doorbell rang. "There's your food...No attacking me when I come back, now..."

Willow held the basket of food for him; she ticked off the items on the shopping list, whispering to him all the time. Which ones were his favourites, how much sugar he had in his tea and was he all right? Angel staggered under the weight of food and information she had imparted.

"Willow, he'll be well. With both of us helping, how can he not be? I'll give him your love." He whispered as well and she blushed and departed.

"Willow sends her love... Giles?" He dropped the basket on the floor. Giles had collapsed by the sofa. Angel checked for a pulse and reached into the basket. He'd seen some orange juice there. Ripping open the carton he hoped his friend would be able to swallow. Giles swallowed, some of the juice spilling down his chin as he finished it. He gasped for breath and sat up a little unsteadily. Angel sat beside him and thanked every God in existence. He didn't fancy his chances at Willows' fair hands if Giles died.

"Look, she's made you a casserole. Let's see if I can heat it without burning it." He left Giles on the sofa while he went to his kitchen.

Angel cut his hand, dripped some of his blood into the meal, and stirred it. His book told him that his blood would protect the new Watcher-Slayer from vampire attack. Giles was the new Watcher-Slayer. He put the casserole into the microwave and set it to full power.

"Ready!" He called. Giles ate like one possessed. When he had finished and digested his first meal, Angel suggested a training session. Giles gave him an odd look.

"You're going to train me?" he said incredulously. Angel nodded.

"Yeah, you fight like an old Watcher. I'm going to train you to fight like an old vampire." Rupert smiled. A challenge at last! He was beginning to live again.

Angel attacked and Giles parried slowly, it was as if all his muscles had seized up.

By daybreak he was exhausted and ready for his bed. He dragged his feet past the kitchen. What was that fantastic smell? Angel smiled as the librarian gulped down the tea.

"Thank God for Willow!" He wrapped his hands lovingly round his second mug and shuffled off to his bed.

##

Two months had passed and Giles had regained the weight he'd lost, partly due to the delicious meals Willow provided, but mostly because of the rigorous training schedule Angel insisted on. He had become accustomed to keeping vampire hours. It was easier all round. Except in bed. Quite often Giles would wake freezing because Angel tended to hog the blankets.

##

Angel picked up the food. As usual, Willow waited nearby for news. She always came as soon as the sun was off the front of the house. That meant she had enough time to get home before dark.

"I've sent in eight reports so far, Angel. They haven't questioned anything so I think I'm getting away with it." She still whispered as if whispering made being deceptive less deceptive. "Buffy is getting anxious. She's searching everywhere for him. How's he doing?"

Angel glanced back at Rupert. He was standing on the other side of the door. He opened the door wide and motioned Giles forward. He hesitated and stepped into the semi-shade of the doorway. Willow gasped when she saw him; he looked good enough to eat. She took a step towards the door and he did the same. They met at the threshold and embraced. She melted into his arms and lifted her face to gaze into his eyes. They seemed to have a touch of gold in them now.

Giles brought Willow into the hall and Angel smiled at them both.

"I'll make myself scarce then..." He wasn't surprised by their lack of response.

End of Pt.2

An Autumn Evening 3/5

Summary Willow puts lead in Giles' pencil and Giles makes a disturbing discovery

Giles guided her into the living area and chose a CD of soft music to dance to. Willow was in her seventh heaven of bliss. Her Giles was back. She searched his eyes for any sign of drugs and found them clear. She parted from him and held him at arm's length.

"I'm clean, Willow, you don't have to look." He kept his voice gentle not wanting to spoil the moment. She was in his arms again her hands clasped round his neck, pulling his head down for a kiss. Her lips were soft and opened to his invading tongue. He kissed her softly at first, feeling the insistent throb in his loins. He began to thrust his hips against hers as they danced.

Willow had almost stopped moving; concentrating on the sensations his tongue was giving her. Her spine tingled and her pussy ached with lust. She tried to capture his erection with movements of her own but never quite managed to do so.

Giles slid his hands down her back to cup her bottom and rucked up her dress. He lathered his tongue over her lips in broad strokes while he massaged her bottom inside her panties. Willow was gasping now. She reached between them to undo the button on Giles' jeans. His tongue stopped and he took a sharp breath. Willow drew his zipper down carefully so as not to hurt him. He wasn't wearing anything under his jeans. Giles grasped the material of her panties and ripped them from her body. He closed his eyes and swallowed hard as Willow's slender hands encircled his cock. She began to stroke up and down, feeling its weight and girth, imagining how good it would feel to be filled by him. His hips jerked as she held his balls in one hand and pistoned her fist up and down. He opened his eyes and groaned with lust.

"Willow...Luv? You've got to stop. I must have you now!"

She stopped her hands where they were and he nearly tipped forward. She smiled at him. He took a calming breath and unbuttoned her dress; she let it slip off her shoulders. Her beauty took his breath away. Instinctively he lifted his hands to her breasts and kneaded the soft flesh. Her nipples became hard pink pebbles as he sucked each one in turn. Willow moaned his name as she felt her arousal heighten, climbing towards orgasm. He gently bit her nipples, sucking them hard, then fiercer still. Her knees gave way as the first wave of her orgasm hit and she slumped forward onto his body panting. He smiled triumphantly and picked her up and carried her to the bedroom.

He laid her down and took off his jeans. He opened a door in a wall of cupboards and pulled out a fur throw. He unfolded it, put it on the bed and moved Willow onto the black silky fur. She automatically started to writhe sensually on its softness. Giles gazed at her, gently stroking himself. Seeing her move like that was really turning him on. He needed to taste her. Willow looked at him from the bed with pure animal lust in her eyes. He eased himself along the fur, his eyes focused on his goal. He licked up her creamy thighs until he encountered her honey pot. There he lingered, fingering her and lapping her juices until he had her coming again. He pushed two fingers into her and waggled them, coating them with her nectar. He brought his fingers to her lips and as she took them into her mouth he impaled her. Her eyes opened wide. She looked so wonderfully, sexy sucking her juices off his fingers as he pounded into her pussy. She was so very tight and hot and slick and it had been so very long since he'd done this! She was licking at his fingers, biting them every now and then, and coating them with saliva.

Giles groaned and pulled out of her. She cried in frustration, trying to get him back in.

"Turn over" He whispered huskily, with a demonic gleam in his eyes. She flipped over onto her stomach, moaning as her nipples were crushed into and caressed by the fur. Giles grabbed her hips and raised her bottom. He positioned himself and ploughed into her, sighing deeply. Willow squealed with lust and jerked back to get deeper penetration.

Giles slapped her behind playfully, warming her skin. Every time he slapped her, her pussy would tighten, hugging his cock. It was a glorious feeling. Willow's breathing was coarse. She had all but worn out her voice with her lust filled screams. He parted the cheeks of her bottom with one hand and tentatively tickled her anus. She bucked wildly. He reached forward, offering her his hand. She covered his index finger with her mouth until it dripped

with her saliva. He brought the hand back and smoothly inserted his finger into her back passage. Willow went wild! He held her with one powerful arm round her waist as she bucked and screamed beneath him. His finger kept pace with his cock. He was near to his own climax now. Each new moan from Willow brought him nearer.

He needed to make her come again. He slowly withdrew his finger and his cock. He flipped her over and brought her toward him. Her face was lust personified and he knew that neither she nor he would forget this night. He lifted her on to his cock and let her find her own rhythm. He enfolded her in his arms and closed his eyes, concentrating on the sensations. She was slowing down, near exhaustion. He lay her down on her back and lay atop her. He played with her nipples once more. She arched her back and when he caught them in his teeth, she crossed her legs over his back to lock him there. His thrusts became more frenzied and urgent and suddenly they were there. Finally together! She screamed out her orgasm and he exploded after her, shooting his boiling seed into her love tunnel. With the final soft tugs of his orgasm Giles kissed Willow softly, engaging her tongue in a merry dance. She had her eyes closed, breathing heavily. He gazed down at her, moving a damp tendril of hair gently from her face. She smiled at last when she had breath.

"You're pleased to see me then?" She asked breathlessly.

He laughed and the movement was transferred to Willow. "You're not supposed to be able to speak after." Her eyes were closed in sleep. He gathered them round them, gave her one last kiss and fell asleep himself.

##

Angel came in around 4am and noticed the trail of clothes. He peeked into the bedroom and smiled. He looked back at the sofa in the living room. "Beggars can't be choosers", he thought.

##

Giles looked round the darkened hall and found he could see quite well, even without his glasses. He slipped his jeans and sweatshirt on. Someone was outside. He went to investigate. Creeping along the stone wall, he listened, stopping when he heard voices.

"He's not here. He can't be here. Angel would have told you."

He smiled to himself. Willow was getting quite good at lying but only in a whisper.

"I feel another vampire inside Willow. Do you think Angel's turned someone? Maybe Giles?" Willow gasped. "Angel wouldn't, he's good. Not even if he were starving!"

"OK, OK, let's do another sweep. I was just curious." The voices drifted off.

##

Angel looked at Giles curiously from the door. What was he doing over there? He took a step into the hall and Giles was by his side in an instant.

"What have you done to me? I just heard a whisper through a stone wall." He pointed to the far wall. "That's not normal! Buffy sensed another vampire in here...." Giles was distraught. His eyes changed subtly as Angel looked at them, glinting yellow. Maybe he'd gone too far. Time for the truth.

"I've been adding my blood to your food." Angel walked to the kitchen with his bag of food; Giles trailing behind him like a puppy. "It will make you undetectable to vampires. Well, that's the theory..." His book placed a hand on his un-beating heart and he took the slim volume from his breast pocket. He looked lovingly at the binding and swept his fingertips over the smooth forehead of his adopted child. He sighed.

"Why do I need that talent, pray tell?" Giles asked acidly.

"Because you're the Watcher-Slayer." Angel studied him closely as that piece of information sunk in.

"H... how do you know?" Giles asked. He looked pale.

"The brands. And this book," he handed the precious volume to the watcher and bit his lip anxiously as Giles handled it. "Carefully please Rupert, it is sentient..." Giles gave Angel a shocked look and carefully opened the pages, the book was still and quiet.

"What was the last thing that Chloe said to you?" He could see the other man working on that one.

"She said she needed me to take over. Then I felt the burning start and I don't remember after that." He closed his eyes, reliving the moment. "Why has it taken so long?"

Angel shrugged. "I don't know. All I know is I didn't have to turn you. I'd have to bite you for that. There's an exchange of blood y'know..." He laughed, and then suddenly stopped.

"What...?" asked Giles warily. He closed the book and handed it back to Angel.

"Oh, shit!"

"What...What?" Giles was getting anxious.

"The Snyder prank, Giles, the bullet went through my flesh and blood into,"

"...My flesh and blood." Giles finished. "An exchange of blood. And you bit me to remove the bullet! Perfect just bloody perfect!"

"But we don't know. I mean you're still eating. You're still alive, Giles. You're warm..." Angel was grabbing at straws.

Giles sank down the wall, completely drained. He had just spent the second most horrendous months of his life kicking a habit. Again! Now he was going to be hunted by his own Slayer. Great! Make my Millennium!

##

They stared at the cross on the counter. "Pick it up, Rupert." Angel ordered.

"You pick it up! It'll burn me..." Angel sighed and picked up the water gun and squirted him with it.

"That didn't burn did it? Let me tell you, I'm more afraid of Holy Water than I am of a crucifix. Now pick it up!"

Giles wiped his face with his hand. He was sure Angel was enjoying this too much. He picked up the cross and dropped it immediately. "It tingled." He picked it up again in his fingers, feeling it. "Actually it's quite pleasant..."

"Alright, Rupert, you don't have to sleep with it. Next is... Oh, you'll like this..." He gripped the Watcher's arm and propelled him toward the door. Angel ducked behind it as it opened and shoved Giles into the mid-morning light. He shut the door and waited.

He heard nothing for two or three minutes. Willow's going to dust me for sure. There won't be enough of me left to run through an egg timer! The door opened slowly.

"The next time you want to blind me with sunlight, warn me."

Angel let out a long sigh, and then he smiled. He laughed and walked away from Giles, rubbing his hands together. It worked! He patted his pocket where his book rested and felt content at last. Giles took a breath as well. He could still walk in the sunshine. He'd really miss sunshine.

End of Pt.3

An Autumn Evening 4/5 Summary Xander returns.

"Let's go out tonight...?" Giles asked as he leaned over the counter. He realised he sounded almost like Buffy. He was pleading with his 'Watcher' for a night off. He smiled. Angel's face was a picture as he washed Willow's dishes. He dried his hands and nodded.

"OK. Do you want to scare up some trouble at the Bronze?" Giles reached for his old leather jacket.

##

Angel led the way, keeping to the shadows. Rupert kept pace with him, thinking about what he would do if Willow were there and what he would do if she weren't. He stopped suddenly thinking of all the other times he'd been to the Bronze since vacation started. Angel looked back at him.

"What's the matter Rupert? C'mon, it's not far now. Nervous?" Giles nodded. He looked very much on edge. Angel moved off again, this time with Giles in tow. They went inside and the smoky atmosphere caught Giles' attention immediately. He breathed deep, catching the faintest scent of Willow near the door. He smiled and walked through the crowds. He was nearly at the back of the club when he realised he had lost Angel. Willow sat in the booth by herself...He was nearly there, nearly safe, when somebody pulled his arm and he was in a dark corner.

"Why, it's Ripper..." His eyes focused on a knife, then on the man wielding it. "Long time, no see. How the hell have you been? We missed your custom, " Giles tried to leave but he was slammed back against the wall. It hurt and he growled softly. His eyes turned yellow in

the darkness. His attacker smiled nervously.

"Alright, Rip. Just saying 'hello' and 'don't be a stranger.'" He put a small fold of paper into his jacket pocket. "On the house." He left the building by the back door. Giles stayed by the wall until Angel found him. He was sweating and ready to bolt somewhere to use his 'gift'. Angel dragged him into the light.

"What have you done, Giles?" He flung him to the wall. "Tell me what you've taken!"

"I haven't taken anything! What the fuck's the matter with you? You're all over me like a disease... Why exactly? My eyes have changed? Well if they have, it's your fault. I'm off..." Angel caught his arm to stop him but he was quicker. He got to the door and bolted. He didn't stop running until he got to his own house.

##

He opened the door and raced up the stairs to his room. He sat on the bed and took out the fold of paper given to him in the Bronze he opened it with shaking hands and stared at the white powder for the longest time. He licked his lips nervously, took a breath and smelt all its impurities; still his nose itched. He sniffed and closed his eyes on his reflection, he saw the "ghost" of months before, eyes red-rimmed and arms punctured and scarred. He took a breath, opened his eyes and strode to the bathroom, crumpled the paper and contents into the toilet bowl, and then returned to his bedroom to sleep.

He woke naturally the next day at sunset. After a shower and breakfast, he wandered into his spare room, now vacated and sterile smelling, thanks to Willow. There was a box on the bed. He didn't remember having a box that shape. He opened it and smiled.

Thank you, Chloe.

##

"Yes, Buffy, I was looking after him. He stayed with me for a few months during vacation but he's gone now and I don't know where he's gone." Angel was answering Buffy's questions on the wrong end of a stake. Willow hung about behind Buffy, anxious for any word and grateful that Angel had not named her in the plot.

Someone walked into the clearing carrying sports hold all. He was self-assured and wore tweed. Only one man would be like that. Willow ran to him and gave him a hug. "Rup. Giles!..I was so..." She stopped. Not Giles. Who?

"Xander!" Buffy screeched. Angel heaved a sigh of relief and slipped away.

"Hi, thanks for the welcome. Said I'd be back in tweed. Where's G-man? Shouldn't he be on patrol with you?" Xander was in full investigation mode. That's what the Watchers had decided he was good at. The fake reports had fooled them but not him. He knew the author too well.

"He's been gone for ages. He was staying with Angel but he says Giles left and he doesn't know where he is now."

"OK. So, Buffy, you don't have a Watcher until he returns so I'm your temporary Watcher.

Willow, do some searching. No-one can sink without trace, not even you, Buffy, we'll find him."

They all had their tasks for the following day. They retired for the night. Xander did not go back home. He never wanted to go back home ever again. He had a new family now, one that was missing its father. He wouldn't rest until Giles was found. He settled back in the chair in his hotel room and wrote in the first page of his diary. His first Watcher diary.

##

Willow heard a noise and grabbed a cross from her bedside drawer. Someone was coming in through the window. Her breath froze in her throat and she thought of yelling for her parents in the next room. The figure was dressed in black and it stalked toward her small bed menacingly, she shrank back against her pillows, her eyes round and staring.

The stranger's head bent and looked as though he were sizing her up. Please, don't hurt me, she gasped as his hand reached out and tore the bedcovers from her prone form. She shut her eyes and breathed a name...

"Rupert..."

"Willow..." Rupert murmured.

That was all they had to say to each other. He knelt over her and eased back his hood and mask. Willow reached up to pull him down for a torrid kiss, she moaned into his mouth as he caressed her breasts and then eased his fingers into her tight pussy, her heat and wetness increasing with his erotic massage of her clit.

It thrilled him when he found a new sensitive spot. He wanted to teach her all he knew in one night but if the Gods were willing they would have many nights. Their love was hot and passionate, near rape in its intensity but both Willow and Rupert needed it, demanded it and lusted it for it.

Since becoming the Watcher-Slayer, Rupert found all his tastes subtly changed, he had a hunger for life and new experiences, the feeling of being charged with power was like a drug, a feeling he knew well.

Willow scratched and snarled to a climax. He held her head steady with his fingers knotted in her hair, tugging her still getting her attention. They gazed into each others eyes and made a pact of lust her tongue darted up and met his lips he pulled her head down as his cock throbbed for release in her sucking pussy, Willow moaned in frustration and he smiled cruelly down at her.

"Want it, eh Witch? How much?" he asked and withdrew and speared into her slowly, she groaned. "Hmm? Little pussy all tight and hot for Ripper?"

"YES! Damn-it! Fuck me! Hard and fast..." He grinned and slipped his hands beneath her shoulders gripping hard enough to leave bruises and hugging her close to him..

"OK" he said lightly and pummelled her into oblivion.

##

He opened his eyes and saw her watching him. The day was just beginning. He smiled at her and she dipped her head to kiss him. Her lips were soft and warm and he was hot and hard. She guided him in carefully and they made love gently, like a flowing river, changing to rapids and finally a cascade that left them both breathless. They kissed again and Willow's mother called her for breakfast. Giles fell out of the bed with shock.

"Your parents are here?" He searched for a clock. Half past seven. "My God I'm late! Sorry, love, I've got to go."

"It's OK, go. You're at the library?" He nodded as he dressed quickly. "See you there." Willow whispered as he launched himself out of the window and ran effortlessly down the street.

End of Pt.4

An Autumn Evening 5/5
Summary The final Confession.

Buffy had heard a rumour that there was a new librarian starting today and she was being extra nice and supportive to Willow. Buffy was still freaked about having Xander as her Watcher until a replacement arrived but Willow's feelings were more important. She and Giles had been very close. At times it made her jealous. They approached the library doors and Willow took a deep breath. Her face was flushed. They opened the doors quietly.

The new librarian had his back to them. He was bending to get some books out of a box. Willow sighed. Buffy tore her gaze away from the man in front of her and looked anxiously at her friend. Another crush on another librarian? The girls weren't breathing, just watching as the muscles of his back moved sinuously under the soft cotton shirt. They sighed together as he straightened. His jeans remained moulded to his body. Willow moaned, biting her lip to stop the sound. Buffy nudged her friend in the ribs and swallowed, attempting to moisten her throat before giving her 'Welcome to the Hellmouth, er, library' speech.

He deposited some books on a nearby table and turned slowly with a shy smile on his face.

"Giles!" Buffy Screeched. Willow laughed at her friend's reaction. Then the two girls swooped on him. Xander came in and heard the noise but couldn't see anyone.

"Hello? Someone in distress?" he called. Looking under the table he saw Giles with girls all over him."

"Yes, me. Help me up, Xander?" Giles extended his hand and Xander helped him to stand. They hugged briefly.

"Welcome home." Xander whispered.

"My God! Xander. You're wearing tweed! You've passed your finals, well done. As you can

see I've re-attired," he said, referring to his clothes.

Xander studied the librarian. He couldn't put his finger on it but there was something different about him. Willow glued to his body? No, that wasn't it. **WILLOW GLUED TO GILES' BODY!** Giles laughed at the young man's expression. Willow got the giggles. Buffy was serious.

"There's a vampire in here..." She moved cautiously round the room. Xander's expression said it all. He should have got that! Giles would have. But Giles was looking at Buffy, his eyes following her as she stopped in front of him.

"Giles, it's you. Why am I picking you up as a vampire?"

Giles ignored her question. "Tea?" They all filed into his office. The door was missing. Everyone sat down while he made tea. It was a ritual they had all missed. Finally he was settled behind his desk, warming his hands on his mug. He smiled at Willow.

"First I'd like to thank the two people who saved me, one I love." He smiled at Willow and her stomach did a flip, "and one I hated. Angel. He picked up the pieces and Willow put me back together. I can't ever thank them enough. I'd be dead now..." His voice ran out and he took a swallow of tea. Buffy was fidgeting in her seat. "Yes, Buffy?"

"You didn't start drinking again did you?" Her eyes were luminous with tears. This was going to be so difficult for them.

"No, I didn't drink, Buffy." He found himself pacing behind his desk, nervousness claiming him. He rubbed his neck absently to try and relieve some tension there.

"Drugs." The word was barely audible. He finally had the courage to look them all in the eye. He leaned against his desk and folded his arms loosely.

"I used to lock the door," he gestured to the missing door, "and use practically anything..." He closed his eyes and shuddered at the memory. God this was difficult!

"I had to block Chloes death from my mind. I couldn't get my head round that. It Was a horrible way" He swallowed, his voice cracking. "To die." He took a deep breath to steady himself, tears threatening. "I should have been able to save her..." His voice faltered, at last overflowing with grief.

Xander wiped his eyes. He had his own memories of Chloe to contend with. She was a fantastic lover. Kind and considerate and would tease him so gently. She wanted him near at the end so he would see she was happy and freed from pain. He had never witnessed such joy as when the souls flowed through her body as she lay dying in his arms. He hadn't been able to weep until now. Chloe had embraced death, welcoming it as a blessed release. It seemed wrong to be sad at the moment of her death.

Giles lifted his head. He sniffed back the last of his tears. Willow was crying, as was Xander. Buffy was silent, dry-eyed.

"Buffy, you're very quiet."

"Why didn't you talk to us? Any of us? How could you just go off and... and do what you

did... You could have died..."

"I know that, Buffy."

"Did you want to die? Is that it?" Buffy ploughed on, "Where was your Destiny, your Sacred Duty?" She was almost screaming at him now. He had always been so strong and dependable. Now...now he was just like everyone else, flawed.

Giles eyes flashed yellow and he growled low in his throat. Willow shifted uneasily in her seat and Buffy automatically gripped the stake in her pocket.

"Just where were you when I needed you?" He questioned Buffy angrily. He paced towards her, his eyes burning. "I was fine! Good Old Giles, he'll be OK". His tone dripped sarcasm. "His sister's just died, let's have a party!" He stopped pacing and rested his hands on his desk. He glared at them all sitting on his couch. He knew he was frightening them but this was who he was now, so tough!

"When you had the 'wake', I'd been using for a week and you didn't notice. If any of you had, I could have stopped and spared myself a lot of pain." He straightened and began to pace again. This time Xander was the target. "But no, I am part of the wallpaper. A walking text book that you all laugh at." He stopped abruptly and sat down at his desk. "Well, no more. From now on I'm freelance. You do what the Hell you want!" He pointed at Xander. "You... You're promoted to Chief Watcher." His eyes were empty as his gaze raked over his 'children'. He rested his eyes on Willow and his anger evaporated. He didn't want to frighten her anymore.

"Off to class." His voice finally under control. They all trooped out. Willow was the last to leave.

"Will you be alright? I'll come in at lunch..." She asked hopefully.

"Yes, thank you, Willow.... Can you... say I'm sorry..." She nodded and left his office. He rested his elbows on the desk and his head in his hands. His mind raced. He had to get rid of this feeling. If this was three months ago. He left the office and went out to the catalogue desk. Soon he was engrossed in one of his favourite activities, cross-referencing! It did him good to let fly occasionally. He would make it up to them sometime. Snyder came in. Giles' eyes rolled skyward.

"I saw that, Mr. Giles. I came in because your argument could be heard in the corridor. I knew that they would get to you eventually. Just what is a 'Watcher', Mr. Giles?" Giles thought quickly. Nope, couldn't answer that one.

"I'm the Watcher..." Xander's voice was clear and cold in the library.

"Ah, Mr. Harris, back from England. Come to catch up on your studies?" Snyder looked gleeful.

"Xander graduated from my old college. He only needed one to one tutoring to improve his grade average. What is it now, Xander?" Giles returned the favour.

"A+. I also read Latin." Xander smiled at his Principal's shocked expression. Giles was impressed.

"Well, what can one say? Couldn't be your influence could it, George?" Xander and Giles wore the same expression. Neither blinked. Snyder backed off, shaking his head. Giles grinned at Xander when the library doors shut.

"That was fun. Remember last time?" Xander nodded. "Can you read Latin?" It was Xander's turn to smile.

"Read a dictionary, that's as far as I got. I was needed here. You, O' Chief Watcher, are supposed to complete my training." Giles hung his head and smiled ruefully. "We still need you, Giles. All of us, and a bit of ribbing means we love you, y'know."

"I know. Come round to the house tonight and I'll tell you what I did in vacation."

"Sounds like the title of a book..." Xander quipped.

Giles was quiet for a moment. "It very nearly was..."

end of part 5

Autumn Evening Epilogue.

Summary The prophecy book that's been with Angel now has to leave, the innocent souls work is done and it's time to be re-born

He approached the cathedral with great trepidation. He hadn't crossed holy ground in over two hundred years and now with his precious bundle hugged snugly to his chest he was prepared to plunge his hands into a font for his charge.

He slipped inside just as the priest closed the doors for the evening. Angel squinted at the glare of the harsh electric light then smiled as he smelled the alter wine, candle grease and incense all familiar bringing back memories of his childhood and his first wafer. Of course be the time he was a youth he was more attracted to the "blood of Christ" than to his "body."

The wriggling bundle in his arms brought him back to the present. His golden orbs sought out a cowering priest. Angel had been unaware of his change to vampiric visage; it must have been the holy influence of "mother church."

"Good evening, Father. I have a child for you to baptise" Angel held out the book and waited for the horror struck look to fade. The priest backed away clutching his rosary.

"This child is innocent!" Angel growled round his fangs. The priest continued to back up until he thumped into a resistant body behind him. He glanced up over his shoulder and started muttering a stream of "Hail Mary's" The figure was tall and silent clad in black from head to foot. He extended a long index finger toward the child. The plump priest blotted the sweat from his face and nodded.

##

They gathered at the font, Christenings did not usually take place at midnight so they didn't have the usual godparents. Just Angel, Willow and the Watcher-Slayer.

Willow looked on the babe and smiled, Angel had washed it's robe and wrapped it snugly for its last Earthly duty. The church door banged, and the priest jumped splashing water from the font onto Angel's skin he hissed in pain then became quiet, the water had also splashed onto the book and he felt a pulse at the delicate wrist.

The priest halted mid verse as Angel plunged his hands into the font screaming in agony he held on desperately to the wriggling child emerging from its pages.

"Liam, you are LIAM!" He screamed and yanked his scalded hands from the Holy pool.

The baby cried.

Willow sniffed back her tears as the shivering infant drew his first breath and blinked open his huge brown eyes. Angel, held Liam close and kissed his soft cheek.

"Welcome home darlin'" Angel murmured

The Watcher Slayer moved to the baby and then slipped his arm round Willow's waist as if to say 'we've got to work on one of those'

"Sir, " the priest interrupted, Angel looked at him, his face human once more. "You have brought forth a child in darkness into the light. Please, can I ask that you give Liam, to the woman who came in during the ceremony? She can't have children, though she prays constantly for them."

Angel looked where the priest indicated. Liam, smacked him firmly on the nose, and Angel sucked his fingers playfully. He walked over and knelt by the woman. A brief sideways glance was all it took to see the woman's pain, rosary knotted round her fingers and her lips moving faster than he could decipher.

Liam babbled and stretched out his hand to the woman and tangled his fingers in her hair. She turned round, tears rolling down her face.

"Do you want this lady to be your mam? Liam?" Angel asked. Liam wriggled and arched away from his protector, Angel's cold heart cracked. He kissed him once and then handed him to the dumbstruck mother.

Liam smiled and the mother wept and drenched the baby with kisses.

The vampire walked silently into the night, letting his own tears dry on his skin.

End.

Sequel G-H