

The Call.

Summary Buffy is dead. Long live the Slayer.

Swift and silent was my fall.
Snatched and violent was my call.
How is this to be my end?
Whither way my soul to wend?

Ethan sank back into his leather sofa, his fingers caressing a snifter of brandy and watched her work. He had moulded her into the dominatrix from Hell and what better place for her to reside than London's Hellfire club?

His eyes glittered evilly as they wandered over her athletic body clad in a leather bustier and impossibly high-heeled thigh boots. Her scarlet talons curled round the stout handle of a cat-o-nine tails. He flinched involuntarily as the "tails" cut into her clients back; the scene played out silently behind a one-way glass plate.

An intercom buzzed and he answered the front desk. Rupert was here. His grin widened in anticipation. He told the girl he would greet his guest shortly.

His loins tightened at the sight of her gleaming sweat sheened body. Her client had collapsed on the rack and she approached the "mirror" with a predatory step; her ruby lips parted in a feral grin as she stood before him; lust personified. Her fingers traced her pussy lips and she licked her juices from them knowing what an effect her gesture had on him.

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Giles wandered round the wood panelled room. It was quiet and refined and everything a Gentleman's club should be; except that Ethan Rayne owned it; so something had to be amiss somewhere! He kept on expecting to see a half naked virgin fighting for her honour at any moment!

"Hello Ripper..."

The familiar gravel voice of his nemesis still caused a guilty lurch in trousers even after all these years. "Ethan." Just one word of greeting. Too many emotions fought for supremacy in this place.

Ethan stepped forward and clasped his hand. "I was very sorry to hear about Buffy, Rupert. Come and have a drink with me. How is the Hellmouth bearing up? How are you bearing up?"

Rupert allowed himself to be guided further into Ethan's stronghold. He stepped through a door into a sumptuous office. He looked around whilst Ethan fetched the drinks. An ornate gothic mirror dominated one wall of the room. Rupert smiled and shook his head. It was a typical Ethanesque monument to vanity. He sat down on the leather sofa arranged opposite it.

A glass appeared in his hand and Rupert drank down the burning liquid quickly. Ethan chuckled. "Another?" He brought the bottle to the sofa and replenished Rupert's glass. "Nothing dulls the pain does it?" He murmured and Rupert nodded.

"Why don't you stay here for a while?" He settled back in the corner and turned his body to gaze at Ripper. He smiled gently, my Ripper all stiff and tense, sitting so straight you'd think there was a poker up his arse...

Rupert stared into the mirror; Ethan looked at him expectantly. Ethan lounged in his lair like a great boneless panther. And he... God he was tired! He placed his glass on the floor while he shrugged out of his leather jacket, undid his shirt buttons and rolled his sleeves up. Then he settled back into the leather and let the brandy take him away.

He relaxed and felt the cushions shift as Ethan edged closer. Their knees met and Rupert's head turned languidly to see Ethan just inches away from him. He could feel and smell the cognac fragrant breath invading his lungs; warm, forbidden, and inviting.

"You know I loathe you..." Rupert whispered, his heart madly pumping blood south in an erotic migration.

Ethan nodded, moistening his lips. "And you know I love you..."

Their lips met and sealed, building a heat that seemed to melt clothing. Soon no material existed between them and their limbs tangled together warming the leather beneath them; two animals on the hide of another.

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An hour later Rupert stretched his long limbs to their limit and gazed down at his slumbering partner. He didn't really loathe Ethan, not when he behaved like today. Today, Ethan was just how he liked him, a warm comforting fuck; one that he didn't have to pretend with.

"Hello lover, " Rupert smiled at Ethan's sleepy eyes. He liked him like this, before chaos became etched on his face. "Hi..."Ethan replied.

"Have you decided to stay or leave?" Ethan rolled onto his knees and groaned. Rupert laughed and helped him up. "Y'know I'm getting too old for carpet burns!" He took the opportunity to hug Rupert, before he became "Watcher" again. "Do you want something to eat? "

"Yes, please..." He hesitated and then gave Ethan a secret smile. "Besides you?"

Ethan grinned over his shoulder at him. "Cheeky! Scrambled eggs do?" Ethan rattled some pots and pans in the kitchenette; over the din, he broached the subject of Buffy.

"Rupert.? What would you say if I knew that your Slayer could have been saved? " He felt Ripper's breath on his neck in an instant, his business was stilled by his wrist caught in an iron grip.

"Think very carefully before you elucidate, Ethan!"

The coldness of Ripper's voice chilled his blood. He swallowed and cursed his loose tongue. "She didn't die in the leap from the tower Rupert. It was planned, choreographed." The grip on his wrist tightened. "Not by me! I intervened the only way I knew how."

"How?" Rupert's voice cracked and Ethan gazed into his dark, tear filled eyes. His heart sank; he'd lost him to Buffy again. "I cloned her, and switched the bodies. The clone had one purpose, to die. It had no memories, no soul, just an exact replica of your Slayer. A new Slayer cannot be called because the old one still lives."

"She...She lives?" Rupert could hardly believe it. Tears flowed unchecked down his cheeks and he released Ethan's wrist.

"She did fall, Rupert. She was severely injured, but she didn't die. I had to wait for three months before I could start to teach her how to function. There was some brain damage and she lost her memories of you and the Hellmouth."

"What? What have you done to her?"

"I've re-trained her. When she finally regained her speech, I told her all about her past. I told her who she was and what she was prepared to do to save the world. "

"You expect me to believe that? Ethan... you own the Hellfire club! What do you have her doing? " He closed his hands round his lovers' throat and smashed him into the wall. "If she has been harmed in any way, I will kill you-Slowly!"

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She walked swiftly back to her quarters. No one greeted her, in fact, several patrons got out of her way, bowing reverently. She rather enjoyed this aspect of her job; the respect they paid her.

She stepped through her door and locked it after her. Only then did she allow the mask of the dominatrix to crack and become soft and vulnerable. Ethan said they were selling an illusion to the punters and she enjoyed playing her role. Once or twice, there had been Watchers in the club and she'd nearly freaked. Ethan had calmed her and talked her into the masquerade of a lifetime.

She smiled into her mirror as she removed "the bitch" to reveal the girl. They left the club extremely sore and unaware a Slayer had serviced them.

She pulled at the pins that secured her hair in its tight chignon and headed for the shower. She stepped beneath the hot refreshing water and sighed as she washed her hair; massaging her scalp, trying not to notice the rigid plates beneath her scalp.

She hurried from the shower as she heard her intercom sound and she answered the call whilst rubbing her hair. "Yes?"

"Buffy, my dear, may I see you in ten? I have someone with me who would like to speak with you..." Ethan's voice sounded even and pleasant.

"Sure, I just have to dress... Do I need to entertain?" She grinned at the thought.

Ethan chuckled, "No, Buffy. It's your week off now. You know I don't like you enjoying yourself too much!" Ethan glanced at Rupert and saw his annoyance at the easy exchange between Buffy and himself.

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The knock came ten minutes after the call and she opened the door dressed in jeans and a white T. She smiled and greeted her boss with a kiss; the other visitor held back in the shadows. She backed away and turned on her heel.

"Tea's on. Take a seat both of you. " Buffy strode to the kitchen, but her stride faltered when she could feel the other man's eyes on her body. She turned slowly with lowered eyes and breathed in his scent. Tears pricked at her eyes as her brain retrieved splintered memories of another time.

Ethan sat down on Buffy's velvet upholstered chaise and watched the show.

"Buffy..." Rupert smiled quietly as tears threatened; only a few feet separated him from Buffy...

Buffy gulped, gasped, and then launched herself at her Watcher. "Giles!"

Rupert staggered back, his arms full of Slayer and found her hot tears on his skin. Her perfume surrounded him and he just breathed her in; hugging her close convinced, he would never be able to release her.

Ethan wiped away a tear and poured the tea.

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Rupert had recovered from Buffy's hug, and they conversed in easy banter. It was wonderful.

"Giles, I know you think it would be great to go back home to Sunnydale and Slay again, but I was a Slaying Slave! The way forward for the council is to train a Slaying Team, like Xander, Willow, and the rest. " She munched on a biscuit and lay on the chaise with Ethan supporting her back.

"That's Ethan talking! "

At his dismissal, her feet left his lap and she was in his face. "No, it's me talking! I'm not the Council's puppet anymore, I pull the strings, and I pull them tight!" She closed her fist round an invisible foe and her eyes glittered with power.

Rupert felt his chest constrict and his loins tighten. His eyes shifted to Ethan, who raised his eyebrow feigning innocence. "I see now the nature of her training..." Rupert commented dryly.

Buffy settled back on her haunches, " I'm good at it Giles, I enjoy it. I don't have to kill anything and apocalypse is no longer in my dictionary." She smiled her little girl smile and tilted her head to one side, "You could stay here with us and Ethan told me you used to like..." She stroked her index finger up his chest, her nail finding his nipple..." alternative

lifestyles, those dark desires..." Her voice dropped to a sexy purr, her tongue dancing hot over his skin to his ear where she whispered the words he longed to hear.

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Ethan left the two of them alone. Buffy had used her feminine wiles to get Rupert to stay and Ethan had offered to make him a partner in the club. The wheel had turned full circle. He made the call with his eyes fixed on the couple at the rack, Ripper hell bent in sating Buffy's lust. And she taking all he had to give; it was refreshing to see such sport!

"Rayne here. Rupert Giles will be staying in London. You can assign a new Watcher to your pet Slayer. I told you there was an alternative to killing them both..." He hesitated whilst being harangued by Travers..."You quite finished? I don't give a damn about the Slayer Team! But if you could possibly spare the little Witch, I'd be interested..." Ethan looked surprised suddenly, and then smiled as Travers hung up. He squared his shoulders and surveyed the desperate struggle for power before him.

"I'll be seeing, you, Travers! You pillock. " Ethan fixed a hopeful expression on his face... " Room for one more on top?"

End.

I fall at last.
Two cast aside.
Your will or mine
The hours sigh.