

Somebody, Anybody! (Sequel Cold Comfort, coming soon.)

Summary Giles is handcuffed, naked on his bed. Naughty Boy! Challenge: Giles is handcuffed to a bed. I've forgotten who set it, but thank you!!

Warning Spot of bondage, Tiny bit of blood play/Slash overtones, not too bad for a morning. Ethan's on the phone!

Note Piccadilly Circus, a station on London's Underground, V. Busy!

Giles tried to reach the phone again, craning his neck and shifting the links of the handcuffs along his antique brass bedstead he could just get his fingertips to the handset. He'd been chained to the bed all day.

"Where the fuck is everyone? It's like bloody Piccadilly Circus here normally. God, I need a leak!" He shouted in frustration. He heard his front door open. At last! He lifted his head to see... "Fool!"

"Somebody, anybody!?" He shouted, sweat stood out on his brow as heavy footfalls ascended the stairs. Who would it be? Someone rapped on the banister.

"Giles? You got someone in there?"

"Xander?" Relief flooded Giles' voice. "Come in, help me out would you?"

"Sure, Giles.... Whoa..." Xander backed up when he saw the Watcher's state of undress.

"Xander, Xander! I really need to go.... but he took the key. Get something for me to pee into, hurry!" Xander blurred. He knew what that felt like. He was back in a second. Xander left Giles alone. Re-entering when he heard the satisfied sigh.

"How'd you get yourself in this mess?" Xander asked. Giles shifted the cuffs along the bed, trying to get comfortable. "I'll give you a clue, it begins with an E and smirks a lot!" Giles uttered dryly.

"Ethan? How? You got drunk, didn't you?" Xander accused.

"Why do you always assume I got drunk? He may have overpowered me!"

"Ethan?" Xander repeated incredulously.

"Alright, alright, I had a few and then he overpowered me, but I was not drunk!" Giles protested. "Have I got anything to wear? Last time he did this he took all my clothes."

Xander opened the wardrobes, including the one Giles hoped the Scoobies would never see. His 'special' wardrobe. Xander gasped and swallowed convulsively. He stroked the velvet, lace, leather and satin. All very erotic; all Gothic/Bohemian in style, he had no idea that Giles was that way inclined. Giles cleared his throat.

"Nothing normal, then? Xander could you go out and buy me something? Ethan is extremely thorough. Could you also get me a hacksaw for the cuffs."

Xander left with the promise to come back.

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With a flick of his wrist Giles freed his hand to scratch his nose and bent forward to ease the ache in his neck. Who'd be next for the trick, he wondered?

The front door banged. He slipped his wrists back into the cuffs and shouted.

"Somebody, anybody!" He wailed desperately.

"Giles?" Buffy bounded up the stairs.

"Buffy! Don't come in!" He barked, alarmed. Of course she came in. Her eyes widened in shock as she took in his body. His naked, aroused, helpless, body. Giles lifted his head, closed his eyes and groaned.

"Why don't you ever listen to me?" Buffy shrugged stepping over the threshold. As she did so, a rush of perfumed heat assuaged her senses, compelling her to disrobe and drape herself over her Watcher.

"Buffy? Buffy! What are you doing Buffy?" His Slayer paid him no heed, seeming too intent on rubbing her hot moist places over his hot hard ones.

"Buffy! Oh God, Buffy!" She was strangely quiet while he couldn't help but groan and roar out his climax. Buffy sank down in delicious surrender, lying full length on his body, licking and biting his sharp nipples, groaning he felt his cock responding. Buffy smiled wickedly and danced away, collecting her clothes.

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Giles woke with aching shoulders and a rampant hard-on. Someone was coming up the stairs....

"Whoever it is, don't come in!" He wailed mournfully.

"It's just me Giles, are you decent?" He took a hopeful breath.

"Willow?" He gripped the bedstead, heaving himself up slightly. She peeped round the door, quickly shutting her eyes.

"Uhm, who did this?"

"Ethan, bloody masterpiece, Ethan!" Giles muttered bitterly. Willow didn't quite hear; she stepped round the door.

"No, Willow.." he moaned. "Don't come in.." Too late, she was in and smitten with the same spell that had affected Buffy. Ethan had to have cast an inhibitions spell at the threshold of his room. It seemed only to affect females. 'Now there's a mercy,' he thought.

Willow approached the bed, a predatory smile playing on her lips. He smiled back; he was enjoying himself. Willow clambered up his body stroking up his calves with her breasts, her nipples being teased to hardness by his hairy limbs. She snuffled at his balls, breathing in his scent and settled her mouth over him in one swoop. His hips launched from his bed,

under the tender onslaught of her hot slaving tongue, his spine tingling with delight. His arms relaxed as his head lolled to the side. Bliss.

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He heard more footsteps on the stairs, Willow didn't, she was oblivious to everything save the task between her lips. Giles opened his eyes in shock, gasping as both Spike and Buffy crossed the threshold. Buffy was once more gripped by Ethan's spell and disrobed. Spike observed the scene with great amusement.

Giles didn't know how Willow stayed with him throughout his explosive orgasm; he was like a bucking bronco. Ethan's spell had apparently affected his inhibitions too. Through his post climactic haze he was aware that Spike had pulled him so he lay flat on the bed. His arms taugh. The cuffs were beginning to cut into his wrists. Buffy lowered herself onto his face with a sigh while Willow plunged down onto his cock and began to bounce. Giles' tongue shot out, licking and sucking repaying both women for their generosity this day. His arms strained against the cuffs, he knew he could get out of them if he wanted to, he just didn't want to.

Spike kept a silent vigil, well almost silent. Giles couldn't be sure because Buffy's strong thighs covered his ears, but he thought he heard the vampire groan. His tongue stopped lapping 'bloody hell that's all I need' he thought.

"C'mon Giles," Buffy protested. "Don't stop!"

Buffy's protests were silenced by Willow's hands on her breasts her eyes widened, it was the first time her friend had touched her like that. She moaned, closing her eyes in the pure erotic pleasure of it.

"Let me help you Buffy." Willow murmured; she moved closer to her friend; Buffy leaned forward, giving Giles a much needed oxygen break and a new portion of her sex to lick.

"Oh Gawd Watcher! You should see this!" Growled Spike. Giles was really past caring, he didn't need to see it, he was under them and in them. Spike continued with his running commentary anyway, which spurred him on to greatness.

"Red's pinching the Slayers' nipples to perky pinkness, all the blood's rushing there. Her neck is so soft and pliable, would be heaven to lick...."

"Humrrrrph" Giles replied, 'speak for yourself'

"Now they're kissing, tongues duelling like little pink daggers. OH, they'd look SO good with just a drop of blood seeping from their mouths..." Spike was silent for a while. Giles heard him shift; then felt his hands being placed round something cool and hard.

"You wouldn't mind, Watcher? Since you're tied up," he chortled. "I'll help the ladies achieve mellowness!"

Giles groaned in protest, he couldn't do much for Spike. The level of arousal he encountered assured him Spike didn't need much, 'he's nearly there!'

"Slayer and Red are going at it 'hammer and Tongues', now Giles. Won't be long, mate!"

Giles felt his cock jerk into overdrive at that, his tongue lips and teeth doing the same. All four of them moaning. The girls gasped as one and ground down on Giles as Spike's icy fingers found and massaged their clits to new buzzing, zinging heights.

Giles thrust and bucked beneath his living covers, his fingers tightening round Spikes glacial cock, sliding swiftly over the jerking, spewing living marble. The vampire uttered an unearthly cry and sank his fangs into the Watchers wrist.

He yelled into Buffy and exploded into Willow. Buffy and willow clutched each other in their climax. Giles was breathing hard, aware that Spike was still latched on his wrist drawing blood from him, he moved his hands closer, enjoying the erotic pull of blood away from it's natural flow.

He growled his disappointment when the sweet sharpness of Spike's fangs withdrew; withdrawing his cock but not before he had smeared some of his semen into Giles' wound, sealing him and marking him for enjoyment later. Giles sank back into his pillows as that simple act 'knocked him for six.' Spikes essence raced round his body invading every cell, making itself at home.

Giles sighed, hardly noticing when Buffy and Willow departed. Spike lingered, cleaning him with tender, loving strokes and covering him to prevent a chill he kissed him a fond farewell.

"Night Pet."

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Giles woke hours later, blinking sleep out of his eyes. His hands were numb. Turning the cuffs a certain way so that the trick link opened, he sat up and rubbed his cold forearms. He reached over to the phone and dialled the number he knew in his sleep, 'good thing, really'.

"Ethan."

"Ripper, you sound mellow, it worked then?" Giles could hear his friends smirk down the line.

"Yes, like a dream, but you put an extra kick in the spell didn't you?"

"Well, just a tad. Only thinking of you Old Boy! Good, was it?"

"Fantastic, I really needed a good shag!"

"My pleasure, don't be a stranger!" Ethan hung up.

Giles walked round his room lifting the wards and charms; he cleaned off the threshold with neutral oil, re-hung his clothes and got dressed. His wrist itched. It was then that he realised, staring in horror at the faint scar, remembering. "Fuck! I only wanted a good shag." He wailed.

The End