

Sex Bomb

Summary Children, in England we have an occasion called Red Nose Day, where normally sane people indulge in outrageous silliness all in the name of charity. This year it's " Say Pants to Poverty" so in honour of this occasion a story, a tiny tribute to the men whose Attributes fuel our muses

Notes Sex Bomb, written and composed by Mousse T. and Errol Rennalls. Published by Mergmusic/Rondor. Sung by Tom Jones (God Bless Him!!) Lyrics in bold italics

Buffy, Anya and Willow gathered round a table at the Bronze, they stared at their drinks in silence. Their men had abandoned them again! Anya was all for stringing them up with piano wire but Buffy pointed out it would make a mess on the carpet so that idea was abandoned.

All three sighed a collective sigh, two weeks with no nookie between them, "Xander, gave me a peck on the cheek..." Anya stated solemnly. The other two looked up their eyes shining with hope.

"Then he turned over and went to sleep..." Their shoulders dropped and then sighed again... "If I don't get sex soon, he'll be wearing his balls as earrings!" Anya continued.

##

Angel and Spike approached the Magic Shop under cover of darkness they kept glancing over their shoulders into the night as if fearing some demonic surveillance. Angel rapped on the door and it opened a sliver to allow them in and shut silently after them.

A candles glow flared briefly in the window illuminating the occupants, Xander, Giles, Spike, Angel and Ethan. All exchanged greetings then drifted to the rear of the shop and descended to the training room.

Buffy fought Anya for possession of the night vision binoculars forgotten by Riley. Willow squinted and tried to make out the images thrown up by the candlelight, but they were too far away.

"What the hell are they up to? I swear I saw Ethan in there!! Will? Has he cast a spell over them all d'you think?" Willow still looked longingly at the Magic Shop window... "WILL!!!" Buffy hissed.

"Hmmm, oh, sorry. Giles wore the shirt I got him, damson silk and it was open showing..." She whimpered.

"Anya! Willow's gone to La-La land, any ideas?" Anya had a determined look on her face and launched herself over the top. Buffy Pulled her back, "where the heck do you think you're going?" She hissed.

"Inside and demand Xander give me an orgasm, right now!" Buffy rolled her eyes "Just get down here, hormone girl..."

##

"Giles? Do you think they're onto us? I mean I thought I heard a choking sound on the way here tonight." Angel followed the Watcher about the room like a lost puppy, "I mean I'm not the dancing type...I've not learned the steps and I'm not sure about the crowds"

Spike snorted from his smokey corner and adjusted his cod piece. "Bloody Hell, look at him! The scourge of Europe, scared of a few girls who might just rip his leathers off! " Angel narrowed his eyes at his childe.

"Angel, you don't have to know the steps, let the music move you, anyway you may not be a talented dancer but you're certainly a talented "thruster" " Giles grinned and Angel looked as though he were about to blush!

Ethan bustled in. "Costumes!" He announced. Giles pounced on them and grinned.

"Good Ethan, very good! " He clapped him on the shoulder, "sure you won't join us on stage?"

"Oh, Ripper, would that I could Dear Heart, but my gyrating days are over. Slipped disc." He handed out the costumes, leather trousers, baby oil and a clown's red nose. Xander looked uneasy.

"What's that for?"

Ethan picked up the article.. "Ah, Xander! This is the Finale! The piece de resistance! The red nose, which after you have given your all on stage, will adorn your manhood and be squeaked for a fee by the assembled throng!"

"WHAT!?" Xander yelled and was immediately shushed by all present. "What?" He whispered, "you mean, girls are gonna squeak my ... nose and pay me?"

"... make a donation to charity." Giles corrected. He studied the young man's face as he got used to the idea.

"Cool!" Angel and Spike sighed.

"Don't know about you blokes, but anybody squeaking my nose, has to bed me an' all." Spike scratched an itch absently.

"That's why I put Super glue in yours, Spike." Giles threw over his shoulder, he chuckled at the sound of the vampire falling on the ground squeaking frantically.

##

All three girls looked nervous, The Bronze was packed to the rafters tonight. A ladies night Willow called it, the waiters swept round the tables in thongs and bow ties being continually goosed. Willow overheard one conversation near the kitchen doors

"They're animals tonight! "

"Yeah, look at me dear, I'm black and blue!!"

"Mmm so you are , sweetness, never mind I'll kiss you better, tonight. When we get off. "

"Ohhh, please!" He blew a kiss to his partner and threaded his way through the tables once more..

"Excuse me ladies!" His voice had lowered two octaves and Willow grinned at him , her hand stroked his bruised cheek as he squeezed past...

"Willow!" Buffy hissed. "Mind your manners!"

"Nice butt, " she bit her lip, her eyes merry with mischief.

They took their seats in front of the stage and waited, the air was charged with expectancy. Finally on the stroke of eleven when they had all had generous amounts of giggle juice. The drum roll sounded heralding the finale of the evenings entertainment.

##

"Ready, Xander? Buck up man! Dance for Anya!" Ethan fussed over the Velcro securing the rip away legs of the trousers. Ripper stood motionless arms folded over his taut muscled, glistening chest. Spike was in the wings practising flinging off his duster, dramatically. Angel was crouched down low centre stage, Ethan had told him that the pose showed his assets to best advantage. The drum roll began and Xander jumped, the vampires took an un- needed breath and Ripper smiled.

"Show time." He breathed.

##

The music started, Sex Bomb by Tom Jones. The house lights went down and the smoke machine billowed, spot lights picked out the individual artists and they all moved rhythmically to the beat. Each man picking out one woman in the audience to titillate and seduce with the power of his dance.

Willow gulped and stared. Anya scowled then moistened her lips and leaned forward to admire Xander's form. Buffy forgot how to breathe, she was torn between Angel and Spike, Spike and Angel.

"He..he..he SEX! N OH GOD!!!" Willow cried and leaned her elbows on the table and gazed at her man.

Ripper smiled just for Willow.

**** You know the route to go to sex me slow ****

Ripper formed a line with the others, Xander smiled shyly at the audience and began to let the beat take him, his golden body gleaming under the spotlights. He heard the almost silent beat mouthed by Giles behind him...

**** I can give it to you anytime because you're mine! ****

"ready.. 3,2, 1, Rip!" As one they all turned their backs and ripped down the seams of their

trousers then turned sideways on, in the semi-darkness.

Ethan's voice came over the speakers. "Ladies, we have a technical hitch, we need volunteers to help them strip!"

Screams accompanied the announcement. However, Ethan appeared in front of the girls table and dragged them all on stage. The whistles died down with the growing volume of the music.

Anya dropped to her knees in front of Xander, Willow knelt in front of Ripper and Buffy stood between Angel and Spike. Ethan grinned and vanished into the wings.

Anya gasped as she saw how turned on Xander was, his chest heaving and his cock bulging. She nuzzled his crotch and stroked her fingers down his sweaty leather clad legs... His head rolled back and an audible moan escaped his lips as her fingers brushed against his erection. She ripped the useless costume from his legs and the muscles of his back tensed at the sudden cold. He held his hand against her head and locked the fingers briefly in her hair, just as Giles had instructed the crowd groaned as one.

Buffy glanced from one vampire to the other, they were opposites of each other, and she the contrast between them golden and warm, they circled her breathing on her exposed flesh, she trembled as her fists closed on their waistbands... and tugged. They arched away from her, heads rolling back on their shoulders in lust. The waiters wolf whistled!

Willow glanced up at Giles' dark glittering eyes and he smiled down at her...

"Only for you, my sweet lover," He handed her a stiletto knife, "Split me, I'm laced..." He breathed. Willow knelt and the spotlight singled out Ripper, Willow licked over his groin and slipped the knife into the side seam of his trousers, Ripper held her head lightly and listened to the startled gasps in the room. He smelt her arousal and smiled in satisfaction. Willow's tongue was igniting a fire that couldn't be quenched in one night.

Willow bobbed her head, and the knife reached his waist band, she nicked the skin and a thin stream of blood raced down his leg, Spike snarled and kissed the Slayer whilst Angel tongued down her back.

Ripper caught Willow's hand and flung the knife into the scenery, pulling her to her feet he licked a hot trail down her neck and spoke into her ear...

"Wait till I get you home, Witch!" Willow shivered and withdrew.. as did Anya and Buffy to thunderous applause.

The music started again and all four whirled round and the audience exploded! Each man had a red nose securely fastened to his mid section and a bag strung from his waist...

"Please give generously, and thank our Strippers tonight, Rupert Giles, Xander Harris, Angel and Spike."

All four smiled and moved about the audience, being squeaked and caressed by the amassed fans...

The end.

