

## Lonely 1/6 (prequel to Retired)

Summary Giles is alone, one man against impossible odds.

He was almost the colour of dust now, moving with silent steps through mist deadened cemeteries. It didn't used to be this quiet. A long time ago he had shared the nights and days with the others. Now he walked alone with his slow methodical pace. There was no reason to hurry; the vampires toyed and tarried with their victims now that no Slayer existed to vex them.

A screech and pounding feet turned his step and hastened his heart; he moistened his pale, parched lips and trod toward the small gathering of undead with a mortal at its centre.

One by one the vamps quieted as no sound was heard around them, the girl they taunted also ceased to sob, clutching at her torn garments and tattered punctured limbs. Her boyfriend had proved poor protection against this new breed of Vampires.

They feared one human and that human approached.

A couple of them fled. Another three stepped back away from the body and let the largest of them alone with the man.

"Watcher..." the vampire growled. "My name is..." He didn't have time to finish before his severed head hit the ground.

"Why do they always have name themselves?" Giles muttered to himself, "As if I care who they are?" He turned at a step behind him and stabbed a stake into the chest of his attacker. "Really bad manners to sneak up on one like that..." he murmured softly. He watched the dust settle and then narrowed his eyes on the remaining single vamp; his friends had long since vanished. "Well? Do you want to join your friends?" He pointed his stake at the ground and when he jerked his head to the perimeter of the cemetery, he added, "...or your friends?"

The vampire smiled briefly and glanced over his shoulder, then gestured with his thumb away from the Watcher and left at high speed.

The Watcher put his weapons away and retrieved his first aid kit. He walked toward the frightened girl and draped a warm shawl round her shoulders. And then began dressing her wounds.

Once or twice, the girl dipped her head trying to see the face of her saviour, but the shadows wouldn't let her see. She knew he was old because his hair was streaked with silver but he had one of those physiques that remained the same as it matured.

"Can you stand?" he held out his hand to steady her steps. She nodded and sniffed. He reached into his pocket and handed her a pristine white handkerchief. "Dry your tears and I'll walk you home."

The girl walked beside him no longer scared of the night, surrounded, as she was by the aura of this kind brave man. She had forgotten about her boyfriend, lying bloodied and broken, back in the cemetery and on remembering she began to weep again, silent tears this time.

"Whatever's the matter?" the kind, mellow voice inquired. She explained and he asked, " Did you see him drink?" She shook her head, "Then be thankful he won't rise a vampire."

She stopped suddenly pulling on his elbow, "A vampire? Wh-who are you? "

"Yes, vampire's do exist. But your friend won't become one. " He hesitated, wondering why he hadn't introduced himself before. "My name is Rupert Giles, I'm a Watcher." He quietly said letting go of her hand and watching her as she limped to her door. He smiled as she turned and waved before closing the door. He sighed and waited a few heartbeats before raising his hand and whispering, "Forget".

End of part one.

## Lonely 2/6

Summary Giles meets an old acquaintance

He unlocked the door and as he crossed the threshold of the deserted room, his furniture re-appeared. No one came to his door day or night; everyone believed he'd left after his Slayers final funeral. He stood in the centre of the room and wept silently for his lost Slayer, his tears cleaning tracks in the dust caking his handsome features. A thought could make him weep, that's why he avoided the daylight with its sunny haired tanned teenagers. They reminded him of one he would never see again.

Buffy...

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"Hey Giles!" He looked up from his stock report and smiled at Buffy. Bethany, Dawn's daughter held her hand on her maiden trip from her stroller. Giles immediately came round the counter and crouched down to the toddlers level. Buffy let go of her niece's hand and watched bright eyed as she tottered toward Giles, who sneakily shuffled forward a little to help her. At last, his arms were full of drooling powdered baby enfolded in a tender embrace.

Buffy wiped a tear away and levelled a camera to her eye to take his picture. Giles glanced up a moment after the flash. "Really, Buffy, how many photo's do you need?" He cooed at Bethany and play bit her fingers; again he was blinded. He scowled.

His Slayer, hand on hip, stared him down. "My niece, my Watcher...my flip-book" She pronounced every consonant so he would understand. "Now smile... that's an order."

Giles shook his head and giggled. "Let's go tickle Aunty Buffy, shall we?" He got to his feet in time to see Dawn come in with more bags of baby things. Swift as an eagle Buffy slapped the camera into Dawn's hand like a sprinter's baton and raced to Giles' side. Dawn fumbled with the controls for a second ...

"Quick take the picture, take the picture! " Buffy squealed as she snuggled in close to the Watcher. Bethany looked up at Giles as he and Buffy looked at each other, one excited, one enquiring, then all at once understanding. Bethany twisted her head this way and that. The Watcher touched his Slayer's fingers and each breathed the same breath. They gazed at each other and knew every pain and triumph in their souls and in turn wept and rejoiced.

Dawn held her breath. This moment would never come again in her lifetime. The moment two souls meet and embrace again. She depressed the shutter as Buffy and Giles slid their eyes toward her in amazement. Dawn sighed and placed the camera on the table, she came to them and took Bethany from Giles' arms.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Buffy..." She strapped Bethany into her stroller and flipped the shop open sign to closed on her way out.

##

Giles tucked the towel round his waist and walked out of his shower, past the framed photograph of him, Buffy and Bethany that Dawn had taken so long ago.

He ate his meal from the saucepan in the kitchen; just meat and vegetables heated up; he didn't bother much with ceremony nowadays. He ran water into the empty pan and went to bed as the first rays of light sparkled the dust in the living room.

He slept as the dead and re-lived his part in Buffy's death.

##

They had married in the autumn and by Christmas Buffy was expecting. Everyone was thrilled, even Travers' successor sent a gift for Buffy's baby shower. It was an idyllic time. Spike became the protector of Buffy's bump and no one teased him for it. They wouldn't dare! No one needed a Watcher pissed off at them.

It happened one evening when Spike and Giles were watching Buffy battle with washing the kitchen floor. "Do you think we should help?" Spike asked taking another swig of his beer.

Giles shook his head violently. "Oohh, no, it's nesting instinct, you put a foot in that kitchen she'd lop it off!" Giles gazed at his wife as her hips swayed to and fro hypnotically.

The smell of ozone and the sound of the crack of doom heralded the emergence of a monstrous demon onto their astral plane. A swipe of its terrifying claw sent Buffy crashing through the kitchen wall to land in the Living room at Giles' feet. He blinked as the beast ripped open time itself and slid through another portal on its way home. Buffy had been in its way. He sank to his knees and whispered her

name, spoke, shouted and finally screamed her name to rouse her. He hardly felt Spike's fingers prising him away from her as the medics took her vital signs.

Giles' eyes pleaded with them; Spike sat back on his haunches and hung his head. As the medics pronounced her dead, Giles couldn't say anything. He shook as he gazed at his wife.

Spike raised his head and stared at the Slayer's belly. "The baby... I hear its heart Rupert."

The medics crowded round once more and eventually a child emerged from Buffy's body.

Spike stood away from the scene his arms hugging his upper body and staring at the wall whilst his nostrils flared with the scent of Slayer's blood. He closed his amber eyes and felt his fangs lengthen.

The door closed on the devastated room.

Giles knelt on the blood soaked rug clutching his young son. The boy looked up at him with wise eyes.

"Spike..." Rupert whispered.

The Vampire left his refuge and peered over the Watcher's shoulder at the child. He stood no nearer than the breadth of the bloodstain. "Well, isn't he a poppet?" Rupert glanced up at him with a quizzical smile, "Me and Dru, used to call um... Sorry" He cleared his throat. "Congratulations, Rupert, mate." He left the house and its scent of blood, birth and death in a blur of black leather.

Giles began to rock himself and the baby whilst kneeling in the circle of blood and murmuring softly, "Sorry, I should've told you come out, should've made you come out of the kitchen..."

##

In the stillness of sunset, a dark slight figure drifted toward his bed. She smiled at his nakedness and licked her polished lips. Her talons stroked down his chest and she stooped to lick...

She gasped as the sharpened stake threatened to puncture her chest and human fingers tightened on her slender wrist. Her eyes gleamed in the darkness and met his in recognition.

"Hello poppet..."

"Drusilla-"

End of part two.

### Lonely 3/6

#### Summary Drusilla and Giles Chat

#### Warning Giles turned.

"I'm not your poppet, Drusilla". Giles hissed.

She smiled her mock child smile at him and pulled her wrist from his grasp. She sat astride his hips, her long organza gown gathered to her narrow knees. She stroked his chest and giggled when she heard him suck in his breath; when she felt his nipple harden under her fingers. "Poor, Slayerless Watcher, so sad and lonely... You could have her back y'know."

He jolted upright so fast that Drusilla landed on her rump on the floor beside his bed. He glared down at her with the cold fire of hatred burning in his eyes. "I won't rip her from heaven again!"

Drusilla gazed up at him and thrilled at his power. Mortal though he was; he would taste wonderful. She shivered and moaned at the thought of taking him. Her dark eyes beheld him and she told him of her vision. "You have to become like me to see your Slayer again. She will come to you in a hundred years, like Sleepin' Beauty..." She ended in a cackle, which she stifled with the fingers of her left hand. Whilst Giles' focus was on her fingers, she had stood and now whispered in his ear. "My childe would be gifted, a soul...of sorts would he possess..."

Her voice then came from the dining room, "Demons are like cakes assorted kinds wander round Perditions flames. Some escape, these make minions. Some wait for the mature wine, the wisest ones to possess. One waits for you, Watcher."

"Which one was yours?" Giles asked scornfully. Drusilla's hand whipped in an arc toward his face and he stopped her with a word. She screamed in frustration and stamped her foot. He smiled briefly at her, "Would you like some tea m'dear?"

Drusilla forgot her fit of pique in a moment; it had been a very long time since she'd been invited to tea. She smoothed down her dress and perched prettily on the edge of a chair. "Yes thank you, in a china cup?" she smiled at him.

Giles bowed briefly to her and smirked secretly as she sat with her hands daintily clasped in her lap; the epitome of a Victorian lady. He got out the best china and placed a selection of biscuits on a sandwich plate. When the tea brewed, he transported all to the table on a large tray.

He sat opposite her and poured the tea whilst she nibbled on a biscuit. "Drusilla, how did you get into my house?" He replaced the teapot on the tray and stirred his tea, absently awaiting her answer.

"I slipped through the portal in your kitchen, it's a spatial crossing point. If one knows the way, one doesn't get lost." Drusilla sipped her tea, savouring the heat of the liquid with her tongue. 'Would the Watcher taste like this?' She mused.

Giles swallowed and watched as she did the same. "You need to convince me of my fate Drusilla. I wouldn't be a lapdog child attending your every whim. If I were to believe you, I would retain my knowledge and gain and enhance the knowledge and experience of which ever demon possessed my body."

"Yes!" the mad Vampiress clapped her hands gaily. "I knew you were wise..." She left her seat and flew to his side. "But in your mind you wouldn't forget me, would you? You'd be nice to me, come hunting with me?" She pleaded.

He looked into her eyes and realised that she was as lonely as he was. He took her hand in his and tried to imagine being in her company for a hundred years whilst he waited for Buffy. He couldn't!

"Yes, Drusilla...Every night." He whispered as she tucked her head into his lap and wept cold tears of joy. Giles angled his body away from her and grimaced as her bony fingers caressed the flesh of his thighs. He needed her to turn him after that he didn't need her.

He could feel his heart turning cold at the thought of vengeance and he smiled; his eyes glittering jet and emerald as his hand stroked her hair softly and he cooed sweet nothings to soothe her vile demonic spirit.

##

He shaved closely that last night. He stared at his reflection in the strong electric light to burn his likeness into his brain. He'd never see himself reflected again. He sighed and stepped onto his scales wondering if he would lose or gain weight; how much did a soul weigh?

He walked from the bathroom and toward Drusilla who waited, naked, at the foot of the stairs. Her one stipulation was that she had to turn him after he'd slept with her. So, he walked to the gallows foot and climbed thirteen steps to his loft bedroom.

The sex was adequate, not fantastic because she was a trifle inhibited by her catholic upbringing and her need for punishment was as intense as the orgasm it produced. If Giles had to sum it up, it was cold despair instead of hot passion. He'd managed to cum, to his shame, thinking of Wesley.

Drusilla, stretched out like a skinned cat, stark white against his cream sheets. She purred and rubbed her tummy, feeling the brief warmth of his seed inside her. Her eyes turned golden and she leapt at his body, wrapping her limbs round him constricting like a cold serpent.

Giles gasped at the sudden shift of control. His heart beat faster pushing blood round his body in a flood. Of course, he snatched at his thoughts; the scent of fear and adrenaline in the blood is what a vampire craves!

Drusilla's claw like hand turned his head for access and he resisted, letting the vessels pulse a little longer, driving her mad with blood lust, She lifted her body upward once more and impaled herself on his erect cock. He yelled as chilled moisture surrounded him and he began to fuck her with all the lust lacking in their

last coupling.

She dribbled over his neck and the sensation was like iced peppermint, burning without heat. He shook with his impending release, opened his eyes and saw a huge dark shadow waiting to take his place. Tension grew cavernous and suddenly he fell into the abyss, filling Drusilla's undead flesh with his live hot seed. She sank her fangs into his Carotid and drew away his life's blood.

The pressures increased, and still he pumped into her body, accepting the cold, giving up his heat. His breath became staggered and reluctant, his eyes heavy lidded and vacant. His heart squeezed the last desperate drops of blood from its chambers and stuttered empty in his chest.

His body felt light. A pale figure and a dark figure exchanged places, the dark sinking into its new home. Drusilla slashed her wrist and she offered him her sacrifice.

He drank deeply, slowly but surely. He could feel Drusilla's desperate struggles to be free of him. He looked up at her with golden eyes and she screamed! He continued to feast on his dark princess until she lay limp and shrunken on his sheets. Still the living dead because her eyelids twitched as he finally staked her.

End of part 3

Lonely 4/6

Summary Giles, having been turned into a vampire, investigates his limitations in the world of man.

Warning This one involves major Carnage; I suggest you get a bucket.

Notes Azazel, one of the original fallen angels (Paradise Lost Bk. 1) whose name was changed to Iblis meaning despair.

The name of the demon was ancient and thus unimportant, but it was well pleased with its shell of flesh and willingly shared knowledge with the intellect that remained. It took great delight in the wealth of festering hatred for a certain Quentin Travers and suggested that perhaps they should visit that mortal first.

##

Quentin Travers made a hasty exit from the briefing room, with the latest paranormal report clutched to his breast. An evil of biblical proportions had arisen and their last link with the Hellmouth had disappeared. He hurried to his rooms, mopping his brow as he went.

He settled behind his desk rubbing his left arm to rid it of cramp. He walked to his drinks cabinet and lifted the Whisky Tantalus and poured himself a half measure. His hand trembled as he lifted the glass to his lips.

"Really Quentin, so early in the day?" Giles peeped out of the interior of a Porter's chair by the fireplace and lifted an eyebrow in greeting.



Quentin swallowed his drink with a cough and backed away to his desk and the panic button there. He pressed it, then silently opened the top drawer; his stakes were gone. His eyes swivelled to his visitor, who outstretched his hands to the blaze.

"Good of you to leave kindling for the fire Quentin." Giles finally looked at his nemesis and asked, "How the Hell have you been? Destroyed anyone's lives recently?"

"I've been better Rupert." Quentin managed. "How about you? I've heard only good things about you..."

A stream of fragrant smoke accompanied the evil chuckle emanating from the chair. "My days of good deeds are long gone, Quentin. My last "good" deed was to stake my sire..." He got gracefully to his feet and stepped lightly to the fire. He stared at the embers. "You should sit down Quentin, you're having a heart attack."

Quentin sank into his office chair and watched Giles walk toward him, cocking his head as if listening.

"You're going to die soon...Do you know how long I've wished that would happen? Twenty years. And now it's going to happen..." He hesitated taking a long drag on his cheroot. "You've made me the happiest being...undead."

##

Giles kept a respectful distance as the body bag was wheeled on a stretcher from the Chairman's office. He ducked back into the oak panelled room and swiftly drew the heavy tapestry curtains against the sun. He turned the key in the lock and then placed a mental lock over that. Secure in the knowledge he would not be disturbed he opened the Tantalus and waited for nightfall.

He read the rare Watcher diaries and discovered that Buffy had not been the most rebellious of Slayer's after all. One Slayer, during the reign of Charles the second, had a side line in evening social work; another entertained troops in the Boer War. So, the Council's accounts of Slayer's obeying orders were not strictly true.

Giles smiled and purred in his sleep. Buffy's spirit had surfaced time and again throughout the centuries, he need only wait and Identify that same 'rebel' streak.

##

His eyes snapped open. Nightfall. He felt the jagged point of chair leg grazing his chest and widened his eyes in surprise. The gnarled, rheumatic hand that held it steady above his un-beating heart belonged to Ethan Rayne.

"Ethan," Giles breathed. He relaxed into the back of his chair and made no move toward the stake that threatened his existence. His old friend had not worn as well with time as he had. Chaos extracted its price. "Only you could enter here...How are you, Ethan?" Giles smiled pleasantly and reached for the whisky decanter. He pulled up short as the wood pierced his skin. "Um, 's'cuse me old chap, would you



mind?" He glanced at the lethal stake as if it were a minor inconvenience. Ethan eased the pressure but still left the tip touching the vampire. "Drink?" Ethan nodded. As he took the glass from Giles, the vampire flipped the stake from his grasp and tossed it onto the dying blaze. He stoked the embers with the fire iron; leaving it to warm in the grate.

Ethan gulped down his drink, disarmed and suddenly vulnerable in the same room with a vampire with Watcher and mystical knowledge. He and his wits had better not be parted! Giles was speaking to him...

"What are you doing here? Up to some mischief, are you? " Giles teased. Ethan squirmed uncomfortably. "Or did you want something from me?"

Ethan looked into his amber eyes and swallowed his pride. His voice croaked with decay as he spoke for the first time. "I know who you are. I felt you take Ripper away..." his voice cracked with emotion. "Your plan is flawed. You'll never capture the Slayer's spirit. Just her image..." Ethan saw the vampire's expression change. "You're going to bind her soul to the creature she becomes when you turn her. She'd go mad! Oh, Rupert! Don't do that to Buffy!"

Giles took the poker from the fire and blew on the end; its colour had changed slightly, hot enough to brand.

Ethan changed tack suddenly on seeing the anger flash in the eternal eyes; all at once, he knew which demon had possessed Giles and he feared for the world if Giles' plan didn't succeed. He knelt on the worn rug, adopting a submissive posture.

Giles lifted the poker to Ethan's shoulder and whispered in his opposite ear; "The legion's of Hell thank you for your worship, Ethan. You've been a loyal servant of Chaos for more than forty years. As you rightly guessed I am one of many expelled from Heaven." Giles hesitated as he lowered the poker to Ethan's shoulder and watched whilst the old man struggled to get away. "My Will Be Done, this time Ethan!" He lifted the poker and grasping Ethan's face in his hands, shed tears of happiness at Ethan's open terror. "Go to your reward..." He snapped Ethan's head sharply to the left and watched as the body jerked then lay still; a broken puppet.

Giles stood straight and tall in the dead room. He unlocked the door and then strode out into the night. He nodded a greeting to the numerous guards on his way out and was safely outside the perimeter fence when Ethan's body was discovered.

End of part 4

Lonely 5/6

Summary In which Wesley is turned two weeks after Angel becomes human.

Warning Vampire Giles, what can I tell you? Evil incarnate?

It happened one night. Angel woke from a troubled sleep, the thump of a distant drum kept him falling back into an undead stupor. His chest itched and he

scratched idly. He coughed and breathed before turning over on to his side. His eyes snapped open as he detected the creeping warmth of the morning sun inching up his bedclothes. His fingers twisted the Egyptian cotton and he screamed for Wes.

Wesley Wyndom Price leapt from his bed and then stumbled as his foot twisted over caught in the bottom sheet. He yelled "Coming!" at the top of his lungs as he hopped to the door grabbing his dressing gown from the back of the door.

What he saw as he entered Angel's room took his breath away. Angel was in bed, half sitting, stretching out his hand to shafts of brilliant sunlight. The whole room was filled with glorious dawn. He stepped into the reflected puddles of silver light and felt warmth on his skin. Wes swallowed the hard lump in his throat as he realised that Angel had earned God's forgiveness at last. He knelt on the floor and smiled and sobbed at the same time.

Angel stood and stepped into the golden daylight, his hands outstretched to drink in the morning. Dark and brooding shadows lifted from his countenance to be replaced by sun kissed tones and highlights to his body and hair. Angel turned around in the sunlight, bathing in it and smiled warmly at Wes, his own tears of joy drying on his warm face. "Wes...Do you see me? I'm not dreamin' am I?" He asked in a childlike uncertain stammer.

Wesley shook his head, and gulped down more shuddering sobs. "No, " He managed to utter, "You're not dreaming. You're forgiven. You're human Angel."

All at once Angel was in his arms, lifting him up and around in a crazy Irish jig of a hug. When finally Angel let him go Wes staggered to the bed and witnessed a blurred flurry of clothes scattered on the floor as Angel searched for non-funeral wear.

Wes watched spellbound as Angel stared at his reflection as he shaved and then dressed. He'd lived with Angel for the last ten years, finally becoming his lover in the last two. He should be pleased that they could walk in the sun together, go to the beach... But Angel retained his youthful looks and Wes was close to retirement. Wes held Angel's gaze steadily when he declined an invitation to celebrate his transformation.

He saw the gang off, waving from his window in the Hyperion. The sun highlighted his liver spotted hand and he thrust it quickly into his pocket. He looked at his reflection in the mirror that had so recently reflected his lover. His lip trembled. "People will think we're father and son..."

He turned away from the looking-glass and wandered into his room where his research waited. He tried not to think of how unnatural Angel's warm hug seemed. It was almost as if he craved a cool body next to him to douse his passions. A hot body would just be uncomfortable now. Wes suppressed a shudder as he examined his post. One envelope with the Watchers crest made his fingers numb. It was a death announcement. He immediately thought of Giles and shivered at the accompanied swelling of his loins. No Giles couldn't be dead. The neatly hand written sheet was from Giles, advising him of the death of Quentin Travers. He read on after the brief announcement of how Travers met his end. Giles was

coming home and wondered if he could stay at Wesley's place.

Wesley's heart beat fast with guilt as he crafted his reply.

##

Giles read the letter in the dim light of the alley opposite Wesley's abode. He smiled quietly and licked a stray drop of blood from his lips; postmen made such a delicious pre- breakfast snack. He glanced up at the rapidly lightening sky and waved a slow hand over the sun. The sky darkened in an instant as a thundercloud worthy of Noah's time cloaked the sun in a dark impenetrable shroud. Giles left his hiding place and sauntered across the street. The air vibrated with the strain of the retaining darkness. As soon as his feet stepped into the deep shadow of Wesley's porch, the sun blazed down on the street, searing the leaves on the trees with its heat.

He buzzed the entry phone and a sleepy Wesley answered, "yeah?"

"Wesley? I'm waiting downstairs for you. Shall I come up? Or you come down? "

Giles waited patiently whilst Wesley gathered his wits.

"Umm, I'll be down in a sec. I didn't think you'd come so early Giles..."

"Oh, you know me Wes, up with the dawn..." He laughed easily.

Wesley blushed at the laugh. He'd never heard Giles so happy and carefree, but then his life long foe was dead. Why shouldn't he rejoice? " I'll buzz you in..."

Wesley hit the enter button and replaced the receiver.

Giles pushed at the door, it opened easily enough, would the buzzer be enough?

Just then, a child pushed past him on the way to school and asked innocently, "You comin' in Mr.?"

Giles smiled at the child and mussed his hair as he exited and Giles entered the building. He climbed the stairs slowly savouring each step as it took him nearer to the delicious Wesley.

##

When he finally got to the door to Wes' apartment the door was open. He knocked and called...

Wes answered from the kitchen. "Hi, Giles, come in, doors open!"

Giles' Ripperish grin lit up his demonic features, and then slid off in a second as Wes appeared. He remained at the threshold and scowled at the former Watcher.

"Wes..." he leaned against the door jamb angling his lean body toward the old Watcher. "Don't you think you ought to have checked I'm alive before inviting me in?"

Wes swallowed and Giles could sense the waves of pent up sexual desire and fear and acceptance. "You're not vampire Giles, you'd kill yourself before you let that happen."

Giles shifted from the door jamb and took several slow steps into the apartment. "I've changed since you knew me Wes. Perhaps not all consumed with duty, perhaps I wanted a preternatural reward?"

Wesley backed off, swallowing desperately, when he got to within a few feet of him, and suggested "Tea?"

"Tea will do for now..." Giles smiled and languidly sank into the leather sofa, stretching his arms out over the back and taking in Wesley's trim body. "How have you been Wes?"

"I've been well. The big event was Angel becoming human. I'm glad about that, but it also means that he can die." Wes' voice croaked on that word and he turned to reach for a tissue to find Giles standing right behind him, very close behind him.

"Wes, I asked how you were... and you told me about Angel." Giles softly purred and secretly rejoiced as he heard Wes' heart racing and saw the movement in his jeans as his cock hardened. "Angel can take care of himself. What do you need Wes?" Giles breathed by Wes' ear. He'd not actually touched the Watcher yet, just caressed him with his voice.

"You..." Wes gasped. He reached up to touch Giles' chest and felt his nipples harden. He pinched and massaged them as Giles' eyes closed and he growled low in his throat. Wes licked and sucked at Giles' Adam's apple and gasped in shock as Giles grabbed the nape of his neck to pull his mouth away.

"Bedroom and draw the blinds, Wes." Giles ordered.

Wes nodded and stumbled to his bedroom; Giles followed like a stalking tiger.

##

Giles slid over Wes urgently, undulating around him like a hungry serpent. He wanted to possess all of him at once, to wash the taint of Angel from his flesh once and for all. A fitting revenge on the creature that possessed him all those decades ago. He still bore the scars from that time and would never forget the day and night he spent at the mansion.

Wes moaned and writhed beneath Giles' cool body, fully conscious that he was consorting with a demon. Deep in the intellectual part of his mind, he pondered on the origins of Giles' demon. The lustful part screamed at him, who gives a flying fuck?

Wes cried out and shuddered as the red candle wax hit and dribbled down his back. It made his cock jerk and twitch, the pillow beneath his hips was useless. His hips rose each time to greet the delicious pain/pleasure. His lover was vicious and gentle. Peeling the wax off and then licking the new tender skin revealed. Wes shivered at each long cool swipe and hoisted his hips up hoping that Giles would

lick there too. He screamed as burning wax dripped into his ass and then was followed by the unrelenting pressure of Giles' cock entering his shuddering body.

Giles forced his way in and held Wes in a deathly embrace, slowly squeezing the life from his body; one arm anchored round his waist and the other hand gripping his neck where he could feel the wildly thumping pulse. Giles hips drew back and forth with increasing speed, hitting Wes' pleasure spot every time. He grinned and threw back his head as Wes babbled incoherently in lust.

His left hand snaked round to cup Wes' balls and he whispered sexy nothings in his lover's ear.

"Lean back into me Wes...that's it... feel me? What and who would you like to do next? " He didn't wait for Wes to answer, just started wanking him expertly, bringing him to the edge and then stopping whilst Wes' humped the air wanting the comforting presence of his hand again." Angel, d'you think he'd suck you off whilst I fucked you...huh? Maybe take some pictures?" Giles giggled and Wes shivered with fear... "I don't take a good photo Wes, they reveal the soul and I don't have one of those!"

The moment froze and Wes knew that the hour of his death had come. The second ticked by and he saw from the corner of his eye his reflection in the bedroom mirror, an image of lust, his arched body impaled on an invisible assailant. His cock stood out proud and engorged his eyes slid closed as his stomach rolled over, his insides massaged to ecstasy by Giles' amazing cock. Then he shuddered and his head snapped to the side moved there by Giles. He jerked and his mouth gaped in open lust as his blood was pulled from his body.

Giles thrust hard into Wes and sank his fangs ferociously into Wes' neck, a ribbon of red slid down his lover's chest and pooled in his dark pubic hair. He gnawed noisily and slurped at his lover making the wound nice and messy so it would heal in a visible mark. As the hot blood pooled, coating his stomach he came explosively inside Wes' bowels. He wanked Wes with powerful milking strokes and the Watcher came, shooting his seed over the bloodstained coverlet.

"Do you want it, Wes?" Giles asked. His voice lower than Wes had ever heard it, and it seemed to come from far away.

Giles still stroked his cock in and out of the Watcher's body and Wes jerked like a puppet on a string, the pleasure proved too much.

"I can leave you for Angel to find, but playing tag with him for eternity would be tiresome!" His fist surrounded Wes' cock once more and began to rouse him with a mixture of his own blood and cum. "Your choice, you could feel this way forever!"

Wes glanced at his reflection through the silver haze of his vision. He was held still in powerful arms with his throat bleeding and still had his erection, his eyes were wild and dark, and he didn't look frightened. He looked sated. He turned his head to Giles and beheld a human face with vampire fangs.

"Make me ..." He struggled to answer and then his head fell forward onto Giles' chest. Giles smiled and withdrew from Wes' body carelessly wiping his cock on

the sheets and then forcing Wes' mouth onto it, after nicking it with his fingernail.

Giles' satisfied smile grew broader as he witnessed the departure of Wes' soul and his demonic possession. He felt the difference immediately. Wes's mouth cooled and his tongue lengthened a little. He stroked his head and relaxed, his childe would be asleep soon and then he could introduce him to the thrills of the night.

End of part 5

Lonely 6/6

Summary Giles has turned Wesley; together they go on a calculated rampage.

Warning Dark fiction, not for the faint hearted.

Wesley strutted down the street like a peacock. His skin shone pale and interesting in the moonlight, he attracted a following of ragged youths. He dipped his head to the side to check on their progress; smiling to himself, he ducked down a nearby alleyway and whistled a merry tune.

Giles waited patiently at the dead end, his eyes lit upon his childe, jauntily twirling his stick. He glanced above to the fire escape, new vampires waited there. They were his followers, people with no hope now also without souls they had sacrificed Paradise for an instant of his attention.

Wes stood by his side and leaned his stick against the wall. With a nod and searing stroke of his cock, Giles set him to his task.

He waited for the one that sought Wes. Angel. Like a general, Angel sent in troops before he himself engaged the enemy. Wes finished the last of the men and brought a struggling teenage girl to his master.

Giles smiled gently on her and offered her his coat against the chill of the night. Wes glanced back to the cool mouth of the alley, past the blood spattered walls and entrail littered ground. There stood Angel, his nostrils flared beneath night vision goggles. He had witnessed the savage fury of his former most trusted friend.

Angel's ears picked up the strangled moan of lust from the depths of the alley, he could hear the sounds of man on woman and the scent of their coupling carried through the stench of the blood and carnage.

Wes gazed at Angel; his lover had lost the sun kissed look, now haunted despair resided in his eyes, had his own transformation to undead affected him so much? Or was it the manner in which Giles had carefully displayed his bed linen before they departed for sunnier climes? He leapt to the fire escape as Angel passed by and then leapt down behind him, eagerly following, just beyond staking distance.

The girl's eyes glazed over as the last of her blood flowed from her throat into Giles' innards. He let her slump back to the wall and reached into his jacket pocket for his handkerchief to wipe his mouth. He shifted minutely to the left to avoid the stake that splintered into the wall.



"Angel. " Giles grinned. "How nice to see you!" He turned and ignited a magnesium bright flare which stunned the goggled vampire hunter. Giles grabbed the shock of dark hair and slammed Angel's face into the wall; he smiled at the splintered nose and shredded lip.

"I too am an angel... A fallen angel and I've tormented you before." He spun Angel's body round dislocating his shoulder and sent him tumbling to the gruesome greasiness of their battleground. "I'm in a merciful frame of mind, so I'll make this brief. What was once yours is now mine, both Wes and Buffy. I need only wait..."

"Watcher..." Angel whispered through torn lips. Giles picked his limp body from the floor Angel forced his eyes open. "Her watcher will stop you..."

"Hmmm, someone else told me something like that..." Giles mused a couple of seconds and then smiled brightly showing his fangs. "Ah, yes..." He picked up Wes' discarded cane and snapped between his finger and thumb, then shoved it into Angel's heart. "You have one more thing in common with Ethan, " Giles murmured as he saw the light die in the vampire hunter's eyes, "...You're dead too."

Wesley rushed forward as he saw his former lovers limp battered body sink to the ground. He swallowed the lump in his throat and stared at Angel, he remembered the times when his face had contorted in passion, and his silken lips so eloquently employed around his molten cock. Now he was dead, a cold vacant husk...

"You could have," He didn't dare complete the sentence. Giles' gentle hand stroked his shoulder.

"Wes, one childe is enough and he would have rebelled. Let him rest, he's with God now, he's finally got his redemption." Giles looked down gently on his childe as he wept. He stepped on Angel's forearm to lift Wes away from the corpse. He slid the cane from Angel's heart and gave it to Wes, who held it to his lips and began to lick the splintered wood clean.

##

The Powers looked down and the heavens lamented Angel's loss. Human under a month and already dead, the magic of the land made ready to depart with Angel's soul. Watchers and Slayers would have to make do with their wits alone.

So it came to pass, within five years of the Vampire Giles turning Wes and upsetting the balance of the magical world, Slayers were equipped with an anti-vampire chip implanted in their brain so they could never be turned and further upset the balance of Power.

But no one told Giles this and he continued to lay waste the world of man waiting for his love's return.

End.