

Ripping Confessions-Prologue

Summary Christmas in the future, Giles' Seventieth Birthday approaches

The message was a surprise! It had been so long since any of us had heard from our old mentor. He was spending his twilight years cataloguing antiquities in the British Museum. The wheel had turned full circle.

We were invited to spend Christmas with him and as I said it had been a while. We all dutifully arrived in a 'parcel' just as we always had on his doorstep to receive news of the latest 'menace'. Our numbers were sadly depleted with Buffy no longer with us. All of us were older and wiser, well, perhaps not wise in my case. Cordelia looked very elegant with up-swept hair shot through with grey. Oz still looked the same to me perhaps it was the influence of the wolf within.

Anya stood at my side impatient to be in; she doesn't like the cold it gets into her joints. I can't say as I like it much either. I knocked on the door again. I heard someone call "I'll get it!" The door opened wide.

"Giles?" I gasped. He hadn't changed a bit. No, it couldn't be. He looked younger.

The young man smiled and I saw a hint of Willow's mischief there. No, it was Giles' son Jack.

"Come in, Come in all of you. Nippy out there isn't it? We've not had snow at Christmas for years." Jack took our coats and deposited them in the hall. He led us through tall sliding oak doors into a light and airy living room.

"I'll go and make the tea, Dad will be down shortly. He's having a nap."

We all gravitated to the warmth provided by the fire in the huge Inglenook fireplace. After warming themselves the others sat down on one of the long sofas in the room. I decided to have a 'nose around' By the French windows leading to the conservatory I saw an oil painting bathed in the weak winter morning light. It was Willow. Lithe and glowing with life she was holding some flowers in her hand and was looking out of the picture with happy sparkling green eyes. I moved closer and her eyes followed me. I stepped back in shock was she laughing at me?

"She always does that y'know. I think she bewitched the canvas as I painted her."

I whirled round at the familiar voice. Giles. Really Giles! He walked slightly stooped and more slowly than I remembered. He's Seventy you idiot! His lean frame still lean but his face had a hint of pain as he sat in his leather wing backed chair. He smiled and the pain vanished. How is it some people just don't age? Their hair just greys. In Giles' case it made him look more distinguished and his hair was still more brown than grey.

"Hello everyone, Jack's getting the tea." He glanced at Willow's picture I could swear she winked at him. He smiled gently. "They're all here again, love. Just like old times." Jack came in and deposited the tea. We all had china cups Giles took his mug from the tray caressing it lovingly, Willow's last Christmas present to him.

"Would you like me to tell you a story?" We looked at each other. We knew of course that Giles had taken to writing Children's books about a grouchy vampire called William. With a penchant for hot chocolate but did he really intend to tell us fairy tales all Christmas?

"About my misspent youth? I think you're old enough to understand now." He took a gulp of his drink. I put my teacup down and we leaned forward in our seats. Eager for a story...

End.

Ripping Confessions 1/13

Summary The future, the gang gather at Giles' house in England for Christmas.

Author's Note Chloe Giles (Giles' sister) is a character of my own invention, featured in other stories.

I first met Ethan in a pub. He pulled someone off me who was intent on murder. I think I liked him immediately. It was the way his expressions changed so quickly indicating a lively mind. If your face remains in one expression too long you begin to feel depressed. Even smiling too much gives you face ache after a while.

Back to the reason for the fight. Chloe had travelled with me to Oxford. I was starting my studies there and she thought I needed the company. On our way through the crowded bar someone accidentally tripped over her sticks and swore at her.

"Fucking Cripple! Oi! You I'm talking to you!"

##

I think it safe to say that we had never heard Giles lapse into gutter English before I was shocked. I wanted more! More characterisation, being told a story is much better than reading a story. A voice brings it to life.

Giles paused to sip his tea sparing us a smirk at our shocked faces. He resumed.

##

Chloe took no notice. I couldn't ignore it and took a swipe at him. Never mind that he was built like a brick out house, a member of the Rugby team with all his mates in tow. He had insulted my sister! Chloe stood by and looked at her watch while the team attempted to extract my brain through my nose. She tutted in disgust and finally helped me out by braining one or two with her crutches then Ethan took care of the last three with my help. We had a celebratory pint and all three of us reeled off in the direction of my dorm room at closing time four hours later.

I didn't even have a chance to go to the library to collect my books. (He smiled again he looked like a guilty school boy.) The next morning feeling a little heavy in my cups I opened my eyes to see a naked Ethan pouring boiling water into a tea-pot. Understandably, I was a little perturbed. He had been living on his own for so long that he didn't feel the need to wear anything until absolutely necessary. I think he had some jeans hidden somewhere in case of fire.

He gave me my tea and I decided I simply had to buy him some clothes; it was going to be a very distracting year otherwise. We had our first lecture that afternoon. I crammed like mad all morning. Ethan lounged on his bed reading a magazine. At two in the afternoon, he poured himself into a T-shirt and his jeans and we went off to the lecture. We must have made a very odd-looking couple, he looking like a beatnik and me with a multicoloured bruise down my face. We were not precisely eager and fresh-faced. Someone made a crack about 'starting early' but Ethan hushed him with a look.

I placed my notebook on the desk. Ethan didn't have a bag with him. He explained that he had enough trouble holding himself up let alone carrying a heavy bag as well. He astonished me by not looking at our Professor for the whole two hours. However later that night I discovered why he didn't have any books. He had a photographic memory and could reproduce any amount of text at the drop of a hat. The other students called him Wizard. I preferred Mage and told him why. I found myself telling him all the secrets of my Watcher family and my own background in Elemental magic. He flung his arm round my shoulders and said we were going to be great friends but Rupert was a bit of a sissy name. Couldn't I change it?

I thought for a moment and the only name I came up with was one my Maiden Aunt gave me when I was six. On birthday's and Christmas I would get so excited I would tear round pretending to be a racing car and ripping all the paper from the presents. She called me Ripper. Ethan liked it so I was stuck with it although he didn't use my explanation of the 'nick' name to his friends.

##

Giles paused and took another mouthful of his drink. We all smiled at him. I had realised just how much I missed the sound of his voice all these years. It was the voice of sanity in an insane world.

Jack looked at his watch. "Almost dinner time Dad, do you want to stop now?" Giles blinked heavily and took a deep breath nodding. Jack collected the tea-tray and took it out.

"Was that really how you got the nick name Ripper?" Oz asked

"One of them. Are you going to stay for the week? Jack will take your things upstairs to your rooms. One story per day that's your ration." Everyone left, Cordelia and Anya giving him a kiss in thanks for the story. We didn't see the façade crumble as the door closed. His hands shook as he finished the long draft in his mug. It wasn't tea.

End of Part 1

Ripping Confessions 2/13

Summary Their first meal, some peripheral W/G

They followed Jack into the large high vaulted kitchen and took their seats at the long oak table set against one wall. Jack busied himself at the range opening cupboards every now and then searching for plates and seasoning's.

"Is Giles not eating then?" Cordelia asked. Jack looked round at the places, he had set the table for six but only five remained on the table. He frowned as he glanced toward the

kitchen door as if he could see through it and chastise his father for removing the extra setting.

"I guess Dad will be having a sandwich tonight. He's saving his appetite for one big blow out meal on Christmas day. You all look as though you need a hot meal, to take away the chill." Jack turned carrying a huge pot from the cooker to the table.

"Dinner is served." They all peered into the bubbling cauldron. The steam carried such a delicious smell!

"What's in it?" Xander asked as Jack ladled some of the concoction onto his plate.

"Everything that does you good, nothing that does you harm." He said it like he was reciting a spell. He blushed and they saw Willow clearly for the first time.

"That's what Mum used to say. She cooked this for Dad before I was born and she made me promise to cook it for him every Birthday and Christmas. Boy, that steam stings." Jack wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. Everyone knew it wasn't the steam. They sniffed as they took their first mouthful.

##

Giles was dozing in the Living room dreaming of Willow. When he had painted her, she hadn't been in the garden. His easel was set up in the bedroom and there was only one way to get her expression just so. He smiled in his sleep remembering.

"Willow, don't fidget! I don't do 'blur' very well y'know" He teased.

"I'm all tense, Rupert. Couldn't you come and un-tense me?" She said pouting. He looked at her. Yes! That's one of the expressions! He quickly loaded his brush, swept it over the canvas, and recited the fixing spell. The expression fell into place with all the other layers of magic. Her face was beginning to take on a three-dimensional quality.

"I don't know why you're worried the doctor said the baby is fine. Just a little large. It's to be expected love. I'm rather big myself." He grinned. Her elfin head appeared round the bottom corner of the canvas and her glance took in his impressive erection.

"You can say that again!"

He sighed and placed his paintbrush on his palate. "Get thee hence to the bed woman."

Willow giggled as she raced for the bed and started to bounce on the soft satin covers. She was the most enchanting fruitful creature he had ever seen. He thanked all the Gods every morning when he woke lying next to her. Now she was having their child and she wanted more love, more often. What a way to die! He made love to her gently letting their passion and joy in her condition be transmitted to their growing infant.

##

"Dad, Dad?" Giles opened his eyes. Still here? He looked up at Jack.

"Do you want to come into the kitchen, sandwich time." He left the plate on the side table

knowing that his father wouldn't eat them.

"Yes, yes just coming." He lifted the sandwich to his lips and Jack smiled. He put it down again once his son had left the room. He got up slowly and walked round to stand in front of Willow. His fingertips caressed the frame.

"Not long now, love." He looked into her eyes they were smiling at him still. He turned away from her and went into the kitchen with his sandwich plate.

He stood at the threshold unnoticed. He'd missed their voices in animated conversation. In his eyes they were never going to be older than twenty. They were ageless. Just as Buffy is ageless now being perpetually twenty-five. The age she was when she died. There had been a dozen or so Slayers since but because he hadn't trained them, they hadn't survived long.

Jack's Slayer would be different. Giles had trained his son since boyhood so he in turn would be able to train his Slayer. Jack's Slayer would be arriving tomorrow with her guardian.

"Hey, G-man are we going to get another story tonight?"

He smiled at the old nick name. Jack was astonished. Dad hadn't told him they used to call him that!

"No, only one per day. When would you like it scheduled? Morning or evening? You could go out exploring during the day if you had them in the evening." They all nodded.

"Evening it is then." Giles put his plate in the sink. He sniffed a familiar aroma he looked at Jack. "You made them a stew?" His son nodded. "Good Boy. I'm sorry but I'm going to my bed. It's been an eventful day and I'm tired now."

Anya yawned and Xander got the message. Bedtime, no sleeping, just bedding.

End of Pt.2

Ripping Confessions 3/13

Summary Oz knows the truth/ Oz's story.

Warning drug use

Oz's Story

Oz had tried for hours to drop off to sleep but found it impossible to sleep in a strange house on a strange bed. With a strange but vaguely familiar scent wafting up the stairs. He padded downstairs in his bare feet being lead by his nose to the kitchen. It was pitch black except for a small glow by the wall then the smoke became more pungent.

"Welcome Lycanthrope. Join me?" Oz sat down by Giles.

"Jack doesn't like me smoking. Help yourself." Giles studied Oz as he took a joint from the

tin on the table. He was very quiet.

"You know don't you?" Giles asked. Oz nodded as he searched his clothing for a lighter.

"Yes." He knew when he first saw Giles; the veil of death surrounded him. Like an old stag fearing a wolf. "How long have you been ill Giles?"

The older man sighed with relief. Someone he could be honest with at last.

"About five years. My doctor says the cancer started within a week of Willow's death. It seems I can't tolerate life without her." He gave Oz a light.

"This" He held the joint upright in his fingers. "Helps but it's not prescribed so Jack doesn't like it. He keeps asking me why I have to rebel all the time." Oz shared the Watcher's amusement. "I'm only allowed oral painkillers and I get so fed up of drinking."

"Do you know when?" Oz asked meaning if Giles knew how long he had to live.

"I've always known. It's Christmas Day. That's why I called you here to say goodbye and to give you all a present. What do you want for Christmas Oz?"

"Have you got a silver bullet? 'Cause I've been sent to kill you. I don't want to, I don't have a choice." His tears stained silver down his cheeks in the moonlight.

Giles was surprised by the werewolf's admission; he was convinced he was going to die naturally. Who would want to assassinate a dying man?

"What happened to you Oz, we all wondered."

"The government found a way to control the wolf and release him at times other than the full moon. I kill who they programme me to kill then I'm left alone with that knowledge until they need me again. I don't want to see another full moon Giles. I've had enough."

"Very well, a silver bullet for you." He handed the werewolf a handkerchief Oz accepted with a nod of thanks.

"Would you like to hear how I lost control over some magic?" Oz nodded in the darkness. A story to himself without the others! Giles began.

##

It was two years into my course at Oxford and Ethan and I had enlarged our circle of friends to include Philip, Thomas and Dierdre five for a pentagram. During the summer break, I had myself a job as a labourer on a local building site. I enjoyed it. It was hard physical work in the sun for the most part and by the end of the summer I looked pretty good. (I was very vain in those days) It stood me in good stead for the next job I was forced to take to meet the rent on the house we all shared.

Ethan had been the breadwinner. We didn't know how he came up with the money. He just did I think I was the only one he trusted with the truth and he made me promise I wouldn't tell anyone until after his death. He was an escort of sorts to anyone who would pay.

Sometimes he would come home and I would sense his revulsion at what he had to do. I think that was the beginning of the change in his character.

It was the first week back and the first weekend when we had any spare cash. On Saturday morning Ethan offered to make us all breakfast, we had a huge mushroom omelette with toast. Ethan had gathered the mushrooms on his way home on Friday night.

All I can remember of that day is waking up naked in the middle of Salisbury plain with artillery shells exploding over-head. Ethan had used *magic* mushrooms in the omelette!

Luckily, someone spotted us and the weapons test was halted while they got us off the field. We were arrested of course. The army thought we were peace protesters. We were all put in the same cell. I rattled the bars. Solid. Ethan looked at the floor and drew lines with his foot in the dust.

"It's not my fault!" He yelled as the other's looked accusingly at him. "How was I supposed to know the mushrooms were funny?" Only I caught his secret smile.

"You knew Ethan! You probably didn't know how they would affect us but you knew. How do you propose to get us out of this mess?" I looked at him he was sitting on the floor with his hands in his lap. He shrugged.

I studied the lines Ethan had drawn on the floor and made my decision. If I didn't get out us out of here, I would be on the next train to the Watcher's compound. I drew a rough circle in the dust and a pentagram inside the circle. Ethan looked on in amazement.

"That's my Ripper, love the way your mind works, man." I smiled at his use of my nickname.

We took up our positions at the points of the pentagram. It was so natural and I called on the elemental spirits to help us. It went a little haywire probably the proximity of Stonehenge I never really gave it much thought. The sky darkened, thunder rumbled overhead and lightning ripped the heavens jaggedly, it arced through our cell window and struck the locked door, it opened and we fled.

When we got outside I realised I had left the circle open and that it should be closed in order to restore balance. Ethan suggested that I cast another spell to balance the last one. I foolishly agreed. The opposite of rain is fire I muttered another invocation and snapped my fingers and the headquarters went up in flames. That's when I panicked.

I was out of control. I couldn't stop the spells spilling out of me. The others were looking at me like I'd grown two heads suddenly. I shook with magic in the midst of howling gales and licking flames, being lashed with icy cold rain. Ethan crouched beside me where we had taken refuge in the chaos and calmed me just by holding me. I was so grateful. The rain stopped and the wind died down. In the lull that he created for me we made good our escape.

Some soldiers pursued us. The others escaped through a gate in the perimeter fence but by the time Ethan and I got there, that exit was blocked. We turned and headed toward some nearby woods. I shot a quick glance over my shoulder and saw Philip and the others get in our van and speed up the road in our direction. We only had to get out the woods and we'd be safe.

I leapt over a dip in the hedge hardly breaking my stride. The van pulled up beside me.

"Ripper!" Ethan screamed.

I turned at the agonised sound. When I got to his side Ethan was on the grass verge of the road his knees drawn up to his chest. His thighs were covered in blood. As I picked Ethan up I saw some fresh blood on the barbed wire where he had clambered over the fence. I lifted him to my shoulder and hurried to the van.

"Hospital! Quick." Philip didn't have to be told twice. Dierdre checked Ethan's pulse. It was still strong but he was losing a lot of blood. My hands were slick with his blood and I couldn't get a grip on the zip fastener. So I grasped either side of the zip and pulled ripping his jeans down the centre seam to reveal the source of the blood. I gasped and clamped my hand round the wound on his penis and again shouted for Philip to hurry. I sat astride Ethan all the way to hospital keeping him steady. While his blood warmed my fist, I noticed with growing alarm that his body was getting colder.

Finally, after what seemed like hours Philip squealed the van to a halt in the ambulance bay of the nearest hospital. Doctors appeared from all directions and helped me get Ethan's limp body on to a gurney. I ran along side with them until they packed the wound in the theatre. I drifted outside and leant against the wall feeling drained. I smiled suddenly I'd held Ethan in my hand for how long? Half an hour and the bastard had been unconscious the whole time. He'd never live it down. If he lived. I was serious again.

##

"You saved his life by doing that." Oz interrupted.

"Yeah, must have looked pretty comical though." He smiled in the darkness.

##

Ethan needed a transfusion urgently. I volunteered because I was the same blood group. He woke up during the transfusion and murmured something that bound me to him until his death last year.

"You are mine, I am yours blood and soul to soul forever." Spells like that are the most powerful because the caster believes that they are near to death.

Ethan recovered and I began to feel the effects of his enchantment on the very same day he was released from hospital. As I said at the beginning Ethan was out of action "Escort wise" for at least six weeks so I had to step into the breach.

##

"You didn't *escort* anyone did you?"

"Good God no, I became a film stuntman. Ethan liked that. He took great delight in mispronouncing it *Stud-man.* He still called me Ripper this time explaining that I could make Lightning rip through the skies."

Oz smiled at Giles they could see each other in the early morning light.

"I'll miss you, Giles."

"Hey, not for long Oz!"

End of Pt.3

Ripping Confessions 4/13

Summary Buffy's story. Oz's painting

Warning bondage on inflatable

Buffy's story

"Oz, I can trust you not to tell the others can't I? It would spoil this week and I want it to be as normal as possible. I don't want a fuss."

"OK. Just between us two, I understand. Thanks for my present Giles."

From upstairs they heard the tell-tale creaking floorboards. The guests were waking. Jack came downstairs first he came into the kitchen to put the kettle on. He took a deep breath and whirled round. He was surprised when he saw Oz. The two men regarded him quietly and finished smoking.

Jack's expression hardened. Giles pinched the end of the joint and put it in his tin for later. Oz looked from father to son and decided to go outside for a walk and leave them to their argument.

"You know I don't like you smoking hash Dad!"

"It's my house and I can do what I damn well please!" Giles shook a little as his chest began to constrict.

"The doctor says" Jack continued. Giles got up and started to pace.

"Screw the doctor! My lungs are shot Jack! There's no miracle for me! If you ask me a smatterin' of pot would do you some good. You really do need loosening up." He looked so indignant that Giles couldn't help laughing in his face.

Jack sighed. It was indecent having a rebel as a father. He sometimes thought of him as much younger than his real age perhaps forty or so. He started on breakfast and was heartened when his father said he'd have some cereal.

Anya and Xander came downstairs all out of breath. Giles looked at them over the morning paper. His cereal bowl was empty so far so good, no lurching yet. He smiled at Anya.

"I thought you'd stay in bed longer this morning." He teased. She grinned at him. Then

Cordelia breezed in and gave Giles a 'Good Morning' kiss.

"I like being seventy! I get lots of kisses from beautiful young women." Giles quipped gallantly. Cordelia glowed pink only Giles could flirt at such an ungodly hour.

"So Cordelia, do you want to take me into the village and choose a tree for the living room? There's lunch in it for you."

Jack froze by the tea-pot. His father wasn't really up to excursions.

"Yes of course, have you got transport? Tell me it's not the Citroen." She laughed Giles joined her clasping her hand in his gently.

"Good God no! That one's long gone Spike crashed it. In England I drive a different car, perhaps you'd like to try?"

"You drive on the left here, right?"

"Right." Giles grinned.

"No, left!" She laughed hitting him playfully on the arm.

Jack saw his fathers shoulders tense and knew that something was wrong. Giles slipped out of his chair pausing to kiss Cordelia on the top of her head on his way out.

"Bless you." He murmured and moved swiftly upstairs to the bathroom. Jack excused himself and followed him up the stairs. The bathroom door was a-jar. There were just a few tiny blood splashes in the toilet bowl where his father had failed to clean them off. He backed out and went into his father's bedroom.

He was sitting on the bed, his shirt was blood stained and he held what used to be a white handkerchief to his mouth. Jack picked up the phone and called the doctor.

##

Jack paced outside the bedroom waiting for the doctor's diagnosis. Oz sat atop the stairs. The others were downstairs exploring in Giles' library.

The doctor came out Jack looked expectantly at him.

"He isn't going to last the week. How many times a day has he been vomiting?"

"This is the first time." Jack looked mystified at the question but then realised this was the first time he'd noticed something was wrong. His father was very adept at hiding things. He hid his love for Willow for years! The doctor shook his head.

"Try to get him to rest and not exert himself. He won't rest I know but try? Don't make him eat or drink. He doesn't have much functioning stomach left. I'm leaving you some morphine for him."

Jack stared at his father's door the tears stinging his eyes.

"I'll let myself out." Oz moved out of the way. Jack knocked and went in not sure that he wanted to see his father. As the door opened he saw Giles dressed in pyjamas and dressing gown standing at his easel painting!

"Hello Jack!" Giles loaded his brush without pausing to study his son's shocked expression. He could imagine the stance though, the same one Willow used when she realised that he and Jack had gorged themselves on ice cream just before dinner. He smiled at the memory.

"Dad, the doctor said not to exert yourself!" Who was the son and who was the father?

"This isn't exertion," he gestured to the painting. "This is relaxation." Oz peaked round the edge of the canvas and the figures seemed to move toward him.

"I have to finish this. Jack, I'm all right. The doctor gave me a shot to settle things for a while. Will you take Cordelia out on the tree hunt? Oz will have to pose for me so I can finish." His father was murmuring continuously under his breath, his paint brush moving lightning fast capturing the essence of the werewolf on the canvas. Oz appeared next to Buffy, Ethan, Willow and himself five for a pentagram. They were standing on a dimly lit bridge. Waiting.

His son disappeared and left him to his work. Oz looked up at Giles seeing him filling in the background working feverishly, a fine sweat forming on his brow.

"What say we tell a story to Buffy hmm?" Giles laid down his brush. Oz glanced up at Buffy and swore she smiled at him. Then he saw his own face in the painting and stared. The man-wolf had quiet eyes that glowed with an ethereal quality not exactly a mirror but pretty damn close!

"Well now Buffy's story. Something fun!"

##

It was Rag week and we were madly haring round Oxford raising money for charity. When I say 'We' I mean my new girlfriend, Emily and me. She was a creature of sunshine, a blue-eyed blonde and I was smitten. I liked her because she was normal, she liked me because I was a little dangerous.

Ethan was tolerant of this relationship because it allowed him free access to my Watcher diaries and magic books. He absorbed them while I was absorbed in her.

One evening when I got home I found Ethan blowing up a vinyl sex doll. I thought 'ello he must be desperate! Turned out he wasn't blowing it up for himself but for someone else. He asked me to help him dress it in bondage gear. I picked up a plastic bag and Ethan snatched it away.

"That's your Birthday present Ripper!" said he slightly embarrassed.

I, of course wanted to unwrap it straight away I was still six in that respect. That's another story.

The plan was to shin up the drainpipe outside the Dean's office and place the dummy in

his bed next to him. Then get an incriminating photo for the Rag magazine. Then he'd give a donation to the charity to stop publication. All good-natured fun! But! When I got in the room and I can tell you it was a tight squeeze through the window with the doll all blown up. Ethan was practically pissing himself snapping away with that damn camera of his as I tried to shove the over inflated rump past my waist. It must have looked like I was humping the thing instead of the Dean! Anyway it entered the room as if launched by catapult and I tumbled in afterwards and none too quietly either!

I grabbed the doll by its neck, slapped it a couple of times for giving me a hard time, and sallied forth to the Dean's room. It's amazing how many creaking floorboards' one can find when trying to practice stealth! I heard noises from behind the door. I knelt down taking my silent partner with me and looked through the keyhole.

##

"Guess who I saw" Giles looked at Oz with a wicked gleam in his eye.

"Don't know, can't guess! Tell me." Cried Oz eager for the next part.

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The dean in bed with the school secretary, going at it hammer and tongs they were. Suddenly the bondage gear Ethan had bought for the doll seemed tame compared to what they were wearing. Spiked collar and leather wrist cuffs and nipple clamps and that was just the secretary. He had chained the Dean...

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"HE?!" Oz yelped.

"Yes, didn't I mention? How very remiss of me!" Giles gave him the filthiest smirk Oz had ever seen. Ripper in full "game-face"

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...To the bedpost and was 'servicing' him. I left the doll outside the door and ran to the window. I clambered out but lost my purchase on the ledge it was two storeys up. I flung out my arm wildly and caught hold of a drainpipe bracket. It broke my descent but at the same time ripped my shoulder out of joint that's the third and fourth reason Ethan called me Ripper. He said I was ripping good fun and I'd ripped my shoulder.

The next day I had a fight scene to choreograph for a film so my shoulder has never really healed properly.

##

"Now have you had breakfast yet? I'm afraid mine was a bit of a non-starter." Giles cleaned off his brushes and sighed at the painting. Nearly there now, not long to wait.

"Giles?" Oz asked the old man gazed at him his eyes and demeanour calm.

"How can you be so laid back? About everything? Dying and stuff."

"Oz, dying is easy. Living is the hard part. There are still things about me you don't know. Perhaps some things you shouldn't. I don't know what will be in the stories I tell until I open my mouth and they spill out. That way you get Ripper and not me." He dropped the cloth suddenly with such a look of fury on his face that Oz shrank back.

"He's opened the door! Bastard! Xander's opened the door!" Giles raced from the room his speed belying his age and condition. Oz followed on behind.

End of Pt.4

Ripping Confessions 5/13

Summary Spike Arrives/ Xander's story

Warning E/G (kiss)

Xander's Story

Jack looked at the tree from top to bottom it wasn't going to fit through the door. It was too tall and far too bushy but apparently, Dad had picked it out months ago. He knew a good tree. Mum had taught him to recognise potential in all things natural.

He leant his back against the front wall of the house the tree lay before him on the fresh snow like a fallen soldier. He saw in his mind's eye the last time he had been here.

The Christmas before his mother had died in 2022 he had been 19 ready to go to Oxford. His parents were having a ferocious snowball fight. Those were the only fights he ever saw his parents have. They didn't argue or row; they discussed. These discussions inevitably turned to 'mush' and he had to leave the room. Whenever he had school friends over he would have to check all the rooms before he entered just in case his parents had decided to 'Christen' the kitchen table again!

Jack's smile faded when he remembered his mother's death on her Birthday five years ago. Dad had been devastated. He worried about him being alone when he had finally had to go back to College. Jack called him every day for a progress report.

When one day he called and a doctor answered he was filled with dread. His father had cancer. Jack remembered vividly the three courses of chemotherapy and the radiation treatment after that. Giles was in remission. He returned to his work at the museum. His colleagues described him as "the cataloguing demon" it was as if he was living on borrowed time.

Then last year came the bombshell that the cancer had spread, there were secondary tumours but these were slower growing because of the earlier chemo. The only treatment his father would agree to was the removal of one lung; it was practically dead. Understandably Jack was upset by this he had wanted his father to see his grandchildren.

Then that awful Rayne character turned up and his father had taken care of him until he died in his mother's bed! The odd thing about that was that his father refused to let Ethan be buried in the graveyard. He said he would bury him in the family crypt. Jack didn't know they had a family crypt or where it was! The body just vanished and his father never told him where it went.

It was getting more difficult for him not to tell the "Slayerettes." Is that what his father called them? That their friend was dying.

He was jerked out of his revelry by an angry bellow coming from the library. He shot indoors to see what the fuss was about.

##

"I don't bloody care! You shouldn't have opened the door! Never mind 'I wonder if there's a secret passage!' You have disturbed his rest and he's never going to forgive me." Giles took a fast-agonised breath and leant against one of the bookcases. He was desperate to draw a breath but couldn't. Anya fled the room and ran straight into Jack.

"Go help Cordelia, Xander you too. I'll deal with Dad. Go." His father was an awful shade of grey. All his muscles were tense. Jack guided him to the couch where his eyes closed and his body relaxed.

Jack shivered the room was chilly. He closed the open door that had caused the argument and lit a fire as the room warmed his father began to stir.

"D'you think I've blown it?" He asked drily.

"No, minor psychotic episodes are the norm for you aren't they Dad?" Jack smiled. "I'm glad you're still with us. Shall I get you a blanket?"

Giles nodded. "I'd really like some tea but I'll save that till next week when I can drink it." Jack regarded his father with a small smile on his lips. His father's belief in a life after death was quite touching.

Xander, Anya and Cordelia re-entered the library looking sheepish.

"Giles I'm real sorry. I couldn't resist, spooky old house. There's bound to be a secret room or passage somewhere."

He looked at Xander blankly from the sofa. He found tears welling up in his eyes and falling. He'd not been able to keep his promise to Ethan.

"A safe place to hide, until all the magic blows over. That's all I ask. One last favour for Old Times sake?" How could he resist?

"A story for you Xander. A love story."

##

Ethan was recovering well from his accident six weeks were almost up and he was eager for the stitches to come out. I took him to the casualty and they asked how he came to

injure himself so badly in such a peculiar place. I gave them the story we had agreed on. We were on a nature walk and Ethan had clambered over a fence not noticing the barbed wire on top until too late. They bought it. I left him in the charge of some very pretty nurses. He was entranced and I knew he would behave disgracefully. He had them in fits of giggles. I was waiting in the corridor when suddenly everything went quiet in the treatment room.

I opened the door and saw Ethan and the two nurses engaged in a tableau of lewd foreplay or more accurately three-play. Ethan was in heaven his face buried in the pussy of one while being buried in the mouth of the other. I stared for a few seconds in shock.

The door banged shut behind me and I returned to my pacing. My heart was in my throat; I felt sick. My hands were sweating. I was shocked by what I felt. I felt jealousy. I was jealous of the nurses.

When Ethan came out of the treatment room, he was a changed man. His bounce was back. He was happy that everything was in working order. He saw at once that something was wrong.

"What's the matter? We're still going out to celebrate aren't we? How about Brighton, fish and chips at midnight, how does that grab you?"

"You've already celebrated!" I remarked acidly. Ethan hurried round in front of me.

"You saw that?" He asked dangerously. "Give you ideas did it?" He sneered and stepped closer the pink tip of his tongue flicked out briefly. I retreated a few steps blushing furiously. He gave me one of his glacial smiles usually reserved for his enemies.

"Not here" I whispered. Ethan nodded.

"Sure, Rupert full of bullshit as usual. Turned on and horny as hell but never here and now it's always later. I bet you never got to fuck that little tart of yours did you?"

That was the first time I hit Ethan. I decked him. Not a very clever move but at least he was in the right place to be treated for concussion.

We made up of course and went to Brighton on Valentine's Day. We visited the pier and got pierced. Ethan was fascinated with the tattooists' booth. He quizzed the man for hours about equipment and technique while I got bored.

To rid me of my boredom Ethan turned on the charm, he was in good form laughing and joking. He knew the filthiest stories! You could well understand why he was so highly paid as an escort he was such good company!

I felt brave enough to ask him about his childhood and regretted it immediately because his good humour vanished in a second. We were standing on the pebble beach Ethan looked out to sea with a sudden expression of repressed rage marring his handsome features.

He glanced back at me helplessly and dived off in the direction of the breakers. I stared after him, what would drive him toward the sea? He flung off his clothes. He's going for a swim but this was not the joyful whoop of a midnight dip, it was the mournful cry of a man

about to commit suicide!

I raced down the beach stripping off my shirt, kicked off my shoes and plunged into the icy waves. I couldn't see him. I swam out further desperately searching my breath misting hotly on the midnight air. Then I saw his head going down and I reached out to grasp his hair, pulling his head up and out of the water. I changed my grip and hauled him backwards out of the waves back up the beach. His body fell from my numb hands crashing on to the pebbles.

I found my shirt and put it on sinking down onto the cold stones. I glanced at Ethan he was bent over heaving up several gallons of seawater.

"What the Bloody Hell was that all about?" Ethan looked mournfully at me with tears streaming down his face. I moved to him and held him close.

"I've never had anyone like you Ripper, to care about me. When I was small all I ever got from my family was a clout or a thump. Then when I was older my Dads drinking pals came round and...." The tears flowed anew.

I hushed him before he could finish, stroking his hair and kissing his salt seasoned skin. Such pain, such sadness. I couldn't bare it!

"No-one's going to hurt you like that ever again. Not while I'm around." He sniffed and turned his face to mine.

"Really?" His lips upturned in a wobbly smile

"Really." I affirmed and I pressed my lips to his to seal the promise.

##

The silence in the library was broken by a cacophony of swearing coming from the hall. Giles blinked a few times as if he'd been talking in his sleep. He smiled at the Anglo-Saxon curses. The new Slayer and her Guardian had arrived.

"Who the Bloody Hell left that enormous, green leafy stake outside where any vampire could fall over it? I'm trying to be Cool for me' Slayer and I practically dust m'self on the fucking doorstep!"

Jack came from the kitchen with tea. He put the tray down on the hall table and smiled at his new Slayer. She had blonde hair and brown eyes she looked like a frightened fawn. Her guardian looked fearsome but she held his hand seeking his protection from a house full of strangers.

"Young Watcher? Where's the old man?" Jack pointed and the tall lean vampire strode down the hall with the Slayer tripping in his wake.

"Come in, Spike" Giles called so the vampire could enter. All the others looked startled. He dragged the Slayer round to face Giles. Spike tried to look dead 'ard but failed when he came face to face with his old friend.

"Hello Giles." His voice had lost all it's antagonistic qualities.

"Hello Spike." He smiled at the girl by his side. "Who's this?"

"I'm Jenny." The girl piped up. Giles caught his breath at the name.

"Jenny, has Spike been looking after you? How old are you?" He tried to keep the worry out of his voice. She looked terribly young.

"Spike has taught me lot's of things. I'm fourteen are you going to be my Watcher?"

"No, My son will have that honour. I'm too old" Giles admitted.

"It's your fault I got her y'know. You and those damn books. She thinks I'm that character from your stories! She's tried to stake me half a dozen times. That's how I know she's a Slayer. Now for God's sake take her away before she kills me." He still held on to her hand tightly.

"Jenny, would you like to live here with Spike and my son Jack?" The girl nodded and finally let go of Spike's hand. Spike sighed but not in relief.

"Christmas present Spike, stay here as long as you please. You're home now."

Jack came in with the tray of tea. Spike sniffed and grabbed the tall glass from the tray.

"You remembered!" He swirled the chocolaty froth round and took a great gulp of the steaming hot liquid. "Nectar!"

Jenny sat down on the sofa next to Giles who absently stroked her hair.

"It is him isn't it, Mr. Giles?" She asked. Spike looked exactly like the illustrations in his books.

"Yes, it's him. I wrote about him and he'll live a long time and protect you from harm. What would you like for Christmas? Oh I know." Giles held out his hand and a rose appeared seemingly out of thin air. "For you. A rose a day to make you slay, slay, slay." He smiled and she giggled relaxing into his chest.

"Who's going to help me with the tree?" Jack asked, Spike and Xander volunteered.

It took about half an hour to get the tree into the house with the threat of Spike being impaled narrowly averted twice. A lot of laughter and "left hand down a bit" finally had the giant conifer installed in its pot in the living room.

Jack, Spike and Xander fell into the library hot and pink and covered in needles.

Cordelia and Anya shushed them and beckoned the boy's over. Giles was asleep as was the Slayer curled up on the sofa next to him. Jack got his camera and took a secret photograph.

End of Pt.5

Ripping Confessions 6/13

Summary Cordelia's story

Warning orgy and violent aftermath

Authors Note "pick'n'mix" an assortment of drugs

Cordelia's story

Giles woke suddenly shivering with cold the library was dark. He could hear his breath and heartbeat harsh in his ears. The new Slayer was gone. No-one was with him and he was suddenly frightened. Cold hard knots were forming throughout his body. He would do anything to be warm again. He pulled the blanket closer round his shoulders. When was the last time he'd been really warm? His body went into spasm at the touch of someone's hand.

"Sshhh Rupert, it's only me."

"Willow?" He asked in the darkness. "Oh, Cordelia, why are you here? Where's Oz?"

"I'm here too Giles You're not alone." The Werewolves eyes shone in the darkness. Giles breathed easier.

"What's the date?"

"23rd. Try to go back to sleep."

"No, I can't. You need your story Cordelia." He swallowed the lump in his throat. "Another love story, maybe a little racy do you mind?" He sighed speaking was exhausting him.

"Race away Giles, I can take it!"

##

Ethan's parties were legendary. He could organise one very quickly by contacting various students in the university using a unique code of his own invention. Thomas was studying chemistry so would bring the "pick'n'mix" Philip was a Music and Drama major so he provided the band and dancers. Ethan baked some of his 'specials' and provided the refreshments and Dierdre was studying medicine so she was party decorations, bandages and condom balloons...

##

"You're supposed to put them on." Cordelia interrupted

"Pardon?!" Giles didn't understand.

"The condoms, didn't you practice safe sex?"

"I didn't need to practice, I got it right first time." Giles grinned. Oz sort of snorted.

"But condoms..." Cordelia protested. She really liked that word.

"Party balloons.." Giles teased her some more.

"You know what I mean!" Cordelia sounded irritated in the extreme.

"Cordy, at one of Ethan's parties the only protection one needed was a crash helmet. Now Can I get on? It'll take all night otherwise."

##

I was the guest of honour it was my Birthday and my party. Ethan started me off after lectures by taking me to the pub while the house was being decorated. I was supposed to be going out with Emily, my girlfriend but he made me forget.

When we got back to the house I fell in the door and everyone shouted 'Surprise'. I was stripped of my clothes fairly early on but as everyone else was nude it didn't matter. Ethan handed me a drink and told me to close my eyes.

"Open wide Ripper." I did and he popped some pills into my mouth and told me to swallow. I had some of my drink and then realised that my hands were linked somehow to someone else. I opened my eyes and saw that I was handcuffed to a rather gorgeous looking redhead.

"Happy Birthday Ripper! Whither she goes, you go." I smiled and was lead off into a corner. I had a wonderful time all night. The music was so loud the walls practically vibrated. I had finished my drink and was handed another. I was well on the way to being smashed. Soon I was surrounded by heaving aroused bodies. I revelled in each probing touch, each questing tongue and smooth caress. In amongst the press of naked humanity was my idea of heaven in those days.

Ethan slipped away to answer the door. God knows who he was expecting everyone was here! It was Emily. Apparently she'd got a message to meet me at the house. Ethan invited her in explaining that if she planned to stay she had to be naked like everyone else.

I was blind to all but that which lay before me; a very distended cock that I was intent on relieving. Everyone was having a ball and the atmosphere was heavy with the scent of sex and drugs. My partner filled my throat and I reared up from him practically gargling with his cum. Ethan cheered. It was my favourite party trick.

Emily stood transfixed with horror. I swallowed and some dribbled down my chin to be lapped up by the redhead. She licked her way down to my cock and slipped her mouth over me. I gazed at Emily while the red head bobbed; willing her to join us. Ethan was by her side he was smiling being charming. I knew that he would try and persuade her to stay.

My attention was ripped away by my impending climax. The last image Emily had of me was one of hedonistic bliss surrounded by numerous bodies both male and female all coming over me. No wonder she never came back!

Eventually the party died down at around dawn and I found myself handcuffed to Ethan on the bed.

"Morning Ripper, nice party?" I learned understatement from Ethan.

"Morning, what are you planning to do with me or to me today?" I gestured to the handcuffs. Ethan smiled

"Oh, this n that." He slipped down my body his chest hair tickling all the way down where he proceeded to wake me up properly.

"By the by" He said licking his lips. "Emily stopped by last night.. I tried to get your attention but you were occupied. She said she couldn't wait to be home and rushed off."

I leapt off the bed forgetting Ethan was still secured to me. He fell on his rump and yelled. I yanked on my jeans and was about to get my shirt on when I noticed the cuffs. I held out my wrist.

"Key! Get the cuffs off, Ethan. Now!" I barked. He got the key from the bedside table and unlocked the cuffs. I tucked my shirt into my jeans and slipped on my shoes I was out of the house in minutes.

##

Emily's flat was deserted. All her stuff was gone. It didn't even smell of her anymore. I'd blown it! Got smashed and now she had left me. I needed someone to blame, someone to hit.

Ethan came up the stairs. Ethan had organised the party.
Ethan had got me drunk. Ethan had let her in the house.
How had Ethan heard the doorbell over all that music?
Ethan had sent the message!

I glared at him as he came into the empty room. He froze when he saw my face. He was transformed into the frightened boy I saw on Brighton Beach just six short months ago and now I wanted to beat the crap out of him.

He defended himself well but he had taught me all his weaknesses and I played on them. Ethan was rolled up in a protective ball in one corner and I was in the other drained and shaking. My hands hurt, my knuckles were bruised and I just wanted to die. I had hurt him and at the time I'd almost enjoyed it. Ethan crawled over to me and I was appalled by what I had done. I reached out to his face to try to wipe away the bruises and my tears fell on my own bloodied hands stinging the cuts there.

"Why do we hurt each other so much?" I asked.

"You always hurt the one's you love." He said simply. I pulled him to me to cradle all his hurts. I wanted so desperately to belong to someone to be held and petted and loved. Everyone deserves that don't they?

God help me I was infatuated with Ethan Rayne.

##

"I hope I didn't shock you Cordelia. You always struck me as being the most 'grounded' of my brood." She shook her head.

"I'm not shocked, love isn't shocking. He's dead isn't he? You said something about his rest being disturbed, he's buried in the secret room.." I nodded and she glanced back at the door and shuddered.

The knots had grown to the size of boulders. "Cordelia, could you go and wake Jack for me? Tell him I need him." She was off like a shot.

I writhed and twisted on the couch trying to get comfortable but the pain wasn't letting me do anything but be in pain. Oz was at my side with a comforting arm about my shoulders and another form came from the shadows.

"Watcher, why didn't you tell me. There's still time for you to be turned. You won't have the pain." Spike was doing his best but becoming a seventy year old vampire was not a prospect I particularly savoured.

"Thank you for the offer but I'd rather die naturally if you don't mind. Just seems to be taking a very long time..." I couldn't speak anymore. Where was Jack with that morphine?

The desk light flicked on with my salvation.

"Well you've got an audience for this little drama Dad, happy?" He asked as he filled the syringe.

"Ecstatic.." I gasped as the pain melted away. "Thank you."

"Can I go back to bed now?" He growled.

"OK, Mr. Grouchy" I smiled. He's not a morning person.

Oz curled up in one of the chairs and Spike went round the library light proofing the windows. He told Cordelia to go to bed. Spike's drawing of the curtains was out of habit. He could easily risk slight exposure to the sun but could travel in ease on overcast wintry days in England. Like yesterday when he was delivering the Slayer.

End of Pt.6

Ripping Confessions 7/13

Summary Spike's story.

Warning Erotic Torture

Spike's Story

Giles had lain awake for some time listening to Spike snoring softly. At least the snores weren't amplified by a bathroom's acoustics. He sat up and arranged his cushions so he could be comfortable. Time to wake Spike.

"Spike?" Giles asked in a singsong voice.

"Whahumph." Spike mumbled.

"Spike!" Giles hissed.

The vampire sat bolt upright his smooth white chest reflecting the moon's silver sheen. His eyes remained closed. "What?!"

"Have you ever been crucified?" Spike's eyes flew open.

"What a bloody stupid question! Course not now go back to sleep!" He glanced irritably at the Watcher. Giles was sitting propped up by cushions. Spike ruffled his hair in irritation and reluctantly scooted round to a seated position.

"Go on then, Uncle Giles, tell me a story!"

"Well, if you're going to be like that about it I won't bother." Giles commented with a petulant pout.

"Tell me a story!" Spike demanded with gritted fangs. "I'm gagging for a story!" All Vampires' secretly loved stories there was little else of entertainment value between meals.

"Very Well." Giles murmured pleasantly.

##

"I'm going to take you to a place in the country where we can play a game Ripper." Ethan said as we lay facing each other in bed, it was a couple of weeks past my Birthday. The unpleasantness was forgotten in the wake of our burgeoning sexual relationship.

"Couldn't we just stay here?" I asked as I reached out my fingers to play with a stray lock of his hair.

"No, I need more room, this is swinging from the chandelier stuff. You interested?" He shifted his hand down and found me beneath the covers.

"Say yes Ripper, you won't regret it." I loved the way he said my name it was almost a purr.

"Yes. Is it going to be good this game?" I asked, frightened and intrigued at the same time. It was a delicious feeling.

"Depending on your point of view Ripper love, it will blow your mind." He smirked but I only saw the innocent smile of old. I was blind to what he had become. By that afternoon, the scales would be lifted from my eyes.

Ethan's uncle had died leaving him quite a sizeable inheritance. He bought himself a car (the first of many status symbols) and it was in this that we travelled to an isolated, abandoned farm.

As we walked into the barn, I stripped whilst Ethan set down some packing cases underneath a beam running the full width of the building.

"Where do you want me?" I asked making Ethan look at me. I liked the way he stared at me almost like I was forbidden fruit. Ethan gulped; I smiled at the bobbing Adam's apple I hoped I could make it bob like that for another reason today.

"Step up here Ripper. You're in for a spot of bondage. You game?" He leered.

"What do you think?" I said as I stepped up onto the boxes and stretched out my arms "Do your worst!" I dared.

##

"Passive submissive isn't very entertaining y'know!" Spike was getting bored.

"Patience. Why do you think I saved this one for you?" Spike opened his mouth and quickly closed it again, just for him?

##

Ethan tied thick ropes round the beams securing my forearms and wrists. I flinched as he tightened the bindings.

"Sorry, not too tight? I just don't want you to fall and hurt yourself Ripper. You'd better have something to drink you're going to be up here a long time." I swallowed the water he gave me and closed my eyes savouring its coolness. Ethan kicked the boxes out of the way and I dropped a foot. My weight solely supported by my shoulders and outstretched arms it was agonising but an exciting sort of agony. What was Ethan going to do next?

I gazed at him, in the first few seconds of my bondage he remained still surveying his handiwork. When my feet had stopped swinging, I rested my head against one shoulder and looked at him expectantly. He reached into his bag and produced a camera. He took photographs for twenty minutes directing my poses. For what it's worth, I was getting bored too.

Ethan began the game in earnest. I became a heaving sweating sexual swing that vibrated to the rhythm of his ministrations at each stage the camera was never far from his hands. What was he going to do with the pictures? Every time I slept, he roused me in new and painful ways. I began to associate the pain with pleasure just as Ethan had planned.

The point of the game was to make me subservient, pliant. A willing participant in whatever he had planned for our group. If he had stopped then and cut me down, he would have succeeded. I would have done anything for him but Ethan being Ethan had to go one better.

I felt the scratching slide of a hypodermic needle and I looked wildly down to where Ethan knelt. I kicked out and caught him on his jaw. What had he done?

My head lolled back filled with impossible images. They flew round the beams of the barn all the Demons let loose from Hell battling Angels. Ethan came to and took more photos.

"Tell me what you see Ripper and I'll tell you if it's real."

I didn't answer I just smiled down at him. He had shown me the way. He couldn't hurt me

anymore. I swung in a perfect metronome of pleasure and it annoyed the shit out of him.

"Don't mock me, Ripper! I could leave you here and no one would ever find you! Do you like acting 'The Messiah,' Ripper? How about some wounds?"

Suddenly a slicing pain bit through the pleasure and I yelled. The pain continued until I couldn't yell anymore. The Angels fled only the Demons remained and they took refuge in me.

"Did it hurt hmm? I hope so. Keep you in your place. Do you want to know why I got rid of that little tart of yours? So, I could have you to myself. When the right woman comes along, Ripper, I'll tell you and we can share."

Ethan came nearer I kept my head bowed low. I saw his knife he was going to cut me again.

"Ripper, you're mine." He gloated.

I lifted myself on tortured shoulders and scissored my legs round his body. I tightened my grip and lifted my head to glare at him. What he saw in my eyes made his face drain of colour.

"Cut Me Down." I punctuated each word with an increase of pressure until I felt something "pop" to the right and left of Ethan's chest. He reached up with his knife and severed my bindings. I dropped like a stone incapable of coherent thought or deed.

##

"Sounds like he took lesson's from Angelus."

"I think that's what prepared me for Angelus. So I suppose in a way he did me a favour. The barn incident changed me. It made me accept that Ethan didn't care for me he was using me to learn about magic. He had a different agenda to mine but he forgot one thing, our blood bond worked both ways and now I was in the ascendant. He created Ripper and I created Ethan."

Spike looked into the Watcher's eyes and saw the Demons soaring. The revelation had sent him mad then.

"Do you remember what you did?" He asked cautiously.

"I raised Eyghon." I whispered blinking in the early morning light.

End of Pt. 7

[Ripping Confessions 8/13](#)

[Summary](#) Giles tells of guilt over Buffy's death & being saved by Willow

Spike had dressed and was out in the kitchen begging for food from Jack. Didn't they have

any blood at all? Giles sat at the kitchen table looking amused. This was as good as haunting. I wonder if I'll do that? Cordelia came in she looked as though she had been crying. He realised then that she had put two and two together after last night's débâcle with the morphine.

He smiled brightly as she sat down next to him. He poured her some tea with sugar in it.

"Good Morning sunshine! I know you don't take sugar but it's the best thing for shock and weepiness." She tried smiling but her smile broke on her face. He gave her a hug while she wept on his shoulder.

"Cordelia, Shh. It's all right. I'm OK now." Giles murmured into her hair.

"No, it's not all right and you're never going to be OK. Why haven't you done anything about it Giles?" She was angry because she didn't know the whole story. Perhaps it was time.

"Jack, can you gather everyone together in the living room. I think it's time we decorated the tree and time I told everyone why they're here." Giles left the table with Cordelia in tow. Oz looked rumpled as he emerged from the library everybody trooped past him.

"What's happening?" He asked Spike he was the last in the long queue of people.

"The truth is happening. Better be quick, he'll be asking questions!" Spike knew that it would be the other way round but it sounded good. He halted at the door staring at the criss-cross pattern of burning death on the floor.

"Oi! Someone shut the curtains. Some of us are allergic!" The floor was safe for him to enter in another moment.

Giles sat in his armchair Willow smiled at him from her picture. He took a deep breath and surveyed his comrades in arms.

"Well now, I've been trying to decide how to tell you for a day or two and there's no easy way to say it. I have cancer and will die sometime tomorrow." Jack shifted in his seat. Blunt Dad, brutally blunt. They don't believe you! He noticed that Anya and Xander were the only ones having a reaction. All the rest had guessed. Giles addressed Xander.

"I had treatment when I was first diagnosed but I knew it wouldn't cure me. Watchers know almost to the hour when they are to die. I wanted to say goodbye to you all and say that I've enjoyed sharing my Slayer years with you. Is there anything you want to ask, anything at all?"

Xander cleared his throat. He opened his mouth but no sound came out. He took a gulp of tea and tried again.

"All of your stories have featured Ethan, why? I thought you hated him."

"Ah, Ethan, never far away from my fist either above or below the belt. I hated him because he created Ripper. He was a friend and the only man that I was ever attracted to. I was experimenting." Giles held Xander's gaze steadily. Another voice snapped his head to the next inquisitor. Cordelia. He smiled.

"Not another condom comment, I hope Cordy."

"When did you and Willow get together?" He sighed and glanced at Willow's portrait. This was going to be a mixed pleasure."You want to hear that story? Just for you then Miss. Cordelia."

##

After his Slayer's death, a Watcher is allowed a certain amount of "down-time." Otherwise, they'd flip but because Buffy was the longest surviving Slayer on record when she died, I flipped. I didn't drink and I didn't do drugs. My mind just seized. The Council paid for my treatment at a London Sanatorium. Where I spent my days wandering around aimlessly gazing at every blonde girl that passed me by hoping that one of them would be Buffy.

One fateful day my fellow inmates and I went on an outing from the Sanatorium to the Tate gallery in London. I remember I was admiring a painting the artist had used such wonderful rich reds and purples on the robes, when I heard a woman's voice call my name. I turned and saw Willow. She looked at me curiously. Her eyes were compassionate and warm I must have looked puzzled because my helper came up to me to lead me away. Willow followed me round the gallery. She caught my eye continuously it was like a coy flirting game. My numb mind began to shake itself awake.

After two hours, we were herded into the Sanatoriums' mini bus. I saw Willow's sweet face through the back window of the bus rapidly receding in the London traffic. She waved. I didn't wave back because I didn't know who she was.

Willow arrived the next day at the Sanatorium in full resolve face and we all know what that means! She was not going to leave the building without me! Unfortunately, I was scheduled to have E.C.T that day and was sedated. The orderlies were not sympathetic they regarded me as rather feeble. After all, I'd been going on about a damn tree all night! The lift arrived to take me to the correct floor.

My psychiatrist and Willow got to the lift as the doors closed. Willow shot up the stairs cursing her shoes, throwing them down the stairwell. I arrived at the door of the treatment room. They parked me there briefly sharing a fag over my head.

"Willow." I whispered.

"Gawd, he's off again! Oi, you like trees mate? You can hug 'em all you like after they fry yer brain." He sniggered.

"Giles!" Willow shrieked. The cavalry had never looked more beautiful. The orderlies moved my chair toward the door.

"You move him and you're dead!" She screamed at them. I managed to raise my head to look at her. My psychiatrist heaved himself up the last of the steps.

"Listen to her ...she knows him." He puffed.

"Giles? Rupert. Please answer me." She knelt down in front of me and willed me to speak.

"Willow." I said her name clearly and she flung her arms round my neck. It was the best hug of my life! I was wheeled back to my room and Willow waited with me while the necessary papers were drawn up for my release into her care.

I don't think she realised what she was getting herself into. I was an emotional wreck. On more than one occasion in those early days, she had to talk me down from a near suicidal frenzy. I hadn't been at Buffy's side when she perished I should have died in her stead and the guilt that I felt robbed me of my reason. Willow gave it back to me.

She taught me all about cooking and gardening. We bought this house together. My hand shook as I signed my name to the deeds. I couldn't write anything after Buffy's death. You're supposed to chronicle how your Slayer died and I just couldn't. So writing was my therapy and Willow was my taskmaster. She was so proud of me when I got the letter saying my manuscript had been accepted. The first 'Spike' stories were to be published. I felt strong again and we made plans to visit Buffy's grave.

It was very strange being in Sunnydale after so many years. We passed by my old apartment it was shuttered and rundown. The cemetery where I had tutored Buffy on tests between dustings also had the look of decay about it.

Her solid tombstone stood out stark and white amongst the grey of the others. A single red rose lay on the grass of her grave still fresh with dew. From Angel I surmised. I knelt carefully so as not to crush her and put my flowers in the cold stone vase. I couldn't say anything. My tears spoke volumes. Willow's hand in mine lead me away I'd been kneeling for an hour.

Back home Willow decided I needed another distraction as if she weren't distraction enough! She bought me some watercolours for my Birthday and I began to paint. At first, it was difficult for me and she persisted in asking me why.

I told her that I had found the illustration of the Eyghon summoning tattoo and had copied it onto our groups' bodies for Ethan to follow and make permanent. I was the artist in our group. Without me, there would be no Eyghon.

That admission opened the floodgates and I told her everything when I had finished ranting feeling wretched and drained she came to me and draped her arm round my shoulders. I felt her love enfolding me like a warm blanket.

"I forgive you. I love you, Rupert." Those words were a balm to soothe a thousand hurts and I vowed to myself that this wondrous creature would never know a day when I didn't return her love. She rescued me she was my friend, my lover and my soul.

The first time we made love was in the garden with the scents and sounds of May all round us. She was so fragrant as if she'd been born a flower herself. Her sun warmed skin felt silken against mine as we moved in time to the gentle breeze. There was no hurry we had all the time in the world. Her body was the colour of pearls contrasting with the flame of her hair that flowed over the verdant green grass. She was as warm as the grass was cool but eventually our slow love evolved becoming more insistent as the green fuse drives the flower to seek out the sun so we sought our completion. In the bed of her belly, I sowed my seed and from that seed, Jack grew. Our one and only child. As he grew up, I knew Jack would be a Watcher with a Slayer of his own one-day. I prayed that he would never feel the guilt I did over Buffy's death.

##

"Does that answer your question Cordelia? Now let's trim the tree and you can have the last story afterwards."

"What's that going to be about?" Asked Spike as he dragged tinsel out of a plastic bag.

"How it was my idea to raise Eyghon and not Ethan's." Giles tried not to notice how everyone froze at his statement.

End of Pt.8

Ripping Confessions 9/13 Summary Giles' father arrives

The tree was almost finished. Giles directed everyone from where he lay on the sofa conserving his energy. Every now and then, he would catch one or more of them looking at him then looking away when he noticed.

It was awkward. Just what he didn't want. He found now that as well as being in pain he was also very hungry and thirsty. This was torture! He turned over on the sofa and buried his head against the backrest. He wanted it to be over.

Why couldn't he just go to sleep and not wake? Did it have to hurt so much and what was that strange noise? He caught his breath when he realised it was his own voice sobbing into the sofa. The wailing continued he couldn't stop it. He was also aware of a rocking motion. He was comforting himself, as you would rock a small child. Where was Willow, why wasn't she here helping him?

"Dad, Dad?!" That was Jack's voice hang on to that. Jack's voice!

He steadied himself and turned his head from the back of the sofa. Everyone was gathered round, concern written on their faces.

"Feeling a bit sorry for myself." He sniffed and eased himself round to a semi-sitting position.

"Oh, the tree looks fine..." He breathed in sharply as another wave of pain crested and crashed over him. "Jack!" He gasped, his head rolling back he was trying to breathe the pain away, but it wasn't working. The scratch in his arm that he hardly felt blocked everything. He relaxed at once and slowly opened his eyes taking a deep cautious breath. Still here. That had been the worst so far.

"I think we all deserve a brandy, would you get it Jack?" Spike followed Jack out of the room with an offer of help.

##

"You should have put him out for good. He's your Dad for God's sake! He's hurting, he wants to die!"

"Don't you think I know that? I've had to deal with him getting steadily worse for five years! I don't need some Bloody Johnny come lately to tell me that! I'm the one who helped him look after Mum. I'm the one who stayed awake each night while he wept for her. Every morning checking in on him to see if he'd topped himself in the night. If he wants to die I'll leave the morphine for him, shall I? He won't do it! He's a stubborn old Bastard who will refuse to go until his allotted time." All through his tirade Jack had alternated between rage and being close to tears. He wiped his eyes with the tea towel.

"Get the glasses!" He took several shuddering breaths trying to steady himself before going back into the living room. Spike grudgingly got the Brandy glasses out of the cupboard that Jack indicated and put them on the tray. Jack carried in the brandy.

##

Laughter heralded their return Xander was telling jokes and Giles had a big silly grin on his face.

"Ah, Brandy. I'm going to have a drink and damn the doctor. See if I can beat my liver into remission." He smiled at his own joke. He looked at everyone's sombre faces.

"I'm allowed to joke at my disease, its what keeps me sane!" He poured himself a generous measure of the fiery amber liquid and was reminded of Willows skin in firelight. He sighed at the memory. Now, she comes back to me. He took a sip and tasted her. His eyes closed as the spirit burned down his throat and warmed his cold, scarred stomach. He opened his eyes and looked round the room.

"I'm not dead yet! Drink up. Then we'll have an extra story to set the scene for tonight..." He took another sip of Brandy and felt his body begin to warm. He began when he judged everyone ready. Spike sprawled on the sofa with his Slayer leant up against him. They made a fetching couple. Spike made no move at all when she snuggled closer to him.

##

We returned from the barn. God knows how Ethan got me up the stairs to Deirdre's room with his broken ribs but he did. She bound his chest then cleaned my wounds.

"What did you give him, Ethan?" she asked looking at my eyes. "He's not seeing us."

"Thomas gave me something new." Ethan said casually

"That 'something new' sent the lab animals mad. They tore each other apart!"

"What?" Ethan looked at me closely. I remained on the floor silent, still and staring where he had dropped me earlier.

"Thomas was there it happened a couple of hours ago. Maybe it won't affect a human the same way." She said hopefully.

Ethan crouched down beside me I was smiling again. "I'd better get those photo's developed. Get Thomas working on an antidote. I don't want Ripper shredding me before I get a chance to blackmail him."

##

"I missed something didn't I?" Xander protested. "What pictures, he was going to blackmail you? How could you be so foolish as to let yourself be drugged by him?"

"Well, it was Spike's story. The pictures were published in some university pamphlets with one particular photo making the cover of the Rag. I didn't have a choice about being drugged he made sure I couldn't get at him. Can I continue?"

##

Thomas found an antidote before I went on a bloodthirsty rampage. The 'trip' had been interesting.

My relationship with Ethan had changed. I no longer followed him around like a lost puppy. I had found a new identity for our group. We were to be followers of Eyghon. Ethan was a better summoner than I. You had to be exact on all the details and Ethan WAS the magic! It flowed through him like a natural conduit. He loved it. I provided the template for the tattoos and Ethan made them permanent.

Our tattoos were a week old when Ethan and I were having one of our now, rare moments of intimacy. There came a knock at the door. I slipped my jeans on and opened the door.

I stared in shock at my father. He shared my expression. I didn't look like his son anymore. My hair had grown long, a hoop of gold pierced my ear, and I had a tattoo adorning my left arm and I was bare chested with my jeans hastily fastened.

"Dad!" My explosive cry sent scurrying noises through the room behind me. "Rupert. I thought I'd come for a visit..." He wasn't as shocked as I thought. I stepped through the door pulling it to behind me.

"Visit?" I questioned.

"Really, Rupert your conversation used to consist of more than two syllables!"

"Sorry..." I winced. "Uhm, What brings you here?" That's better; give him a question to answer.

He produced a rolled up magazine from his pocket.

"This!" One syllable beat me hands down! He unfurled the magazine to reveal a black and white photograph of a naked figure bound to a beam in a barn the title proclaiming 'Ripper at Easter' the latest edition of the Oxford Rag. I shut my eyes and cursed Ethan. I opened the cover and glanced down the index. Sure enough, Ethan's name appeared as the photographer. There were further stories; 'Ripper's Escapade's' 'Ripper's Birthday Bash' but not, thank God the later pictures of the 'Crucifixion' series. I sighed in relief.

"Ethan's my flatmate, Dad, I agreed to the pictures being taken."

"Did you have to do it naked and aroused, Rupert?"

I whipped the cover flat again and studied it. Shit!

"Uhm, social comment Dad, if Christ were alive today would he be turned on by the bondage aspects of being crucified." If he believes that....

"Do you have any time for your studies Rupert? We, your mother and I saw a historical film the other week. Your name appeared as fight co-ordinator in the credits."

Deep, deep shit!

"Yes, yes I do and right now Dad, you're interrupting a study period." I turned and slammed the door in my fathers face.

Ethan was dressed and had made our bed. If there's one thing he was very good at it was dressing quick! I glowered at him threatening all sorts of violent retribution. He just smiled at me, slipping smoothly past and re-opened the door.

"Mr. Giles? Hello Sir. Do come in, would you like some tea?" Ethan slithered round my father oozing charm. I pulled on a sweatshirt. I wouldn't have minded but Ethan had 'finished' before me so I was on edge and cranky with it.

My father made me agree to meet him for lunch before he left the room. When the door closed and before I had time to hit him Ethan busied himself 'taking care' of me. My shoulders hit the door with an audible thud.

##

I met my father at the Quadrangle bar. Many of the students parted at my approach. My expression broke no argument. Unknown to me my father had witnessed my traverse. He sensed something was up.

"The tattoo is Etruscan isn't it?" He asked as I sat down opposite him. "Rupert, don't summon him. They're frightened of you already, don't add death to your reputation."

"What are you talking about? I do not intend to summon Eyghon."

"Just don't. A Watcher has to have certain grounding in magic but nothing too dangerous. I know we haven't seen eye to eye about Watcher business but it is your destiny and you're getting to the age when you'll be able to sense a Slayer near you..."

"Dad, we haven't seen eye to eye since I was eight! Didn't you ever want to chuck your destiny? Most of the people I know don't know what job they'll do. I have had the burden of knowing that I will only ever have one job. Watcher until I die. It's so bloody boring! I want to fight, create, paint, procreate and have fun. I do not want to wear the Tweed!" My voice had risen to a shout. I scraped my chair back and escaped the stifling air of my destiny.

I stormed back to the house and kicked in the door of our room. Ethan and Dierdre were in bed enjoying each other.

"Get the others we're raising Hell tonight." I growled.

Ethan cheered. "That's my Ripper!"

##

I stared into my glass. The silence telling they were waiting for the next part. I took more sips ignoring my audience, building the tension.

End of Pt.9

Ripping Confessions 10/13

Summary Giles and friends raise Eyghon

Warning blood play/language

We would raise Eyghon in an abandoned church that Ethan knew. He was in good spirits naturally high he wanted to be first. So, we let him be first. I didn't tell him that Eyghon stayed the longest with the strongest. I didn't know how mentally strong Ethan was. I suppose he'd have to have been stable to survive an abusive childhood but then he was a victim and Eyghon didn't like victims.

As I said, he was excited. I put him to sleep in the centre of the circle we had made; Dierdre held the herbs and I recited the invocation. Ethan's body glowed with a dark iridescence and rose from the floor. Eyghon had arrived. He looked on us, his new disciples with an evil leer. Thomas shuddered he was going to be next and he wanted so much to be Ethan's favourite as I once was. Eyghon sensed this and took him. I couldn't stop the tableau that unfolded before us; none of us could. We could only watch as Eyghon in Ethan's body systematically beat and violated our friend over two hours.

Ethan was exhausted. He was fighting Eyghon his expression varied from triumph to despair throughout his ordeal. Finally, he came out of his trance when Thomas no longer reacted to the abuse. Eyghon fled to the circle laughing maniacally. Ethan fell to his knees and wept. He gazed mournfully at his friend afraid to go near him in case he should cause him more pain. Dierdre approached him quietly and checked his pulse.

"He's alive." Ethan sighed in relief. He was shaking with cold and shock.

Philip looked to the circle. Eyghon smiled and beckoned him playfully. He shuddered.

"Ow do we get out of this one Rip? Is 'e going to attack all of us like that?" A good question, that I couldn't answer.

"We need to get him to hospital Ripper. I can't do anything for him here."

I looked at Dierdre and shook my head. Questions would be asked. Ethan had collected himself sufficiently to approach Thomas. As his shadow fell across Thomas's torn and ravaged face he shuffled away in fright. Ethan sobbed anew.

"Ow do we know 'es safe in the circle?" Philip asked Dierdre asked exactly the same question. It annoyed me. I don't know what happened next. The emotional energy crackled through the church and I pointed to Eyghon in the circle

"The circle IS SAFE!" I announced my voice booming off the church walls as thunder broke overhead jagged blue lightning shot from my fingers to surround Eyghon in the circle. I was as surprised as my companions.

We moved Thomas into the van and drove him to hospital. Then we went back home. In the morning, we found out that Thomas's parents had collected him from the hospital and he had effectively dropped off the face of the Earth. That left us with one short.

Randal arrived in the afternoon, living space and rumours of spare living space were snapped up in Oxford. I didn't want to initiate him but Ethan was insistent he revealed that he was still partially under the Eyghon's influence. He felt compelled to welcome Randal into our circle. It was almost a physical need. It was painful to witness as he fought against Eyghon's will. I relented and Ethan got busy with the tattooist's needle. We had our fifth.

The next night was a full moon we met at the church. Randal was fresh faced and enthusiastic thrilled to be accepted so quickly into our 'secret society'. My heart dropped when I witnessed his zeal. Was I ever like that? I was second. Ethan put me to sleep. The words of the invocation echoed in my head. Ethan was word perfect but there was no intonation, no passion in his voice he was almost like a machine. I felt a terrible darkness creeping through my soul.

We faced each other Eyghon and I. He wanted me to go and when I didn't he just shrugged and ploughed past me to take possession. I found myself at a loss, outside my body looking at Eyghon in my place. He smiled seeming well pleased. I couldn't affect anyone while outside my body. What Eyghon did then chilled me. He stepped out of the circle and laughed in Ethan's face.

"You stupid Wanker, you've cocked up the spell. I'm still here you Pillock!" Ethan was stunned. He looked at Eyghon seeing only me and shook his head. He scurried to the book and re-read the spell.

"When you find the right page old boy call me, I'll be at the cemetery. I'm peckish." Eyghon snapped his teeth together and sauntered off. I followed flowing through Ethan, who was in my way. My body hurried ahead of me but I found it difficult to follow because someone kept pulling me to the side. Finally, I gave in and went the way my spirit wanted.

I found a young girl struggling under the attentions of a much bigger man. I wanted to help her but what could I do? Suddenly the man flew off her straight through me and landed head-butting a gravestone. The girl scrambled to her feet brandishing a stake and followed him. She thrust the stake she was carrying through the man's heart and he fell to dust.

She's a Slayer!

She turned quickly and caught sight of Eyghon in my body. Her stake lifted ready but Eyghon laughed and applauded. Her stake drifted downwards. I was uneasy. Eyghon had said he was hungry. I shouted at her to run but she couldn't hear me! Eyghon paced toward her slowly. She was fascinated, smiling. I tried putting myself between her and the demon but that didn't work either. I slipped inside my body unnoticed, in time to witness

the full horror of what Eyghon had planned for this young woman.

She was a Slayer who had just killed a vampire, a fellow demon. So, Eyghon exacted revenge by draining the Slayer.

My hands held her throat feeling the trembling of her vein beneath her skin.

My lips caressed her neck, my tongue licking the tender flesh locating the lie of the vein.

My fangs pierced her skin and my mouth received the first salt-sweet tang of her blood.

I swallowed wanting more becoming desperate in my search for this hot balm to soothe my soul.

She was cold my belly was hot.

She fell from my grasp and I stood silent in the night with her fresh blood dripping from my lips.

##

Spike shifted uneasily on the sofa. His lips were slightly redder than usual he'd been affected by my story in way's subtly different to the others. Jack sat on the other sofa with his mouth open in shock.

"You killed a Slayer." Oz stated.

"Eyghon killed a Slayer, I lead him to the Slayer. It was like my father said. I knew when one was near. If I hadn't raised him she might have lived another six months or so."

"Was that the life expectancy of a Slayer back then?" Jenny asked. She had squirmed apart from her vampire protector.

"Yes I'm afraid it was, Jenny. This was many years before you were born and I was a very foolish young man. I don't have fangs so how could I have drained her? It was the demon using my body. He made me experience what a vampire experiences just as he made Ethan violate Thomas. It took a vampire to finally defeat Eyghon. I couldn't. Stick close to Spike he'll protect you."

Jenny looked up at the vampire's cool detached features and she curled her hand in his once more. Spike held her hand in a fierce grip and kissed her fingers delicately. He loved her he would wait a lifetime for her.

"Did you ever tell Mum about Eyghon?" Jack asked.

"Oh, yes we didn't have any secrets. Do you want the rest?" He looked at his watch. "You'd better have the rest."

##

Ethan woke up when I fell into bed next to him. I was very hot but not tired. He switched on the light and saw the dried blood round my mouth. He leapt from the bed and dashed

across the landing to Philip's room.

"C'mon Phil, open up!" He shouted. The door opened a crack and Philip blinked in the harsh light.

"Somethin's up with Ripper..." Philip followed him to our room and studied me as I lay on the bed. Not sleeping, not awake.

"He don't look right, God! Is that blood? What's 'e done Ethan?"

Ethan was leafing through the books on my desk.

"Shit! He's the strongest! Eyghon's still in Ripper.... I got the spell right. We've got to get him out. Get the others. Skate's on Phil!"

Within half an hour, we were back at the church. Randal was next but first they had to get me to sleep and Eyghon didn't sleep. Ethan finally managed to put me out by whacking me with a panel ripped from the lectern. Eyghon fled into the circle where Randal lay and he was pissed!

##

Jack felt his father's forehead he was extremely hot.

"Jack may I have some ice, please?" He closed his eyes while his son fetched a bowl of ice from the kitchen. Giles picked a piece from the bowl and popped it in his mouth. Jack left the bowl.

##

Eyghon made Randal climb the steps of the church tower. He resisted all attempts to stop him. Ethan tried his best but he couldn't improvise, he knew the spells by rote you see. He learned improvisation much later on. Randal threw himself off the tower Dierdre was nearest to him but even she couldn't prevent him from falling.

##

"Ethan... Close the circle." I couldn't manage anything more than a whisper and they couldn't hear me; they were all outside with Randal. I got to my feet shakily, lights flashing before my eyes. Eyghon was in the circle smiling at me. I don't know why he hadn't re-entered my body. Perhaps he decided it would be more fun to observe my reaction to the chaos I had caused. We studied each other; finally, he turned away and dissolved.

I would banish him even if it meant tilting the Earth about it's axis!

I walked outside in time to see Randal being zipped into a body bag. Dierdre clung to Philip and the two of them walked away. Ethan looked as though he would leave with them; I stopped him in his tracks.

"We have to banish Eyghon." My voice cracked with emotion. He looked at me as if I were speaking a foreign tongue.

"We can't banish him." He murmured. "He's too strong Rupert, I tried I couldn't banish him. He's homed in on our Tattoo's I mixed the ink with our blood. We're his I'm sorry Ripper, Truly."

My hands were round his throat "You stupid, ignorant bastard!" I snarled in his face. "Do you know what you've done? We'll have to keep initiating people! We'll never be free of him!" I raised Ethan off the ground I realised that Ethan wasn't struggling he wanted me to kill him. I let him fall. It wasn't his fault; it was mine. My responsibility, I had to fix this.

Dad. I have to talk to Dad.

##

I hammered on the hotel room door. My father answered he looked rough, when he saw me his expression changed to one of dread.

"What have you done?" He asked darkly. My stomach hit the floor as it had always done when he used that tone.

"Eyghon killed a Slayer and my friend, how do I stop him?" My father stared at the floor as he let me in the room. The door closed and he hit me! Lifted me clean off the floor. I'd never seen him so enraged!

"My Slayer." He said his voice raw. "She was seventeen Rupert!" He massaged his knuckles as I checked the location of my jaw.

"I'm sorry." My eyes stung with tears. He rounded on me again and I flinched involuntarily. He helped me to my feet and seemed to shift a gear.

"All the usual banishing hasn't helped? Who's been doing it? That Dimwit flat mate of yours?" I nodded.

"Then there's only one way. You have to give up your life, Rupert..."

"I have to die?" I gasped incredulously.

"You don't have to die, that's what he wants. You have to live but differently. You have to forsake everything and become a Watcher. Then you give Twenty-three years of your allotted life span to Eyghon. He'll leave. He may come back but by then you'll be stronger and will be able to destroy him." My father was looking at me; my shoulder's slumped. I was exhausted. "Do you want me to help?" He offered.

"No, I have someone as back-up." I took a breath and headed for the door.

"Rupert." I hesitated. "You're doing the right thing, sorry I hit you." The door closed behind me. That was the last time I spoke to my father.

##

Ethan was sitting on the church steps where I had left him an hour before. I stood in front of him and tilted my head back looking up at the stars. Ethan's hand grasped the waistband of my jeans his sorrowful eyes seeking my permission. I slapped his hand away.

"Don't ever touch me again, Ethan!" I warned. I stepped past him and grabbed his shirt collar dragging him protesting up the steps into the church. I let go and he lurched to his feet dusting himself off.

Eyghon waited in the circle. He smiled at my approach, the smile of a crocodile. I walked round the perimeter of the circle murmuring the banishing incantation slowly. His smile faded to be replaced by a look of anguish. He fought back.

There was a terrible storm that night and the highest tides of the year. Hurricane force winds ripped the roof from the church exposing Eyghon to the full force of the elements. His wailing cry as he vanished into the depths of Hell shook the walls of the church. I collapsed in the middle of the ruin and rubble. Ethan was unscathed, if a little dusty. He helped me out of the church and into the rain lashed morning. He was holding me close as a car drew alongside us. The door opened and my father stepped out. He took me from Ethan's embrace without a word of explanation.

I was like a child for three months, then gradually my Watcher instincts took hold and I embraced my destiny.

##

"Drop a pebble in a well, you create a private Hell..." Giles muttered and let his head fall back on the cushions all the gang save Spike filed out of the room.

End of Pt.10

Ripping Confessions 11/13

Summary Christmas Day snowball fight.

Warning Hanky alert, 2 character deaths.

"Hey, Giles." Spike shook me gently. "Look, Dawn! Birds are screechin' their 'eads off. You made it!"

I opened my eyes and smiled wanly. Should I be pleased? Spike was impressed. I never thought I'd impress Spike!

"Morning, love. Happy Christmas." I whispered to Willow. She seemed to have turned away from me. "Spike could you turn her slightly please?"

The vampire went over to the painting and adjusted it. He was caught by the spell in the painting, as if he could reach in and pull her out.

"Careful, she bites!" I chuckled.

Spike smiled. "Watcher you're priceless!"

"Thank you." I glanced under the tree Jack had deposited everyone's presents there.

"Spike, I need you to deliver the presents when I'm gone. The flat one with the red paper is for Oz he needs it straight away. Go and give it to him now please. I'm going into the conservatory."

Spike gathered the bundles and delivered each present as directed. Oz first. That one was quite heavy. Anya and Xander had a lightweight present, quite flat. Cordelia's was small and bumpy and Jack's was small and square.

Oz came out of his room. He was dressed for the outdoors. He thrust his present into his jacket pocket. Spike followed him downstairs. Oz had put the kettle on.

"I'm looking for coffee." He said as Spike came in the kitchen; Spike pointed to the far cupboard on the right.

"Did a reccy searching for food. I'm goin' to have to get Jack to buy me a 'fridge for m' own food."

Thundering steps echoed down the hall as Jack shot through he skidded by the kitchen and doubled back. His robe was flying out behind him like a cape.

"Oh, look it's the masked Watcher. What you harin' about for?"

Jack was catching his breath. "Dad?" one word was all he could utter.

"Conservatory." Spike answered leaning back against the counter top. Jack took off again.

##

He slowed his pace as he approached the back of the chair. He peeked round to look at me.

"Boo!" I smiled as he jumped. Jack smiled with relief and knelt on the floor. "You didn't think I'd go without wishing you Happy Christmas, did you? Open your present." I leaned forward gazing down at him as he ripped the paper. I had given him my ring and hoop earring. He smiled. That was my thanks.

"You'll have to get pierced now, left ear." I sat back. Gradually everyone came down to thank me for their presents. Jack cooked breakfast my favourite, bacon and eggs, sausage and mushrooms. The smell was delicious! I watched them eat gathered on the window seats of the conservatory. Cordelia loved the car she had driven to get the tree. That was her present an E-type Jag. Xander and Anya had the rights to the Spike stories. Oz, I saw Oz by the tree at the farthest part of the garden waiting to use his present. I suggested a snowball fight when everyone had breakfasted. Jack took the plates into the kitchen while everyone changed for the mid-morning chill.

It was a glorious morning the sky was pale blue with wispy high clouds. Ice water melted off the long icicles adorning the conservatory roof; the snow would be gone soon. Snowdrops were just beginning to peek through the earth of the tubs on the patio.

The snowballs were just the right consistency; everyone had an even number. The battle lines were drawn...Battle commenced. Anya pelted snow at Jack he was covered in freezing slush in seconds. Xander couldn't seem to launch his snowball at anyone; he

couldn't decide who to aim at. Cordelia caught him a cruel blow to the groin and laughed. Jack aimed and she gagged on a mouthful of snow I giggled she looked so ridiculous!

"Time to go, Ripper."

I turned to look at my old friend. He didn't look the same; he was maybe thirty years old with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Now?" I asked. "Where's Willow?"

"She's looking after him." Ethan pointed out of the window to where Oz stood poised. "He's coming with us. You painted us together."

I smiled as I stood up, looking at the action through the window. Jack waved at me. I waved back; screams of laughter filled the air then suddenly...

THWACK!

A snowball hit the window directly in front of me and slid gracefully down the pane of glass.

##

Oz stared at the gun. He loaded the bullet and glanced one last time at the happy, joyful scene enacted before him. Everyone having fun. Giles got up and waved. The signal. He opened his mouth and kissed the cold world goodbye.

THWACK!

##

Jack saw his father collapse and started to run. He heard the gunshot behind him and stopped. The battle was forgotten Cordelia screamed, the gang headed up the garden and he resumed his perilous slide toward the house. He ripped open the door and struggled out of his gloves. Too late his father was dead.

"He stood up and waved to you. Then dropped, I'm sorry Jack." Spike's voice came from a great distance. "Shall I get the doctor?" Jack nodded mutely. He wept silently for his father he had been dying for years, now death was finally here and he felt a cold emptiness. He was orphaned.

Jack moved away as Xander exploded into the conservatory. He fell at Giles' side and surveyed the spare ravaged body tears blinding him. Cordelia and the others arrived all with similar reactions. It was so cruel losing two on the same day at almost the same time. Who did this? Who made it happen? Useless questions that no one can answer. Both gone at the allotted hour.

End of Pt.11

Ripping Confessions 12/13
Summary The Angels PARTY!

The Garden Painting

"Ethan, I can't believe how good I feel. I'm really dead right? How come you look so young?" Ethan blushed.

"Ripper, souls don't age. They reach maturity then that's it. You look the same to me as you did when you were at Oxford. You look like Jack!" He grinned at his friends' shocked features. Ethan looked behind Rupert and saw Willow come into the clearing with Oz.

Willow froze her heart was in her throat. Her love was here she could touch him at last. He had spoken with her every day since her death she had heard every word but couldn't answer him. She had felt him whenever he came near her portrait and had shared every memory of his illness.

"Rupert!" She flew into his arms in an embrace so tender as to make the Angels weep. Tears of happiness squeezed past fast closed lashes, warm lips touched and untouched for over a thousand days found purchase in a lover's first kiss.

Ethan and Oz looked at the couple with bright eyes. Ethan shrugged and walked away. Best not to disturb them now. Not for a couple of years at least!

Willow moved her hands to encompass his strong back. It felt good to hold him again. His tongue swept into her mouth claiming his territory once more. She moaned and melted into his kiss darting her tongue, probing, tasting honey and tea all the things she remembered of her husband.

The years had melted away for him. He remembered vividly how he had kissed her goodbye. She had squeezed his hand in thanks for giving her peace. Willow slipped away in a coma never to wake. He turned off the machines and ended his life.

His wife was here now, warm and vital beneath his fingers. Her supple lithe body pressed to his yearning for the release that only his love would bring her. He gazed upon her with adoration. Her green eyes were dark with passion, radiant with unbidden need and breathless with want.

"Wife." He whispered

"Husband." She replied her hands tracing over his tightly muscled chest. He groaned as familiar sensations raced through his body. Willow swayed before him like a graceful blossom, moving in the May time breeze. He breathed in the scents and followed her lead. The forest glade was sun dappled and warm with soft sweet smelling camomile beneath their feet. She danced hither and yon. Just out of his reach until that sweet moment when he tired of the chase and captured her body. He clasping her tenderly as he knelt on the soft ground cradling her in his arms while he worshipped at the altar of her breast.

He lavished hot kisses on her hard pink nipples making her body throb with desire, stirring her arousal to boiling point causing her weeping pussy to ache to be filled. His fingertips swept through her red curls. Her clit tingled with the white-hot electric sensations that his fingers imparted.

"Rupert..." She breathed and he kissed her deeply stifling a groan of lust as his fingers slickly slid into her molten core. She arched her back, her orgasm crashing in waves about her. Unceasing and building again as slowly he edged up her body to swiftly bury himself in her.

Rupert's face bordered on the divine. He was nearly overcome with the first sweeping movement into Willow. He withdrew carefully to plunge in more deeply. Her contracting walls, clasp wetly on his cock kissing and sucking gently yielding more and more to his speeding thrusts.

He jolted with spasms of lust as Willow screamed his name. He smiled down at her sweet, wanton face as she writhed beneath him. She crossed her legs round his waist forcing his cock further into her. His love blasted into her and he shouted her name as his climax claimed him he continued to move in her and soon she was chasing hard on the heels of his climax.

"Oh! God, Rupert!" She screamed grinding herself further onto his pistoning erection. Slowly, inevitably their bodies relaxed and their breathing returned to normal.

"You look ravishing, Willow"

"That's because I've been ravished!" She laughed.

He kissed her eyelids and tasted the salt of her tears. "No more tears, ever Willow." He admonished with a smile.

"No more tears, I promise." Her smile parted her lips and he kissed her again taking advantage of the eternity of opportunity they now enjoyed.

End Pt.12

Ripping Confessions 13/13

Summary The gang are woken by a "Twang" in the night.

Ripping Confessions a Visitation

Jack sat up in bed; his gritty eyes were reluctant to open. He yawned and heard from far away the music that had woken him. He pulled his robe close round him and set out to investigate.

He opened his door and went out onto the landing to meet the remaining Slayerettes similarly attired. They had all heard the guitars. Xander looked uneasily at Jack and Cordelia. Jenny crept forward between them all and peeked down the stairs.

"It's coming from down there." She pointed and went downstairs. Jack followed his Slayer and the gang followed him.

"Anyone else got Déjà vu?" Cordelia asked.

Xander nodded. "Anyone got a stake?" he asked, Jenny held her hand aloft. "What you do,

sleep with it?"

The music was louder downstairs it drifted from the library. They entered the room warily peering into the darkness. Someone was there.

Cordelia shrieked as lightning briefly lit up the room illuminating Spike's angular face. He stood stock-still staring at the paintings he'd been instructed to move. At Cordelia's shriek, his hand clasped his un-beating heart in fright.

"Gawd, don't do that girl! Nearly shocked some life into me!"

The guitars stopped playing. It was eerily silent. More lightning played about the room and it grew colder. The chill drew the group together for warmth. They were fearful staring at each other.

With a gentle 'Phutt', the fire spluttered into life and they all jumped. Jack heard murmuring voices coming nearer and footsteps echoing hollow round the room. His breath quickened; his heart was in his mouth. They were walking over the bridge in his father's painting.

"Look..." He whispered, pointing.

Everyone focused on the painting. At first, there were just indefinite shapes that moved and shifted under the surface. Oz tumbled out and sprang to his feet smiling at them. Ethan stepped gracefully from the painting holding Buffy by the hand helping her the small step to the floor. All three looked back into the canvas waiting for the late arrivals. Giles and Willow came through together hand in hand.

Cordelia sank down onto one of the chairs breathing hard. Spike couldn't wipe the grin off his face. Xander and Anya also sat down their mouths agape. Jenny looked confused.

"Hello Jack." His parents greeted him warmly. Jack swallowed hard trying not to let new tears fall.

"Jack don't cry darling, we're fine really." Willow stroked her small hand over his brow curling into his hair that refused to behave. He caught his breath at her familiar gesture and tears fell unashamedly down his cheeks.

Buffy gazed at her friends her own eyes becoming bright. It had been so long since she'd seen them all. She smiled at the young girl clutching the stake.

"Hi, you're the Slayer? I'm Buffy; I was a Slayer. Hey, Spike." She shifted her gaze to take in the vampire standing behind the girl. He nodded. Curt, no love lost. She went over to Ethan and shared the second arm of the chair he was sitting on.

"Oz." The name was strangled from Xander's lips. He coughed and started again. "Oz, why did you do it? I mean didn't you think what it would do to us. Blowing your brains out like that!" Xander was angry with him.

Giles looked at the were-wolf and saw the pain sweep over his soul. He moved to protect him from further pain.

"Xander...Oz didn't want to kill anymore. I gave him the means to end his life. He was

meant to kill me this week. We don't know why. I've given him sanctuary in this house. I won't have him hurt again is that clear?" His voice was calm, his eyes' kind as they bored into Xander's soul.

"Yes sir." Xander replied hanging his head. Giles smiled at him.

"Good. Now, I know I left very suddenly. We just came back to say there's nothing to fear." He looked round to where Willow still cradled Jack's head in her arms. "Willow, wanted to see you again. We're happy, I'm happy. We really don't have long this time round. The paintings are set for Christmas time..."

"Set?" Spike questioned. "What are they Watcher, a bloody alarm clock?"

"Yes, that's exactly what they are Spike. We can come back every Christmas until there isn't a reason to come back."

"When will that be, Dad?" Jack questioned

"When everyone present is in the family crypt, Jack." He smiled at the shocked faces. "That's a long, long time. You're all my family y'know; I couldn't split you up. That's if you want it?" He suddenly realised they might want to be buried with their own families and he was disturbed by his thoughtlessness.

One by one, they nodded. Even Jenny who knew in her heart of hearts she might be the first one to die. Buffy got up and gave her a hug.

The slow guitar playing started again. Giles looked back at the painting. Already? He smiled sadly.

"Jack put the paintings in the crypt, come and see us though. Have a chat; we'll hear you. Oh, and the patch of garden up by the tree? Don't come in it's our patch, you might see something your innocent eyes were never meant to see!" He grinned and gave his son a hug. He parted from him reluctantly, his eyes shining.

"Bye. See you next year." Giles took Willow's hand and they went back into the painting in reverse order. The guitar faded as Oz stepped into the canvas.

They all stared at the oil painting. It was flat. Just a painting. Now all they had to do was explain why there were only four people waiting on the bridge because Giles had joined Willow in the garden painting.

The End, until next year?