

Chase Vs. Chase

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This one's because of a now-squashed bug in the Random Character Mix Generator, that made it suggest Cordelia/Cordelia as a pairing. And you've got to admit that the sheer hot-babe factor of that pair is hard to beat.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Angel the Series

Featured pairings: Cordelia/Cordelia

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC17

"Cordelia? Are you all right?"

Cordelia sat up. "Yeah," she said, blinking repeatedly to clear her eyes enough to be able to see again. "My head doesn't hurt as much as it usually does after a..."

She stopped. She couldn't remember having a vision. And the voice that had asked if she was all right was a woman's, not Angel, Wesley or Gunn. She looked around.

It was an apartment. A pretty nice one, but clearly uninhabited. If you didn't count the people in it at the moment. Who were Willow, kneeling next to her, Buffy and her new boyfriend standing a bit further away, weapons at the ready and looking down at a smoking spot in the carpet and finally Xander and his strange girlfriend Anya, standing around looking nervous.

Oh. Right. She was visiting Sunnydale.

"What happened?" she said. "The last I remember is coming here, and even that is pretty vague."

"We were just saying how this apartment isn't at all underground, and then this demon came rushing in," Willow said. "It shot you with some sort of wand, and then Buffy and Riley killed it."

"Shot *me*? Why would it shoot me? I don't even live here!"

"I think it was trying to shoot Buffy," Willow said. "Only, it kind of..." She glanced towards the Slayer. "Missed," she finished.

Cordelia got up on her feet, with some effort. "You know," she said, "suddenly I can't for the life of me remember what possessed me to come to *Sunnydale* to get some time off from fighting demons."

The scoobies looked at each other. "It did seem a little strange," Buffy admitted. "But we're very happy to see you!"

"Well, it's been fun," Cordelia said. "But if you don't mind I think I'll be returning to LA pretty much right away."

"I... I can see why," Willow said. "But don't you think you should wait a little? We don't know what it was that the demon shot you with. It might be something that doesn't show up right away."

Cordelia sighed. "Ok," she said. "Makes sense. Can we at least get out of this apartment? It smells like burnt demon."

"Let's go see Giles," Buffy said.

"Yeah," Xander added. "He'll be all Watcher-y and figure out if you're growing gills or something."

They all left, Willow staying close to Cordelia. Just in case she'd faint.

The first thing Cordy noticed when she woke up was that her head didn't hurt nearly as much as it usually did when she came to after an unusually severe vision. In fact, it hardly hurt at all. And she didn't remember any vision.

She looked around.

An apartment. Could've been nice, if it hadn't had that huge burnt spot in the carpet and the horrible sulphuric smell.

But then, she thought as memory slowly seeped back, *any* apartment would be a step up for Xander Harris. Including her first one in LA. And wasn't it just like the selfish little creeps she'd left behind in Sunnydale to just leave her behind, not even caring that she was unconscious? She might just as well go home. Coming here for a bit of a break had been a loser idea anyway.

She got up from behind the couch and left, walking a bit unsteadily at first but quickly getting better.

"Well, I'm sorry, but you're really not giving me much to go on," Giles said. "Human-sized, robe, wrinkly skin, aggressive behavior, there are thousands of types of demon like that."

He was standing behind the counter of his newly purchased and not yet opened magic shop, large leather-bound book in hand and a frustrated expression on his face.

"That's all right, Giles," Buffy said. "We'll just wait and see if Cordy develops telepathy. And if she does, we'll find another demon like the first one and rip its heart out." She was sitting in Riley's lap, looking quite happy. Riley was sitting in one of the sturdy chairs surrounding the shop's large round table. The rest of the gang occupied the rest of the chairs.

"I feel fine," Cordelia said. "I think it just knocked me out. That would be good enough in a weapon, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, I guess it would," Giles said. "If you want to return to Los Angeles I'll call Wesley and tell him what little I've found, so he can keep an eye open. In case something develops later."

Cordelia got up from her chair. "If you don't mind, I think I'll go, then. This whole thing pretty much killed my vacation spirit dead."

Willow also got up. "I'll follow you to the bus station," she said. "Just in case."

The doorbell jingled as they left.

On her way down to the bus station Cordy suddenly got fed up with her clothes. Not that they were *wrong* exactly, but they were... boring. Dull. Ordinary. Good-looking, of course, and as height of fashion as she could afford. But still. Dull. Pedestrian.

She wanted something else.

Something more exciting.

And she knew exactly the place to get it. A shop her old Sunnydale self wouldn't have been caught dead in, except that Faith dragged her there once. To get a toy, the Slayer had said. Cordy still had the strap-on hidden in a closet back home. It was the only present Faith ever gave her, and she couldn't bring herself to throw it away. Sometimes she daydreamed about using it. To have a hot young woman jerking and gasping in delight under her as she rammed the plastic rod in between her spread legs. The face of her fantasy woman changed. Sometimes it was Faith. Sometimes it was some gorgeous nobody from some modeling agency she'd applied to. Sometimes it was Kate, and the mere image of the butch cop as a quivering wreck from the pleasure Cordy could give her sent a shiver down her spine as she walked down the Sunnydale sidewalk and entered the shop.

It was all but empty, being the middle of the day in the middle of the week as it was. There was the proprietor, a not too old guy with a not too bad body. There was a sleazy old man in the corner looking through the gay porn DVDs just in from Berlin. And now, there was Cordy. Five foot seven of solid sex appeal, from the bottoms of her pumps via her knee-length white skirt, white blouse and tan jacket to her chestnut hair. Easily the most beautiful woman to walk into this store since, well, the last time she was there.

"Can I help you?" the proprietor said to her chest.

"I'm looking for something in leather," she sneered. "Black leather. *Tight* black leather. And I want a whip."

After she'd boarded the LA bus she found herself wishing that Willow had hugged

her. The nerdy little girl she remembered wasn't so nerdy any more. She'd grown into a quite fascinating young woman, a woman Cordelia wouldn't mind getting to know better.

Much better.

But Willow was in a serious relationship, and it wasn't for her to try to mess that up. These days, she pretty much lived to help others, and stealing girlfriends didn't count as helping. Unless the relationship was dysfunctional, of course. Which Willow's seemed to be very far from. As far as she could tell, Tara was a nice girl. Shy, but nice.

"Thanks for coming with me," she'd said, and smiled.

"That's all right," Willow had said. "I'm sorry your vacation had to end like this. With demons and shooting and stuff."

"I had a nice couple of days before that," she'd replied. "Give my regards to Tara, will you? I wish I'd got to know her better. You guys seem really happy together."

Willow's face had lit up with so much happiness it almost made her laugh with pure delight. Instead, she'd given her a quick peck on the cheek, muttered a "Bye" and climbed aboard the bus.

Where she sat wishing the little redhead had put her surprisingly strong arms around her and pulled her into a warm, caring embrace. The kind of embrace she so very rarely got these days.

It was a sad kind of life where it was a more common thing to wash demon goo out of her hair than to get a simple hug from a cute girl. Her job was important, and she felt that she was making a real difference in many peoples lives, but still her job wasn't of the sort where she might meet a Miss Right to sweep her off her feet and carry her off to domestic bliss. No, the girls she met tended to be either traumatized victims, or battle-scarred hardened warriors like Faith or Kate.

Not that she'd say no if the latter would try to sweep her off her feet, even if only for a night.

She sighed, closed her eyes and rested her forehead against the bus window. Eventually, she fell asleep.

The sex shop proprietor let her have all the stuff for free, in exchange for her trying it on in the store's window. Which she did. She loved seeing them want her, want her *bad*, loved seeing their futile yearning for something they would never have.

She'd stood there in the window, clad in nothing but her thin red panties and bra, visible for all who walked past outside. Slowly, teasingly, she'd put on the smooth leather pants. They covered her legs like a shiny black second skin, showing off every glorious curve of her calves, thighs and ass. She'd turned her back to the street when she replaced the red satin bra with a soft leather one -- also black, of course --, hiding her charms from the onlookers outside while giving the proprietor a good, long look that nearly made his eyes pop out of their sockets. Once that was done, she turned back while she shrugged into a short black leather jacket. She left it unbuttoned, leaving no doubt for any latecomers that all she wore under it was the bra. Finally, she slid her feet into the oh so very vampy black shoes with their four-inch stiletto heels.

When she looked up, as fully dressed as she intended to get, she noticed Willow's mousy little girlfriend standing among the horde of drooling schoolboys.

Cordy winked at her and threw her a kiss. The girl -- Tara, was it? -- blushed intensely and walked off, hiding her face behind her long hair. The sight made Cordy smile. If she knew that look, which she of course did, Willow was in for an interest-

ing night tonight. She stepped down from the window onto the shop's floor.

"That makes us even," she said.

"Um, er, yeah, I guess," the proprietor said to he receding back. "You're welcome back any time!" he added as she walked out the door and headed for the bus station.

"Hi, Dennis," she said. "I'm home. I know it's a week early. I hope I'm not messing up your party plans?"

As a reply, the lamp next to the couch turned on.

Cordelia smiled. "It's good to see you too," she said. "Well, not *see*, but you know what I mean."

She dropped her bag at the floor next to an armchair and sat down heavily. The trip from Sunnydale hadn't been very long, really, but surprisingly tiring.

"Dennis," she said. "Get me a bottle of water from the fridge, will you?"

There was the sound of the fridge door opening and closing, and a bottle of water landed gently in her lap.

"Thank you," she said.

For a while, she sat there, slowly finishing the bottle, looking out over a Los Angeles lit by the setting sun. She didn't think about anything at all. She was too tired. Almost as if a piece of her was missing. Idly, she wondered if that demon had done more to her than was apparent.

She put the empty bottle on the table.

"I'm taking a shower," she said. "No peeking!"

Suddenly it bothered her that she had no way of checking if he did peek or not. It never used to bother her. Usually, the thought of being spied on by the ghost gave her a mixed feeling of excitement and fear. Today, it was just the fear. No, not fear. Revulsion. The thought of Dennis, of *anyone*, watching her made her feel dirty.

In the shower, water streaming down her head, she thought she heard someone move outside. Not only move, but talk. The voice sounded somehow familiar, but she couldn't place it.

"Dennis?" she said, her voice hushed. "Is that you?"

There was a rattle from her perfume bottles.

"I'll take that as a 'no'," she mumbled. She turned the water off, hastily dried herself, wrapped the towel solidly around herself and wished that she'd thought to stick an axe in the bathroom cupboard.

She stalked into the living room, listening carefully. There were noises in the kitchen. People noises, not Dennis noises.

She was sure she'd locked the door. And someone breaking down the door would've made enough noise that she'd have heard it even while showering. So it must be someone with a key.

"Angel? Wesley?" she said, reasonably loudly.

The noises abruptly stopped. Steps came towards the living room. Cordelia shrunk back, afraid but not quite afraid enough to run away.

"Who the hell are you," the strangely familiar voice said as it approached. The voice sounded aggressive, confrontative.

A woman appeared in the doorway. Taller than herself, dressed sluttishly in all black. She had chestnut hair, and she was very beautiful. She looked familiar. Very, very familiar.

"And what are you doing in my apartment..."

The strange woman's voice trailed off as she looked at Cordelia.

"Oh my God," they said in unison. "You're me."

Cordy looked at the towel-clad, frightened Cordelia. The fear and confusion in her eyes, the rabbit-like vulnerability of her near-nakedness turned her on something fierce. Ever since she started growing tits she'd known she was knockout gorgeous, of course, but it was quite different to see it from outside like this. She approached her, looking down at her from the height of her high heels.

"Well," she said. "And where did *you* come from?"

"The demon," Cordelia said. "It must've been the demon."

"You came from a demon? Well, that sounds as reasonable as anything else in my life, I guess."

As she came closer, the barefoot Cordelia backed away until her back hit the wall. "No, I..." she started saying.

"Shut up," Cordy said. "You know, I don't really care where you come from. You're in my apartment, and you're not me, so you're an intruder."

"It's *my* apar..."

Cordy slapped her hand over Cordelia's mouth. "I said to shut up," she said. "I know who I am, and you're not me. You may look like me, but you're not me. I'm sure if I look carefully enough I can find something not right about you."

With her free hand, she grabbed the tucked-in corner of the towel that held it in place and pulled it out. The towel fell away, held in place by Cordelia leaning against the wall but revealing her front in all its alluring glory.

Cordy raised an appreciative eyebrow. "Although I certainly can't see anything wrong from here," she said.

Seeing the demon girl's gaze travel down her exposed body made her knees go weak with desire. As revolting as the thought ought to be, she found herself wanting this stunning woman to fuck her. To ravish her. Her legs parted slightly, and she honestly couldn't tell if she'd done it consciously or not.

"Nope," Cordy said, looking down at the unexpected movement. "Nothing wrong at all. What do you say, demon? Do you want me to investigate you closely?" She took her hand from Cordelia's face.

"Please..." Cordelia whispered.

"Please what? Please go ahead?" The leather-clad woman gave her the most unabashedly leering smile she'd ever had turned her way. "Don't mind if I do," she said. She grabbed Cordelia's shoulder, took a small step back, turned her roughly around and pushed her against the wall again. Cordelia had just time enough to throw her arms up to cushion the impact.

"Well, you got the tattoo right," Cordy said. Cordelia felt a couple of hands land on her buttocks. "And I must say that that is a *very* nice ass."

The soft, warm hands moved up along her back to her shoulders. She felt the soft, slightly cool leather of the demon's pants and jacket touch her skin. Soft breath touched her ear.

"Almost as nice as mine," the demon whispered.

Lips touched her earlobe, and for a brief moment the tip of a tongue teased it. The warm hands moved down again, following her sides, caressing the sides of her breasts.

"You're not protesting," Cordy said. "I'm starting to think you like this."

She forced her hands in front of Cordelia's breasts, and grabbed them hard. Cor-

delia gasped.

"Mmm, feel those hard nipples," Cordy breathed against her neck. "If I feel your pussy, do you think I'll find it wet?"

Whatever the state of the naked demon girl's pussy, Cordy's own was far from dry. Something about the helpless pretty little demon girl really brought out the worst in her. She smelled her own shampoo in her just washed hair, felt her warm skin against her scantily clad torso. She felt her stiff nipples poke at her palms, and she couldn't resist squeezing her breasts just a little harder than she would've liked herself.

A muted whimper told her that it hurt the demon girl just as it would have herself. Only, the girl's eyes closed, her mouth opened a little and she didn't even try to pull away.

It turned her on. The pain turned her on.

The realization raced through Cordy like lightning, electrifying her nerves and bringing out goose-bumps. All of a sudden she couldn't possibly care any less about who the girl really was or what she did in her apartment. She just knew she wanted to have her, hard and rough and right fucking now. She let go of one of the nice, firm breasts she was squeezing and brought her hand none too gently in between the naked girl's legs instead. For a few moments she probed the warm wetness she found there, until her fingers found the opening among the tender folds. Unhesitatingly, she pushed two fingers as far inside as she could.

Hearing the loud squeal from and feeling the tensing of muscles in her victim almost made her moan out loud herself.

"Oh yes, that's wet," she said. "You really like this, don't you, you little slut."

She moved her fingers inside Cordelia's vagina, gently massaging her from the inside. She took her other hand from the breast it was resting on, buried its fingers in the still-wet hair on the back of her head. Grasping it firmly, she forced her head to tilt sharply backwards until she could kiss her. She pulled her two fingers almost all the way out of their warm fleshy sheath, and pushed them back in at the same time as she forced her tongue in between Cordelia's welcomingly open lips.

Cordelia didn't taste anything at all. It was like trying to taste her own mouth; it was so familiar that it didn't exist. It was an eerie experience. So eerie that it momentarily brought her back to her senses.

Cordy let go entirely of her ever-so-willing victim and stepped back. Unprepared, Cordelia's knees betrayed her. She collapsed. Ended up sitting on the floor, back against the wall, legs pulled up and knees far apart, panting and confused.

For a few still moments, Cordy just looked at her, relishing her raw sexual beauty. When she couldn't take it any more, when she had to do *something* or explode, she stepped in between Cordelia's spread legs. She nudged her lust-swollen labia with the tip of her shoe, making another shiver run through the sitting girl.

"You know where the bed is, bitch," she said. "You'd better be in it by the time I get there."

Shakily, Cordelia got up from the floor, her gaze fixed at Cordy's. As soon as she felt that her legs would carry her, she hurried towards the bedroom.

She'd had no idea that a little pain could melt her insides into a pliant sex-crazed mess like that. She couldn't remember ever having been so turned on in her entire life, not even during those first times with Faith in the back of her car.

And she'd never fully realized how incredibly beautiful she was. She'd never had

imagined getting into the all-black all-leather macho-slut outfit the demon was wearing, but she had to admit that the effect was stunning.

She climbed into the bed and lay down on her back, propping herself up on her elbows so she could see what went on further away. She thought about fingering herself, but wasn't sure if the demon would like it, so she took the safer way and lay still.

The demon walked slowly towards the bed, her high heels clicking as they hit the floor. As she walked, she shrugged out of her leather jacket and let it drop to the floor.

"I must say," she said while she kicked off her shoes, "that I really approve of your choice of body to copy. I mean, if you're going to steal..."

Cordy climbed into the bed and straddled Cordelia's belly.

"...you may as well steal the best there is."

She leaned forward and pushed her bosom towards Cordelia's face.

"Take it off," she said.

It took Cordelia a moment or two to figure out what she was referring to, which was enough to earn her a stern look and an impatient shake of a pair of leather-covered tits. Quickly, both from fear of reprisal and from desire, she reached around Cordy's torso and undid the fastenings on her bra. The leather garment fell forward, and Cordy impatiently threw it aside, the movement making her breasts jiggle enticingly. Cordelia leaned back, resting her head on the thick pillow.

"Like them, don't you?" Cordy said. "Of course you do. So, suck them. Show me some of what you can do with that pretty little mouth of yours."

She leaned further forward. All Cordelia had to do was to open her mouth and welcome Cordy's nipple in. Which she did, eagerly. She ran her tongue around the hard little nub, feeling the rougher surface of the areola. Some gentle scratching of the nipple itself with her teeth gave her a pleased sigh as a reward. Emboldened, she put one arm around the demon, stroking her back all the way from the shoulder down to the top of her leather pants. With the other she grabbed the breast she wasn't suckling, stimulating it too.

"Ooh, good girl," Cordy said. "Good job. Keep it up, just like that."

She moved her hips a little, rubbing her mound against Cordelia's stomach.

"Unless," she went on, "you'd prefer something more interesting to do with that tongue?"

Prevented from speaking by a mouthful of breast, Cordelia tried to nod. She certainly wouldn't mind getting her face into the demon's crotch. She could imagine how it'd smell, a mixture of leather from the pants and musk exactly like her own.

The lovely breasts suddenly vanished from her mouth and hand, and the arm she held around the other girl got pushed aside as Cordy sat up straight. The demon reached down and drew a finger along Cordelia's lower lip.

"Tell me," she said. "Do you want to lick my pussy?"

"Yes," she whispered, her voice hoarse.

"Louder," Cordy said. "What do you want?"

"I want you," she said. "I want to lick your pussy. Please."

Cordy smiled at her and let her finger trace a line down from where it rested on her lip over her neck and breast to where a leatherclad thigh rested on her naked stomach.

"Good," she said. She got up from where she was sitting and stood up next to the bed, her legs slightly parted. She looked expectantly at Cordelia.

This time, she needed no prompting. She got up on her knees, leaned forward out from the bed and started to unbutton Cordy's pants. While she did so, she couldn't res-

ist the temptation to touch the other girl's sex as much as possible. She pressed her hand into her crotch more than she really had to, and she "accidentally" slipped and ran a couple of fingers down in between leather and satin. As she pulled the pants down, she relished the feel of smooth warm skin.

The standing girl stepped out of her pants, and quickly pulled off her panties herself. She sat down on the edge of the bed, and nodded towards the floor between her legs. Cordelia quickly climbed down there, bringing a pillow to put under her knees. Cordy spread her legs, inviting her in, and she needed no further encouragement. She gently stroked her hands along the insides of Cordy's thighs, reaching the engorged labia in between them, carefully parting them and revealing the sensitive pink flesh inside. Briefly she enjoyed just looking at it, before she leaned further forward and slid her tongue from bottom to top of the wet furrow, ending up with it pushing on the clitoris.

This time she did get a loud moan of pleasure from the demon girl.

Encouraged, she went seriously to work on the wonderfulpussy in front of her. She tried to hit all the places she liked to have touched, tried to keep the pace she herself would've wanted. She slid a couple of fingers into the demon and rubbed the rough spot in the roof of her vagina, she gently bit her clitoris, and just all-out went for what would've been the absolutely most wonderful eating out she could ever imagine getting.

Somewhat distantly, she felt hands grabbing the back of her head and pushing her harder against the lovely crotch in front of her. Vaguely, she realised that the girl she was licking was no longer just moaning out loud, but screaming wildly in ecstasy. Somehow, the hand she wasn't using to fuck Cordy ended up between her own legs, fingering a pussy exactly identical to the one by her face. Time vanished. She was feeling great. Pure dumb lust was drowning out all worries and fears, leaving her mind empty of everything but fantastically intense sexual tension.

Until, eventually, the hands and thighs around her head suddenly held on as hard as they possibly could. She felt waves of convulsions travel through her lover, and now, thrown out of the sexual trance, she heard her scream her lungs out.

After Cordy had collapsed backwards onto the bed, lying there in a worn-out satisfied heap, Cordelia remained sitting between her legs for a little while, feeling proud. She'd never made anyone come that hard before. Knowing that she had made her feel good. She was still very much turned on herself, but not worse than what a cold shower could fix.

A very long, *very* cold shower.

Cordy felt like the most pleased and satisfied wrung out rag in the universe. That had been the most incredible orgasm of her entire *life*.

Slowly, she sat up. She was still at the edge of the bed, her upper body resting on the bed proper, her hips right at the edge and her legs outside. Between her legs, the cute little demon with the magic tongue still sat.

Unlike Cordy, she didn't look the least bit satisfied.

"That was good," Cordy said.

"Thank you," Cordelia said. "I did my best."

"Maybe I should chain you to the bed and keep you as a sex slave."

A strange expression passed over Cordelia's face.

Cordy stood up. "Get on the bed," she said.

Without hesitation, Cordelia did as she was told. Cordy put a foot under the pillow

the other girl had been kneeling on, and flipped it back up onto the bed. "On your back, with this under your ass," she said. Again, she was obeyed.

"Finger yourself," Cordy said. "I want you to be wet and ready for me."

She waited until she saw the girl on the bed spread her legs and put a hand between them before she turned away and opened one of her bedroom closets. She dug through the old stuff in the back of it, until she found the old carton that had lain unopened since she moved away from Sunnydale. She untied the cord that held it shut and took out the leather harness and bright green plastic dildo that lay inside.

Long ago, when Faith gave it to her, she'd commented that a bright green one wasn't very realistic. Faith had looked at her as if she was unutterably naïve, and then said "Well, yeah, that's the *point*."

The tube of lubricant that also lay in the box had never been opened. She twisted the cap off and squeezed a little out. It was properly slippery, and didn't smell anything at all. She decided it'd be all right. And why was she worrying about the well-being of a demon who'd stolen her appearance anyway?

She closed the closet and turned back to the bed. The demon was frantically rubbing herself. She was blushing deeply all the way down to her breasts, and she had several fingers pumping into her vagina. She was clearly about to come.

"Stop," Cordy said and grabbed the moving wrist, not trusting that she'd obey or even notice a verbal command when that close to orgasm.

Cordelia made a disappointed mewling sound and looked pleadingly at Cordy, who suddenly felt the fires of lust flare up again.

"Grab the headboard," she said. Cordelia didn't even hesitate before she obeyed, and something else flared up in Cordy, something that certainly was sexual but not only that.

She climbed onto the bed again, and knelt between Cordelia's legs. "Good girl," she said. She attached the dildo to the harness and put it on. Cordelia looked at it, looking like she wasn't sure if she should be expectant or scared.

"That's the one Faith gave me," she said as Cordy was spreading lubricant over the dildo, her voice wavering.

The comment disturbed her. That was something only she and Faith knew, and she was damn sure neither of them had ever told anyone. For the demon to know it, she must've read Cordy's mind.

"Shut up, demon!" she said. She leaned forward and rammed the dildo into Cordelia's pussy harder and more brutally than she had intended.

Cordelia screamed and arched her back, and Cordy wasn't sure if it was from pain and surprise or from pleasure. Not only that, she found she *cared* which it was, and that pissed her off. She kept pumping, as hard as she could. The girl under her reduced her scream to repeated loud grunts, timed to the dildo ramming into her. She still held on to the headboard, her eyes were closed and her mouth open.

Cordy moved her weight over to only one hand, and reached down to where their hips met. Her fingers probed the slick folds above where the dildo was penetrating, and soon found the hard little bundle of nerves hiding among them. She rubbed it as hard as she could, the lubricant jelly preventing her from getting enough force onto it to be painful. She could see Cordelia's knuckles whiten and the muscles and tendons in her arms tense up enough that she begun to fear that she'd break the bed. It was quite clear that what she was feeling wasn't anywhere near pain.

While the back end of the dildo pushed at pretty nice places in her groin, and she really enjoyed the feeling of sweaty skin against sweaty skin, it wasn't the physical

sensations that were turning her on. No, it was the sight and sound of the woman she was fucking. She loved seeing her senseless with passion, her face contorted in lust. She loved seeing her face and neck flushed, her breasts bouncing around with every thrust of the dildo, her hair stuck to her sweaty forehead. Hearing her grunts and squeals. Feeling her legs lift and cross across her back, trying to get her to fuck her harder and faster and more.

It ended with a long, drawn-out squeal from Cordelia at the same time as she kept her legs pressed hard to Cordy's back, preventing her from pulling out after she'd pushed in. Her eyes opened, showing only whites. For a number of breaths, she stayed rigid, her muscles contracting, holding on and eventually relaxing.

Her hands fell from the headboard and her legs from Cordy's back.

Not quite knowing why, Cordy lay down on top of her, embraced her as well as she could and kissed her deeply. Both embrace and kiss were returned, and for a little while they both lay there, enjoying the closeness.

"Sleep now," Cordy said after she'd pulled the dildo out of Cordelia. "You've had a tiring day."

"The bed is large enough for two," Cordelia said.

Cordy removed the harness and dropped it next to the bed. "Lucky for you," she said, smiling. "I'm sure the couch wouldn't have been nearly as comfortable for you."

Cordelia smiled and lay down, reaching invitingly for Cordy. Pretty soon, they were both sleeping soundly in each others arms.

"Wow," Willow said, panting heavily. "You're very enthusiastic tonight, love."

Tara snuggled up closer to her and pulled the blankets tighter over them. "I had some inspiration earlier," she said.

They were laying in bed in Tara's room, entirely dark except for the small amount of light stealing in from outside.

"Inspiration?" Willow asked.

"Uh-hm," Tara said. "On my way back I saw that old friend of yours from LA."

"Cordelia?"

"Yeah. She was in the display window of that old sex-shop, you know?"

Willow rose up on her elbows. "What?" she said.

"I was surprised too," Tara said. "She was changing from her usual clothes into some really racy leather ones, and she's really pretty, you know, and seeing her like that really made me want to come home and drag you into bed." She paused. "I hope you don't mind?"

"It can't have been Cordelia," Willow said.

"It looked like her," Tara said. "I'm pretty sure it was her. I could see her very well in that window. I kept wishing I'd get a good view of her breasts."

"But I followed her to the bus station. I saw her get on the bus, and I saw the bus leave. When did you see her?"

"Just after class. About quarter past one, I guess."

Willow was silent for a little while. "The bus left at twenty past," she said. "And she did seem kinda strange before she left. I think we should call Giles. That demon did something."

Cordy tore the apartment door open.

"What?!" she yelled. She'd been woken from her well-needed sleep by a loud banging on the door to her apartment. She'd hurriedly thrown on the first passable

piece of clothing she'd found, an oversized Hello Kitty t-shirt, and went to make the noise stop.

Outside the door she found Wesley and Gunn.

"Go away," she said. "I'm still on vacation."

"Wait!" Wesley grabbed the door and prevented her from slamming it in their faces. "Giles called from Sunnydale. There is news about the demon that attacked you."

She looked at them. "Well?" she said when no further explanation seemed forthcoming.

"It was a Thot demon. And the wand it hit you with was probably a magic device that splits a person in two. It was meant to split Buffy into an aggressive Slayer and a meek ordinary girl, so that he could then easily kill the normal girl."

"And it's a two for one kinda deal," Gunn filled in, "so once he wasted her the Slayer would die too."

"So what you're saying is that there's a meek copy of me running around, and if she dies I die?"

"Well. Yes. Probably."

"So get back to me when you find her. I'm still on vacation!"

She pulled the door loose from Wesley's grip, slammed it shut and leaned her forehead against it. A copy of her. Imagine.

She locked the door and walked back to the bedroom, stopping just inside the door and looking at the woman still sleeping in her bed. No. *Their* bed. The girl being a meeker copy of her certainly explained a lot. For example, how she knew about Faith's gift and why she'd been so willing to do anything Cordy told her to last night.

She walked up to the bed and stood next to the other she. She bent down and kissed her gently on the forehead.

"Maybe I *will* keep you as a sex slave," she whispered.