

# Learning Aide

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This one sucks. Don't read it.

**Featured fandoms:** Buffy the Vampire Slayer

**Featured pairings:** Buffy/Willow

**A.S.S Story codes:** ff,bond

**Story rating:** NC17

The result was right there on the list taped to the UC Sunnydale corridor wall, clear as could be. "Summers, Buffy A" it said, with lines above and below to separate it from "Strauss, Brian G" and "Talbot, Clare N". To the far right between the lines it said "F" and "6/50".

"Six?!" Willow said. "Buffy, you needed at least thirty points to pass!"

"I know," Buffy said. She looked away from her friend, unable to meet her eyes.

"We *studied* for this, Buffy!" Willow went on. "Every night for two weeks! You knew this stuff perfectly well when I quizzed you on it!"

"I know," Buffy repeated, in a smaller voice than before. Willow herself had, of course, aced the test. She almost always did.

"Well, we'll just have to go through with the deal," Willow said. "You've got to learn to take your schoolwork as seriously as your slayer work."

"I know," Buffy said again, now in a voice so small it was just barely audible. The deal. It had started out as a joke, only it somehow turned into a real thing. Buffy hadn't been able to stop thinking about it ever since she and Willow had shaken hands on it.

"Six points and you needed thirty," Willow said. "At two hours per point below, that makes forty-eight hours. Two days and two nights during which you have to do everything I tell you to, no matter what."

Buffy felt her mouth go dry and parts far below her mouth start to get quite the opposite, as if all her available wet had just moved. Her knees felt weak, and she suspected that she was blushing. Her mind threw up all sorts of things that Willow might make her do, naughty and terrible and oh-so-very exciting things. Things that might involve Willow-hands in secret Buffy-places. Thoughts of that had been crowding out thoughts of history all through the test, which was probably why she'd done so dismally.

"I know," she whispered.

"Tonight then," Willow said, raising an eyebrow. "Six o'clock. In our room. And then you're my slave until six pm on Sunday."

"Right," Buffy breathed. "Six pm. In our room. I'll be there."

Willow smiled evilly at her.

"Oh, you'd *better* be," she said.

It took most of Willow's will power not to skip and dance and shout with joy as she walked away. Sure, she was sad that her friend had done so dismally at her test. School *was* important. But she'd have Buffy as her own plaything for two whole days! Two days and two nights to try out all those things that she'd been wondering about lately. Two days and two nights to find out if she really liked women as much and as intensely as she believed she did.

Two days and two nights during which Buffy was *hers*. For a short time, she wouldn't need to look in secret while Buffy was showering or changing clothes. For a time, she would be able to just order her to strip and dance.

She didn't remember if it was she or Buffy who had came up with the idea. It just came up as a stupid joke, a joke that was much too tantalizing for her to actually say no to, and for some reason Buffy didn't either. The deal was made. For every point that Buffy scored below that needed to pass the history test, she'd spend two full hours as Willow's slave. No reservations, no holds barred. Willow would be allowed to do whatever she wanted to the Slayer, and order her to do anything that struck her fancy.

The mere thought almost made her drool.

She hurried down the corridor. She only had a few hours to somehow improvise some toys that could stand Slayer strength.

It was with a strange mixture of fear and desire that Buffy approached the room she lived in that night. The door to the room seemed larger and darker than usual, a gateway to unknown lands of... something. She assumed something very naughty. She *wanted* it to be something very naughty. Since she started sharing a room with Willow she'd got to looking at her friend in new ways, ways that were a long way away from how she thought that she ought to look at a friend. In the world she was used to, one didn't try to sneak looks at one's friends as they changed clothes. One didn't imagine what it'd feel like to put one's hands over her breasts. One didn't wake up panting and sweaty from a highly explicit dream of her.

Of course, it *could* be that Willow would only have her clean the room. Do the laundry. Take out the trash. That kind of dull domestic chore. Maybe Willow wasn't at all interested in Buffy in *that* way. Maybe Buffy had entirely misinterpreted the strange emphasis Willow had put on the phrase "anything I want" when they'd agreed on the deal. The strange emphasis and the *blushing* when they'd agreed on the deal.

Buffy didn't really think she'd be taking out any garbage. And it was really silly that she, Buffy Summers, fearless Vampire Slayer and habitual smart-mouth in horrible situations, would stand frozen in trepidation outside the door to her own home.

She took a deep breath and entered.

Relief washed through Willow when she heard the door open and Buffy's steps enter. She had worried that Buffy would change her mind and not show up. That would've been really awkward. But, it hadn't happened. She checked the clock. Four minutes past six. She turned her head and looked over her shoulder.

"You're late," she said.

"Sorry," Buffy said. "I was..."

The sentence trailed off into nothing. Her eyes that had started out looking Willow in the eye had travelled downwards and now seemed stuck in the general area of Willow's hips and legs. Hips and legs that were, unusually, covered by a short, clinging black leather skirt and high-heeled knee-high black leather boots that she'd hastily borrowed from a girl up the hall. Above that, she wore a billowy white silk blouse that she'd been saving for a special occasion. Like this.

"I told you to be here at six o'clock sharp, didn't I?" Willow said.

"Uh-hu," Buffy grunted, still staring at Willow's legs.

"So you're not only late, you're disobedient too."

"I guess," Buffy said. She licked her lips.

"Well, we can't have that, can we?" Willow said. She turned towards Buffy and picked up a riding crop from her bed. "Bend over," she said.

Buffy tore her gaze from Willow's legs.

"What?" she said.

"Bend over," Willow repeated. "You know, face away from me and bend sharply at the hips."

Hesitantly, Buffy did as she was told.

"You're not going to hit me with that, are you?" she said, clearly looking nervous.

Willow didn't answer. Instead, she stepped closer and swung the crop, hitting Buffy squarely across her jeans-clad buttocks. Buffy yelped, mostly in surprise.

"Pain is educational," Willow said. "And I think those jeans protect you too much. The websites said to be careful with the riding crop, but, well, Slayer healing powers. So take them off."

Suddenly, Willow wished she hadn't told Buffy to face away. This was the point where she really veered off into unknown territory. Sure, hitting your friend with a riding crop for being late wasn't exactly normal behaviour, but at least it was sort of vaguely on the same map. Forcing your friend to undress in front of you in preparation of hitting her with the same crop really wasn't. It was quite a ways onto another map entirely, a map of hot-and-sweaty-land. If Buffy was going to protest, it would be here, and she suddenly really wanted to see Buffy's reaction to her order.

More quickly than Willow had expected, and even without standing up straight, Buffy unbuttoned her jeans, pulled them down to the floor and stepped out of them, as well as her shoes. She then stood there, hands on her knees, with nothing but a narrow strip of thin white cloth covering the center of her behind. A warm excitement spread through Willow. Hello, hot-and-sweaty-land, here we come!

"Good girl," she said, running her hand down Buffy's left buttock, relishing the smooth warmth. She heard Buffy gasp when she touched her, and it made her smile.

"Now, how many lashes do you think you should have for being disobedient?" she said. "One per minute you were late?"

"I guess," Buffy said in a small voice. "If that's what you want."

Willow summoned up all her strength and struck Buffy's behind. Buffy jumped and cried out.

"One," Willow said and hit her again. This time there was more of a loud wince than a yell. Less surprise, she guessed.

"Two," she said, and she followed up quickly with three and four, to pretty much the same reaction as there had been to the second. She took a step back and admired the four red lines that were appearing across Buffy's pale skin. They'd pale and vanish soon enough, of course, and certainly wouldn't bruise. It'd take more than Willow's strength to do that to a Slayer. But for the moment, she liked what she saw.

Particularly, she liked the little line of wetness that had started seeping through the center of Buffy's panties.

"Why, Buffy Anne Summers," she said. "Are you getting turned on by me spanking you?"

While Willow couldn't see Buffy's face very well, she certainly could tell that it suddenly turned deep red with embarrassment.

"Sorry," Buffy mumbled. "I didn't mean..."

Willow dragged the tip of the crop along Buffy's back.

"Answer the question," she said. "Did it turn you on?"

There was a pause before a very weak "Yes" came from the still bent-over Slayer. Elation suddenly swelled in Willow. Buffy liked it!

"Then it should turn you on even more to take off the rest of your clothes, shouldn't it?" she said.

"I... guess," Buffy said.

"Well then," Willow said. "What are you waiting for?"

"No... nothing," Buffy said, and quickly got rid of her top. Just as fast, she removed and threw away her panties. Stark naked, she returned to her bent-over position, hands solidly planted on her knees to keep stable. Behind her, Willow's mouth had just gone quite dry and her heart started to beat at an insane speed. Sure, she'd seen Buffy naked before -- but never like this. She was looking straight at her best friend's bare sex, where an engorged and wetly gleaming pair of inner labia peeked out between the outer ones. It wasn't quite the sort of thing you usually saw in the shower room.

Willow found herself at a loss for what to do. Her usually hyperactive brain seemed to have locked up and gone totally blank.

Fortunately, more basic parts of her knew quite well what they wanted.

"Spread your legs," she said.

Buffy quickly moved her feet until they were a bit more than shoulder-width apart.

"Is that all right?" she asked.

"For now," Willow said. She laid the riding crop on Buffy's back.

"If that falls off, I'll punish you again," she said.

Buffy nodded her understanding.

Buffy's head was swimming. Her breath was coming as fast as if she'd ran all across Sunnydale and her heart raced a million miles a minute. Yes, she'd half expected and entirely hoped that there would be some naughty stuff going on during the weekend. But she certainly hadn't expected Willow to have her naked with her legs spread within minutes! Not that she minded. At all. She was just surprised. And turned on. Dear *god* was she ever turned on. Willow's hands suddenly touched the insides of her thighs, and just the touch made Buffy gasp and shiver. She made an effort to still herself, so that the riding crop on her back stayed where it was.

"Good girl," she heard Willow say.

The warm, soft hands moved slowly up her legs, leaving a trail of goose bumps behind them. She couldn't remember ever focusing on anything nearly as strongly as she now focused on that touch. Those fingers, moving ever closer to places she both dreaded and intensely desired for them to reach. She could feel drops of her own juices slowly run down her legs to meet the oncoming hands, and she felt Willow's touch go slick and wet against her skin as they met. Her breath got erratic when the fingertips got within an inch of her sex.

And then they veered off and headed up her buttocks instead. A disappointed whimper escaped her before she could stop herself.

"What's the matter?" Willow said, her voice playful. "Were you expecting something different?"

Her hands kept moving up Buffy's body, up her hips and along the sides of her torso.

Buffy nodded. Yes, she'd expected something different!

When her arms couldn't reach further, Willow moved to stand by Buffy's side, reaching over her with one arm. Her hands moved a final little bit forward and stopped cupping Buffy's breasts.

Perhaps not quite as nice as those same hands fondling her vulva, but still *very* nice. By now, Buffy's eyes were closed and she was concentrating entirely on Willow's touch and Willow's voice. The fingers moved, gently pinching and twisting her nipples, sending surprisingly intense signals of pleasure that seemed to shut off the higher portions of her brain at the same time as they intensified the fire between her legs. She could still feel drops running down her thighs.

The hands left her breasts, and she felt and heard Willow move in front of her. Buffy opened her eyes and tried to focus.

Willow was kneeling in front of her, an odd mixed expression on her face. She stroked Buffy's cheek.

"You like this, don't you?" she said. "A lot."

Buffy nodded. "A lot," she whispered, her voice hoarse with emotion.

"So," Willow said, "tell me how you like this."

And then she leaned forward a little and forcefully kissed her. Her hand moved down to hold Buffy's chin, her lips descended on Buffy's, her tongue pushed into

Buffy's mouth.

Buffy's already messed-up brain shut down entirely. She had not the slightest idea what to do. So what, an inner voice seemed to say. You don't have to know what to do. Willow's in charge here. Just do as she wants you to and enjoy the ride.

She opened her mouth a little more and eagerly accepted Willow's kiss. She relished the feel of her soft, warm lips, her probing tongue, her slight taste of cinnamon. Time stopped as she stood there, naked, bent over and deeply kissing her best friend in the entire world.

Eventually, Willow broke the kiss and stood up.

"So, did you like it?" Willow asked. She was quite sure that Buffy had liked it, but she needed to hear her say it. As incredibly well as it seemed to be going, she still felt a bit unsure of what she was doing.

Buffy nodded. "Yes," she said. "I liked it."

"Do you want more?"

Her nodding increased in vigor.

"Please," she said, and the raw need in her voice made the last little doubt in Willow's mind go away.

She walked around Buffy, dragging a hand over her as she moved, fondling and pinching her. She could see Buffy shiver with the effort to keep her position, and it made her smile. She was enjoying this every bit as much as Buffy was.

When she came around to Buffy's rear end, she rapidly ran a finger up along her very wet labia. Buffy gasped loudly and twitched so strongly that the riding crop on her back almost fell off.

"Careful there," Willow said. "Remember, if it falls I'll have to punish you."

"Yes," Buffy whispered. "I remember."

Willow placed the tip of her finger at the top of Buffy's vulva, right above her clitoris.

"I think," she said, "you mean 'yes, mistress'. Don't you?"

She started slowly moving her finger along the wet folds. She could see Buffy's thighs shivering.

"Yes, mistress," Buffy said.

"Good girl," Willow said and abruptly slid her finger all the way into Buffy's warm and velvety smooth vagina. Buffy yelped loudly and her entire body twitched, strongly enough to make the riding crop fall off her back and hit the floor.

"Well," Willow said as the crop clattered to a stop. She still had her finger inside Buffy, and the hot wet feeling of it as well as the plain knowledge of what she was doing made her head swim. She wiggled it around a little, provoking more strange sounds from Buffy.

"I guess I'll just have to punish you, then," she said. She slowly pulled her finger out.

If someone had asked Buffy what her name was, she probably wouldn't have been able to answer. Her mind was a complete mess. She'd absolutely loved what Willow had been doing to her, and her insides were a huge mixture of unbelievably intense desire and almost as intense frustration. She wanted Willow's hands on her again. She wanted to feel them on her breasts, teasing her nipples, pushing into her sex and playing over her skin. She wanted Willow to touch her, in any way or fashion she desired. But apparently Willow had other plans for her, and all she could do was to wait and see. Buffy did her best to remain standing as she was, bent over with her hands on her knees. She could hear Willow move behind her,

and she heard the springs of her bed move.

"Turn around and kneel before me," Willow said.

"Yes, mistress," Buffy said. She straightened a little, turned around and immediately fell to her knees. It was best to get into position as quickly as possible, she thought. If she ended up being too far away she could always walk closer on her knees. Tentatively, she looked up.

Willow was sitting on the edge of the bed, her legs spread so far apart that the heels of her boots just barely touched the floor. She'd pulled her skirt up above her hips, so it no longer hid the fact that she wasn't wearing anything under it. From where the boots ended there was nothing but the smooth pale flesh of Willow's thighs all the way up to the dark red bush of hair where her legs met. While Buffy watched, she leaned back on to her elbows. Her dark red labia came into view.

"Pleasure me," Willow said. The words were at the same time the most wonderful and the scariest that Buffy had ever heard. Tentatively, she reached out a hand towards the moist vulva in front of her.

"No," Willow said. "Not like that."

Buffy looked up at her, confused.

"Put your hands behind you back," Willow said. "Use your mouth on me."

Buffy swallowed, her throat suddenly gone dry. She'd never done that before. She'd had it done to her, when late after a hard night's slaying she hadn't had the energy to turn Faith down again. But she hadn't exactly been paying attention to the details of what Faith did, just how it felt to herself.

"Right," she said. "Mistress."

Well, she'd just have to do her best and hope it was good enough. She laced her fingers behind her back and leaned forward. There were tiny little clear droplets stuck in Willow's pubic hair, and the strands closest to her labia were completely wet and stuck to the skin. She smelled nice, slightly tangy and musky. Buffy closed her eyes, stuck her tongue out and put her face to her friend's sex.

It only took a few strokes between the wet labia before Willow started audibly moaning, which Buffy took as a sign that she was doing things right. She tried to remember exactly how it had felt when Faith was doing this to her, and to do things that would make it feel the same to Willow. From the sounds and the hip movements, she guessed that she wasn't doing too shabby a job.

Also, which surprised her a bit, licking Willow was turning Buffy herself on. A lot. It felt like there was a direct connection between the smell and taste and feel and sound of Willow and her own crotch. She was getting uncomfortably, almost painfully, turned on. She considered moving her hands and doing something about it, but the thought of how Willow might react to it and the memory of the riding crop made her stay as she was.

Willow was moving her hips more and more, pushing herself against Buffy's face. Buffy pushed back, easily strong enough to counter the little witch's strength. She moved her tongue about, trying to keep hitting the spots that made Willow moan the loudest. Time ceased to have meaning. All that existed was Willow filling her senses, and the desire to pleasure her. It just went on, and on. It was, in a way, a wonderfully frustrating kind of bliss.

Suddenly, without warning, Willow grabbed hold of the back of Buffy's head and held on to her for all that she was worth. Her thighs pressed hard against the sides of Buffy's head, muffling the sound of Willow screaming her orgasm for all the world to hear. Buffy kept licking until, a surprisingly long time later, Willow eventually relaxed, let her legs fall to the sides and pulled Buffy's head away.

Willow had a huge grin on her face.

"I've been dreaming about that for *years*," she said.

Buffy nervously looked up at her. "Was it good?"

Willow leaned forward and kissed Buffy deeply, smearing her own face with the vaginal juices that covered the lower half of Buffy's face.

"It was wonderful," she said after she broke the kiss. "You're certainly going to have to do that again."

The sexual frustration that filled Buffy got a pleased tinge to it.

"Thanks," she said. "Can I... um... is it, um, my turn now?"

Willow reached down and tweaked Buffy's stiff nipple. Buffy yelped at the intensity of the sensation.

"Does my slave want to come?" Willow said. Buffy nodded vigorously.

"But you haven't been addressing me properly," Willow said. "And I still have to punish you for failing that test so miserably. So I think not quite yet. Right now, you're going to study."

The look of shocked disbelief on Buffy's face was absolutely priceless.

"Study?" Buffy said, somehow making the word sound like an obscenity.

"Yes," Willow said. "And you're still not addressing me right, slave."

"Sorry, *mistress*," Buffy said.

"That's better," Willow said. She got up from the bed and moved the chair by the desk aside.

"Stand here," she said, indicating the spot where the chair had just been. "Face the desk. And keep your hands behind your back."

Not looking happy, Buffy did as she was told.

"Good girl," Willow said. She reached down under her bed and pulled out a cardboard box. She opened it and took out a pair of unusually thick steel manacles.

"Where'd you get *those*?" Buffy said. "Mistress. Don't tell me you've had them under your bed for years."

Willow shook her head. "Got them from Giles," she said.

Buffy's eyes widened in horror. "From *Giles*?! And what was *he* planning to do with them?"

Willow snapped them shut around Buffy's wrists. She shook them a little to make sure that they were holding Buffy's arms safely together but not shutting off her circulation.

"They got left at his place last year after Wesley and the Council goons tried to capture Faith," Willow said. "Giles doesn't know I've borrowed them."

"Oh," Buffy said. "Mistress," she added.

Willow reached under the bed again, and with some effort pulled out a foot-and-a-half length of steel rail. It had holes drilled through it near the ends.

"What's that?" Buffy said.

"It's a rail," Willow said. "You know, the kind of thing trains travel on."

She put it by Buffy's feet, and took a pair of shackles out of the box. They had thick steel chains attached to them, with heavy bolts at the end. Willow put the shackles around Buffy's ankles and fastened the bolts through the holes in the piece of rail.

"There," she said. "Close your legs."

Buffy strained at her steel bonds, but to no avail.

"I can't, mistress," she said.

Willow stood up.

"Good," she said. She reached in between Buffy's spread legs and briefly ran a finger along her still-wet vulva. Buffy moaned.

"Then it's time to study," Willow said. She put the thick history textbook on the desk in front of Buffy and opened it to the right chapter.

"Here," she said. "Read. When you finish a page, tell me and I'll flip it for you, and maybe give you a little reward. But *do* pay attention to what you're reading."

She licked Buffy's ear.

"There *will* be a test," she whispered. "And believe me when I say that you don't want to fail it."

Buffy spent the next couple of hours reading up on the Roman empire, while naked, chained up and about to explode from sexual frustration. Every time she asked to have the page turned, Willow would do something to her. Gently fondle her breasts. Teasingly twist her nipples. Briefly rub her clitoris. Kiss her. Slide a finger in and out of her vagina for a few seconds. Anything she liked. And, of course, anything that kept Buffy's excitement up. Never once did she let Buffy come down.

After the first hour, Buffy had such mixed feelings about asking for the textbook pages to be turned that she could hardly speak. On the one hand, she wanted to get through, and the touching was very pleasant. On the other hand, the constant frustration was rapidly driving her out of her mind.

But she certainly did pay attention to what she read. She did *not* want to have to go through this again, and she was actually afraid of what kind of torture Willow had dreamt up to punish failure. So she read, and she tried her damndest to remember what she was reading in spite of Willow's constant distractions. Names, years, regions, events, theories and structures passed before her eyes until, finally, Willow closed the book instead of turning to a new page.

"Good girl," Willow said. "Do you think you remember it all, or do you want to go through it again?"

Her fingers played with Buffy's pubic hair, and her lips playfully nibbled on her earlobe.

"I... I think I remember it, mistress," Buffy breathed. Even if she didn't, she couldn't stand this any longer.

"Well, then," Willow said. "Let's proceed with the test, shall we?"

"Yes, mistress," Buffy said.

"Good," Willow said. "This is how it's going to work. I'll ask you questions. You'll answer. If the answer is correct, you get something like this..."

She put her hand between Buffy's legs and briefly stroked her clitoris. Buffy whimpered.

"...and if you get it wrong," Willow went on, "you get this."

She picked up the riding crop and gave Buffy a solid lash across the buttocks, which didn't result in anything more than a slight twitch from the Slayer. Willow put the crop down.

"Take a few of steps backwards," she said. Slowly and with a lot of effort, Buffy did as she said, ending up standing in the middle of the room.

"The more questions you get right," Willow said, "the better your rewards will get. And the more you get wrong, the worse the punishments will get. So I want to be able to reach every lovely part of you."

She gently stroked one of Buffy's breasts.

"So," she said. "Let's start easy. Who was the first emperor of Rome?"

Buffy swallowed. She was sure of the answer, but she still felt nervous.

"Augustus," she said. "Also known as Octavian."

Willow smiled at her.

"Good girl!" she said. She bent down, took a stiff nipple into her mouth and played over it with her tongue for a few seconds.

"And who succeeded Augustus?" Willow asked after she'd let go.

"Um... Caligula?" Buffy said.

Willow grabbed the riding crop and hit her across the buttocks, as hard as she could.

"Wrong," she said. "Tiberius. Caligula was after that. What was the furthest north the Roman empire extended?"

"England!" Buffy said, eager to avoid the crop. That last lash had actually hurt. "Hadrian's wall!"

Willow gave her a kiss.

"Were there ever direct official contact between Rome and China?"

Buffy shook her head. "Only trade."

Willow put her hand along Buffy's vulva, pressing down on her clitoris with the heel of her hand and briefly dipping inside her with a fingertip. Buffy moaned.

"Which emperor made Christianity the Roman state religion?" Willow whispered in Buffy's ear, licking it a little in the process.

"Constantine," Buffy breathed.

Slowly, Willow shook her head. "He made it *legal*," she said. "Theodosius made it the state religion."

With deliberate slowness, she picked up the riding crop. Buffy followed her every move. She was unable to look away as Willow brought it up and let it fall, right across Buffy's breasts. First once, then again. Buffy bit down on her lip to keep from crying out. That *hurt!*

"Now for one last question," Willow said. She let the tip of the crop hover between Buffy's legs. Buffy had no problem understanding the implicit threat.

"Which emperor was the first to institute formal police forces and fire brigades in Rome?" Willow asked.

Buffy hesitated. Willow swept her arm back, preparing for a blow.

"Augustus!" Buffy blurted out. "Augustus did that! That was one of the things that made him so popular with the Roman people! Please don't hit me there!"

Willow smiled and put the riding crop on the desk. She knelt down in front of Buffy, and a moment later Buffy felt a soft, warm and wet tongue separate her labia. It felt *wonderful*. She moaned loudly and closed her eyes. Thought quickly went away as Willow's mouth played over her vulva. Rather than a woman and a student, she became some kind of being utterly focused on relishing pleasure. That, and standing up. She thought she felt fingers penetrate her, but it had become hard for her to tell one source of feeling from another. Even the stinging in the welts across her breasts contributed to the pleasure. Higher and higher she rose, ever up from the plateau of excitement she'd been on for hours, until she thought that she would actually for real explode. A human body, not even a Slayer body, couldn't be built to contain that much sensation. But somehow it managed it, and managed to hold on to even more as the feelings finally crescendoed into the most amazing orgasm she'd ever had.

Willow held on to Buffy while the orgasm robbed her of every last shred of control, so that she wouldn't fall over. She was back to being quite worked up herself, after randomly fondling her friend while she studied. But there was no hurry. There was still about 42 hours to go of the 48 she'd had to begin with.

"You all right?" she asked when Buffy finally relaxed and hung like a limp doll in her arms.

Buffy nodded. "I've never come like that before," she said. "I didn't know you *could*."

"So what do we say to the nice mistress who made you do it?"

"Thank you, mistress," Buffy said, and for the first time it sounded to Willow like she actually meant it.

"If I let you go, can you stand?" Willow asked.

"Yeah," Buffy said. "Just let me get my balance."

With joint efforts they soon got Buffy standing on her own, even if a bit on the wobbly side. Willow knelt and undid the shackles holding her feet, then unlocked the manacles holding her hands. Buffy shook her arms and legs a little, trying to get rid of the stiffness.

"So," she said, "what do you want me to do now, mistress?"

Willow stroked her cheek.

"I want you to go get yourself ready to go to bed for the night," she said. "Then I want you to go lie in my bed, so I can fondle you until I fall asleep. And tomorrow morning, I want you to wake me up by licking my pussy."

A tiny smile played over Buffy's lips.

"Yes, my mistress," she said. She grabbed a dressing gown and headed for the showers.

Willow looked after her, also smiling.

Tomorrow was going to be an interesting day indeed.