

## **Journey of Faith 2017 Rewrite**

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# **Journey of Faith 2017 Rewrite**

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## Summary

Faith's past comes back to bite her in the ass and she accepts a new destiny from the Powers that Be.

# **This is not a Goodbye**

## Journey of Faith

Summary: Following a wish from Alan Finch's vengeful widow, Faith Lehane finds herself deep beyond enemy lines of a war for Humanity's survival.

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Los Angeles, 2005

"This woman, your husband's murderer, is living free. Doesn't that just burn you up?"

Cathryn Finch turned to look at her new friend and co-worker, Teresa Steinbeck. Her eyes blaze with anger at the memory of Faith Lehane's re-trial and acquittal, which she'd witnessed herself.

The past few days since the conclusion of said trial had been emotionally draining for the widow Finch, and her nerves were more than frazzled. Opening her mouth and closing it again several times as she struggles to gather her thoughts in the whirlwind of her mind.

"I hate her." Cathryn finally gets out, and Teresa allows a small grin to grace her features.

"Don't you wish they'd just given her the death penalty the first time around?" the second woman presses, but Cathryn shakes her head.

"No. It would be too quick for her. I wish she has to experience loss and suffering a thousand times worse than I did when Alan died." the widow unwittingly gives the vengeance demon exactly what she'd come for.

"Granted." Teresa rasps, turning her now visably demonic features to face Cathryn, who lets out a bloodcurdling scream.

Cleveland

Faith let out a tired grunt as she dropped onto the bar-stool, her entire body sore from the fight she'd had just a few minutes prior with a particularly irritated nyxac demon.

"Lemme get a shot of whiskey, straight up." the formerly dark slayer orders from the bartender as he comes around. She gives a small smile as he nods and moves away to get her drink.

“Have them put it on my tab.” Faith looks to her right to see a balding man in a fedora sitting a few stools away from her. Her eyes narrow as he tips his hat in her direction, and an uneasy look comes over his face as her own expression turns angry.

“Now, now... no reason to get excited here.” He says placatingly, as he realizes that he won't need to introduce himself.

“Whistler.” Faith growled low as her drink was placed in front of her, and she turned away to grab the shot and slam it back. “Angel told me about you.”

“Shouldn't be surprised I guess.” The balance demon replies with a shrug, keeping his gaze locked on her. “We need to talk.”

Faith grimaced as she felt the burning sensation of the whiskey as it travelled down towards her stomach, and indicated for the bartender to bring her another. “So talk.”

Whistler looks visibly uncomfortable as he takes a quick glance around the barroom.

“Okay, so here's the sitch. One of D'Hoffryn's 'employees' exacted a vengence wish against you on behalf of a Cathryn Finch.”

Faith paled as she recognized the woman's surname, and her gaze falls downward for a moment as regret and guilt hits her. “Oh.”

“Yeah.” Whistler intoned solemnly, hating his job for what was far from the first time. “The Powers have decided to give you a choice. Hard times lay ahead of you either way, but if you choose to accept a mission for the powers, we can make it that in the end, you'll have your redemption... and a little something extra if I can wing it.”

“Huh.” Faith remarked drolly, pulling her head up to look at the messenger. “I doubt this.. opportunity comes without a catch.”

Whistler gave her a stiff nod in response, and she let out a tired sigh. She turned away briefly, and grabbed up the new shotglass to quickly slam it back.

“Well, out with it then.” the Boston native demands feeling a bit tipsy as the buzz begins to build up within her.

“You won't be a slayer anymore, and you won't remember your life here.” Whistler informs her, and Faith gives him an incredulous look before turning her expression serious.

“I'll do it, but where the hell are you sending me?” She questions.

“You wouldn't have heard of it.” Whistler answers as their eyes meet once more. “There is one other catch that you should know-”

“No, there isn't.” Faith disagrees with a shake of her head. “You just told me that I won't remember my life here, so I'm not even going to even remember this conversation, am I.”

“Fair enough.” Whistler says, slowly rising from the stool, and preparing to leave. “If you want to say goodbye to your friends, do it before you go to bed tonight. When you wake up,

your mission will have begun and you might not get the chance to see them again.”

Faith gave him a slow nod and watched as he tipped his hat to her, then turned on his heel and strode out through the front door. She remained on her stool motionless for a few moments, then reached back to pull her wallet from her pants' pocket.

She tossed a twenty dollar bill out and tosses it onto the bar, then follows the path that the Balance demon had taken just moments before.

Stepping out into the cold night air and onto the street, she pulled her pack of cigarettes from her jacket and took one out to press it between her lips. The slayer fumbles with the zippo lighter for a moment before successfully igniting it.

She begins the walk toward the hotel that she had been staying at since her official release from state custody a few days ago, and takes a deep drag of smoke into her lungs.

The walk to said hotel takes about fifteen minutes and she had just finished off her second cigarette when she reached the entrance. She tosses the cancerstick to the sidewalk in front of her, and crushes it underfoot before making her way inside.

Quickly crossing the lobby, she jumps into the empty elevator car on the far left just before the door closes, and jabs her thumb against the round button marked 13.

The ride is relatively short, stopping only once to pick up a middle-aged couple on the eighth floor, who were heading for the roof-top restaurant. She gave them a polite nod as the car reached her floor and she stepped off onto her floor.

She makes her way down a couple hallways, and finally reaches her room. She unlocks the door and pushes it open to enter, and pulls it shut behind her. Once it's locked, she makes her way to the bed, dropping down heavily upon it, and a moment later she finds her gaze drawn to the telephone on the bedside table.

She stares at the communication device for a few long, almost agonizing moments, wanting to make good use of Whistler's advice, but not having the slightest clue as to how she was even going to say goodbye, or if any of them would even want to hear it.

Finally her hand reaches out and takes the phone from its cradle. She holds it up to her face and uses her shoulder to keep it held up as she shakily reaches out to dial a number.

She listens to it ring four times before the click informs her the other end has been picked up.

“Angel Investigations, we help the hopeless.” Faith holds back a chuckle as she hears Gwen's voice on the other end, towing Angel's company slogan.

“Hey Gwen.” She greets amicably. “It's Faith, I need to talk to Angel.”

“Yeah, no problem. Give me a sec.” Gwen says and Faith hears her yell out in the background, clearly holding the phone away from her a bit.

A couple moments later she hears her mentor's voice come over the receiver.

“Faith?” The ensouled vampire asks, not having expected to hear from her so late at night. “What’s going on?”

Faith was silent for a moment, then steeled her nerves and decided to get down to the heart of the issue at hand.

“I got a visit from an old friend of yours.” She says, tears beginning to well up behind her eyes. “Whistler came to me with an offer from the Powers.”

“Oh.” Angel replies, never having really cared for the Brooklyn-accented demon. “I can come and help you with whatever he wants you to do.”

Faith felt a pain twisting in her gut, but forced herself to remain steadfast.

“No, you can’t. Not this time.” She says, reaching up with her left hand and rubbing her sleeve against her eyes, which are starting to redden. “This is something I have to do on my own, and then I’ll be squared with the whole redemption thing.”

“Are you sure?” The vampire asks her, his tone searching.

“Yeah.” Faith nods to herself, since Angel can’t see her. “I don’t know if you’ll see me again, so I thought I might take advantage of the time I have to say goodbye.”

“Faith, I’m not gonna ask where you’re going, if they’ve even told you. But as I’m not getting any older, I’ll be sure to find you when you get back, if you don’t find me first.” She hears Angel say, and feels her heart break a little bit.

“I love you Angel.” She whispers, barely audible to even the vampire. “Goodbye.”

She doesn’t give him a chance to reply before disconnecting the call and returning the phone to the cradle. A couple moments pass, and then she breaks down in sobs, collapsing across the bed.

Within a half-hour, she’d cried herself to sleep and that’s when everything changed for her.

## A Little Backstory Filler Chapter

*“Two players. Two sides. One is light, one is dark.” – John Locke*

### Chapter One: Prehistory

It had been raining heavily outside the safety of the Thrace house at the residential rows outside the grounds of the Colonial fleet headquarters the night that Socrata Thrace gave birth to twin daughters, one resembling herself with light hair and fair complexion and the other resembling their father with dark brown tresses and a more exotic skintone. That very same night both Kara and Faith were left without a father when Dreilide crashed just a few miles before reaching home, having lost control of his car on a wet slick upon the road and spinning off the shoulder before he slammed into a tree with enough force that the wreck was twisted partially around the trunk. His body was unrecognizable and the funeral was closed casket.

For the first four years of their life growing up with the widowed and Military-employed Socrata, the small family would remain on Picon as Socrata served as a trainer at one of the academies on site at the Fleet HQ. Then shortly before the twins fifth birthday, Socrata was transferred to a post in the capital to help with settling a recent rash of public dissent and rioting that had most recently culminated in an assassination attempt on the governor of Picon by extremist members of an upstart religious sect that worshipped the ‘One God’.

Both Faith and Kara were unhappy with concept of moving, but the strict-minded Socrata would give no ground to their pleas to remain with their friends. It was an argument that would repeat itself many times over during the several years to follow as they reluctantly transitioned into the lifestyle of army brats. It was Socrata’s wish to shape both of her daughters to follow in her footsteps, and even at the girls’ young age the Marine Captain began to educate them in war. She had a feeling deep within her gut that despite the fact the cylons had not been seen since the end of the war just over ten years prior to the twins birth, and despite holding a firm belief in the Gods of Kobol.

Being assigned to the Governor’s security would have it’s perks for Socrata and her daughters years later as well, when the Thrace matriarch would call in a favor to get the pair enrolled in the Academies upon their graduation from basic education, all arranged on the presumption that both of the girls would eventually take up the same style occupation as their mother, as oft was the case in many military families. The Thrace bloodline had been involved with the armed forces for more than two centuries, be it under the direction of the President of the Colonies, or before when Picon was still a sovereign colony as much as the others had been before President Hayden Cabera had united them all under a single government several generations past.

As the years passed and the twins grew up and entered into high school, both had been well conditioned by Socrata and had become driven young woman. Each had a plan of military service when it came the point of leaving home, though with the sense of resentment of Socrata that had grown within each of her daughters for the harsh childhood they had been

made to endure, neither had plans to join the Marines and either would admit at least a small part of that decision stemmed from that resentment.

Instead it would be the air group that the pair conspired to enlist with, and during their final year of basic education, the sisters had presented a united front to their less than pleased mother, who with much reluctance reached out to have some strings pulled in getting Faith and Kara enrolled at the Fleet Academy.

It was in the last days before Faith and Kara Thrace were to leave the home they share with Socrata to attend the Academy, that the Thrace matriarch discovered that she had become sick with cancer but for the moment has not shared this information with her daughters out of a feeling of being slighted by their choice to not follow in her footsteps, that the destiny of the Thrace twins and this story begins properly...



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