

Punch.

Summary Halloween inventory in the Magic Box.

Giles pulled at the stack of boxes, being aloft a ladder, he didn't see Xander pull at the same stack of boxes...Xander was buried under various rubber novelty items. Not all of them Halloween related.

"Xander! Are you alright? Speak to me!" Giles' voice sounded muffled as rubber bats blocked Xander's ears. He tried to get up, scrabbling his booted foot out and dislodging the ladder on which Giles was precariously balanced.

"Xan...Xander! " Giles' anguished cry accompanied his fall from the ladder; Xander cleared his vision to answer and witnessed the terrifying spectre of a reversed airborne Watcher. "Oh Sh..." The rest of the word was lost in a wheeze and connection of loins and face. Xander's limbs flailed out beside him, pain exploding behind his eyelids as Giles' nose and forehead connected with Anya's favourite body parts.

That's when the ladies decided to join them in Giles' Halloween Inventory. The bell sounded at the door and he heard the collective gasp of Buffy, Willow, Dawn and Anya. Bags dropped with several destructive thuds, Giles hoped the pumpkins weren't too bruised.

Then the giggles started and the rush of feminine feet to ogle their predicament.

"Giles? " Buffy gasped out between guffaws.

"Muffy? " Giles mumbled. Willow and Anya collapsed against each other with tears of laughter streaming down their faces.

"Hey! I am not!" Buffy commented affronted. She stood glaring at her friends helpless with giggles, completely ignoring her Watcher's pleas for help.

Eventually Willow went to Buffy's aid and peeled Giles off Xander. Both Giles and Xander looked embarrassed. Anya approached her lover with a wicked smile on her lips. She crouched next to him and he thought she was bending to kiss him so he puckered up, at the last moment she veered off and dived into an open box of "marital aids"

"Giles!" Willow gasped, "How did you get hold of those?" She asked accusingly, eyebrow on the rise.

Buffy's eye's widened at the array of weird and wonderful plastic accessories and slapped her hand quickly over Dawn's eyes.

"Hey, No fair. Why...?" she protested.

"Dawn, don't ask! Remember what we said about tall talk? Well this is the same but with vision..." Buffy explained.

Anya was pulling out several items, her eyes lighting up occasionally as she recognised old friends, Xander grabbed the items from her and thrust them into a Magic Box bag. Her eyes gleamed softly as she ran her hand over his groin, whispering into his ear. "Hope

Giles hasn't damaged you, want to play? " she purred, nipping his earlobe.

Xander sprang to attention then Anya dragged him to the door... He barely had time to say his goodbyes.

"Giles, how did these items come to be amongst the Magic Box stock?" Willow asked innocently. Giles blushed profusely, his hand coming to rest on a particularly lethal looking D.I.Y kit. "Uhm, they were delivered here by mistake. I get so many boxes delivered, Willow. "

Nobody noticed Dawn until she drew out a box with an inflatable inside. "What's a "Lola Lovesit?" All eyes swivelled to her.

Giles was grateful for the distraction. "She's the one with the realistic blonde rooted hair, optional coral nail polish and bondage ge.... Good God! " He swallowed hard as his slip up brought the attention back to him. "Is that the time? Time for patrol Buffy. "

Dawn looked at Giles and then at the blow up doll. She flung the doll from her in revulsion, her body epitomising "ewwwww"

Giles tried to recover, plastering an inscrutable look on his face. "What? I read the catalogue that came with the shipment." Buffy gave him an old fashioned look. " I was trying to find a return address!"

"Uh-huh..." Buffy nodded.

Giles tutted and started to tidy the fallen boxes.

##

All this was witnessed by a vampire spread-eagled on the skylight. He was hoping for some Watcher/Witch/slayer action, but No....All too uptight for that FMF on the Hellomouth (intentional typo <g>) He carefully adjusted his leather posing pouch beneath his duster. He was working tonight at some posh knob's party. He was the Stripper-gram. He smiled as Buffy came under the skylight.

"Oops, need your roots done dearie." He chuckled as she struggled with a large bowl of orange juice... Some slopped on her blouse. He shifted again and heard the glass creak under the weight of his endowment; he took out his latest insurance policy and changed it to a different pocket. Then he narrowed his eyes to Buffy's chest and how she was ringing out the juice back into the bowl, he licked his lips as he saw sumptuous drops of orange on her throat. The glass creaked some more and he glanced down. He should have got a bigger size costume.

Buffy left and Willow came in, she looked round and chucked a few plastic eyeballs into the brew and a small muslin bag. She dipped her fingers in, gave the brew a stir and let the drips fall into her open mouth... Spike froze as she threw her head back, luckily, her eyes were closed, but still he was afforded with a view which bolstered his opinion of her.

Willow left and Dawn arrived, she fished out the plastic eyeballs and replaced them with grapes. She took one of the small cups from the side and slurped a sneaky slurp of the liquid. Giles arrived and she dropped the cup into the brew. He tutted at her and she left

quickly, Giles glugged half a bottle of whisky into the punch to give it some...Punch and fished out Dawn's cup.

The lights were turned off and it looked like the entertainment was over. Spike rolled over and swore as suddenly the glass cracked and gave way and he fell ten feet into the punch bowl, and his added weight smashed the table legs.

The din brought everyone into the room. There sat a whisky and orange sodden Spike, covered in grapes with Willow's muslin bag on his head, resembling a stunned turtle.

"He....he ...he " Willow pointed, Giles started to chuckle at her amusement... Buffy shook her head and erupted into laughter..."Spiked the Punch!"

The end, (my apologies...)