

Ethan Giles/Rupert Rayne.

He couldn't explain why he felt the way he did, he just did. Buffy, his slayer could be a terrible tease and it annoyed him dreadfully to be teased. No one treated him with the proper respect. Except for Willow. She was a jewel, glowing with innocence and the promise of great beauty. His heart grew full when he thought of her.

He sighed as he stirred his tea. The library doors banged. A chair scraped and he flinched. The Xander had landed. He waited for the whistle; yes there it was, off key as usual. The door slammed and banged twice; his Slayer had arrived. Oh, dear time of the month. The door opened with a swish and a squeak. That was Willow. Quiet and respectful with sensible rubber soled shoes. He smiled and came out of the office.

"Good Morning all." Willow smiled at him and he went all shivery inside. He was just about to tell them of the latest evil coming their way when the library door opened again.

A tall man with broad shoulders wearing jeans and a black leather jacket stood on the threshold. His smile resembled that of a wolf and he demanded the attention of everyone in the library.

"Hello Ethan Long time no see."

Ethan swallowed the lump that had formed in his throat.

"Ripper..." It was a strangled whisper coming from the Watcher's lips. The teenagers looked at the newcomer. "What are you doing here?" Ethan asked recovering his voice somewhat.

"I love you, too Ethan! Do you have to ask so accusingly?" Buffy led the turn of heads.

"It's only because where you travel, trouble follows."

Turn.

"Ethan." he clucked. "Aren't you going to invite me in?"

Turn.

"If you close the door you'll be in." Ethan didn't look to see if Ripper had entered or not.

Turn.

"Thank you." He smiled at all present. You could almost taste the hormones. He breathed in the scent of the room. "My, my. Someone loves you Ethan. Besides me." Ethan dropped a book on the desk and glared at him. "Oops, have I said too much?" Ripper's smile grew wider. Ethan couldn't be angry when he smiled like that. Life was never dull with Ripper in it.

"Willow, will you get some tea for Rip. Rupert please?" Willow jumped up; she was back in a moment with a steaming mug of tea. Ripper had draped himself on Ethan's couch his long lean frame overlapping the end. He looked extremely comfortable with Ethan's discomfort.

Ripper looked intently at Willow noticing her eyes and her long pale neck. Her lips parting as her breath quickened at his scrutiny. He stared at the front of her blouse and saw the nipples hardening at his gaze. He licked his lips absently and she stopped the tea. He closed his fingers round the mug, brushing her fingertips with his own.

"Careful," he murmured. "Don't want you to scald yourself." He took the mug from her and captured her fingers to lick the spilt tea from them. He did so sensually, his eyes never leaving hers. His tongue swirled round each fingertip; he sucked gently, finally placing a kiss on each finger. Willow staggered back.

"Thank you for the tea." He settled back into the couch and sighed with satisfaction. Xander's mouth finally closed as Willow sat back down gulping in oxygen. Ethan stared at his friend and shook his head. How did he do that?

"What are you here for, Rupert? Ethan asked.

"Oh, this 'n' that." He looked round the library. "Little rape, little pillage, the odd orgy.... Hopefully." He grinned. "OK. I'll tell you. I'm getting married. I wanted you to be Best Man."

"Ethan, your mouth's open." Buffy whispered. He closed it.

"Who would have you?" He realised it was rude but he'd always thought of Rupert playing the field.

Ripper just smiled, that careful seductive smile of his. "You'd be shocked and surprised Ethan, love." Willow looked at the Watcher; he seemed to be different in the presence of this strange man Rayne. She couldn't understand it, how could her kind considerate Ethan Giles possibly be connected to this. Lothario?

"Rupert, we were going to discuss Watcher business tonight, do you mind?" Ethan asked hoping Rupert would leave. He didn't.

"Oh, no not at all. You carry on don't let me bother you. I wonder if I might borrow Willow a moment. I've got a muscle that needs massaging." Ethan glared at him again. "In my neck." He added. Rupert grinned at Willow as she approached him. "It's alright, I was joking. I like to torment him. I am getting married. Have to; she's ah. Peggars. God knows how. Well, I know the in's and out's Perhaps if I'd stayed out longer? What do you think Willow?"

Her name lingered on his tongue longer than necessary. Her eyes focused on his lips caressing his teacup, his long lashes swept over his green eyes and the pupils dilated as she looked at them. Ethan was miles away talking to Buffy. Rupert was right here, unwrapping her like a forgotten gift. She smiled at him and he patted the couch, putting his cup aside. She sat next to him and he pulled her down to lie beside him. She was eye to eye with him and he looked deeply into her eyes and planted a suggestion in her mind for later.

The library doors left their hinges as Rupert's bride flew in. Her eyes blazed. Her wedding gown of black organza tented out over her heavily pregnant belly, she smiled showing her fangs.

"Hello m'dears!"

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Giles shot out of his bed, bathed in a cold sweat! The nightmare again! It was the third time this week. He peered at the clock. He got dressed quickly. He needed to get to Willow. He opened the door and was bowled over by an apparition wearing bunny slippers and red tartan pyjamas.

"Giles! I've had a nightmare!"

"Willow! I've had a nightmare!"

They said together.

The End.