

The Shelver 1/4

Series Shelver.

Summary Giles gets more than he bargained for
Warning Domination, blood play

As University Librarian and part-time lecturer in English Literature, Mr. Giles found he needed the services of a Library Shelver. He could hardly move for stacks of books on the floor and tables. They were in such disarray that he despaired of ever getting them in some semblance of order.

He advertised on the University notice board for a shelver. There was only one applicant, a young woman. She turned up for her interview and tried to find the Librarian.

"Ow, shit! Help....", bellowed Giles. The young woman put her bag on the floor and went to his aid. She stabilised two stacks of books and he was able to get up without being hit on the head by many more.

"Are you Mr. Giles?" Her voice was soft and lilting. He stood transfixed for a moment.

"Yes, are you my shelver?" She nodded and smiled. "Good..." He let out his breath with the word, unaware that he'd been holding his breath. "When can you start?" He threw out his hands, knocking a couple more books from their piles. "As you can see the situation is dire!"

"Now?" She took off her coat and put it on the back of a chair. She shoved up her sleeves and set to work. Within a short while, he could see bare carpet. He made them tea to celebrate.

They chatted over tea and he read her references. There were at least ten from prominent libraries all over England, praising the young woman. Deputy Librarians signed all the references.

"You see, Abigail, I run a club in the evening for a couple of the students. It gets a little rowdy. So your help during the day will be much appreciated." He spotted Willow,

"Ah...Willow, this is my new shelver, Abigail. We were just having a break."

Willow and Abigail exchanged a smiled greeting. Abigail finished her tea. "I'll just get on now, Mr. Giles." She shifted another two piles of books onto a trolley.

"English..." Willow said. Giles looked at her blankly. "What, you didn't notice?"

He shrugged. "English is normal for me, Willow. She works very hard. Now, what can I do for you?"

##

By the end of the day, the floor was clear and all the books were entered into the catalogue. Giles came out of his office and sighed. Order and peace. He turned at the

sound of a footstep behind him.

A dark and haughty looking Dominatrix stood before him in black leather thigh high stiletto-heeled boots. His heart thumped faster in his chest, pumping blood to a suddenly active part of his anatomy. She surveyed him with hot dark eyes, idly slapping a coiled whip against the top of her right boot. She wore a leather sheathe dress with side splits to the hip.

"Who... who are you?" Giles finally managed to gasp out.

She unfurled the whip before answering. "What would you have me tell? I am a fiend. My place is Hell!" She flicked the whip out to emphasise the last word and the end cut his lip. She closed in quickly to lick the blood away. He made a grab for her but she danced away from his grasp and employed her whip several more times.

"Take off thy clothes, Hu-man! I would have sport with thee!" Giles obeyed. Questioning this woman only brought more stinging lashes from her whip.

She smiled down at his erection. "I hurt thee, torment thee, and thou desirest me!" Giles stood in a corner trying to protect himself as best he could from the 'kisses of the whip'.

"Lie down!" He did as he was told. She marched over to where he lay and lifted her boot to his chest. This was it, he could throw her off, she was off balance. Dispatch the Fiend. The pressure increased on his chest and he did nothing!

Her left heel dug into his upturned palm. She stabbed down on his hand and he screamed as the heel punctured the flesh. The heel of her right boot filled his open mouth. Tears stung his eyes as he found himself unable to resist stroking his erection with his unpinned hand.

"Lick it, lick the heel." He licked and sucked at the heel until, under his own ministrations, he climaxed.

She was furious. She leapt off him and whipped him till dawn. He curled up against the bookshelves nursing his second erection of the night.

The library was finally quiet. Her footsteps faded. He uncurled slowly, fearing the tell-tale whisper of the whip. He hobbled about to collect his clothes and thanked the Gods that he had trousers on when Willow came in.

"Giles! What happened?" More than once he tried to tell her but how could he say he was whipped and beaten and got off on it? With tears in his eyes, he stood still while Willow looked on his body.

"Is this a foot-print, Giles?" He shuddered and nodded. He raised his hand. "God Almighty, Giles! Why didn't you fight?"

He stared at the ceiling, letting the tears come. "Because I liked what she was doing. I craved it!" He spat out the words. He grabbed his shirt and walked quickly, if a little unsteadily, to his office.

"Mr. Giles?" His head lifted from his hands. "Yes, Abigail."

"Mr. Giles, I'm sorry this happened. Let me help you." She came into his office and held his injured hand. The wound healed. He gasped at the feeling of coolness everywhere in his body.

"How did you?" She pressed her fingers to his lips and the cut healed there too. "...Do that?" He finished. "Why has she picked me to torment?"

"I undo what she does. You are a librarian. She targets librarians. She doesn't know that you're a Watcher. You must fight her and never give in. She dominates to the death. She's killed all the men I've worked for. Get your friends and be ready. She will return tonight." Abigail left the office. Giles followed but she had gone.

"Willow?" He looked round. "Did you see where Abigail went?" Willow looked up from her research.

"Giles, your face! Your hand. Did she do that?"

He nodded. "Get the team together. Tonight we have a demon to dismiss." She didn't like the sound of that. She glanced up to see the remnants of a 'Ripper' smile.

##

Buffy, Xander and Willow looked about them in anticipation. Giles leaned against his desk, arms folded, waiting. The footsteps preceded her arrival. She was before them. She was dressed differently tonight; her leather corset laced at the back, a black velvet band decorated her neck.

"Wow, Giles, why don't I get visitations like this?" Buffy who stood by her Watcher shushed Xander's remark. She could feel the heat coming off his body. He wanted to go to the fiend. Her right boot tapped impatiently and she slapped a riding crop into her left palm.

"Thy friends will watch thee squirm, Hu-man?" Her voice was like ice. He shook his head. Lost, lost! He had to give in. He needed it. She took a step toward him and Buffy stepped in front of her Watcher.

The Demon laughed and the sound was like glass shattering. "A child defends thee? Come to me, Hu-man, now! Into the shadows with me."

Giles took a step round Buffy, ignoring her pull on his jacket. He eased it from his shoulders. His eyes never left the figure in front of him. She turned her back on him, knowing he would follow her into the shadows at the far end of the library.

"Where'd he go?" Xander asked, getting up and peering into the gloom. Willow ran to where Giles had vanished. She hit wood panelling and rebounded backwards.

"No clothes now, Hu-man." He stripped and lay down in surrender, eager this time. She smiled evilly at him. She always broke her toys. Her left boot kicked at the side of his jaw and his head rolled obediently to the side. She kicked with her right and his head rolled the opposite way. He smelled leather all around him. Her feet were either side of his head. He closed his eyes and breathed deeply. This was definitely not Hell. He opened his eyes suddenly. Something somebody had told him. She bent her knees in a squat above his

head, the leather creaking slightly. His head was spinning as his blood drained south. His mouth became dry, time to wet it?

His mistress's voice bade him "Lick". He obeyed instantly. She sighed and his heart leapt. He had pleased her. What could he do next? He frowned and stopped licking. That same thought. Who had told him not to give in? The riding crop came down with dangerous force on his thigh, missing his balls by inches. He jumped and hissed in pain. "Who told thee to stop?" She screamed at him and lifted the crop for another blow. He resumed licking, long slow licks dipping in now and then. His mind was working on escape. He stopped and hesitantly addressed his mistress.

"Mistress...may ...I lick your boot...?" He said it softly before giving her a roundhouse lick that made her shudder. "Please..." He sucked fiercely on her clit, eliciting a moan of passion from her. Again his heart leapt. This was going to be difficult!

"Yes..." With that she rose gracefully and presented her right foot for his delectation. He shivered at the sudden coolness of the air on his skin. He lifted his hands to cup the heel and toe of the boot. He was sitting up, his tongue lathing up and down the toe and heel of the boot. Her knee bent more acutely as he shuffled into a kneeling position. His tongue left the boot and his hands tightened their grip. He heaved upwards, tipping her over backwards into the library once more.

He followed her in, wrapped in fury, looking for all the world like a demon himself. He focused only on her destruction. He opened the weapons chest and dragged out the blood-axe. She was scrambling away from him, fear showing in her eyes for the first time. He strode across the floor and swung the axe. He hesitated. The Dominatrix was no longer there. Abigail stood in her place. She was dressed in the same outfit.

"If you kill her Mr. Giles I die. That was the deal I made. She knows you're a Watcher and she can't destroy you. She sent me to plead for mercy." The axe head hit the floor and he took several ragged breaths before realising he was without clothing and very much aroused. He looked at Abigail with lust in his eyes. Perhaps it could work out... Buffy handed him his jacket to cover himself. She was blushing. He smiled and nodded at Abigail and she disappeared. The Dominatrix was back. She took a step toward him and kissed him. Then she was gone. Willow had a strange enigmatic look on her face. Xander managed to look inadequate.

##

The next day dawned crisp and clear. Abigail walked into the library, smiling at him. "Well done, Mr. Giles, well parried, well hung." She winked and started her shelving duties.

Giles looked at her over his glasses. He was going to like having a shelver in the library.

The End. Next adventure Abigail.

Abigail (Shelver series 2)

Summary BTVS Series 4A.U. Giles is lecturer in Eng. Lit. & Librarian

Warning Foot worship, erotic piercing at end.

Rupert Giles was a happy man. He walked to college most days now just to clear his head of the night's events. He let his mind wander back to those nights. He liked to be there. The scents and sounds of pleasure and pain at the hands of his leather-clad Mistress.

He stopped briefly at the curb and crossed the street. Where was he? Ah, yes. She wasn't tall was she? She just seemed so because of those delicious heels. He shivered, suddenly aware of the thumping ache in his loins. Her face was hard, it had a timeless crystalline beauty all its own. He had never seen her smile. He unlocked the library door and smiled to himself. When someone's sitting on your face you don't notice anything but the task in hand. He gently eased the task in hand into a more comfortable position.

The door opened. Abigail was there as usual, before him. He gazed at her for a moment drinking in her body, the swell of her breasts beneath her scoop neck sweater and her pencil skirt, which hugged her hips so suggestively. It was of a modest length. She was wearing heels today. She smiled hello and raised her eyebrow in a silent question.

"Morning Abigail, I'll have tea please." He put his case on the floor under his desk and hung his jacket on the back of his chair.

Abigail brought in the tray. Morning tea had become a ritual between them. It was a time when they could discuss the events of the previous evening. Today she didn't want to discuss. She was after an entirely different type of intercourse.

Giles was looking over his notes for his lecture that morning. He had an hour to spare. He took a swallow of his tea.

"Mr. Giles?"

"Hmmm?" He glanced up and saw Abigail. She had taken off her skirt and sweater and was standing before him wearing only her high heels, stockings with suspenders and a 'come-hither' smile. His mouth was dry despite the tea he'd just swallowed.

"Close the door?" She purred. He got up and quickly obeyed, turning the key in the lock and pulling down the blind.

He felt her soft breasts press against his back as her hands snaked round his waist to unfasten his trousers. She freed his erection and grasped him firmly stroking up and down until a pearl of pre-cum appeared at the tip. Giles was motionless. He concentrated on the sensations ripping through his body. He stepped out of his trousers and boxers and turned round to face her. He caressed her waist and smoothed up to her breasts. He cupped one squeezing it gently while he teased and sucked at the other's nipple.

Abigail Gaspd and closed her eyes. She swayed as he knelt down before her and gently parted her legs. He stroked his hands from the heels of her shoes to her stocking tops. His cock jumped and throbbed, 'seamed stockings!' He stifled a groan of lust by diving into her muff. He held her tightly to his mouth while she ground herself above him. She came, coating his tongue with her juices.

He playfully snapped her suspenders causing her to jump. She stepped away from him and sat down on the couch her pussy making a wet patch on the seat. She leaned forward and undid his shirt and peeled it away from his body. There it was! Her second favourite part of him. She lifted her leg and pressed her heel into his nipple.

"Kiss the heel, Mr. Giles." She moved her other shoe, extending her leg so he could take it into his mouth. This was almost too much! The smell of the leather, the texture and metallic tang of the heel in his mouth as he sucked at it. His mouth left the heel and he gripped her ankle, he extended his tongue to lick hotly up the seam of her stockings. The pressure on his chest dropped away and he guided her leg back and up to finish his journey buried in her pussy. She clamped her legs round his head forcing him to go deeper. She smelled spicy and tasted sweet. His ears were hot and sensitive; silky stocking tops were caressing them. With a few more slow licks to her clit he had her coming round his tongue. Her legs became slack and he kissed his way down her other leg. He smiled at her flushed face.

"Ready?"

She nodded lying full-length on the couch. He lay down next to her on his side. She hooked her leg over his hip affording him quick entry and making sure she could control him with her heel pressed against his back. She was impaled with one swift thrust and he groaned in satisfaction. At last a scabbard for his sword. They found an easy rhythm but with the pressure of time on them, they were soon thrashing in the throes of their shared orgasm.

With a creak and a groan the couch collapsed, throwing them off and onto the floor. Giles grabbed her closer and rolled to stop her from being hurt. Abigail began to laugh. He looked at the broken couch and patted its battered arm.

"Poor Old Girl, I've had that couch a long time..." He strained to see the clock on the wall. "Time!" He exclaimed, "I'm late!" He kissed Abigail softly and she sucked and nipped at his tongue. She licked his lips tasting herself there and speared her tongue into his mouth. He sucked it in savouring its sweetness. He felt himself beginning to respond. He parted from her reluctantly.

"I've got to go Luv, I'm sorry. See you for lunch?" He whispered. She nodded and got dressed while he collected his clothes and dressed hurriedly. He unlocked the office door and glanced back at Abigail she had the tray in her hands and a big smile on her face. He opened the door and collided with Willow.

"Willow! What are you doing here?" He was shocked by her presence just behind the door. She hadn't heard anything had she?

"Giles, I just came to see where you were. You're late y'know. Oh hi Abigail."

"Good Morning, Willow. Mr. Giles and I were just having tea. I'm afraid we lost track of the time. I'll see you at lunch Mr. Giles."

Giles shot off to his lecture with Willow in tow she had to run to keep up. When he got to the lecture room he realised he'd forgotten his notes on his desk and was going to have to 'wing it'

"My apologies, ladies and gentlemen, for my lateness. I was waylaid." He took a breath. "

Chaucer: The Canterbury Tales who's heard of him?" Luckily a couple of hands were raised.... So his morning continued.

##

By lunchtime he was gasping for tea but Abigail met him at the main door and took him out of the building. Eventually he stopped protesting and just enjoyed the walk. He liked the way the faculty and students looked at them. They were a couple. It was a long time since he'd had that feeling. Abigail stopped in front of a shop, a tattooist. He wheeled her away.

"One tattoo's enough for me. Thank you." She wheeled him back around.

"She also does piercings..." Abigail cajoled. At last he relented and they went in not noticing the small sign in the window. 'Erotic piercing, while you wait.'

##

An uncomfortable hour later. Abigail and Giles spilled out of the shop and exploded into giggles. He grabbed her, kissing her deeply her breast rubbed against his new nipple ring. He hissed and she pulled away.

"Still sore?" She asked playing with the ring. He groaned.

"Works, don't it?" she said smiling.

"How's yours?" His hand drifted down toward her pussy and stroked through the material of her skirt. She moaned.

"Works, Don't it?" He mocked her.

"Mr. Giles...Take me home?" Abigail pouted at him and he did as he was told.

The End. Next adventure Dominique.

Dominique (Shelver series 3)

Summary BTVS Series 4 A.U. Initiative is dust, never existed. Giles hasn't done his homework.

Warning Erotic piercing voyeur sex (sort of)

Abigail looked at them all and sighed. Mr. Giles had forgotten her. No, that wasn't entirely true. There were a few stolen kisses in the stacks, when the timetable allowed but that wasn't enough.

The healing was taking forever wasn't he ever going to love her again? Perhaps if HE had something other than his nipple pierced she'd be the one leaping around like a thing possessed.

In short she was feeling neglected. She shelved like the demon she was, organising the catalogue and redefining the word efficiency. The gang were going to have another planning meeting tonight. She overheard him chatting with Willow. Mr. Giles liked Willow, he was becoming bolder toward her and the young woman glowed under all the extra attention.

"Mr. Giles?" She directed the question at his back. She could see him stiffen at the mention of his name. She had deliberately used the same tone as the last time she had wanted her way with him. He turned slowly his eyes darkened with lust and his voice when he answered her was deeper than usual.

"Yes, Abigail?" His eyes swept over her he hadn't noticed her outfit this morning because of the pressures of research. There was a pulling ache in his chest whenever he looked at her. Damn ring again he thought. If he'd known it was going to be this tiresome he wouldn't have had it done. The nipple ring was like an early warning to his impending arousal. Then he'd become a pussy-seeking missile!

"I was wondering if I could help..." She didn't finish her sentence. His face quickly assumed a look of concern. He had forgotten all about Willow.

"Abigail, it's going to be dangerous. I don't want you harmed. You see we've all been working together for so long now...." Abigail didn't wait for him to finish. She walked away and headed for his office.

A few bricks supported the broken sofa; Mr. Giles was loath to be rid of it. He said it held too many pleasant memories. She drifted behind his desk and leaned forward the drawers providing excellent friction. She ground herself into the smooth wood, imagining it to be something just as hard but pliant and warm. She closed her eyes as her finger tips drifted over her nipples.

She didn't hear the door close. Mr. Giles was standing behind her, his fingers replacing hers, tweaking her nipples through the material of her blouse. She sighed and leaned back onto him. His muscular chest moved suggestively against her back letting her know of his intent. His right hand drifted down to lift the hem of her skirt. His breath caught in his throat she was wearing stockings. He caressed the silk of the stockings as he breathed hotly on her neck, kissing his way up to her ear lobe.

Abigail gasped as she felt the iron-hard rod of his erection pressing against her bottom. She moved her hips and he gripped her breast to show his appreciation. She jerked as his fingers invaded her. Just checking. His hand left her breast and she heard the sound of his zipper being drawn down. Abigail opened her eyes to see Willow through the window; she was deeply engrossed in a homework assignment.

Abigail felt a jolt of excitement go through her. The door was unlocked and Willow could look up at any time and see them. She groaned as her lover's hand increased its pace inside her. Nearly...

"Lean forward." He whispered huskily. She did so gladly and he entered her in one thrust, pulling her to him with one powerful arm. She tried to straighten but he held her too securely. This was for him as much as it was for her. A desperate hot, fast fuck. Their breath was quickening. Her groans met his with a growing intensity and urgency.

He touched the ring laced through her clit tentatively with his fingertip and her orgasm thundered through her leaving her quaking. Her muscles clamped down on him, ripping his climax from him. He shot his seed inside her with a bone crushing intensity. They stayed still, savouring the moment of orgasm. He pulled out of her with a shared sigh. He zipped up and turned her round. Her eyes were luminous with passion, her mouth inviting his kiss.

##

Willow looked up from her books and saw them kissing in Giles' office. Good, she thought, they've made up.

##

Giles hugged Abigail close as he whispered in her ear. "I'm sorry I've been ignoring you. Being a watcher was all I was before you came to me. Now, I have to keep the world safe for you and you alone." She nodded and kissed him softly, she understood.

##

Buffy stood at the threshold of his office and cleared her throat. Giles turned and caught her look of impatience. He trailed his hand down Abigail's back to her bottom, giving it a squeeze.

"Time to go. Feel you later?" He grinned at Abigail. Buffy looked shocked.

Abigail smiled angelically at the Slayer. "Good hunting, Mr. Giles. She said.

##

They all crowded into the cave. Giles had made a grave error of judgement. There hadn't been just one demon but several, a family. Theoretically, when they killed the 'head' of the family the rest should have perished. Each demon had a different weakness and he hadn't done the research. He had no idea how to kill them all. He rested his back against the craggy wall of the cave.

They didn't have a choice about where to run for all he knew they were trapped in the demons front room! He looked at them all; they looked at him expectantly as if willing him to pull a solution out of a hat. He hung his head he was all out of solutions.

Xander cursed and picked up a big rock. Buffy handed Willow a handful of stakes and readied herself at the mouth of the cave. Giles lifted his head and looked to the back of the cave. Someone familiar stepped from the shadows.

Her eyes gleamed red in the darkness. She placed her high-heeled boots carefully on the rocky floor of the cave. When she was at his side she smiled.

"Watcher." As usual, the Dominatrix wore leather but this time not as revealing. She carried a bag and her whip hung from a hook at her waist.

"Buffy!" Giles called joyfully "Reinforcements!"

Buffy turned her back on the first of the attacking demons. Before Giles could act the Dominatrix attacked the demon with a series of lashes that eventually brought it to its knees exploding into black sparkling dust. Buffy stood in shock as the Dominatrix crouched to retrieve some of the dust. She gave it to Buffy.

"For the second. Cast this into its eyes." She walked back to Giles.

"How many, Watcher?" She opened her bag as she asked the question.

"Four, not including the main one." Giles replied. He peered over her shoulder in an effort to see into the bag she had opened in front of her. The Dominatrix looked at him aghast.

"You wasted your energy. Destroy the limbs and the head withers. The limbs without the head grow stronger." Giles groaned, he should have known that but the translation he had worked from was confusing.

"We're going to die." He muttered to himself. The Dominatrix seized his arm painfully.

"Watcher, we will not die. We will prevail." Giles was shaken by her faith.

"What's your name? I know you but I don't know your name." She looked surprised.

"Dominique..." she tilted her head. "The demon comes. This one fears the dust of its brother. The third fears the blood of the second and the fourth must be fed the eyes of the third. I'll do that, it's messy." She smiled again. "Watch and learn."

Giles did just that.

"Here we go!" Buffy yelled as she threw the dust into the second demons' eyes. The demon fell to the ground writhing in agony. Buffy would have left it where it lay but Dominique approached it calling it by name.

Giles found himself following her. The demon had calmed a little and seemed to be waiting for something. Dominique lifted her boot and rested it on the demons' thorax. She smiled sighing with pleasure as she stamped down hard and sank through its rank flesh. Giles swallowed the bile that threatened. Xander wasn't quite as lucky. She freed her boot and held a small bottle near the wound to capture the blood she sealed the bottle and handed it to Buffy. She took it reluctantly.

Giles knelt on the cave floor and produced his handkerchief to wipe the blood from his Mistress's heel. Dominique stroked his hair indulgently. Buffy stared at Giles she really didn't understand his fascination with this person. They were in a life and death situation here and he acted as though their safety was the least of his concerns.

"Slayer!" The shout came from Dominique. Buffy whirled round and was only just in time to smash the bottle of blood, into the third demons' face. It fell to the ground and she stepped away to let Dominique do the eyes. Giles took Buffy aside.

"You nearly missed Buffy. What's the matter?" Giles looked accusingly at his Slayer. She shook his arm off.

"You're not exactly Mr. Concentration at the moment Giles. Why didn't you know how to kill it? And who invited her to the Slaying anyway?" By Giles' expression Buffy could tell that she was making him examine his loyalties.

Dominique busied herself at the demons face. Xander studied the wall of the cave, fighting the urge to vomit again. How could someone so Hot, be so cruel and cold? The fourth demon made its appearance.

##

Buffy and Giles were still arguing. Xander stared at the giant. It was twice the size of Dominique he glanced over to her. Her face was resolved now who did that remind him of?

Willow came from the rear of the cave to stand next to Dominique; she now had Willow on her left and Xander on her right. Dominique tilted her head back and opened her mouth to say the demons' name but he beat her to it.

##

In ancient magic when your 'true' name is announced your soul is no longer yours. Dominique faltered in her resolve and the demon smiled, showing all its teeth.

"GILES!!" Willow and Xander shouted together. They ran for cover as the demon bashed its mighty fist to the ground. Giles reacted on instinct in a flying rugby tackle and brought the demon to its knees, and then it crashed to the floor. Dominique bounded to the fiend and rammed the eyes down the demons' throat.

It disappeared in a sparkle of dust to reveal Giles' crushed body on the floor of the cave.

##

She stared in shock hardly believing what she saw. He had died for her. None of her conquests had ever done that before. She was frozen. What was that noise? They were crying. What was crying? She sniffed and felt wetness on her cheek. She wiped it away and tasted its salt from her fingertip.

At last she was angry! She screamed with rage and flung the others aside. When she got to his body, she had metamorphosed.

##

Abigail lay down next to him calmly and held him with the lightest of touches. The sobbing around her subsided, as Giles slowly regained health and vitality. He opened his eyes and they were clear of pain, smiling he stroked Abigail's face.

"Thank you. I think we should go home now, don't you?" He held out his hand to Xander and the boy helped him to stand. Buffy and Willow dropped in to step by Abigail.

"So, how come you know about demons and stuff?" Buffy asked. Abigail smiled.

"I read a lot and I'm older than I look." Her eyes never left the man walking in front of her. Buffy followed Abigail's gaze. She's sizing up my Watchers' Butt she thought in

astonishment.

The End. Next adventure Demonic Twins.

Demonic Twins (Shelver series 4)

Warning Willow swears!

She stared at her dangerous demon twin as she paced round his apartment. The tension between them was palpable Abigail knew she couldn't touch Dominique so they continued to circle each other. They had battled like this for years but always before twixt day and night. Now they battled for Mr. Giles. Who would finally have his soul to drag it away to the Shadow world to prey on for eternity?

The sound of groaning came from upstairs. Abigail took the stairs two at a time in her stocking feet. She froze in the doorway of his bedroom her heart stopped cold in her chest. It had begun. She moved into the room and knelt by the bed touching his shoulder. He stirred smiling in his sleep. Dominique stepped into the room like a conqueror finally taking her prize. She leaned against the door frame, dressed in a long sheath of shiny black, she crossed her arms the ebony patent leather of her long gloves making a moist crinkling sound.

"Ooh, all wicked and sadistic! Delicious! I knew he would be." He shifted in bed the sheet drifting past his fully erect manhood. He opened his eyes and Abigail saw them cloud over with dark shadows. Her tears fell on the shoulder of the man lying on the bed. They were still joined; her Giles and the ShadowGiles there might be time to save him. Her mind raced with desperate thoughts while her "sister" laughed by the doorway. A different sound reached her, a dark and evil growl that escaped ShadowGiles lips. Rupert slept blissfully unaware the struggle for his soul had just begun.

##

Giles hadn't had a decent night's sleep in weeks. Since returning from the 'Cave incident' Dominique had been his constant night time companion it was driving him to distraction. Although she didn't injure him permanently the strain of his nocturnal excursions to the Shadow world were taking their toll. Abigail helped all she could but she made her demands on him during the day as well.

The gang began to notice his haunted dark look and mood swings. They were concerned for him. Xander mentioned something about "Death by Sex" and was hit several times. If they even suspected the real reason behind Giles' moods they would not have made light of it. Giles was being drained slowly and surely.

##

"I don't bloody care what band is playing at the fucking Bronze! You are going to train now!" Willow's heart and stomach hit the floor at the same time. She had never heard Giles swear like that. Then she looked at his face. It was hard his mouth was drawn into a cruel line. Xander sat down in shock his own stomach bucking uneasily.

"Buffy you can see them anytime don't they have a repeat gig later in the week?" His tone was quiet and kindly as he collected his trusty quarterstaff.

Willow stared. Something weird had happened to Giles like he was splitting in two. His hands hovered over the padding he usually wore for training sessions; they shook. He quickly stripped off all the clothes that covered the top half of his body. He dropped them on the floor and kicked them out-of-the-way. Willow gasped when did he get pierced? He straightened and smiled at her noticing her gaze. He took a step closer.

"If you touch the ring you get a prize Willow." He breathed sexily. He smiled as her fingers reached out and touched his nipple gingerly. Giles grabbed her other hand and pressed it to his groin. "Feel? It's magic." Willow's hand flew away when he let it go and she studied the floor. Giles laughed and moved to his Slayer. He gripped his weapon in one hand and loosened his shoulders in preparation for the fight. He brought the end of his quarterstaff down on the ground with a thunderous thud. Buffy jumped.

"Let's begin shall we?"

##

Buffy landed on the floor again. Giles wasn't giving her enough time to recover from his blows. The first couple of strikes caught her off guard because she couldn't take her eyes off that nipple ring! He was fighting like a man possessed! He was smiling. Smiling! That got her mad! She was going to wipe that smirk off his face if it was the last thing she ever did. She crouched and tried to sweep his feet away with a straight-legged spin but he jumped into the air and landed out of her reach.

He craned his head sideways looking at her. He straightened as she stood up. She moved away warily. The staff whipped in front of her stopping her in her tracks.

"We're not finished little one." Giles growled. Buffy looked up at his eyes they were duller somehow.

"Yes, we are. I'm pooped, you coming Will?" She ducked under the staff.

Xander's warning came too late. Buffy was propelled into the book cage with the force of the blow to her back. She couldn't breathe. He had caught her across her kidneys with the staff. His hand whirled her round and he shoved the end of the staff under her chin. The green of his eyes faded and blackened. He smiled showing needle sharp teeth.

"We're not finished!" His hand moved over her body clasping this and grasping that. Buffy swallowed and closed her eyes. If she didn't look at him it wouldn't be Giles when she opened her eyes again and she could kill him without guilt.

Xander leaped from of his seat reaching striking distance before Giles' head snapped round and he snarled at him.

"Stay Hu-man. I Slay the Slayer." Giles' voice was a harsh growl. Xander halted in shock. Giles was gone. Fuck knows who this is!

Willow was incensed; she was royally pissed at having a demon take over Giles' body. She began to chuck books at him as he continued to molest Buffy. Her aim was remarkably

true every book hit its target. She was slowing him down. She screamed obscenities at him. Eventually Giles turned in Willow's direction; his face was twisted into a parody of extreme annoyance. One more book bounced off his head and a screamed "Fuck Off" at the top of her lungs. He turned on his heel and strode towards the shadow's at the far end of the library.

Buffy came to Willow and gave her friend a hug. Willow was shaking with rage and fear Xander joined them. They all looked at one another. No Way was that their Giles!

The sound of a heavy body falling to the ground drew their attention to the rear of the library where Abigail was dragging a body across the floor.

"Buffy! Help me!" She called. They all went to the Shelver's aid. The body was a partially clothed man. He couldn't walk by himself though he was conscious, barely. He didn't have the strength to lift his head. They heaved him onto the couch in Giles' office. His head rolled to the side hidden in shadow. Abigail smoothed her hands over his body easing his pain.

"You nearly killed him, Buffy." Abigail muttered. "How long were you fighting for?"

"What?" Buffy asked mystified.

The man stirred and sat up. The gang stared at him stunned. It was Giles!

Buffy's hand came to within a whisker of slapping him. Abigail stopped her before it hit. Giles was staring ahead vacantly trying to get his bearings he put his hand up to the bridge of his nose.

"Where are my glasses?" That quiet puzzled tone was true Giles. Willow went to his desk and retrieved his spare pair from the centre drawer.

"Thank you Willow." He glanced round sheepishly seeking out Abigail's hand for support. "Since you're all looking at me like I've just grown fangs, I gather something unusual has occurred."

They all began talking at once. He found it difficult to concentrate he got "beat the crap out of me" from Buffy "kill you for touching Willow" from Xander and "sorry for pelting you with books" from Willow.

"I'm sorry. I don't remember it someone was beating me. That must have been you Buffy. I'm sorry I hurt you." He reached out his hand to touch her arm but Abigail stopped him. He didn't protest.

"Willow, if you've hurt any of my books I'll be cross with you." He admonished with a merry glimmer in his eyes, now their normal green

"Xander thank you for trying to defend them in my absence. Now, has anyone any ideas of how to solve my 'small' problem?" Giles asked with typical understatement.

As if on cue they heard the library doors swing open and the strains of "Danse Macabre" whistled tunefully, accompanied by slow carefully placed footfalls. Everyone tensed as the footsteps approached the office door. The handle turned.

"So you're all hiding in here!" Ethan surveyed the Slayerettes, and then noticed his friends' lack of clothes. "Or is this an orgy? Well! Ripper, so early in the day!"

Abigail shrank back a little frightened of the newcomer. Ethan let his gaze travel over her taking her measure. He perched on the corner of the desk his hips pointing in Giles' direction.

"I see the cause of your dilemma." He pointed at Abigail. "She is a demon hybrid. Probably a nun at some point in her career." He paused to see Abigail lower her eyes. "Yes, seduced by "the dark side" were you? Think it was "Our Lord" eh?" He scoffed. "Religion? Behind some of the bloodiest war's!"

"Have you come to rant and rave? Or are you going to help? Because I've got a stake with your name on it and an itchy staking fist." Buffy hated Ethan with a passion. A passion that Ethan always wished would slide between the sheets but it never did. She was so much like Ripper but he'd had Ripper before and he felt like a change.

"Has the split become permanent?" Ethan asked Abigail matter of factly.

"No. He hasn't fed yet. Mage? You must believe me. I love him I didn't want to transform him into a Shadow demon. My "sister" became greedy, jealous of my time with him and his friends. I want to help you. What can I do?" Ethan looked unmoved by her plea. They always had to use that "Mage" word, remind him of what he once was. He turned away from her and sighed. He noticed Willow's hands folded in her lap. They were glowing. He slid off the desk and caught her hands in his lifting them to his nose.

"He touched you. Did you touch Him? Don't go all virginal on me! Did you touch him?" Ethan repeated. Willow nodded. "Ah, not innocently either I'll wager."

Giles looked at her sympathetically Willow blushed a deep rose colour.

"He's chosen you as his conquest. But" Ethan hesitated looking Buffy over. "You were a close second."

"Thank you. That just fills my heart with Joy!" Buffy commented sarcastically.

"It should, it means you'll survive unscathed. Willow is going to be harassed for the rest of her life if we don't stop Him here and now before He feeds."

"What's all this feeding stuff? Where do demon's chow down anyway?" Xander asked.

"We don't eat like human's do." Everyone looked at Abigail with renewed interest. "I live off the destructive actions of my sister and sex." Her voice failed on the word 'sex'. "My sister lives by domination and sex. Ours is a symbiotic relationship she destroys; I invigorate and re-animate."

"Will I do the same then? Love Willow so much that she eventually dies?" Giles gazed at Willow in dismay his tears reflected in her eyes. He wanted to be with her to comfort her. He stood up and Abigail rushed between them.

"Mr. Giles! You can't be with her. We have to keep **Him** weak. It's the only way we can

defeat **Him**." Giles looked to Ethan.

"Is it the only way? Because I'm starving!" The growl was back. The creature backed into the shadows. Abigail stared round at them pleading and turned her back. Ethan glimpsed a leather mini skirt and waistcoat with a sheathed knife strapped to her thigh. He shifted uncomfortably his interest piqued.

"Ethan. Ethan? ETHAN!" Buffy shouted.

Ethan looked at her blankly amazed at the power the dominatrix had over his libido. Piqued? Definitely peaked! He shook himself mentally. Ripper's been swallowed by Shadow's he's picked Willow as his concubine and Ethan was seriously interested in that delightful dominatrix!

End of Part. 1

Demonic Twins 2/3 (shelver series 4)

Summary BTVS series 4 A.U Giles in leather. Domination, leather, whips, knives, voyeur sex (Bingo!)

"When will he be back?" Xander asked.

Ethan shrugged and slipped behind Giles' desk. He glanced over the drawers. Only the locked draw interested him. He reached into the inside pocket of his jacket for his skeleton key's, Rippers' gift from a Halloween past.

He looked off into the distance picturing the lock in his mind. The drawer sprang open he smiled. His hands swept over the contents, several sealed envelopes addressed to the Slayerettes and one addressed to him. He picked up Ripper's Will and then he cast it aside. He wouldn't need that for a long time.

He found what he was looking for a thick book with plain pages. Ripper's diary. He opened it and sat back to read, sighing he glanced round and put on his spectacles. He glared at them daring the laughter to escape.

"Um, Ethan." Buffy managed to bite back her giggle. "Do you think you ought to be reading that? It looks private."

He peered over his glasses at her she was smiling. They were all smiling he was secretly pleased. They would need a respite from the task confronting them.

"It is private. I have to see what they both did to him, so I can undo it. But firstly one of you make some tea?" Willow volunteered, as he knew she would. He needed to get her out of the room. He leaned forward his face was serious.

"The situation is delicate. Ripper's poised on a knife-edge. He could go either way. Into light or shadow's. It is critical that he not have contact with Willow. She is his strength and his weakness. I want your pledge that you will protect her, both of you!" They nodded. He shook his head did he have to explain everything? "Pledge it! Speak out loud now, before

she returns."

"I pledge." Buffy and Xander said together. Ethan made a sign in the air between them.

"So mote it be."

Buffy and Xander gasped and smiled. Ethan frowned and got back to his reading. Tea arrived at the most exciting part as always.

"Thank you Willow. Bikkies too? Thanks love."

Willow smiled as she poured the tea. Ethan drank and read in silence completely forgetting the other's there. It was deathly quiet.

"What happened in the cave?" Ethan asked after two hours reading. Buffy and Xander were asleep. Ethan glared at them. Some bodyguards they were! A sprinkling of magic and they're unconscious. Willow answered.

"Giles didn't know how to defeat a demon family. Dominique helped us she knew who they were. She called them by name until the last one. It knew her name" Willow paused as if trying to puzzle it out. "She froze and Giles had to save her that's when he got squished. Abigail healed him. Do you think she's evil? I think she's nice. I mean she helped him when Dominique first came and babbling sorry." She took a breath. "Then we came back and Giles started having major moods." She shuddered remembering his earlier outburst.

Ethan nodded. Everything checked out with his conclusions. Dominique had helped Giles to destroy her family. That's the only way she could have known their true names. It looked like one of them got wise to her scheme and tried to stop her. Giles had signed his own death warrant in saving her. She had wanted to create a dynasty and was waiting for the right breed of man, librarians were close but a Watcher was perfect.

With the destruction of her family she couldn't return to the Shadow world without a suitable mate to replenish the numbers. Ripper was that mate!

##

Ethan shivered the room began to grow cold. He lifted his head from his arms. Buffy, Willow. Where was Xander? He got up and went out of the door. Xander waited quietly at the edge of the shadow's standing guard. Good Lad.

Ethan crept down the steps. Xander started at Ethan's approach lifting the Blood-Axe.

"Ooh, good weapon choice but it's not that bad yet." Ethan smiled and the boy relaxed.

"It's what Giles was going to use on Her. He didn't. Abigail pleaded for mercy. He couldn't kill Her. He's been ruled by Dominique ever since. In the cave, it was pathetic, cleaning blood off her boot! It sickened me."

"Xander, some men. Even the strongest men need someone to be stronger than they are. They need to be dominated. Someone else is making all the decisions, it's a very comfortable feeling to trust someone that much. You'll understand one day." He looked into the shadows he thought he heard a tune being hummed. Danse Macabre? There were two sets of footfalls. Xander's grip tightened on the Blood-Axe, as the footsteps got nearer.

##

Then they emerged from the gloom arms linked, head's up proudly surveying their new kingdom. His eyes darting round the library in search of Willow. Xander dropped the axe. Willow came from the office drawn as if by an invisible thread. Giles wasn't Giles anymore. This was Giles as a Demi-god!

His hair curled more than usual giving him a sexy unkempt look. His ear was decorated by a hoop of silver linked to an ear cuff by a small length of chain similarly his nipple ring had been replaced by one with an "ankh" threaded on it.

He wore black leather trousers that laced up the outer seam. The waistband was barely above his prominent erection; this was only kept at bay by the laces at his fly. A belt was slung loosely at his hips from which hung a stiletto knife. On his right hand he wore silver bands on each finger. His nails were long, filed to a point and painted black. His feet were clad in black Crocodile skin boots.

Dominique was no less impressively dressed than her mate. Her laced black leather corset made Ethan's mouth water. The boots she wore were black leather and thigh length with heels of needle sharpness. Her trusty whip was at her waist. She wore a tiny g-string that showed the outline of her clit-ring. She tossed her head and her long hair, freed of its bondage fell in a dark cascade to her waist. Ethan was close to passing out.

"We have an audience, my love." She breathed to ShadowGiles. He smiled showing his sharp white teeth.

"We do, shall we play for them Dominique?" He whispered her name seductively as he placed a kissing nip on her shoulder breaking the skin.

"Yes, let's."

Buffy stormed out of the office and grabbed Willow. She held her tightly. Then she saw Him and wanted nothing more than to drop to her knees in worship!

He was just so MALE! Buffy was sure she had to do something like saving the world. Y'know something trivial. All she wanted to do was STARE.

Dominique pirouetted prettily on her toes as he danced her to the library desk. He unsheathed his knife and with one delicate touch he slipped it beneath the tie that held the g-string in place. The ridiculous garment fell to the floor and he got on with his real task of the night. Ravaging his Mistress on a library table whilst an audience watched spell bound.

Ethan glanced at Willow Buffy was with her. Xander to his left was looking extremely hot. The boy was in some discomfort as was he.

"Domination huh?" he looked at Ethan who was looking at Xander's groin Xander took a step back from the older man.

"I'm in the same boat Xander, can't do anything about it though. We can't leave Willow alone with him."

ShadowGiles had loosened the laces at his fly and was sliding his knife in a see-sawing motion over and through Dominique's clit-ring. Each time he pulled at the ring she would

groan a little louder. He slowly withdrew his knife and gave it to Dominique hilt first. She scraped the blade over his flesh leaving tiny nicks. He entered her with a loud groan and she began to writhe and buck beneath him. She slid the knife over his back making longer and deeper cuts as his thrusts became more desperate.

Willow was sobbing quietly on the balcony still held by Buffy, whose eyes had long since died.

With a gut-wrenching shout it was over and ShadowGiles pulled out of his lover and tied his laces. He locked his eyes on Willow as he fingered the blood from one of the cuts and licked his fingers.

Dominique got to her feet gracefully and looking at Willow she also began to lick the blood from his wounds. He smiled and whispered in his partner's ear she nodded and unfurled her whip. He looked alarmed. That's not what he said!

Willow lurched from Buffy's grasp and flew down the steps.

"Willow!" Ethan's shout stopped her. "They're trying to goad you into action. He needs you. Don't let him near!"

Xander pulled her away and made her sit on a chair facing away from the scene. She could still hear them. She flinched at every whiplash and sobbed at every cry that escaped Giles' lips.

Dominique was going to kill him. "Still think she's nice?" Her mind asked. No, Abigail wouldn't whip him! She counted the lashes. Four and he fell on his knees two more and a louder scream testified that that lash hit somewhere sensitive. His cries stopped.

That was more chilling because the whiplashes continued. She flicked her head round only to have her vision blocked by Xander. His face a mask but his eyes revealing his pain.

##

Giles lay on the floor deep red welts like jagged lightning strikes covered his upper body and chest beads of fresh blood were laced along each wound. He was gasping, supported on one muscular fore-arm, Dominique stood above him and he fell back in shock hissing as the cuts on his back made contact with the floor. She lowered her boot heel to his chest.

Ethan stepped forward horror-struck. She wouldn't. Shadow Giles lay helpless and panting, his eyes closed. His face wracked with pain. She slowly increased her weight on her heel it dug into the flesh of his chest and sank. Shadow Giles' eyes flew open his hands lifted desperately to dislodge her but he was pinned.

The heel continued its sickening sinking journey as blood erupted from Giles' mouth. Dominique freed her boot from his chest and walked back to the shadows coiling her whip as she went. ShadowGiles was still; a perfect round hole just under his heart bled a river that pooled on the library floor. His breathing was shallow.

"Willow." he whispered, the blood gurgling in his throat. She turned round in her chair and saw Giles. He was hurt. He needed her. Buffy and Xander were stunned ;he was dying.

Ethan looked grim.

"Willow? Just a touch, sweet Willow is all I ask." He smiled gently, gasping as a new and more virulent pain swept through his body.

Willow fell on him pouring kisses and tears on his face.

##

"No!" Abigail lamented from the shadows "Willow No!"

The girl froze where she was. ShadowGiles had opened his oily black eyes and laughed at her.

"Thank you Willow!" He raked his nails over her arm and licked away the blood. Willow fell back from him as he launched himself at the shadows.

Abigail paced anxiously at the back of the library. Xander leant up against a pillar with his head bent straining to hear any sound. It had been half an hour since ShadowGiles had disappeared. Abigail was back within ten minutes. What was keeping Giles? Xander glanced over to where Ethan and Buffy worked to staunch the flow of blood to Willow's wound. They couldn't stop it. Buffy was getting frantic.

"You must be able to do something!" She cried at Ethan her lip trembling. Willow was the palest she'd ever seen her.

"I've slowed the blood loss down we will have to wait..." Ethan said quietly. Willow clasped his hand.

"Thank you." She murmured. "What will happen if he doesn't come?" Ethan looked grimly at her.

"You'll die. He will come if I know my Ripper he'll be here. He never ever let's you down."

"Ethan!" Xander's shout brought him to his side in an instant. "Hear that?"

Ethan held his breath he heard a sort of slithering sound and laboured breathing. Buffy looked towards the shadows expectantly. He'd come back with all the answers just like always. She smiled through her tears as she raced to the rear of the library. She screwed up her eyes to pierce the gloom. Something touched her foot she looked down to see a blood stained hand.

Xander and Ethan pushed her out of the way and hauled the body upright dragging its dead weight to a nearby chair. Abigail strode to Giles' side ready to heal him.

Giles' hateful glare stopped her in her tracks. He took several gasping breaths before he could speak.

"GET Away from me, Harpy. I tire of this sport!" He turned away from Abigail to gaze at Willow sitting in the next chair.

"What's gone wrong Ethan? I thought as soon as he touched Willow he would be healed to wreak havoc again." Xander questioned. Ethan stared at him. Xander was asking some

very pertinent questions that he didn't have an answer for.

"Apparently he still needs Abigail to heal him and he's not letting her near. He's keeping them both weak so that when he dies they all die." He swallowed and continued with an ironic smile. "Typical bloody Ripper. Always the martyr!" Ethan went and sat down in front of Ripper to fix him in his memory. He was ashen and shaking. Ethan shut his eyes to remember the last time he saw him like this. His memories flowed with Rippers shallow breaths.

Abigail was becoming desperate. She needed him didn't he know that? She tried to get close but Xander pushed her roughly away.

"HE said he doesn't want you!" His eyes regarded her with cold disinterest. Giles' breathing was becoming tortured. He slid out of his chair finding himself driven to Willow's side. The jolt to the floor renewed the flow of blood to his chest wound. He rolled to a sitting position with his back to the chair that he had been sitting on.

He locked his eyes on Willow. She would be the last person he saw as he died. No one else mattered. She was smiling down at him. He reached out his hand and let it drop to the floor smiling sadly. To touch her would mean his damnation.

He didn't want to be ShadowGiles. A puppet that hurt everyone he loved. He tilted his head up (when did it fall) to gaze into those amazing green eyes a mirror of his own. She was as close to him as his own reflection. He could look on her but never touch her now and it was ripping his heart in two.

She smiled and everything was right. Everything would be OK. We'll be together in just a little while. His eyes closed and his breath all but disappeared. From far away someone was weeping. Don't cry, Buffy.

"I've got it!" Ethan leapt out of his seat and landed by Rupert. Giles opened his eyes in annoyance. He was drifting off into such a warm comfortable dream.

Ethan knelt by him willing him to live. "Rupert, neither of them can have you. Remember just before Eyghon? You are mine." Ethan searched Rupert's eyes. Come back Ripper, please.

Giles' head rolled back and he swallowed trying to think. His breathing quickened becoming a little painful. He smiled at his friend in wonder he had forgotten. "I am yours and you are mine forever. blood and soul to soul." He took a deep breath and laughed weakly. Ethan sighed happily.

"What just happened?" Asked Xander, his eyes moist "One minute Watcher dying the next he's not."

Abigail stepped round the furniture with balled fists. "Mr. Giles." She threatened. He nodded and she grabbed his head possessively. The exchange was almost orgasmic the change in Giles was miraculous. Rupert couldn't wait to break the connection with Abigail once he was healed.

He walked lithely to Willow's side and knelt before her. Rupert kissed her and she answered his kiss eagerly lifting her hand to caress the back of his neck. She moaned into

his mouth as his finger's moved to her injury. She broke off the kiss reluctantly he held her chin gently.

"Thank you Willow. We have work to do. Up for it?" He whispered. She nodded his warm lips met hers in a promise of pleasures to come.

Giles turned round to be met by Buffy and Xander smiling at him. Giles glanced down at himself and blushed. Willow's arm slipped round his waist and she smiled up at him.

Ethan stood next to Abigail and followed her gaze to Giles.

"He's moved on and left you behind like me. Perhaps if you told me Her name I could stop you from imploding, exploding or whatever hybrid demons do when they die." She was no longer intimidated by him, couldn't have that.

"You can't have him." He said harshly as he shoved up his sleeve reveal his tattoo. "We are joined by this. I will never give him up! I have travelled to many hell's for him and I will go to many more."

Abigail stared at the tattoo it had a life of its own. It coiled and smoked on his arm as he spoke.

"Tell me the name or I will let the demon loose in you." He said darkly flinging his arm round her. He smiled over at Ripper and Willow. The tattoo began to burn into the bare flesh of her neck. She resisted for a few seconds only, and then whispered the name in his ear. He smiled and let his arm drop to her waist.

Abigail fled to the shadows dodging round Xander who swung the axe but missed.

"Xander!" Giles shout made him drop the axe. He hurried over. "My God Xander whatever possessed you? She could have hurt you."

"I just wanted to take a swing at the bitch for what she did to you!" Xander sounded hurt. Giles beamed at him.

"Thank you! Now come and help with the campaign." From the corner of his eye he saw Xander giving his clothes the once over. "Something wrong with the way I'm dressed, Xander. It's what all the best S&M Watcher's are wearing this season. The girls like it." Xander muttered something about "shagging" and followed him to the research zone.

End of part 2

Demonic Twins 3/3(Shelver Series 4)

Summary Battle commences

Warning m/m sex (just threat of the odd beheading)

"What I am saying is. Will you be able to resist her when she comes back?" Ethan sat on Rupert's desk as Rupert read lounging on his sofa. His glasses looked distinctly odd married with the rest of his outfit.

Ethan had been trying hard to ignore Rupert's effect on him for three quarters of an hour. They were waiting for the Dominatrix. He looked at his watch twelve-twenty. The real battle had started at seven that evening. Willow was doing sterling work with tea and Xander had ordered several pizzas. Rupert didn't eat he said he wasn't hungry. That was worrying.

Ethan found himself staring at those tantalising laces again. Rupert shifted his leg to the floor and lifted his hips slightly off the sofa cushions. Ethan bit back a moan. He moved off the desk and locked the office door.

Rupert looked up at Ethan as he heard the sound of the key in the lock. His eyes fixed on the bulge in Ethan's jeans. He smiled and let his gaze drift up Ethan's body to his mouth. Ethan found himself blushing! He didn't Blush! Nothing embarrassed him! Rupert was just looking at him in such a hungry way! He cleared his throat.

"Did I tell you how fetching I thought that outfit was?"

"No." Rupert said quietly. He took off his glasses and laid them on top of his abandoned book.

"Well it is very. You should wear leather more often." Ethan swallowed, Rupert's eyes were boring into him, it was plain that he wanted him. His eyes were dark with lust and the way his body just lay there, open and waiting.

"I plan to after the ShadowDemons destruction. I think Willow likes it and I know you like it." Rupert murmured the last part of the sentence and looked pointedly at Ethan's Groin.

"Yes?" Ethan asked hopefully.

"Yes." Ripper answered sitting up. Ethan felt himself drawn to him. He had Ripper groaning his name, breathing hard and thrusting against his palm in minutes flat.

"Ethan we can't!" Rupert gasped as his friend freed his erection and had it surging into his fist. Rupert's head rolled back and he bit his lip his eyes closing in ecstasy.

"Ripper, you say no but your cock's saying yes. I nearly lost you today! Let me show you how much I care!"

Rupert gazed at Ethan. He'd not seen him look like this ever. Ethan made a few quick strokes over his cock and Rupert abandoned all reason. He reached for the waistband of Ethan's jeans and pulled him close for a soul-searching kiss. Ethan was busy at his groin. He had him hot and panting on the edge of cumming. Ethan was masterful, playing him like a musical instrument. The crescendo approached, he closed his eyes and bucked into Ethan's mouth as his lips closed round him in the seconds before he came. His groan was animal in nature. Ethan refused to let him down when he'd finished. He gave Rupert a kiss sharing the cum.

Rupert started to harden again and he pulled Ethan on to the sofa with him. He held him with strong hands while he invaded Ethan's mouth. When he finally broke off the kiss Ethan was breathless his eyes wide and dark. ShadowGiles attacked him shoving him fiercely down onto the couch. He tore at Ethan's fly and claimed his prize. Ethan felt sharp

teeth scrape down his length and realised what had happened. This wasn't a game!

"Shit!" Ethan tried to get away but ShadowGiles held him down with a snarl. The demon tore Ethan's shirt from him in his furious hurry to explore his chest. ShadowGiles' talons raked over Ethan's nipples drawing blood. He screamed out an incantation and scrambled away.

##

One moment ShadowGiles was snarling at him the next Rupert was staring at his bloody fingernails.

"God! Ethan, what did I do?" Rupert asked. Ethan was shaking, standing away from him.

"I got what I deserved. I took advantage of you Ripper. Foolish of me really. When Dominique returns I'll take care of her. You stay in here with Willow. All right?" Rupert nodded and sat down on the sofa. Ethan sat next to him, God, he needed something stronger than tea!

##

Xander was hammering on the door. He was just stepping back to put his shoulder against it when he heard the key turn in the lock the door opened and Ethan stepped out.

"What happened to you?" Xander asked he shot a glance over his shoulder at Buffy who raced to get the First Aid kit.

ShadowGiles lingered in the doorway half obscured by shadows. He filled the door frame impressively now. His dark eyes glittering and his arms folded across his chest. He watched Willow in the distance. She slowly turned to look at him. He smiled gently at her and with a nod of his head she was out of her seat crossing the library floor. He grasped the door handle tightly as she approached.

"Ethan told me you could wait in here with me Willow. It's all right. He banished ShadowGiles, I'm quite myself." He stepped into the light and his eyes sparkled green.

"Willow! Broadsword. Tell Ethan!" Rupert's voice was desperate. ShadowGiles had given him a few seconds only.

"Broadsword!" Willow screamed as he yanked her inside the room and slammed the door shut.

##

Ethan's head whipped round at the sound of the door slamming. Footsteps echoed round the library. She had returned.

Ethan got up wincing from the pain in his chest. Broadsword, perfect! He whipped the bandages off and flew to the weapons chest in the corner. He chose his weapon and a small addition that he tucked in his boot. He stood and levelled the weapon. His shoulders immediately complained it had been many years since he had wielded a weapon of this weight and deadliness.

Dominique came from the shadows dressed typically in leather, skin-tight trousers this time of the same design as ShadowGiles'. A low-cut leather waistcoat with silver buttons adorned her upper body. Her shoulders and arms showed she was used to fighting with broadsword. Her feet were clad in short ankle boots still with the customary high heels but allowing her more freedom of movement.

##

Buffy looked at Ethan, he had trusted her to protect Willow and she had failed. Could she help him to defeat this woman? She looked anxiously toward the office it had been quiet in there since the door slammed shut. Xander decided for her. He shoved her aside saving her from certain decapitation as Dominique swung her first blow at Ethan.

He blocked it whipping his sword aloft and used its weight to crash a swiping counter-attack, forcing her sword down and to the side. Xander rolled with Buffy then ran with her to the relative safety of the balcony. Unfortunately for them they could now see all that occurred in the office between Willow and ShadowGiles.

##

ShadowGiles paced toward her his fists clenching and unclenching menacingly. Willow backed into a corner trying to make herself as small as possible. ShadowGiles reached out with one taloned hand and closed round the flesh of her forearm and dragged her out. He kissed the palm of her hand, nipping the flesh lightly.

"You're going to like being my twin Willow. It's liberating. I really do love you. There, the other never had the balls to tell you did he? I can make you scream Willow, with pleasure or pain. Your choice. Soon they'll begin to melt together and you won't know the difference anymore." His lips moved up her arm; their softness contrasted with the sharpness of his teeth on her skin. She shuddered in spite of his warmth. He was close enough. She jerked her knee up sharply at the same time as bringing down a heavy book on his head. His fingers scraped along her arm as he fell to the ground in agony.

##

"Willow, Willow don't cry! I won't hurt you. Not for the world." Rupert had recovered from the knee in his groin and was now trying to convince her that it was safe to come from her hiding place. She was just about as far away as she could get in the small room. He gave up and stood looking out of the window with a tightly controlled expression of loathing on his face; loathing for Her. The verses of Kipling's Thousandth Man popped unbidden into his head. They described Ethan perfectly.

##

Willow felt emboldened and ventured from her hiding place. Rupert looked lost in thought. She touched his arm as softly as a butterfly alighting but it sent his heart soaring. He breathed in her scent floral and warm his body leaning toward her.

##

Through the window he saw Ethan battling to defend himself against the hammering blows

echoing round the library, raining down on his defensive blade. He wasn't attacking. Dominique had the superhuman strength of the insane and Ethan was helpless beneath her.

Rupert took a step away from Willow realising how he could influence the battle. Dominique's blade dropped briefly and her fierce expression fell away losing her concentration momentarily. Ethan seized the moment and launched himself at her. He swung his blade low at her knees, drawing first blood. The dominatrix staggered back allowing Ethan to catch his breath before she could strike again. He had to press home his advantage. The sword in his hands appeared lighter, Ripper? He snatched a glance over at the office and ducked as Her blade whistled past his ear just nicking the skin. That was too close!

##

"He's fighting for you; for your soul isn't he?" Willow asked. She stood near to but not touching him.

Rupert nodded his eyes never left Ethan. His friend resembled a true demon. His eyes were alight with blood lust his muscles honed and glossy with sweat. He was magnificent like this! Rupert felt a surge of pride. He belongs to me! He stopped the thought it shocked him so. Even after all these years knowing that Ethan would die for him shocked him.

"Is he winning?" He glanced down at her he had all but forgotten that Willow was there.

"Oh, yes he'll win. He always wins." He said smiling.

##

Dominique was beaten. She was on her knees with the point of her sword resting on the floor. Her hair hung about her face in damp tendrils. Ethan had attacked like a dervish when he saw blood. The clanging and hammering echoed through his mind like the Peals of Hells' Bell's. His blood sang in his veins he was enjoying himself; if one could enjoy oneself while fighting for ones' life.

Ethan glared from on high. He held his sword aloft gripped in both hands.

"JERUSHA" He announced to all present. End it! His mind screamed in jealous rage. She's taken Rupert from you. You liked ShadowGiles didn't you? His eyes flamed down at his vanquished foe. "Yield or die!"

Would she yield?

##

At the sound of the name Rupert stiffened and closed his eyes. An icy blast of air swept through the office. Willow flung her arms round him and held on burying her face in his chest. He held her there one hand caressing her wind swept hair.

"He has her now!"

##

Dominique threw her head back and stared at Ethan with empty haunted eyes. He was going to kill her. She saw it plain. No amount of pleading would sway this one.

"I yield." She prostrated herself before him.

Xander and Buffy held their breath as Ethan heaved the weapon higher. She had given up. He wasn't going to kill her, was he? Ethan brought the blade down with a final crashing clang; snapping her weapon in two and cutting off a single stray curl of her hair. He stooped to pick up the curl.

"You are mine, Jerusha, body and soul 'till time ends." He looked towards the office with immense sadness. Goodbye Rupert.

She has you now.

##

Willow gazed at Rupert. Something was different about him. His smile was positively beatific. He picked her up high and swung her round in his arms.

"She's gone, we're free."

Willow was giddy and giggling. He gazed on her with smouldering eyes and she caught her breath. She slowly slid down his long body twining her legs round him as she descended. His large hands smoothed her dress up and over her body. He flipped the garment past her wrists expertly and it fell he knew not where. Her legs crossed behind his back as he reached up to unclasp her bra. The thin whisp of lace went the same way as her dress. Now all that remained was the barrier of her panties. He held her restrained with one hand on her back while he reached for the stiletto knife at his belt.

She shivered as the cold blade touched her skin and he inserted it at the leg of her panties.

"You are never going to wear these again." He whispered throatily. He cut them from her as he kissed her breasts. With a flick of his wrist the knife spun away and thudded into the door.

"Reach down and unlace me Willow." Her hands trembled over the straining leather. At last he was free and she gasped at his length and girth. He grasped her buttocks and squeezed she moaned loudly. He was gradually inching her into position to impale her. He held her high again.

"Willow, you want your prize?" He asked quietly, he hoped he sounded calm only he'd just seen some very odd looks being exchanged through the window. He backed up and managed to unfurl the blind it dropped down with a clatter.

##

Ethan was looking at them just before the blind fell. He smiled to himself, You Go Ripper!

He couldn't remember the last time he'd been this bloody exhausted. He rested his

forehead on the pommel of his sword and sucked in great draughts of air. He opened his eyes as Buffy offered him a bottle of water. He grabbed it and gulped it down.

"You were good out there Ethan. Well done!" She had no smart remark for Ethan tonight, no jibe at his courage or self-serving ambitions. She was in awe of him. If tonight was an illustration of what he was like as a young man how had the world survived Ripper and Ethan?

##

"You've got to ask nicer than that Willow." He chose to ignore her moans.

"Now, I want it Please Rupert! Fuck me!" He smiled and lowered her onto his meat. He loved the way her mouth opened, as if he were going to come out of her throat. My, she was tight! He was trembling there she was down. Her face was gorgeous like this. She glowed with growing experience, the gains far out weighing the loss of her innocence.

He moved in her slowly at first then allowed her to dictate the pace of his thrusts. She bit all round his pierced nipple making it ache with a terrible desire that transmitted to his thrusting loins. Rupert leaned her against the wall and finally permitted himself the luxury of Willow's Kiss. He placed his lips softly over hers and moved sensually, slowly over her warm lips. He licked gently, easing himself in stroking and teasing her sweet tongue, coaxing it into life.

Soon they were breathing hard. The fire of their love consuming their bodies. Willow pulled and worried at his nipples he groaned and thrust harder into her, so much so that he worried he might climax before her.

Her sweet face froze in orgasmic bliss and she sighed his name. Her orgasm surprised him with its intensity. It was as if her pussy was a second mouth sucking him dry. He powered into her several more times wishing for the sensations to last forever.

End it did with his legs finally giving way and they fell onto the couch. She refused to give up her tangled position round his legs and held him inside her by sheer will. He felt all over hugged and content. He realised that over the past weeks he had had plenty of game sex but hardly any real love. Willow was love and he loved her.

"Rupert?" His mind reeled again. She had used his Christian name.

"Hmm?" Incapable of coherent speech are we?

"Will you wear Leather for me?" Willow sounded embarrassed and aroused at the same time.

"If you will for me. Willow, Will you be my Shelper?" He had suddenly realised there was a vacancy.

"Yes, if I can play like her." Willow's passion had been ignited. He was reminded of the directions on a box of fireworks. He'd lit the blue touch-paper but he didn't want to retire to a safe distance!

The end.