

## Disorientation

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# **Disorientation**

by [ProtoNeoRomantic](#)

## Summary

A first kiss Giles gives Xander in Season 7, because frankly he's had enough. (7 of 7)

It wasn't just him; it was the lot of them. Buffy most especially included. Laughing and joking about yet another careless brush with death.

“What do you think happened?” Xander moaned on theatrically, playing off Willow's almost motherly concern, turning it around to make a joke at her expense before she even realized it was happening. “Another demon woman was attracted to me.” Neither Willow nor Anya is ready to be amused. They are both still deeply worried for him, not that that narcissist would notice. “I'm going gay!” the pillock announces. “I've decided I'm turning gay. Willow, gay me up. Come on, let's gay!”

“What?” she manages weakly, not quite able to believe the tastelessness of his humor.

“You heard me,” Xander insists, unwilling to let it go. “Just tell me what to do. I'm mentally undressing Scott Bakula right now. That's a start, isn't it?” Willow tries to find this funny for his sake, but it's a challenge and no wonder. He's broken her heart at least twice as many times as Anya's the bloody fool.

Poor Andrew doesn't even seem to quite get the fact that it is a joke. “Captain Archer,” he agrees, giving Xander a longing look that he's too wrapped up in himself even to notice.

He's still too busy trying to get Willow to take a more active part in his nonsense. “Come on, let's get this gay show on the gay road. Help me out here.”

Buffy and Dawn oblige him where Willow will not. “What if you just start attracting male demons?” Buffy 'argues' totally within the spirit of his routine, eating it up.

Giggling, Dawn follows suit. “Clem always liked you.” At least she has the excuse of being a child.

Anya now seems even less amused than Willow. She actually pouts as she says, “It would serve you right.” Xander, of course, lacks sense enough to be sobered even by that. He doesn't take her capacity for cruel deeds seriously. No more than Buffy does the clear danger posed by loosing Spike upon the world.

They've all lost their senses, lost their way. They are standing at the Mouth of Hell laughing and joking in the face of death as if it were some sort of slumber party. Giles can stand it no longer. “Children, enough,” he chides them firmly. They ignore him utterly of course. What else is new.

“I'd need some stylish new clothes,” Xander rattles on, clearly even less worried about offending his friends with silly stereotypes than about being nearly eaten by the demon he'd picked up at the hardware store.

“Enough!” Giles shouts. Grabbing the jibbering idiot by his lapels, he attacks Xander's fool mouth with a fast hard kiss, barely resisting the urge to bite his quivering lip. “Now,” Giles scoffs bitterly into the stunned silence. “Is that all settled then? Are we done with wasting

time on fun and games and quips about orientation? Or have you learned nothing from tonight's assorted chaos?"

Wrapping himself in his anger, using it to hold back tears of frustration and horror at the thought of all the innocent souls he had intrusted to the care of these... reckless youngsters, Giles holds up the bloody flashcards he's made for Chao-Ahn. "These—these aren't a joke," he points out grimly. "This—this happens. People are dying. We may die. It's time to get serious."

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