

Centenary (sequel to Lonely)

Summary the eve of the hundredth year, approaches and Giles and Wes contemplate their rule of chaos.

They strode together through the twilight world of their own creation. Two men watched their passing and launched a half-hearted attack. Wes slit the throat of one without a seconds hesitation and held the other out to his mate.

"Why do you feel the need to rebel?" Giles asked quietly, as the man slowly strangled in his childes steely grip. Giles placed his cool hand on top of Wes' and he relinquished his hold.

"Why?" He asked again.

"Because we are few and you are many, because there's a new Slayer and the hour of our liberation is at hand." The man ended defiantly. Wes' eyes glinted evilly and he drew his blade silently from its sheath.

Giles jerked his chin into the distance. And the man hardly believed he was free. "Go, spread the word of your deliverance." The man did not have to be told twice. He scrambled away from the two vampires and was out of sight in a moment.

"Why did you let him go?" Wes growled.

"Because they need hope, and our victory will be all the sweeter when that hope is dashed. When I turn the last Slayer, then we shall be as Gods my friend."

Wesley sheathed his sword and stepped toward his lover and offered him his neck. Giles immediately grasped his childe and breathed a chilled breath on the undead flesh, Wes felt his blood flash to the surface driven like electric ice through his veins, no other lover had ever been able to affect him like Giles.

The sky darkened to black velvet night as he felt the needle-like thrust of fangs at his throat and his hips surged up to beat a tattoo against Giles' throbbing erection, desperate throes of scratching and snarling prepared the way for an impromptu fuck in the street.

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She sighed. My Watcher, mine! Oh, my Watcher! She hitched herself up and watched him breathe, his lips upturned the tiniest bit and she placed a small moist kiss at that point, smiling as he snuffled his fingers under his nose to relieve an imaginary tickle. When he slept, he was at peace, he seemed younger and held his hands palm open above his head totally relaxed. She stroked his fingers one by one watching them as they curled over, her concentration was so great that she didn't notice him watching her do it.

"Do you know just how sensual that is?" His voice rumbled through his chest and she smiled a slow smile. "Usually I don't get this... very welcome, reaction

from you when I tell you of an apocalypse. What's different about this one?"

Liza smiled a little broader and flicked her shoulder length blonde hair over her shoulder. "Well, it's about them isn't it? I read the journals you gave to me, and it is kinda romantic..." then as he regarded her with an upturned brow, she added quickly, "... in a gothic, gruesome way."

He shrugged and linked his hands behind his head and his Slayer snuggled beside him. "I suppose. But killing everyone, he held dear, and one or two enemies and then setting about the destruction of magic... Forgive me Liza, I'm not a fan of Rupert Giles."

She held her fingers over her lover's protesting lips. Because magic died, she now carried a chip that would self destruct as the first drops of vampire tainted blood entered her body and she would die; hope would die.

"Shh, I've thought about this. He loved his Slayer so much that he sacrificed himself to a vampiric existence to wait until she appeared again, in a hundred years. I don't know if I'm her... How do you know?"

"The soul is in your eyes, Liza. Sometimes when we make love I feel that I've known you before, so long ago..." He searched her eyes and noticed a certain gleam. "There—you—are-- " He sighed.

"Buffy—"

"Giles—"

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Wes gathered his clothing and looked back toward his lover Giles. He felt his concern about the night and the human attack. Tonight brought the hundredth hour of the hundredth year since Buffy's death.

Wes smiled and tried his best to lighten the mood. "What's wrong, poppet?" As soon as the words left his mouth he regretted them, he turned to the towering figure of Giles and stuttered his apologies...

"I told you never to call me that!" Giles bellowed and Wes suddenly flew up in the air, held aloft by his master's thoughts. "Now I'll tell you why. I had a friend, who witnessed the birth of my son. He called him Poppet. I didn't know why... I found out. One night my son was taken from me by a gang of vampires and..." His grip tightened around Wes' body and shook him until his teeth rattled in his head. "They ate him, it's what one does with babies, "pop-it" in your mouth and suck!!!" He flung Wes far from him and stalked off down the lonely street toward the cemetery where his son rested.

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The moon was full as Liza and her Watcher walked the empty cindered path of the cemetery. The quiet night glistened into daylight suddenly and the two halted disorientated, they looked around and saw the perimeter of night defined

by an ancient wrought iron fence. Inside a single man stooped by a graveside tidying the plants.

Liza walked slowly toward the lone figure. When she drew near he brushed the last overgrown weeds from the tombstone and revealed the occupants of the grave. 'Elizabeth Giles and Son' the man turned and smiled up at her.

"I had hoped you'd resemble my wife."

Liza stood stiffly by his side, her fist wrapped around her stake. She raised her fist... stunned by tears that ran freely down her cheeks.

Giles glanced at the fast approaching Watcher. He looked vaguely familiar.

"Liza, step back. He's not what he seems!"

"Yes, step back, Buffy. I'm not what I seem. Watcher's once turned are not run of the mill vampires. We are more, we have free will, and we can choose to do evil or good. I was selfish; I chose the only way I could to be with you forever. I have waited for you my love. Be with me, tonight and I will turn the world around for you."

"Liza?" Her Watcher sighed, his lips moved of their own accord and a different voice called her name. "Buffy!"

Liza's head whipped around and stared at her husband. "Giles!" She shrieked and ran to him, blinded by tears of joy.

Giles knelt by his wife's graveside, his arms hanging loosely by his sides, his bleak eyed expression in the pseudo sunlight, a perfect mirror to the joy he witnessed before him.

With an eerie battle cry Wes appeared in the cemetery, he closed rapidly on the embracing couple Hell bent on their destruction; that was the plan wasn't it?

"Wes, no!" Giles shouted. It was too late. A bolt shot from a crossbow slammed through his chest and Wes dissipated on a breath of wind. Giles growled angrily at the Watcher and Slayer, but they hadn't shot his lover. They were still embraced.

A slight spare framed blond vampire in a torn leather coat stepped into the light, his crooked hand held the antique crossbow his palsied lips curled into a lopsided grin. "Spike" Giles murmured. The other vampire held up his hand in a gesture of farewell and stepped back into the night.

Giles walked to the Watcher and Slayer. "I was only expecting Buffy. I should have known that fate would decree that I find my Slayer by other means."

"What will you do?" Liza asked.

Giles hung his head and scuffed his shoe on the soft earth. "Return..."

"Return where? " The question echoed in the night, the ethereal sunlight had vanished like a dream. The couple stumbled over something in the darkness, they looked closer and saw a man's body; Giles' body, preserved but dead inert, the demon that possessed him for a century had returned from whence it came.

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The day dawned bright and clear, the birds sang and people walked the shuttered streets fearlessly. In a half-forgotten corner of a cemetery in the centre of Sunnydale, the body of Rupert Giles was laid to rest beside his wife and son.

Liza lifted her gaze to the deeply shadowed trees; she didn't need to see to know that from their safe cool depths someone watched the funeral. She turned her head to the side as if listening...

"Her watcher will stop you..."

End.