

Watcher Times Two

Giles looked at the letter again, a whole host of conflicting emotions crowding his mind. One thought bubbled to the surface. 'He's coming here' He let the paper fall to his side, swallowing the lump of fear and dread that had just formed in his throat.

"Oh, God. He's coming here," glancing round his flat as if he were seeing it for the first time. Would it pass muster? He shook his head wearily.

"He's coming here..." He repeated miserably collapsing on his sofa and holding his head in his hands.

"Who's coming here?" Willow's sunny voice roused him with a start. He hadn't heard her come in. Buffy opened his door noisily, still in her jogging clothes. He turned on his Slayer irritably.

"Don't you ever knock? I might have been doing something!" Buffy rapped her knuckles on the door.

"What's happened, did you two have a fight?" She asked settling on the arm of one of his chairs. Willow blushed as she answered.

"Oh, no! I just got here, Giles is all upset about a visitor." Giles frowned, Willow judged his expression to be a 'tea would make me feel better' frown. She went into the kitchen.

"Well," said Buffy folding her arms. "Aren't you going to tell me?"

"My brother is coming to stay ... for a while. I've not seen him in twenty-one, no ... twenty-two years."

"Wow! Older 'an me" Buffy commented.

"Quite, I'm older, so he escaped the Watcher destiny. My parents had an Heir and a spare so Simon got all the treats and I got all the threats. Then after Eyghon, I was in no fit state for at least six months. The Council trained him double quick and he's never let me forget. It's going to be Hell!" Willow gave him his tea as the word 'Hell' escaped his lips.

"Is he like you then? I mean he being a Watcher." Willow asked, Giles shook his head.

"We're complete opposites. Its funny, his duty has never weighed as heavy on his shoulders as it has on mine. I have an active Slayer, he doesn't. He trains Watchers."

"When is he coming?" Buffy asked, Giles looked at the letter again and groaned.

"Tonight, he'll be here tonight."

Buffy went into overdrive issuing orders for party food and drinks. Giles sank lower

in the sofa seeking shelter from the whirlwind that was his Slayer in Party Mode.

##

The house was quiet; Giles was in the shower as the large motorcycle purred smoothly to a halt behind the Citroen. The rider dismounted and removed the suitcase panniers; he was tall and wore black all-in-one biking leathers. He walked with a slight limp to his right leg, setting his cases down in front of Giles' door he removed his full face black crash helmet and knocked on the door.

Giles flung on his robe hurriedly as he came out of the shower. "No-one ever knocks, must be a stranger." Giles muttered. He opened his door and looked in the mirror.

"Simon!" He shouted and hugged his brother.

"Rupert," his voice was more common sounding than Giles', but it had exactly the same timbre and inflection. "When you've finished flashing the neighbours mate, you can let me in!"

Giles grinned and helped his brother with his luggage. The cases were light signifying that Simon was only passing through He frowned. Simon wasn't staying long.

"Rupert, can I borrow your shower. I've been riding since yesterday..." Without waiting for permission he unzipped his leathers, slipped off his boots and walked into the recently vacated bathroom, naked. Giles tutted shaking his head he hung up Simon's suit and put his helmet and boots behind the door.

"You're early, " Giles shouted above the noise of the shower. "I wasn't expecting you till later"

Simon listened to his brothers voice it was so good to hear him. He needed to hear him. He was on 'Down Time' from The Council, someone he had trained had died, someone very dear to him. She had been twenty-two. He washed the tears from his eyes with the warm water.

"You want tea, Simon?" Giles called.

"Yeah, be out in a mo." He stepped from the shower and nearly fell as his knee went into spasm. The joint was hopelessly locked and he hissed in pain, the angry, red barely healed scar, throbbed. The demons claw had been removed from his flesh, it had pinned his wife's body to his leg and he didn't want them to remove it. He wanted to die with her. He both loved and hated the wound. He grabbed a towel and carefully put his foot to the ground, it held and he hobbled out into the living room.

##

"Giles does your brother like sweet or savoury things. We got both." Willow called as she barrelled in the front door. Willow nearly dropped the box when she saw the bronzed stranger before her. He was Giles, but not Giles.

He had several curious tattoos at various points on his body. She recognised some as being for protection and he must have travelled extensively in India judging by the

rich hue of his skin and the nature of his tattoos, drops of moisture glistened on his muscular chest. The towel secured low on his hips seemed to be lifting as they regarded each other. She noticed his eyes, lust-filled and emerald as they raked over her body, she felt as if he could see through her.

They both swallowed at the same time, moistened their lips at the same time.... breathed, stepped closer, fingertips touching.

"Oh good, Willow. You've met Simon!"

"Giles!" she squeaked, reddening. "We weren't ... I mean I didn't.... Uhm nothing.... happened." She babbled. 'Giles has a twin' she thought 'a mouth-watering sexy, take me, take me I'm yours twin. Oh, Boy! If that was foreplay back then I'm dead!' she shuddered. 'Bad Willow! Bad, bad.'

"Hello Willow," Simon smiled.

Willow blushed deeper. 'Why don't you just jump on his bod?' Where did that voice come from? Simon took Willow's hand in his and kissed her delicate fingers, his eyes raised to gaze into hers. She gasped at his scorching kiss.

"Hello Simon..." She sighed.

Giles frowned, he found himself mildly annoyed at this exchange. Why? It was just his brother's normal greeting of a female if he remembered correctly. Very courtly in his greetings was 'Casanova' Giles!

Buffy bounded into the house, nearly tripping over the box that Willow had left in the doorway.

"Hey, wicked bike outside!" Her voice tailed off as she took in the vision of double damp Watchers. Her mouth worked but no sound came out. Giles offered up a silent prayer of thanks; his Slayer had been silenced. The kettle boiled and Buffy followed him into the kitchen to make the tea.

"Giles, you could have warned us about him being your twin! How much older are you than him? How long is he staying for? And do you think it wise to leave him alone in a towel, with Willow?"

Giles considered a moment, and then growing more alarmed by the end of Buffy's questions, he threw down his spoon. "Finish the tea!" He hissed and strode into the living room, when he got to Willow's side he snaked his arm round her waist possessively. Simon glanced between the two of them and smiled in understanding.

"I'll go and dress for the party." Simon collected his panniers and limped to the spare room.

Willow looked up at Giles with soft eyes. "You can let go now Giles..." She murmured. Giles stared at his brother's retreating back, 'when did he get that injury?'

"Giles..." He looked down at Willow, a soft blush played on her cheeks, her eyes luminous. He tightened his grip on her waist to bring her closer and sought heaven in

her kiss. Their tongues duelled, teeth nipping soliciting moans from both parties as the kiss deepened, becoming more demanding. Willow's eyes flew open as she felt his hardness pressing against her. Her dreams of an afternoon of delight coming true. She could feel him want to withdraw as he realised he may have gone too far. She stopped him with a grind of her hips. He froze and studied her face asking silent permission. His answer was a partially swallowed tongue. He wrapped both arms round her and gasped into her mouth when he felt her daring fingers touch the quivering tip of his erection.

"Tea!" Buffy announced to the room. Buffy put the tray on the table and glanced at her two friends, on either side of the room. They looked flushed. She gave them a quizzical look then shrugged as she poured the tea. Giles excused himself to get dressed.

##

Willow busied herself helping Buffy with the party food. Xander would be arriving soon to do the barbecue. The girls were rather looking forward to the reaction when he saw the twins.

"Xander is here... Where do you want it? Hey Giles?" he called. He was answered in stereo. Xander stood transfixed as two Giles' approached him one from the stairs, the other from the spare room. One was wearing white linen trousers and very little else the other was wearing black linen and very little else.

"Buffy! Buffy?" Xander yelled.

The Slayer steamed from the back yard, stake held high in readiness at her friends' cry of dismay. She stopped and stared herself. It was rare to see her Watcher so relaxed in company. They wore the same expression and she suspected this was something they had worked out before because suddenly both men began to laugh. Her stake arm dropped to her side and she shook her head.

"Watchers!" she said to no one in particular, taking Xander's arm and leading him outside.

##

Giles looked at his brother as he leant on the wall chatting animatedly with Willow. The crisis was over between them, Giles had the feeling something was wrong with Simon. He constantly favoured his left leg and would absently rub his right knee every now and then. The evening was warm and the sun felt good on his back. Why couldn't he just be like Simon and soak up the sun. Strip off clothing and inhibitions and just be! But, you can't moon-bathe can you? On a Hellmouth being a nudist was not a healthy option! Buffy was gazing at her Watcher, a new light of understanding dawned.

"You want to be like him?" she asked. Giles opened his eyes abruptly, he wasn't aware of her approach.

"His lifestyle has its merits. Less laundry for one," he joked and finished his beer. "But he doesn't have an attractive, active Slayer." He grinned Buffy smiled back and

took his arm to lead him over to where Willow and Simon stood.

"Xander, take a picture." Buffy ordered. Xander left the steaks blazing and got his camera. Simon, Rupert, Willow and Buffy arranged themselves in unnatural, natural poses and smiled. Simon looked a little sad; he let his hand drop to Willow's shoulder. He wondered if he should tell Rupert that Willow looked like Cathy, his dead wife. The photo call over they drifted over to rescue the steaks. Buffy took her leave of the gathering to patrol at midnight. Xander accompanied her.

The Giles brothers and Willow retired to the living room. Willow lay down on the sofa her head resting on Giles chest, he didn't mind at all that she felt bolder in Buffy's absence. Her eyes soon closed, lulled to sleep by the twin voices murmuring into the night.

"Willow is a wonderful girl..."

"She 'ain't no girl Rupert! Look! You blind? She's a woman and she wants you. Don't wait a second longer. In our business, the rules don't apply. You could die tomorrow, Rupert!" Simon couldn't stop the tears springing to his eyes.

"What's wrong Simon?" Giles looked at his brother closely finally seeing the tattoo above his heart a crescent moon on its side with a face and a dot beneath. He understood and the emotion crashed around him.

"You're on 'Down Time' aren't you?" His voice cracked with sorrow, "your wife died?" Simon's sobbing sigh made his heart break.

"She tried to stop a demon from running me through. She was impaled by its claw, went through her and into my leg. She clutched me, as she died Rupert. Kissed me through the poisoned pain. I wanted to die too, but no! Two Watchers dying at one time?" He spat out bitterly. "Bad for the statistics!" He glared at his brother through his tears. "I ran. I'm not going back!"

"The Hellmouth is the first place they'll look, Simon!" Giles pondered a while. "I know someone. He can hide you, well make it damn near impossible for you to be found anywhere."

"Ethan?" Simon asked with a sneer.

"Ethan." Giles nodded resolutely.

Simon got up and walked to his room to pack. Giles settled Willow on a cushion and went to help him. They chatted whilst he packed his meagre belongings and he changed into his biking leathers.

"Rupert, Cathy was the same age as Willow. Don't be afraid. We're old souls in young bodies. Willow's soul is old, as well you know! Live in the sunshine Rupert!" Simon passed him in the doorway and gave him a kiss goodbye.

"Tell Ethan thanks for the escape route. Don't pay him too much this time Rupert, save some for Willow!" He waved and fixed the panniers to his bike, mounted, gunned the engine and purred away into the night.

##

The morning was bright blue and gold, splinters of light spiked into Willow's eyes. 'Party mouth', she yakked. Where was everybody? The patio doors were open; one of the loungers had been dragged outside into the sun. She rolled off the sofa and tripped outside. What she saw made her eyes pop.

Giles lay nude on the lounge sunning himself. Uhm, the right Giles, right?

She approached the lounge cautiously. An arm snapped out and caught her bringing her onto his lap. She gasped and giggled. His body was warm and toasty. Her eyes ran over his body, only one tattoo. Yes, her Giles. Her Giles?

"Willow, are you going to join me? Its all private see..." He glanced up at the trees screening the yard. He reached under the lounge. "Smart Watchers carry condoms." He grinned. His grin widened as Willow produced its twin from her pocket.

"Smart witches likewise."

The End.