

Workplace Perils

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Backup fic for the Angel femslash ficathon.

Featured fandoms: Angel the Series

Featured pairings: Harmony/Gwen

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC17

He'll understand, Gwen thought as she carefully removed the cut-out piece of window and disabled the alarm with a well-placed electric shock. Angel knows I'm the best burglar in this city, so if anyone wants something stolen from his office they'll come to me. He'll not hold it against me, on a personal level.

She slid in through the hole in the glass, hoping that the amulet she'd bought would work as advertised. The mystical alarms weren't quite as easy for her to disable as the electronic ones. She waited for a few minutes, ready to dive back out at a moment's notice. No alarms rang and no guards came. So far, so good. She slithered out of her black cat-burglar jumpsuit, revealing a perfectly ordinary business dress under it. Maybe a bit wrinkly, but she hoped that that would be seen as a sign of hard work at this time of the night. Putting on her most business-like expression, she set off down the corridor.

"Hey!"

The cry came just as Gwen laid her hand on the doorknob to Angel's office.

"You can't go in there!"

There was a blonde girl sitting behind the desk near the door, and Gwen had completely missed her. She swore under her breath, cursing herself for her clumsiness.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I just wanted to see what it looks like."

The girl put the magazine she'd been reading down on the desk, got up from her chair and approached. She was quite pretty, in a conventional blonde bimbo sort of way.

And she'd been reading a magazine in the dark. Gwen frowned.

"Well, you can't," the blonde said. "That's Angel's office, and only he can go in there."

"Oh, I quite understand," Gwen said in her most ingratiating voice. "But I was just so *curious*, you know?"

She reached out her hand in what she hoped was a friendly and non-threatening way, and the moment her fingertips brushed against the bottom of the blonde's blouse she released an electric shock that ought to be more than enough to floor a secretary, but not enough to damage her permanently. Gwen was pretty sure that Angel would mind far more if she hurt his employees than if she just stole from him.

"Oh!" the secretary said, and a peculiar expression passed over her face. "Hey, what..."

She showed no sign of passing out, so Gwen gave her another shock, one strong enough that the button holding the woman's skirt closed exploded into a cloud of plastic shrapnel. A smell of ozone and burnt wool wafted through the air.

The blonde *still* didn't pass out. Quite the opposite, she had closed her eyes and looked quite delighted.

"Ooh, that's good!" she moaned.

Good? Gwen frowned again. Clearly, the woman wasn't human. Which, really, shouldn't surprise her. She started tensing up for as strong a shock as she could manage. If it turned out to hurt the woman permanently, well, that was tough luck. Angel would understand. She hoped.

"That was the best I've had since Spike got his body back," the blonde went on, completely ignoring that Gwen hadn't said a word. "You just want to look inside Angel's office, you said?"

"Basically," Gwen said, holding back her blast for the moment. "Give me thirty seconds alone in there and I'll be good."

The bimbo turned towards her. "You know," she said. "I really shouldn't be doing this. But a girl's got to get her kicks any way she can, right? It's not like it's easy, being an evil creature of the night."

"Sure," Gwen said. "Whatever."

The blonde put her hands on her hips.

"So this is the deal, right?" she said. "Rather than wring your scrawny little neck and not drink your blood, because I'm so not getting caught in that test again, like I ought to, I'll let you go into the office in exchange for you doing whatever it was you just did to me until I beg you to stop. Ok?"

Vampire. Of course. She really should've guessed.

"You want me to get you off?" she asked.

The vampire bimbo squirmed a little.

"Well, yeah," she said.

Gwen looked down at her. The vampire sure wasn't the sort of person that featured most prominently in Gwen's sexual fantasies -- but she wasn't entirely off either, and she had curves in most of the right places, was reasonably warm, obviously willing and evidently able to survive Gwen's electric shocks. Most of all, there was a little voice inside her head that stated in no uncertain terms that if she passed this chance up, her future held a *lot* of nights filled with frustrated regret.

"All right," she said. "But you'd better take those clothes off, unless you want them scorched."

The vampire's name was Harmony. She said so while she undressed. Apparently she wanted to be on a first-name basis with the person who was just about to get up close and personal with her intimate bits. Which was an understandable attitude, really. Not that understanding prevented Gwen from lying about her name.

"My blouse too?" Harmony asked.

"Your choice, I suppose," Gwen said as she took her gloves off. "But if you got a rush from me zapping you in the belly, imagine what I might do to your tits."

Harmony looked thoughtful for a few moments, and then she started unbuttoning her blouse. Her skirt had already been relegated to the floor, along with her shoes and thong. She'd sat down on the edge of her desk, with her legs spread wide apart and dangling fetchingly, leaving nothing to anybody's imagination. Except, for a few more moments, her breasts.

"Are all vampire women this uninhibited?" Gwen asked.

Harmony stopped with a couple of buttons left and looked thoughtful again. It didn't look like she was too familiar with that kind of effort, and it didn't really become her anyway.

"I guess," she said. "All the ones I've met were, anyway."

"And you're all this damage resistant?"

"Some are more, some are less. But basically, yeah."

Harmony shrugged her shoulders back and made the blouse fall down her arms, revealing a smoothly curved torso and a pair of youthfully firm and well-shaped breasts. Gwen walked up closer, so that she could reach her. She stretched out her hand, and put a finger close enough to a pale pink nipple that an arc of blue lightning sparked between her finger and the tender flesh.

Harmony screamed, threw her head back as far as it'd go and pushed her chest forward. Gwen hadn't expected her to move in *that* direction, so she wasn't ready to move her finger away. Instead, it came into direct contact with the approaching

nipple. The small blue arc dancing in the air was instantly replaced with lots of such arcs snaking all over the undead woman's breast. Gwen snatched her hand away.

"Wow," Harmony said, panting. "That was really something."

"Didn't it hurt?" Gwen asked, fascinated.

"Of course it hurt!" Harmony snapped. "But in a good way," she added in a much nicer tone. "So please do it again."

"You sure?" Gwen said.

"Yeah."

She wasn't used to touching people. She'd spent most of her life avoiding it, and the habit went deep. Even when she did touch someone on purpose, it'd be a brief strike to shock them into submission rather than extended contact. It took a real effort of will to reach out with her bare hands and deliberately stroke the sides of Harmony's breasts. The lightning played over the vampire girl's skin again, and like before she threw her head back and screamed. Gwen couldn't tell if the screams were of pain or pleasure, and she suspected that Harmony, if asked, wouldn't be able to tell either. For all Gwen knew about vampires, the two might well be the same thing to them.

She moved her fingertips over the smooth skin, marveling at the feel of it. The electricity that coursed between them fired up her own nerves, making them unusually sensitive. She cupped the vampire's breasts in her hands, squeezing them. The pure sensory pleasure of the action made her head swim, and her breath grew heavier. She looked down, admiring the naked body before her. Pale and flawless, looking like... a beautiful naked woman, really. Gwen let go of a breast, let her fingertips run along the vampire's ribcage and belly towards the wet folds between her legs, sparks and lightning trailing after it all the way. Harmony had stopped screaming, and seemed to have trouble breathing. Her head was still thrown back. The heaving of her chest as she fought for air made her breasts move most enticingly.

Gwen let go of her.

"Enough?" she said.

Harmony emphatically shook her head. "More," she gasped. "Please."

She didn't have to ask twice. Gwen put a hand on the back of Harmony's head and pulled the vampire into a deep, strong kiss. With her eyes closed, she couldn't see the sparks, but she could hear their crackling and she felt the smell of burning hair. She also felt Harmony twitch and jerk as if she was having an epileptic fit. Her habits told her to let go, to stop pouring electricity into her poor victim. But she didn't. This victim had asked for it, quite explicitly and repeatedly. Gwen kept her lips pressed to Harmony's, her hot tongue meeting Harmony's cold one. She put the hand that wasn't holding Harmony's head on the inside of her bare thigh and slid it up until she felt the touch of a few pubic hairs.

She broke the kiss, but kept her hands where they were. She looked into Harmony's eyes.

"Want more?" she said, her words accompanied by the crackling of lightning arcs.

Harmony closed her eyes and nodded.

Without any further ado, Gwen slid her hand the last little bit up to Harmony's vulva. The moment she touched it, the vampire's every muscle tensed up, and Gwen could see how her hands grasped the edge of the desk hard enough to splinter the wood. A strange, thin keening sound came from her straining throat.

"Like that, do you?" Gwen whispered. She slid her finger up along the smooth, tender labia, slowly probing until she found the harder nub of the clitoris. The crackling and the bluish arcs diminished as the wetness let the electricity travel more easily

into the vampire's skin, but Gwen could still feel just as much power pumping into the cold flesh under her hand. She took her hand from behind Harmony's head and put it on one of her breasts, just because she wanted to feel it again.

"Enough yet?" she said. Harmony's eyes were closed, and she didn't look like she was in a state to understand human language any more. Her hips were moving back and forth, as much as they could while she was sitting down, apparently trying to increase the contact with Gwen's fingers.

"I'll take that as a no," Gwen said, smiling. She moved her hand down, and slid a finger inside Harmony.

The larger area of contact and the ample fluids let *much* more electricity flow from Gwen's skin into the vampire's tender nether regions. Gwen gasped, as the suddenly huge release of power set her own nerves on fire. The *good* kind of fire. She closed her eyes and pushed another finger inside, to get an even larger energy flow. She tried for a third, but the vampire's wildly spasming vaginal muscles were clenching too hard for her to manage it. As a kind of backup plan, she bent down and caught Harmony's mouth with her own.

In some way, a circuit closed, from Gwen's mouth to Harmony's, down through the vampire's torso to her crotch and into Gwen again through her hand. Rather than dissipate into Harmony's undead body and vanish, Gwen's huge electrical power circulated between them, building up at an incredible rate. Harmony twitched hard enough that she broke the desk almost in half, and Gwen could vaguely feel the huge aura of lightning around them. She smelled fire, but the feelings inside her were far too pleasurable and intense for her to care. All inhibitions she usually had went away, and she tapped her power as hard as she possibly could, pumping every joule of it into the jerking body under her, until it all became too much for even her and her brain finally short-circuited into a plain white static of pure intense pleasure.

When she came to again, she was lying on the floor in front of Harmony's desk. The desk itself was a wreck, broken in half and all the things on it spread out on the floor. Some of them were burned, as was a significant part of the desk itself, she noticed at a second look. The sprinkler system was filling the air with a thin, cold haze of water, and in the distance she could hear the warbling of an alarm.

Wincing, she got up on her feet. She was sore in places she hadn't even known existed. Her clothes were a total wreck, with large charred holes in the most unlikely places. It was a good thing that she'd left her jumpsuit lying inside the window she'd entered through, because if she tried to get home in these clothes she'd almost certainly be arrested for indecent exposure.

She looked down at Harmony. The vampire lay on the floor, out cold. There were quite a few welts and burns on her, but since she looked like a naked woman rather than a water-drenched pile of dust Gwen assumed that she was basically all right.

"I guess I should thank you," she said. "That was the best damn orgasm I can ever remember having. I didn't even know my power could do that to me. Too bad you're unconscious."

Oh well. She had a job to do. With less enthusiasm than usual, she zapped the lock to Angel's office and entered.

She was halfway out the hole in the window, dressed in the black cat-burglar jumpsuit and with the papers she'd come for safely tucked in her backpack, when she changed her mind.

Cursing herself for a weak lust-crazed fool, she climbed back in and stalked back to where Harmony was still lying. With her gloved hand she picked up a felt-tip pen from the sodden remains of the desk, and impatiently uncapped it. She knelt down next to the decked vampire, and with quick and precise moments she wrote one of her untraceable phone numbers along the inside of her thigh, followed by the words "Call me!".

Then she hurried along home, feeling about equal parts elated and ashamed.