

Cold Comfort

Summary follow on from 'Somebody, anybody.' Spike the aftermath

Warning Slashy stuff twixt vampire and human.

Giles scratched his wrist absently. Buffy had forgiven him his indiscretions of the month before as had Willow. They still believed it was all Ethan's doing, that let Giles off the hook and Ethan in deep trouble when next he showed his face.

He stared into space in his kitchen, idly dunking a biscuit into his tea. "Off the hook but on the Spike". His biscuit broke and sunk without trace he sighed and poured the tea away, it was all spoilt now.

His veins began to throb, the blood zinging round his body, gripping the counter top he gasped. Spike was trying again! The feeling was immensely pleasurable. Giles closed his eyes imagining the vampire before him, naked. Spike moved with feline grace, as silent as the night, Giles offering his neck as Spike's tongue carved a lazy path over his jugular. His breath coming in short hot gasps as the vampire shredded his shirt and raked over his nipples. Giles thrust his hips forward with a strangled cry and opened his eyes. He was in his kitchen alone, with a hot damp patch on his jeans.

"Oh shit!" He stripped off and shoved them in the washer with the others. He turned the machine on and wandered out into the living room.

Spike was there, really there this time. He stood quietly regarding the Watcher, wondering when he would realise he was semi-naked.

"Why are you doing this to me, Spike?"

The vampire shouldered out of his coat and threw it on the sofa. His eyes beheld his new lover. With a thought he could make him do anything. He broke the contact and shrugged. Giles sighed. Spike sat down and reached for his ciggies. Giles sat opposite him, left ankle resting on his right knee. Spike glanced in his direction.

"Aren't you going to get dressed, Watcher? You have a guest.."

"Is there any point? Besides, everything I own is being washed. You have been particularly persistent!" Giles commented waspishly.

"Ah," Spike exhaled hazy smoke. "Sorry 'bout that. You're my first Enthralee, I had to practice." Giles just stared for a moment or two, then leaned forward.

"May I?" Spike offered him the cigarettes. Giles took one and lit up with a shaking hand.

Spike smiled, I've got him rattled. "'Course you know what this means, don't you? You can't dust me, or allow anyone else to dust me but I can turn you- easy." He threatened. Spike listened as the human's heart beat faster, seeing the change in skin tone and the testosterone waft of rage quivering the air about him. He didn't flinch when the stake flashed through the air towards his chest. It halted a hairs-breadth from its target.

Giles' hands forced the stake; the jagged tip touched Spike's shirt.

"Stoppit, that tickles..." He grinned. Giles flung the stake away in disgust.

"Why?!" He roared, looming over the seated vampire. He swallowed, convulsively and repeated his question quietly. "Why?"

"You were lonely, I was lonely. I thought you might want company. What was it you said? 'I only wanted a shag?' Well, that'll be me."

"What? You went to all this trouble, for a shag?" He asked incredulously.

"Oh, and I suppose hand-cuffing yourself to your bed was no trouble? Don't look at me as though butter wouldn't melt, I taught that trick to Houdini!"

"You knew Houdini?" Giles sat forward in his chair eagerly waiting to hear all Spike knew about the great man. Spike grinned, and nodded.

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"You want to give it a go for real now?" Spike asked. They had both long since dis-robed and had been playing 'guess what I'm thinking'. He was trying to put the Watcher at ease with his new situation. He was succeeding. Giles stood in the centre of the room with his eyes closed and his arms by his sides his chest rising and falling with easy breaths. Spike paced silently toward him. Giles flung out his arm and touched him easily.

"Good one!" Spike laughed.

"It's a weird sensation, Spike, like I can see you as a vapour." He let his arm fall to his side again. His breathing became ragged in his chest as Spike exerted his will, he was still ten paces away but he could have been inches. Giles quivered, his erection springing up level with his navel, radiating heat. Spike licked his lips. Giles body was coiled ready for release. Spike caressed his body with his mind, building tides of pleasure in his lover's sinews. A mere mortal would never be able to do what he was doing and he wanted to make Giles forget his mortal loves. Giles' lips parted, in a gentle sigh, his eyes flickering open. He saw Spike through fevered eyes.

"Please..." Spike increased the power in the erotic circuit he had created in the Watchers body. Giles groaned and Spike's un-dead heart lurched. Awakening his cool desire, he approached the Watcher slowly, halting when he got to within two paces of him. With an incline of his head Giles fell to his knees. He looked up with a silent plea. Spike nodded. Giles ran his molten fingers up Spike's marble thighs, making the ice blond quake with desire. Giles' burning tongue torched a path along first one thigh then the other. He massaged Spike's balls in one hand whilst gripping his shaft in the other. His aim was to have a long cool drink. He slipped Spike's cool shaft into the warm cavern of his mouth and flicked his tongue over the glans, relishing its velvet texture and the icy-tang of pre-cum at its tip. He smiled when he heard Spike's gasp of pleasure. He'd hardly started yet.

Giles' cheeks' hollowed as he applied suction to Spike's member, pistoning his hand up round and over, the friction temporarily warming his flesh. Spike gasped. It thrilled Giles to be pleasing him so. Giles placed his large palm over Spike's buttocks, drawing him closer, enfolding his hips in a powerful embrace. He nipped down his length, eliciting gasps of

pleasure from his vampire lover. Giles slowly insinuated his fingers between Spike's cheeks. When the vampire thrust into his mouth, he also thrust. Spike's game face growled as he came, spewing his cool seed down the Watchers throat. Giles swallowed all.

At last his mouth hung slack and Spike slid to his knees, his fangs striking at Giles' neck with the speed of a cobra. Giles strained toward Spike, urging him to draw more blood. Spike withdrew suddenly, that was the danger then. The more you had sex with your chosen the more difficult it became to break contact. Even now he wanted to take Giles back and feast on more than just blood. The Watcher still knelt. The blood from his wound dribbled on to his collarbone. Spike swiped it away with his finger and held it by the Watchers mouth. Giles hesitated.

"It's your blood Watcher, not mine." Giles licked the finger, sucking it into his mouth. Spike shut his eyes; he could hear the pounding of his lover's heart in his veins, his rapidly cooling blood feeding his own dead sinews. He worried at the wound in Giles' throat, using his lips and tongue in erotic torment. Giles sighed and clamped the vampire's head to his neck. His mouth agape, eyes open in sensual abandon. Still Spike licked.

"Bite, please... Take me!" The guttural moan had Spike in game face instantly. By some supreme effort he managed to shift his mouth away from the wound, resting his ridges there instead.

"You'll die.." He whispered softly to his lover. Giles cradled Spike's head, to his shoulder.

"You'll bring me back, please?" He whispered. Kissing and nipping down Spikes' neck with blunt teeth.

"No." Spike uttered, surprised with the tears that fell. He must have a very tender hearted demon, to shed tears over a meal and shag. The Watcher was more than that; he was his friend. Probably the only one he had. He didn't want to spoil things with the Slayer. He grinned; they had an uneasy truce for the time being.

"No, now it's your turn." Giles found himself embraced by a cooling breeze as Spike kissed him and held him tenderly, he would never have believed that Spike could be so gentle. Everywhere that had been hot was now cool. He shivered.

"Cold, pet?" Spike asked, Giles nodded. "Let's go upstairs," Spike dipped, picking him from the floor. Giles was shocked. Spike carried him up the stairs. Giles smiled uneasily; he usually did the carrying. Spike grinned at him.

"I won't drop you, you can carry me next time!" Giles laughed. Spike aimed him at the bed and chucked. Giles' limbs splayed in all directions and Spike swooped on his hot throbbing cock. His head sank deeper into his pillows as he was covered by the vampires cold mouth; he couldn't begin to describe the sensation, electric came close. Spike slaved away at his task, whilst Giles raked his nails down the vamps back. Spike liked that. Giles eventually drew blood, and was just about to lick it..

"NO!" Giles blinked at his fingers near his lips and his hand dropped. Spike finished him off by hand, willing him aroused and happy to be in heat. Giles got off on the feeling, like a drug he could easily get hooked on.

The night drew in and the two of them slept at last entwined in each others arms. Sleep evaded Spike, however long Giles lived he would have to guard against him losing control, like he almost did tonight. It was an awesome responsibility, one that a vampire only took on when he was old enough. He blinked, listening to his lovers gentle breaths.

Goodnight Rupert, sweet dreams.

The End.