

Lunch box

Warning Nobody ever died giggling!

Giles ran his muscles and sinews straining with every step as an angry mob of crazed housewives bayed at his heels. He cast a hasty glance over his shoulder and leapt over a low wall into the cemetery and rushed headlong toward Spike's crypt.

He crashed through the wrought iron gate, remembering to draw the bolts; he caught his breath as he briefly leant his sweaty body on the cool bars. The roar of the mob jerked his body from rest and he stumbled down the stairs into the main chamber of Spike's abode. His breath came harsh and heavy in the stale air; he swallowed and held his breath as "the pack" surged by. He bent over and gripped his knees fighting to get his breath...

"MMmm, "

He froze with dread as he heard familiar smokey toned voice of William the Bloody.

"Watcher, a sight to warm the cockles of my undead heart ..."

Giles rolled his eyes and eased himself up to stand erect once more. "Sh-Shuttup, Spike..." He gasped and rubbed his chest to rid himself of a stitch.

Spike saw what only a vampire could see in the gloom... "Satan's balls, Rupert! What the Hell have you got on your Prick?" Spike took a pace nearer and cocked his head sideways to get a better look. He stretched out his long fingers and touched ...

"Hey! Try that again and I'll rip your arm off and beat you with the soggy end!"

At Giles' outburst, Spike held up his hands and backed of a few feet. He turned away and headed for his ladder, just before his head disappeared he said in a jovial tone, "wanna drink?" Giles walked to the ladder to see the vampire staring up at him.

"Don't look up... I'm not coming down if you're looking..." he said petulantly.

Spike shrugged and moved away, he even held his hand over his eyes and smirked into the distance. Once Giles was safely down on firm ground, he looked at him again. "C'mon, tell Uncle Spike all about it."

Giles followed Spike to the bed and sat down stiffly, his equipment standing at rigid attention.

Spike flopped down beside him and studied Giles' predicament whilst Giles stared studiously at the ceiling. "You've got a lunch box on your lunchbox, there, mate." Spike searched his pockets for his smokes, sighed, then pulled out a packet of gum and peeled a strip.

Giles looked on in disbelief as the vampire chewed furiously, with a shake of his

head he muttered. "Now, I've seen everything..."

"Wat? Buffy says I taste like an ashtray! What's wrong with gum? Keeps m'fangs white! Alright?"

"Yes, quite...you going to stare all night or let me tell you what happened?"

"Awww, let me guess? You're modelling to be the next anatomically correct Ken? Um you ran out of condoms and decided to wrap your meat and two veg?" He smirked, suddenly. "Hey I got one.... You decided to keep your dick real fresh in a Tupperware jacket!" Spike collapsed into hearty belly laughs at that and rolled about on the mattress before he was struck by the silence of the Watcher beside him. He wiped his tears of laughter away and focussed on Giles' reddened features. "Ah," Spike cleared his throat; somewhere he'd misplaced his gum.

He patted Giles' leg and smiled reassuringly. "Sorry mate, go wan explain to me..." He succeeded in swallowing his mirth.

Giles took a deep breath and began. "This morning I opened up shop as normal and noticed that Anya had arrived early and was busily opening boxes of stock. I offered to help but she explained it was her new sideline; vacuum sealed Tupperware for the mature market, y'know the type, meals for one etc., "

Spike nodded, sagely "Use it all the time."

Giles looked dubious but continued his narrative. " Well, I cheekily asked if she had any free samples. I suppose I was fishing for a compliment that I wasn't old and didn't need it. She grinned and immediately came over with a special box, 'just for me' she said...now, how was I to know she'd gone back to the vengeance demon business? Before you could say 'boo' I was naked with my pecker in picnic plastic!"

Spike had to chew a pillow to stop his laughter, tears of glee streamed from his eyes as he rocked with unbridled mirth.

Giles sighed dramatically and waited while Spike's amusement ran its course. He glanced at his wrist and then tutted as he remembered his watch was missing.

"Spike...It's not that funny..."

Spike, shook his head and finally spat out the pillow, pulling wet feathers from his fangs. "Um, you're completely sealed in there aren't you? It'd make a great condom for those y'know who suffer from brewers droop."

"Yes it's sealed! " Giles hissed. "And I've not taken a leak in ten hours! " Giles growled.

Spike smiled, "Oh, so teas' out then. "

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Willow and Buffy returned to the Magic Shop to see a queue stretching out the door. Something demony must be brewing; the shop hardly ever had a queue.

Anya was in her element selling as if possessed. She smiled a happy greeting at the two women and before they said another word, each of them yelped as something other than their normal underwear clamped round their nether regions. Tupperware underwear.

The pair left the shop using a bandy legged walk reminiscent of John Wayne.

After half an hour of walking awkwardly, Willow held up her hand to the Slayer and puffed with a reddened face. "I-I can't go on..." She shoved a hand between her legs to ease some chaffing there. Buffy looked back and nodded at her friend then blew an exasperated breath at a strand of damp hair that fell in her face.

"Ok, Will, I'll find –Giles..." She winced and wheeled in the direction of Giles' place, muttering under her breath, "God help the vamp that crosses my path now!"

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Spike chewed more absently as his gum's flavour faded. He leant on one elbow staring at Giles' problem. Spike absently pulled his gum into long strings and then nibbled it back in again, destroying the last of its taste. He pulled a sour face and spat it out, squidging it into the seal of Giles' box.

"So, Rupert mate, what were all those birds chasin' you for?" He looked up innocently into the Watcher's aghast eyes.

"I'll tell you if you stick your gum elsewhere!" He growled. Spike glanced at it and worried at the grey substance with his fingernail.

All of a sudden, the box opened with a tiny 'pop' and Giles shuddered in relief. Spike fell off the bed with the force of the Watcher's leap to the nearest dark corner. Spike smirked as a deep groan of satisfaction issued from Giles' lips.

Rupert's head rolled ecstatically on his shoulders... " You asked about the women Spike, " Rupert stated, as he finished. "Well, they were enchanted; they wanted the contents of my lunchbox. More accurately, they wanted to eat me!"

Spike sucked a breath in through his teeth. "Ouch-"

Giles turned toward him, "Could I borrow some clothes?"

Spike stared at Giles' groin. "They might not fit Rupert..."

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Later, whilst traversing the cemetery they came across a plastic clad Willow.

"My, God, Giles, I'm so glad you found me..." Willow whimpered, "Buffy, got caught the same as me. S-she went to your place. Giles..." She gasped. "You're so ...Big!"

Rupert smiled and turned to his pale accomplice. "Spike? Some gum if you please..."

"Awww, I've only got two sticks left..."

"Then that's enough for Willow and Buffy isn't it?" Giles waited whilst the cogs whirred in Spike's head. Spike flung the gum at Giles and raced off toward Giles' condo.

Willow breathed shallow breaths as Giles carefully slid the wrapper from the sweet gum, and then just as slowly peeled the foil away. As if undressing the stick, then he languidly folded it and slipped it into his mouth and began chewing the malleable confection, savouring it just as he knew he would savour Willow once she was freed from her infernal polyethylene prison.

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Anya deposited her bags inside the magic box and peeled off her overcoat, she looked around. The stock on the shelves had been dusted recently; her sister knew how to keep everything neat. She wondered if it had been wise leaving her twin Enya, in charge for a couple of days, but then what could go wrong with a demon Tupperware party?

The end.