

Vicarious

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Vicarious

by [Valyssia](#)

Summary

Buffy has the worst luck. All she does is step out to stretch her legs and badness ensues.

Notes

Crossover: It is. I swear. But if I told you the title, you probably wouldn't recognize it anyway. Then you'd go look it up and spoil the surprise. Suffice it to say it isn't Supernatural or Harry Potter.

Context: This story is rooted in my original Steps-verse. You won't need to read that material in order to follow along; however you will need to understand a few things. Willow expends a great deal of effort working with Buffy in an attempt to keep her alive. As a result, Buffy receives a number of 'power-ups.' In the end, she isn't as insanely overpowered as she becomes in the comics. She can't fly and she doesn't bench press locomotives, but she is greater than the Buffy we see in canon at the end of the series. She has limited magical abilities that Willow imparts to her through repeated sessions of power sharing as we see with Rack. I surmised that if Willow consumed him, she probably learned his tricks. She uses those tricks to awaken Buffy's latent magical potential. Buffy is also a bit more robust than we see in canon and she has a necklace that prevents her skin from being penetrated. She can be beaten black and blue, but not skewered.

Warning: This story will not be for everyone. It's a tragedy that evolves into a highly perverse black comedy. For comparison: if [From Dusk Til Dawn](#) made you giggle, you'll probably enjoy this.

Blood Like Rain

Chapter Notes

Prompt: #290: Cairo @ 🌈[tamingthemuse](#) & #08: Beg @ 🌈[kinda_gay](#).

Buffy leans against the railing, enjoying the sensation of the chilly salt breeze that bathes her skin. Her eyes drift shut. She fills her lungs and slowly lets the breath go. *Falling...or was that 'falling now'?* A wry grin momentarily warms her impassive features. *Been falling. Falling for years. Fall long and hard enough you sort of begin to get it figured. Eventually I think I grew wings—the metaphory kind.*

Her eyes open. She peers down at the darkness below. *We all died that year. It wasn't just me.* It takes some time and some scrunching, squinting and blinking for her eyes to adjust. Eventually, she's able to make out choppy water below. *Yeah, okay...so for me it was a little more literal, but—*

Funny thing about death—there're worse fates. The death of hope, the death of innocence—both are much worse than the real deal...or at least more painful.

I mean—yeah, we kept on, we fought, struggled, more of us died...literally.

Could be this place that's making me crazy. Even in the middle of the night without another soul on deck, the huge ship beneath her feet thrums with life. The constant pitch and yaw is unsettling. *It's never quiet here. And I'm never alone.*

Several semi-peaceful moments pass before the sound of distant footsteps makes her point for her...and sends her shrinking into the shadows. *I'm so not in the mood. Weird, I crave company, but I'd rather be alone. I guess there really is no pleasing me.* Silently, she moves across the expansive of deck, crouching behind riggings, hatches and the bases of cranes. Basically, one metal box after another. They're a thing here. Some short, some tall. Some part of the ship, some not. *Or could be it's just the company that's—*

It's a serious problem. Even from here, I smell him. Understanding what Angel and Spike both meant is more than a little gross. I could've lived with never being able to relate to that.

I would've been perfectly contented going to my grave again without ever knowing that seamen—the nautical kind—only bathe about once a week. At least, I guess that's it. Haven't exactly made their hygiene a study. Actually, I've been avoiding. This guy reeks so bad, I smell him even with all of the other pungent, chemically, fishy, oily, rotten odors on this ship.

I may never eat seafood again.

The heavy clomp of booted feet draws closer, bringing her to a stop. Being out in the open like this makes her nervous, but feelings of foolishness and impatience finally take their toll. *This is silly. He's way over there. And I'm over here on the other side of this huge cargo hatch, hold access thingy. I bet you could park three city busses on it. And it's not like I'm exactly clumsy, so...*

Moving again, she listens to his footfalls pass. He doesn't falter, which means he's clueless.

I got myself into this mess. Guess that means there's no one else to blame. But that doesn't mean I don't wanna. It's not like I was trying to screw up. I didn't make a conscious effort. You just have to be a little lost—a teeny bit out of control—to think, 'Yeah, Scotland. Why not? That sounds cool.' Totally falling. Not flying. No compass. Spiraling.

It wasn't cool. Not falling anymore. At least I don't think I am. My answer to the current crazy wasn't exactly genius. It wasn't really even all that mature. But it works. I feel better. Even if I did sort of decide to take my ball and go home. Go figure, I ended up booking passage on the Good Ship Catastrophlop to get there.

Hunched over, Buffy dashes across an open area to a gangway that runs the length of the bridge castle. Her goal is just ahead. About halfway to the aft deck she stops to open a door that leads into the bowels of the ship. Life onboard the Cairo has been nothing if not interesting. Meeting someone always means a leer or a not-so-cleverly couched innuendo or both. 'Clever' is the last thing these guys are. Thankfully, no one greets her this time. That means that instead of cold cocking some repulsive troll, she's able to make her way downstairs. Two decks down she pokes her head through a hatch to take a peek before she sets off down a long, narrow corridor. *Y'know, I used to think that it'd all be okay. Even when the crap was so thick I couldn't see the other side, I just knew we'd make it through.* At the first intersection, she turns left. *I haven't thought that in so long I forget how it feels.*

There's nothing warm about this place. It's like living in a giant tin can. Buffy unlocks the door to their small, cluttered cabin, whispering, "Honey, I'm home," as she pulls the lever and opens it. No one returns her greeting. Her heart sinks. *Okay, so...there's one warm thing. Figures she'd be missing.*

I should go look for her.

Maybe?

Oh, I don't know. She stops mid-turn and instead enters the room, shutting the door behind her. *No. If she did that to me, I'd be upset. She's not here, so I have to assume she wants to be alone. I need to let her have that. It'll be okay. This isn't that unusual.*

Well, I guess it's a little weird 'cause she said she'd be here working, but neither one of us leaves this room much, so... Maybe she just needed to stretch her legs.

Probably. It's not like we're really welcome here. We don't get much opportunity to do that.

Shrugging, she locks the door and begins to undress. *Actually, we're too welcome...and not in the good way. Only vampires and refugees travel this way, so I guess it figures that two*

almost, kinda, sorta normal girls would attract some attention. At least we look normal.

Because we're not normal, we're also good for a radical increase in the number of random accidents suffered by the crew. No broken bones so far, but lots of scrapes, cuts and contusions.

I shouldn't worry. Worst case they'll find another purser strung up by his coveralls from a derrick in the morning. The last one was kinda funny, so...

Buffy folds the blankets down and crawls into bed. *She'll be fine.*

Buffy had been feigning sleep up till now. She had to have been. There was little way that she could've slept through the attention she was getting. Her slow, rhythmic breathing never faltered as Willow nibbled at her neck. The blankets were in the way. Willow pushed them down, uncovering Buffy's breasts, only to cover them again with wet kisses.

Maybe Buffy really was asleep. The faint hitch in her breath and the soft sigh that followed as Willow fondled and suckled her nipples seemed to say so. She wasn't so deeply asleep that she didn't respond. Her legs splayed open as Willow kissed and groped her way lower, shoving the bedclothes out of the way.

Willow settled curled up between Buffy's thighs. In a flourish of movement, she twirled her hair around her hand, letting it fall down her back. A quiet chorus of contented sounds accompanied her as she rolled her head, drawing a mouthful of Buffy's nether lips up with her tongue. She lapped and sucked, massaging the sensitive tissue with her mouth.

After several moments of next to no response from her lover, Willow picked herself up. On hands and knees, she made her way to the head of the bed to straddle Buffy's face.

That was what it took to finally get Buffy's attention. Dim awareness turned acute. She stirred and looked up. The first thing she focused on was the beaded golden ring that pierced the wet, engorged wedge of flesh that shrouded Willow's clitoris. She blinked and licked her lips. Mild confusion reflected in her features as her eyes raked over Willow's hairless pubic mound, the floral motif tattoos trailed across her stomach, encircling her right breast, and the rings in her nipples. The confusion lifted when their eyes met and Buffy smiled.

Willow grinned impishly down. "Morning, lover," she cooed. Her fingers laced through Buffy's hair as she lifted her head.

Buffy tried to reply, "Quite the—"

That didn't work out so well. A little 'woo' probably wouldn't have gone amiss, but Willow had other plans. The greedy witch filled her lover's mouth.

Buffy reached up. Her hands followed the line of Willow's slender belly, trailing over her ribs to cup her breasts. Willow's nipples poked between her fingers. Buffy tugged on the ring with her lips as she bore down on Willow's nipples.

One might've thought that a metal ring through such tender flesh should be treated with care. The way the surrounding tissue stretched when Willow fell back invalidated that assumption. She caught herself with her left arm. The perky little nubs tried to slip through Buffy's fingers, but she held tight.

Willow let out a spine-tingling groan. She didn't let go either. Her right hand held Buffy's head, pinning her. Buffy continued to aggressively knead and lap the swollen flesh with her mouth, eliciting a broad range of approving trembles, grunts and moans from the witch. She gulped in air through her mouth between licks. Willow's head was thrown back. The tips of her hair flogged Buffy's pussy. The harder she sucked, the more pressure she put on Willow's clit, the more Willow trembled and the more her hair swished and swatted. Buffy angled her hips to increase the contact, but that apparently wasn't enough. When she reached down to touch herself, Willow seized her wrist.

Two pairs of handcuffs hung from the outer post of the bed's footboard. Without releasing Buffy's wrist, Willow stretched to reach them. She dropped one pair on the bed next to her calf. With a flick of her wrist, the cuff closed over the wrist she held. She pulled Buffy's arm to the corner of the bed and closed the other cuff around the bedpost. Her crotch ground against Buffy's chin as she leaned back, then forward to snatch, cuff and secure Buffy's left arm to the other bedpost. Willow got up, shoving Buffy's head to the side with her thigh. She went to the foot of the bed, grabbed Buffy's ankle and towed her down.

The handcuffs bit into Buffy's wrists. "Oww," she yelped. "Hey, what's up with you?" She scooted up when Willow turned her back. Viscous fluid drenched her chin and neck, collecting in the hollow of her throat. It looked like she'd been eating the messiest, slipperiest, clearest ice cream cone ever. When she tried to wipe her mouth with her shoulder, hair stuck to her face. She sputtered and spit.

No answer came. Willow went to the drawers built into the cabinet below the sink and opened the second one down. A quick search through frilly, colorful, silks and satins yielded a tiny toy surprise. It was strange that she'd gone for something so small. She palmed the pocket vibrator and turned around. Buffy's brow furrowed like she didn't quite get it either.

Willow jerked the covers off the bed. They landed in a heap on the floor. She positioned herself straddling Buffy again. This time she was facing the other way. "Fuck me with your tongue," she said. Her toes slipped under Buffy shoulders as she lowered herself.

When Buffy didn't immediately do as told, Willow sat up, grabbed her thigh and pinned it to the bed, exposing her bottom. Buffy let out a surprised squeak when Willow swatted her. It wasn't a playful tap. A loud clap rang out. "I said fuck me," she commanded.

The cheek of Buffy's ass blushed pink where Willow had struck her. "What's wrong with you?" she demanded.

Willow answered her with pain, taking Buffy's clit between her thumb and forefinger and bearing down. "I said fuck me," she repeated.

Tears welled up in Buffy's eyes. She blinked them away. The pain eased when she raised her head and buried her face. Without her arms to steady herself this was obviously a clumsy and all-too-quickly painful thing to demand. The struggle caused her to shake. When her tongue slid out too far, it took her a moment to recover.

Another swat seemed eminent when Willow inclined Buffy's hips again. It didn't come and she let go. Buffy held the pose, even exaggerating it a little. Her head nodded and bobbed as she lapped at Willow's pussy.

The little vibrator Willow had fetched hovered in the air just above the mattress. She picked up a tube of lubricant and removed the cap. The vibrator rotated as she applied a thin coat. She screwed the cap in place and lined the vibrator up, then in one deft, magically-assisted move, Willow penetrated Buffy, not once, but twice. She caught Buffy's clit between her fingertips, pressed and swirled.

For a moment Buffy looked like she'd swallowed a great big bug. Her eyes went wide. Her head fell back, bouncing against the mattress. She let out a groan. Willow slipped her fingers out, adding another. A stream of incoherent, guttural sounds followed as Willow began to fuck Buffy in sharp, quick, vigorous strokes. The fingertips of her other hand turned tight circles, mashing all of those other wonderfully sensitive forward-lying bits and parts. Willow made quick work of reducing Buffy to a twitching, trembling, needy mess.

Then she stopped and slid her fingers out. "I told you to fuck me," she said. "It was a simple request. You can't even do that right."

Buffy's body sagged flat against the bed. She looked hurt. Another sharp swat made her whimper. "What's gotten into you?" she asked.

The only reply Willow offered was another swat...and another and another. She didn't stop paddling until Buffy met her demand, then she pulled the vibrator out.

The chill of more lubricant brought Buffy to a halt. "I thought we had this talk," she said. "I told you 'no'."

The word 'no' came out as a pitiful squeal, because Willow put the vibrator back. "And that might matter if I cared," she replied through a laugh. "Look, Buffy, this could be so much worse. I could be using my hands. Or maybe a different toy? Remember that big one I bought as a joke? Wouldn't that be fun?" Another sharp swat punctuated the question. "Now, fuck me or I'll go find it."

Their exchange left Buffy aghast. It was clear she couldn't imagine what she'd done. She winced when Willow's hand clapped against her ass again. As Willow rubbed, turning her whole bottom rosy, Buffy did as she was told.

Willow turned the vibrator to high, pushing it deeper and pulling it out, causing Buffy's body to malfunction. She trembled and jerked. When she stopped to take a breath, Willow slapped

her ass, clipping the end of the vibrator too.

Buffy's head fell to the bed. She arched her back, panting and begging, "Oh, god, please. I need you." Another swat came in answer. She found enough control to lift her head as the third swat landed. She grunted as her tongue pressed inside Willow.

"Now my clit," Willow panted. Buffy bent her neck to do as Willow asked. Her tongue swirled once and Willow said, "My pussy." She dipped her head and Willow said, "My ass."

Buffy froze. "No," she replied. Her answer was firm and decisive.

Willow responded with another swat. She kept swatting. Buffy lowered her legs to protect her bottom. Willow struck her hip. Even when Buffy took the ring between her lips and pulled, Willow hit her. She didn't stop until Buffy stretched and licked.

"Good girl," Willow said. "A little lame, but it'll do." She reached back, taking the crown of Buffy's head to press her point. "Next time I want your tongue buried inside me." She wiggled her hips. "But mostly what I want is for your face to match your ass the next time I see it." She let go and turned her attention to Buffy's crotch. Buffy had dropped her legs. Willow lifted them, exposing her bottom. The vibrator had started to slip. She pushed it back in. "Now, my clit."

Buffy looked wounded and confused, but she did as Willow asked, sucking folds of flesh into her mouth.

"My pussy."

Buffy dipped her tongue.

"My ass."

When Buffy froze again, Willow got up. "I love it when you look at me like you're clueless." As Willow seethed, she grabbed Buffy's legs, rolled her onto her side and blistered her butt. "You know that you've been naughty, but you're just not smart enough to figure it out." Her voice lurched with each swing. "It's pitiful, y'know? The truth is usually right under your nose."

Willow had gotten her wish. Buffy was utterly mortified. She wept like a little girl. It was obvious she couldn't understand why Willow was being so mean to her.

The beating ended. Buffy took hold of the chains to ease the tension on her wrists. They were chaffed and scratched from pulling against the cuffs.

Willow crossed the room again in search of something else to play with. A larger toy was in her hand when she turned around. Despite the threats, this was still pretty human-sized. Maybe a little longer than usual, but not overtly so. She went to the foot of the bed and craned over, moving Buffy's leg so she could see. The small vibrator had slipped out. She picked it up by the very end and dropped it onto the floor.

A mood shift had happened. Buffy was having trouble keeping up. She grabbed hold of the bedposts, unsure what to expect as Willow leaned down. When Willow's mouth touched her pussy, she was no less clueless. It didn't take long for her not to care. Soft lips pinched closed, Willow's tongue darted out, swirling over Buffy's clit. She lapped and sucked and stroked. Buffy moaned. Things were just getting good when Willow decided to move on. Buffy opened her eyes.

Willow was grinning and holding the dildo up so Buffy could see it. She squeezed some lube onto the shaft and smeared it around.

A knot formed in Buffy's throat as Willow lowered it. As the tip of the dildo pressed pushed inside her, she said, "No," again. Same thing. Same squeak.

Willow didn't let up. She turned the vibrator on and pumped it in and out, burying it a little further with each stroke.

Tremors racked Buffy's body. She let out cry after cry, begging Willow to stop. She didn't sound very convincing with all the panting and grunting. For something that obviously grossed her out, she sure seemed to enjoy it. Her cries turned to pleas, "Oh, God. Please, I'll do whatever. I just let me feel your mouth again." She rolled her hips, moving the vibrator by grinding the end against the bed when Willow finally did stop.

"I thought you hated that," Willow teased.

Buffy opened her eyes and looked down.

Willow was uncoiling a length of rope. "Be a good girl and lift your ass," she said.

Buffy didn't question. She seemed strangely calm as she planted her feet and lifted her backside up.

Willow wrapped the rope around her waist, weaving it between her thighs and wrapping the base of the dildo to secure it in place.

The shaft of the vibrator buzzed between Buffy's clenched cheeks. Holding herself up required an act of sheer willpower. Her body twitched as Willow tied.

When Willow was done, she commanded, "Drop your ass and spread your legs. I want to see your pussy."

Buffy didn't argue.

Willow pressed the dildo in and swatted Buffy again. "I think you like this," she said. "I've always suspected that what you really wanted was for someone to paddle and fuck that tight little ass of yours." She took another swing.

Buffy cried out. Tears leaked from her eyes as Willow produced more rope. This time she bound Buffy's calves to her thighs and tied them off to the bed frame. The final length of rope went to wrap around her waist and tie her body down. Buffy watched, helpless to do anything.

Willow got up, stopping to pinch and pull Buffy's nipples.

A moan slipped, unchecked from Buffy's mouth.

"Now what am I going to do with you?" Willow asked.

"Make love to me," Buffy begged. Her body trembled, causing her voice to shake. "Please. I want your mouth on me. I want your tongue inside me. Make me cum, please."

"Yeah, *right*. I think I should let you stew for awhile," Willow replied. "I want to hear you beg." She took a seat at her desk. "Convince me." Her chair rocked back on two legs. She balanced it with the balls of her feet.

As Willow's hand dipped between her thighs, Buffy pleaded, "Please, I'll do anything, whatever you ask. Please just touch me."

Willow smiled. "Not good enough." Her hand swirled. She moaned and threw her head back as her fingers probed.

Buffy grew quiet. She was barely able to move. Tensing her stomach muscles felt good. She hunched and relaxed and hunched and relaxed. The rope pulled tight and loosened as she wiggled. Her body trembled with pleasure. She panted and moaned. The bed frame chattered as her body shook, a bundle of aching need that cut to her core. Desperate, she said, "I swear. I'll do anything you ask."

Willow was deep in the throes of another orgasm. Her hand pumped rapidly, pounding the flesh between her thighs. She cried out with pleasure. It was surprising she didn't go over backwards. Her body calmed. "Anything?" Willow asked. She lifted her head. "What would you do? I want details."

"I'll do whatever you ask. Anything you want. Please, just touch me," Buffy begged. It was funny seeing her try to do this. Dirty talk really wasn't her thing.

Willow got up and went to the sink. She washed her hands and stooped to open the drawer.

That made Buffy anxious. She pulled at the handcuffs. Maybe she was trying to work up the nerve to break free, but she never got there. She saw the harness as Willow took it from the drawer. All she could think to say was, "Please." She took a breath. "Please, *fuck* me. Oh, God, *please*."

"And what will you do for me if I fuck you?" Willow asked.

Buffy said, "I'll—" but her voice broke. She swallowed. "I'll do whatever you ask, whenever you ask it. I'll be yours for as long as you want. I'll—"

A much wiser person might've seen past the smoke and mirrors, but that wasn't Buffy. She was too caught up in the drama and titillation to understand that she was giving Willow exactly what she wanted. The smug smile on the witch's face spoke volumes to that end. She'd been dolling out just enough honey with the vinegar to throw Buffy off balance and

keep her confused. And the poor simpleminded girl was most likely going through a list of things in her mind that she'd be able to do and get over.

"I'll do whatever you ask," Buffy repeated, providing confirmation with her sincerity.

Willow wanted to humiliate her. She wanted Buffy to grovel. She wanted to push, break limits and boundaries. She wanted Buffy to do something she didn't want to...and make her love it. Willow buckled the harness on. She came to the foot of the bed and stood, sizing Buffy up for a moment before she reached down. "You want more of this don't you?" she asked, reaching down to touch the end of the dildo.

A rash, "Please," rolled off Buffy's tongue.

Willow laughed, took hold and pulled the dildo out, then pushed it in deeper.

Buffy looked surprised for only a moment until muscle spasms wiped her expression clean. The bed creaked. Ropes cut into Buffy's stomach and thighs. As Willow worked the dildo in and out, Buffy cried, "Oh, God!" Her voice cracked. "Please touch me."

The trembling didn't end when Willow stopped. Buffy shook as the witch climbed on top of her. Willow held the base of the dildo that hung between her legs. Its tip pressed into Buffy. She removed her hand and juttred her hips out, burying its shaft.

Buffy's face drew with pain. She grunted, sucking in several sharp breaths in a row. It obviously hurt at first, but as Willow rocked her hips, rolling them and occasionally bucking because the pressure felt good to her too, Buffy got over it. A stream of guttural sounds passed through Buffy's lips. Her head dug into the mattress. The bed rattled as she thrashed. Buffy came. She came again and again. Between orgasms she angled hips down to lessen the impact.

This was supposed to be one of the most intense sexual experiences a woman could have. It's little wonder that Buffy lost herself. She was so consumed that she missed everything.

Willow's body bowed as she bent to sweep Buffy's left nipple into her mouth. She suckled and hunched. There was no rhythm to it. She'd stab twice, hard. The base of the harness would crush against Buffy sending her into a fit of tremors. Willow would buck and shudder, grinding, mashing... Control returned, Willow would slowly pull out and pause for a moment before driving the length of the dildo into back into Buffy's core. Blood trickled from the corner of her mouth, painting a line down the curve of Buffy's breast. She fed slowly, quietly, hiding the act behind a shroud of ecstasy.

A litany of 'yeses' rang out. Buffy was getting close. Willow stopped cold. It was maddening. Buffy looked up, baffled and lost. Tension built in her face as she made a fist and wiggled her fingers. Everything that had been fleeting came back for an instant. It slipped away when Willow moved. On the second stroke, Buffy threw her head back and cried, "Don't stop." Willow's hips jerked. "Please, don't stop." She buried her face in the curve of Buffy's neck. Buffy gasped when she felt the pinch, but Willow erased the sensation with another thrust. "Oh, God!" Buffy's voice trembled as her body racked.

When the spasms ended, Willow raised her head. The stillness caused Buffy to open her eyes. Blood bathed Willow's chin.

Buffy mouth fell open. She stammered, "No." It had to be a trick. Her mind was playing tricks. She blinked. Nothing changed.

Willow looked down on Buffy. Contempt reflected in her yellow eyes. "You promised you'd do anything. I want you to drink," she said. "But you promised you'd protect me too." Her face shifted. "And you failed me, so I guess I can't expect much. I'll just do it myself. I'm going to bleed you and you're going to drink. You'll join me if I have to pour it down your throat." She paused a beat. "You'll heal and I'll cut. That should keep us busy for awhile. We'll see how long it takes me to get bored." She smiled a gruesome smile. "You know how I get when I'm bored."

Willow lay sprawled on the bed, fondling her pussy to pass the time. Her eyes raked over her progeny's lithe body. Buffy hung by her arms in the corner of the room. Her shoulders were severely deformed from the beating she'd taken. Only the tips of her toes met the ground.

"My first instinct was to kill you. But then, what fun would that've been? I'd rather play. Play is much less boring." Willow's irises darkened as she focused her power. A deep incision laid the slayer open from the hollow of her throat to her groin. The flesh knitted as the first drops of blood seeped from the wound. Willow beamed like a proud mother. Random gashes crisscrossed Buffy's limp form. Each one healed almost instantaneously. "Oh, you're perfect," Willow cooed.

Several dreary moments passed. Willow went from fondling to fucking. She was so wrapped up she almost missed it when Buffy began to stir. Not that the stupid slayer waking up was any reason to delay a perfectly good orgasm. She finished herself off. As she moaned, Geppetto's favorite daughter tried to lift her head. That didn't go so well. The best Buffy could do was open her eyes. Her chin dug into her chest. Flexing her arms made her whole body shake. Her face contorted with pain.

Willow turned onto her side, taking her head in hand. "Might wanna quit while you're behind, lover," she said. "See, both your shoulders are—" A quirky little shrug affected mostly the angle of her head. "Well, I sorta broke you. Bet ripping your own arms off would be all kinds of no-fun." She snickered. "Although I am a little curious how that'd go. I'm not even sure what you are now. You were a super-duper concentrated slayer before. Add 'vampire' to the mix and who knows? So if you'd like to indulge my intellectual curiosity, go right ahead. I won't stop you."

"Let. Me. Down," Buffy fumed. Her attitude was punctuated by not much else. She'd taken the hint. Her posture was stiff as a board.

Willow rose from the bed to approach her helpless mate. "You sure that's what you want?" she asked, sounding genuinely curious. "It could be worse. You can never tell about these

things.” Her fingertip followed the line of the first incision she’d made as she spoke.

“Why, Will?” Buffy’s question was met by a chilly laugh. The skin around her eyes wrinkled as she closed them and bore down. They blinked open. “Why couldn’t you just let me die?”

“Oh, Buffy,” Willow chided as she magically manipulated the handcuff locks. “I’d think you’d be able to figure that one on your own. But if you need help, let me make it simple for you.” The cuffs came free. Buffy fell, crashing onto the floor in a heap. Willow drove her foot into Buffy side. The crunch of cracking bones delighted her almost as much as Buffy’s cries of pain.

“I know you better than anyone,” Willow said as she tipped her desk, scattering all of its contents on the floor. “I know you’d rather die than become a vampire.” She moved the desk into the middle of the room. “Do you think I haven’t watched?” Buffy was magically lifted into the air and came to rest lying supine on the desk. “But enough idle chitchat.” Buffy’s body bent, rolling into a ball with her bottom in the air. “What I think you really want is for me to play with that pretty little ass of yours some more.”

Folded like she was, Buffy had a perfect view of her crotch and not much else. Her shins were pinned to the desk, held by an unseen force. One of her arms rested behind her, pinned to the desk too. The other dangled over the side. Willow lifted her dangling arm, placing it beside the other as a length of rope snaked up the desk leg and over Buffy’s calves. The rope twined beneath the desk and across its top, wrapping around again and again.

Buffy wasn’t interested in any of that. Her attention fixed on the cross that hovered above her face. “So, you’re gonna go all Angelus on me, Will? Somehow I thought—”

“You thought what?” Willow spat. “That I’d be better than that? I’m a vampire, Buffy.” A low feral growl erupted from somewhere deep inside her. She bared her teeth sneering with contempt, “I left the room for a minute to get something to eat while you were screwing around doing who knows what.” She snickered mirthlessly, interrupting her rant. “Promising track record. This time your lover turned *you* into a monster.”

The cross rose, coming to rest at the base of Buffy’s spine. Her flesh smoldered where it touched. Tears welled in her eyes.

“You and me, lover,” Willow crooned, “we’re gonna have such good times. We have an eternity to redefine pain together.” The skin of her partner’s ass bubbled and smoked. “You ever see *The Exorcist*?”

Buffy bit her lower lip hard enough to draw blood when the cross ripped inside her. She began to frantically search the room. Mentally going through a checklist of all the items they’d brought with them into the tiny cabin. Her attention fixed on the bag at the foot of the bed. She couldn’t see it but she knew it was there.

Willow was so preoccupied between the rope and the cross that she never sensed Buffy moving against her.

The air filled with the smoke. Buffy wore a mask etched by agony. The stake rose from the bag. It floated through the air behind Willow, coming to a halt between her shoulder blades. A quick thrust and it was all over.

Ashes rained onto the floor as the magic holding Buffy to the desk vanished. She toppled sideways, taking the length of rope with her as she fell. Rising was impossible. Her shoulders were too badly mangled. She floundered onto her back, folding her right arm beneath her. "Congratulations, Will," she mumbled. "You finally got me to use magic defensively."

Buffy's body healed at an incredible rate. The trouble was, for it to heal, her shoulders needed to be set. She focused all of her attention on that. Eventually the bones popped and her left shoulder knit. With one arm mended, she was able to rise and manually set the other. The entire process was accompanied by a string of curses, winges and grunts.

The first thing she put on was her necklace. The tiny token had saved her life so many times she felt naked without it. As she crossed the small space to pick out something to wear, she stepped barefoot on the cross. Nothing happened. She dug through the cases and drawers, getting out black leather pants, white tee-shirt, black leather jacket and boots.

Her attention fixed on the cross as she dressed. She reached down to get it. Again, nothing happened. She dropped it onto the bed and took off the necklace. When she picked up the cross up again, smoke rolled from her hand. Her flesh boiled. She chucked the cross with so much force that it splintered against the wall. She peered down at her burned hand.

"So if I have the shape of a cross burned into my skin, why doesn't that count as a cross?" Buffy asked. Her brow crinkled. "Technically, this should never heal." But it did heal. It healed so quickly that by the time she was done pondering, the palm of her hand was perfectly smooth and pink.

"I don't get it," she said. "But whatever...I like this." A broad grin twisted her lips as she picked up the necklace. "I can use this, but—" The chain and the ribbon became so much trash. "Spike was a major dumbass." She ripped the pendant free, placed it in her mouth and swallowed. "Dunno how many times I've thanked my lucky stars he wasn't smart enough to do that."

"Kay, so...I'm starved," she said as she sat down on the bed to put her boots on. "Who do I have to kill to get someone to eat around here?"

D'Hoffryn grinned wolfishly as he peered into the pool. The cargo ship he watched in its mirrored surface turned eastward toward the shore. Fiddling with the remote made him cranky. The image froze for a moment before moving at double speed as if to catch up. Finally, he managed to zoom in. His timing was fortunate.

The little blonde vampire ripped the still-beating heart from the chest of the ship's captain.

D'Hoffryn met her golden eyes in the pool and began to chortle. "She's so much more fun this way," he said with delight.

Buffy licked the blood from her hand.

"Yes, sir, most entertaining," Lloyd agreed. After a thought-filled pause, he amended, "It might've been more interesting if she'd stopped to grieve for the witch. Suffering always improves a performance, I believe."

D'Hoffryn's hand went to his beard. He stroked it pensively as he reflected, "Perhaps, but tears are so human. And this creature...she's far from human, I'm not certain it would've resonated."

"You're probably right, sir," Lloyd replied with an agreeable bob of his head. "May I get you something?"

D'Hoffryn replied, "Not now, Lloyd," his attention still fixed on the pool.

Lloyd affirmed, "As you wish, sir," and turned to leave the room.

Don't Lie

Chapter Notes

Prompt: #291: Fabric @  [tamingthemuse](#) & #09: Smooth @  [kinda_gay](#).

Sunlight beamed down on Buffy where she stood at the bow of the ship, watching the shore draw steadily nearer. A vampire on the water in broad daylight, soaking up the rays, was certainly a strange enough sight. It was a genuine puzzler that would've been sufficient had that been the only thing that was wrong. It wasn't. The situation was further complicated by the size of the vessel and its bearing. In short: this 'football field' sized juggernaut was headed inland, directly for a crowded Southern California beach. The ship's keel dug into the ocean floor, causing it to lurch and climb. Great clouds of silt stirred in the water. Metal groaned and people screamed.

The disaster movie motif sent many of the sunbathers, sightseers and surfers scattering, while many others stood transfixed. Some of the gawkers were even so mentally challenged that they got out their mobile phones and started snapping pictures.

As the vessel made a violent show of succumbing to physics, it listed heavily starboard. Buffy with her wide and rigid stance and folded arms appeared completely unaffected...by that. She was however enjoying the show. Her body shook with peals of laughter like those of a naughty child.

Buffy slumped forward as the ship ground to a halt. She might've easily caught herself on the railing. The fact that she went over it headfirst seemed entirely without reason. There had to be a better way to disembark. She plummeted, tumbling more than one full rotation before she splashed facedown into the water below.

A well meaning young man charged to her aid, wading out into the breakwater. He too disappeared as he plunged beneath the surface in a daring bid to find her. Moments later he reappeared only to take a breath and dive again. On his third attempt he surfaced with Buffy in his arms. The waves rushing around the ship threatened to drag them both down, but he fought and finally made it to shore. A little inspirational music might've helped to set the tone, otherwise the scene was perfect.

Our knight in cerulean Bermuda shorts laid his damsel out on the sand and felt her neck for a pulse. The music, had there been any, would've turned maudlin here. Big surprise, our little chippy was dead. When he laid her head to the side and compressed her chest, bloody seawater poured from her mouth. Any sane person would've probably given up then, but our hero was too consumed by the idea that he could save her.

Water rained from the sun-bleached curls that fell into his eyes as he began chest compressions. He breathed into her mouth and pounded her chest several more times before 'playing dead' grew too wearisome for Buffy. A giggle gave her away. As he sat up, staring at her in slack-jawed wonder, her giggles turned to hysterical laughter.

Gradually she came to herself and reached for him. In one deft, fluid movement, she leveraged him onto his back and landed straddling his waist. "My hero," she purred, planting a tender kiss on his lips. It seemed she might let up after one smooch, but Buffy gave a contented little groan and the kiss continued. He put his arms around her. Her fingers laced through his hair. He caressed her back through her leather jacket. For her part, the kiss was filled with passion and promise, but he couldn't move. She held his head stationary. His hands trailed down her back, coming to rest on her ass.

The kiss grew in fervor, as did the intensity of Buffy's grip. She wrapped her legs around him. As pressure grew painful, he tried to shove her away. She held fast. He sputtered into her mouth. His legs kicked and his body thrashed. Buffy held on. A muffled squeal marked the collapse of his cheekbones. Tension stretched his neck muscles. Sinewy tissue gave out. His struggle ended with a faint crack.

Buffy lifted her head to stare into his wide vacant eyes. His death throes rocked them both as she wrenched and twisted and yanked. Blood spurted as his skin and muscle tore. His head finally came free. The beige sand beneath him turned red and muddy. She held his head up at eye level. An amused smile brightened her face. "There can be only one," she whispered.

Though it had only been a few gruesome, chaotic moments, the remainder of the spectators had gotten the picture. A glut of humanity bottlenecked, clamoring for a place on the weatherworn wooden stairs that led to the parking lot.

"Or two. Or two-thousand. Depends on who you ask and when," Buffy mumbled and sprang to her feet. "It's past time I fixed that." She picked a target from the throng and hurled the head.

A petite, bikini-clad blonde was struck so violently that she collapsed, taking another woman with her as she sprawled face-first onto the sand and lay unmoving. Blood splattered the crowd. The head bounced and hit a man who threw the woman in front of him aside as he scrambled for the stairs. Chivalry was quite dead. Two of the fallen women fought to stand only to be trampled. The blonde was trampled by the other two.

The panic grew more frenzied when Buffy started toward the crowd. People pushed and shoved. Some were thrown. Some were mauled. Buffy took her time crossing the beach. Watching them brutalize each other was more fun than anything she could do.

Only two women remained when she reached the stairs. Buffy went for the one she'd struck with the head. Maybe what they said about vampires was true. They are attracted to bright colors. The blonde was wearing red, though most of it was blood now. She came to as Buffy lifted her from the sand by her hair. She clawed and wrenched at Buffy's hand, but she couldn't break free, so she cooperated. Standing of her own accord must've seemed preferable to having her hair ripped out.

Buffy's eyes yellowed as the demon surfaced. Ridges formed across her brow. She embraced the tanned, slender form of her prey. The fabric of the woman's skimpy top barely covered her ample bosom. As she squirmed, her top twisted, exposing her. Buffy bored down. Bones snapped. She sank her teeth in to the woman's neck.

Her attention shifted as she fed. Another of the fallen women scuttled backward on her rump. She'd been smart enough to hang back after being thrown down by that man. Unfortunately, she lingered a little too long. In her panic to reach the stairs she'd stumbled again. She finally made it, but she couldn't take her eyes off of Buffy long enough to stand, let alone run.

Buffy drained the blonde and dropped her. Sidestepping the corpse, she approached her next victim. This woman was older than the blonde with auburn hair and a pleasant, freckled face. Something about her caused Buffy pause, though there was nothing really remarkable about her. She was 'Mary Ann' to her now deceased counterpart's 'Ginger,' pretty enough, but not voluptuous in that 'Southern California,' 'I'm an actress' kind of way. Maybe it was that she didn't appear to be a ginormous slut. Instead of a thong and a couple of pasties, she wore frayed cutoffs and a white tanktop that left a thin strip of her toned midriff bare.

Sucking another person dry shouldn't have been a problem. Seemingly on a whim, Buffy said, "Come with me," as her face returned to normal. She offered the woman a pleasant smile which should've been significantly diminished by her bloody teeth and chin.

The woman didn't seem to notice. Though hers was bashful, she returned the smile. She only looked up again when Buffy offered her a hand, and then she seemed to momentarily lose herself in a study of Buffy's face. A gentle tug brought her awkwardly to her feet.

Buffy climbed the stairs at a rapid, yet entirely human pace, towing her new companion along. The parking lot was gridlocked when they reached it. A couple in the car closest to the stairs took notice of Buffy, abandoned their vehicle and fled in terror. There had already been several fender benders and her arrival caused several more.

Spying what she desired, Buffy set off purposefully toward a muscular man on a Japanese sportbike who sat in the queue near the exit. She cleared her throat and tapped his shoulder. When he turned to look, his eyes filled with fear. Instead of panicking, abandoning his motorcycle and running away like a sane person, he tried to maneuver around the car in front of him.

He was almost home free when Buffy flipped the sidestand down, killing the engine with the built-in safety device. She released her companion's hand, grabbed the man by the back of his shirt and slung him off his motorcycle.

The woman could've taken the opportunity to flee. She might've even gotten away. Instead, she stood watching as the biker careened into a signpost.

Buffy threw her leg over the machine, flipped the sidestand up, pulled in the clutch and restarted it. With a twitch of her toe, she put the bike in neutral. She didn't give the biker a second glance. He lay unmoving, draped over the mangled signpost. Instead, her attention turned to the woman. She wiped her chin and rubbed her hand on her thigh before she asked, "So, what's your name?"

The woman played coy, hanging her head as she mumbled, “Janet.”

“Come here, Janet,” Buffy said.

It was plain from her expression that Janet wasn’t convinced that that was wise. She did manage to hold Buffy’s gaze for a moment or two before she had to look away.

Sirens sounded in the distance. Buffy cocked her head. “You should get that, if I wanted you dead, you would be,” she said, reaching out her hand. When Janet accepted the gesture, Buffy drew her closer. “I’m not going to hurt you.” This seemed like it should be a lie, but Buffy sounded entirely sincere. She reached up to smooth Janet’s hair away from her face. “If you do everything I ask, the worst experience you’ll have today is the cab ride home. I promise.” She turned introspective. “Okay, so...maybe not the worst. I did rip some guy’s—”

Janet butted in to ask, “You’re going to send me away?” She rested her hand over Buffy’s holding it to her face.

Buffy scrunched her brow. Poor Janet seemed genuinely upset. “No,” Buffy replied, drawing the word out in a questioning manner. “Not now, at least. I’m gonna introduce you to some old friends of mine.” The sirens were growing louder. They didn’t have much time. She slipped her hand free and twisted to pat the seat. “Now hop on. We need to roll before things get interesting.”

Without question, Janet did as asked. She put her arms around Buffy as they rode out onto the grass to cut to the front of the queue.

Like Blood to a Vampire

Chapter Notes

Prompts: #292: Head Over Heels @  [tamingthemuse](#) & #10: Burn @  [kinda_gay](#).

Buffy turned the motorcycle onto an inclined driveway that led to a parking lot situated between two long warehouses. As the slope leveled, her devious nature took over. She snapped the throttle open and the front of the motorcycle lofted into the air. The knapsack Janet wore lifted from her back. She didn't fall off which meant she had to be hanging onto Buffy for dear life. The revving engine produced a deep throated growl that echoed off the buildings as the machine chewed through two-hundred yards of tarmac in the blink of an eye.

The pavement was running out when Buffy let off the throttle. She was on the brakes the moment the front tire touched down. The underside of Janet's jaw smacked Buffy's shoulder as she was thrown forward. Buffy's rigid stance absorbed the impact. She let off the brakes and swerved wide left, then right. The motorcycle swooped into a low, banked turn. Suspended in the act of falling, it traveled an arc that left a few feet to spare, covering practically the entire breadth and remaining depth of the parking lot.

Once headed back from whence it came, the machine righted itself like the head of a dippy bird. Another thundering, wheel-lofting display of reckless abandon accompanied their return trip. Motorcycle and riders shot up the row of empty parking slots toward a large, white panel van near the main door.

Xander was exiting the building when Buffy brought them to an abrupt and flamboyant halt next to a pair of picnic tables set under a shade tree on the narrow strip of lawn just down from the main doors. She shut the engine off, dropped the sidestand and let the bike lean onto it as he jogged up to them.

His attention drifted from Buffy to her passenger as he spouted off, "I thought that was you. You're early. Where's Will?"

After what she'd just been through, it wouldn't have seemed unreasonable for Janet to jump off the motorcycle, drop to her knees and kiss the ground. Instead, she clung to Buffy.

Doubt, shock and worry all reflected in Xander's features when Buffy replied, "She's dead." Oddly enough, the devilish smile she gave him set Xander at ease. The truth wasn't going to cut it, but she just didn't seem to be able to resist screwing with him. Utterly deadpan, she said, "No, really..." then her mood turned silly "...she said she'd rather die than get on this thing with me. So, you see, I had to kill her."

The partial fabrication worked wonders. Xander's face brightened. He said through a laugh, "Can't say I blame her." He sobered. "So, who's your new friend?"

Janet still hadn't moved. Buffy twisted in her seat to say, "You can get off now." She rolled her eyes and turned to face Xander as Janet dismounted. "Just some girl I picked up in Malibu," she replied.

Again, the truth was too much for Xander, so Buffy salved it with another lie, "She's a slayer."

Buffy threw her leg over the gas tank to sit sidesaddle on the motorcycle as Xander introduced himself, "Hi. Welcome to the asylum. I'm Xander." He held out his hand.

Janet didn't answer. She didn't move a muscle. In fact, it was hard to tell if she'd heard him at all, so Buffy jumped in, "Her name's Janet. She's shy..." another quirky smile crossed her lips "...and perhaps a little traumatized."

"Again with the not blaming," Xander replied, withdrawing his hand. "You're a braver person than I am. There aren't enough Twinkies in Kansas to make me get on that thing with her." The lack of response brought a realization, buckets of stress and a topic shift. "Oh, I, uh," Xander stammered, quickly collecting his thoughts. "We've got trouble. Giles is here... and he's—well, *upset* begins to describe—"

Buffy cut him off, "I'll handle it. Send him out."

"Don't you want to come in?" Xander asked. "You look—" He restrained himself. Honesty wasn't going to go over well. Buffy looked severely windblown and a bit grubby. Much grubbier than usual. She had after all gone for a dip in her clothes, not that he knew that. "Umm...well, you look like you could use some downtime." Buffy didn't react, so he grew bolder. "And a shower." Her eyes narrowed. "Not saying. You just—" He ran out of steam.

And she didn't take his head off. It was fascinating. She even sounded like her usual self when she replied, "If you don't mind, I'd like spend some time out here with the shade and the sunshine and all the pretty green. After being cooped up on a ship for the better part of two weeks, leafy greenness is good."

"How'd that go anyway? Were you really the only two women on board? That had to be weird."

"About like you'd think."

What Buffy meant and what Xander thought weren't even remotely similar. Buffy swatted him. Not hard, just a tap to pull him from his flight of fancy. "Not that thought, the other one, Xander, the one where I was bored out of my mind. I actually read because there was nothing else to do."

"Oh, yeah, that one, the one where you're forced into extended seclusion with Will and you read. That's one of my favorites," Xander replied, though his grin said he wasn't buying it.

“I read a little,” she huffed defensively.

Still amused, Xander turned away. “Alright,” he agreed. “I’ll be back in a few.”

“Would you send Faith out too? I need to talk to her,” Buffy said, briefly drawing Xander’s attention. When he turned away again, she added another item to the list, “Oh, and—” she tapped Janet on the shoulder. “Can I have my pack?”

Plainly impatient, Xander faced the ladies as Janet said, “Yeah, uh...sure,” unhitching the pack from her shoulders and handing it over to Buffy.

Buffy passed the bag to Xander. “Drop this in the kitchen for me.”

“What is it?” Xander asked.

“A bomb,” Buffy replied with a smile. When Xander looked at her like she was nuts, she amended, “It’s just some goodies for the girls.”

Xander turned and walked away, shaking his head.

Buffy called out, “Don’t open it, okay?”

“Alright.”

“No, really, Xander, it’s a surprise.”

Xander turned around, backpedaling as he pointed out, “Well, if I leave it in the kitchen someone’s bound to get curious and snoop.”

Buffy slid off the motorcycle seat. “I’m counting on it,” she mumbled, striding to the closest picnic table. She sat down with her back to the tabletop. The door had just shut behind Xander when she leveled her attention on Janet. “Take off your clothes.”

Janet took hold of the hem of her tanktop and pulled it over her head.

“Oh, no way. That’s just cool,” Buffy said, now delighted.

Janet was positively beaming when the shirt cleared her face. “Do you really think so?” she asked, dropping her shirt and reaching behind herself to unhook her bra. Her expression left little doubt that she was head over heels in lust, or love, or some twisted perversion of the two.

Buffy eyed her. Janet was well muscled, but rail thin, so thin that Buffy could count her ribs all the way up. Her breasts would barely fill an A cup, though she wore a padded B. Small rosebud pink nipples completed the picture. “How old are you?” Buffy asked, ignoring Janet’s question.

“I’m twenty-eight,” Janet replied as her shorts dropped around her ankles. She stepped out of them. All that was left was a pair of lace cheekys.

“Your panties too,” Buffy said.

The illusion of youth took a serious hit when Janet’s panties fell. Her pubic mound was shaved smooth, which didn’t help, but the ruddy wedge of flesh below that contradicted the image. It was unusually long and thick, ending in dangling, puckered folds. What nature had skimmed on up top it had overcompensated for between Janet’s legs.

“Sit here,” Buffy said, patting the bench beside her. “I want to see you.” She touched Janet’s knee when she sat down and she parted her thighs. “Spread yourself open,” Buffy said. It was clear that she was simply curious, but that didn’t seem to matter. Janet responded nonetheless. She looked down, using both hands to fan her labia like butterfly wings. Fluid pooled around the silver ring that pierced the mouth of her vagina. “Yeah, not twelve,” Buffy mumbled.

“What?” Janet asked, giving Buffy an inquisitive glance.

“Never mind,” Buffy said. “Let me see your clit.” Janet shifted her hold to either side of her clitoral hood and pulled up. A wet pink piece of flesh, like the tip of a tiny tongue, poked out. “I seriously got robbed.”

Her cool, clinical approach left Janet crestfallen. “Too much is never as good as you’d think,” she mumbled.

The answer was unusually candid, but Buffy didn’t seem to care. “Get yourself off,” she said. “I want to watch.” She didn’t get a chance. As Janet slipped two fingers inside herself, the door opened.

Giles glanced at them and averted his eyes. “What is the meaning of this?” His question was unusually waspish even for him. “You can’t—”

“It’s called masturbation, Giles,” Buffy retorted. “You should try it. I hear it helps with stress.”

As Giles bore down on them, seething, she reached over to tweak Janet’s right nipple between her thumb and forefinger. She tugged and Janet’s head fell back. A loud groan cut into Giles’ bluster. The fingers of Janet’s other hand slid around her clit, pinching it off as the movements of her right hand became frantic.

“Not so fast, sweetie,” Buffy whispered.

Janet responded.

Giles was too busy fuming and picking up cast off pieces of clothing to pay either of them any notice. A question stood out in the otherwise meaningless litany, “Have you lost your mind?”

“I lost something,” Buffy replied, rising to her feet.

“So, you hired a prostitute to distract us while you—?” Giles cut off to look around. No one had noticed Andrew. Probably because he hadn’t moved a muscle since he set foot outside

the door. He stood like a statue with his mouth agape, staring at Janet. Giles pitched the wad of clothing at her. “Get dressed! Your services are no longer required.”

The clothes hit Janet and slid from her torso to gather between her sides and arms. When she flinched, everything fell but her shorts. Giles didn’t exist to her for all of the attention she paid him. And the shorts were merely an annoyance, one she cast off with only the briefest of interruptions to the task she’d been given.

While Janet kept Giles entertained, Buffy went to the motorcycle, pulled the key from the ignition and popped the seat. Beneath it in a miniscule storage compartment was a plastic shelf that carried a u-shaped lock for securing the front tire. She removed the brackets that held the lock and took it out, using the key fastened to it by a small carabineer to unlock it. The bottom crossbar slid free and she slipped it into her jacket’s inner pocket.

Giles really should’ve been paying attention instead of trying to get gaping boy to “Go inside this instant and call a cab for this young woman.” Andrew didn’t react until Giles’ head struck the table. For Janet’s part, the orgasm seemed quite enthralling. She barely noticed when her mistress turned into a monster, lifted a man twice her size by his collar and pinned him facedown behind her. But who did? It was all just kind of a frenzied flurry of movement that looked more like a colorful blur than a cohesive series of actions.

As Buffy slammed the u-lock down over the back of his neck, Giles let out a sound that might’ve been a squeak. It could’ve been worse. She could’ve missed and put the lock through his neck, or he might’ve actually squeaked.

“You know what your problem is, Giles?” Buffy asked as she pushed down on the u-lock. The whole thing was too casual. She slipped on her human guise as the board—one of four that comprised the table top, all of which were a little too wide for the lock to fit around—splintered.

Meanwhile things were catching up and Andrew was about to go thermal.

Buffy didn’t miss much. Her conversation with Giles was interrupted with a command, “Janet, get the geek.” Giles sputtered. She was probably gripping him too tightly, but everything else was on hold while she watched a naked ninety pound girl kick the crap out of Andrew. “Don’t knock him out,” she added as Janet hit Andrew hard enough to send him reeling backward into the sidewall of the door alcove. Buffy just couldn’t let it play out. She had to kibitz. “Choke holds work, y’know?”

When Janet had Andrew by the throat and was leading him scuffling and fussing up to the table, Buffy shared her previous thought, “You have to control everything. I swear, you micro-manage like nobody’s business. Heaven forbid that someone is more powerful than you, ’cause if they are and they don’t see things exactly your way, then they’re automatically a threat. You won’t stop screwing with them until you have them by the short and curlies.” Things with Janet seemed to be well in hand, so Buffy broke off her spiel long enough to straddled the bench and reach beneath the table to secure the locking bar over the pins that hung down. The demon showed its ugly face as she sat up.

As Giles met her eyes, he stammered, “How—?”

“The usual way,” Buffy replied with a smile. Giles’ glasses had fallen off. She went to fetch them from where they lay on the lawn. “I think it’s about time we fucked back,” she said. “And you brought me the perfect toady for the job.” She stopped to give Andrew her undivided attention.

The boy was looking awfully dewy and flustered. Garnering Buffy’s interest almost sent him out of his skin. Janet’s forearm flexed as he squirmed. His face grew redder.

As Buffy spoke, “So, I’m gonna give you a choice,” her human facade restored itself. “You can either whip out your favorite little thing in the whole wide world and plant it in Daddy’s ass, *or—*”

The furrows in Andrew’s deepened. “You’ll what?” he croaked.

“Y’know, I hadn’t really given that much thought. What with the homoerotic fantasy and the duress, I figure you’ll fuck him. No blood, no foul, right? I am holding a figurative knife to your throat, so whatever you do...” Buffy trailed off to give Andrew a smug smile. “You *really* don’t want me to think about it. There are all of these fun new tortures I want to try out now that I’m evil. And *you*—I can’t think of anyone better. I didn’t like you when I was alive. I loathe you now that I’m dead, so drop your panties and entertain me before I get bored and entertain myself.”

Buffy reached out to touch Janet’s arm. “You can let go,” she said. “The little tool doesn’t have the stones to defy me. And if he grows some, I’ll rip them off and feed them to him.”

Andrew asked, “How are you outside?” as Buffy turned away.

And Giles joined the chorus, “*Yes*. That was my question as well.”

Buffy was bent on delivering Giles’ glasses to him now. She glanced over her shoulder to say, “Get to fucking, monkey boy.” Janet was standing like a statue behind him. Buffy rolled her eyes. “Help him out,” she said, sounding exasperated. “Fluff or something.” She put Giles’ glasses on him, then backed away and took a seat on the neighboring tabletop. “I meant you, Janet. Get the geek hard.” Her attention returned to Giles as Janet went to her knees in front of Andrew.

“It’s funny,” Buffy said over Andrew’s moan. “You know you’re going to die, but you just gotta keep asking questions.” She shook her head. “It really is pathetic.” Patches of sunlight glistened in her hair. She moved down into the shade, taking a seat on the bench. “Kay, Giles...one last answer, slayer to watcher. It’s the necklace Will and I made. No clue why, but it works like that Ring of Armani thing Spike was all hot and bothered about years ago.”

“The Gem of Amara,” Giles corrected. He was surprisingly genial for someone who was stapled by the neck to a table. “May I see the necklace? Call it a final request.”

Buffy snorted. “Whatever.” A broad grin curled her lips. “Sorry, Giles, even if I wanted—even if I was *that blonde*—I can’t. I sort of ate it.”

“Oh,” Giles gasped. The pluck drained right out of him.

Andrew was making all sorts of happy noises. He clutched Janet's bobbing head to his crotch.

"That's enough," Buffy said. "Janet, stop. Come here."

Fish-faced, Andrew stared at Buffy as Janet returned to her side.

"Well, go," Buffy said, tapping the bench with her nails. "This shouldn't be difficult for a slimy, twofaced, little rodent like you. I mean, c'mon, you cut your best friend's throat because an ineffectual, yet obviously evil entity told you to." Her nails pounded out an impatient rhythm, once... "Have I ever mentioned how much I liked Jonathan?" ...twice... "He was a decent guy. A little misguided, but decent." ...three times. "Raping Giles—comparatively small potatoes—don'cha think?" She glanced at Janet who stood partially blocking her view of Andrew. "Sit down," she said, patting the bench at her side.

When Janet was out of the way, Buffy saw that Andrew was playing with himself. Buffy's eyebrows bunched up as if to say, 'seriously?' His hand slid up and down the length of his cock twice before she interrupted, "Did you know that guts really are that gross purpley shade of gray they are in the anatomy books? I had no clue. Wanna see?"

With the threat on the table, Andrew came to himself and reached beneath Giles to unbuckle his belt.

"I thought not," she said as he fumbled. "Now, get busy or I'll hang you from this tree by yours." Her attention shifted and so did her mood. Morose now, she focused on Giles' face. "I have to wonder if the gem hurt Spike like this hurts me."

Giles' eyes went wide. The table shook. He clamped his teeth. The pinkness of his knuckles went white where he gripped the tabletop. A little more spit probably wouldn't have hurt, but Andrew was too petrified or inexperienced to do any prep. He simply forced the issue inch by inch.

Buffy got up and walked away, talking over the pants and the grunts, "It burns, y'know? The sunlight." She made it as far as the tree before she turned around and leaned against its trunk. "All those years in Sunnydale, I got kind of used to being in pain. It's weird when I'm not." A cold snicker drafted through her nose. "Not that you ever noticed. I'd come in beat to shit and you'd find something else—"

The glass door drafted open and Faith stepped out with Xander on her heels. She got an eye full. "What the—?"

"Oh, hi." Buffy actually managed to sound pleasantly surprised.

"Dear God! Help me," Giles exclaimed, causing Buffy to roll her eyes. He just didn't sound that much like he needed help.

Faith ignored him. "Hi, B.," she said. "So, what's up?" She pointed out all of the obvious flaws in the picture with her index finger.

“Yeah, I know,” Buffy muttered disdainfully, eyeing Andrew. The boy had overcome his issues and was now deeply lost in the pursuit of the perfect orgasm. “It’s gross. I thought man-on-man action was supposed to be hot. This is like watching a ferret fuck Mr. Higgins.”

“Well, I can’t say I didn’t see it coming,” Faith said. “I just didn’t see it coming now.” Her brow knit. “I didn’t want to see it coming.” She wrinkled her nose. “Say? Can we get these two a room?”

All of the humping and pumping had Xander pretty much flummoxed. He was so much worse off than Faith. His slack-jawed and frozen ‘deer in the headlights’ act was broken by a stammered, “Wha—?”

None of this was original or all that amusing. Buffy looked bored. “Kay, so...for those of you just joining us,” she announced, pointing a thumb at herself. “*Vampire*: so, *evil*, I guess.” She shrugged. “But I don’t feel so much evil as I just don’t care about much. Like this...” she directed a forefinger to Giles “...should be appalling. I get that. But I find it pathetic and funny.”

Xander and Faith both stared at her like she was out of her mind. It was, after all, the middle of the afternoon. Any vampires out on a blue, sunny day like this should’ve been dust.

Buffy pointed at Janet. “Minion: so, pretty much catatonic...” A quick glance at Janet’s crotch changed her tune. “...though she’s less catatonic than she was.” Her minion was fondling herself again. Buffy moved on, indicating Andrew with a flourish of her hand. “Still duplicitous and totally malleable. I know that’ll come as a shock. He hasn’t changed. Moving on.”

Faith had started to wise up. Truth was, it didn’t really matter what was wrong with Buffy. She was obviously insane and needed to be stopped.

Buffy let her come. She indicated her final victim with another wave of her hand. “And Giles...” a big, sloppy punch looked to be Faith’s opening move “...what can I say about him? He’s—” Buffy broke off to put the tree trunk between herself and Faith.

Faith wasn’t quite clumsy enough to clobber the tree. What she did hit was so much air. “Sonuva—!” she shouted as she went flying past.

“*Poetic justice* comes to mind,” Buffy said, peeking around the tree. Faith came to a graceful halt, pivoting on the ball of her foot. A fit of the giggles shook through Buffy as Faith faced her. She huffed and puffed, straining to say, “But he’s had a stick up his ass the entire time I’ve known him, so this—not so much different.”

Faith wasn’t amused, though she was grinning. Buffy sobered under her steely glare. An impasse had been reached. Faith said, “Your move, B.”

The way Faith was looking kind of at her and kind of past her, Buffy could tell that something was up, but she really didn’t care. It wasn’t like Xander’s attempt to plant a stake between her shoulder blades was going to accomplish anything, except tear her leather and

her shirt. That part made her mad. She swung around and backhanded Xander to the ground. The stake went flying, clattered against the warehouse wall and bounced onto the lawn.

“Nice one,” Buffy said, sounding genuinely impressed. That didn’t change the fact that she was standing over Xander with her hand on her hip. Blood drizzled from the corner of his mouth as he looked up at her bleary eyed. “Good to know all those years on the Hellmouth weren’t—”

Faith charged. As they went down, Buffy kicked off, putting a spin on their flight. Faith crashed into the legs of the second picnic table with Buffy on top of her. Janet squeaked and shot to her feet. Faith got one good look at Buffy’s face before the punch snapped her head sideways. She was out for the count.

Buffy got up to assess who was where doing what. Xander was on his hands and knees trying to rise. Her advice to him was, “Stay down. You’re just gonna get yourself hurt.” Andrew stood gaping at her, like he’d forgotten what he was supposed to be doing. Buffy went for the stake, sidestepping Xander and Faith. She strode between the picnic tables, pausing to whisper, “Xander’s the hottest guy you’ve ever seen,” into her minion’s ear.

Andrew tried to face Buffy when she stepped in behind him, but she seized the back of his neck. His next brilliant move was to try and appease her by thrusting against Giles. She snapped, “I gave you a simple job to do,” drowning out Giles’ guttural curse. “Figures, you came up short.” A wicked grin twisted her lips. “But *hey*, bright spot: at least you don’t have to worry about dying a virgin now.” She cut off Andrew’s sputtering and stammering by driving the stake into his abdomen.

He cried out, “Shi—!”

Her hand clamped over his mouth. “Hurts, doesn’t it?” she said. Andrew nearly ate his tongue when she swirled the stake before pulling it out. “The only reason you aren’t dead is because I think there might be some amusement value left in you yet. Now, do your job or I’ll finish mine.” The stake flipped and bounced when she cast it aside, leaving red streaks on the green grass.

Blood poured between Andrew’s fingers as he dropped to his knees, fretting and clutching his gut. That must’ve been amusing enough because Buffy didn’t break his neck.

She glanced at Xander and laughed. He appeared to be well entertained. Trying to pin Janet without hurting her was a whole lot harder than it sounded. She wriggled and squirmed, grinding her crotch against his thigh and accidentally kneeing him as Buffy strolled between the two tables.

Giles had been clucking and fussing. That was hard enough to ignore, but the fit he was throwing now was downright annoying. Buffy put an end to that by cold cocking him on her way past.

She knelt down to pat Faith’s cheek after grabbing her ankle and dragging her away from the table. “Wakey, wakey.” When Faith’s eyelids fluttered open, Buffy said, “No clue why—

and I'm not gonna waste a lot of time thinking about it—but you're the one person here I give a crap about.”

Faith started to ask, “You always knock the shit out of people you—?” but thought better of it and broke off when Buffy straddled her and pinned her arms. “Never mind,” Faith said with a chuckle. “My bad. Must be the concussion talking.”

With the tumult of squeaks, mutters and sobs going on around them, Buffy took quick inventory. Xander couldn't let go of Janet and it wasn't in his nature to clock an innocent girl, so he was pretty much tied up. Andrew was curled on his side in a tight ball. He wasn't going anywhere either.

While Buffy was needlessly distracted, Faith twisted, leveraging her over. That didn't seem to upset Buffy. She wiggled her hips. “Take your top off for me,” she said.

“What?” Faith replied. “You've gotta be joking, B. I don't know if you've forgotten how this wor—”

In spite of being pinned, Buffy sat up like it was nothing at all. She met Faith's eyes and insisted, “Lose the top.”

Faith sat on Buffy's lap for almost a minute staring into her eyes before she finally moved. During that time, Janet went from libidinous to beside herself with fear. As Faith unbuttoned her blouse, Xander tried to soothe the agitated woman. It didn't help. Janet hugged her shins and wept.

Buffy reached behind Faith to unhook her bra. That was the next thing to go. Faith's blouse fell onto the grass behind her. From the way she helped it was obvious she wanted it gone. Desire clouded Faith's eyes. Buffy laid her back onto the lawn. A power struggle began when she craned in to deliver a tender kiss. Faith's fingers raked through her hair. She took hold of a handful. Their kiss turned from sweet to salacious just that quickly. With her other hand, Faith clung to the small of Buffy's back, moving lower, groping her leather clad ass.

When Faith eased up, allowing them to part, Buffy went from kneading Faith's breasts to dragging her nails. Four red lines appeared in the wake of her fingertips. Faith let out a groan. Buffy suckled the curve of her jaw. When her attention drifted lower, Faith flinched and kicked off, putting Buffy on her back. A small puncture wound to the left of Faith's throat dribbled blood onto Buffy's chin as Faith nibbled her ear. Buffy whispered, “Xander needs to die,” causing Faith to hum against her neck. “I want you to kill him, but take it easy, okay? Nothing too fast.”

Faith took a break from her ministrations long enough to intone, “Um-huh.” She lifted herself up and went for the zipper of Buffy's jacket.

Buffy put her hand over Faith's to stop her. “Not yet,” she said. “We'll come back to this.” Their lips brushed. “Promise.” She wiped her chin and licked the blood from her fingers.

Xander was sitting cross-legged on the lawn watching them when Buffy got up. She lent Faith a hand to stand, moving around behind her. Without letting go, Buffy leaned over

Faith's shoulder to whisper in her ear, "Play with him first if you want." She met Xander's eyes as her fingers threaded beneath the waistband of Faith's shorts. "I won't mind." A trace of a smile creased the skin around her eyes. "Actually, I'd love to watch." She caressed the helix of Faith's ear with her mouth as her other hand wandered.

A bulge in the puckered denim inside Xander's right hip testified volumes to his manhood. The world as he knew it was unraveling and making him horny.

Faith's breath hitched. She reached down to pull the buttons of her cutoffs free. They dropped around her ankles, revealing the outline of Buffy's hand inside her cotton panties. Buffy's knuckles rose and fell as she swirled her fingers. The tip of Faith's left nipple peeked between her fingers of her other hand. Buffy clamped down and tugged as she licked the blood from Faith's neck. A blunt 'uh' followed a sharp breath and Buffy let go. Faith glanced over her shoulder to find Buffy sucking the juices from her fingers.

Buffy left Faith where she stood and strode past Xander to Janet's side. She removed her jacket and cast it aside before she stooped down. Her hand came to rest on Janet's shoulder. The contact had no effect on Janet. She trembled and sobbed. Buffy didn't move either. She was too intent on the others.

"We should really do something," Xander murmured as Faith kicked her shoes off. Despite his proactive stance, he couldn't help ogling.

He wasn't alone. Buffy stared appreciatively as the wound on Faith's neck wept. Blood collected along the ridge of her collarbone. A drop fell, painting a thin streak on her breast as she unhitched her underwear from her hips. They slid down her long, shapely legs, coming to rest around her ankles. She stepped out of them.

A wistful sigh slipped out as Buffy scooped Janet up. The shade at the base of the tree was a more comfortable place to clean up loose ends. She leaned back against its trunk to watch.

Xander moistened his lips as Faith went down on one knee in front of him. "We are doing something," she pointed out, pulling at the laces of his boot.

Janet's legs swung down when Buffy released them. Janet hung on, clinging to Buffy as though she were dear. Indifferent to the intrusion, Buffy even allowed Janet to hide her face in the slope of her shoulder as she fretted.

Xander pitched in to remove his left boot when Faith rocked the right one from his foot. She slipped his sock off. "You know what I mean," he whispered. "There has to be something we can do. Something else. Something—" He fell flat when her fingertips danced over the arch of his foot. He kicked reflexively, almost nailing the picnic table.

"So what's the plan?" Faith asked through a laugh. She knew it was pointless to whisper. Buffy was going to hear them regardless. Xander looked up as Faith arched an eyebrow. "Just saying. She was a handful before."

He didn't quite meet her eyes. His attention lingered on her throat. Taken aback, he stammered, "I know. I just—you're *bleeding*." When he tried to move her hair so he could

see the wound, she knocked his hand away.

“Leave it. Dunno if you’ve noticed this or not but these ‘dead and loving it’ types enjoy watching us bleed,” Faith said, brushing off his concern as she took hold of the bottom of his tee-shirt. “We’re doing something.” She peeled it over his head. “We’re playing along.” She cast his shirt aside. Her palms caressed his stomach on the way to his jeans. “Keeping shit sanguine for B. Positive should be at the top of our list.” One of his knees straightened as he stretched out, propping himself back on one arm. “‘Cause the way I got it figured, the more amusing we are...” she grabbed the waist of his jeans, pulling and twisting to open his fly “...the less chance she’ll go inside and start gutting girls.”

Faith’s fingers found their way beneath the elastic waistband of his underwear. “No clue why they haven’t come out yet. You’d think with the—” She fished into the fold between his hip and thigh, drawing the head of his cock out. A bead of moisture clung to its tip. “Guess I’ll just count my lucky—” His penis throbbed when she wiped it away with her fingertip.

Xander drew in a tight breath, watching intently as Faith licked her finger clean. “I told the girls in the common area and kitchen to stay put unless one of us came for them,” he replied, hooking his thumbs into his jeans and bringing his legs up to strip them off. One sock hung still half on his foot when he kicked his jeans away. Faith laughed and pulled it free.

Janet wasn’t weeping anymore. Buffy supported her by the ass with her right hand. With her left hand she rubbed Janet’s back. “I was fifteen the first time a vamp got into my head,” she whispered.

“Well, at least there’s that,” Faith said, going to her hands and knees. It was almost like she planned it. Xander ended up with a great view of her ass and Buffy her side.

Xander might’ve blinked once before he went to his belly and buried his face between her thighs. Faith dropped to her elbows. Her breath caught as she stretched her hands above her head. Angling her pelvis up might’ve simply been a side effect of collapsing. It was hard to say. But happy accident or not, it did give him better access to those forward lying sensitive bits. He dipped his tongue down to take advantage of it, causing her to shiver and moan.

Faith turned her bleary eyes toward Buffy as Xander’s head swayed and bobbed. A lock of Faith’s hair fell into her eyes. She swept it away as Xander made one long pass with his tongue, sampling every inch of her delicate flesh. At the highest point in his stroke, her body twitched. He sunk his tongue inside her. Breathing became a problem. As Xander licked and her body shuddered, Faith reached down to massage her clit. When he let up, she said with a groan, “So, yeah, why not make the best of it?”

“Even after I killed him, he haunted me,” Buffy whispered. “I didn’t sleep right for months. The nightmares sucked. Awake wasn’t much better. I saw him everywhere I went.”

Xander rose to his knees and crawled into position behind Faith. When she felt his cock slide forward to back, drawing a line down her center, she picked herself up with her hands. A satisfied, “Umm,” resonated behind her closed lips as her flesh stretched around him. He pressed in just over an inch and stopped. As she pushed back to bury him inside her, he countered her move. “Now, now,” he teased. “You forget. I know you.”

“You know me so well, you’ll get that I, uh—” Faith’s voice broke when he seized hold and in one swift stroke rammed his full measure inside her. “Shit!” Xander bowed his head, focusing on where his thumbs rested above her spine. His jaw muscles tensed as he unleashed a series of sharp, quick stabs, reducing Faith to a tremulous, jiggling, cursing wreck. “Fuckin’ sonuva—”

Janet clung to Buffy, trembling as she whispered, “I won’t kill you. Not yet. I want you to live with that—” Buffy nuzzled the curve of Janet’s neck “—the certainty that one day you’ll see me in a crowd and it’ll really be me, not just some delusion. I’ll be there to carve a whole new you.” She restrained Janet as she panicked. The girl tried with all her might to break free, but it was hopeless.

As Xander slowed, Faith rocked forward. He let her go. His cock slipped free. She twisted her shoulders, and then hips, rolling onto her back. Her ankles lay crossed when she came to rest. Her legs lifted, bent and fell open. He crawled as she beckoned him on with her forefinger.

The fight went out of Janet. Her heart ran rabbit evidenced by the throbbing vein just below her ear. Buffy lifted a hand to caress the spot as she murmured, “Skin and bone, muscle, sinew and fat, all wrapped around a bunch of organs. That’s all any of us are.”

Xander’s ascent stalled. He hung his head and drew in a long, slow breath. Faith groaned as his head dipped lower. He sucked her swollen flesh into his mouth. As she cried out, his hands went up to caress her tummy.

Buffy traced the line of Janet’s spine with her fingertips. “Not many of us get to see that,” she said. “You’ll be one of the few. You’ll understand intimately how fragile all of this is.” She bit down causing Janet to whimper.

When Faith’s hips jutted up, Xander swiftly lifted his head to avoid hurting her with his teeth. Her skin stretched as it slipped free from his lips. He planted a kiss on the almond-shaped thatch of short, dark curls that crested her sex. His mouth followed in the wake of his hands, tasting the salt on her skin.

A rivulet of blood trickled from the corner of Buffy’s mouth as she drank. Janet’s body locked, frozen with fear.

“This is sweet and all,” Faith said, “but if you don’t get up here and fuck me, I’ll—”

The threat was lost when Xander swept her right nipple into his mouth. He let go to ask, “You’ll what?” as he moved up, taking his cock in hand.

“I’ll—”

The head of his penis pressed against her clit and Faith fell flat again. She sucked in a sharp breath as her hips lurched. Xander pushed inside her. He hunched, driving himself in deeper. Panting, she whispered, “You’re a sonuvabitch, Har—” Another strong thrust stole her breath away.

Janet's head fell back. She went limp in Buffy's arms. "We'll finish this soon," Buffy promised as Janet slumped to the ground at her feet.

The lovers were doing their thing, all missionary and bland. Buffy had expected a little more from them. She could only watch Xander's butt dimple so many times before she got bored. And Faith's hands weren't much better. Buffy pushed Janet away with her foot and sat down to take off her boots. Though, with Faith driving, his strokes grew more frenzied and they both became more vocal. Buffy stood to peel off her leather pants.

Faith sat up, taking Xander with her. He went to his knees and so did she with a little more contorting. Once they were settled, she fell back, catching herself with her arms. Xander's hands cradled her just below her shoulders. He peered down at the curve of her body, watching her breasts, belly and hips undulate.

Buffy whipped her shirt over her head and loosed her bra. It looked for all the world like she intended to join them.

Faith touched herself. Her right hand skated over her stomach. She groped her breasts as her legs flexed, causing her body to rise and fall. Xander sagged trembling to his back, lifting her up. She massaged her neck as he unfolded his legs. Her fingers combed through her hair. With her left hand, she seized her nipple between the tips of her fingers and the heel, twisting and pulling. As her nipple slipped free, Buffy caught her eye. Faith grinned and gestured for her to come.

Buffy shook her head. Her attention turned to the ground at her feet. The pair of plain white tennis shoes Janet had on looked like they'd fit. Buffy slipped them from her feet and strode around the tree into the sunlight to snag Janet's shorts and tanktop from beneath the bench. She retreated into the shade, taking a seat on the bench near Giles' head as Faith cried out, "Shit! Oh, shit! Don't stop!"

Curiosity got the better of her. Buffy put on the shorts, pulled the tank top over her head and went to check. Faith should've been choking the life out of Xander by now and she was. He lay red-faced and writhing reflexively with Faith's hands around his throat. He stilled as she released him and stood up.

"He's still alive," Buffy pointed out.

With her back still turned, Faith replied, "I'm a slayer, B., not some cupcake you picked up on the beach. Your Svengali act isn't going to work on me." She turned to close the gap between them. "On the upside..." she slipped her hand between Buffy's legs "...all that foreplay..." her fingertip threaded beneath the slender denim seam that covered Buffy's crotch "...I wanted that." The lack of underwear made her smile. She toyed with the flesh below. "Been wanting, like practically the whole time I've known you. Now how 'bout you make good on that promise?"

As Buffy's glare turned icy, Faith withdrew her hand. "I could just break his neck," Buffy said.

Faith's fingertips brushed over her lips. She tasted her middle finger before she replied, "You could, but you won't."

Devour to Survive

Chapter Summary

Prompts: #293: Electricity @ 🍌 [tamingthemuse](#) & #11: Dark @ 🍌 [kinda_gay](#).

Giles hung between Buffy and Faith as they made their way across the parking lot. For whatever reason, Faith hadn't dressed. The side of her face was swollen and bruised. She led, walking backward, supporting his legs, and Buffy moved forward holding him under the arms. Neither of them had fastened Giles' pants, so his bare backside drooped down below his rumpled sport coat.

Faith glanced at a point somewhere over Buffy's left shoulder. She did this several times as they made their way to the other warehouse.

When they reached the door, Buffy let Giles down so she could remove a card from her back pocket. She swiped it through a card reader and the locking mechanism clicked. Faith took hold of the door when Buffy pulled it open. Thinking Buffy occupied, Faith was much less discrete this time and actually glanced over her shoulder.

Buffy stashed the card in her pocket and finished heaving Giles into the building before she said something, "I wouldn't count on the cavalry."

"I'm not," Faith replied as the glass door swung shut behind her. "Kinda the opposite. It just doesn't make much sense. All the noise, Andrew wailing, and now we're hauling bodies around. You'd think—"

The room they stepped into was nothing like the exterior of the building suggested. Only its enormity seemed appropriate. A fountain babbled in the background, echoing in the cavernous room. The steel beams that braced the vaulted ceiling were painted white, offsetting the pale-cordovan lime washed walls. Light was abundant, though there were few windows. Trellises with creeping vines and painted landscapes took their place. Rock walled gardens full of lush tropical plants were set into a polished tile floor meant to resemble earthen-hued cobblestones.

A patchwork of contusions comprised the majority of Giles' face. He was so badly battered it was difficult to recognize him. Behind broken spectacles, his eyes moved. He was coherent enough to track movement, though Faith was the only one in his field of vision and he wouldn't look right at her. The reason for his silence was plain now. A wad of cloth the same dark shade of blue as Xander's tee-shirt was stuffed in his mouth. Why he didn't remove it was a mystery. His hands weren't bound and neither were his feet.

“Safe to say, you’re gonna get your wish,” Buffy replied. Giles didn’t flinch when she seized his right arm and towed him around the nearest garden. His head lolled to the side. After a few feet, his trousers bunched up around his ankles and one of his loafers fell off. His bare skin squealed against the smooth floor. No one would’ve put up with that, but Giles didn’t protest.

“What makes you so sure?” Faith asked as she traipsed along behind, pausing to stoop for Giles’ shoe.

Buffy stopped in front of a double door midway down the right wall set back under an archway. There was another electronic security checkpoint. She swiped her card as she asked, “You ever been to Recchiuti?”

“Nah,” Faith replied, taking the door. “I’m not much for chocolate. Besides, that place is kinda on the swank-side for me.”

“That’s too bad,” Buffy said. “Their truffles are to die for.” She heaved Giles up by his shoulders backed through the doorway into a long, wide, well lit corridor. Faith pitched in, taking Giles’ legs when Buffy asked, “You gonna help me with Mr. Gimp, or what?” They carried him as far as the first door alcove to the left before Buffy stopped to get out the card again.

“So, what’s your point?” Faith asked as they brought Giles into the airy living area of a furnished loft apartment. It looked as though someone had already moved in. There were books on the bookshelves, drapes on the windows, a large television and sundries all around.

Buffy dropped Giles to floor and crossed the room to flop on the puffy white couch. “Oh, nothing,” she said, lounging back with her hands behind her head. “Just wondered if Xander had gotten into the goodies I brought. I told him not to, which should’ve meant he did. Not that it’d matter.”

Faith didn’t move a muscle. She didn’t even shut the door until Buffy told her to. “And you’re on your own with the cripple,” Buffy said. “I want him upstairs in the closet too.”

“Look, B.,” Faith replied, “I’m not gonna haul his heavy ass upstairs by myself, so...”

Buffy chirruped, “Sure you will,” like her days as a cheerleader weren’t long gone. “You’ll do it because I’m gonna sit right here. You never know, that little bit of alone time might be all that you need to slip out a window or find a weapon. Your whole future could be shaped in the next five minutes.” She smiled warmly. “This is an opportunity, Faith. You said that you and Xander set this place up for me, so I assume that there are all kinds of fun things stashed. Find the right one and you might just take me.”

“I’ve already told you that the windows aren’t an option,” Faith said. “They don’t open and the glass is the toughest stuff we could get our hands on, but alright, whatever, I’ll play your game.”

“That’s the spirit,” Buffy said. “I’m kind of curious what you’ll come up with.” When Faith tried to straighten Giles’ clothes and return his shoe to his foot, she snapped, “We’ve had this

talk. I want his last hours to be so excruciating that he'll welcome death when it comes."

His shoe fell from Faith's hand. She didn't say a word. It was obvious that she was repulsed by Buffy's declaration, but she didn't raise a hand to protest. A lock of Faith's hair fell into her eyes when she bent down to lift Giles into a sitting position. She tucked it behind her ear before she proceeded to put her arms around Giles' chest and lift him up.

"I have no clue what was on what boat, except my bikes and a bunch of old books," Buffy said as Faith wrangled Giles around to drag him backwards through the apartment. "Will said those books were priceless. She didn't want them out of her sight." She let out a cold snicker. "And you see where that got us."

Faith kept going, lugging Giles to the open staircase that bent around the kitchen. When she lifted him up onto the first step, Buffy asked, "Ever hear of a drug called Xalcedon?"

"No," Faith replied. "I don't think so." Her voice strained as she heaved Giles up another step.

"It goes by the street name Dex, or Demon-X, like Ecstasy but for demons."

"That I've heard of," Faith said, looking up to find Buffy grinning.

"I'm not surprised," Buffy replied. "We had a couple of cases of slayers getting dosed in the last year. Clean up wasn't pretty."

Giles' shirt had ridden up. His penis stood out from his body, half-erect. Eyeing it, Buffy remarked, "I think he likes you. Maybe when you're done with the heavy lifting, you can sit on his face. I'm sure he'd love that."

Faith looked disgusted. "That's gross, B."

"You're telling me that in the time you worked with Giles, you never once thought—?" Buffy lost it, succumbing to a giggle fit over the icy glare she received.

Once she'd calmed down, Faith changed the subject. "So what's the deal with the Dex? Had to be a reason you brought it up."

"That much should be obvious. I laced the chocolates," Buffy replied with a smile. "Give it a couple hours, those girls you're so concerned about will be clawing each other's eyes out." Her cheery disposition waned. "So, you see, it's in your best interest to get this figured. You need to quit screwing around, get the gimp upstairs and come up with a plan. Clock's ticking." She looked terribly bored. It'd been over a minute and Faith wasn't even up the first flight of stairs, but Buffy's confession was a rousing motivator.

Faith's brow creased as she struggled. Even with inhuman strength this looked to be a chore. Of course, Giles had about eighty to a hundred pounds on Faith. Breathless, she asked, "So, why'd you want to know about Xander? Wouldn't he be comatose if he'd been dosed?"

"Nope," Buffy replied. "Doesn't work that way. People can drink the shit like tap water and it hurts them about as much. Which considering the tap water around here, isn't not at all." An

emery board had been left on the end table. Buffy noticed it and looked momentarily delighted as she went to work on her nails. “Wouldn’t want some soldier boy to getting drugged by his own men. Military types tend to think like that. They shoot for whatever specs, consequences be damned.”

“So, this is a *military* thing?” Faith asked.

“Yeah, one of many,” Buffy replied, more intent on her nails than on anything else in the room. “You probably weren’t in on the briefing. It was ugly so we weren’t exactly big on sharing.” Faith had just rounded the corner landing with Giles. Buffy couldn’t have seemed less concerned. “It was designed as a tranquilizer for use on hardier demon species like the Fyarl and the Prio Motu. Anything they had on hand just wasn’t doing the trick, so they got creative and whipped up the next evil.” She paused to shrug. “You know how the military is. It worked fine on their intended targets.” A mordant half-smile distorted her mouth. “Too well. The effects were so euphoric—not to mention addictive—that a black market developed.” She took one last look at her nails and cast the emery board aside. “Who knows why, but there are a few unfortunate side effects for those of us who didn’t start off with a chewy demonic center.”

A faint thump overhead drew Buffy’s interest. Faith called down from upstairs, “Like?”

“Oh, nothing much,” Buffy replied through a sigh. “Just dementia, hallucination, psychosis, blood lust, deadened senses...” She tilted her head. “You’re not gonna leave him like—?”

Another faint sound overhead caused her to break off. A dart stuck in the back of the couch as Buffy turned out of her seat. She sprung forward and bounded up the stairs. Faith had a crossbow trained on her by the time she reached the top. The bolt flew and Buffy twisted out of its path. It grazed her breast and tore her shirt before it struck the wall. She leapt over Giles and swung, sending Faith headfirst over the railing.

Instead of looking down, like you might expect, Buffy went to the closet. Xander lay naked on the floor with his left wrist handcuffed to his right ankle and vice-versa. A piece of duct tape covered his mouth and bloated cheeks. The sound drafted through his nose when he tried to yell, like that wasn’t completely pointless. What he said was unintelligible, not that Buffy paid him any notice. She took two wide leather belts from a rack on the door and dashed away. When she reached the downstairs, the door stood open and Faith was gone.

One of the belts Buffy held was black with a square open buckle. She fashioned it into a noose as she ran. When she reached the outside, Faith was still nowhere in sight. There was only one direction she could’ve gone to disappear so quickly. Buffy sprinted around the front of the building just in time to see Faith drop from view down an embankment on the far side of the yard.

Buffy caught up with her quarry in the neighboring field, tacking her to the ground. A blow to the face ended Faith’s struggle. Buffy slipped the makeshift noose around her neck and pulled it tight with her left hand. Her left knee came to rest on the small of Faith’s back.

The other belt lay on the ground at Faith’s side. Buffy doubled it over in her right hand and struck Faith’s ass. Welts rose as Buffy whipped. She wasn’t picky about where she hit. Each

stroke reported a clap, but they were just as impossible to count as the belt was to watch.

Faith squirmed only to gag and gasp for air. A lash cut a large red mark across the back of her right knee. "Wait!" she shouted. "Don't! I won't—"

Buffy lifted up, allowing Faith to roll over, but she didn't turn all the way. Faith's palms, hip, elbows and chest were scraped and smudged with grime. Reeds of dried grass hung in her hair. Tears streaked her dirty cheeks.

"You won't what?" Buffy asked, pushing Faith onto her back. She brought the belt down across Faith's stomach.

Faith curled into a tight ball, hugging her shins. "I won't run," she pleaded. "Just don't—"

"Get up," Buffy commanded. "On your hands and knees." When Faith obeyed, Buffy tugged on the belt. "Get moving."

Faith tried to rise, but Buffy kicked her down.

A trail of bloodstains and dirty smudges led up the stairs to Giles' prone form. "Finish what you started," Buffy said.

"Can I at least stand up?" Faith asked.

"No." It was strange. Buffy didn't sound angry anymore, but when Faith rose to her knees, a snap kick between her shoulder blades sent her sprawling. That could've been a killing blow had Buffy not released the belt as she struck. "Are you just stupid?" she asked. "I didn't say you could get up."

Faith didn't touch the belt. She let it hang around her neck as she grabbed Giles by his coat collar and dragged him backwards. She had to turn him. When she was lined up, she backed into the closet, pulling him along with her. Xander yelled as she shoved him to one side to make room. Crawling out meant that she had to climb over both men. There just wasn't enough floor space for them and her. Xander didn't stop yelling until she was gone. Nothing he shouted sounded like much more than the gibbering of Charlie Brown's teacher.

Buffy pointed out, "You didn't kiss him," as she shut the closet door.

Faith hung her head. "When, uh...?"

"Earlier," Buffy replied irritably. "Outside with Xander." Instead of slipping the belt over Faith's head, Buffy resorted to freeing the prong from the eyelet in the leather and jerking the belt free by its buckle.

Faith's knees folded, sending her back on her ass. Her hands went to her throat, but she didn't sit up. Instead, she doubled over with her forehead pressed to the floor. It took her a moment

to recover. Finally, she mumbled, “I didn’t think you’d like it.”

Buffy disappeared into the bathroom. The shower turned on. “You’re probably right,” she called out. The shower door swung closed with a faint metallic clack and the patter of the water hitting the shower floor changed. As Faith crawled into the bathroom to investigate, Buffy asked, “So what’s between you and Xander?” The black acrylic stall she was in would’ve easily fit two people or a small bear. Wooden slats covered the floor, like in a sauna. Two wooden benches sat at either end. Water rained down from overhead, misted from three sides and sprayed from a standard handheld nozzle.

Faith started, “Mostly se—” immediately clamming up at the sound of Buffy’s voice.

“I already know you’re fucking him.” Buffy leaped her head back under the spray of the nozzle. “Spare me the details. I caught the three o’clock matinee. You two could totally go for the gold in synchronized sex acts.” She took a bottle of shampoo from the shelf and squeezed some into her hand. “What’s he mean to you?” Only the sides were free enough of water flow for her to wash her hair. She sat down on the wooden bench to her right and applied the shampoo.

“I dunno,” Faith admitted as she pushed Buffy’s clothes out of the way. She settled onto her side on the tile floor, using her folded arm for a pillow. “Part of me figured that he’d never speak to me again.” She peered longingly into the shower as Buffy lathered her hair. “That’s what I deserved. But you guys have this amazing capacity for forgiveness.” A bark of a laugh shook Faith, causing her to grimace. “Well, you don’t. Not really. Not unless you want something. But Xander’s got a huge heart. Didn’t hurt he has a dick to match. We started working together and...”

Water and soap suds flowed over Buffy’s face when she returned to the center of the shower. Her breasts jiggled as she reached up to run her hands through her hair. Not a trace remained of where the arrow had struck her. She slicked her hair back with the palms of her hands. “Y’know that box in the closet where the handcuffs were?” Barely a breath separated Buffy’s question from her command. “In the bottom there’s a bunch of compartments. Bring me the longest velvet bag.” She opened her eyes. “Oh, and don’t get any ideas. I’ll flay your ass next time you take off.”

As Faith crawled from the room, Buffy washed herself with a sea sponge. A few moments passed before she called out, “So, do you love him?”

Faith’s replied sounded distant, “I dunno,” but not too distant.

“Well, we’ll see how it plays out,” Buffy said. “If you really do love him, you’ll kill him. And if you don’t—” a cold snicker interrupted her thought “—you could take him and run.” She turned to wash her back. “Not the best idea ever, but I know you’re thinking it. Fair to say that when I catch you, you’ll never run again.”

Faith returned to the bathroom. Crawling with the velvet bag in her hand put an odd sort of limp to her already slow, stiff pace. “I thought you wanted me alive?” she replied from the other side of the glass. Her brows knit. “Or I mean, *undead*.”

Buffy swung the shower door open. "Come in." Steam rolled from the shower.

"I need to pee," Faith said, holding the bag out.

The bag changed hands before Buffy replied, "That's nice." She stepped aside to let Faith in and took a seat on the right bench. As Faith crawled inside, facing Buffy, grime flowed from her skin. "Turn around." Buffy caressed Faith's striped red bottom when she obeyed. "You've seen Misery, right? There are other ways to keep someone from running." Half-standing, Buffy closed the door. "Only I think I'd bind your feet so your toes were pointed. I like you on your knees."

A long, rippled, clear dildo slid out into her waiting hand when Buffy opened the bag. At one end of the glass was a tapered, spade-shaped handle about the size of her fist. "I'd hate to have to do that." She placed the dildo on the bench beside her and reached for the body wash. "You're so much more fun this way." After pouring a dollop in her hand, she reached between Faith's legs. "I even know how you'll be when I turn you." As she massaged, Faith shuddered and panted. "I've seen you without a conscience. I figure we can have some good times now that the field's level."

Faith breath caught. She fought to say, "That's not me any—"

Buffy slipped a finger into Faith, cutting her off. "It will be." Her finger slid out.

"I—"

Buffy picked up the glass dildo and coated it with the pale-lavender colored soap. "I know," she said. "You'd rather die, right? That's what you were about to say?" Faith was far too busy reacting to the glass pushing inside her to answer. "Spare me." When the glass head pulled out and moved up to explore the next option, Faith's hunched to hide her bottom. Her knees folded. Buffy swatted her. "No!" Faith bit back a cry and dropped to her elbows. Dense steam built in the shower making it difficult to see. "Lay your cheek against the floor and lift your ass. You can pee when you cum." Faith didn't respond, so Buffy swatted her again. "Lift your ass right now, or I'll use the other end."

The tip of the glass wand pushed inside Faith when she minded. A low rumble resonated from her chest. Her body quivered. Buffy reached down to fondle Faith as she pulled the dildo out and pushed it back in, gaining another inch. Faith drew in a tight breath. Her shoulders sagged. She rested her cheek against the shower floor.

"You'll ask me to cum from now on." Buffy smiled, drawing the dildo out. "Actually, you'll beg." Her strokes were smooth and slow. She gained a little more depth each time. "Are you going to be good?"

"I—"

Buffy let the dildo go, leaving it to hang as she busted Faith's ass. It slipped out when Faith rolled her hips to protect her bottom, but Buffy seized it with her other hand and pushed it in. She gave Faith four hard swats, two on either side before she stopped. Handprints joined the many marks on Faith's skin. "Yes is the right answer," she said. "It's the only answer." Buffy

picked Faith up by her hips, slid the dildo out and set it on the bench next to her thigh. Two fingers replaced it. As she spread them, stretching Faith open, Buffy demanded, "Say it."

Tremors racked Faith's body. She tried to reach between her legs to caress herself, but Buffy knocked her hand away.

"Say it," Buffy said as her fingers slid in and out. When an answer didn't come, she removed her fingers and gave Faith's crotch two hard swats, causing her to yelp.

"Yes!" Faith sucked in a quick breath. "Okay? Yes, I'll do whatever, just—"

Buffy poured more of the soap into her hands. "Good girl," she said. Faith was rewarded with a change of focus. Buffy inserted two fingers into Faith's slit and reached down with her other hand to fondle the sensitive flesh below. "Don't cum." With each stroke she swirled her fingertips. Faith was moaning and panting so loudly that Buffy raised her voice, "If you do, we'll be back to the big end of Mr. Ripley." She giggled. "I kinda hope you do. I want to see you crawl around the apartment with that thing hanging out of your tight little ass. I bet I could find stuff for you to do. I've got a toothbrush and you made a mess. It might be fun to watch you clean up."

Only a minute or so passed before Faith began to beg, "Please, I—" A sharp breath broke her voice. The swallow that followed seemed to steel her will, though her voice turned squeaky. She spouted off, "Please let me cum," repeating, "Please let me cum."

On the third try, Buffy replied, "Not yet." A little more intensity might've been meaner, but her pace didn't quicken yet. It still looked on the surface to be a gentle massage. "See? We can get along. You just need to learn how to behave."

"Please," Faith implored. "I—"

Buffy withdrew her left hand and reached down for the dildo. The speed of her right hand picked up. "Play with yourself," she said as the dildo's slender tip penetrated Faith again.

"Oh, god!" Faith cried. Her hand went between her legs. As the pace increased, she began to beg again. "Please, please, please...oh, God!" She sobbed. "Please, let me cum."

"Okay, you can cum," Buffy said. As her fingers slipped free, Faith lost control. Her body shuddered and seized. Buffy doubled her pace with the dildo. "Pee now," she said. When nothing happened, she let the dildo go, reached down to sandwich Faith's stomach and lower back between her hands. Urine spurted out and stopped and spurted and stopped, splattering Faith's legs. The stream grew steady as her body went limp. Buffy slid the dildo out. "Stop," she snapped. The stream continued. She swatted Faith's ass to make her stop.

Buffy stood up, turned off the shower and got out. Steam poured from the door, misting the air. As she reached for a towel, Faith crawled from the shower stall. "Lay flat on your stomach," Buffy said as she wrapped her hair in the first towel. She took another to pat herself dry and wrap around her body. Water dripped off of Faith. As Buffy left, she placed her foot on the small of Faith's back, forcing her down. "Don't move. I'll be right back."

“You two comfy?” Buffy asked as she opened the closet door.

Naturally, Giles didn’t answer, but Xander let out a grunt that sounded suspiciously like, “Fuck you.”

She stepped around them, making her way to the back. A box stood open. The tray beside it was full of latex toys. Buffy reached in for another velvet bag. This one was significantly smaller than the last. From another slot she took out a bundle of leather straps. The final item she selected was an unmarked, clear red jar.

When she returned to the bathroom, Faith lay in a puddle shivering. “Get up. On your hands and knees,” Buffy said. She set the jar and the bag down so she could snap her fingers. “This is going to burn.” As Faith rose, Buffy went for another towel. “Spread your legs.” Faith complied, giving Buffy a place to spread out her towel. “Will said this helped her concentrate,” Buffy remarked as she sat down. “Seems like you could use some help with that.”

“You two sure got over the vanilla sex, didn’t you?” Faith asked through a laugh.

“Yeah, she was never quite the same after—” Buffy cut off mid-thought and opened the drawstrings of the velvet bag. A spade-shaped piece of clear blue glass fell into her hand. It fit neatly in her palm. “She needed stuff like this.” Buffy placed it on top of the bag and opened the jar. “It made her crazy not to have something—” She dipped the rounded point of the spade into the jar and rubbed the lubricant around. A thin layer of it covered the glass when she was done. She wiped her hand on the towel. “This is something Will whipped up. Scream if you need to.”

“Jesus fucking Christ!” Faith shouted as Buffy threaded the glass anal plug through the leather base and pushed it inside her.

“Sit up and put this on,” Buffy said, holding out the harness. “It’ll be easier if you do it.”

“Fuck you,” Faith screamed. When she lunged past the whirlpool tub behind the shower, trying to get away, Buffy shot to her feet. She caught Faith behind the neck, forcing her down in front of the vanity that covered the back wall of the room.

“This can go one of two ways: you’re either mine or you’re not. If you are mine, you’ll obey me. If not, I’ll put you on a leash and drag you to that demon bar where I got the Dex. I’m sure there are plenty of things there that’d pay good money to fuck your pretty ass. I’ll have ’em lined up around the block.” Buffy’s tone was chilling. She was perfectly serious. “Trust me. You want to be mine. Now, sit up and put this on.” She released her hold and backed away, throwing the harness at Faith.

“Y’know, you’re not wrong,” Faith said as she sat up. “But you’re totally wrong.” She collected the harness and held it up.

“Huh?” Buffy replied, taken aback by how lucid the statement was.

The harness wasn't quite as straightforward as it looked. It took Faith a moment to get it sorted out. The leather straps 'Y'ed in the front to leave her crotch exposed. Once she had it figured, she threaded her feet through the straps and pulled the harness up, lifting her ass to slide it over her hips.

Buffy said, "On your hands and knees." She loosened the rear strap to thread it through the leather base of the plug when Faith responded.

As she cinched everything down, Faith explained, "I'd rather skip the dirt nap altogether. You wanna play, we'll go. I'm up for this or whatever. I'll scream as loud as you want, whenever you want." Buffy directed Faith to follow and led her from the room. "But I gotta say, if I'm outta options, I'll stick with you. Anything you've got planned has gotta be better than spending an eternity as Satan's chew toy." A moment to consider caused her to amend, "Even the hobbling." She licked her lips. "I'd like to avoid that if you don't mind."

Buffy dropped her towels. "I think you have to betray God for that one," she said. "Not the hobbling, the chewing." She beckoned Faith forward with a wiggle of her finger. "Whatever. Point taken." Faith sat up when Buffy took her head in hand and smoothed her hair back.

Faith raised up a little more, just enough to kiss between Buffy's legs. When Buffy didn't push her away, Faith opened her mouth to suck and lick. Her head tilted side to side. She paused to agree, "Yeah, *whatever*." Another stoke of her tongue made Buffy groan. "Putting that off—" she lapped "—whatever 'that' is—" and slurped "—sounds like a helluva plan." Buffy stepped away and Faith didn't try to follow. "It's not a hard choice really." She sunk to her hands and knees. "Tons of kinky sex with a hot blonde or eternal torment?"

Buffy changed the subject, "There's another box around here somewhere, isn't there?"

"The short one?" Faith said. "It's under the bed."

"Get it for me," Buffy replied as she lay down on the bed, curling up on her side. When Faith had it out and open, Buffy said, "Pick three things."

The first thing Faith chose was a strap-on dildo. "But there's something I don't get." The box contained a mass of tangled leather, wires, black boxes, and various other toys. She straightened things out and held them up to look them over as she spoke, "I had you pegged for the territorial type. No shock there." A soft leather flogger hit the floor next. "I mean, Xander and I unpacked your things, so none of this is, *really*." She laughed. "Not now. It was then. I can't say I saw you going in for all this—"

"It wasn't me," Buffy interrupted.

"Okay, not surprised by that," Faith replied. "I'm more of a top, but this is cool, I'll sub for ya. I could do without taking it up the ass, but if Miss Scarlet had a thing for candlesticks in the basement, I'll adapt. What I don't get is why you asked me to screw Xander."

"Mostly it was a way to keep you two busy while I cleaned up," Buffy said. "I totally get it now. There's nothing more annoying than a couple of do-gooders interrupting a perfectly

good torture. I never would've gotten inside Janet's head like that with you two taking a run at me every couple of minutes."

"You could've knocked us out," Faith replied. It didn't look like she was making any headway with the third item. All that was left were clips, restraints and other less attractive items.

As Buffy admitted, "I could've," Faith dropped a bundle of what looked like leather belts for munchkins on the floor by her thigh. "But you already had one bruise on your face. It was just easier." A scowl darkened Buffy's face as she got up, stepped around the box and took Faith's jaw in her hand. "Now look at you." Buffy tilted Faith's head back, turning it to look her over. "I didn't want this, y'know?" Faith had a large knot over her right cheekbone. All of the flesh below it was a swollen, sickly shade of blue. The hollow beneath her right eye had started to swell and blacken as well. Her left cheek was bruised, but not as puffy.

Buffy took hold of the back of Faith's neck and pushed her down face-first into the box. She grabbed the bundle of leather straps, unbuckling the outer one to free the rest as she said, "Of course, if I'd known you weren't going to kill Xander..." She picked up a strap from the pile, held Faith's wrists together behind her back, wrapped the strap twice around them both and cinched it tight. "I thought for sure you would. Guess it's good to know your limits." When the remainder of the first strap was wrapped neatly between Faith's wrists to draw it even tighter, Buffy picked up another and did the same. "You will. It'll just take a little more time." The last couple passes she threaded the strap under the waist belt of the harness.

Faith's arms stood bowed out from her body. Two more straps went around her upper arms. Buffy used a third to pull Faith's arms together. When she was done, Buffy pushed Faith onto her back and sat down, straddling her stomach. Faith's back arched, held up by her arms. Buffy grabbed hold of Faith's nipples. "Look at these," she said as she pinched and pulled. "Y'know, I might not have to turn you if you'll cut his throat." She took Faith's breasts in her hands, kneading them. "What do you think? Up for a little murder?" As her hands slipped to the side, she caught Faith's nipples again, rolling them between her thumb and forefinger. "You said you didn't want to die. That's gotta be worth something to you."

Faith blinked. A tear leaked from the corner of her eye. "Why don't you just kill him?" she asked.

"Because I want you to," Buffy replied, letting go and moving down. She paused for a lick. Faith sucked in a tremulous breath as Buffy's tongue parted her open. "You really don't get it do you?" Buffy lifted back the protective flesh, uncovering the tiniest, tenderest bit of Faith. She gave it a gentle kiss. "This isn't about Xander. I don't give a shit about him. It's about you." Buffy turned to seized Faith's right ankle. "I don't just want you. I want to own you." She applied a strap and moved to the left. "And I will, even if I have to break you. But like I said, that's messy. You'll never really be you again."

"Do whatever you need to do," Faith replied. "I can't."

The downstairs toilet flushed. Moments later Buffy came bounding up the stairs with a wooden box in one hand and a bottle of rubbing alcohol in the other. "Well, that was gross," she announced to her captive audience.

Faith didn't reply. She lay across the foot of the bed dripping with sweat, still propped up by her arms. Her right ankle was bound to the pillar that rose from the corner of the footboard. She could move it only by rotating her hip. Her thigh was bound to her shin to keep it folded. The ankle of her left leg was strapped to the bed frame. And her left knee was held open with a rope that ran to the top right pillar of the headboard. Another black velvet bag covered her lolling head. It billowed out as she panted, drawing tight to her face when she inhaled.

A mass of wires ran from square contact pads stuck to Faith's skin into two boxes on the floor and two on the bed. Three black plastic pads were stuck to the insides of each of her thighs, one crested her now bare pubic mound and two were adhered to either side of her abdomen. A thick, black wire protruded up from beneath the y in the harness that had ridden up to cover the mouth of her vagina. Several rows of binder clips were clamped to Faith's vulva in various places. At regular intervals her muscle groups twitched and tightened.

Buffy strode up, placed the box on the bed and batted the binder clips with her fingertips. Faith's muffled cry made her smile. "Oh, it can't be that bad," she teased and crawled up on the bed, coming to rest at Faith's side. "I think it's about time we did something with these," she said, indicating her intent by petting the deep-crimson tip of Faith's swollen left nipple. Faith lurched when Buffy turned the thick needle that pierced it. Fresh blood seeped from the entry point on either side, running alongside the narrow crusty brown trails that stained her breasts.

A wicked smile twisted Buffy's mouth. She leaned in to suckle Faith's nipple, turning her head to avoid the needle. A muffled moan came from behind the hood. Buffy braced herself on one arm and craned across Faith to do the same to the pierced flesh on other side.

The bottle of alcohol lay forgotten by her calf when she finished. Almost sitting on it seemed to remind her. Faith let out a throaty wail when Buffy uncapped the bottle and poured half of its contents over her breasts. It was the first unmistakably genuine scream of the evening and Buffy relished it. She poured the rest of the alcohol out in small splashes as Faith thrashed and cried.

When Faith had finally calmed, Buffy whispered, "That was beautiful." She picked up the black box closest to Faith's hip. "I think you need a little more of this," she said, slowly turning the knob to the right. Faith's legs locked. As the voltage increased, her leg muscles strained and began to tremble. They were shaking hard enough to rattle the bed when Buffy was done. Behind the gag and the hood, Faith pleaded, but it was impossible to make out what she was saying.

Buffy left Faith to writhe, sliding to the head of the bed with the wooden box she'd brought with her. She piled up the pillows, lounged back and sorted through the selection of piercing jewelry packaged in small plastic bags inside. Several tense moments passed this way. The jittering didn't appear to bother her. Satisfied with her choices, she crawled back to Faith's side and slowly dialed the current back. The ends of the needles Buffy had used were threaded. She removed one bead from a curved, surgical steel barbell and screwed it onto the

needle in Faith's left nipple, applied a dab of clear gel from a white tube and with slight pull and a quick twist, finished the job.

The assault had left Faith limp. She barely noticed. Buffy repeated the process with her right nipple, removed the needles from the jewelry, screwed the beads in place, cleaned up the blood with a sterile wipe and cleared all of the mess away. She slowly dialed the power back and shut the black boxes off one at a time, then went to unplug them. There was a whole lot to clean up, but she made quick work of it. Soon all that was left was Faith, the wire, the binder clips, the restraints and the hood.

Buffy reached down to bat the binder clips again, causing Faith to squirm and squeal. Red lines scored the tender flesh beneath when Buffy took the wire tabs of the topmost clip and slipped it off. She carefully removed the other clips one at a time, leaving many such lines.

When nothing was left but the wire, she caressed the inflamed flesh. "So pretty," she said. Her fingers were damp when she pulled them away. She licked the tips and picked up the flogger. The many strands of leather fanned out as she rested it on Faith's stomach. Buffy drew the flogger down. The leather stroked Faith's skin.

"Scream for me," Buffy said as she raised the flogger. It slapped Faith's crotch. A muffled yelp came from behind the hood. The fabric puffed out. Faith lifted her head. "That's my girl." A hint of pride added a singsong note to her voice.

The leather strands sung as she swung them around. They landed with two hard thuds, once on each of Faith's breasts, causing her to buck and cry. Buffy moved around to the foot of the bed. The flogger whirled. Buffy kept it going, swirling it through the air. The tips skated across Faith's skin, starting at her stomach. When they reached her breasts, Faith lurched. The blow should've just grazed the tip of her right nipple. Instead, it landed inside her cleavage and battering the entire soft mound and causing it to jiggle. In the wake of the flogger, Faith's skin turned pink. Under the hood she panted and shrieked, but the sounds she made were all choked.

Buffy walked around the bed. The bed shook as the flogger landed hard against the inside of Faith's left thigh. She panicked and tried to sit up as the flogger grazed her skin again, only to be smacked down. The tips of the flogger battered a trail, moving slowly inward toward her crotch. She tensed against the inevitable. Her breath caused her hood to rise and fall.

As the flogger grazed her crotch with three stinging blows, Faith twisted her upper body, rolling onto her left shoulder. Her head shook. She screamed at the top of her lungs. Buffy landed one more solid blow between Faith's legs before she turned and made another pass over Faith's stomach. Faith rolled onto her back, allowing Buffy to swat her breasts. One more solid thud struck each soft mound. Buffy went to drop the flogger into the box.

"So, how do you feel?" Buffy asked as she removed the hood. Faith was red-faced and sweaty. A thick, twisted silk scarf gagged her. She blinked. Buffy caught her lower lip sucking it between her own. She reached behind Faith's head to untie the scarf.

When she slipped it free, Faith replied, "Like I'm gonna pop." She licked her lips. "And I still need to pee, not that I can really tell. I'm just glad you didn't hit my belly like you hit my

crotch or we'd have a problem."

Buffy grinned and moved to release Faith's legs. She paused after the right one was free to suck Faith's swollen labia into her mouth.

Faith drew in a short choppy breath. "Oh, god!" Her voice trembled as Buffy swirled her tongue. "I need to cum!"

Withdrawing, Buffy replied, "No, you don't," only to bury her face again.

"Please!" Faith begged. She trembled so hard her shin produced a hollow knocking sound as it struck the bedpost.

A moment later Buffy pulled away. "And how's this?" she asked, pressing the strap between Faith's legs.

Faith's breath caught. It came out as a long, keening, "Ah." She panted. "Stop that."

"Well?"

"Warm mostly," Faith admitted. "Some pressure, just enough to—"

Buffy pressed again, stopping her short. As Faith panted, Buffy went to her knees on the floor to release her left leg. She gathered the straps and dropped them into the box before she stood up. The only thing that remained was the rope. She went around the bed to untie it, returning to remove the section that was wrapped around Faith's leg. "Roll over," she said. When Faith did, Buffy rubbed her ass. The stripes had faded during the time Faith lay on the bed. Buffy drew back and swatted each of her cheeks. "I think you need more of that." She went to work on removing the straps that held Faith's arms.

"I think you'd better let me pee first," Faith replied. When her hands were free, she asked, "Please?"

Buffy grabbed the down strap of the harness and lifted Faith up. It shifted enough for her to take hold of the wire and slowly draw the metal probe out. Buffy coiled the wire around her hand and dropped the device into the box.

"Yeah, go pee," Buffy said as Faith slid off the bed and went to her hands and knees. "But come right back." While Faith was in the bathroom, Buffy ran downstairs for a bottle of water. Buffy pounded up the stairs, returning just in time for Faith to emerge. "Drink," she said. It wasn't a request, but it didn't need to be an order. Faith took the bottle, twisted the top off and downed half of it in a few gulps.

When Buffy asked, "Did you cum?" Faith hung her head, refusing to answer. "I'll take that as a 'yes.' How many times?"

Faith replied, "I dunno, B. You left me here with that thing in my snatch dialed up to 'hey, this feels pretty wicked' and took off. I tried. My stomach and legs—it felt like muscles cramps or getting hit at first, but that didn't last and—"

“Guess,” Buffy replied. Funny, she sounded amused.

Faith was obviously grabbing at straws when she mumbled, “Hell, I dunno five or six...” her face flushed “...or ten or twelve? I’m clueless. It was like one long...” She slashed at the air with her hand.

“Go to the foot of the bed, stand, bend over and grab the footboard,” Buffy said. She waited until Faith was in position to reach down and take a paddle from the box. It was longer than her forearm and wide as her hand. Holes were drilled through the wood at one inch intervals. Faith didn’t look impressed. “Five swats for each orgasm and you’ll thank me for each and every one,” Buffy said as she strode around behind Faith. “Oh, and I want your legs to stay straight.” She kicked the insides of Faith’s feet to part her thighs. “If you really want this to hurt, try ducking your ass.”

Faith’s legs were already trembling when Buffy began to caress her bottom. The paddle fell from her hand. A sharp swat followed. Buffy intentionally hit the plug with her fingertips, causing Faith to suck in a sharp breath. She gasped, “Wha—?” and tried to turn for a look.

Buffy swatted her again, once on each cheek. Two more red handprints joined the marks. As Faith took the hint and hung her head, Buffy released the buckle that held the harness in place. She tugged the straps loose. The plug slid out when she pulled the harness away. It fell to the floor and she replaced the plug with two fingers. With her other hand, Buffy parted Faith’s folds, causing her to wince. The skin looked swollen, red and painful. Yet it only took a few moments of gentle massage before Faith began to beg, “Please, B. I need to cum.”

That sounded too lucid. Buffy teased, “I thought you hated this?”

Faith sputtered, “I—” and choked. As the speed and pressure of Buffy’s touch intensified, Faith broke down. Her appeals turned desperate. Buffy listened to the ‘pleases’ and the ‘oh, gods’ and the ‘I needs’ and the ‘please, let me cums’ until they all ran together and only the last phrase stuck. “Hold it,” she said. “Just a little longer.” Faith’s arms buckled. Her forehead came to rest against the end of the mattress. Buffy broke up Faith’s pleas with another, “Hold it,” repeating herself, “Hold it.” Faith’s voice was edged with tears when Buffy finally said, “Okay, now.” Her fingers slipped out as Faith’s body clenched. Buffy continued to massage with her other hand until Faith stilled.

Breaths came to Faith in ragged gulps. She struggled to say, “You’re a psychopath. You know that, right?”

Buffy didn’t answer. She just turned away.

Sing to the Death Rattle

Chapter Notes

Prompts: #294: Ares @ 🌈 [tamingthemuse](#) & #12: Light @ 🌈 [kinda_gay](#).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Halfway to the bathroom door, Buffy glanced over her shoulder to say, “Put on the other harness and come to me when you remember how your legs work.” She went to the sink to wash her hands and wound up staring into the vacant mirror. The water ran. She leaned against the counter with her hands curled over the lip of the wash basin. Her fingertips dripped.

Suddenly, she flinched as though something important had just dawned on her. She patted her hands dry and turned off the faucet. It couldn’t have been anything too earth shattering because all she did was pick up a tube of rose colored lipstick from the tray of cosmetics between the two wash basins and begin to freshen up.

Faith was moving none too gracefully, thudding and cussing under her breath. Several moments passed and her hand grazed the bathroom door. It wasn’t quite a knock, more a clumsy miscalculation that prefixed her turning the doorknob.

Buffy rubbed her lips together. Her hands worked mechanically to twist the lipstick case closed, replace the cap and cast it aside as she turned to face Faith, who entered wearing a strap-on dildo. Casually, Buffy propped herself back against the counter and gestured for Faith to come closer when she lingered warily by the door. Faith inched forward. Once she was within range, Buffy reached up to touch her breast, pinching the tip of her left nipple and causing her to flinch.

“Will did mine three times,” she whispered. Her hand trailed down at a leisurely pace and so did her attention. She touched bead of the broken ring with her nail. “They kept migrating out. My body just didn’t like them. I did, but—” Her fingertips skated slowly, lightly over Faith’s stomach. “It was never really about what I liked.” Buffy looked up to make eye contact. “I hope yours don’t do the same. I’ll have to put them back.”

No protest came, probably because it seemed pointless. As Faith pressed in, Buffy moved back, lifting up to sit on the counter. She took the piece of latex in her hand, guiding it inside her. When Faith hunched, forcing it deeper, Buffy fell back. Faith caught her, an act that instantly turned things volatile. Buffy wrapped around Faith, embracing her with both her arms and legs. Their lips met in a hungry kiss. Buffy rolled her hips. With each thrust, her body rose and fell. Her hands wandered, groping, caressing, moving down to seize Faith’s ass, guiding her strokes, driving their intensity.

Faith was trapped. A puppet. The kiss ended, for her at least. Buffy traced the contour of Faith's jaw with her mouth. She reached up took a handful of Faith's hair, coiled it around her hand and pulled back. The sensation of Buffy tasting her neck caused Faith to freeze. A shudder escalated, crushing tender parts, making Faith's hips buck and sending spasms through them both when Buffy bit down.

Buffy's grip was stifling. Her fingers dug into already battered flesh. Faith panicked. She fought to loosen Buffy's hold, first by shoving at her chest. Then when that proved ineffective, Faith's hands went to Buffy's head. Faith strained to pry Buffy's mouth away. Buffy swallowed, but her bite didn't shift. She didn't tear the wound open.

"Wait!" Faith exclaimed. "Hold up! Time out!" She sounded like she was on the edge of nervous collapse. "Please, stop!" She drew in a trembling breath, repeating, "Just stop! Please, stop!" until Buffy pulled away. Faith's hand went to her throat as Buffy shoved her away. She staggered backwards, tripping over the clothes and towels on the floor. Buffy leapt to her feet. When Faith didn't fall, Buffy shoved her again. Faith went over backward, landing sprawled in the doorway.

Buffy pounced on top of Faith, pinning her by her throat. "You think you have a say?" she snapped. "This isn't some fucking committee. You belong to me. I'll do what I want."

Blood wicked between Faith's fingers. She released her hold. Her hands fell, palm up, level with her head in a gesture of surrender. Buffy stared, transfixed by the red smudges on her neck and the way the wounds still seeped.

"I just didn't want you to turn me in some goddamned bathroom," Faith said. "Do you have any clue how strange that looked? I saw myself in the mirror. My tits smashed against yours, only yours weren't there. This stupid rubber dick that I knew was inside you, bent at a weird angle, sticking out in the middle of nowhere."

Faith found the strength to smile somehow. That broke the ice. Buffy appeared to actually be considering what she was saying. She even grinned. Faith's efforts were admirable. She'd done a brilliant job of defusing a homicidal maniac. However, there seemed to be little she could do to restrain the hungry vampire.

"As final memories go, that one was pretty lacking," Faith grumbled. An acerbic chuckle added staccato to her voice. "If you want to fuck, it's cool, but how 'bout we try the bed?"

Buffy mouthed, "Oh," still captivated by the two punctures in Faith's neck. She tore herself away. As she took the suggestion and went to lounge on the bed, Faith rolled onto her hands and knees.

Understandably apprehensive, Faith took her sweet time reaching the bedside. She didn't make a move to climb up until Buffy invited her. Faith slinked onto the foot of the bed. She started to lie down, but Buffy beckoned her on. Faith's ascent halted when Buffy spread her legs. She lay flat on her tummy. Her head bowed. She made one long, languorous pass, lapping the delicate, pink nymphae that framed Buffy's sex.

A gasp laid bare Buffy's approval. She angled her hips. Her legs fell open. Everything was going so well. Faith's head bobbed, nodded and rolled. Buffy made all kinds of happy noises. Her muscles twitched. But after a while, her interest waned. Whatever Faith was doing grew tiresome. Perhaps Buffy might've remained entertained had it not looked quite so much like Faith was writing her Last Will and Testament with her tongue.

Buffy reached down to take Faith's head in hand. She lifted up. Their eyes met. "You've never done that, have you?"

"Once or twice, but *no*, not really," Faith admitted. "Not as a standard thing. I've had a couple of threesomes." Her head cocked to the side, suggesting a shrug. "I like guys." She rose to her hands and knees in hope of moving up, but Buffy held her fast. "I've been on the receiving end of this enough times to have it figured."

"That's nice," Buffy replied, but instead of guiding Faith on top of her, she slipped away. "Lay flat on your face." Buffy got up and went to her knees, pulling out the box. "Put your hands above your head." She located four heavy chainmail manacles one at a time. When she had the set and the key, she got up. Faith tried to look as Buffy put the first manacle around her right wrist. Buffy grabbed Faith's head and pressed her face against the mattress. "I'd hate to have to break your nose," she said and moved to the other arm. Each manacle fit snugly and fastened with a hinged locking plate, but there were no chains. Faith was no more restricted when Buffy finished than when she began.

Buffy got up, probably to remedy that. Silence met her when she opened the closet door. Xander had apparently come to the conclusion that it was pointless to irritate her too. Underneath a bunch of stuff at the back of the closet was a hard plastic case. It looked like the sort of luggage that might've been used to carry camera equipment. Buffy went to retrieve it, picking her way past the two men.

"I think it's time we changed the stakes of our game," Buffy said as she returned to where Faith lay on the bed. She set the case down and opened it. The prospect of having her nose broken must not have appealed to Faith because she didn't look. In fact, she didn't do anything and Buffy didn't offer any more details.

Inside the case, in the shallow upper tier, were a variety of metal and leather restraints. Buffy reached in to remove another piece of chainmail from one of the foam pockets. The links were woven in a cylindrical fashion to form a thick rope. There was a ring on one end and a smooth, rounded, chrome padlock on the other. "Roll over," she said.

Faith complied without giving Buffy a second glance.

A key hung from one of the padlocks in the tray. Buffy pulled it free and used it to release the padlock from the choker. She looped the chain around Faith's neck, feeding the end through the ring. Another, much longer section of chain lay coiled in the next pocket. The beauty of the material came clear when Buffy picked it up. It was light and presumably strong, considering its owner, but most remarkably, it was quiet. A ring bisected the chain's length. She locked that to the collar, and then used the two padlocks at either end of the chain to attach it to Faith's wrists. When Buffy was done, Faith could lay comfortably with her hands resting at the base of her ribcage, but reaching any lower constricted her throat.

Buffy released the clip and slid the harness away. Another shorter section of chain went to restrain Faith's legs. Buffy set the case on the floor and moved to curl up at the foot of the bed. As she settled in place, Faith brought her feet up, splaying her legs open. Buffy laid her fingertips across Faith's swollen vulva. Faith fretted as Buffy drew her fingertips down, parting the slippery folds. Buffy rotated her wrist. In one fluid motion, she kissed the apex of Faith's sex and slid two of her fingers home.

The headboard shuddered when Faith reached up, seizing hold of its spindles. As Buffy's hand ran rabbit, pounding out a sharp rhythm, her lips tightened, putting pressure on one tiny, tender area. Faith responded by dragging the word, "Shit," out to remarkable lengths. The huskiness of her voice made it sound intensely erotic. Her stomach muscles trembled. The flesh Buffy held in her mouth quavered. When she bore down, the crushing caused Faith's hips to lurch. A string of curses and pleas rolled off Faith's lips broken by desperate gasps for breath.

Buffy threaded her left hand beneath Faith's thigh. Her hand took over for her mouth when she lifted her head to say, "No." The pace slowed. She brought her hand up to lick her fingers. It dipped down below her other hand. Faith cried out when Buffy penetrated her again. Speed built as Buffy sucked Faith's folds into her mouth. Faith cussed and panted and wailed. Buffy ignored her. The pace she set was almost inhuman. Violent tremors racked Faith's body. A full minute elapsed. Faith begged for release or clemency, but found neither.

"Fuck as many guys as you want," Buffy said as she slipped her hands free and rose from the bed. She lifted the top tray from the case. The stop was so abrupt that Faith didn't register it for several moments. Her body twitched. She panted. As she found the composure to look, Buffy added her caveat, "But you'll wear one of these when you do."

From the bottom of the case, Buffy took one of two chastity belts that were stored there. The stainless steel of the one she held was anodized gold. It was made to ride low on the body with a lightly perforated cup that extended down from a solid contoured waistband. Two chains hung down from widely spaced mounts at the rear of the waistband. They met in a v at the point where they attached to the back of the cup.

"You fucking bitch!" Faith screamed, kicking and flailed as Buffy folded her in half and slid the belt beneath her. It had been adjusted to fit someone of a slightly smaller build.

Buffy replied, "You know it," as she forced the belt closed without adjusting it. Faith was pitching too much of a fit for her to line up the locks, so Buffy grabbed her right wrist and yanked the chain tight. Ruddiness spread through Faith's complexion. She wheezed and coughed. As the fight went out of her, Buffy let go.

Once the locks were secured, she stood and reached into the case again, pulling out a knurled rubber dildo. Its base clipped to the cup of the chastity belt. "Now show me what you've learned," she said, straddling the cock. She groaned as her body slowly settled down its length. When no response came, Buffy entwined their legs, took Faith's shoulders and rolled them both. Faith turned her head away.

"You have a choice to make," Buffy announced. "You can spend your last few minutes fucking me raw or—" a sickeningly sweet smile warmed her face "—I can do the same to

you.” She clutched Faith’s ass below the triangle formed by the two chains. Faith flinched as Buffy’s nails bit in. She tilted her hips, raising Faith’s too. “Choices, choices.” Unable to control her amusement, Buffy amended, “Actually, there’s only one choice now.” Her hand dipped. She stroked the skin framed by the lowest corner of the triangle to make her point.

Faith lifted her upper body until the chain around her throat pulled. Her head bowed. She hunched. “That’s my girl,” Buffy cooed through a satisfied groan. Her instructions were followed to the letter. Each thrust was like an assault. Buffy used her hold to maintain some control, but Faith fought with every ounce of her strength. She gulped in ravenous breaths. Sweat beaded up on her skin, drizzling down her arms and dripping from her chest. Blood seeped from the wounds Buffy’s nails cut in her flesh.

Convulsing muscles contorted Buffy’s body. Her hold slipped and with it went her control. She craned her head back, digging it into the pillow. Her hands found purchase on Faith’s shoulders. They trailed down as she cried out. Bloody furrows formed in their wake. Faith didn’t relent, even after Buffy went limp.

Decimated, Buffy lay shuddering. She sucked in uneven breaths. Suddenly, without warning, her composure returned. She caught Faith under the left shoulder and shoved. Faith flipped. Buffy went with her, rolling left. She sat up.

Winded and laboring to catch her breath, Faith shut her eyes. Buffy flexed her legs. Her body began to rise and fall. She moaned. Her left hand went to her breast. She seized her nipple and bore down as her right hand rubbed a path down her stomach to her groin. Her breath hung as she massaged the sensitive flesh.

When Faith met her eyes, Buffy reached down to offer a hand. Faith sat up. Unable to lower her hands, she put them to work teasing Buffy’s nipples.

“You’re catching on,” Buffy said in a thin breathy voice.

“I guess.” Faith’s answer was rewarded with a brief, but tender kiss.

Buffy rose and fell. Her body tensed and trembled. Faith joined in, rolling her hips to add depth to each stroke. Buffy fell back, propping herself on one arm. Her other hand traced a path down her undulating tummy, though the downy hair that crowned her sex. Reaching their goal, her fingertips drew tight circles, distorting the delicate pleat of skin.

“This isn’t about me hurting you. It’s not like I want that,” Buffy murmured. Hearing her voice was one of the last things one might’ve expected. She appeared deeply lost. Her head was flung back and her eyes were closed. A hiss of a snicker blended with a gasp. The two sounds married in a long throaty sigh. “Well, not much,” Buffy mused. “Not like that. What I want is something else.” She lifted her head. Faith met her eyes. “Something better.” Buffy rested her hand in the smooth valley between Faith’s breasts. “I want to drive you crazy.” Her fingertips slid down, following the line formed by muscles and bone. “I want you to need this, like you need air now...like you’ll need blood. I want you to crave my touch.”

Buffy’s breasts jiggled as she writhed. Faith seemed quite taken by them. The upper lip of the chastity belt caught Buffy’s fingers. “That doesn’t mean that I’m going to change my mind

about this. You'll have to earn the right to be naked again." She lifted her hand. The pads of her fingers brushed Faith's lower lip. "You'll work for every orgasm." Faith drew them into her mouth. "And I'll make them so good you'll do anything for another."

Faith pulled away, releasing her hold. Her attention turned lower. She leaned in, titling her head to sweep Buffy's right nipple into her mouth. The chains skimmed over Buffy's skin. As Faith suckled, Buffy took a long, trembling breath. They nearly ran out of bed when Faith pushed Buffy down. She grabbed Buffy's sides towing her up towards the head of the bed. Faith's hips rolled, driving the phallus deep into Buffy's loins.

The muscles of Buffy's back pulled tight, bowing her body. Her ankles came to rest crossed at the base of Faith's spine. As she took Faith's ass into her hands, Buffy asked, "Sounds like a terrible way to spend an eternity doesn't it?"

"I can think of worse," Faith admitted. She swayed her hips as they juttied down. Her bottom pinched and Buffy pushed, crushing them together. Long, languid strokes turned sharp. Faith's hands framed Buffy's face. She held eye contact, literally, refusing to give it up. Soft, satisfied sounds poured from Buffy's mouth. Intensity showed in her expression. As Faith drove down, grinding her hips, sending a fresh wave of tremors through Buffy's frame, she whispered, "I want to see you cum."

A smile flashed across Buffy's face, fading with the next thrust. She brought a hand up. Her fingers combed through Faith's hair. Buffy lifted her head, pulling down, urging Faith to meet her halfway. The kiss was fervent, like the writhing of their forms. Lips crushed, heads turned frantically to and fro, tongues entwined.

Another hard jab stole Buffy's focus. Her head dropped onto the pillow. She closed her eyes. The back of her neck tensed, driving the crown of her head into the mattress. Her hand returned to Faith's ass. She pulled, compelling Faith to make hard, sharp stabs. On the third one, she cried out. Her nails bit into Faith's flesh. Her muscles seized. Rigidity dissolved into tremors. Reflexively, she gasped for air she didn't need.

As the spasms subsided, Buffy lifted her head. She savored the salt on Faith's skin, sucking slowly along the ridge of her left shoulder. Her hand moved up. She caressed Faith's back. Hair was stuck to Faith's neck. Numerous passes were needed to clear it away. Buffy buried her face in the dewy skin. She took long, breath as though enjoying the fragrance and bit down. Faith whimpered when Buffy wrenched her head, tearing the wound.

Lethargy draped over Faith like a blanket. Her body sagged. Buffy drank her fill and rolled Faith away, causing her to mumble incoherently. Faith's head lolled to the side. Her right arm rested skewed across her chest. With each heartbeat, her life dribbled onto the bedspread.

That much went according to plan, but Buffy must not have seen the flaw. Her biting her wrist was pure horror movie camp, except for maybe the fact that she winced. When the wound immediately closed, she hissed, "Shit," and rolled her eyes. She sprung out of bed in a mad dash to find a solution. Her foot barely hit the first tread before she stopped. She stared at the crossbow bolt that was stuck in the wall halfway down the stairs. "That'll work," she muttered. "It'll suck, but—"

She bounded down the steps to the landing and ripped the shaft from the wall. A chunk of drywall came with it. The gypsum crumbled in her hand as she returned to the foot of the bed. In a quick stabbing motion, she impaled her left wrist with the bolt. Blood seeped from the wound. She pushed the shaft through, leaving just a stub protruding from the underside of her wrist.

Faith murmured when Buffy turned her head. Her voice was faint and thick, but it sounded like she was saying, "No." Buffy was unaffected. She shoved her wrist into Faith's mouth, wiggling the shaft to increase the blood flow. Several moments passed and Faith didn't budge. Her throat remained motionless. Finally, she choked and jerked away. Her head rolled to the side. Blood poured from her mouth as she sputtered. She was trying to say something else. What it might be was as clear as mud, but as she repeated, her voice gained strength. "I can't."

Rage came over Buffy, swift and hot. The blood flow had nearly ceased. She tore the bolt from her wrist and impaled the other one. The first wound didn't close, but Buffy didn't appear to notice. She drove the shaft through and whipped Faith's head upright. Dropping to her knees, Buffy repeated the process. This time she held Faith still with the pressure of her wrist and stroked her throat. Minutes passed. Buffy was obsessed with being certain. Faith's mouth filled to overflowing. Buffy milked more, making her drink, muttering obscenities under her breath.

Satisfied, she tried to rise, only to stumble. Her complexion was ashen and her cheeks were drawn. She yanked the shaft free from her wrist and crawled to the closet. Opening the door was almost more than she could manage. The door swinging out got in her way. She dragged herself around it.

Xander flinched when she touched him. "Y'know, I really don't care about you," she whispered. "The only reason you're here is because you were *here*." Her voice was thready and her actions full of contradictions. If she truly didn't care, she could've just bitten his leg, fed and moved on. Instead, she struggled to explain as she labored to crawl between the two men. "Always underfoot, like a puppy. You got in the way once too many." She pulled herself level with his head. "Somehow this seems fitting."

The demon took hold. Xander screamed through his gag when she lashed out, biting down, tearing his throat with her teeth. He wrenched against his bonds. Her strength returned as she fed. She seized him, shaking her head, ripping the wound, crushing his bones. It was like she wanted to bathe in him. She wanted to mangle his body. She needed the next person who saw him to be revolted by the carnage. The entire encounter was delicious. It reeked of petty jealousy.

Buffy turned to lounge across the two men with Xander's broken, bloody chest serving as a pillow. Her color had returned and she actually looked happy in spite of the gore, or maybe because of it. Her feet rested against the wall, just below the level of the row of hanging clothing. "I think this is a fitting end for you too," she said.

Giles was alert, aware and quite horrified. Though she looked daggers at him, he kept his eyes averted.

“You were just what I needed, another absentee Dad,” she said through a laugh. “But that’s not what this is about.” She reached out to straighten his hair, leaving bloody streaks on his brow. “You remember what you got me for my eighteenth birthday?” Her face warmed with mock sentiment. “Well, in a few hours Faith’s going to wake up...and she’ll be hungry. Call it a thank you for your many years of service.”

Buffy’s legs folded. She hugged her thighs as her feet seesawed up and down, pointing and bending playfully in series. In that moment, she might’ve been mistaken for a giddy young girl, had it not been for the nudity and the bloodbath. “I wish I could stay,” she said, sounding quite delighted. “I’d love to watch, but busy, busy...people to see, stuff to do.” She hopped to her feet and picked her way to the door.

“You got off easy,” she taunted, leaning against the doorframe. “It’s gonna take days for the brat to die. After all the bullshit they put me through over her—after the bullshit *she* put me through—I figure I owe her. What I did here will look like a Lifetime movie. Dawnie’s death is gonna be flaying, amputating, burning, freezing, crushing, stabbing, breaking...*fun*. I figure I’ll start with the basics. A little public humiliation followed by some gang rape. Nothing’s too good for my little mystical energy ball and chain.”

Leaving Giles to his imagination, Buffy went to the shower. She left a bloody handprint on the door handle. The water ran pink for a time. She stayed, indulging, until it ran clear again, lathering up, conditioning her hair, working the tangles free.

Once she was clean and dry, she began to pick up, sorting things into piles and putting other things away. She kept the keys to Faith’s chastity belt and padlocks, finding a chain to wear them on in a jewelry box in the bathroom.

Most likely in retribution, Buffy added a second short section of chain to bind Faith’s feet to the waistband of the chastity belt. Faith lay with her legs pulled up and splayed when Buffy was done. Between that and the chain that bound her hands to her throat, the only way she was going to get out of bed was to fall out. The stairs would present a similar, but more daunting, problem.

Buffy took a floral print mini-dress down from the rack in the closet and slipped it over her head. The retro-cut sixties halter dress was deceptively cute. She chose a pair of over-the-knee slouch boots and a wide, double buckle Prada belt to go with it. After donning her accessories and picking out some more of the sparkly variety, she began to do her hair and makeup. The last thing she did, almost as an afterthought, was put on a pair of pink polka dotted cotton underwear.

She left the apartment surprising tidy, aside from a few stains. All of the things she’d gotten out were put back, the toys were washed and stored, and she herself looked like she was headed out for an afternoon shopping trip. On her way out the door, she swung through the downstairs bathroom to slip into god mode by ingesting her handy dandy magical, slash-proofing, suncreening trinket.

The sun was setting, lighting the western sky in hues of crimson and gold, when Buffy pulled into the driveway of a suburban home. She sat enjoying the peace for a moment, simply enjoying the view and the breeze, before she dismounted the motorcycle. As she made her way to the front door, it swung open. “Been expecting me?” she asked, seemingly aloof.

Angel looked Buffy over before he confirmed, “Suppose you might say that. After the mess you left at Zuma Beach, wasn’t hard to figure out that you’d come here.”

“And you didn’t think to check the warehouse?” she said with a laugh.

“The Seers said here,” he replied. “We came here.”

“Damn,” she said, drawing the word out with a giggle, “your Seers suck.” She was all smiles. Her voice was thick with mirth. “So, let me guess, you showed up to stop me.” She leaned against the pillar of the patio. Her legs crossed. The tip of her right boot rested against the outsole of her left boot. She wiggled her foot causing her leg to swing. “Or maybe—” She cut off mid-thought to scan Angel’s face. What she saw cracked her up. She struggled to regain control. “You want to ensoul me? Oh, now that’s *funny*.” Her body shook with laughter.

Angel looked crestfallen. He worked to compose himself. Finally, he admitted, “That was sort of the plan, yeah.”

A mischievous grin twisted Buffy’s features. She slid her dress up her leg seductively, going farther than any nice girl would. Her fingers slipped under the waistband of her pink cotton panties, exposing light tufts of pubic hair. “Look, Angel, fresh outta cookie dough,” she said, nibbling the edge of her left thumb as she played with her curls. “Thanks for the sentiment but, fact is, the baking—it happened—the cookies got eaten by someone lots better at it than you.” Her fingers dipped lower. “She’s dead and I’m not far behind her. Now if you’ll hand Dawn over, it’ll simple things up lots. If not, this is gonna get ugly.”

Angel tried to look resolved, but really, he was just staring at her crotch. He did fold his arms. He even said, “Can’t do that, Buffy.” That didn’t keep him from watching her hand like a hawk when she brought it to her mouth.

Buffy suckled her fingers suggestively. “You sure?” she asked. “That’s your final answer?”

Angel nodded. The last act of his unlife was flapping like a pigeon on a string. He’d leaned over the threshold. Buffy snatched his lapel so quickly he didn’t have a chance to flinch and dragged him out into the street. She frisked him, finding his car keys as he fought to run back inside. As he caught fire, she stepped away, leaving him to make a mad dash for the door. He didn’t make it.

Buffy twirled the keys around her index finger as she strutted back to the house. A bored sigh escaped her lips. She leaned against the pillar again. “May as well come talk, Dawn, ’cause I’ve got a tank full of gas and a lighter that says I can make you leave. No big to me how we play it.”

“You wouldn’t.”

A stifled laugh shook Buffy’s slight frame. She tilted her chin down and put her palm to her forehead, shaking her head. When she looked up, Dawn stood just out of reach with Spike and Illyria on either shoulder. “Did you round up all of my demon ex-lovers?” she asked, appearing very amused. “Correction. Sorry, Blueberry, I’ve never fucked you, but if you wanna go after I take care of the kid and the Q-Tip, I think I have a block of time.”

The corners of D’Hoffryn’s mouth pulled, forming a wicked grin as he peered into the pool. The image faded just when things were getting good. Spike made an indignant remark about being called a Q-Tip. “Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me. That’s it?” he snarled, stalking around the pool to pick up the remote. He pressed half a dozen buttons, but nothing happened.

He was resisting the urge to throw the damned thing when the blond salesman spoke, “I’m sorry, but we’re only allowed three hours for the demo, sir.” His thick, crooked face lit up as he regarded D’Hoffryn. “This Summers woman is quite the character. I can see your interest.”

He was good at his job. Engage the customer. Keep them talking. D’Hoffryn nearly took the bait, “You don’t know the half of it,” but thought better of it, “And we’ll be keeping it that way.”

“I’m sure I don’t,” the blond man replied, slathering on the sympathy. His demeanor turned pleasantly curious. “So will you be interested in purchasing our product, sir?”

“I believe so, Mr.—?” D’Hoffryn confirmed.

The man offered his hand. “Ah,” he intoned. “Yes, the name is *Spike*. Not to confuse, of course.” He nodded at the pool where the vampire who shared his name had last been seen.

D’Hoffryn clasped Spike’s hand briefly as a matter of courtesy. “Yes, it seems like a fine product. Of course, I have Direct-TV and Tivo...and this,” he remarked, flipping the channels. He settled on a view of a petite, blonde woman in bed with her paramour.

The salesman watched the toned muscles of the woman’s shoulders move with sinuous grace. “Is that—?” he asked, peering intently at the scrying pool.

“Yes, that would be Miss Summers,” D’Hoffryn confirmed. Pausing to reflect as he watched the two women, he grumbled, “Never a more vexing pair.”

“There are of course many more channels to choose from. That is, once the service is activated,” Spike said in an effort to inspire his customer’s interest.

D'Hoffryn, realizing he hadn't actually said 'yes,' nodded. "Lloyd, please pay the man and bring me a bowl of popcorn." A smile tugged at his gaunt features as he watched Spike and Lloyd leave the room. Several minutes passed while he sat patiently awaiting the return of the salesman. He sat silently observing the two lovers. "I'll get you, my pretty," D'Hoffryn mocked, wringing his hands. "You, and your little witch too." He smirked. "Until then, something to pass the time."

Spike reentered the room with Lloyd in tow. "Thank you," Spike said. "Do you have any questions about the product?"

D'Hoffryn accepted the bowl of popcorn Lloyd offered him. He settled into his chair before rendering his verdict, "No, I think that'll be all."

Spike bowed deeply and took his leave.

D'Hoffryn fished a few kernels out of the bowl and popped them into his mouth as he began to mindlessly channel surf.

Channel 2357: A petite woman with sandy blonde hair was tied to a metal bed frame. Buffy circled, closing in, her golden eyes scanning the pleasantly curvaceous form of her captive. "I could peel you like an apple," she sneered. "I could take you apart joint by joint. I could rip your clothes off and ride you till you're a mass of bruises. Not that you're my type, but hey... eternity, meet boredom."

D'Hoffryn made note of the channel. "Hum," he murmured. "That has promise. I may come back to it."

Click.

Channel 2358: Standing in a cemetery facing Angel, Buffy droned, "I make it through this, and the next thing, and the next thing, and maybe one day I turn around and realize I'm ready. I'm cookies. And then, you know, if I want someone to eat—"

Click.

Channel 2359: Buffy lay naked, chained face-down across a metal bench. A leather clad Willow circled her with a wooden paddle in hand. The swat looked quite painful. It landed with a smack, causing Buffy's already flushed flesh to jiggle and striking the black latex plug that was nestled between the cheeks of her ass. She let out a deep throaty growl. The bench shuddered dangerously when her muscles involuntarily flexed.

D'Hoffryn rolled his eyes. "Didn't I just watch this?" He squinted into the pool. "Oh, *no*, that's Willow. Still, I swear, what is it with sex? You'd think a little violence wouldn't be too much to ask, but it's always sex, sex, sex, sex, sex with these people. Foreign objects shoved in their many orifices. It's unseemly." The demon grabbed his Big Gulp from the table next to him and took a sip. "Humans! All they ever think about is procreation. Which is funny because they almost never want children. And they're so territorial." He smirked. "That part I can actually get behind because it's really good for business."

Click.

Channel 2360: Willow lay unconscious in a hospital bed wired to every sort of medical monitor known to man. Buffy was at her bedside sobbing, holding her pale hand. “There has to be something we can do,” she said in voice choked with tears. Giles walked up and put his hand on Buffy’s shoulder to comfort her.

D’Hoffryn returned the beverage to the table and grabbed a handful of popcorn, shoving the kernels into his mouth. “God, I hate soap operas,” he mocked, rolling his eyes. “But I suppose the witch could die. That might lead to some intriguing vengeance.” Again, he noted the channel.

Click.

Channel 2361: Buffy stretched out, holding her hand high above her head as she snarked, “Sorry, Spike, you gotta be at least this evil to ride this ride. Know you wanna, but I’m over it. A girl needs some standards.” She cocked her hip and placed her hands on her waist. “You guys are running short on time ’cause I’m running out of patience.” She turned to make her way back to the motorcycle parked in the driveway. Illyria stormed out the door, ignoring the protests of her fellows. Teeth bared, she grabbed Buffy by the shoulder and spun her.

D’Hoffryn smiled, settling in his chair. “Ah, yes...here we are. This should be good.”

A contented sigh wafts past her lips as Buffy nestles her head into the curve of Willow’s shoulder. “And then something happened,” she whispers. “I let go. Lost in oblivion. Dark and silent and complete. I found freedom. Losing all hope was freedom.” *But it isn’t. Stupid quote. Not if you still care about something. You’ve gotta give up caring for that and I just can’t. Suppose that means I need to find a way to hope again.*

God. Listen to me. And I’m supposed to be some sort of leader? There are people placing their faith in me? How messed up is that?

Willow’s hand traces lazy circles over Buffy’s lower back. The effect is magical without any actual hocus pocus. Pent up tension drains away. Feigning ignorance, Willow asks, “Did you say something?”

And then there was Willow. “Nothing,” Buffy whispers, sounding terribly sleepy. “Just my busy head this time.”

“I swear. So glum,” Willow chides playfully. “Are you at least excited about tomorrow?” A smile lights up her face. “I’m excited.” She sounds positively bubbly.

“Yeah, I guess,” Buffy replies. “Sort of.” She turns onto her back. Her forearm comes to rest across her brow. “This is like the first real—” Willow snuggles up. “Or kinda, sorta, maybe

real vacation we've had in years. It's only a day so that's not really 'real.' And go figure, we'll be spending it in a place with a name that means 'good war'."

"Huh?" Willow props her head up with her hand. Her fingers comb through her hair. She looks genuinely intrigued, but there's just something about the way her eyebrow's cocked that doesn't bode well.

Buffy doesn't know what to make of this. She asks with clear trepidation, "It's called *Buenos Aires*, right?"

"Yeah."

Willow sounds genuine enough and her eyebrow loses its quirk, so Buffy explains, "*Bueno* means good." She shuts her eyes. "And *Ares*. He was like the god of war in that show. The one you liked so much with the girl who had the funny Frisbee. She did that weird yodel thing and flipped all around when she fought." A soft, breathy snicker breaks up her thought. "I never saw how she won with all that flipping. You don't do a back flip and expect anything except to get pummeled."

It was an act. I can tell by the way she's smiling, like she thinks I'm cute or something. No clue. I must've said something funny, but she doesn't share.

Several sleepy minutes pass. Buffy is pulled back from the Land of Nod by Willow's murmured musing, "It means pretty white sandy beaches, warm sunshine, sparkly water... and the best part: Buffy in a bikini. Then there's this whole mushy-brained, drooly, nonverbal thing that happens. It's so unflattering." She giggles and turns onto her back, pulling Buffy close.

Buffy comes willingly. Heat rises in her cheeks. Pure adoration works wonders. Her head comes to rest against Willow's chest. Gentle, soothing caresses make her sigh.

"Maybe you'll forgive me," Willow mumbles.

Oh, yeah...already forgotten.

Like maybe never. Is it okay if I don't want to forget? She's so sweet.

And silly. We're here naked and sticky...smelling lots like each other, and she's thinking about me in a few skimpy swatches of shiny, clingy, admittedly all-too-expensive, designer fabric.

"Here I thought it meant *shopping*," Buffy says with a laugh. "Silly me." She lifts up to make eye contact and smiles sheepishly. "Compromise?" she adds hopefully. "I'll still wear my bikini."

Willow gently urges Buffy to lay down with a sweep of her hand. She agrees, "Deal," the moment Buffy settles.

Buffy's quote in the final scene is from *Fight Club* by Chuck Palahniuk.

Before Spike (the snide, platinum blond vampire) forever tainted any other occurrence of the name, another character named Spike, portrayed by [Jeffrey Jones](#) (the same actor who played Principal Edward Rooney in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*) appeared in the movie *Stay Tuned*. I don't recommend it, however the concept was a beautiful fit for this flight of fancy.

The dialog and setting used for channel 2357 is from [DeadWar](#) by [Mabus](#).

The dialog and setting used for channel 2358 is from [Chosen](#) the final episode of Buffy the Vampire Slayer by [Joss Whedon](#).

The dialog and setting used for channel 2359 is derived from the many naughty works of [Carol Clarke](#).

The setting of used for channel 2360 is derived from the work of [Red Willow](#).

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