

Artful Male

Summary Spike and Giles meet in the future and take in some pictures

Warning AU, M/M sex turn back now, lest it offend thine eyes.

It's been years since I've seen him, but those years haven't dulled him one bit. He has been ravaged by the Hellmouth; it left all the others largely untouched. He sacrificed himself time and time again, Rupert, my sweet Rupert. I smile, time to reap your reward, Watcher.

I decide to follow him in; I stick close to Rupert, my vampiric senses aware of him along with a thousand other scents, there is only one Rupert... I project my presence round him like a warm hug, I know he'll recognise it as the thrall of old...

##

I'm walking up to an art gallery in London. It's been years since I've been to one and I've had the feeling I've been followed all day. I mount the steps and feel someone behind me. I pay it no heed because there are lots of people around. I choose to go into the gallery via the revolving door. I choose one section and another patron follows me in directly afterwards...

I pause at the information desk and pick up a gallery guide. I blush for no reason as someone brushes my elbow to pay for his guide. I try to get my heartbeat under control and I wonder why this stranger has such an effect on me. My mind races as I try to remember, it was so long ago... Only one other could produce such an effect... I glance at my watch. Dusk, it could only be Spike... My Spike. He has made his way past me... I notice his broad back and tight butt; my mouth falls open as he almost turns to look at me. Is he checking to see if I'll follow?

I'm bumped from behind and I swear I hear his breathy chuckle, I have no choice but to follow. He leads me past the most erotic pictures, stopping for a few minutes at a time... I circle round him, not touching but I can still feel his eyes on me.

I can smell his clean masculine scent and before I can turn my gaze from the painting, he's off to another room. I almost have to chase after him. I find him sitting down on one of the benches in the room looking at a giant painting. I approach the bench with a racing heart there is only one painting in the room. I sit on the same bench a little way apart from him. His hand is by his side. I tentatively put my hand next to his and our fingers touch for the briefest of moments the sensation is electrifying. He curls his cold fingers round mine and I gasp, echoing his sharp breath. Both feeling the same thing. More patrons enter the room and mill about us. Our fingers are still linked and my heart pounds. He's waiting for me to catch my breath...

I glance in his direction and feel him pull away, time to move on. He waits for me to go ahead of him, this time I choose where we go. I make my way to the Statue gallery. We approach the cold marble figure and instinctively our hands reach out to touch and caress the smooth surface.

His hand follows mine closely sweeping over the cold stone, the warmth I leave there already fading when his fingers trace over the statues generous proportions. I smile as his

hand leaves the statue and sweeps over mine, frigidly meeting warmth. I sigh and lick my lips, my mouth is dry and I raise my eyes to his face. I catch but a glimpse before he turns away once again.

I walk round him and the statue, my hand leaving the marble to caress his body. He is still, almost like a statue himself, as I end my traverse of his body I'm breathless, then his hand roves over my body. I know he's looking at the statue but feeling me! The tour stops when he stands next to me and his hand drops then lightly sweeps across my fingers.

We are standing so close together when the people arrive. I'm breathing hard and aroused, as Hell and we've not even looked at each other yet!

With a sigh Spike turns and walks away from the statue to the next exhibit. I follow, annoyed with the troop of Americans dogging our progress through the gallery. He looks to the side knowing I will be there. I see him smile and smile in return. He extends his hand backwards and gently grips my erection. I moan and my knees almost buckle. Spike strokes me and I lurch toward him.

Spike whispers... "Where?"
"Anywhere!!!!" I moan and he chuckles.

Spike grabs my hand and we race past a group of Japanese tourists who've just come in the opposite end of the gallery. We weave past them and launch ourselves at some staff stairs. Unhooking the red velvet barrier rope and re-hooking it. We thunder down the stairs and you push me against the wall. I feel your arms round my body as you grind yourself against my back.

I can't help groaning as your hard cock thumps against the small of my back. Your large hand reaches round my neck and pulls my head back for a long languid first kiss. Your tongue is long and as gentle as I remember it. It tangles with mine, you suck my tongue into your mouth, your free hand slides over my chest and tweaks my hard nipple, I moan into your throat and lean back giving myself over completely to your masterful embrace.

You spin me round and again grind your hips against me. As the kiss ends I open my eyes and look up into your handsome face. My lips are swollen from your kiss, I place my hands on your still chest and ask my question, at the same time you ask yours....

"Is it really you?" Your hair is dark now, but you are still beautiful carved from pale marble, your obsidian dark heart calling to me as always across the years.

##

"It is..." I smile, and murmur "Yessss... Rupert, It's me." I descend for another passionate kiss, grinding against you, and pulling you closer. I let my hand trail down your back in a long caress, to cup your buttocks. My kisses along your neck turning into soft bites while my hand slips inside your shirt to float over your nipples...

##

I sigh and feel sure my body is melting. Why did I waste so much time? Your hands feel divine I should have contacted you on my return to England. Your cock thrusts against my thigh; there are just two layers of material separating us. "Please..." I moan and grab at your waistband whilst biting my lip. I undo the button quickly and glance into your golden

eyes ... pleading... You return my look, your eyes equally lusty. You give permission smiling as I eagerly undo your trousers as you undo mine.

I bite your lips softy, while my hand slides, down, pushing fabric aside till I feel your cock. It's as I remember it heavy erect, deeply veined and bowed to please I stroke you as you moan for me to take you. I trace you with my fingers adoring the way you shudder and groan...

##

My hips jerk and my cock bucks against your fingers, I find it difficult to undo your fly, but at last I manage and your cock springs free and nods broad and hard. I stroke my fingers softly up your length and over the helmet, you're surprisingly warm and silky there, I make a tight ring of my thumb and forefinger and pass it over your cock head I repeat the motion a few more times, increasing in speed each time. I gaze up at you and notice that your lips have parted and your eyes are closed as you concentrate on the erotic sensations...

##

"Ohhhhhhhh, Rupert! " I growl, deep in my throat closing my eyes, as you touch me so expertly, snarling and gasping I kiss and lick your ear lobe, before biting it gently. My hand curls round your hot rampant cock and I give you the same treatment...

I lean in to your bite and thrust into your fist, shaking with the need to cum. "Oooooohhhh, that's good aaaahhhhg Lover don't stop oooohhhh. I need you nowwoooo. Please.... I'm close." I moan and move against you wanting to capture any part of you that will give me release. I'm panting with unbridled lust... "Please.... Love me.... Please fuck me...!"

##

I kiss you taking your hand from my erection, licking a little of the pre-cum while you can see, because I know you love it.

"Hold onto somethin' Rupes..." I stroke you once more before pushing deep inside you. I gasp and growl at the feeling. "Yes...Love ...you," lifting your legs I start to thrust, and you tuck them round my waist, I pick up speed..."Want you...Need you" I bite your nipples, rolling them between my razor-sharp teeth.

My head rolls on my shoulders as you finally grant my request and I fall onto your cock, your sudden thrust leaves me breathless. As breathless as when I saw you lick the pre-cum from your fingers. My nipples tingle from your bites and I rise and fall with your strong strokes. My mind and soul concentrating on one place in my body where we are joined...

##

My strokes are deep and controlled. I carry your weight effortlessly, one of the perks of being a master vampire. I feel you all around me, and I sigh with the pleasure as I look in to your green eyes. There is veiled pain as well as ecstatic pleasure and I realise that you're now into your fifth decade and that's when I make my decision...

As I slide down onto you I sigh and groan your cock stretching and filling me. It's been so long since I've had anyone so young and wanton, even Ethan had degenerated into taking

tea and playing chess...

##

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh oh, please harder! So close you're so hard inside me cummmmm shoot inside me lover, Ahhhhhhhhhhhh ohhhhhhhh Oh, God I've missed this... I've missed you Spike! Please .cummmmmmmmm" I thrash beneath you my groans echoing in the stairwell.

##

You're tight round my cock, being buried deep inside you is a wonderful feeling, and I growl deep in my throat, and as your orgasm takes you. You shoot your seed straight up in the air. I thrust twice more in your twitching arse and your request is granted, as with a cry of pleasure, I cum deep inside you, filling "uaghahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh"

I thrust down to meet you and scream as your seed blasts into me.

I am buried deep inside of you, a silent cry on my lips. My legs shake but hold, as I mash you against the wall. I'm still hard inside you, spitting my last jets of cum, as I caress your shaking body, kissing your face all over, memorising each part, with my lips.

##

My head thrashes I'm still feeling the force of my orgasm. Your kisses feel so sweet. I moan my last and rest my damp brow on your shoulder....

I caress your hair, and nuzzle into your neck, before gliding my lips onto your ear. I whisper "Hey Rupes, long time no see..." As my hands touch your body, in feather-light caresses. "Tired?"

I lift my head and try to focus on my vampire lover, he still holds me in his steel embrace. I've not felt so complete in a demon's age. I'm surprised by my tears...

"Spike, I'm so weary. I think it's time..." I look deep into my lover's eyes praying that he will understand what I'm asking... His face is solemn and I look away suddenly afraid of his answer.

"Close your eyes, Rupert." My heart leaps when he says that. He extricates himself from me and sets me gently on the floor. He adjusts my clothing, as if I'm bothered by maintaining dignity! I'm about to be turned by my lover!

I feel his cold sigh near my neck and I shiver, even though I want it I shy away so he has to grab my head and feast. Like the demon within him has finally been given free rein. He feeds. I hear him gulping and whimpering next to my ear. I feel my body raging against this violation but I'm weakening, my senses are numbing until I see, or think I see the cold spectre of death advancing toward me...

"Drink!" I'm commanded. My eyes open and I see a silver light round Spike, a river of bright hot red springs from his wrist, he's smiling at me and I want to drown in that smile forever... I fasten my mouth over his wrist and drink my fill. My pain dulls and I am infused with the feeling of invincibility and serene calm. I heard Spike's voice in the background of

my fogging mind, I think it was Spike's voice...

"The gallery will be closing in fifteen minutes..."