

## Convention

Rupert Giles faced the large dining room and felt his insides quake. He could face down vampires, demons, and apocalypse by the dozen, but a crowded hotel dining room filled him with dread.

The silverware glistened on the white-linen draped tables. His gaze drifted past the crystal champagne flutes and fine china, until he caught the eye of the Chairman, who then beckoned him over.

The smile froze on Rupert's lips as he saw who it was the Chairman wished to introduce. "Ah Rupert... I'd like you to meet Professor Rayne, he's one of our speakers. I've seated you together, I hope you don't mind. "

Ethan smiled and extended his hand.

Giles stared at it as if it were a viper about to strike.

The Chairman was oblivious to Rupert's discomfort and drifted off to the next introduction.

"A pleasure to see you again Rupert. Please, sit..." Ethan intoned pleasantly as he sank into the claret leather booth and unfurled his napkin with a flourish.

Giles sat opposite and waited for the other shoe to drop.

Ethan studied the menu; now and then, he would glance up in his direction and smile.

Giles could stand it no longer. "Ethan! " He hissed. "What the Hell are you doing here? It's Watcher's only!"

Ethan put aside his menu and took his glass in his hand; the ice clinked as he sipped.

The room fell silent as Giles watched Ethan swallow. Ethan's lips parted from the glass, still moist his tongue swept the moisture away. "I am a watcher." Ethan murmured.

"What!" Rupert's hysterical yell hushed the room and all eyes swivelled in his direction. He made to rise from the booth as he threw down his own napkin.

Ethan's hand restrained him. "If you get up from your seat a bomb will blow up the convention."

Ethan's tone and the strength of his grip on his hand gave Rupert pause. He settled back into his seat, increasing contact with the leather.

"That's my good Ripper. This is my swan song and I wanted to get your full attention. After tonight, you won't see me again unless you want to. I'll stop all the tormenting. Just give me one night, Ripper."

The hand on his soothed and caressed. Giles shivered from the effort of not leaping away from his enemy and the desire not to cause a panic.

The tableau was beautifully arranged a magnificent finale to Ethan's Chaotic career.

##

The evening wore on and the first course passed without incident. Giles ate his food without tasting it; terror rather dulled one's taste buds. He caught Ethan talking with the head waiter, a moment later, the lights were extinguished, and dim lamps were lit on each table.

Giles dropped his knife with a clatter on his plate as he felt a foreign hand opening his trousers. He glared at Ethan, who smiled and popped a fork full of lobster in his mouth and then reached for the wine.

"Another glass, Rupert?" He smirked at the flashing eyes of his former lover. His fingers beneath the table were playing an old familiar tattoo on his nerve endings and Rupert was responding.

Rupert parted his thighs and blinked heavily, his breath increasing with the manipulations of Ethan's expert fingers. He nodded and gulped down the golden liquid in his glass, that Ethan instantly refilled twice over.

Rupert abandoned his plate and slid closer to Ethan, the long cloth disguised their mutual handiwork. With his left hand, Rupert pulled Ethan closer and whispered in his ear. "Do you remember the last time the cloths went to the floor?" Rupert kissed Ethan's earlobe and traced the line of his jaw with his tongue. He dropped his own hand to Ethan's lap and witnessed the effect his kiss had on the Lord of Chaos. He drew back his head and picked out the vague shadows of the other guests.

"Suck me, Ethan..."

Ripper's wanton whisper prompted swift action on Ethan's part. He dropped his cutlery and dipped under the billowing cloth.

##

Ethan gazed on Rupert's throbbing heavy cock. How it surged and pulsed with blood, the head slick and silky. He poked out his tongue, slowly slid it dart-like over Rupert's cock head, slipped into his slit, licking and sucking eager for the precious pre cum...

Ethan shuddered when Ripper moaned and every sinew tightened. "You're strung tight tonight my love, I'm your bow, let me play you..."

Ethan sank his lips over Rupert's hot hard length, his lips forming a tight ring as one hand slid quickly up and round Rupert's rigid, rippling cock; feeling Rupert's pulse racing in time with his own.

Rupert's sighs and the sound of his balls slapping heavily against Ethan's palm proved too much and he moaned, deeply affected by his erotic act. He curled his tongue up and round, concentrating on the underside of Rupert's cock; 'he's almost ready to cum'. His growls of passionate lust are loud enough to draw casual glances.

Ethan abandoned his erotic torture and Rupert groaned aloud. "Ethan... Please. Swallow me, fuck me Ethan..." Giles panted, lifting the cloth to witness Ethan nuzzling his balls and then run his boiling tongue up his length once more.

Ethan dipped his lips over Rupert's engorged cock and swallowed him deep; milking him with his throat... Ethan looked up at and saw

the divine look of a man about to know his maker... His hands pulled Rupert closer. Ethan in turn felt a burning sensation in his belly, his own blossoming orgasm. Rupert's hips bucked wildly. 'Fucking my throat.' Ethan thought, 'like I'll fuck yours later.'

Rupert's head slid back and he loosed a tide down Ethan's eager throat.

##

Giles' head rolled back against the high leather back of the booth. His heart hammered in his chest as he felt Ethan's eager mouth milking the last dregs of cum from him. The pounding in his ears gave way to a soft murmur of conversation and he realised they were still in the dining room of the hotel and the meal was ending.

Ethan placed his silverware on his plate and the waiter whisked the course away. "I think my friend would like some water please, and can you have Brandy sent to my room?" The waiter nodded and Ethan gave him a hefty tip.

"Ethan..." Giles whispered. "We can't start again y'know. Too much has happened in our lives. I can't exist on sex and magic anymore." His hand reached for Ethan's beneath the table and brushed his thumb gently. Ethan swallowed and Giles saw the soft unhappy sheen of tears in his eyes.

"I know that, mate. Like I said at the beginning of this evening, give me one night, and then I'll leave you alone. " Ethan disguised the finality in his voice by casting a quick glance over his shoulder. "Your water is here."

Giles drank thirstily without a thought of how he would rise from the booby-trapped booth when he needed to.

Ethan smiled as Ripper swirled the last of the water round his glass. He popped something in his mouth and shuffled nearer. He captured Rupert's lips in an enflamed kiss and shared the substance he'd just taken. Heat surpassing usual lust coursed through their bodies as the lights began to brighten. Ethan dragged Rupert out of the booth and into a maintenance corridor.

Ripper slammed Ethan against the wall in his haste to possess him; through the haze, a thought hit him. "No bang."

"Hmm? Here a bang, there a bang, everywhere a bang bang!" Ethan sighed and slid his hand provocatively over Ripper's throbbing cock.

"You lied, no bang. Naughty Ethan." Giles' hands roamed over Ethan's body, his fingers coming to rest on Ethan's sharp hard nipples.

He gasped as Ripper started the sweet torture tween his finger and thumb. "I'm a devil, my job to lie!" He sighed, his eyes slid closed in bliss. "Lie with you; lie with me? "

Ripper's teeth gripped the grainy nipple and suckled whilst his tongue lapped and drummed a tattoo on Ethan's hot wanton flesh.

His slender fingers grazed over Ethan's silk shirt, loosening it from his trousers. He heard his partner's ragged breath in his ears.

"Need you Ripper..." He gasped. Grasping Rupert's ears he pulled his mouth away from his chest.

The men regarded each other for a split second before Rupert thrust his thigh between Ethan's legs and wrapped his arms about his torso. "You got me lover, you got me!" Rupert growled and plumbed the depths of his old friend's mouth once more.

Rupert swallowed Ethan's lust driven moans. Their shared breath echoed in the cool stone corridor, shuddering bodies reached for zippers at the same time, releasing belt buckles.

Rupert rotated his hips constantly, rubbing himself on Ethan's rampant cock. His lips shifted like silk over Ethan's chin, he tasted of menthol and recent cum. "Ethan..." he murmured, "Where's your room?"

Ethan pointed weakly down the hall toward the lift doors.

Ripper smiled and slid to his side. He walked next to his friend, their stride equal and measured. Rupert pressed the call button.

"Going up?" An unknown voice made both men send an accusing glare over their shoulders. The doors had opened.

Ripper dropped to his knees in front of Ethan and winked at the stranger. "Nah, going down mate! " The doors closed. "Hold onto something, lover..."

Ethan clamped his hands on the handrail and screamed as Rupert's talented tongue danced over his cock.

The lift came to a juddering halt as Ripper blindly hit at the call pad. His fingers grazed past Ethan's thighs sending the exquisite Italian slacks to the floor. His lashes swept up to study Ethan's rapt features.

Ethan's eyes were closed and his mouth slightly parted as the ghost of a smile played about his lips. His breath came as delighted gasps in his chest as Rippers tongue traced the corolla of his cock. Pausing and probing at will, sweeping past and then revisiting delicate sensitive places. He knew his friend well!

"Ripper... harder, Rippp..." Ethan's request was drowned as his cock hit the back of Rippers throat and he began to hum and massage his balls at the same time. Ethan's hands gripped the Watcher's hair and hammered into the willing mouth. He heard the vague buzzing of the lift being requested but soon that faded with the insistent drum of blood in his temples.

Ethan dug his fingers into Ripper's shoulders as he came with a shout and felt the rhythmic tug of Ripper's eager swallowing. His head rolled on his shoulders and he finally relaxed his death grip on both Ripper's hair and the perimeter rail of the lift.

He felt soft lips kiss up his body and the liquid silk glide of his trousers pulled up and fastened securely. He opened his eyes to see Ripper with his lips parted and the last of his semen washing round his tongue.

With a soft groan of lust, Ethan grasped Ripper's head and attacked his mouth as the lift doors opened on the long awaited floor.

Irate passengers stood, with mouths agape as the lift doors opened to reveal two men in a desperate, passionate clinch... one or two of the males gave them appraising glances while surreptitiously feeling each other up.

"Floor... " Ethan murmured into Ripper's ear then smiled as Ripper answered "Bed's better..."

"Bed it is then lover. " Ethan slid his arm around Ripper's warm waist and guided them out of the lift, past the gawking crowd. He grinned as a groan welled up behind them.

The lift descended without them.

##

Ripper swiped his key card through the lock and fell into the room with Ethan in tow. They made short work of their clothes; shirts hung from their shoulders in soft cotton and silk folds. Their lips and tongues traced searing paths to nipple and throat, hip to weighty, swollen cock. Ripper back-pedalled to the bed, driven by his eager partner in lust. Ethan ripped the sleeves from his lover's shirt and used them to bind his wrists to the wall lamps either side of the bed.

Ripper arched and writhed in mock discomfort, while Ethan crawled up the bed with his eyes hooded regarding the victim of his eroticism.

Ripper twisted his wrists in his bonds as Ethan crept ever closer, like a velvet snake. He felt Ethan's primed cock stroke heavily up his muscular calf, past his knee and thence to thigh.

Then Ethan straightened a little and slid his knee forward between Ripper's legs gently rubbing his knee behind Ripper's balls. Ripper sighed opening his legs wide to invite further invasion of his body.

Ethan smiled and reached for Ripper's foot. He placed the toes at his breast and waited as his partner's dexterous toes pinched his aching nipples. He massaged Ripper's tight gluteal muscles;



eliciting soft moans and sighs. He shuffled forward forcing his partners hips from the mattress. He stroked his cheek on the arch of Ripper's foot, licking and sucking the slightly wrinkled flesh. He thrilled to Ripper's soft chuckle. He glanced at the bedside table and retrieved the small vial of oil he had secreted there earlier in the day. He trickled the oil in and around Ripper's opening and took a breath while it took its full effect.

Ripper bit his lip as the oil slipped inside him. He knew what was next. Ethan would have him again and he'd be a puppet dancing on the tangled strings of an orgasm for hours on end.

The pepper oil seemed almost to boil inside him, electrifying every nerve making him twitch in anticipation. His hips rose and fell of their own volition. His breath came in shuddering gasps while his master knelt above him forcing him to jack-knife. His gaze locked on Ethan.

"Please..." He panted huskily. "Now...need you, ..." He moaned.

Ethan smiled as he purred. "You ready for me, my Ripper-slut." Ethan smiled wider as Ripper groaned and nodded vigorously. Ethan pulled his master stroke. He slid a melting ice-cube across Ripper's buttocks and then popped it into his spasming arse. "Now you're ready!" He chuckled as Ripper howled at the sudden cold. He plunged his aching cock into his lover's body and jolted with pleasure at his tight heat.

Ripper roared and arched away from the bed head almost in a shoulder stand as Ethan pummelled his well-lubricated hole.

With the long foreplay and alcohol over dinner, Ethan knew he wouldn't last long. Even cold sober and hungry he had never lasted long where Ripper was concerned. He shifted into a higher gear and close his fist round Rippers turgid cock, he stared at it in wonder, finely rippled and pliant flesh covering an inner core pulsing with blood and lust. He wanked him faster, plunging deeper and faster. Sweat dripped from his chest onto the cock in his grasp, mixing with Ripper's free-flowing pre-cum. Ethan growled as his heart boomed in his chest, his body soared and quaked. "Cumming... Aw GODFUCK Ripper!" Ethan's voice blended with Ripper's as his bonds finally gave way and his hands were



free to claw at Ethan's back...

##

The tangle of limbs remained tangled until dawn. When finally the sun spiked into Giles' eyes he blinked and then shivered at the cold bed and sodden sheets surrounding him. Ethan was gone.

He shut his eyes and swore beneath his breath. "Had me again, you fucking wanker!"

His hand flailed out to find his glasses. He unravelled the remains of his shirt from his wrist and his eyes lit upon a black rose on his pillow. He picked it up with a ghost of a smile on his face.

"Ethan, you old tart. You gone soft?" He questioned whimsically. He read the note accompanying the rose,

*Ripper old mate, as promised your life is your own. You won't see me again or perhaps you will, in your dreams. But it's me, so would they be nightmares? One more thing... why do condoms have a nipple on the end?*

Giles puzzled a while and shook his head.

*It's something to stand on when taking it off.*

Ethan turned his head at the giggles emanating from the hotel room and sauntered down the corridor and through the wall. He could have used the door, but he always endeavoured to deny convention.

The End.

Or...

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He sat up in bed, wide-awake. He reached out tentatively to touch an ivory skinned shoulder and gasped aloud when his bed partner turned sleepily and snuggled close to his chest.

"Will..." Giles started to say her name. Ethan finished it for him

"Willow. Yes Rupert it is her." Ethan took a step or two into the blushing dawn light.

Giles gasped anew, he could see right through Ethan.

"Oh close your mouth do! You look like a guppy! Y'know I probably wouldn't have minded so much if you actually felt it when I died three months ago. But you didn't, did you? I died and you didn't notice! " Ethan kicked a chair in disgust and sighed melodramatically when his foot sailed through it.

"How. how did you...uh..." Giles swallowed. Could one drink this early in the morn?

"I came across the little waif here. All the spark washed out of her. She reeked of guilt Ripper. So what's a bit more guilt for me where I'm going? I took it from her and she granted me one more night with you. I used her body and she was good eh?"

Giles grinned, wolfishly then rearranged his face when he felt stirrings in his loins. He lowered his eyes. "She was fantastic..."

Ethan bounced on his heels, then realised what he was doing and stopped suddenly. "Damn if her personality hasn't leaked into me Ripper!"

Giles looked closer as Ethan seemed to be fading in the gathering light. "You're leaving me? "

Ethan nodded, "Have to. People to do, places to be." He turned to the wall and squared his shoulders; he smirked over his shoulder at his old friend. "Be bad for me."

Ethan slipped through the wall as Willow opened her eyes and greeted her lover with a kiss.

The end.