

Willow's Secret 1/7

Series Ripping Confessions

Summary Giles fights to settle into a normal life after his "treatment" in Redhill Insane Asylum.

Warning Some of it will be harrowing some of it silly. Bitter/Sweet

The first weeks after Giles' release were the worst. They were living in a seedy area of London where it was dangerous to walk abroad at night. It didn't help that Willow was convinced they were being watched.

Willow had to find herself a job. That meant she had to spend a lot of time away from Giles. He was fine when he had Willow near him but at night, alone in their separate beds, she heard his cries as the nightmares tortured his mind.

He dreamed that he was still in hospital, that Willow had not been in time to rescue him. He saw himself old and broken, vegetating under the shade of his beloved Willow tree. He always woke with a wild scream and the inability to utter a coherent sound, his mind blank once more. Gradually, during daylight, with much coaching from Willow, his speech would improve, becoming lucid by bedtime.

Willow didn't sleep until he slept, in case he should need her.

##

"Willow, Willow?" His singsong voice woke her gently. She sat up and saw him holding a tray for her. She blinked up at him. He was still in his pyjamas, looking alert and refreshed. 'No nightmare last night', she thought, gratefully.

"Morning. Oh, breakfast," she said, glancing at the clock. It was only half-past four, "and so early." she smiled. 'Never mind.' She thought.

"Job interview today," he said almost conversationally.

"Yes, only round the corner, Rupert. Will you be all right?"

He nodded and poured her some tea. "Willow, do you think that I'm better?" He asked.

"Yes, Rupert. You're getting there. I'm proud of you."

His gentle smile reminded her of his progress. She didn't mind the hour, that smile made everything right.

With breakfast finished, he cleared the tray whilst she showered and dressed for her interview. Willow checked on him before she left. He was in bed, lying half out of his covers. Breakfast had worn him out. She kissed his temple and propped her picture against the lamp, so he could see her when he woke. She would be gone for half an hour at the most.

##

Her footfalls had no sooner ceased to echo in the hall, than four men raced up the stairs to

their flat. The same four men that had taken Giles from Sunnydale, the day Buffy died. An athletic looking Rastafarian, who occupied the floor below, followed them silently, moving with feline stealth. He had been charged with a sacred duty to protect the Watcher and his Witch.

##

Giles woke with a start. Someone dragged him from his bed clamping a hand over his mouth to prevent him crying out. He was hauled to the bathroom struggling violently, his eyes wild with fear. The bath was full, the cold tap still running. He winced as an unknown needle rendered him numb and he toppled into the tub. The icy water revived him and his arms instinctively shot upwards. He yelled under-water as a knife slashed his wrists, the water turning red. He surged to the surface to take a giant breath; he tried to shout but was forcibly submerged once more. He held his breath and used both fists to hammer on the side of the bath to attract some attention but he was weakening. He opened his eyes and saw through the blood-filtered water the terrible sight of an unleashed Gorgon.

The lashing, flailing snakes and its petrifying gaze turned Giles' assailants to crumbling pumice. The monster's eyes closed as he replaced his mirror shades. He covered the pleasant hissing purr of the snakes adorning his head with his hat and reached down to heave Giles out of the pool of blood.

As Giles spluttered and sucked in air, the Gorgon bound his wrists with hand towels to staunch the flow of blood. Giles had just got his breath back when Willow charged in.

"Giles?!" Her scream hurt her ears in the small room. The stranger steadily met her accusing glare.

"Willow, he helped..." Giles gasped.

"Mistress, get some bandages please." She was momentarily spellbound by his melodious voice.

"Willow?" Giles questioned. She sped off.

Giles' lips were blue. He was sinking into shock. The Gorgon lifted him from the tub and wrapped him in towels, rubbing him vigorously to warm his cold limbs and body. Willow arrived with the bandages but was unprepared for the dark stranger's exit from the bathroom, holding Giles effortlessly in his arms.

He put Giles on his bed and stripped off his damp things, then covered him snugly. He bandaged the right wrist while Willow did the left.

"Who are you?" Giles asked. His colour had returned though he could hardly keep his eyes open.

"I have no name. I was sent to protect thee Sleep now, one who watches." Giles' eyes closed instantly. Willow tried to look deep into the stranger's eyes but saw only herself reflected in the glasses.

"How did you stop them?" Willow murmured, aware of Giles' peaceful sleep.

"My gaze is sudden death to those of impure heart or ill intent. I am descended from she who battled Perseus. My countenance is such that it turns flesh to flint. I am cursed with a siren's voice that lures my victims to their doom. Mistress, do not ask of me to look upon my unguarded eyes. He needs thee vital and warm. I will take my leave now..."

End of Pt 1

Willow's Secret 2/7

Summary Gorgon helps Giles to remember

Warning Giles may have a rival for Willow's affections

Willow lay awake, listening to Giles' breathing. All her fears were being realised. Would The Watchers send someone else to try to kill Giles? They had nearly succeeded, if Gorgon hadn't come to his rescue... she turned over, it didn't bare thinking about!

She felt so helpless and alone. She swiped at her tears. She must be strong for him. Sniffing in the darkness, she turned again and saw his eyes glistening softly.

"Willow, don't weep. We'll be all right" Giles' voice sounded almost normal, his sentences slowly lengthening. He held out his hand in the darkness and she took it in hers. Her fingers brushed the bandage at his wrist and she felt his fingers tighten.

"Sorry, I'm sorry I wasn't here Rupert." She sobbed.

"Shh, Willow. They would have hurt you, it wasn't my time ... and we have our Protector downstairs, though he doesn't tidy up after himself," Giles saw her questioning look. "There's a ton of breeze block in the bathroom!" He smiled, sighing as he heard her laughter. He had missed her; all the things he had missed colours, sounds, tastes, warmth, and sun, were linked to this extraordinary woman whom, he was fairly sure, would have seen off his attackers. Gorgon intervention or no, Willow would have found a way!

"Rupert, may I share your bed tonight?" she asked. Her hand was empty. She sighed. She had her answer, 'too soon.'

"Willow, I can't... yet." He turned on his back, staring up at the cracked ceiling. His eyes watered, unblinking. "I might still hurt you. Until I can be sure... Willow?" He turned his head, reaching out with his hand once more, he encountered her finger-tips.

"OK, Rupert. Goodnight. Get some sleep." She was careful this time to be quiet as she cried herself to sleep.

##

Gorgon slept leadenly on a mattress on the floor. A backpack at its foot was the only other thing in his room. He needed little. A scurrying sound in the corner snapped his eyes open in the direction of the sound. The scurrying stopped abruptly, a smile played briefly on his lips, to be replaced by an expression of regret. 'Even mice are not safe from my gaze.' He thought, but his head of serpents demanded their meat, however meagre. He himself did not eat, gleaning all that he required from his colony's voracious appetite.

He knew that soon the serpents would demand more of his body. He needed a mate, one that could withstand his marble glare. He turned his head carefully so as not to disturb his slumbering symbiots. She only had to look for the blink of an eye. He was death in the blink of an eye! His sigh rumbled from his chest, stirring the rock that was once a mouse.

##

"Rupert, breakfast!" Willow called. He came to the table with a bed sheet wrapped about him like a toga. She smiled.

"Peel you a grape, my Lord?" Rupert gave her a lop-sided smile. She poured his tea, putting the teapot down with a thump as the doorbell rang. Willow grabbed a knife from the table but Giles stayed her hand.

"Willow, you going to butter them to death?" She looked down at the blunt knife gripped in her fist. "Assassins don't ring doorbells." He sipped his tea calmly. She replaced the knife and went to see who their visitor was.

"Gorgon," she smiled. "Come in, we're just having breakfast. Would you like some tea?"

The monster's heart leapt when he saw her. She was so gentle, so delicate, like a flower. He followed her into the living/dining area.

"Rupert, it's Gorgon." Willow smiled happily. Gorgon sat down and accepted the tea she offered him. As she poured she noticed that there was a stray serpent peeping from Gorgon's hat. She lifted the band and tucked the juvenile reptile into the warm confines of the hat.

Gorgon gasped with obvious pleasure.

"Willow!" Giles bellowed. "Don't, venom!" He held his head at the sudden pain. A bright light spiked into his brain, highlighting volumes of memory, turning pages of references until he got to the cure for Gorgon venom.

"Rupert!" cried Willow in alarm. He looked as though he were in a trance, muttering under his breath. Gorgon's hand on his arm roused him and he looked into the blessed creature's reflective glasses.

"I remember..." He smiled a child's smile of wonder. "All of it so clearly... Willow the cobwebs are gone. It's wonderful! We've got to get to the museum. My books and belongings are there. That's where the Watchers sent them. I think the answer to who killed Buffy is there too. Gorgon, will you come with us?"

"Yes, of course. Mistress Willow, it is not wise to touch my head. The venom of the serpents I harbour is poisonous. I would not want to harm such a delicate bloom in any way..."

Giles chuckled. "Delicate bloom? Snap-dragon more like. She was ready to eviscerate you with a butter knife!" Willow blushed as both Gorgon and Giles laughed.

##

They exited South Kensington station and followed Giles to the staff entrance. He smiled at the guard behind the grill. He was an old man, but when Giles first knew him he was in his forties.

"Hello George, long time. Could you let me and my friends in to check on something?" The guard opened the door, muttering that he really shouldn't but it wasn't like Mr. Giles would blow anything up...

##

Once inside, Giles weaved his unerring way through the complex warren of corridors until he got to the internal stairs.

"Now, we climb. Several people have needed oxygen at this point. You OK, Gorgon?" The Gorgon threw an old fashioned look at the Watcher.

The climb was interminable. Rupert reached down to help Willow up the last of the steps. Her body pressed against his outside the small door of his office, their breathing heavy in the enclosed space. Gorgon waited patiently behind them, hearing the lovers' hearts soar. Giles let go of her reluctantly and opened the door of his office.

"Watcher!" Gorgon barked. Whipping off his glasses, he rushed past them to cleanse the room of any threat. Willow was pinned once more to Giles chest. She freed herself this time and stepped into the room to see Gorgon's eyes close. He groped for his fallen mirror shades. She bent to retrieve them for him. He had opened his eyes to aid him in his search. Willow gave them to him, he held his head-gear in one hand. She looked up. The serpents on his head writhed amongst the bronze corkscrew curls of his hair. He lowered his eyes as he took his shades from her and saw her smile.

"Willow? Giles sounded worried. "Willow!"

End of part 2

[Willow's secret 3/7](#)

[Summary](#) The conspiracy unravels

"You're beautiful..." Willow gasped. "Myth's say Gorgons were ugly..."

The Gorgon turned away to capture his snakes. His mind rejoicing. She is the one, I have found her!

"Willow? Willow! Are you all right?" Gorgon's expression darkened. One stood in his way. One that he had sworn to protect. The other that shared the mark of Eyghon had said he had the power to destroy him if he wavered in his duty.

"Its OK, Rupert a few mice and pigeons that's all. God its a mess!" She didn't want to move from where she stood in case she stepped in something nasty .

Rupert stepped round her and collected some keys from a board, he shared them between Gorgon and Willow.

"Start opening stuff, everything!"

"Righto Ripper..." Willow smiled.

Gorgon shook his head, mystified. He went to the nearest file cabinet and tried his keys. After three hours search they had a satisfactory pile of papers and books in the middle of the desk. Rupert found a bag to put them in. He lifted it and promptly dropped it, holding his wrists in pain.

"They're bleeding?" Willow asked, Rupert nodded he looked ghastly pale. Gorgon reached for the bag.

"Come, before our pillage is discovered."

Rupert stumbled down the last of the steps, his bandages were blood-soaked.

"We need a physician." Gorgon looked at Willow intently, then back to Rupert who rested his back against the cool wall of the basement. The room echoed with his ragged shallow breaths, he shook his head wearily, uttering one word. "Venom."

Gorgon took a step backwards. "No. It would cure or kill." Willow gripped the monsters hand, looking down her pleading soul touched his.

"Close your eyes Watcher." Giles' eyes shut tight as Gorgon knelt to undo his bandages. The creature removed the serpent's covering and waited for them to strike at the now open wounds. Willow looked away. Gorgon, his head covered once more held Rupert's wrists together, smearing the poison until the wounds healed. "Open your eyes ..."

"Thank you." He showed his wrists to Willow. "Look. All gone..." She turned on Gorgon.

"Why didn't you do that straight away?" She accused.

"Willow," Giles interrupted, sensing the Gorgon's dismay. "It's a last resort. C'mon, home. We have research..."

##

Willow gazed at him lovingly, his glasses on; his nose in a book and munching an apple he looked like the Giles of old. Gorgon watched her watch him. He closed his book quietly.

"Mistress Willow found something other than a book." Willow blushed as Rupert glanced up, he swallowed his apple.

"Really, may I see?" Willow handed him the velvet box hesitantly. Giles put his book down and opened the box, He stared at the 'seal' charm, becoming nauseous. He snapped the lid shut.

"Where did you get this?" Willow's stomach flipped at the coldness of his voice.

"It was locked in a desk drawer in your office... I'm sorry, shouldn't I have taken it?"

Giles stroked his thumb over the velvet lid, the name embroidered on the top was slightly rough to his touch. He put it down on the table.

"I Was going to give it to.... It was a present, for her Birthday." His head slumped forward on his folded arms he was lost in sorrow again.

Gorgon touched the box, tracing the name of the jeweller, embroidered in gold. "Sebastian." He murmured. "Sebastian is the name, the sorcerer said you would know, Watcher."

Rupert's head jerked up. He grabbed the box and reread the name. The name was familiar to him, he closed his eyes picturing the Jeweller's in his mind, looking up at the sign. "Claude Sebastian" His fist closed round the box.

"I know who that is!" Willow exclaimed. "It was in Ethan's mail.." Willow searched through the folio section of her lap top case. She passed the printouts to Rupert who read them with growing anxiety.

"Claude Sebastian is a respected member of the Watcher's Council. It seems he's descended from a relative of Marie Sebastian the vampire who had Buffy killed." Giles swallowed the lump that came to his throat when he said her name. "Why does he want me dead?"

Willow held herself still and erect, perhaps it was time to tell Rupert what she, Angel and Spike had done to Mary Sebastian.

"I have something to tell you, Rupert, you won't like it..." She told him about finding Buffy, Angel calling the Bloodfast, how he and Spike had helped her to trap and torture Mary at the mansion. She told how Xander had tried to dissuade her but she disregarded his concerns and went ahead. She described in detail the progression of the torture and ended her account with her own shameful abuse of her Witch-power for evil.

Gorgon's gaze revealed nothing of his inner turmoil. Giles looked both horrified and saddened. He couldn't meet her eyes.

Gorgon looked deep into Willow's eyes, his own filled with wonder, so much fury had been unleashed and then contained within so delicate a vessel. Still her spirit was pure untainted by this act of vengeance. She was indeed a perfect mate!

End of part 3

Willow's Secret 4/8

Summary Giles confesses his love for Willow and Gorgon feels jealousy

"Willow, it wasn't your job. I should have been there. She was my Slayer..."

"She was my friend!" Willow's retort caught Rupert off guard. "If you had just said something to her everyone could have helped. You always shared your dreams before,

why not then?" Willow's hateful stare bored into his soul rendering him numb. She sank down on her chair, all the fight gone from her. Gorgon felt ill as ease between them.

Giles stared at the table for a long time, trying to make up his mind about something, he glanced at Willow with bright eyes and started to speak, his voice barely audible.

"I had the dream for eight weeks, two or three times a night, sometimes. I could hear her thoughts, hear the echoes of her life. I lived her death in my dreams; I knew every detail. The way she would be dressed, everything. If I had said anything to you about it, you would have sent me away with the men in white coats and Buf... She would still have died. I had to try to keep her alive until the very end. Willow, you making me sleep lessened the torment of that ending. Thank you, but you shouldn't have endangered yourself trying to slay a vampire whose sole purpose was to be slain. You see," He gazed into her emerald eyes. "I knew the one who loved me most would find me, the one I loved the most, you Willow. I knew you would rescue me."

Willow landed in his lap, he stroked her hair and swept her tears away tenderly. She smiled as his lips met hers, sharing gentle, easy kisses. Gorgon stared at them his serpents reared and hissed.

My Mate.

##

Gorgon's muscles rippled beneath his skin as he dragged another bag of Watcher remains down the stairs to the skip they had hired. Willow swept the bathroom clear of the dust and mopped it. Giles sat at the dining table nursing a mug of tea. He'd withdrawn again after confessing his love for her and telling her about his nightmares. Gorgon had suggested a herbal bath for him, that's why they were clearing the room.

She caught her breath when the bathroom door closed.. She turned to look at Gorgon, her nostrils flaring as she picked up his male scent, she studied his chest glossy with sweat, the bronze curls peppering his pectorals and descending into his jeans, almost like an arrow pointing to the object of her desire. He smiled and took a step toward her, she stepped back.

"Mistress, you have looked into my eyes and survived. I wish to ask a favour of you." Willow swallowed and tried to relax. Nothing would happen... This is Gorgon, sent to protect you. Giles is just next door...

"What is it ?" She whispered. 'Look in his eyes damn it!' He took another pace toward her caressing her arms with his long fingers.

"I wish, need to have. That is, my serpents require a mate." He murmured.

"What?!!" Willow exclaimed. She looked at the door beginning to panic.

"I would not ask, but my serpents need to have an issue within the year. If I do not find a mate who is able to look upon me without fear as you have done, I will perish; my species will become extinct. No harm will come to you. I could never harm you. You need only supply me with an egg. I will carry the child."

Willow found her eyes lingering below his waist, there was definitely something down there, how would Gorgon carry the child? He lifted her chin. She looked up at him. His eyes were closed and the serpents writhed amongst his dread locks. He was so beautiful. His arms encircled her waist, lifting her up to his kiss, Willow gently tangled her fingers in the warmth of the serpents nest. He moaned into her mouth, his forked tongue flicking quickly over hers, tasting her, Willow squirmed away from him, remembering to keep her eyes shut.

"Forgive me, I presume too much. The will of my serpents increases as I mature. In a year I will no longer be able to live in the world of men." He concluded sadly, a tear ran down his cheek. Willow's heart cracked. The knock at the door reminded them of their purpose, Gorgon spun the hot water tap to fill the bath. The bag of herbs hung under the water filling the room with its pungent healing aroma.

Willow opened the door. She smiled at Rupert; he didn't smile back. Oh no! He overheard us! Giles' stare was enough to petrify, Gorgon lowered his gaze and left the room. Giles kicked the door shut with his foot and locked it, trapping Willow in the bathroom with him. He seized her arms and shoved her against the wall his eyes aflame.

"Do you know how they mate?" His harsh voice grated in the small room. "A serpent detaches itself from his head and travels down your body, leaving a thick mucous trail on your skin." He ran lascivious fingers over her breasts ending between her legs.

"Accounts say some of the serpents are as thick as a man's wrist." His voice assumed a matter of fact tone. Willow shut her eyes. This wasn't Rupert; this was the man in the asylum, the mindless one. Her Rupert would come back... Please come back Rupert, she prayed. Tears coursed down her face as his fingers trailed up to grip her chin in his large hand. He leered at her, pressing himself as close as he was able.

"Frightened, little one? You should be ..." his voice had lost its dangerous edge, his fingers gentled as he covered her mouth with his.

Suddenly Rupert was away from her and the bathroom door swung freely on one hinge. Gorgon stood in the room ready to fix him with his granite glare. With no thought of the danger that he had just warned Willow about, Rupert launched himself at the supernatural being. Gorgon was surprised, no-one had ever attacked him. His defences were lethal. It made a welcome change to fight with fists, but because none had fought him, he was ill prepared for the ferocity of Ripper's attack. His serpents hissed their enjoyment of the sport. Gorgon shook his dreadlocks free and fought back. He still wore his shades, he couldn't kill this man but he could fight him, fight him he did. The struggle was brief but violent with Ripper losing in spectacular fashion. He was picked up and thrown against the side of the bath, Gorgon snatched his shades from his eyes and glared at a spot near the Watcher's foot.

"No!" Willow screeched as she saw Rupert's foot jerk back fearfully, all malice gone from his face.

Rupert turned to glare at Gorgon the two males regarded each other, neither backing down. Like stags fighting over the same mate. Willow was shocked by the fury that had temporarily marred Gorgon's features. He turned on his heel, Willow felt his finger tips brush her hand briefly.

"Forgive me, Mistress Willow. I overstepped the bounds of my duty." She lifted her eyes to his terrible countenance now mercifully in repose.

She murmured her thanks to Gorgon. Then approached Rupert tentatively reaching out to him. He launched himself at her, crushing the breath from her body. She stroked his hair and remained kneeling by him until he had calmed enough to disrobe and step into the bath. He leaned back and sighed, breathing in the richly scented steam a contented smile on his face. She smiled too. 'He's back' she rejoiced. Now she knew why he had made no move to love her; he had rages to work out before they could truly be together. She winced as she reached for the bar of soap. Her arm hurt where he had gripped her, where she still bore his finger marks on her skin.

"Willow, forgive me. I was angry and jealous I didn't know how else to react. Willow, Gorgon could kill you." He grasped her hand, while gazing into her clear green eyes. "You are easy to love Willow, you give affection so readily and he has a gentle spirit. Please, be careful ..." To all this she just nodded. Slowly as he gazed at her, she undressed and slipped into the water facing him. She washed his chest and wondered at his moans and gasps as he grew more aroused, suddenly stopping her hand's descent.

"Willow don't..." He swallowed and shut his eyes as her hand closed round him, washing him gently. Then her hands left him and she gave him the soap.

"Wash me Rupert." She instructed. He took the wash cloth and soap and gently soaped her body. He lifted her arms and she smiled when he tickled her playfully. Then he ran his fingers over her feet and she exploded with giggles. He laughed with her when she discovered his ticklish spots, his ribs, knees and collar bone. He was helpless with laughter by the end of their bath.

Gorgon stood guard outside, his heart sinking as their mirth grew. He was losing hope, having found her only to lose her to the man he had been sent to protect. He truly was the most unfortunate of the creator's beasts.

End of part 4

Willow's Secret 5/8

Summary The story so far: Giles was released into Willow's care after an attempt on his life by the four Watchers who collected him from Sunnydale after Buffy's death, (Seal of Fate 5) was thwarted by a mysterious stranger, Gorgon, a creature of myth. Giles has remembered the name of the jewellers where he purchased the 'Seal' charm for Buffy's birthday: Sebastian's. Marie Sebastian was the name of the vampire that had Buffy killed. She is a blood relative of Claude Sebastian, a respected member of the Watchers' Council. Giles suspects that Claude was enthralled by her and had been feeding her information to help her to kill all Slayers. Gorgon is waiting for an answer to his proposal and plan's are made.

Warning Something nasty happens to the baddie.

Gorgon glanced up from the table as they came from the bathroom, holding hands and laughing. How he wished he could be like them, happy and carefree. His destiny weighed heavy on his shoulders. He would live another year, possibly eighteen months, as a man,

then he would metamorphose into the traditional Gorgon of legend. He would lose his hair and his skin would slough away to reveal the scales beneath. Only the deceptive human countenance would remain. As Willow had said the archivists of antiquity had always associated ugliness with his kind. He turned all flesh to stone on eye contact, surely that made him evil and evil was ugly. He shook his head; he had argued this point with himself for years.

"Gorgon?" He stared at the Watcher, fearing the worst. Willow exchanged looks with Rupert, both smiled. "We're going to help you." Willow said simply, her eyes shining with love for Rupert and their new friend.

Gorgon gazed at them for what seemed an age. He had not dared hope they would agree. His serpents were quiet for the first time since he had known Willow and Giles. He bent his head and reached out to grasp the hands of his friends as his tears came. Willow put her arm round Gorgon and his shoulders shook with the force of his relief and gratitude.

##

They stood outside Coutts bank. Rupert looked up at the imposing structure. Gorgon smiled. Willow pulled at his elbow. They went inside and the world hushed to a reverent whisper.

"What am I doing here again?" Rupert hissed to Gorgon.

"The sorcerer has left you funds and the deed to a house he wishes you to purchase. He said he did not want you to live in squalor." Willow guided Rupert to the teller desk; she and Gorgon then left him to conclude his business, trying hard not to look like bank robbers.

Rupert looked shocked on his return. Willow took his arm and lead him outside.

"Do you know where this house is? Do you know where Ethan wants us to live?" He thrust the deed at Willow; she looked at them, mystified. Gorgon peeked over her shoulder at the address.

"Where is it, I don't understand. What's the problem?"

"Willow, it's only a couple of miles from the Watcher's Headquarters! Hell, you can see the bloody house from where I used to sleep! When I get hold of Ethan!!" He let the threat hang. Gorgon smiled.

"What's up with you? This is a bad thing y'know!" He snapped at the monster.

"Not necessarily, they will never think of looking for you on their doorstep. They have missed a saboteur in their midst for forty years ..." Gorgon's lips hiked up as he saw the Watcher catch on. Rupert grinned at Willow, grabbing and kissing her. All three marched off down The Strand to organise the move to their new home. It seemed to be swift and easy, but then money talks and Ethan had been extremely generous with his ill-gotten gains. Giles said it was guilt, Willow knew it was love.

##

Giles looked out across the tangled expanse of garden that Gorgon was helping Willow to clear. He could see the craggy outline of the Headquarters' roof from their bedroom; he and Willow shared the bed. Soon he hoped to do more than sleep in it.

Gorgon had his own room. The day they had moved he looked in wonder round the room; he had never had such riches. This was a sanctum from curious stares and unwelcome comments. He felt safe enough to forego his glasses. So long as he did not look directly at them, his friends would also be safe from his petrifying stare.

Giles finished his drink and went downstairs to the kitchen. They had planned their attack round the table the night before. He picked up the small flask of Gorgon serpent venom. This colourless liquid when drunk, delayed the fossilising gaze of the Gorgon that donated it. That sounded like a good idea, but Giles wanted Claude Sebastian to turn slowly to stone in front of his peers.

For his plan to work it meant getting close to Sebastian, close enough to slip the venom into a drink. Ethan had taught him sleight of hand so he was confident he could do it, but he would need Willow and Gorgon with him. Perhaps, a glamour spell would suffice? They could make themselves look like the Watchers who had attacked him, reporting back that one of them had died in the attempt...

Suddenly he was dizzy. His cup dropped to the floor. He saw her. The new Slayer being greeted by Sebastian. She was so trusting and innocent. He shuddered. Sebastian wanted her. Gorgon entered the room after knocking softly on the door. His eyes focused past the Watcher.

"What ails you? Shall I get Willow?" Gorgon took a step towards him. Giles halted him with a gesture. His gaze shifted to Giles chest.

"The new Slayer has been called. Sebastian wants to train her. She'll die by his hands. I'm not going to let him kill another!" His angry tirade brought Willow into the kitchen, fearing another fight.

"Willow, do we have the ingredients for a glamour spell? We're going tonight."

"Tonight?" She looked at him doubtfully, then smiled as she saw a resolved Ripper before her. "I'll start gathering!"

Gorgon stood next to Willow and Giles. Rupert struck a match and flung it into the crucible containing the spell ingredients. An orange flame flared briefly, fading to turquoise with wisps of silver smoke. All three inhaled the vapour and changed. They still looked the same to each other, but to outsiders they were men in dark suits.

"How long will it last Rupert?" The short man asked in Willow's voice.

"Uhm, Willow, perhaps you'd better not talk." He grinned. "It will last as long as belief is suspended. If you do something out of character the illusion will shatter," he turned to Gorgon "Venom?" Gorgon patted his pocket. He wore his shades beneath the spell; it wouldn't do to turn guards into statues!

"Ready?" His companions nodded and followed Giles out of the house.

##

They managed to bluff their way into the Headquarters without incident and were now waiting in the main conference room for a meeting with Sebastian and two other senior members of the council. Giles stared at the oak boards behind the dais. There was one for past Slayers and one for their Watchers. Both his name and that of his Slayer had been omitted from the roll of honour. Giles felt Ripper rising at the insult. Gorgon's touch on his arm alerted him of the Committee's arrival. The new Slayer was with them. Glancing at Giles, Willow tried her best not to look anxious. Gorgon lifted his eyes to the lofty windows of the domed ceiling where he saw storm clouds gathering. Magic was creeping steadfastly near.

Giles began his coughing fit. He was so convincing that Sebastian offered him some water from the carafe on the table. Giles came to the table, red in the face, and poured himself a glass of water. He palmed the small flask emptying the venom into the bottle. Another cough disguised the crafty shake he gave the bottle as he replaced it. He finished his water, then with a small, hardly noticeable gesture, created thirst in the mind of his adversary.

Sebastian downed the last of his water. His thirst quenched, he asked the assembled team of Watchers for their report.

"Did the slaying go as planned?" Giles' eyes shifted to the teenage girl, Slaying? That was her job wasn't it? She looked so like Buffy. Sebastian frowned as he caught his subordinates gaze. He told the girl to wait outside. Gorgon smiled. Even odds.

"Why did you want him killed, sir?" Giles asked. He had no idea whether the other Watchers were in on it or not. By their reactions he guessed not. Sebastian was working on his own.

"You sent Watcher's to kill Rupert Giles, why? We had agreed to care for him. Let him retire ..."

"He had served his purpose," Sebastian protested irritably. "Improvement in his condition was minimal. I wanted to spare the Councils funds for something more productive. He left the institution I selected for him. An American girl helped him, that man Ethan helped her! It took me weeks to track him down. I'm not pleased that he's eluded me again."

The older Watchers stared at their colleague in disbelief. Giles could barely control his anger. Willow and Gorgon flanked him forming a triad of Wizard-Gorgon-Witch. His fury allowed him but one word.

"Gorgon!" His voice rang out clear, echoing to the glass roof. The illusion shattered. The darkened sky plunged the room into eerie gloom.

The Watchers seated to the left and right of Sebastian, tipped their chairs back in fright as they recognised the Gorgon of legend about to strike. Sebastian shook his head refusing to believe the evidence of his own eyes.

Gorgon narrowed his stone cold gaze to Claude Sebastian, already frozen in his seat with fear. Their eyes locked for a few seconds then Sebastian let out an inane laugh. He felt himself, still flesh.

"Your mythical creature is false. I feel no worse," He poured himself another glass of water and drank. "You've failed again, Giles."

"Have I?" Giles quietly asked. Gorgon replaced his shades and stepped back to view his latest ocular statuary. His serpents hissed their satisfaction of a truly superior feast.

Sebastian shook his numb hands. They were paling from tan to white, bleaching like bones in the sun. Rupert smiled.

"Gorgon venom," he murmured. "You don't have much time." Leaning on the table he looked into the older man's grey eyes. A moment before they had been blue. "Why did you want to kill me. What did I ever do to you?"

"You remembered. That Rayne creature figured everything out. He helped you. I was in danger ..." Sebastian's chest heaved painfully, dragging breaths through cinder-filled lungs. Giles leaned closer, eager for every syllable of his confession before it halted in Sebastian's gravelled throat.

"Mary discovered my heritage and held me in thrall. She insisted I betray all Slayers." The remaining committee members stared at the statue Sebastian. Giles leapt from the dais and searched the room. His eyes shone with a green-gold iridescence. The colour reminded Gorgon of dragon scales reflecting sunlight. He grabbed a sword from a weapons display on one wall and hurried back. Heaving the weapon above his head, he cleaved the statue in two as it exhaled its last dusty breath. Giles gripped his sword and glared maniacally at the Watchers.

"What's my name?" He demanded explosively, his glittering eyes reflected the lightning flashes overhead.

The Watchers exchanged puzzled looks. Giles repeated his question.

"What's my name?" He intoned.

"Rupert Giles ..." Willow answered. She joined her hand to his, eager to share in his vengeance. The Watchers followed her lead, announcing his name.

"Willow, write it there!" He pointed to the board with his sword tip. She summoned her power and felt his power flow and fuse with hers. Green electricity flashed through her body and exited through her fingers. Spidery letters appeared on the board with a high-pitched crackle of static. The Watchers looked relieved when they saw his name appear on the board. Was that all he wanted?

No! He drew the lightning from the heavens that struck his sword, imbuing it with mystical energy. He turned on his heels with the sword held aloft. His face was no longer human, it had almost supernatural grace and revenge fused together. All three creatures, for that was what they were, Wizard, Gorgon and Witch, were joined in their task to bring down the wrath of the Gods on those who had caused such sorrow and anguish.

The rumbling thunder carried into the building as the stonework tipped dust over the remaining Watchers. Slowly a frieze was being carved round the perimeter of the domed ceiling. Their gaze turned to where they could read one name emerging. It was costing

Rupert dear to carve it but he would not leave this place without evidence of her existence! Willow and Gorgon gave him strength to complete his task. The stone grumbled and whined, resisting any change to its surface. Rupert persisted, carving deeper.

At last coming full circle, his chest heaving from the effort, he glared at the Slayer board behind the Watchers. They dropped to the ground as it shattered into stake sized splinters at his command. Gorgon gazed at Rupert in shock. He had channelled that energy into a look! He aimed the sword at the far wall and blew a hole in the masonry. Only then did his countenance return to normal.

"My Slayer is dead. You will never know how she died. You never wanted to know how she lived." His voice was quiet and controlled, "I am no longer a Watcher." The sword fell from his grasp...

"Rupert? Come on, come home." Willow urged him toward the hole in the wall. He let himself be lead out of the Watchers compound. Gorgon glanced up at the roof where the stone still smoked, and smiled. "Buffy Summers, Buffy Summers" encircled the room. He spared a glance for the cowering Watchers. He knew now from whence Rupert gleaned his power, the resting place of 'the once and future king'

Silence cloaked the room, muffling the attempts of numerous guards to enter. Willow, Giles and Gorgon were far away when they finally broke in.

End of part 5

Willow's Secret 6/8

Summary Giles comes home exhausted, Willow revives him.

Rupert put his key in the lock but was unable to open his door. His hands trembled too much. Gorgon cast an anxious eye back from whence they came, wondering why they had not been followed. Rupert tried again after flexing his fingers; it was useless. He rested his head against the door.

"Willow, I can't get us in..." His eyes closed as his body slumped to the ground.

"Rupert!" Willow cried, she checked his pulse. He'd only passed out. Gorgon picked him up while Willow unlocked the door, holding it open while he brought Giles inside, Gorgon hesitated with his burden, waiting for instruction.

"Upstairs, I'll make some supper. He'll be hungry." Willow busied herself filling a tray to capacity, with yummy things to snack on. She even remembered a plate of goodies for Gorgon. She was going to have her way with Rupert Giles tonight, by hook or by crook!

##

Rupert lay naked beneath their bedcovers. Willow came in and set the tray down on the bed. Gorgon occupied the opposite end of the bed to Giles. He smiled when he saw the worms and snails on his plate. Willow retrieved some spare pillows from the cupboards and arranged them round Rupert's head. She lifted him gently and he smiled in his sleep.

"Thank you for my snack, Willow, it was thoughtful of you."

Willow gave him an embarrassed smile. "You're our guest, and just because ... you didn't call me mistress." She sounded mildly disappointed.

"After your display of Witchery tonight I did not think it appropriate, but if you insist. I will call you mistress." He grinned.

Rupert woke up abruptly he breathed in Willow's scent. He smiled.

"Hello sleepy, time to eat..." Willow dipped her head to kiss him, he returned the kiss. She pulled away and he chased her lips until he was sitting up. He yawned; he had had such a good sleep. Willow gave him a plate.

"We're having a picnic, I was hungry and I only wrote your name so you must be starved!" Giles surveyed the spread before him; it was years since he'd had a midnight feast. He hastily grabbed morsels, reminded of how you either ate quickly or you died of starvation, well till breakfast at least. Through swallows of tea and bites of food they carried on a conversation about the evening's events until they finished their picnic.

"Will they offer you a job?" Gorgon asked as he discarded his plate.

"Not bloody likely, after what I did to the décor. No, I meant what I said. I'm not a Watcher. Don't know who I am now, but that doesn't matter anymore..." He ran his thumb over Willow's wrist, smiling. Gorgon glanced from one to the other. Time to leave.

He got out of the warm bed and took the tray. Willow smiled as he closed the door quietly.

"He's a smart man..." Giles whispered. Willow nodded moving toward him her hands reaching for his chest.

"You tired?" She asked as her hot pink tongue darted out to lick lazy circles on his chest. He shook his head, his voice suddenly uncooperative.

"Gooood" she breathed. "Me neither. Mind if I have some Watcher desert?"

He could only shake his head again as Willow snaked down the bed licking and nipping his torso as she progressed to her goal. He hooked his thumbs in the sheet and pushed it past his hips so he could watch her at her task. He had an extremely difficult time remaining still, her tongue lashing felt exquisite. He placed one hand on her head stroking her hair then gripping as his climax approached. His hips bucked under Willow's sensual ministrations, moments later, head thrashing, he cried her name as he climaxed.

Gradually, he became aware of soft tugging sucks at his groin. Willow was still there and he was responding. His heart pounded in his chest as she succeeded in getting his attention again!

He pulled her up, she had an impish smirk fixed on her face and looked gloriously dishevelled. He gathered her into his arms in a warm embrace. Willow was lulled to sleep by his butterfly kisses and the sound of his beating heart.

##

He rolled over in the hollow of the pillows and searched for her. His eyes opened when he couldn't find her. He half sat supporting himself on one forearm. There she was, standing in front of the open window. Her skin reflecting the rose and pearl of the early dawn, her beauty at this time of day had a faery quality. She smiled and sunshine lanced into the room, the gentle breeze stirred her fiery hair and the long muslin curtains whipped round her delicate ankles. She inclined her head and drew him from the bed to her side by an invisible thread of shared desire.

She glanced down; he was ready. His breath came as short gasps, nostrils flaring as he caught her feminine scent. Willow stroked her fingers over his turgid erection, small knots of tension built in his belly. Something was going to happen.

"Hands behind your back, Mr. Giles." Her tone was soft but demanding. Could he possibly get any harder? "Now..." Yep, that did it!

He obeyed, crossing his wrists behind his back; he couldn't help shifting his hips forward at the same time. Willow coloured slightly but resisted the temptation to kiss him.

"Do that again and I'll have to hurt you. Are you going to keep your hands behind you?" She let the scarf that she had balled in her fist, fall and whip his legs with silk in the breeze.

"Or do I have to tie them?" She whispered seductively. No good, hip thrust, groan and hands that flew to her breasts all at one and the same time. Willow stepped closer to him, tilting her head she licked his nipple. His eyes dark with passion, snapped shut as he snatched a breath. Willow smiled then scraped her teeth over the erect bud. He hissed in pleasurable pain.

"Told you, now, as you were." Rupert nodded, finding it hard to draw breath. Wherever did Willow learn this erotic torment?

"Bind me, Willow." He gasped. "Please..." She smiled in triumph behind him as she knotted the scarf round his wrists.

"Call me mistress, slave." She tried really hard to keep her tone commanding but it was tough when you had an annoying trickling itch of arousal to contend with. Especially when he groaned like that! She closed her eyes, feeling hot, her nipples tingling with his earlier caress. She finished binding and fixed what she hoped was an imperious look on her face, looking up into his lust filled eyes, she nearly lost the plot! Swallowing hard, she took him in hand. He had no choice but to follow, but not so quickly...

The stairs proved to be tricky. He stumbled in the hall and fell against her. There was a brief tussle and a languid kiss when she lost her grip. He fought against his bonds briefly but her resolve won the day. Rupert growled in frustration.

Willow led him through the kitchen, the floor cold underfoot. She was taking him into the garden; the early morning chill diminished her hold on him.

"Wait till you see, Rupert," she said. Her eyes shining with love. He smiled but played the reluctant slave that she had to kiss into movement. He liked her game!

##

At the top of the garden she halted and stepped through the overgrowth dragging him with her. She ducked behind him to free him from his tender bondage. He embraced her tenderly sharing a kiss which caressed her soul only releasing her after precious moments of closeness, to look round the small clearing. He shared her wonder of the place.

The camomile was soft underfoot, moss cushioned rocks nestled near a cool bubbling stream, where bluebells and irises vied for space in the carpet of wild flowers that lined its banks. In the borders lavender clung tightly round hybrid tea roses; freesias and lillies lent their scent to the heady atmosphere. There was a single honeysuckle that wound and climbed the Willow at the garden's heart.

The lover's breath stilled, the scent washing over them. This was an enchanted place. The rest of the garden was wild and ruddy. Here, was Eden.

"Oh, Willow! Its magical!" She smiled and his heart leapt, laughing she dragged him further in. The scent of the garden entered their lungs and fused with their spirits. They were forever tied to this place now. It was a bondage that neither wished to break.

"I wanted the first time to be here, Rupert." He clasped her hands to his chest, enfolding her, sinking with her to the soft green beneath their feet. The scarf flew from her hand and caught on the lavender. The next hours were spent in mutual worship, slowly bringing each other to the edge ecstasy, weaving and casting a spell of love that would last an age. When at last they joined they knew their love would bare fruit, the time was ripe.

Each wished in turn for their child to be Witch/Watcher, healthy/happy, cherished/protected and wise/kind. Rupert gazed down on Willow as she came down, his own climax crashing in his body, he shuddered his last breath into her perfumed hair. Never had he felt so complete!

"Husband." Willow murmured.

"Wife." He returned. She snuggled close to him and they slept on the camomile carpet. While the shower that watered the rest of the garden left them untouched in the warmth of their enchanted garden.

End of part 6

Willow's Secret 7/8

Summary This one is a bit long. Gorgon leaves, Willow has her baby (Jack) and Gorgon returns.

Warning This part has Willow in a threesome with Giles and Gorgon. (I think we can safely say this is fantasy sex)

Rupert groaned as Willow kissed down his chest, teasing the painfully erect nipples. The way she licked and sucked at one whilst pinching and flicking the other made his spine an express way of desire to his loins. He was aching to be inside Willow once more. What she had done to him thus far had robbed him of his voice. He'd only managed three or four words today. She held his hands and knelt on the cool ground, dragging him down with

her.

Dipping his head, he nipped and kissed every inch of her flesh that she presented to him, his body feeling the flames of desire. His eyes burned for her; he couldn't breathe fast enough for her and he had a raging, urgent need for her.

"Willow..." He whispered "Come," he urged her to sit in his lap facing him. She locked her legs round his back, gasping at the heat of his erection. He lifted her, Willow held him in the right position and she sank down slowly, her head rolling on her shoulders as a groan of satisfaction issued from their lips. That's the one! The perfect position.

A glorious smile broke out on Willow's face as Rupert embraced her. This was lovely, face to face, hot and passionate with neither controlling the rhythm. Nature would take its course. Nature took its course after half an hour.

##

A shadow crept over their sleeping forms; Rupert stirred and woke Willow with his movements. Gorgon was gazing down on them, smiling.

"I must leave now my friends. I will return after the baby in a year's time. I will wait for you here...Farewell." Gorgon backed away into the shadows of the garden wall and vanished. They had both sat up to stare after the retreating figure. He really did vanish; the garden was strangely cold after that. Rupert got up and helped Willow to stand, she was a little wobbly and he brought her to him as she nearly fell.

"Too much energy being expended.." He muttered. "Hungry?" She nodded. "Me, too. Let's go out.."

##

In the months that followed Willow slowly expanded and Rupert could not have been happier. She was as ripe as a berry, one that needed to be plucked on a regular basis. Having a pregnant woman in the house brought out his own creative streak and he began to paint again. He painted Willow in their garden; he painted Gorgon. That painting he kept in the secret room off the library. That room contained his memories, he had it consecrated so that one day it would contain their ashes. Gorgon's painting was dark and foreboding the only light came from his eyes they seemed to illuminate the room with an eerie twilight glow. Rupert sat there gazing at the painting knowing that he would never be able to openly gaze on the creature himself. Eyghon had put paid to that.

He had investigated Gorgon's at the Watcher's library. Yes, he'd sneaked in under cover of darkness one night. They had replaced the Slayer board. There was a new addition to the conference room; it was now called the "Buffy Summers conference room." What would she make of that? He thought, he could just picture her face!

"Nice carving, Giles.." He looked over his shoulder in surprise. No one there, but he heard her voice. He shook his head and smiled.

Gorgon's could have either one or three hatchlings. One would be male; three would be female. Three females were a bad thing. Gorgon sisters of legend were evil and ugly not even those pure of heart could look on them. He needn't worry about them; Gorgon was

strong enough to overcome his serpent's will. He trusted him.

He listened; Willow was calling him. He dashed to her aid; apparently it was time.

##

Rupert gazed on his wife as she fed Jack. He plucked a pencil from the jar on his desk and quickly sketched them on his pad. Madonna and child by Rupert Giles. He smiled, as Jack uttered an earth shattering burp, Madonna and noisy child, he amended. Willow looked sad.

"They'll be here in a minute." She kissed Jack's head. Her parents were taking Jack for the day while they prepared for Gorgon's return.

"Yes, but he'll be back tonight with lots of new toys.." Rupert tried to make light of their first separation. It was necessary; he didn't know what to expect from Gorgon. How would his metamorphosis affect him?

There was a knock at the door. "They're here. You go and greet them Willow, I'll get the equipment." Giles heaved his old Slayer bag onto the kitchen table and began to load nappies, cotton wool, wipes, blood axe and stakes into the bag. He grinned at his son.

"They're not really stakes...See.." He brought out his teething ring and rattle. The rattle was in the shape of a squeaky hammer. "See, what you do with this Jack, you bash grandpa on the head with it. It's a good game.." He smiled again. "Silly Daddy." He never thought he'd get to be a father and he loved it. Roll on the next one. He picked Jack up tenderly and slung the bag over his shoulder and made his way to deliver his precious cargo into the hands of his in-laws.

##

"It's time..." Rupert looked at his watch. They waited in the garden; they could hear insects buzzing and birds singing.. Willow looked ravishing, just the same as when Jack had been conceived. He smiled at the memory. It was silent, save for the babbling stream.

"He's here." Rupert felt a presence in the garden. Gorgon stepped from the shadows in all his naked glory. His skin had turned partially to scales of bronze and green, his serpents coiled almost to his waist, each individual flicking its tongue eager for the scent of Willow on the air. Gorgon lifted his hand in greeting and smiled. He focused his eyes past the couple approaching him. Wizard, Witch and Gorgon together once more. The garden radiated with their shared power. The greens became more vibrant and the scents more pungent.

Willow drew back from her partners, she could see an astral halo round each head, she probably had one too. She reached up her hand to touch her head. Rupert looked round at her and smiled.

"Wild isn't it? Used to happen all the time when I was with Ethan. Like a resonance, we'll feed each other. Willow? Take a look at Gorgon..." Rupert's smile was beguiling. She looked; she gasped and tilted her head to make sure it wasn't an optical illusion. His tongue was not the only thing that forked.

Gorgon smiled. Why were they so far away? Was it some kind of courtship ritual? He saw their Aura's swirl and change, they were trapped both of them. Mystical creatures in prisons of flesh, attractive prison's, undoubtedly, but they were trapped.

A serpent separated. He felt like he was losing his soul, he didn't want it to be over so soon. His shoulders slumped and his hands clasped in front of him, his eyes snapped shut over the pain the detachment had caused. Rupert was startled by the suddenness of the snakes traverse. It dropped to the ground and slithered towards Willow who stepped back.

"Willow, you have to greet it. Accept it, this is Gorgon or a part of him. Don't be afraid..." After a moments hesitation, he sat down on the cool green camomile, plucking a few leaves to chew on, he looked up at Willow as the snake reared up and travelled sinuously round her leg. The glow around her flamed silver and lilac, the green-bronze of the serpent contrasted her pearl complexion.

Gorgon had recovered his equilibrium and sank down next to Rupert to watch this beautiful and blessed event. Rupert shivered as he felt a serpent wind down over his chest; it mimicked the movements of the one draped over Willow. He kept his eyes forward, Willow was enjoying the sensation of the warm textured scales moving over her skin; sending pulses of erotic stimulation to her groin. She began to sway and move as sinuously as the serpent that encircled her. The serpent began its inexorable journey south, its tongue flicking constantly, sometimes hitting her skin. At these times she groaned and glowed rose and gold.

Rupert fought against leaping up and taking her where she stood. To do so would make the snake strike and with a mature specimen the venom was deadly, worthy or not, she'd die. He fell back against Gorgon and closed his eyes as Willow's serpent reached its goal; as did it's twin coiled round him. He forced his eyes open when he heard Willow's groan.

She had one hand on her breast, as she nipped and moistened the fingers of her other hand, her hips undulated languidly. Rupert gasped as he realised where the serpent had gone. With a small, sharp cry the snake's head reappeared and dropped with a thump to the ground. Willow fell to her knees. Her face blank. Rupert was held while the snake came back to its host. It slithered wetly over Rupert's body and he picked up Willow's scent all round him. He was released as Gorgon sighed, collapsing onto his back. The snake was home. Willow crawled over to her husband and curled up in his lap. All three slept.

##

Gorgon woke to blindness. No, not blindness, he was blindfolded. He lifted his hand to the soft silk. He felt silken hands caress his body, soft hair tickling his skin and lips branding hot kisses on his chest. They were loving him, after first taking the wise precaution of covering his eyes. He smiled at the uncommon silence of his serpents.

He gasped as the tongues merged at their goal, licking and sucking. Teasing him erect, then one hot body sinking onto him taking advantage of a rare double delight. Strong hands captured his head and massaged his scalp; the smaller serpents wriggled round the expert fingers and Gorgon moaned his pleasure at the touch. He felt his body tense and someone said. "Now," the body was gone from him as his poisonous seed flew threw the air burning vegetation in its path.

Gorgon gasped and shuddered, he felt himself lowered to the ground and two bodies curl close to him, two mouths kissed him in his slumber. He felt privileged to know such mortals as these, who would put themselves in peril to give him pleasure.

##

"Must you go?" Willow asked. She looked into his eyes and Gorgon shuddered, she did that so casually. Looked into his eyes, examining his soul. She didn't know the gift she possessed. The Watcher-Rupert, he corrected, knew too much about him to look on him.

"Yes, mistress. I have children to raise." He smiled and kissed her hand.

"Your eyes are beautiful.." She said awe-struck. Gorgon lowered his gaze.

"They reflect the soul that beholds them." Her eyes filled with tears at that.

"Time to go," Rupert came in and handed Gorgon his rucksack. "Thank you for everything Gorgon." He stared at the floor.

"Watcher.." Rupert looked up and saw the colour of Gorgon's eyes. It was a split second. Then he looked away, the mirror shades in place. "Made you look!" Gorgon chuckled and vanished.

Rupert smiled. He was thrilled with the spirit in Gorgon's voice; he seemed far less melancholy after his brief visit. What seemed like only moments later the knocker sounded on the front door and their son was back. Rupert and Willow raced each other to answer it.

End of part 7

Willow's Secret Epilogue.

Summary Willow knows something is wrong

I know something is wrong. I didn't want to bother him about it. Women's problems. He's someone who can deal with apocalypse and demon's, vampires and myth's; he's a dab hand with a chisel, but when it comes to female plumbing, well, my female plumbing I don't think he could deal with it. He wants another child so desperately. We try constantly, it's wonderful trying.

We were in the kitchen one time, and Jack came in ... He froze, turned on his heel and walked out muttering "Parents eeww!" We had to stop; we were laughing too much. That was when he was ten.

I went to the doctor without telling Rupert. He did some tests, and told me it's a tumour one that he can't identify. On the X-ray it looks like a lump of stone.

I can't tell Rupert. In my heart I know what caused it. I'll keep it in my heart because it would destroy Rupert if he knew. I'm not in pain; it hardly bothers me at all. So I'll leave it be and concentrate on my son and my husband and how he makes me feel, while I can still feel without a heart of stone.

End