

Cold Cuts

Summary Giles surprises Spike.

Warning Blood play

Giles checked the perimeter a final time. Spike would be returning soon with Willow, Buffy and Xander. He hadn't gone on patrol with them because he had something to organise. He had an important date tonight. It was two months since he and Spike had become intimate; he wanted to surprise him. He stilled in the room; Spike was near. The heat was building in his body, strange that one so cold could instil such rampant sensual heat! The wave swept over him, breathing in anything but gasps was impossible! Rupert smiled and reached out to touch the wisp of vampire preceding Spike into the house. The heat dissipated as his door opened and Giles greeted everyone with a semblance of normality.

Willow helped Spike to a chair. Giles was on guard immediately. He rushed to collect the first aid supplies. Willow shrank back at his fierce expression. Rupert drew one of his barstools close to Spike's side and drank in the angular beauty of his features. His eyes were crystal blue, shining with love. His silken lips parted in a hissing wince as Rupert removed his duster. Spike's wound encompassed his upper left arm and shoulder, torn muscles oozed with stolen blood. Rupert stared until his eyes hurt. He swallowed convulsively stifling a sob as he surveyed the blood loss and tissue damage. Willow being nearest was the only one to see the tear fall. Spike smiled wanly.

"Sew me up Watcher, I'll be as right as rain come mornin'." Spike's voice was weak, but jovial. Giles took heart and set to his task. It was not as bad as it looked, just severed muscle and ragged skin. Buffy's head peered round to inspect his handiwork.

"Hey, nice work Giles. But isn't it wasted on Spike?" He stopped what he was doing; Spike saw the rage about to erupt...

"Get out!" He shouted. Buffy froze, too shocked to move.

"I only meant..." Buffy began to protest, but Giles didn't want to hear it.

"Leave ... Fuck off!" His expression finally convincing her he meant business. "You too, Xander!"

"Buffy didn't mean it in a nasty way Giles. Spike was so brave tonight. It could have been Buffy, but he stepped into the demon's path ... and did the growly thing..." Willow explained. Giles' hands stayed mid-stitch and she saw his shoulders begin to shake.

"Red, you better leave now. I think he needs to rest..." Spike looked up into his lovers' tear-filled eyes. "I'm still here, I'll be here tomorrow, and the century after that. I'm not going anywhere..." His soft voice lulling him, quieting his sobs. Rupert finished sewing his wound.

"You, heated me, why did you do that? You were injured, didn't it sap your strength?" Giles quested anxiously. When Spike didn't answer, Rupert slipped off the stool and dropped to his knees cupping the vampires' face in his hands.

He murmured, "Spike, I love you." Spike's expression changed to one of wonder. "Didn't you know how I felt about you? Please Spike, don't waste your strength to tell me you're near, just be near!" His lips smouldered and moulded to the vampire's mouth, his tongue urging Spike's lips open; he swept past the razor canines and reached for the frozen depths of his throat. Spike's hands gripped Rupert's hair moving his head to guide the kiss. Spike's tongue joined the feast. Rupert, withdrawing slightly, scraped his tongue over Spike's canines letting the blood pool in his lover's mouth. Spike slurped eagerly as his ice cold thumping erection dug into Rupert's stomach.

Spike relaxed his grip and Rupert withdrew panting; his lips stained with blood. Spike's eyes flashed yellow with lust. Two months ago Spike's game-face would have shocked Rupert; now it aroused him!

"God, but you look tasty like that, Watcher! Don't lick your lips just let it flow a little longer..." He rasped sexily. Giles leant forward and nuzzled the front of Spikes jeans. Spikes' hands gripped his shoulders, his sharp talons digging into his skin through his shirt.

"Yes." He sighed. Rupert pulled open the button fly with nimble fingers and freed Spike's swollen cock. He gazed at it for a few seconds before running his tongue over the head, teasing the eye, like a lollipop. Spike's hips thrust eagerly, willing him to sink his mouth over him. Time and again Rupert refused, instead pumping lazily as Spike jumped and groaned beneath him. Rupert was torturing him and it was glorious! He'd made the right choice in Giles! Suddenly Rupert swooped, he opened his mouth and the blood he'd been storing coated Spike's cock in a near boiling river of red. Spike jerked and shot jet after jet of his seed into the air. Giles managed to catch some in his mouth; the rest flew he knew not where. He wagered this was the first time that 'William the bloody' had ever climaxed without being touched by someone or buried in someone. His vampire lover, bathed in sweat, game face suspended panted in ecstasy beneath him. He opened his eyes cautiously.

"Is it over?" He whispered, hoping the answer would be no.

Rupert shook his head. "No, I have to clean you, watch..." Rupert licked his lips and flicked drops of cum into his mouth. Spike grinned; Rupert looked like a cat licking cream from his whiskers. Then he started on his cock and the pool of blood. Spike moved to sit up, but Rupert's strong hand, pressed against his chest stopped him. He lapped up the blood and semen mixture, all of it. He rose above Spike and opened his mouth, so he could see him swallowing all but the last mouthful, that, he gave to Spike in a kiss. His lips lingered moving softly over the vampire's mouth. Spike took an involuntary breath and gasped at the heat in his chest.

"What have you done?" Spike held his stomach in wonder; bubbles of heat were erupting all over his body. He giggled like a schoolboy.

"I've bound you to me. I can't enthrall you, just bind you. Is it nice?"

"That's a bloody stupid question! How did you ... Never mind where did you learn that wicked vamp thing?" Rupert smiled conspiratorially.

"I'm a Watcher, I have my sources. Now I believe it was my turn to take you upstairs?"

Spike grinned. "Take me! I'm yours!"

The End.