

Just Another Sunnydale Day

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Got an idea while on a dull trip back from Gothenburg...

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Buffy/Faith, Anya/Tara/Willow, Spike/Xander, Giles/Jenny Calendar/Joyce

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: R

"Harder! Don't stop! Oh Gooooood!"

Buffy's orgasmic howl filled the house, efficiently negating any attempt at discretion.

Faith raised her head from between Buffy's legs, the lower half of her face glistening with Buffy's juices.

"Liked that, didn't you?" she said, grinning.

Buffy sat on the edge of the couch in the Summers' living room, her tan trousers and white panties pulled down to her ankles. She was still wearing the yellow sweater and brown coat she'd worn when the two Slayers had returned home.

"Oh yes," she said. "You're getting awfully good at that."

Faith wiggled the finger she still held inside Buffy, making her squirm. "How could I not, when I so love to practice?" she said.

"You're definitely headed for an A plus in fucking me," Buffy said. "Just keep it up. And feel free to try for a gold star."

"And this is why I never bring friends home after school."

Buffy and Faith both snapped their heads towards the kitchen door.

"Um, hi, Dawn," Buffy said while she desperately tried to get her pants back on. "Did you have a nice day in school?"

"Well, I didn't have to watch my big sister fuck. That's something."

"Sorry," Buffy said. "We didn't mean to do it right here..."

She finally got mostly dressed and stood up. Faith stood as well, putting her arms around Buffy from behind.

"Yeah. Whatever. I'm going over to Willow and Tara's."

"Tell them we said hi," Faith said. "And if you find them too boinking, please bring some pictures."

"Faith!" Buffy and Dawn exclaimed in unison.

"Yeah, like you wouldn't want to see them going at it."

Dawn shook her head in disgust, and left the house. As soon as they heard the door slam behind her, Faith handed Buffy a pair of handcuffs.

"My turn now," she said.

Buffy took a step away, turned around to face Faith. She dangled the handcuffs from one finger, put her free hand jauntily on her hip and raised a questioning eyebrow.

"So, have you been a bad girl?" she asked.

Strange slapping sounds came from inside Willow and Tara's apartment, sounds that stopped abruptly when Dawn knocked on the door. A few moments passed, and then the door opened just enough to let Tara stick her head out.

"Yes?" she said, rather out of breath.

"Hi," Dawn said. She smiled nervously.

"Oh," Tara said. "Hi, Dawnie. Um. Wha- Wha- What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. I just hoped I could hang here, if it's all right with you guys..."

While she talked the door had swung open, revealing more of Tara and making Dawn's sentence peter out into stunned silence. The blonde girl was wearing a red and black corset, black stockings, red garters and knee-high black boots with stiletto heels. Her breasts were quite bare, and around her hips a harness held a black plastic phallus in a more or less anatomically correct position.

Dawn stared at the dildo. "Not a good time, huh?" she said.

Tara blushed, the bright red spreading downwards from her cheeks towards the higher parts of her exposed breasts. Before she managed to get another word out, Willow appeared. The slim redhead was dressed in thigh-high black leather boots with insanely high heels, a thick leather collar, two leather bracelets and nothing else. The boots as well as the collar and bracelets had sturdy metal rings set into them, and one of the rings in the collar had a leash hanging from it.

"Tara, who is... Oh, hi, Dawnie," Willow said. "It's kind of a bad time, I'm afraid."

"I kinda guessed," Dawn said. "Willow, is that a whip mark on your breast?"

"Hey!" a voice yelled from inside the apartment. "You can't just leave me tied up like this! I need an orgasm, damn it!"

There was an awkward silence.

"Anya?" Dawn asked.

Willow looked at Tara. "She was, like, curious about the whole lesbian thing," Tara said. "And we sort of promised we'd show her."

Dawn looked pointedly at their apparel.

"Then she asked about some stuff she found in my closet," Willow said. "It got a bit out of hand, maybe."

"Isn't she, like, married?" Dawn asked. "Does Xander know about this?"

"Yeah," Tara said. "Anya said that he said that if she was going to live out her fantasies than so would he."

"We didn't want to know more," Willow continued, "so we didn't ask."

"Right," Dawn said, biting her lip thoughtfully. "Well, I'll see you guys tomorrow? Dressed normally?"

"Absolutely," Willow said. "Tomorrow. Normal."

Dawn had just started to walk away when a thought struck her.

"Oh!" she said, turning back towards Tara and Willow, who stopped closing their door and looked questioningly at her.

"Do you have a camera?" Dawn asked. "'Cause, Faith says she wants pictures."

It was with some amount of trepidation that Dawn rang the bell to Xander and Anya's flat. She thought she could hear voices from inside, and she was quite sure that Anya wasn't one of them.

The door opened abruptly. Xander's head appeared.

"Yeah? What?" he said. "Oh, hi Dawn," he continued.

Dawn was just about to start on a 'hi' of her own when another head appeared, a rather angular one topped with bleached blonde hair.

"Evenin', niblet" Spike said. "You wouldn't happen to have some lube, would you?"

Some things are just not to be borne. Dawn turned around and ran.

Giles is safe, Dawn thought. Giles'd be proper and, most importantly, sane. A safe haven in a storm. A resting place.

She still worried as she heard steps approach the door, and drew a breath of relief when she saw him appear dressed in his absolutely ordinary tweed suit.

"Ah, Dawn," he said. "Is something the matter?"

"No," she said. "Not really. It's just that everyone seems to be quite... busy and I feel kinda left out and alone, so I thought maybe I can hang here and do my homework?"

Giles pushed up his glasses. "I'm afraid I'm rather busy too, at the moment," he said. "But maybe..."

He was interrupted by someone coming down the stairs from the upper floor of his condo. Someone dressed in a tight white armless top and black leather pants that looked like they'd been painted on.

"Who is it, Rupert?" she said.

"Miss Calendar?" Dawn asked. "Why are you dressed like Faith?"

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Giles take his glasses off and start to polish them. "Well, you see," he started.

"We're playing a little game," Miss Calendar said. "A little harmless fun to let Rupert live out some fantasies of his."

Someone else was coming down the stairs, someone dressed in a cheerleading uniform that didn't fit too well. An old cheerleading uniform that she'd last seen in a box in the cellar back home.

"*Mom?*" she said, aghast. "Why are you wearing Buffy's old cheerleader stuff?"

"I think you should probably leave now, Dawn," Giles said, quite obviously ill at ease.

"Dawn?" Joyce said. "Why aren't you at home doing your homework?"

Dawn backed away from the door. "I'm just leaving," she said. "I'll go straight home to my room, and not come out for a very long time."

"Good. And tell Buffy to make dinner for the two of you and Faith before they go patrolling, I may be quite late."

When she returned home, she chose to climb in through her window rather than risk running into Buffy and Faith again. She dropped her bag at the floor and threw herself on the bed, trying to relax.

Through the floor she could hear the two Slayers still going at it. There were some thuds and other noises, but she didn't even want to try to figure out what they were doing. Whatever it was, Buffy certainly liked it. She wished that her sister wouldn't be so noisy when she had sex. Without the steady chorus of "yes" and "fuck me harder" she could've imagined that they were just working out.

Not so now.

Now, the sounds just made her think of Faith with her face pressed to Buffy's vulva, Tara with her glistening strap-on, the lash-marks on Willow's smooth pale skin. Tara's breasts. Tara's legs. The dark-red triangle of hair where Willow's legs met.

She sighed. Sometimes, you can't win. Sometimes, it's better to stop fighting and join in. From under her bed she pulled out a well-thumbed catalogue, with her mother's credit-card information scribbled in the margin. She pulled the phone closer, put the handset to her ear and dialed.

"Hello?" she said. "Good Vibrations? Do you deliver express?"