

## Memoirs of Ethan Prologue

Summary Ethan is interviewed for a new post

Warning Leather and whips and fun Oh, My!

Ethan looked round the oak-panelled walls of the outer office. He'd been kept waiting an hour. He didn't mind though he had all the time in the world. This was the job of his dreams! He wasn't going to blow it because of a little discomfort. He shifted uneasily in his seat, all right quite a bit of discomfort. He smiled as he looked down at himself, wouldn't Ripper laugh if he saw him now, naked and chained to a chair! Yes, Ripper! His smile became wistful as his mind conjured up images of his lover as he had last seen him. Ripper was so pleased with those trick handcuffs! Ethan couldn't help himself. He just had to put an extra oomph to the inhibitions spell he left behind. That must have been something to behold, Ripper a howling sex mad fiend!

A door opened in front of him and he looked expectantly at the young nymphet encased in leather. His earlier discomfort was replaced by something a good deal more obvious, but no less comfortable. Her eyes rested on him briefly then she looked unnecessarily round the empty waiting room.

"Ethan Rayne?" She called, her voice like a foghorn. Ethan winced. Whispering sweet nothings was obviously not her forte! Whipping sweet nothings, maybe. He mused.

"Here!" He piped up cheerily. He waited for her to release him from his bondage. She turned on her spiked heel with a "Follow me..." thrown over her shoulder.

Ethan's eyes rolled skyward as his hands gripped the arms of his chair and he shuffled, bent almost double into the inner office after her. She stood by him. He was about to rest the legs of the chair on the floor when his hand was stung by a blow from the nymphet's riding crop. "Ow!" He protested. He looked up at her with his best hurt expression. The cool bitch Goddess didn't waver.

"Mr. Rayne." Ethan stared at the back of the leather chair behind the desk. That voice was familiar. "Take a seat..." Ethan let his chair bang to the floor.

"Thank you I brought one with me..." He muttered with a touch of sarcasm.

"Ah, Claire, I thought I told you not to play that trick on our guest." The voice sounded mildly amused. The chair swung slowly round to reveal a man of forty-plus years strikingly handsome with curling brown hair tinged with grey at the temples. He smiled and clasped his hands over his leather trousers. His chest was powerfully muscled and sprinkled with hair. A ring adorned his nipple; his ear was similarly pierced. Ethan grinned with sudden recognition but then he looked closer. There was something wrong with his eyes and there were horns peeking out from just beyond the man's hairline. This was not Ripper.

"Ah, Ethan. Not many discover the deception so quickly, you know your friend too well I think."

"Yes, but thank you for making me feel at home!" He smiled at the demon behind the desk.

"Hmmm, yes well. Home and whether this is where you will reside is yet to be decided isn't

it?" He took out an enormous book and slipped on his reading glasses. "Now your case..." He looked over the rim of his glasses at Ethan whose attention was temporarily captured by the nymphet bouncing on his lap. "Is a complicated one, my you did start early didn't you?"

"Yess!"

"Setting fire to your house, your school, the local church and the ... ah.." The demon grinned. "Local fire station!" He shook his head chuckling. He produced a handkerchief from an exceptionally tight trouser pocket and proceeded to clean his spectacles.

"Your career continues, I have glowing accounts from several eye witnesses to your atrocities. In fact there is only one blot on your record..." the demon halted and waited for the right moment. He saw Ethan's shoulders tense as his climax approached the girl approaching hers ... Nearly..

There!"Rupert Giles" The demon said the name to a distant roll of thunder as Ethan screamed out "RIPPER" in his orgasm.

End.

Memoirs of Ethan.1/6

Summary Ethan is on trial, is he worthy of a position in Hell?

Warning It's Ethan, need I say more?

The demon looked at Ethan as he calmed down, Claire leaving his lap. She unlocked his chains and Ethan rubbed his wrists to get the circulation started. Only he didn't have a circulation did he? He couldn't remember why he didn't.

"Has he always had that effect on you?" Ripper-demon asked.

Ethan nodded, accepting the glass of water from Claire. He wiped his forehead with the back of his hand. He swallowed the cool liquid and rested the glass on his knee.

"Tell me about the first time..." Ripper-demon leant forward in his seat waiting for his account. Ethan looked into the red gleaming eyes; the disguise was slipping.

"Do I get clothes? It's blowing a gale where the sun don't shine..." The demon smiled indulgently.

"Of course, and if you do well, you might get food." Ethan took another gulp of water and began his story.

##

The first time I clapped eyes on Ripper he was coming out of the showers. He played Rugby and rowed for the university team. He was gorgeous, young athletic, muscles not bulging but well defined. His chest, well I could well imagine myself reclining there for hours. He passed by me and smiled, he was comfortable in his skin ... He had absolutely no idea of the effect he was having on me. I had watched the game and he made a few

tries. I complimented him and asked him if he wanted a drink to celebrate.

He said he didn't drink or smoke, bad for the lungs. I asked what he did do a little sarcastically. He smiled again with a wicked twinkle in his eye as he pulled his shirt over his head. "Magic and sex, sex and magic." He finger combed his hair looking at my reflection in the mirror all the while. He zipped up his bag and got to the door before glancing over his shoulder at me.

"Coming?" I didn't have to be invited twice! Funny that, I thought I went there to pick him up not the other way round. I got to his flat and he made us tea. There was an enormous double bed with scratch marks on the walls at the bed-head and down the side, he saw the direction of my gaze and his eyes lowered to his tea.

"Some of my partners, get a tad restless.." I smiled at him, and tried the bed for softness, bouncing on the corner of the mattress. Ripper put his mug down and closed the gap between us; he was always the dominant one, being taller.

"Ethan, isn't it?" He knew my name! The great God of the playing field knew my name. I trembled as I nodded. "Ethan? Get undressed, love." He stripped off his jeans and shirt in a hurry, standing naked and erect before me in seconds flat. I fumbled with my buttons. He hissed his impatience and tore the shirt from my shoulders. He held me prone on the bed whilst he stripped my jeans off me in one swift smooth movement. His eyes raked over me and I could feel myself heat at his critical gaze.

"Very nice Ethan. You're glad to see me? Oh, yeah. Very glad!" He smiled, that smile was never far from his face. I wanted so badly to be worthy of his attention. He bounced down beside me with a whoop and snatched at my cock and balls. He massaged my sac in one hand taking care to knead and jiggle them tenderly, then he pulled at the loose skin and made them retreat slightly, I gasped and felt my cock surge. He had the tip in his mouth the next moment. I had had quick gropes in alley's and the odd assignation on board a ship docked at Portsmouth, but this man was insatiable. He had me shuddering, bordering on climax almost effortlessly.

"Ah, Ethan. Anytime you want to join in?" He thrust his hips at me and I realised my bad manners. His cock was throbbing, heavily veined and broad, I tasted him. Divine, I swallowed him whole and my reward was his animal groan at my hips. We moved sinuously together for twenty minutes increasing and decreasing the rhythm of our thrusts until finally we came within moments of each other. Swallowing and laughing, hugging and kissing. I knew I'd found my soul mate, he knew he'd found his nemesis.

##

Ripper-demon pressed a button of the intercom on his desk. Ethan, stared ahead reliving his memories of the first time, he wiped his eyes. That had been perfect, the start of his love affair. It was a great pity that Ripper didn't stay like that. Ethan changed him, corrupted him, left him a shattered shell of the "God of the playing field" after Eyghon.

"Claire, bring our guest some clothes...Yes the collar and cuffs, and the leather trousers.." He covered the mouthpiece. "Leather is the material of choice here do you mind? Ethan shook his head.

"I thought it was the material of choice anywhere!" Ripper-demon smiled indulgently.

"Hurry Claire, our guest is feeling the wind of change. Well, that was a pretty story. We'll change venue for the next time. We'll adjourn to ADULTORY. It's one of our ante-rooms, you'll like it..."

Ethan arranged his face into an expression of careful interest, not convinced he would like the move at all.

End of part 1

Memoirs of Ethan 2/6  
Summary Adultery and beyond!  
Warning This one's painful!

## **ADULTERY**

Ethan was now dressed, well partially dressed in the same design of trousers that Ripper-demon wore. A collar was fastened round his neck, with a leash that Claire held in her delicate hand. The cuffs at his wrists were attached to the collar by a fine silver chain. The belt loops of his trousers had clips at his hips so his cuffs could also be restrained there.

Ethan was aroused. Such elaborate precautions! What on Earth could there be in this room? Claire walked behind him occasionally flicking the leash so that it "kissed" his shoulder blades when he hesitated at other doors leading off the corridor that they traversed.

Avarice, Pride, Envy, Anger, Lust and Sloth. Everything that either applied or appealed to him. Ripper-demon halted at the end of the corridor and opened the heavy oak door with an antique key. He stepped in and with an elaborate gesture invited Ethan in as well.

Ethan looked round the room. It was plain grey with high windows. Ripper-demon walked to the far wall and perched on the counter top... Claire dragged Ethan over.

"Now tell me, have you ever been where you weren't invited?" He smiled easily, Ripper's smile as his hands busied themselves assembling a curious contraption. Ethan shook his head; he began to get worried, there was a row of small baskets in front of the counter and the smell of old fear wafted through the room like a ghost.

Ethan flattened to the wall when he recognised the piece of equipment that Ripper had just finished assembling. Ripper-demon leered at him, lighting a joint.

"You know what I'm going to ask you next, don't you?" Ethan had broken out in a cold sweat, his hands drifting to his groin.  
Ripper-demon blew smoke in his face.. "Claire.... make him snug."

Claire stepped in front of Ethan and secured his leash to a ring set into the counter top. Ethan could have fought but found himself rooted to the spot unable to take his eyes off the miniature guillotine set before him. His wrists were now secured at his sides and Claire shoved him forward. Ripper-demon freed Ethan's cock, giving it an affectionate squeeze.

Then with a tiny shrug he slipped his lips over the sensitive tip flicking his forked tongue over its length. Ethan gasped and thrust forward. The mouth was gone in an instant and Ethan glanced down breathlessly to see his cock trapped in the tender embrace of Madame Guillotine.

Ripper-demon slid off the counter top with a sly smile on his face. Claire joined him and they shared the remainder of the joint.

"Now, once more with feeling. You ever been where you've not been invited?" Ethan forgot his manners and didn't look at the person asking him the question.

"No, never not once, ever!" He shook his head very carefully; he didn't want to shake the blade. He could feel the sweat running in little rivers down his back and chest.

Ripper-demon looked at Claire with a small frown marring his handsome features. "Do we believe him Claire? Well, we can't look it up now the files in the other room. OK... Ethan you pass!" He slapped his hand on the button on the counter and the blade fell.

"Oops!"

##

When Ethan came round he was lying on a leather sofa in a room he didn't recognise. He screamed. As he remembered the events in Adultery. Claire came running in, dressed in a housecoat and slippers. Ethan was sitting up with his eyes shut willing everything to be in order down below.

"Ethan...Ethan. Ssh. It was a trick. Everything's fine and functioning believe me!" Her voice seemed softer, throatier. He opened his eyes. Claire wasn't there.

"Who are you?" Ethan took in the masculine haircut and the plucked eyebrows, no make-up and breasts. Nice one's too. He licked his lips absently. Claire smiled at his reaction.

"I'm Claire. I'm the one that didn't survive the guillotine. HE paid for me so I stay with him. I have no one else. You fainted. Tea?"

Ethan nodded. He cupped himself to check that she was telling the truth. Over tea they chatted about really silly things like books and music.

"How do you find life being forced to live it as a woman?" Ethan asked, taking another sip of his tea.

"It was awkward. I was very butch for a while especially since I wasn't a typical transsexual. But he got someone very good to do my boobs. He's quite kind for a demon y'know. A bit like you. You didn't freak. I spent six months freaking!"

After two hours Ethan realised something.. In the waiting room he and Claire had.... Well that was a first for him!

"So where to next?" He smiled back at Claire where she lay all breathless and dishevelled.

"Lust!" Ethan smirked the irony not lost on him.

##

Ethan and Claire walked along the corridor hand in hand until they got to the door marked LUST. Claire gave him an apologetic look before reattaching the leash, giving him a quick kiss before the door opened. Ethan savoured the taste of her; he might get to like it here if he roomed with Claire.

"Ethan...!" Rupert leapt up from one of the chairs; he was dressed normally in jeans and sweater. He dashed to his friend gripping his shoulders and surveying his body for injuries. "You alright? Why are you here?"

Ethan swallowed the lump of sadness at the sight of his lover. They'd got him too. Wait...He wasn't restrained.. Was it another trick? Where was Ripper-demon? He could see that Rupert was concerned and confused. Ethan backed away from him; he was in a room marked Lust with his old lover and a new acquaintance. Definitely a trick.

Laughter peeled like bell from the chair behind the desk. The chair revolved. Revealing Ripper-demon in a new guise. Willow-demon! The smile was sweet and evil at the same time; she kicked her chair round giggling and dizzy. Her legs clad in shiny patent boots, her skirt little more than a belt. Her pouting breasts were encased in a boned strapless leather Basque.

Both Ripper and Ethan stood at attention with their mouths agape. The chair stopped whirling and Willow-demon walked toward them, hips undulating, she clasped her breasts teasing the nipples with her thumbs.

"I think I'll stay this way a while, it's very entertaining!" She stared pointedly at their tented trousers. She smiled sweetly as they blushed.

"Gentlemen, you're going on a journey into the past. Charge your weapons. You're going to prove to me you either love each other or that you don't."

"Send him back demon." Ethan protested. "I want the job! I'll stay here and serve you. Send him back. Why have you made him a condition of my employment?!" Ethan shouted. The demons face changed, the eyes turning red with anger. Proof was asked for proof was provided. The eyes returned to green. The smiling face melted his anger, he couldn't be angry with the witch.

"We've got to do as they say Ripper, up for it?" He sighed. Ripper was still staring at Willow. Ethan dragged him aside impatiently Ripper glanced over Ethan and noticed his mode of dress for the first time. "Shit! Ethan, what have they got you done up as?" Ethan's smirk spoke volumes and Ripper smiled. "Old times? Come on then..."

He looked at Willow-demon with his best Ripper glare. "Do your worst, Bitch!"

End of part 2



## Memoirs of Ethan 3/6

Summary Giles arrives in Hell to rescue Ethan.

### **PRIDE**

The great God of the playing field nuzzled Ethan's ear, whispering sweet nothings, encouraging him to go once more "round the block." Ethan smiled in his pretend sleep. It had only been a couple of weeks since the chance encounter in the showers and he was now a permanent resident in Rupert's bed, all other partners had been forsaken. Ethan was supremely happy.

He shivered as strong hands skimmed over his body making him quiver with desire his breath becoming short. He moaned and rolled over onto his back. He opened his eyes and focused on his lovers' grass green eyes and smiling impish mouth. Ethan clasped his hands behind his head and sighed. Rupert covered his body with his own and licked lazily at Ethan's nipples, they hardened instantly sending messages to his groin to do likewise.

Ethan bucked his hips up to meet Rupert's heavy rampant cock; his hands didn't stay behind his head long when Rupert began to gyrate his hips, cock caressing cock. Ethan groaned wanting more. Rupert was hot! But as yet had not done what he truly wanted him to do. Ethan wrapped his arms round Rupert's back and pulled him closer. Rupert shifted slightly tangling his legs round Ethan's they couldn't get closer! Chest meeting chest, Rupert's mouth and tongue traced the length of his lovers' neck. Their breath and moans together, hearts hammering as one, so close. Ethan couldn't stand it!

"Fuck me...." He moaned in Rupert's ear, his voice thick with lust. Rupert lifted his head and looked at Ethan, his hair was mussed and his eyes dark and wild. He smiled down at him, breathless with lust. He freed his arm and groped under the pillow. Ethan's eyes lit up.

"I didn't know you were a Boy Scout..." He quipped.

Rupert grinned. "I've been accused of many things, but never of being a Boy Scout. These were left by the condom fairy!"

"Ethan, I like to see who I'm loving..." He whispered...His partner understood and disentangled his legs. Ethan held his breath as the chilled lubricant hit him and Rupert loosened him, his cock reacting to the stimulation throbbing, twitching and leaking precum. Rupert's hand closed round him briefly feeling the veins and ribbed muscle pulsate in his palm. His thumb swiping the pearl of liquid from his tip and licking it from his thumb appreciatively.. He ripped the foil packet open with his teeth; his fingers were too slippery.

"Help me out lover? Roll me?" He asked leaning forward over Ethan who swallowed and rolled the condom slowly over Rupert's ever-ready weapon.

"There you go, Ripper.." Ethan murmured. Rupert backed off smiling as he glanced at the ripped foil. Rupert parted Ethan's cheeks, taking a breath to prepare for the tight, sweet, heat that he knew waited for him.

"Ripper...RIPPER!" Ethan shouted as Rupert speared into him. His knees fell open as Rupert loomed over him his face contorted in indescribable joy. Ethan was glad he looked

because the moment was soon replaced by lust and the need to cum. Revelling in Ripper's stamina, Ethan groaned, as his strokes became deeper and more desperate. His prostate being nudged with every thrust.

Ripper's body dripped with sweat from their exertions Ethan saw a change come over him, his expression softened, Ripper grabbed his cock pistoning his fist round it. Ethan jerked and writhed in the grip of his climax, gazing at Ripper, he looked truly divine when his moment came. Head thrown back in abandon and mouth open in a roar of satisfaction that could be heard all over the building.

He stayed embedded in Ethan for a few minutes while they caught their breath. Then his arms became tired and he lowered himself onto Ethan's chest and hugged his new partner kissing him lightly. Reaching down to his abdomen and scooping up Ethan's semen and popping his finger in his mouth sucking noisily. He eased himself out of Ethan with a combined sigh, tied a knot in the top of the condom and tossed it into the bin. He turned back to Ethan, his eyes still dilated.

"You OK, Ethan?" Ethan's eyes were filled with tears, they tugged at Rupert's heartstrings and he hugged him closer. He never heard Ethan mutter "I love you."

##

Ethan and Rupert sat next to each other in the cinema, that was the Pride of Hell. They looked at the image of their lovemaking as it faded from the screen. Rupert cleared his throat. Ethan stared at his hands.

"That was the first time you called me Ripper..."

Ethan nodded. "It's also why you hate it so, it reminds you of what you did..."

Rupert turned in his seat to look at his friend in profile. "You don't look any different y'know." His voice was soft, offering comfort to his tortured soul. Ethan laughed and looked at Rupert. He was serious; he stroked Ethan's jaw at the junction of his neck and earlobe. It was an old familiar gesture of affection they had used in company and Ethan loved him for it.

"I didn't hear you say it...I didn't hear 'I love you.' If I had. I would still be with you." Ethan gasped. "Don't play with my affections Ripper..."

Rupert moved closer, his hand cupping the back of Ethans' head tipping it back slightly for his kiss. "I mean it...Love. Why do I hit you? At least I'm touching you, however briefly." He breathed and eased his tongue into Ethan's mouth. Ethan grabbed him and returned the kiss eagerly, a tear flowed from the corner of his eye.

Gradually the cinema transformed into a railway sleeper carriage and the two lovers sank back onto a bunk their legs entwined and their kiss deepening. They were on the overnight sleeper to SLOTH.

End of pt.3

Memoirs of Ethan 4/6

Summary Ethan and Giles are on a Sleeper train to JUDGEMENT the terminus of hell.



Warning m/m smut, fluff and smoochies.

## **AVARICE**

"Last call, Train approaching Avarice! Last chance to eat before Judgement!" The guard crawled up the aisle between the berths. He hastily reached for the tin miner's bath from the wall as all the doors opened and he was trampled in the rush to the exit.

As usual there were the stragglers, the writers trailing their chains of typewriters and pages of manuscript in their wake. He peeked out when all was quiet, only the gentle rocking of the train over the points making a slow click-clack moan, click-clack groan...

The serpent reared up and listened. No, it was moaning, definitely moaning coming from one of the berths. He slithered across and put his hooded eye to the key hole...

##

Rupert held Ethan in a tender embrace kneeling on the bunk his right knee between his lovers' thighs. Ethan's hands clutched Ripper's ass and humped him closer at a feverish pace. Cock kissing cock and tongues entwined they were oblivious to all except each other. Their hard nipples brushing together, their breath coming as harsh gasps. Ethan broke off the kiss to gasp "Now ... Ripper ... Please...Cum for me..."

Ripper jolted and shuddered as his seed exploded between them, his head rolling back as he roared his completion! His hand collected the cum from between them and he held his dripping fingers for Ethan to lick. Ethan opened his mouth and let the viscous drops fall onto his protruding tongue. Ripper's other hand collected more semen, and fingers coated he thrust two into Ethan. He smiled as his lover's eyes opened wide in shock then elation as he too came thunderously, splashing his cum almost to Rupert's nipples.

"Oh God, Ripper! So good, so fucking good!" Ethan sighed resting his head on Ripper's chest. He licked absently at his lover's fingers. Ripper slowly released his ass, staring at Ethan's expression as he did so. He'd forgotten just what he looked like in intimate moments. All the callous trickster aspect disappeared. Ethan was beautiful in orgasm.

"I love you Ethan..." He spoke the words softly right next to his partner's ear so he couldn't mishear. Ethan's head started to tremble on his chest. Rupert caught his lover's face in his hands lifting it up.

His own throat constricting when he saw Ethan's tear stained face. He shed his own tears as he shared a tender kiss with his soul mate.

The serpent's tongue flicked over his lips, his small weight knocking on the door, suddenly it swung open, splatting the guard on the floor of the berth. Both men looked at the intruder with murderous intent.

The guard recovered well, his tongue scenting the sex in the air and also the raw testosterone neither man wanted to be disturbed.

"Uhm, sorry Gents. Last eating stop before Judgement. I recommend ENVY, it's the finest restaurant this side of the Pearly Gates. We're nearly at the station, so I suggest you hurry."

##

Ethan and Ripper walked arm in arm past the waifs and strays that littered the station platform and turned left down the main gambling thoroughfare of Avarice. Neither man noticed the currency blowing about their ankles; they only had eyes for each other.

The restaurant was lit up like a Christmas tree with a giant sign decorating the top floor in green proclaiming "Welcome to ENVY where everyone knows your pin number!" The word ENVY flashed green down the sides of the building with an arrow pointing the way down to a surprisingly small door.

Rupert paused and smiled ruefully. "You think this is the place?" Ethan hit him playfully and grinned.

"C'mon, I'm starved..."

"Hey, no fair.." Rupert kissed him on the stairs, murmuring "You've been eating me for days..." He nipped Ethan's earlobe. Ethan shivered as his trousers suddenly became extremely snug.

"Ah, but that's been a liquid diet Ripper...I need my meat..."

Rupert cocked an eyebrow at him. "You'll get that tonight 'an all..."

Ethan grabbed his hand and placed it on the bulge of his groin, sighing as Rupert traced his fingers hard along his length. They stumbled down the stairs and sought out the shadows. Ripper pushed Ethan into the brickwork and freed his cock from the confines of its leather prison.

"Please...Ripper ... Together?" Ethan gasped his voice and expression betraying his lust. Rupert looked at him and smirked. Ethan caught his breath...

"God, I've really got you back haven't I?"

"Yes, you have - Together then, Quick, hard and fast, you little slut," Ripper breathed.

Ethan tingled, scrabbling at Ripper's fly to discover him already at attention, weeping for a helping hand. Ripper placed his feet either side of Ethan's and while his right hand pumped; his left pulled Ethan's head close for a passionate kiss. The couple moaned and writhed, hands pumping the other's cock. 'Twas an age old rhythm and each in turn teased and enticed until they both cascaded into the pool of their shared lust.

Ripper's eyes gleamed and swirled green and gold. Ethan stopped breathing altogether, as Ripper smoothed the liquor of their lust over Ethan's chest and worked it into his nipples; dragging his nails over Ethan's taut flesh he devoured the image Ethan made. Sex on legs was Ethan. He sank his teeth into the flesh around Ethan's left nipple, marking him.

"Thee to me, I bind thee. So mote it be..." He drew Ethans' blood from the wound and swallowed. The sky shot with sudden blue- white lightning and was splintered with howls from the Demons of Hell. Ethan jerked and warmed, his heart beating, his lungs filling with long withheld breath. Rupert straightened and licked the blood from his lips.

"Now you're properly dressed ... Let's Eat!" He smiled as Ethan took his arm and they ducked into the restaurant.

##

The Maître D'eath led them to their table. Rupert looked round. The other patrons looked as though they hadn't eaten in days. Ethan noticed nothing. He picked up the menu and looked down the wine list and gasped.

"Ripper, there are no prices!" Ethan was impressed, generally if one didn't see any prices; one couldn't afford to eat there! Ripper leaned back in his chair and snapped his fingers. A waiter appeared from thin air.

"We'll have everything on the menu. There will be no charge?" Rupert questioned and the waiter nodded and whipped the menus away. Rupert looked at their fellow diners; they looked back with haunted expressions.

"Somethin's up Ethan. Don't start when the meal arrives..." Their eating irons disappeared with the appearance of the food and one hand was held immobile by an invisible force.

"Ripper, how do we work this?" Ethan gazed hungrily at the mouth-watering starter. It was truly a work of art!

"Trust me. I'll start then your turn..." Rupert demolished part of the platter and chewed. He could taste nothing. He couldn't swallow it either. He considered a moment then hit on a plan. He grabbed Ethan and pulled him close for a kiss. He passed the mouth full of food into Ethans' mouth, who finished chewing and sighed in satisfaction.

"God! That's delicious. What is it?" He looked eagerly at his plate. "So that's how we eat hmmm? Well this is going to take a long, long time and I'm going to enjoy every second!"

So their meal continued, each feeding the other and sampling the finest wines. Their feet entwined beneath the table and a candle flickering between them it was their first romantic dinner in a very long while.

End of part.4.

Memoirs of Ethan 5/6

Summary Ethan is in Hell, after a job. Ripper is trying to rescue him.

Warning If M/M offends thee, deleteth.

Message to **JUDGEMENT**.

Rupert and Ethan ran for the train as it was just about to pull out of the station. They'd had a wild time at the casinos apparently anyone who managed to finish a meal at ENVY had the run of the town. They bustled through the carriage on the way to their berth laden with

bags of supplies they needed for the rest of the journey.

"Did you see that sales girl's face when you kissed me? God the disappointment, the envy!"

"Yep, well that's the name of the game 'init," Ripper held him close grinding his hips against Ethans. He dipped his head towards Ethans' mouth and kissed him again, softly getting harder and more demanding, his hand drifted down Ethans' back and slipped into the waistband of his trousers. Ethans' ass cheeks flexed beneath his fingers and he moaned into Ripper's mouth. The kiss ended as Ripper fumbled in one of the bags bringing out the supplies. Ethan's eyes gleamed as he gazed on their haul, all familiar old friends.

##

Ripper lit the scented candles. The oil was warming and after adding the last of the ingredients he looked to the bunk. Ethan was smoking sitting cross-legged on their bunk. He smiled pleasantly at Ripper and offered him the joint; He took a long drag and swallowed then set it aside.

"Kneel down, lover," he rasped sexily. Ethan obeyed at once. Ripper dipped his fingers in the warm aromatic oil and painted symbols over his partners back. Ethan shuddered and moaned as the powerful magic took hold of his soul and moulded him into a being driven by carnal desires. The idea was to induce a state of rampant arousal and then deny any sexual outlet for as long as possible. The orgasm at the end was mind blowing.

Ethans' eyes were black and his breath was harsh he reeked of sex and the spiced oil. Ripper finished tying his hands with the soft rope and poured the rest of the oil into his hands and started to massage the enchanted elixir into Ethan's chest, abdomen and groin. Ethan lunged forward with a wordless cry. His blood burned for his touch, a stroke, a kiss anything! Ripper smiled and smoothed the oil down Ethan's thighs. He smoothed his hands up his lovers' flanks and over his nipples. Ethans hips thrust upwards and for the first time Ripper saw Ethan's cock in its enchanted glory, liquid seeped from the tip in trickles down the shaft. Ethan was breathless with lust. He shook his head as if trying to clear it.

"Ripper, dizzy..." Rupert caught him as he collapsed onto the bed. Rupert felt for a pulse it was strong and rapid, too rapid. He had to do something quickly. He heaved Ethan upright, splashed some oil where necessary and impaled himself on Ethan he folded his legs round his lovers back and tried hard to adjust. The feeling was so different than normal. He looked at Ethan; he stared back at him with glittering jet eyes and began to thrust. Ripper bellowed as the first wave of pleasure crested. Ethan continued to find the right spot for half an hour; at the end of which Rupert was a mindless screaming fucktoy. At long last Ethans strokes became erratic and shallow. Then he drove into Ripper savagely and all he could do was hold on.

"FUCK ME TO HELL!" Ethan screamed as he shot his hot seed, filling and overflowing Ripper.

Rupert laughed softly into Ethan's ear "I have lover, and I've enjoyed every second!"

##

They washed each other in the small cramped shower; it was an enlightening experience trying to keep ones footing in a lurching train, embracing a lurching lover.

They were dressed, refreshed and not a little knackered by the time the train pulled into **JUDGEMENT.**

End of pt.5

Memoirs of Ethan. 6/6  
Summary Ethan and Giles are judged.  
Warning Angst

## **JUDGEMENT.**

Giles and Ethan were hauled into the court-room in heavy chains. They exchanged mystified looks, what had they done? Seated round the room were demons and acquaintances from their past. If this was to be a real trial they would need a defence lawyer, and he needed to be an expert.

Ethan craned his neck round at the commotion near the door of the courtroom and swore as their lawyer came into view.

"Oh, crap! That's the third time you've dropped 'em luv! Can't you carry a few bleedin' books?" He snarled at Buffy as she apologised, with a snuffle and a tremble to her lip...

"Don't shout at me!" She wailed. "You're just a a undead demon ghoulish thingy and I hate you!" Spike rolled his eyes, and started to pantomime yap with his hand.

"Yeah, yeah! Heard it before, now sit down and shut yer gob!" Spikes assistant did as she was told but made sure her lip trembled in the sexy way she knew he liked.

##

The courtroom hushed as the prosecution made his entrance. All heads swivelled towards the dark haired Master vampire. Willow scurried behind Angelus . He snarled at her continually tugging at the fine choke chain that laced round her throat.

"Idiot girl!" He grasped her hair and smiled showing his fangs. "Tell me, how do I look?"

"Sex on legs! Master..."

He nodded curtly at Spike and spared a glance to the rear. "Books!" he barked. Willow was at his side in an instant, opening marked pages and arranging his notebook and pencils. She relaxed when her task was done and waited expectantly her hands held behind her back like a schoolgirl.

"What are you waiting for? Attend me!" Angelus sighed as Willow crawled beneath the desk.

##

Giles and Ethan couldn't believe their eyes, had the whole world gone to Hell in their absence? What was Buffy doing with Spike and Willow... Where was the judge?

"All rise!" The serpent guard from the train to Avarice announced the arrival of the Judge. Spike stayed where he was seated in his chair, Doc's planted on the desk. Angelus was already standing. Giles and Ethan craned their necks to see which guise their host had adopted for their last meeting.

##

A tall door opened in the east of the building and the smell of sulphur and burning flesh filled the room, Ethan gasped at the sight of the demon of his nightmares.

The Medieval Devil with scarlet flesh and cloven hooves, whose gaze meant death in a pit of flaming brimstone for eternity. The smouldering pools of lava in his eyes seared the company and several demons expired in giant plumes of smoke. He walked towards his granite throne, his hooves striking thundering sparks from the marble floor. No one dared breathe till he lowered himself into his rightful place. He nodded his horned head in the direction of the herald and stifled a small yawn as he took from his belt a silver snuffbox and a lace handkerchief.

Giles stared as the devil partook of snuff! Ethan dragged him down out of the range of fire as the resulting sneeze scorched the jury seated to their left.

"Thanks. What the hell is happening?" Ripper whispered.

"Hell is happening, you Dolt! And if we don't keep our heads, we won't own our "heads" for much longer... I've seen the machine! He'd do it too! It could ruin ones life!" Ethan peeped over the witness box; the judge was looking patiently in their direction.

Ethan straightened, smiled boyishly, and hauled Ripper up beside him. "My Lord, may I be so bold as to call a mistrial on account of the Jury being incinerated?" Ripper groaned, twenty years of worshipping chaos and that was the best Ethan could come up with?

"You may be bold, they may be incinerated, but you're not getting a mistrial." The Judge jovially intoned, he glanced over to Spike and Angel. "Is council amenable to a fresh jury?" Both vampires nodded. And with a crack of his granite gabble the deed was done.

"Just a minute! You can't just summon another Jury! They-They have to be vetted, screened ... I dunno, something!!" Ripper protested and it was Ethan's turn to groan.

The judge hitched his crimson eyebrow to Ripper and smiled a curious smile. He chuckled and the ceiling shook its marble dust over the audience.

Spike opened an umbrella, Buffy peered out from under its dark shade and flicked out her tongue to taste the dust, muttering "vampire, vintage 1883..."

"All our jury members have been to the vet and have screamed. However I'm feeling magnanimous today, your request is granted. You will be judged as you appear."

The Demon-judge waved his talons and the great bronze doors swung open to admit



twelve men, six Ethan and six Ripper. Each one dressed different to the one before but each a matching set to either Ripper or Ethan. They took their seats sweeping away the greasy ash of the previous occupant.

The defendants stared long and hard at the jury, each couple seemed to represent an era or alternate reality. They were Ethan/Ripper in straitjackets, Ethan/Ripper in Evening dress, Ethan/Ripper in nothing but smiles! Ripper/Ethan in prison uniforms, Ripper/Ethan in leather and chains and finally Ripper/Ethan in shrouds and death masks.

They exchanged looks and gulped as one. The Demon Judge's voice boomed aloud in the Court. "Choose! Love or not, Hell or hereafter, each other or no one."

Ripper met Ethan's gaze and shivered as his mates' love and lust warmed his blood. He had made his choice. Ripper moved to stand before Ethan and gently caressed his lovers' nipples to hardened peaks. His tongue snaked out to taste the salty flesh and moaned at the same time as Ethan. He closed the gap between them and moulded his loins to his lover, grinding his hips against Ethan's.

Behind him, he could feel the Jury following suit, each partner rejoicing in their choice. Love and lust forever...

"Oh dear!" the Demon-Judge yawned. "How tiresome, they really do love each other. Case adjourned." The gabble crashed again, and then the Demon pointed the gabble at Ethan. "I'll be seeing you..."

##

The granite gabble hammered incessantly.

He heard it over his own heartbeat, above Ethan's groans of lust, their bodies joined together. Sweet sweat drenched flesh slick and sliding together in a never-ending search for the elusive impending climax. Stroking and biting hearing the shared gasps of pleasure, Ripper mapped Ethan's body with his tongue light and quick as lightning. At last, the pounding into their bodies reached a crescendo and they came together growling and screaming their love for each other.

##

The front door splintered and the Slayer stood in a shaft of moonlight, her shadow speared the impaled lovers. Their breath gradually returning to normal after their lovemaking.

Giles lifted his head dazedly. "Buffy?" he breathed the question. "You broke my door..."

"I've been bangin' for hours." Buffy would have continued but Ethan butted in.

"So have we!" Ethan chuckled...

Ripper smiled and ruffled his hair. "Hey, you made a Slayer funny. For that you win a prize! Where d'you want it lover?" He kissed Ethan's chin and Buffy shuddered.

"Where have you been!" She shouted. "We've been worried sick! We found your car wrapped round a lamppost. "

Giles whimpered. "M.my car?"

Ethan swept him into a hug and stroked his hair. "N'er mind darling I'll buy you a new one. I think we must have had an accident when attempting re-entry, d'you remember?"

"No, I remember you being in a room and a cinema, a train and a restaurant. Was it a dream or a nightmare?"

Who knows?

The end.