

Retired

Summary Continued in Centenary

The bedsprings creaked and groaned as Giles sat up in his bed. He checked the time on his chronometer and smiled. Midnight, the witching hour. He slid his bare feet into his slippers beneath the bed and cursed the porcelain ring of his chamber pot.

He had only moments before meeting his old friend in the courtyard. He wrapped his overcoat round his lean body against the bitter wind. February was an awful month! He shivered and glanced up at the sky which rapidly clouded and thickened with snow.

He was so rapt in observing the weather that he didn't hear Wesley's approach.

"Hello poppet..." The younger man's eyes twinkled merrily in their sunken sockets, he knew that Giles hated that particular pet-name. He was rewarded with a rumbling growl, the kind that used to herald a frenzied sexual encounter. He sighed. No hot bod for him tonight.

"Where are we going tonight? " Wesley stretched his long, pale fingers round the leather handles of his 'Slayer' bag.

"Tonight, Wesley, we're going to see a young Slayer in action." Giles licked his tight pale lips and arched his eyebrow suggestively.

Wesley grinned and stepped up shoulder to shoulder with the senior watcher. A feast tonight, and he only turned a few nights ago!

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"What kind of name is Griffith? " the young girl sneered. "Sounds ancient! Is that when you were born then? When every one doth'd and hath'd, thee'd and thou'd?"

John Griffith sighed heavily. What God had he offended to be landed with a sixteen year old Philistine? He straightened his jacket and brushed the mud from the leather lapel, he wasn't that ancient-- thirty last birthday. He had CD's older than his Slayer! 'Oh God, I am ancient!'

A movement caught his eye coming from the direction of the Sunnydale institution for the elderly and infirm. Two figures approached, they seemed awfully familiar...

He had time to shout a warning before the flashing eyes held him dumb and immobile. Wesley felled the Slayer with a drugged dart. She sank slowly to the ground, her Slayer senses deserting her as fingers of cold steel fastened on her neck exposing her heated pulse to Wesley's avid amber gaze. He swallowed and punctured her soft flesh with his razor-like fangs. He remembered mortal pleasures of juicy peaches and sunlight when he fought by Angel's side.

All that came to an end when he met Rupert Giles, whom everyone had thought retired or dead. It was he who turned him into what he was today, a killer. Who had slain three Slayers. Rupert held the Watcher's while they witnessed their Slayer's death, then and only then would he feed, he preferred the taste of despair.

Why did they do it?

Rupert had told Wes one night as he held him tightly embraced. They were hastening fate. Giles awaited the reincarnation of his own Slayer. Then he would turn her and they would never be parted again .

The end.