

If Russian Ballerinas Were French

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If Russian Ballerinas Were French

by [wisdomeagle](#)

Summary

...then everything would be happy at the ballet. (It's a girl thing.)

He says, "What gives you that idea?"

"Oh, you know, small things. The way she holds herself around you, the way she always asks after you, the way she's practically screaming 'fuck me'? You wouldn't understand. It's a girl thing. Or maybe you would understand. I --"

"Thank you, Cordelia. I feel quite inspired enough."

"No problem," she says with a grin. "Matchmaker should be my middle name."

So that's why Wesley has asked Fred what she's doing tonight and why his heart is currently residing where his stomach ought to be, because Fred has told him, full of apology and with confused eyes, that she'll be out with Gunn. "You do know that we're like -- *together*, right?"

"Oh. I -- no, I hadn't realized. I'm sorry. I hope you have a lovely time." He smiles bravely and rests his thoughts firmly on translations, but Fred is speaking again.

"Wes... why did you think I might want to, you know -- we're just friends, right?"

"Of course." He doesn't mention Cordelia; it's not her fault. Nor Gunn's. Nor Fred's.

"Okay." He wishes she would leave, or speak, but she doesn't. Her body near his makes him uncomfortable in ways he couldn't fathom a year ago, but now he can hold a sword, a stake, can slice the world to pieces or carve graven images into it. He knows his own strength and can feel his desires, brooding and powerful. Of course, that's exactly it. Could he even touch Fred as gently as she wants to be touched? He will think of her tonight, in the safety and isolation of his apartment, and will be too noble or too cowardly to --

"So, then, not having fantastic sex?"

"What -- no. Not at the moment. In fact, I appear to be sitting behind my desk, not having any sort of sex at all."

Cordelia rolls her eyes. "Like, with Fred. Since she's doing whatever with Gunn."

"That would appear to be the case."

"Well *good*! Then I don't have to feel all bad because we're not even making with the smoochies."

"We being you and...?" He bites his tongue before his own name comes out; he doesn't need any added complication in his life, especially complications named Cordelia.

"And Angel. As *if* there were actually any other men in my life, what with all the killing demons and becoming demons and, you know, being me."

"Angel. Ah. Of course."

"*But* that means there can't be any sex, because you know, curse, and there's the off-chance that I might be Mr. Broody's one and only, in which case, well, goodbye Mr. *Nice* Broody."

"Ah," Wesley says sympathetically.

"So I'm telling you, as a friend, that you'd better go have sex with Fred before the week is over, because if I can't have it, *someone* better be having it." She smiles at him so broadly it takes him a minute to realize she's close to tears.

"Cordelia. Is there anything I can --?"

"Just do it, dammit," she tells him. "I'm going to go upstairs and help put Connor in bed." There's a catch in her voice but the tears are gone. Wesley knows he won't see them again.

An hour passes, perhaps two; Wesley's eyes are blurry though he's hardly touched the prophecy.

"Knock, knock."

"Gunn. Come in."

"Already am."

"So you are. How preemptive of you."

"So, Fred tells me --"

"Please, don't." Gunn closes his mouth abruptly, picks up one of Wesley's books and flips through the pages randomly. "Be careful, please. There are some extremely delicate proph--"

"Ever seem to you like that's all there is?"

"Pardon?"

"Prophecies and predestination. Man, there's more talk about fate here than there was when I was a kid in a Baptist church."

"More hellfire, too, I should imagine."

"Yep." Gunn stares at an engraving, obviously not noticing any of its unique features. "It seems kinda funny, you know?" Wesley is singularly unamused and says so. Gunn answers him, "That it worked out so neat, you know? One day you and me are standing side by side, talking about Fred, the next day, me and her are on the floor making with the magic smoochies and you're --"

"I do know what happened at the ballet."

"It's funny, that's all. Almost like we're just doing exactly what they wanted us to."

"Who? The ghosts of Russian ballerinas?"

"Yeah, I bet that'd go over real well with the old gang. I'm marrying this lily white girl of mine because the ballet made me do it."

Wesley is almost amused. Still, "Marrying?" He raises an eyebrow.

"Given that he hasn't actually asked me to, well, come to bed with him --"

"Fred?" Gunn jumps off Wesley's desk and, startled, almost runs into her.

"The door was open," she says. "Listen, do you ever think that maybe this is all one gigantic trick someone is playing on us?"

"All what?" Wesley and Gunn ask in unison.

"*This*." She waves her arms around to encompass all of them. "I was just upstairs to kiss Connor goodnight, and Cordy is lying on Angel's bed, fully clothed. And meanwhile poor Lorne doesn't even have a room to call his own, and you two are in here comparing *dick size*."

Wesley lets the laughter out this time. "We actually hadn't gotten to that part, yet."

"Afraid of what you might see?" Gunn's challenge is only half in jest.

"More afraid of who might wander downstairs. Everyone's been in and out all night."

"Cordy won't be downstairs again," Fred says softly. "They've gone to bed."

"With each other. Now *that* is just weird." Gunn shakes his head.

"Not as weird as what we're going to do," Fred says.

"Which is?"

"We aren't going to let... to let fate, or dead ballerinas, or ballet, or curses or prophecies or *anything* stop us from being happy. Okay?" She puts her hands on her hips and glares at them, almost unnaturally assertive. Her breathing is heavy.

"So this means there's going to be sleeping together?"

"First kiss and make up."

"Fred, Fred, wait." Wesley refuses to stand and join them until he has this figured out entirely. "Earlier you suggested --"

"That was before I talked to Cordy," she says.

"I thought Cordy was busy in her celibate love nest with the boss."

"Which is exactly why it's so important that some of us be not celibate." Fred appears utterly convinced, and that convinces Wesley. After all, with both Cordelia and Fred telling him to

do a thing, how can he possibly refuse? He stands up, reaches Fred in two long strides, and kisses her deeply, tenderly, like he's been --

"Hey." Gunn's hand on his shoulder is rough and surprising. Wesley can't resist taking another lick around Fred's lips before he's pulled away into Gunn's arms, larger and more confining than he'd imagined they'd be. Gunn kisses him softly, almost like he's not sure he even can --

Wesley opens his mouth without thinking.

And the rest is:

broad hands on his back, tender hands on his cheeks, strong lips against his neck, tickling lips up and down his stomach, prickling on his back where he's pressed against his own desk, the soft skin of Gunn (Charles)'s waist, the rigid bones of Fred's wrist underneath his fingers, brushing against his thigh on the way to Gunn's cock, the sweet taste of Fred, the milky taste of Charles, the brush of unknown fingertips that makes him suddenly panic as he doesn't know where he is or who's touching him. He sits up, knocks Fred backwards into Charles.

"Hey." Charles wraps his arms loosely around Fred and says, slightly bewildered, "We weren't done yet. Unless they do it different where you come from."

"We should -- we ought to discuss this."

Gunn gives him a hard look from over the top of Fred's shoulder. "That what you want? Or that's what you think you ought to want? Because from where I'm standing, looks like your dick's had enough discussion."

Wesley shoots a desperate glance at Fred, who shrugs apologetically at Wesley's erection. "Charles kind of has a point, Wesley."

He nods slowly, pries himself from the desk and joins the two of them. His erection presses against Fred's thigh, but his hands connect with the solid muscles of Charles's shoulders. He gasps when Fred's hand touches him, and almost loses control when Gunn takes him in hand and slips him into Fred. His eyes are closed, his head slumped against Fred's shoulder when a voice that sounds uncomfortably like Cordelia's says in a stage whisper, "See Angel? I told you -- everyone but us is having fantastic sex!"

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