

The Bed-Sit

Summary Giles has donated an exhibit to the Modern Art Museum, but the wrong thing has been taken. Willow helps him get it back.

Willow wandered round the Modern Art section of the Sunny Dale gallery. She didn't pretend to understand some of the exhibits. One looked like a pile of dirty laundry another was an overdue Library book, reminding her of her own overdue books. Books that could never be returned because the Library was no more. She sighed as she thought of Giles in the library.

She turned a corner and was drawn to a sad little exhibit. It was someone's bedroom, a single bed with rumpled sheets and pop posters on three walls. On the side table there was a small tin and a lava lamp. A moth-eaten bearskin rug peeked out from beneath the bed. On the chair in one corner there hung a cream crochet dress, it was very short and had a stain on one of the square patches. A pile of records on the floor by the bed completed the furnishings. She could only make out the top album by Cream.

She read the information label to the exhibit. "Bed-Sit Flat of Rupert Giles C. 1978." She gasped. This is how Giles had lived! Those were his things. Why had he given them to the gallery? He never threw anything away; he was a hoarder of antiquities. Perhaps these were no more use to him. Memories of his youth. She was suddenly concerned for him. She turned her back on the exhibit and strode purposefully to the exit.

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Someone pounding in his head dragged Giles from an artificial sleep. The glass tumbled from his grasp and smashed on the floor. He opened bleary eyes and tried to focus on the door. It was hung sideways for some reason. He took a couple of steps and crashed into the stairs. Shaking his head he set off again. This time he collided headlong with the sofa and stayed there. That's why they put warnings on headache pills. Don't drink or operate heavy machinery. Did a body qualify? He laughed.

"Come in!" He yelled and then added, "If you're a vampire don't come in."

His eyes closed he thought for just a second. He became aware of someone staring at him. He opened one eye seeing a blurred version of Willow scowling at him.

"Willow? What are you doing here?" God, he thought that's two questions! You've not talked to anybody in days don't over do it!

"Giles, how many of these did you take?" She put the pill bottle down next to the whiskey bottle she stood arms folded resolve face on. Giles blinked and smiled, with her arms folded like that, I can see just enough pale breast to pique my interest. Down boy, OOPS too late.

"Well?" she tapped her foot. His gaze travelled down her legs to the floor, a very shapely foot. I wonder what her toes taste like?

"Not enough obviously. I'm still here!" That hurt. He saw it in her face. Well he felt

like hurting someone. Willow was the only one there.

"Tell me you didn't want to..." Her trembling lip stopped her from speaking. His resolve melted. He straightened and pulled her down to sit beside to him on the sofa. Her skirt rode up on her thigh. He couldn't help looking. She was so sexy and innocent just waiting to be kissed. His burning gaze locked on her lips, dewy and soft. How would they feel? He dipped his head closer his lips almost touching hers. She swallowed nervously and his lips quirked upwards in a small smile. He placed the lightest of kisses on her lips.

"Sorry." He murmured. He cupped his hand behind her head tilting her head back to receive more butterfly kisses down her pale throat. The heat seemed to have increased in the room. Willow was breathing heavily under the erotic onslaught of his tongue on her ear lobes. Why had she come here? Did she want to come here?

"Rupert." She gasped as his hand at last found the opening of her blouse and was wrestling her breast from the confines of her bra.

"Yes Darling?" She shivered at the endearment. Wow, dreams do come true.

"I went to the gallery today..." He nipped gently at her nipple through her blouse. She yelped and felt the surge of lust ripple and bounce round her clit.

"Yes," his hand was slowly insinuating its way up under her skirt she parted her thighs. "Ta." She was hot and damp up there. He shifted his hips and placed one of her hands on his erection. She automatically started to trace its outline while he breathed evenly with his eyes closed. His nostrils flaring at the scent of their shared arousal. His mind sprang back as she pulled at his zipper. Much like his cock sprang to attention at her touch.

"Gallery?" He asked dreamily as her small fist began to clench round him.

"Yes, I saw your room." She bent forward to lick...He was gone. Where'd he go?

He was on his feet his jeans slung loosely at his hips. He was searching through his record collection.

"Damn...Where is it?" Giles searched the rack frantically, "I told them they couldn't have that one. They just barged in didn't they?" He turned his head this way and that, scanning the titles. "It's gone. I've got to get it back!" He turned to Willow she looked gloriously dishevelled on his sofa. How many times had he dreamed of her being in that state? He sighed and with a supreme effort zipped himself up.

"Sorry love, can I have a postponement? I've got to go out." He was unaware that his accent had changed. His gait was once more steady as he went about the room gathering his equipment. Willow watched fascinated. Rupert was gone; this was Ripper with a mission. A mission she decided it might be fun to join!

"Ripper?" she purred thrusting her chest out in an inviting fashion. He froze and turned at the use of the old name. His eyes ready to scowl then he saw her and his eyes flamed, his turn to swallow. Postponement? Fuck the bloody the postponement! He dropped his skeleton keys into his pocket and covered the distance between them

in two strides of his long muscular legs.

Willow's eyes smouldered as she slid the zipper down again her head and shoulders above the back of the sofa on the seat side, his hips and erection on the other side. She peeled back the material of his jeans as you would peel back the skin of a banana. Her small mouth kissed up his length and he hissed his pleasure as she finally got to the tip and licked her tongue lazily back and forth, swirling this way then that. His head twitched in her mouth his breath coming in small gasps. He fought for balance as she let him go.

"Ripper..." She purred again. She felt his hand in her hair urging her to complete what she started.

"Yes, love... Don't stop." He pleaded.

"May I..." She asked giving him a gentle suck then releasing him. He gasped in pleasure.

"YES..." Damn she asked a lot of questions! Dimly he recollected something he had to do. Fuck Willow? Uhm no something else.

"Come..." She gave him another firm suck. "With you?"

"Ah..." He threw his head back wildly and thrust into her mouth. He stopped dead. "What? Where? To the gallery? No.No." He pulled away from her very reluctantly and for the second time that evening put himself, protesting, away.

"Why not?" She pouted. Oh, those lips! He stared at her. Manipulating witch, he loved it! He smiled slowly. She did too, her eyes twinkling.

"Are you going to be a good little girl and take care of me when we get back?" He grinned when she nodded her head and her whole body bounced on the seat cushions.

"Grab that bag then. C'mon you're coming on a heist."

"Ooh goody, my first!" She said as he followed her out the door. A Virgin! Good God, what was he thinking? He was thinking of that body wrapped sensually round his in a hammock that's what he was thinking.

Down boy, too late!

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Willow peeped round Rupert's shoulder. The guard was just getting up to leave he'd had his evening meal and adjusted himself idly on his way to the rest room. Ripper strained to hear the receding footsteps and the door close he looked at his watch and did a quick calculation. They had maybe five or ten minutes before he got back. He moved silently like a panther over to the reception desk and flipped the alarm switch off. He had noticed it when they had moved his stuff from storage. Ethan had taught him to notice things like that. Now he was teaching Willow!

She crashed into his back; she hadn't noticed him leave her side. The desk nearly cut

him in half.

"Christ..." He uttered. Willow put her finger to his lips and smiled. She took his hand in hers and placed it over her heart.

"Feel. This is so exciting!" She gasped. He felt her warm flesh beneath his fingers and gulped. Her heart thumped madly in her chest pressing her hardening nipple into his palm. The urgency in his loins cancelled out the urgency to find his record and be gone. Her lips were so close her eyes a limpid green she was smiling up at him. Footsteps! Damn!

He whirled her away after first snatching a glance at the bank of screens the guard had been watching. The Playboy Channel? Good for twenty minutes at least. Plenty of time! He ran with Willow to the exhibit. Her feet hardly touching the floor. He stepped over the barrier and picked up his record. He snapped his fingers behind him and Willow passed him the replacement. Taking the original in its place. Ripper carefully positioned the album and sat down on the bed sighing.

He looked round the walls; they had faithfully recreated his room but not the atmosphere. His room had always smelt different. He opened the tin on the bedside table and looked inside. Empty. He took something from his pocket and placed it in the tin. He left the lid open. There that would have to do. The smoke would set off the sprinklers.

Willow sat on the bed with him somehow let down. That was it? No more excitement, no running through halls surrounded by packs of baying hounds, this was very tame. Her mood was lifted by sexy growling voice behind her ear.

"What can we do for twenty minutes then witch?" She looked back at him he'd taken off his clothes and was lying back supported on one arm. The other hand reached out and gripped her arm pulling her towards him. She gave in to his kiss; all the previous foreplay at home was replayed here at "The Bed-Sit". She lay on the covers beside him and wrapped her legs about him.

Their bodies resembled a twisted candy cane, the two colours impossible to separate just as their bodies had no desire to separate. Their sighs and groans echoed round the empty gallery. Ripper tried to stifle her by putting a hand over her mouth but that only seemed to turn her on more. He removed his hand and smiled broadly, pausing in his thrusts. My, she is worked up! They're going to have to change these sheets! She's dripping! Her clinging walls fibrillated slightly, causing him to arch into her. That'll teach me to stop and think!

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The guard sighed. Programme over. No, what's this? He resumed his seat to watch the action on another monitor.

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They writhed and twisted all the time trying to hit that elusive spot where the universe imploded. Their bodies were molten and slick by now and still neither had come. Ripper rolled them off the bed. Landing hard on his back. He spared one hand to rip

the rug from under the bed and roll them quickly over onto it. Willow cried out with all the rolling but as soon as the soft fur hit her back she sighed and undulated in delight.

Their tongues tangled in a desperate kiss that chased satisfaction. Ripper broke from the kiss. Licking down Willow's neck, nipping the flesh never too hard just hard enough for her to clench round him. He snaked a hand between them and found her clit, he stroked her gently as his teeth nipped her nipples. Willow bucked and screamed. YES, there it was Implosion! He closed his eyes and groaned softly into her neck. His own orgasm wrenched from him by angels.

Slowly, softly their breathing calmed and strokes and sweet caresses took the place of more demanding play.

Footsteps. The Guard!

Ripper. Shot a shocked look back into the gallery and thought fast. He whispered something to Willow. She "eeped" faintly.

The guard came close and stared at the figures in the room. They were perfectly still. They sure acted life-like a moment ago. How did they get them to sweat like that? The scream must have been a sound effect. He'd never understand Modern art! He shook his head and walked away.

Ripper moved his eyes to take in the retreating back. His lungs were complaining from the long withheld breath. The guard turned the corner and the door closed. Ripper crashed down beside Willow and gasped for air. He laughed and was joined by Willow giggling.

"Enough excitement for one day/night I think Willow! Let's go home!"

She smiled at him and collected her clothes. She stopped suddenly the minx taking over.

"Can I be on top?" His expression was something to behold; he froze with one leg in his jeans.

The end.