

## A change in Climate.1/2

Summary Ethan, in a jealous rage has enchanted Ripper and Spike for the duration of the heat wave to swap consciousness' Ripper/vampire, Spike/human.

Ethan opened the door to Ripper's flat silently. The wineglasses clinking sounded like the chimes of Big Ben! He froze and listened. No movement from upstairs, good he hadn't woken him then. Inside the house it was cool and dark in stark contrast to the white heat of Sunnydale's latest heat wave. He wondered why it was so dark... He took off his clothes and folded them in a neat pile and took the chilled wine upstairs to the loft and his one time lover.

Ethan hoped to win him over with the vintage wine and memories of past conquests, it wasn't often he felt nostalgic, but when he did. He returned to Ripper. His heart beat like a drum in his chest; he heard only Ripper's breath. He was alone. Not for long, he smirked. He opened the bedroom door and held his breath, for the thrill of seeing his lover naked before him.

He wasn't alone! He stared in shock at the pale lean blond curled possessively round Ripper's back. He shut his mouth silently. Ripper and a dyed blond toy boy! The bottle slipped from his hands and hit the carpeted floor with a thud. The bed partners sat up startled awake by the noise.

"Bloody Hell! I've only just got to sleep ...can't yo..." Spike stopped taking in the stranger. "It's 'im, your old tart, the magic geysers..."

"Ethan..." Rupert sighed. Spike snapped his fingers as if just remembering the name. Ethan righted the bottle and sat down on the bedroom chair.

Ethan glared at Spike who took no notice at all, he lit a cigarette and held it out to Rupert who took just a puff and gave it back. Spike slung his arm round Rupert's shoulder and stared back at Ethan. Stale mate.

"What do you want Ethan?" Rupert asked. Suddenly the heat was upon him, Spike was playing. He resisted as long as he could, but it became too much and with a small nod in Spikes direction he allowed the vampire his breakfast. Spike licked slowly along Rupert's neck tasting his anticipation, hearing his groan and feeling his hand fumble for his cold hard cock beneath the covers. Spike nipped at the skin, each time Rupert sighed, eyes closed.

"Do It..." He pleaded, his voice thick with passion. "Please Spike, do it..." He took a sharp breath as the vampires fangs easily punctured his skin revealing the ruby river that gave him life. Spike partook of breakfast while Rupert writhed and moaned. Spike closed the wound after a few minutes. He glanced over at Ethan who had been unusually quiet. He smiled when he saw why.

"Hey, Rupes. The tart's got a horn for us!" Rupert was still reeling from Spike's love bite so really was in no fit state to form an opinion on anything.

"I'll see you downstairs Ripper." Ethan left the bedroom knowing he had been replaced in Ripper's affections by a brash cockney vampire of doubtful parentage. Talk about dragging

one's cock through the gutter! Only the Gods knew what kind of diseases the whore had!

He got dressed and waited fifteen minutes until the noise of fucking had died down upstairs. Ripper came down looking flushed. He tried a smile Ethan wasn't impressed.

"I'm sorry you discovered us Ethan. Perhaps if you phoned next time..." Ethan hit him. An open handed slap which resounded like a clap of thunder in the silent room.

"He's a vampire Rupert! You're a Watcher for fuck's sake! What do you think they'll say.."

"They won't say anything. I'm not a Watcher. Spike loves me Ethan, not even you did that.."

"How can you say that? Why am I here now if not to love you?" He could feel tears springing to his eyes, he'd not cried in years. He knew that if he truly loved Ripper he would be happy and let him go. After all he couldn't do what the blond had done. No he didn't love Ripper; he was in love with the idea of Ripper. As the years wore on, the memory had begun to fade. Ethan hated the fact that he was getting old!

Rupert, looked at Ethan his eyes glassy with rage or tears, he couldn't tell. He was concerned for his safety but he didn't love him. Ethan shook himself and his eyes grew cold. Rupert shivered involuntarily despite the heat of his living room.

"What can he give you that I can't?" He challenged.

"Eternal life.." Rupert breathed. "Eventually, he's promised. When I want it he'll turn me..."

Ethan stepped back horror struck. Then he recovered as the blond's head peeped over the banisters, smirking at him, no laughing! Ethan had always hated that!

"Turn, turn again. Sunrise to sunset be each to the other. Till the day the heat cools!" He proclaimed his enchantment to the four winds and left the devastation in his wake without a backward glance.

The human and the vampire stared at each other as they felt the soul exchange. Then...

The human clutched his chest. "Bloody Hell, I've got a heartbeat!"

The vampire sank to his knees. "Oh, Ethan! How have you done this?" He groaned and beat his head on the floor several times despairingly.

##

They were dressed. Rupert in denim and Spike in his beloved black. He had spent an hour in front of the mirror just staring at his reflection. Rupert held his glasses, knowing he didn't need them, it was comforting, something familiar. He sat down at his desk and called Willow. Spike fought him for possession of the phone when it connected.

"Hello Red! Listen, somethin's up can you come over?" "Giles'" voice had Spike's inflections and it confused Willow. He handed the phone to Rupert.

"Willow? Willow, please listen carefully. Ethan has cast a spell over me and Spike. I can't

explain over the phone. You'll be here in half an hour? Thank you." Rupert looked at Spike and shuddered. He was like a child with a new toy.

"Hey, Rupes can I go out and sunbathe?" He was already ripping his clothes off and dashing for the cupboard where the loungers were kept. Rupert shook his head. Suddenly finding his mouth filled with teeth as he looked on the naked human. He left his desk and crept up behind his snack.

He grabbed Spike's hair and roughly exposed his neck to his fangs. Spike's eyes grew round as saucers as he desperately flailed around for something to use as a weapon.

The front door opened and Willow flew in holding a cross before her. The vampire's fangs barely scraped the human's neck before he felt the effects of the cross on his body. It was like he was turning inside out. Willow passed by him on her way to the human; she didn't break eye contact. Good girl! He was coming back to himself.

"Willow...How did you get here so fast?" He asked, she was immediately puzzled. She looked from him to "Rupert", a naked Rupert! She put her hand over her eyes.

"Yeah, Red. Thanks for saving me! Rupert would have had me as a snack!" She sat down on the sofa.... Her mouth working but her brain not engaged.

"Spike? Get some clothes on and get her some water. We've got to explain." Rupert dressed quickly and Spike returned with the water.

##

"Willow, I am Rupert in Spike's body. Spike is in my body. Ethan turned us round. It was a powerful spell and I think it's connected to the heat wave. We'll be in each others bodies till the weather breaks."

Willow gulped her water. And prepared her little speech, she'd seen the weather forecast that morning.

"Guy's? The forecast says the heat waves' not going to break for days..."

They stared at each other and said together. "Days?" Spike realised. "And Nights! You'll need supplies."

Rupert groaned and closed his eyes. This was a nightmare! Eternal life gone awry! Spike's hand on his knee gave him some small comfort; his own hand covered it. He tried to ignore Spike's shiver.

"We'll be OK, Watcher. I'll take the day shift and you can research a cure if the weather don't break..."

The vampire's face wore a bleak expression, Rupert wondered what Ethan was doing now.

##

Ethan sat on the bed in his lonely hotel room sniffing and dabbing at his eyes occasionally, stuffing himself with handfuls of chocolates.

End part 1

A change in climate 2/2

Summary Ethan's enchantment holds

Rating Slash Giles/Spike R When Giles' body/Spike's mind rescues Spike's body/Giles' mind from Ethan's clutches.

Warning Ethan captures Spike's body/Giles mind.

The column of red refused to fall. It had been two days. Two days since the exchange of minds. Rupert studied at his desk sipping a mug of blood through a straw.

Spike lay flat on the floor with electric fans playing over him. He was very brown. He had lived outside in the sun, refusing to come inside until heatstroke threatened. Rupert regarded his lover and wondered if Spike had forced "his" body to risk skin cancer! He couldn't really stop Spike; he had missed the sun so much.

"Spike, do you want something to eat yet?"

"Aw. Gawd, no! I'm sick! You don't care..." Came the moan from the floor.

"Well, now you know that too much sun isn't good for you..." He smiled as he toyed with his glasses, glancing at the nut-brown ankle and tried "the warming" again. It worked this time.

He watched with lust filled eyes as Spike rose from the floor and appeared by his side. The vampiric game face slid into position and, slipping from his chair he licked the engorged overheated cock, of his lover whilst gripping his hips and gently nipping the sweet succulent flesh of his inner thigh. They had decided that this was the safest place from which to feed for the duration. As he lapped up the blood he reinforced the thrall, leaving the wound to weep, he captured his lover's cock swallowing its hot length.

Spike lunged into Rupert's mouth with a gasp. He felt as though he was melting. It was almost worth having heat stroke just to have this treatment. He stared down at the bobbing blond head feeling the tug of his climax creeping closer, chased by his pounding heart and ragged gasps for breath. He finally exploded into the welcoming cavern of his lover's throat.

Spike shivered from the sudden chill as the thrall faded. The blond vampire got up after sealing the bite wound and tilted his head to study the human's expression.

##

Rupert shot a question over his shoulder as he walked into the kitchen, "Tea?"

Spike paused whilst carefully easing himself into his jeans. "Ta love, any biscuits?"

When the tea was brewed he brought the mugs into the living room. Spike was dressed in

his jeans. He accepted the tea and sipped it. Rupert sniffed the aroma he had tried his favourite drink, but it had turned his vampire stomach. Spike tolerated the tea because Rupert had made it for him.

They were partaking of tea in companionable silence when the Slayer arrived.

"Giles! Giles? My God! Giles, when did you become a sun worshipper?"

The two men shared a nervous glance between them. Buffy studied them, her suspicions aroused. "You two look very chummy...."

Clearing his throat, Spike tried out his "Giles" voice. Because they hadn't retained the same speech rhythms and inflections when the mind change-over occurred.

"Something, I can do for you Sl...Buffy?" He took an extra long swallow of tea to cover his name mistake.

"Uh.. Yes. Demon's. Uhm whole nest of 'em. Sorry, Spike," She added addressing the vampire. "Riley found them you can't come out to play." She smiled sweetly at him.

"You want mm me? To come with you and soldier boy? Without...." Spike jumped as he was dug in the ribs. "Right fine, lemme get dressed. I'll be out in a sec..." He grinned at her and Buffy retreated frowning with a shake of her head.

Spike thundered downstairs leaping the last three steps and smiled at Rupert. Who rolled his eyes, the weapons bag was open on the desk. He held his left hand out of sight. Spike's smile faded as he sensed something was wrong.

"Show me..." He murmured. Rupert reluctantly showed him his scalded palm.

"The screw top of one of the bottles was loose, everything's damp. I'm alright Spike, it was just a shock..." Spike looked at the pale hand disfigured and reddened. He brought it to his lips, kissing the heat of the burn. A tear dropped onto the hand.

"I'm sorry. If I hadn't insulted Ethan, we wouldn't be in this fix." Spike moaned.

Rupert smoothed the hair back from Spike's bronzed forehead, catching his breath as Spike's lips brushed his, warm and soft a farewell kiss. He clutched Spike wrapping his arms about the human's warm body, not caring if his Slayer discovered them or not. The kiss came to an end with Willow's presence in the room. Spike's grip of his hand lingered as he backed off toward the door and danger.

"Take care... Hurry back!" Rupert cried. Then he was alone, or so he thought.... Because he heard a familiar chuckle from the corner of his living room. He shuddered, then realised he was stronger and could take Ethan easily... But he forgot about the chip and when he struck the first blow it was like a canon shell blasting through his head. He was helpless.

##

"Well, well. You awake yet? C'mon it's no fun if you keep going away like that. I only held you in the water for a short while.." Ethan complained.

He opened his eyes convincing himself it's only water, why did it feel like his cock had just been dipped in boiling acid? His hands were bound above him with a chain made from crucifixes, his toes just brushing the floor. The sun's unbearable glare was muted by the stained glass of the abandoned church. He shook his head in confusion. The sun? It had been night when Spike left the apartment. Then Rupert realised, he was dealing with Ethan... He had found a way to simulate daylight and use it as a means of torture. If he were in his right mind he'd applaud! Ethan paced round him bathed in the multicoloured Holy light.

"Ethan..." He moaned. "Let me go. You don't know what you're do.." He stopped as Ethan angled a mirror to re-direct a beam of sunlight onto on the bare, pale chest. He jerked and screamed trying to escape the play of the light.

Rupert's mind faltered, he was fairly sure Spike wouldn't scream but he wasn't used to water and daylight hurting his body. He kicked out in frustration at Ethan and was rewarded by another explosion in his head. Just before he blacked out he used the thrall to contact Spike...

##

Spike ducked the sword wielded by the demon and smirked just before he smashed his fist into its face. He adored the feel of broken bones and cartilage beneath his fingers. He drew his right hand back and the pommel of his sword thrust forcefully into the stomach of the demon behind him. He spun on his heel and sliced both of them in two laughing as he was bathed with their blood.

Buffy and Willow had dispatched their demons fairly early on but "Giles" had given chase to the remaining pack and launched a one-man crusade.

"Wills, look at him...He looks like...like Spike on AB-negative. Do you think Spike's living with him has affected Giles in some way?"

Willow stared, as Spike finally stood alone in the clearing breathing hard and grinning like a maniac. He stared at his sword and ran his fingers along its tip, collecting the blood that dripped from its point. Willow shook her head, hoping he wouldn't do what she thought he was going to do.

Spike's fingers halted on the way to his lips. His eyes focusing in the middle distance. He walked forward blindly.. "Rupert..." He shook his head and sheathed his sword.

"RED!" He shouted. "I'm off hunting, Rupert is in trouble... 'Splain things?" Buffy rounded on Willow who smiled weakly. She glanced back to where Spike had stood. A sudden wind whipped her hair and she smelt rain on the breeze.

##

Ethan put the small blowtorch on the floor. He ran his hand up the pale thigh, the skin peeled off at his touch to reveal new marble flesh beneath..

"Vampire healing.." The voice rasped bitterly. "Spoiling your fun is it?" The blond was resisting everything now, getting used to the sensations his body gave him. His game face showed all the time, it was the only thing he couldn't control.

##

Spike's demon paced at the open door of his cell knowing he could never leave to wreak havoc. Another had displaced his master, his Spike, and he found himself doubly neutered.

Then this ... human began the torture of his master's body and he was royally pissed! He'd have Ethan. He'd make him pay any side of Hell!

##

Spike sent out feelers of warmth, seeking out the answering vibrations of his lover. He prowled the warehouse district, dusting the odd curious vamp. Mostly the creatures of the night stayed away. He created a dangerous spectacle, resembling a demon himself as he stalked in the heavy moonlight, drenched in demon's blood. He halted in front of a church. There was a generator humming by the buttressed wall. He mounted the steps two at a time, this was the place. He closed down the link and slipped into the church unnoticed.

"Ethan, you Pillock!" Rupert's voice was a harsh whisper. "You'll never break this body. He's immortal. I know you too well, your game is over because you have never broken me..."

He looked up at the crucifix chains which bound him and pulled with all his might. The chains didn't give way but the beam that held them secure did. He fell in a heap into a shaft of daylight as the heavens opened and cold rain bathed his back. He screamed as his hands flamed. Lightning arced through the night sky striking the generator and killing the artificial daylight.

##

The demon stopped pacing. Spike was back where he belonged! The wretched human lover had fled at the first drop of rain....

##

Spike rolled onto his side exhausted. The flame slowly extinguished itself. Ethan came closer to the vampire, his toe kicking the inert form. He stepped back and sighed, he wouldn't be anywhere near Ripper in the near future...

The sound of a match being struck made him turn slowly on the spot... He gulped when he saw a grinning, smoking devil step from the shadows, one palm loosely resting on the pommel of his sword.

"ello Ethan...." The man known as Ripper looked skyward as the rain started. "Looks like rain. Fancy some pain...?" He slashed the sword through the air a few times slicing Ethan's shirt.

##

Spike's hands shook as he accepted the cup of blood, his wrists bled. He savoured the brew.

"It's the blood of the vanquished. He'll never hurt you again, I promise." Spike's head



relaxed into Rupert's chest. He looked over to where Ethan lay still in a bloody heap.

"You killed him?" He had to ask, knowing that the answer would be no. Rupert shook his head. "Pity."

"How did you stand it so long?" Spike surveyed his body and the marks on it still healing slowly.

"I made a lot of noise! Ethan likes that, I realised pretty quickly I couldn't fight him..." He tapped Spike's skull gently. "How do you stand the pain?" He asked quietly. Spike shrugged.

"I use the gab, mate. I talk my way out of things now. Peaches said I had a silver tongue..." He smiled.

Rupert grinned down at him, kissing his upturned lips. "You have at that... Let's get you home and rested, then you can demonstrate that silver tongue of yours..." He helped Spike to his feet and walked from the church into the storm that had broken their enchantment.

END

### A Change in Climate 2/2 (happier version)

Summary Ethan has enchanted Giles and Spike and now reaps the consequences of his actions human/vampire/human sandwich, hot salty fare to be had! Giles kisses Ethan better

The human surveyed the night; a fine sweat covering his body the blond vampire knelt at the motel room door and picked the lock silently. He smiled as the door swung open on silent hinges. He took a step towards the room and rebounded off an invisible wall. He scowled at the giggle that came from behind him.

Spike swept past him and holding the door open he invited Rupert in with a theatrical gesture. Rupert crossed the threshold being careful to step on Spike's foot, smiling as Spike hopped about in pantomime agony.

The room was heavy with protective magic, the atmosphere cool. It was a pleasant change from the oppressive heat outside. They found their prey unconscious on the single bed. Rupert saw the chocolate wrappers littering the floor and was consumed with guilt. Ethan was so careful about what he ate; he had to have been really upset to gorge himself on chocolate...

Spike stood by Rupert a silent question on his face. He felt his lover's guilt and his fingers curled round his in a gesture of comfort.

"Close the door...Lock it..." Rupert whispered. Spike left his side to obey and in that



instant Ethan awoke to the spectre of piercing gold vampire eyes staring down at him. He screeched in terror.

##

Ethan cowered in the corner of the room a shattered table at his feet and his hand grasping a makeshift stake. He was shaking. Rupert took a step closer and the stake was raised to heart height.

"Watcher! Don't you dare get my body staked by your bloody tart!"

"Spike! Ethan is not...Not what you said. Now look, I told you to behave! You know what will happen if you don't..." He threatened. Spike pouted and started wandering round the room inspecting minute particles of dust.

Rupert concentrated hard to ignore the waves of fear and the scent of over heated blood wafting in his direction from Ethan. He smiled his human face showing.

"Ethan, Ethaan" He called softly in a singsong voice. "That was very clever. The enchantment, but you see if we don't return to normal I'm going to have to feed and Spike over there can't eat human food. Uhm, you weren't thorough about that aspect...Y'see, when he's in his own body he can tolerate stuff like hot chocolate and marshmallows, biscuits and so on but not now. We're getting hungry..."

The last word turned into a feral growl and Rupert turned away to control the vampiric visage.

Ethan studied the creature before him. He dropped the stake and came from his corner to sit on his bed.

"You hurt me Ripper. Why should I lift it? What's in it for me?" Rupert followed him eagerly to the bed, glancing at Spike who joined him in his study of Ethan.

Ethan witnessed a silent conversation between Spike and Ripper and wondered what their decision would be. They both sat on the bed each taking a hand and forced Ethan to the mattress. Twin tongues, one cold, one hot, licked down his neck to the collarbone and back up to the lobe of his ear. Ethan shivered, his body instantly reacting to the erotic pleasure of having two partners loving him at the same time. He hardly had breath to protest as both mouths descended and latched on to his nipples where they nipped and licked. His back arched and his cock battered the confines of his trousers.

A warm hand stroked down his flank and he purred, a cold hand unfastened the trousers and he lifted his hips. Talons gripped the material and ripped them from his body. The vampire on his left was growling with desire kissing icily down his chest and abdomen to where his cock bowed and bobbed achingly erect level with his navel.

Hot hands placed either side of his face snatched his attention from Ripper's purpose. A hot mouth claimed his and he realised he was kissing someone different, his heart leapt with erotic excitement, the sensation sending him mad with lust.

Ethan sent his own brand of thrall to the human kissing him and was surprised when he felt an answering call from his cold side. Ethan was sandwiched between hot and cold

fronts. Somewhere along the line they had undressed and now he felt the sun-warmed skin of summer on his chest and the frosty hardness of winter at his back.

"Please..." He murmured. Both men ceased their erotic torture of his body, both breathless for different reasons. "T'ween, heat and frost I am the change in climate; as heat melts frost so frost cools heat. So mote it be." All three jumped as thunder crashed outside and the sudden torrential rain poured from the skies.

##

Rupert took a shuddering breath and filled his lungs for the first time in days. It was like plunging into a warm bath. He felt Ethan beneath him and their cocks wet, sliding together and he closed his eyes as he immersed himself in his own bodies' reactions once more. It was almost like cumming....

Spike growled and forced air into his undead lungs, deprived of his vampiric senses for days it was like walking into daylight from a darkened room, only less incendiary. He was hungry but realised that he needed to first quench his sexual thirst. Spike's demon raged and screamed for food, he had to calm and overcome the slashing raw predator it was almost like being re-born.

##

Two hot bodies writhed sinuously together on the bed. Their gasps of passion echoed round Spike's head mixing with the heavy scent of sex, sweat and throbbing, salty blood. He ran his cold palms up each hot flank kneading the rippling flesh, heeding the shivering cries of excitement. He managed to insinuate himself between them and encompass them in the cold steel of his arms. All three gasped as one as cock tip touched and kissed cock tip. Spike set up a rolling motion taking them all on a moaning, thrusting slalom to a shared orgasm.

Spike arched back and showered his human lovers with his dead, cold seed. He let the full force of the thrall loose on Rupert, the ex-watcher gasped and fired off his orgasm over Ethan.

Ethan was hit on the chin and jumped as if electrocuted, he could feel the ghost of the thrall through the old link that he and Ripper shared. Now, he knew why Ripper and Spike were lovers it was orgasmic and he was experiencing it second-hand!

Ripper rolled his head onto Ethan's shoulder with such an expression of divine satisfaction on his face that it took Ethan's breath away. Ethan was still in the grip of his own climax, coming down fast ready for the next round when he saw Spike's angular jaw nestling in the crook of Ripper's neck. He shuddered as he saw the vampire's fangs slice through Ripper's flesh, his tongue gently lapping.

Spike looked up and locked his gaze with Ethan. The vampire left his meal and smiled. His yellow eyes glowing, blood dripping from his fangs. Ethan took a deep breath, his nostrils flaring at the scent of blood as he stared at Spike; the vampire was flirting with him!

Ethan was mesmerised by the blond vampire. Spike grinned and licked his lips ignoring the trickle of blood that ran down his chin. He sank his fangs back into Rupert's neck and fastened his lips about the wound. Enough of his blood had already been wasted on the

little "Dracula" pageant. Rupert jerked his head back in a gesture of submission his mouth falling open under the erotic stimulation of Spike's feeding frenzy. He collapsed on the bed and placed his hand on the vampires' head as he suckled.

Ethan was transfixed as Ripper's cock grew to full erection again under Spike's tender ministrations. He shrugged, shame to waste it.

Spike withdrew from his lover's font of blood and sealed the wound. His vampiric gaze roamed over Ethan engrossed in draining Rupert of another bodily fluid. Rupert was writhing on the bed his eyes closed. Spike parted Rupert's sensual lips with his tongue tip and dripped some of Rupert's blood into his eager mouth. Rupert responded by growling low in his throat and arching his hips one hand on each of his lover's heads.

He kissed Spike with a passion, groaning into Spike's mouth. The pleasure was almost too much, Ethan at one end of his body and Spike at the other. This was Hedonism at its debauched extreme.

He tore his mouth away from Spike's as his orgasmic yell was ripped from his throat. Spike struck at his nipples with savage speed and Rupert rose physically from the bed with a jolt arching toward the bite and Ethan's masterful mouth at the same time. When he hit the mattress a moment later he was unconscious.

##

Ethan held on smiling in his mind. Maybe there was something to this thrall business. He'd never seen Ripper so turned on! He swallowed the last of his cum and licked him clean. He crawled up Ripper's golden thighs and nuzzled into his chest, reassured by the strong heartbeat.

Spike joined him at Rupert's chest his head resting under the still weeping bite to his nipple. He swiped away a finger full of blood and sucked it from his fingertip. Ethan looked at the vampire, Spike could have drained Ripper and he wouldn't have complained.

"Uhm, sorry about the "Tart" remark earlier..." Spike looked embarrassed

Ethan smiled. Spike was a vampire of considerable age but frozen in time in a young body. He still retained the rebellious youthful trait of "I'll apologise, but I won't like it..." He was reminded of a cocky Ripper.

"Apology accepted. You love him?" Ethan licked his lips and tasted the last of Ripper. He felt a cold tongue on his chin and shivered. Spike's talons were on his chest scratching his flesh. His eyes narrowed as Spike's tongue licked the last vestige of Ripper's cum from his chin. He was gone in a second.

Ethan smiled and pounced using an illusion of supernatural speed to catch the vampire unawares. Spike laughed softly as Ethan smirked down at him and licked Ripper's blood from Spike's chin. He fell back to his resting-place on Rupert's chest.

"How'd you do that?" Spike asked smiling.

"Demon taught me," he glanced up at Rupert who was beginning to show signs of life at last. "You love him?" He asked again.

"Until, I'm dust mate!" Spike's eyes filled with tears. Ethan looked at him shocked as Spike wept before him, he didn't know Vampire's had such tender feelings.

He reached out to clasp the vampire's hand; Spike gripped it and met his eyes in acceptance and gratitude. They were looking at each other unaware that they had also wrapped their hands round Rupert's cock.

"Bloody Hell! You two intent on killing me?" Rupert protested weakly. Ethan and Spike smirked at their lover.

"Oh, yeah Drain you, share you, love you forever!" They said in unison.

"I'm a dead man..." Rupert muttered happily.

End.