

## Gentle Rayne Prologue

Summary Alternate Universe.(follow on Ethan's Reign)

Warning violence

Gentle Rayne.

Prologue.

Universe one

Ethan looked at his friend nervously. Rupert was the one who found out about the demon. He was damn good at research even better with practical things. Ethan leered, remembering the night before.

"Where do you want it?" He asked Rupert shrugged.

"Somewhere, where only you will see it." He said smiling

"It's too big for there y'know." Ethan giggled. Rupert smiled easily at him.

"You choose I want this to be special between us." Ethan moved the pen about his friend's body he hesitated at his arm, but then he chose to place the tattoo over his heart.

"That special enough for you, lover?" Rupert nodded he smiled angelically.

"Always."

##

Universe two

"I'm really not sure about this Ethan. If my father finds out..." Ethan grabbed his shoulders and shoved him into the chair.

"I really hate your father Ripper though I've never met the bloke. Now you're having the tattoo done. I won't stand for another argument. Sleeve up." He ordered. Rupert rolled up his sleeve reluctantly. He knew that Ethan would be mad at the fresh needle tracks there.

"What did I tell you about that.... You need a clear head for magic. You could get an infection..." Rupert gave him his best puppy dog look. "I should put it somewhere else but Eyghon likes symmetry." He sighed and started to etch into his friend's skin.

##

Universe One, Twenty years later.

Ethan lay on the bed and sobbed into his pillow. He'd had the dream again. The dream that made his reality a nightmare. Rupert was kind and considerate Ethan loved him. They walked together with their friends through the quadrangle at Oxford. They were invincible, immortal. They were twenty-three. Then they summoned Eyghon and changed their lives

forever. Rupert was in charge and as the strongest in the group Eyghon went to him first and stayed.

Ethan hardly noticed the change at first. His friend became a Watcher and he lost touch. Ethan married and had a daughter, Lucy. He knew that she was a Slayer and hoped that his old friend would be her Watcher.

Rupert would take good care of her. Rupert had her killed by a crazed vampire called Angel; a misnomer if ever there was one. Ethan was grief stricken. Rupert then went after his wife; he had raped and tortured her. He sent Ethan 'parcels' of his wife every week until there was nothing left.

Not long after he received the last parcel he travelled to Rupert's house armed with his sword. Ethan's rage knew no bounds he would kill Rupert Giles or die in the attempt. The door was open. He strode inside. Giles attacked and severed Ethan's hand as he tried to fend off the blow that paralysed him. Ethan lay on the ground mortally wounded he heard Rupert's laughter

Ethan dried his tears and got into his wheelchair. He wheeled himself round the flat collecting the things he needed. He was going to send a letter. He had had a vision, a man surrounded by teenagers, Lucy was in front of the crowd she smiled and laughed. She had called the man 'Giles.' It was sign and he hadn't had many of those since he gave up magic, twenty years ago.

End.

### Gentle Rayne 1/3

Summary Alternate Universe.

Warning Giles whips shirt off several times

Rupert Giles woke up with the sensation that something was seriously amiss. He sat up and saw floating in front of him a letter. He knelt up on the bed and moved his hand around the envelope. It was completely unsupported. He plucked it from the air and felt residual magic shoot up his arm. He opened the letter and began to read.

Dear Rupert,

I'm asking for your help. I have never met you but I had a dream about you. I shall try to explain. Twenty years ago I raised a demon with some friends, at around the same time that you raised a demon. Our demon was Eyghon. It has possessed my friend for twenty years. It is my fault that he is being held a prisoner in his body. I put the summoning tattoo over his heart. I suspect your tattoo is in a different place.

There are twin universes. My Rupert is an evil Watcher in the employ of vampires. I am Ethan Rayne.

Giles dropped the letter as if it had just burned his fingers. This was insane. Twin universes? He looked round his familiar room and scooted back to the headboard as he noticed someone in the room with him. He peered closer. It was Ethan but not as he had seen him last, this Ethan had only one hand and was sitting in a wheelchair. He smiled gently at Rupert and pointed at the forgotten letter.

My world and the people living in it have been suffering under the sadistic rule of Mr. Giles for twenty years. Help me be rid of him. I will send you someone at three o'clock this afternoon. You must show her the tattoo.

The letter faded. The image of Ethan solidified and he wheeled himself round Rupert's bedroom. Smiling in recollection when he saw familiar photos. Rupert decided he liked this Ethan he was gentle with a genuine smile, not the almost permanent smirk that his Ethan wore. Gradually Ethan faded as the dawn filtered in through his curtains. Rupert got up early he ate his breakfast without really tasting it and left for the library.

Once there he busied himself opening post, tidying shelves and stamping books going through the motions of an occupation he was growing to hate. Unusually none of the gang came in the library that morning. Finally at three o'clock he put the closed sign on the library door and went into his office to wait.

He had just made tea, when the room grew icy cold. He gazed at the far corner of the little room. A transparent bubble was forming it contained a figure of a girl. He gasped she looked like Buffy! The bubble dissipated leaving the girl standing alone. She took a step forward and noticed him sitting behind the desk. He had never seen anyone look so afraid. The girl swallowed her fear and spoke.

"May I see the Mark of Eyghon, Sir?" She had Buffy's voice but tamed and toneless. He said nothing but stripped off his sweatshirt, no Mark over his heart. Mark on his arm. She smiled with happiness.

"I have a message my father says will you help?"

"Yes I'll help you. Can you tell me your name?" He tried not to notice the effect his voice was having on the girl. She was cringing away from him. "I'm sorry I sound like him don't I?" She nodded and gathered her courage to answer his questions.

"My name is Lucy. I was a Slayer. You.... My Watcher had me killed by Angel. My Watcher has killed all the Slayers called to him I'm glad you will kill him." She smiled sadly. "My time grows short. Thank you for helping." With that her voice echoed away and another letter fluttered to the ground where she had stood.

"You're being very theatrical, Ethan." Rupert muttered to himself as he opened the envelope.

Rupert,

Thanks for helping; the summoning is tonight at midnight.

Bring a friend and backup.

Ethan.

Bring a friend? That would have to be Willow. Backup? There was only one person he would trust. The same one he had trusted twenty years before. Rupert unlocked the bottom drawer of his desk and looked up the number. The phone was ringing.

"Hello? Speak I'm busy." Rupert sighed he could just guess what was keeping Ethan busy.

"Ethan?" He queried hesitantly

"Ripper! An unexpected pleasure! What can I do for you?" Rupert could picture his friends face a-glow with possibilities. He phrased his next sentence carefully.

"Ethan, I'm in trouble and I need your help." Rupert smiled at the small silence on the other end of the line. He was tricking the biggest trickster in the business.

"When do you need me?" Rupert grinned, got 'im.

"Tonight at midnight? You could make it earlier, if you like." Rupert added evenly.

"I wouldn't miss this for the world. Oh, and Ripper? We'll discuss my fee over breakfast." Ethan disconnected.

Damn, Rupert thought. Got me again, sly bastard! He called Willow next she agreed to help almost before he explained the details. She was eager even when he said it would be dangerous.

"Giles, what can go wrong? It'll be our first magical field-trip." Rupert could almost feel her bouncing down the phone line.

##

At midnight she went to Giles' house. Ethan opened the door wearing Giles' robe.

"Hello breakfast." Ethan purred. "Sorry Willow." She arranged her face into her best "get lost" expression.

"Rupert!" Ethan called. "Your friends' here!" Rupert peered over the balcony and waved. He straightened the bed and finished dressing, then came downstairs.

"Willow, thank you for coming. Ethan is backup tonight. We're going on a journey. Are you ready?"

"Yes" Her reply was a little wary.

"Willow, do you trust me?" Rupert asked.

"Of course I do Its just that I don't trust him." She gestured towards Ethan who put an easy arm round Rupert's waist. "He's a reptile." Ethan laughed.

"Willow, this spell tonight has to have its foundation in trust. Ethan and I have called a temporary truce I don't hit him until something goes wrong and he stay's around until we're safely back home." His smile was encouraging and at last she nodded.

"OK. What do I do?" He took her hand and they stepped into the summoning circle together. Ethan started the chant in Rupert's living room and finished the chant in a dimly lit flat.

##

Willow was unable to disguise her disappointment. No sparks. Nothing. Then she saw

Ethan. He wore glasses to read and held the spell book awkwardly in his left hand. Behind his chair stood a youth with long hair and haunted dark eyes, he held a white candle. Giles took a step out of the circle and the young man stepped in front of Ethan, protecting him.

"Your mark, Sir?" Giles took another step forward and looked closer at the boy.

"Xander?" The youth stepped closer. His face was a carefully controlled mix of hatred and respect.

"The mark of Eyghon." His voice threatened. Giles backed away and took off his sweater. Xander relaxed and turned back to Ethan who smiled.

End of Pt.1

Gentle Rayne 2/3

Summary Alternate Universe.

Warning Evil Giles

"Welcome, old friend. It's good to see you." Ethan glanced at Willow. "Ah, a fledgling witch. Hello, my dear, forgive me for not getting up?" He smiled warmly at them.

"Ethan.." The man in the chair froze at the sound of his name.

"I'm sorry Rupert But you sound so like him. He will be here soon. You must hide and I must retreat. He will be gone again in an hour."

They hid where he showed them. Soon the room grew cold. He wrapped his arms round Willow to warm her and made himself as comfortable as possible in the tall cupboard that was their hiding place. Willow slept. He could not sleep because he could see what was happening to Ethan.

A man came into the room and dismissed Xander. Ethan looked as though he was in a deep trance. The man looked in Rupert's direction once and he saw his own face looking as though it had been intimate with evil for an Age. The man stripped off his clothes and lifted Ethan effortlessly on to the bed. Rupert closed his eyes in prayer as he witnessed the repeated rape and ritual beating of his helpless friend. The man left after kissing Ethan's forehead muttering

"Always."

Rupert squeezed past Willow and she woke up. He told her stay put and not to look out. He went to his friend; Ethan lay on his front his eyes still dead in trance. Bruises were forming down his back and he had deep bite marks on his shoulders. Xander entered the room to treat Ethan's wounds. Rupert gathered Ethan's clothes and after Xander had cleaned him Rupert helped Xander to get him dressed. When Ethan finally came round from his trance, he smiled bravely at Rupert.

"Now you see the enemy we face." Rupert nodded.

"What can we do?" Rupert asked.

Willow came from their hiding place and sought out Rupert's hand. Xander shuddered. Willow gave him a reassuring smile. Xander smiled back a little hesitantly.

"Tonight you'll stay with Angel. Poor soul is completely mad but he's like his name. In the morning Willow will go to the library to occupy our Giles." Ethan paused at the young woman's puzzled expression.

"How do You know my name?" She asked.

"I know names, I knew you were a witch. We have learned to mask ourselves here. Giles is a predator. He is very dangerous." He took a breath. "Do you want to leave? If so, say so and I will prepare another circle." His eyes were concerned and gentle completely lacking in malice.

"I'll stay. I'll help." Rupert gave Willow's hand a squeeze. He was very proud of her right now.

##

Rupert and Willow walked out of the flat and made their way to Angel's house. Rupert shook his head in disbelief as he walked up the familiar path, his path. The curtains were drawn against the day. The door opened before they knocked, they stepped in warily and the door banged shut. Angel stooped behind the door not daring to look Rupert in the face.

"Ethan said to 'spect you I been openin' door all day. Keep it closed now." He walked past Willow with his head bowed.

"Angel.." Rupert asked, working hard on keeping his voice gentle. "Why are you?..."

"Mad?" He finished for him. "Angel mad." He nodded. "I bled thousands. I remember them all. The screams, take me and send me mad. Ethan helps." Angel smiled suddenly.

"Giles likes me, he gives me girls. Girls are strong and sweet." He closed his eyes remembering. When his eyes flickered open again tears spilled down his cheeks.

"I killed Lucy and Ethan was sad. That's why I'm mad." He wiped his tears away with his sleeve and sat on the stairs hugging the newel post.

Rupert and Willow settled on the sofa for the night. Rupert spent a disturbed night because of Angel. Angel would stroke Willow's hair; it didn't bother her but Rupert pulled her closer every time Angel touched her. Eventually sleep claimed him. In the morning he woke to find Willow moulded to his body with a blanket tucked round them courtesy of Angel. Willow woke and snuggled closer to him then stopped when she realised who it was she was snuggling closer to. Rupert smiled.

"Morning Willow, sleep well?" He breathed. He had wanted her this close for so long and was reluctant to let her go..

"Rupert? I gotta go...Y'know..." Willow said a little urgently.

"Oh? Oh, yes of course...I'll make breakfast." She untangled herself and sped off to the bathroom.

Rupert didn't find much in the way of food in the kitchen, what he did find was some tea of doubtful vintage. Willow arrived at his side looking refreshed. He handed her a cup of tea.

"This is breakfast, not much to eat in a vampires kitchen I'm afraid. How are you enjoying the field trip thus far?"

"I was expecting more. Fireworks! Y'know. Another dimension! I thought it would be different." She sipped her tea.

"A dimension where I'm an evil slayer-killing megalomaniac. Yes, I'd say it's a walk in the park..." Giles finished his tea and put the cup in the sink.

"Time for you to go Willow...I don't have to tell you to be careful, do I?" She smiled at him.

"Always.."

That word tugged at him. He hugged her fiercely and whispered in her ear.

"Please...Take care Willow!" She nodded and gave him a soft kiss.

The door closing sounded like a coffin lid being shut. He had a very bad feeling about this...

##

Ethan backed away from the letter that floated in front of him. He had batted it away for the first few seconds and then had tried to banish it. It unnerved him. He wasn't a hero. He didn't want to be included in Ripper's magical crusade. He sighed and snatched it out of the air ripping the envelope open in disgust.

Ethan,  
You are cordially invited to a slaying, black tie optional.  
Weapon is essential.  
Ethan.

He crumpled the letter up and threw it down in anger. He grabbed his coat and Rupert's cross-bow.

"You're really going to owe me for this, Ripper!" He stepped into the circle as it began to glow brightly.

##

Willow pushed the library door open. The woman behind the counter looked up she didn't smile. No-one smiled here.



"Hi I'm Willow." She stopped and suddenly realised to whom she was talking. Ms. Callendar. Willow was just getting over that shock when Rupert walked in.

"Yes, may I help you?" Willow caught her breath at his voice. This was not Rupert; this was evil Giles.

"Uhm. I'm Willow I've been sent here to work."

"Who sent you?" He asked giving her a gentle smile. Willow thought she saw Jenny shudder. Willow thought quickly.

"The agency" She replied. "Don't you need someone to help with your data base?" Willow had taken a calculated risk that this Giles was as technophobic as her Giles.

"Oh, infernal machine! Yes, alright. Perhaps you would like to see it. It's in my office." Willow smiled and followed Giles meekly. Giles gripped Willows' shoulders painfully as the door closed behind them. His smile was feral.

"Now you are a delectable morsel aren't you? Whom do I have to thank for you I wonder?" Willow squirmed in his grip but her efforts to get away only made his smile wider.

"That was a very pretty story about the computer. I've never had a whore with a brain before." Willow froze.

"Do you know the drill or do I have to explain? I have very particular tastes" She summoned all her power and gave him a mild shock. It was enough. He let go of her and looked at his fingers, blowing on them.

"Interesting! A witch-Whore.."

"Just a witch!" Willow replied acidly. "Your computer?"

Giles pouted and pointed in the corner. Willow bent over a pile of boxes to see nothing. Her arms were wrenched behind her back and secured by his leather belt. She screamed. He ripped her underwear from her and she screamed again.

"You DO know the drill!" He laughed triumphantly. She was struggling for all she was worth, her mind refusing to give in. He wasn't going to rape her. Her wrists were beginning to be rubbed raw.. He'd loosened his clothing and was yanking her back. She clawed her nails across his bare abdomen and he swore at her. She stamped on his foot and kicked his shins, repeatedly. He was laughing all the time. At last he hoisted her up and onto his cock.

"That's enough foreplay." He whispered in her ear. She whimpered as he speared into her. His large hand covered her mouth and she bit down hard into the flesh. He yelled and she screamed

"RUPERT!!!" His hand gripped her throat and she looked with frightened eyes into his dark eyes.

End of Pt.2



Gentle Rayne 3/3

Summary Rupert loses rag.

Warning Blood feasting

"Giles. Whore! My name is Giles." His voice was harsh and cruel in her ears.

Then he kissed her hungrily. She clenched her teeth. He smiled and started to ram into her at the same time as increasing pressure on her neck. Her mouth went slack with the effort to breathe. He took no notice of the tears that streaked down her face.

Everything was going black. She was aware that his thrusts were getting more viscous and desperate. Giles was cumming, filling her with his dark evil seed. He relaxed his grip on her throat, biting her shoulder through her blouse.

##

The atmosphere changed. They were no longer in the office. Her attacker straightened; reaching into his pocket for a knife Giles shifted Willow round to face Ethan. He held the knife blade to Willows' throat and yanked her wrists back. His eyes burned, darting round taking in the three men in the room.

"Ah.. You have been busy. Angel? Who are you? Ethan's twin?" Giles zipped himself up as he was talking.

"No. Ethan, you've been summoning haven't you? After all these years!" He sounded surprised.

"Y'know, Ripper is not going to be best pleased when he gets here. You're holding his friend there." Ethan stood holding Rupert's crossbow in one hand, waiting for a good shot.

"Who's Ripper? And I've done more than 'hold' her." Giles lifted Willow's skirt briefly, she bent forward in an effort to stop him, but the knife cut the skin on her throat. Ethan swallowed and levelled the crossbow. Giles changed the position of the knife, pressing the point against Willow's heart. A single pearl of blood formed there.

"Please, Ethan" Willow's voice made Ethan drop the crossbow immediately.

##

"WILLOW!?" Rupert bellowed as he stormed into the library. The woman behind the counter shook with fright. Rupert gazed at her in shock.

"Jenny?" She backed away from him. He dodged round the counter and embraced her, filling his lungs with her scent. She was different. Slowly his arms dropped from round her. This was Not his Jenny. She was terrified of him.

"Have you seen Willow? The new girl? Red hair, elfin looking with a smile?" He asked desperately.

"You took her into your office." He walked swiftly to where she pointed. The room was empty. There had been a struggle. He picked up a scrap of white material from the floor. Rupert stared at the scrap of material in his hands. Curiosity gave way to embarrassment then growing rage at a horrific realisation.

"Willow." He whispered. "JENNY!" He roared. He plunged the scrap of fabric into his pocket. "Jenny?!" The rage in his voice brought her to his door, "I need to get to Ethan." His voice was clear although his body trembled with a terrible purpose.

Jenny shrank back from him. "He was back! Oh God he's back." She thought her panic rising. He lunged at her gripping her upper arms.

"Jenny, please help me to help Willow!" The woman nodded, whipping away the rug in the office to reveal an ebony-summoning circle inlaid on the office floor. Jenny placed the black candles with practised ease, reaching out she stripped his sweater from him. Jenny smiled for the first time when she realised where his tattoo was. Her smile faded when she looked into his eyes.

They were cold, hard glittering emeralds that spoke volumes of vengeful violence and murderous intent. He stepped into the circle and felt the evil heat sear his soul. He revelled in it. It would fuel his fury. He spoke the words of an incantation lifting his right hand out to the side he grasped the sword. He fixed his gaze on Jenny's sweet face one last time.

"Good bye."

##

Ethan seated and Ethan standing showed no sign of Rupert's sudden appearance. Angel did react and Giles, seeing the reaction, prepared to plunge the knife into Willow's heart.

Angel dived through the binding circle howling in pain. He gripped the knife and pulled it away at the same time he pushed Willow out of the circle and into Ethan's waiting arms. She was cold and shivering the shock claiming her at last.

Once Willow was clear, Rupert roared out his despair and plunged his sword through Giles and Angel. Angel held Giles close. Rupert's face was a mask of terrible retribution as he slowly twisted the blade in the two bodies. He ripped up and then flattened the blade to slice right and left thus damaging all the major organs save one. He would leave the heart till the last. He pulled the sword out smoothly savouring the soft slide of both men to the floor. They supported each other in a kneeling position.

He side stepped the flames lapping round his circle and crossed to where Ethan held Willow. He knelt to free her hands, taking great care not to touch the raw areas of her wrists. Slowly he became aware of gasping noises from the circle behind him. He glanced over his shoulder.

Giles held Angel now and he was mouthing something. Giles was dying. The words he mouthed chilled Rupert to the core of his being.

"Take me Angel, turn me."

Angel had no choice but to obey he was Giles' servant. The vampire bared his fangs as Giles' head rolled to one side. He drank.

Rupert staggered to his feet, staring transfixed at the scene played out before him. The bodies were leaning on one another. Giles moaned and slumped at last. Angel rolled his head to the side and Giles struggled to lift his head high enough to rip and drink.

They were feasting on each other now. Ethan gasped in horror. He felt the crossbow being ripped from his grasp. Rupert loaded and fired the bolts without emotion. Both bodies exploded.

He was on the floor next to Willow not knowing how he had come to be there. Willow leaned against him inviting his touch but he couldn't hold her.

Giles had raped her and threatened to knife her. Giles had made him kill Angel. Giles had raped and killed dozens of innocents and Rupert knew that he could so easily have been the same.

Ethan was speaking.

"We're going now. They need a lot of time to heal I'll make sure they get it."

##

Ethan busied himself removing the circle from Rupert's living room floor. Willow had showered and was now in the kitchen putting the kettle on. Rupert sat on his sofa his eyes blank, staring ahead. Ethan was worried. Willow was too calm and Rupert was inert with shock. The kettle boiled and he made the tea. He decided to help them. Willow fell asleep fairly soon after finishing her 'tea'. Rupert needed two cups to render him unconscious.

Ethan gathered his ingredients together. For what he was about to do he might have to give up his seat as Lucifer's right hand man.

Reputation blown old man he thought to himself. He recited the incantation to make both Willow and Rupert forget. It would last as long as Ethan lived and he planned to live a very long time. He slept afterwards; his head resting on Rupert's shoulder and Willow snuggled up to him on his left.

He woke to find another one of those damned letters floating in front of him. He grabbed at it impatiently and ripped it open. He stared at the photograph and flipped it over.

My wife and my new Slayer, love Ethan.

The picture was of Ethan with Jenny sitting on his lap, Willow standing behind his chair next to Xander. They were all smiling. Ethan put the photo into his pocket and left the sofa to cook breakfast.

THE END

