

Three's A Crowd

The Demon, The Witch and the Web Site, part 3

written by Calle Dybedahl

A followup to .com and Second Site.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Buffy/Willow, Anya/Willow, Buffy/Kennedy

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: R

"They're potential Slayers," Giles said, gesturing towards the three tired-looking girls standing in the Summers' living room. "Girls who may one day be called upon to become the Slayer."

"And the First Evil is trying to kill them for it," Buffy said. She was sitting in the much-abused sofa, with Willow next to her, almost but not quite touching. On the other side of Willow, Anya was doing exactly the same.

"Yes," Giles said. "There used to be many, but now there's only a handful left. And they're all coming here."

"Here? To the Hellmouth?" Xander said from one of the armchairs. "Isn't that rather like pushing them into the meat-grinder?"

The three young girls looked worriedly at each other, and then at Giles.

"Way to reassure them, Xander," Dawn said, leaning casually against the doorway to the kitchen.

"No," Buffy said. "If they're here, we can at least protect them. It's not going to be easy, and it's not going to be fun, but we can do it. Welcome to the Hellmouth, girls."

"Thanks," the Hispanic-looking of them said. "I'm Kennedy, by the way."

"Right," Giles said. "And this is Annabelle and Molly. We'll have to find somewhere for them to sleep. I thought maybe we could put spare mattresses in Willow's room and down here, to begin with."

Buffy threw a quick look at Willow.

"Actually," she said, "I kind of live in Willow's room now."

Giles looked up in surprise. "Oh? Where does Willow live, then?"

"Um," Willow said, looking a little embarrassed. "In my room."

Buffy moved the last fraction of an inch closer to Willow and slid an arm demonstratively across her shoulders. Giles removed his glasses and started polishing them.

"Right," he said. "I see. Any other new developments I should know about?"

Anya waved her arm a little. "I live in Willow's room too," she said.

"Of course," Giles said. "Anything else?"

"Um, actually," Dawn said. "I live there too."

She grinned at Giles' sudden horrified expression.

"Just kidding," she said. "The three of them is pretty much it. I'll take care of the sleeping arrangements. Potential guys, if you'll come with me."

She got up from where she was leaning and headed out of the room. Slightly hesitantly, the three potentials followed her.

"Do you have to be a lesbian to be the Slayer?" they heard Molly ask once she was outside the room. "'Cause I'm not sure I want that."

Giles put his glasses back on.

"I hope this won't affect your duties as the Slayer," he said.

"Certainly not!" Willow said. "Buffy's working harder than ever!"

"I really am, Giles," Buffy said. "Don't worry."

Anya started saying something, but stopped when Willow rammed an elbow into her side.

"So everything is just fine," Willow said. "Why don't you tell us everything you know about these girls and the First Evil?"

Willow let herself collapse onto the bed she now shared with Anya and Buffy, and let out a long, tired breath. As if it wasn't enough with ancient evils, minions of ancient evils, mind-controlled vampires and unkillable super-vampires, now it looked like they'd also suffer an infestation of teenage girls. The house didn't have nearly enough bathrooms for that. There would be violence.

"We still haven't done this week's shoot for the site," Anya said. "We really should try to be on time this time. We had complaints last week."

She lay down on the bed next to Willow and ran a finger down her cheek.

"That's what you were about to say down there, wasn't it?" Willow asked.

Anya shrugged. "Yes," she said. "It's important. The site is the only source of income we have these days. Quite good income too, since we started publishing the pictures of you and Buffy going at it."

Willow winced. "I *really* don't think Giles needs to know about that," she said. "So please don't mention it when anybody else is around, ok?"

"All right," Anya said. "If you give me a kiss."

Smiling, Willow pulled Anya close, wrapped her arms around her neck and kissed her deeply. She touched her tongue to Anya's lips, which eagerly parted to let it in to meet and play with its counterpart. She kept contact, relishing the warmth and taste until breath became an issue.

"Will that be enough?" she asked.

"No," Anya said. "I never get enough of you. But it will do. I will not talk about the site when someone else can hear."

"Then you should probably pay better attention to your surroundings," Buffy said from just inside the door.

"Hey," Willow said. "Giles and the new gang all settled in?"

"For the moment," Buffy said. "And you're getting comfortable, I see."

Willow gestured invitingly with the arm that Anya wasn't lying on.

"We'd be even more comfortable if you joined us," she said.

Not needing more encouragement than that, Buffy lay down on the other side of Willow from Anya.

"Exactly how comfortable were you planning to get?" she asked, playing with the top button on Willow's blouse.

Willow stroked the sides of her two girlfriends as well as she could with them weighing down her upper arms.

"As comfortable as possible," she said.

"Should I get the camera?" Anya asked.

"If you do, you can't join," Willow said, gently grabbing her ass. Buffy had undone Willow's top three buttons, and was proceeding downwards.

Anya pulled the blouse apart, revealing Willow's smooth skin and lacy red bra.

"Camera later, then," she said. She undid the bra's front clasp at the same time as Buffy finished the last button, and Willow's delicious torso lay available before them.

Willow started saying something, but whatever it was got lost in a lustful moan as two hot mouths descended on her breasts.

Buffy still hadn't got used to thinking of herself as anything other than straight. In her own mind, she was still the pretty girl who got the boys. Some part of her still was a cheerleader, even though she knew quite well that those days were very

long gone. Thinking of herself as a woman living with another woman felt, well, weird. Not wrong, certainly, but strange. And that was "living with a woman" as in "living *with* a woman", not just living in the same house as a lot of other women. Because she'd done that for a long time, and more than ever these last couple of weeks after the potentials started showing up. She loved Willow intensely and didn't even want to imagine not having her around, but even with that some parts of her mind didn't really want to accept that she, Buffy Summers, was involved in a lesbian relationship.

And *all* of her brain refused to think about her relationship to Anya. That would have to wait until she'd got used to her new situation. First the lesbian thing, then the poly thing.

The end-of-the-world thing felt kind of old hat in comparison. An ancient evil trying to bring on the Apocalypse? Been there, done that, got the frequent slayer miles. Besides, this particular ancient evil didn't seem so bad. Its invincible minion succumbed to plain old violence, and its attempt at infiltrating them in the guise of a potential failed when Anya tried to pinch its incorporeal ass. Eventually it'd probably try something new and nasty, but it seemed that they'd get enough time to train the potentials into a decent fighting force first. Buffy had done her best to show them how to fight, and Kennedy had turned out to be a pretty good drill sergeant. So, at the moment, Buffy was sitting on the kitchen table, munching Doritos and thinking about her life. Or not thinking about it, depending on which part it was. Out in the back yard, the potentials were doing stamina exercises.

The back door opened, and Kennedy entered.

"How're they doing?" Buffy asked.

Kennedy sauntered over and took a couple of Doritos from the bag next to Buffy.

"Pretty well," she said. "I'm working them pretty hard, but morale is good, so it's no problem."

"Good," Buffy said. "Keep it up. Never know what's going to happen tomorrow."

"Right," Kennedy said. She kept talking, asking questions about fighting and training that Buffy answered with a small fraction of her brain. The rest of her brain had latched on to "tomorrow", when they were planning to do the next photoshoot for Anya's site.

Their site.

They'd go to Anya's old flat, which they still paid the rent for just to have a studio that they could be reasonably sure was actually private. Once there, the one of them whose turn it was to handle the camera set up the equipment while the other two changed into whatever raunchy clothes they'd chosen this time. Pictures would get taken, and clothes would get taken off again. Touching and fondling and kissing and licking would follow, and not seldom the one behind the camera would fail to resist the temptation and join in. More often than not, the photoshoot would end with her and Anya both doing their damndest to drive Willow out of her brains with pleasure. Luckily for them all, Willow had quite a lot of brains.

With a small start, Buffy realized that Kennedy had stopped talking. She shook the images of naked and ecstatic Willow away, and looked at the young potential Slayer.

Kennedy was looking past Buffy towards the door into the rest of the house, and whatever she was seeing seemed to have her rapt attention.

"Damn," Kennedy said, clearly impressed. "That's *nice*."

Buffy turned around and saw Willow walking away from them. Her jeans hugged her hips and delicious behind closely, and her short tan jacket nicely emphasized her slim waist.

"Sure wouldn't mind getting me a piece of *that* ass," Kennedy said.

Buffy liked to think of herself as open-minded and nice. She liked to think that she was accepting of differences, and more than willing to let other people have whatever opinions and thoughts they wanted, as long as they didn't hurt anyone who didn't want it. In view of that, she surprised herself almost as much as she surprised Kennedy when she suddenly grabbed her by the throat, pulled her close in easy defiance of gravity as well as Kennedy's muscle power and snarled "Touch her and I'll personally *feed* you to the Bringers!" into her face from a distance that wouldn't have admitted a split hair.

Kennedy gurgled something through her constricted throat and frantically tried to pry Buffy's steel-like fingers loose. As rage receded and made room for embarrassment tinged with shame, Buffy let her go.

"Wow, you're strong," was the first thing Kennedy said after she got her breath back.

"Sorry," Buffy said. "Really didn't meant to do that. But, um, just don't hit on Willow, all right?"

Kennedy rubbed her throat and smiled a secretive little smile.

"You're cute when you're being all jealous and protective," she said.

And then she grabbed Buffy by the shoulders, pulled herself up close and kissed her squarely on the lips.

Later that night, Buffy lay in bed, as usual cuddled close to one side of Willow while Anya lay by the other. They'd made love, and usually Buffy would've easily slipped into content and comfortable sleep.

But not tonight.

"Willow?" she said. A few strands of her lover's red hair tickled her nose, but she didn't bother to brush them away.

"Mmm?" Willow said.

"Kennedy made a pass at me today," Buffy said.

"Really?" Willow said. "Serious?"

"She kissed me."

"The little slut," Anya said. "I knew she was up to no good."

"Did you like it?" Willow said.

Buffy blinked. "You're not upset?"

Willow turned over on her side, so she lay facing Buffy.

"You share me with Anya," she said. "I have no right to protest against sharing you with someone else."

Buffy thought about that for a few moments.

"But what if you don't *like* it?" she said.

"What if *I* don't like it?" Anya added from behind Willow.

"I really don't mind," Willow said. "If you want to respond to her advances, feel free."

She smiled. "Maybe she can teach you something new and interesting that you can try out on me," she said.

"The site could use a Hispanic girl," Anya said. "Ask her if she'll pose for us."

Buffy stroked Willow's cheek. "You'll tell me if you change your mind?" she asked. "You'll let me know if it starts bothering you? 'Cause I *really* don't want to lose you."

"I will," Willow said. "I promise. Cross my heart and hope to die."

Buffy shivered. "Don't even joke about that," she said. "You can't die, my love. I won't let that happen."

Without saying anything more, Willow put her arms around Buffy and held her close. Anya put hers around Willow, and so snuggled close together the three women drifted one by one into sleep.

The next day Buffy insisted that Kennedy come with her on patrol. So that she'd learn the lay of the town and get to see slaying in practice, Buffy said. The rest of the potentials would get to come with her later. This time, she wanted Kennedy, and Kennedy alone.

Kennedy looked worried when she heard the decree, and not entirely without reason. There were nasty finger-shaped bruises on her neck, which made Buffy feel a little guilty. She really should have better control than that.

"Will I need to, um, bring something?" Kennedy asked in a tone that sounded like she really was asking if she'd ever be coming back.

"No," Buffy said. "Just yourself."

The night turned out calm, as they sometimes did. It seemed that the current big scary had scared away most of the usual scary things, so the slayage load was easy. Buffy and Kennedy walked the streets of Sunnydale, as Buffy showed her from one graveyard to another.

Somehow, the sights of tombstones didn't seem to reassure the girl about Buffy's non-hostile intentions.

"All right," Buffy said eventually, leaning against a ten-foot-high memorial obelisk. "About yesterday."

"I *so* didn't mean anything wrong," Kennedy said, backing away a couple of steps and looking more than a little afraid. "It's just that the three of you are all kind of... you know, really hot."

"Thank you," Buffy said. "I'm glad to hear that."

Kennedy frowned. "What?" she said.

Buffy stood up, put her hands on her hips and turned her side towards Kennedy. She twisted her head in an attempt to look at her own rear.

"I know Willow's ass is better than mine," she said. "But if you want a piece of *this* one, you can have it."

Kennedy visibly blinked. "You... Um, wow," she said. "That's kind of direct and to the point."

Buffy shrugged. "I'm the Slayer. I never know which day may be my last. No time to beat around any bushes."

She walked up close to Kennedy and hooked a finger into the top of the girl's pants.

"So I just have to dive into the hot, moist middle of them as soon as I can," she said.

"Er, all right," Kennedy said. "And this is in no way a no, but if we do this, Willow won't come after me, will she? Because Dawn told me about the guy she flayed alive and I really like the thought of keeping my skin where it is."

"As long as you don't plan to kill any of her girlfriends, you'll be fine," Buffy said.

"Good," Kennedy said. She put her arms around Buffy's neck. "Because what I'm planning is totally not that."

She put her lips to Buffy's, who eagerly responded. They kissed, eagerly and for quite a long time.

"So," Kennedy said after the kiss ended. She was breathing noticeably heavier, and her face was flushed a darker shade of brown than usual. "Do we go at it right here or do we contain ourselves until we find a bed?"

Buffy smiled. She, too, was somewhat flushed and her nipples could be plainly seen pushing at her tight top.

"I always had a thing for graveyards," she said. "Let's find a crypt."

Buffy stretched out her hand as far as she could, which was just barely enough for her to reach her mobile phone with her fingertips. Carefully dragging it closer, she was soon able to pick it up and look at it. Half past one in the morning, its clock said. She groaned and gently elbowed Kennedy in her naked side.

"Hey," she said. "We'd better get back before the guys start worrying and send out a search party. Let me tell you, there's *nothing* more embarrassing than all your friends showing up at a moment when you'd really rather be alone."

She slid off the sarcophagus they'd been laying on and started collecting her clothes, which were spread pretty much all over the floor. Behind her, Kennedy did the same.

"Buffy?" Kennedy said as she pulled her pants on.

"Yeah?"

"Why were there a couple of pretty clean blankets, a Hello Kitty vibrator and several packages of batteries hidden in a sarcophagus with a great big stone lid on it?"

Buffy blushed a little. "Um," she said. "You see, sometimes, after slaying, I get a little... That's where the alone time comes in."

She pulled her top down over her torso, folded the blankets, pushed the stone lid aside and tossed them into the sarcophagus.

"I see," Kennedy said as she slid the lid back. "That makes some kind of sense, I guess."

Buffy froze. "Kennedy," she said in a strangled sort of voice.

"Yeah?" Kennedy said, turning towards her.

As fast as she could, Buffy tried to hit her in the face. At the last possible moment, Kennedy parried the blow.

"Hey!" she said. "You promised I wouldn't get any grief over this! If you've changed your mind about that, I'm going to be *so* pissed off!"

"Kennedy," Buffy said, her voice still sounding strange. "Since when are you strong enough to handle a half-ton slab of stone or fast enough to parry my punches?"

Kennedy fell silent in mid-rant. She looked at the sarcophagus lid, and then at her own fist.

"Holy fuck," she said.

"Yeah," Buffy said. "I rather think it was."

An hour later, all the many inhabitants of the Summers house were gathered in the living room. There were girls sitting in the sofa, girls sitting on the floor, girls leaning against the walls, girls just standing around and in the middle of it all Buffy, Willow, Anya, Dawn and Kennedy were gathered around the table. Giles, Xander and Spike hovered in the doorways, possibly a bit intimidated by the massive femaleness of the room. In front of Willow there was a censer and a smoldering heap of ash that had until just recently been a bundle of dried herbs.

"Well, that's clear enough," Willow said. "She is a Slayer. No doubt about it."

"Freakin' amazing," Dawn said. "Just like that? You went patrolling, and suddenly, poof, instant Slayer?"

"Yes, that is strange," Willow said. She turned to Buffy. "Do you have any idea when or how it happened? Did anything unusual happen while you were patrolling?"

"Remember what we talked about last night?" Buffy said.

"Yeah," Willow said, frowning at the sudden change of subject. "We talked about..."

She looked rapidly from Kennedy to Buffy and back again as realization struck.

"Oh," she said. "That's... oh."

"Yeah," Buffy said. "Sure is."

"What?" Dawn said. "You can't just go 'oh' like that! What happened?"

"They had sex," Anya said. "Buffy had sex with a potential Slayer, and she turned into a real Slayer."

Silence fell over the room like a sixteen-ton weight on an albatross salesman.

"Well, that's great, isn't it?" Spike said after the silence got too much. "Buffy shags all the little wannabes, they turn into real girls, we go kick the First Evil's discorporeal ass. End of story."

"Spike!" Buffy, Willow and Dawn said in chorus.

"He has got a point," Giles said while repeatedly polishing his glasses. "You now know of a way to turn this group of young women into an army of Slayers. I can't think of anything more powerful than that. A time of less than voluntary promiscuity may be an unusual sacrifice for a Slayer to make, but a Slayer's life is never easy."

"I ain't doin' it with no chick!" Rhona protested. "I've got nothing against the way these people live their lives, but their way sure ain't my way!"

"Do we even know it works that way?" Vi said. "Maybe it's a one-time deal, like dying. Like dying is for most people, I mean."

"That's a good question," Buffy said. "And I'm afraid Spike does have a point, no matter how crudely he expresses it. If we can activate you girls, we have to. As Slayers, you can protect yourselves against the Bringers. As potentials, you're just fatalities waiting to happen. So we'll experiment."

She stood up straighter and crossed her arms over her chest. She looked around the room, making sure she had everyone's undivided attention. Which she had, even if a few of them were watching her chest and hips rather than her face.

"I want two volunteers," she said. "One to have... to have sex with me, and one to have sex with Kennedy. If we're really lucky, both volunteers will become Slayers and we'll know that any Slayer can activate a potential. If we're less lucky, one of the volunteers will get activated. If it's mine, I'll just have to go through all of you one at a time. If it's Kennedy's, we'll do a kind of relay race where each new Slayer activates the next. If we're not lucky at all, both volunteers remain potential. And even in that case, we are now twice as many Slayers as we were yesterday."

She pointedly looked around the room.

"So," she said. "Who wants to volunteer?"

Vi's hand shot into the air almost before Buffy stopped talking. Molly's followed a few moments later.

"Right," Buffy said. "Vi, with me. Molly, with Kennedy. We'll go one after another, just to make sure that there is no interference between the... experiments. I and Vi will go first."

Even later that night -- or earlier that morning, since the sun was by now edging over the horizon -- Buffy and Willow were sitting on the floor in the hallway outside their room. Buffy was wearing only a bathrobe and a tense expression. Downstairs, Vi was showing off her new Slayer strength by tying the fireplace poker into a pretzel.

"Well, so far, so good," Willow said.

"Yeah," Buffy said. "Let's just hope that it works for Kennedy as well."

"I'm sure it will," Willow said. "She's just as much a Slayer as you are."

"Except for the whole not being made one in the traditional way thing."

They sat in silence for a time. Loud moans and gasps came from their room.

"Sounds like she's good," Willow said.

"Oh, she is," Buffy said. "She's got this tongue piercing that's just... interesting."

"Maybe I should try to get her into bed myself."

"She was seriously admiring your ass the other day, so it probably wouldn't be hard. And if I'm going to sleep with every last one of the potentials, I can hardly complain if you want to sleep around a bit."

"And Anya won't mind as long as she gets to take pictures."

"Do you think it has to be one on one?" Buffy said. "Maybe an orgy would work just as well?"

"I can just imagine it," Willow said. "You in the kitchen with your face buried between Rhona's legs, and a cunnilingus daisy-chain leading out of the kitchen, all over the living room, out into the hallway and at least halfway up the stairs. Naked girl-flesh as far as the eye can see."

"And Anya with her camera trying to make them all sign model release forms."

They fell silent again, until a particularly loud "Oh *fuck* that's good!" came from the bedroom.

Buffy pulled her knees up and rested her forehead against them.

"I *so* hope it works with Kennedy!" she groaned.

A drawn-out orgasmic wail followed the spontaneous review from the other side of the bedroom door, and not long after that Buffy and Willow heard steps approaching. They looked up in anticipation as the door opened, revealing Kennedy with a sheet wrapped around her.

"Sorry," she said. "No go. She's still weak as a kitten. Seems we do need an actual made-by-death Slayer to make new ones."

Buffy visibly wilted. "Damn," she said. "Why can't I be a natural slut like Faith? She'd probably enjoy this."

Her eyes went wide as she realized what she'd just said. Abruptly, she turned her head towards Willow, who wore pretty much the same expression.

"I'll go call Angel," Willow said.

The prison visitor's room was bare, smelled of cleaning chemicals and felt like it had misery seeping from the walls. There was a glass wall through the middle of it, with partitions, chairs and telephone handsets. Willow was sitting on the chair in one of the partitions, holding the handset. Behind her, two potentials had dragged in chairs from the neighboring partitions and sat down on them. They were Anna, a slim little blonde who looked quite a bit like Buffy, and Kamaria, a very pretty black girl from Somalia. On the other side of the glass, Faith was picking up her phone headset. She was wearing a bright orange prison jumpsuit and a confused frown.

"Well, this sure is a surprise," Willow heard her say when she put the handset to her ear.

"Hi, Faith," she said. "How are you?"

"Well, you know," Faith said. "Locked up. You?"

"Well, you know. Apocalypse. Fighting the end of the world."

"And you take time out from that to visit an old enemy in prison, without the slightest intention of asking her for help. That is so nice of you."

"Exactly," Willow said. "Only not. These two are your wives, by the way," she added, gesturing towards the girls sitting behind her.

Faith was silent for a while. "Would you care to explain that last one," she said when she got her voice back, "or should I just assume that someone slipped magic mushrooms into the meatloaf last night?"

"They're your loving wives," Willow said, happily smiling. "We've arranged for you to have a conjugal visit from them this afternoon. It's certainly about time, you haven't seen them in all the time you've been here."

"Breakout attempt?" Faith said. "Cause if it is, that's *not* cool with me."

Willow shook her head. "Nope. They visit, you all have a good time, they leave. Perfectly straightforward."

Faith shook her head.

"You know, if I'd ever tried to make a list of things I thought you might end up as, lesbian pimp to jailbirds would've been very far from the top. What's the catch?"

"No catch. Just meet them and enjoy yourself."

"There so is a catch," Faith said. "But all right, I'll play along. Since you made the effort to get me a wife who kinda looks like B and all."

Buffy was sitting in a plastic chair on the front porch. She was dressed in a light flowery summer dress, chosen mostly because it was very quick to put on and take off. She was beyond exhausted, and more than a little sore in her nether regions. Further experiments had shown that not only did it have to be one on one, it also wasn't enough that she get the potential off. She herself had to reach orgasm too for the activation to happen. So the silver lining was that she'd had more orgasms in the past few days than in any other year of her life. Not to mention that they now had about thirty Slayers patrolling the town, protecting arriving potentials and making short work of Bringers, so that Buffy actually had the time to spend her days having sex. So, really, in a way, she now had a pretty ideal life. Anya's website pulled in enough money for them all to live on, and promised to do even better now that Anya had managed to talk a few of the new Slayers into posing for it. Dawn coordinated the cooking and cleaning and all that sort of thing. Xander repaired stuff that got

broke. The new Slayers did Buffy's old job, and quite well. Sunnydale had *never* been this clean of vampires. All that remained for Buffy to do was to lounge around in bed and have sex with mostly really attractive young women.

Only problem was that she didn't like it.

Oh, sure lounging around in bed all day having sex was just fine -- but she wanted it to be with someone she'd chosen herself, which pretty much meant Willow. It bothered her that she no longer even knew the names of half the people she'd slept with.

"Miss Summers?"

Buffy turned her head. A potential was standing in the doorway. Red hair, pale green top, tan pants and a truly impressive pair of breasts.

"You'd better get yourself a proper sports bra before you take those into a fight," Buffy said.

The girl looked at Buffy like she had no idea what had just been said, but didn't want to look ignorant.

"I think it's my turn to be activated now, Miss," she said. "If you don't mind."

Activated. What a way of putting it.

Buffy was just about to tell the girl to go upstairs, get naked and wait when a car turned into the driveway and stopped. Willow was out of the car and halfway up to the house almost before the engine had fallen silent.

"Hi!" she said, dropping herself unceremoniously into Buffy's lap. "How are you, love?"

"Suddenly much better," Buffy said. "And you? Did it work out?"

"So this is Fuck Central," Faith said, coming up to the porch carrying a canvas bag with all her worldly possessions. Anna and Kamaria followed.

"Damn, B," Faith went on, "I never in a million years would've imagined you of all people doing something like this."

"Nice to see you too. And it isn't exactly voluntary."

"She too can turn potentials into Slayers," Willow said. "So you don't have to do all that work yourself any more."

"And I have apparently been transferred into the custody of Special Agent Rosenberg of the FBI," Faith said. "Although somehow the transfer papers seem to have turned into a menu from Achmed's Pizza and Chinese Takeout on the way here."

"Great!" Buffy said, still turned to Willow. "I'm considering requiring your assistance every time I 'activate' a potential, by the way. To keep my spirits up."

"As long as you remember that I don't have Slayer stamina, I'm in," Willow said.

"Yeah, well," Faith said, "before your reunion proceeds into the naughty, could someone tell me what you expect me to do now?"

Buffy looked at her past Willow's back.

"Are you staying to help?" she asked.

"Yeah, well, you know," Faith said. "Redemption thing. Averting the end of the world. Slayer responsibilities. All that crap. Until it's all over, like."

Buffy nodded. "There are about forty potentials here at the moment that need to be turned into Slayers. More arrive almost every day. You get my old bedroom. You know where that is. Kick out the people sleeping there now, they can move down into the basement."

She pointed over her shoulder to the red-headed girl still standing in the doorway.

"She's next to be... activated. So she may as well help you move in."

"All right," Faith said. She looked at the waiting girl.

"Damn," she said as she passed her by on the way into the house. "Those are going to be in the way when you fight. Better get a really supportive bra real quick."

Having Faith there enthusiastically sleeping her way through the potentials made things a lot easier for Buffy. Also, deciding to have Willow there when she herself had sex with the new girls transformed what had been a barely tolerable chore into something that was not only more than tolerable but actually quite fun. The steadily increasing Slayer patrols kept the town cleaner and safer than it had been ever since Mayor Wilkins founded it. They found Andrew, and with his less than enthusiastic help deactivated the Hellmouth seal. A super-strong preacher guy showed up, and managed to kill a girl before he got beaten into an unrecognizable mess by the rest of the patrol that met him.

Buffy didn't remember the name of the dead girl, but she still grieved for her. She could remember the sound the girl had made when Buffy's practiced fingers made her come and the Slayer power coursed through her for the first time. Buffy tried to tell herself that the girl had been a Slayer when she died, and that it was and had always been the duty of a Slayer to die so that others might live. But that still didn't make her grieve any less.

What did make her grief transform into hope was the fact that when the young Slayer died, Rhona got called. Rhona, who had steadfastly refused to bed another woman in spite of what she knew it would bring her, suddenly got the strength and the speed and the supernatural perception and all the other stuff that came with the Slayer package. They'd all spent a few confused hours trying to figure out why before the patrol returned and told them about the death. After that, Buffy knew that every time she took a potential to her bed, she not only made that particular girl into a powerful force against the darkness, she created a whole line of future Slayers to carry on her work. The endless sex gained a whole new level of importance to her, and she no longer complained about the work. Making new Slayers was no longer a last-ditch effort to ward off an apocalypse, it was an investment against all future apocalypses.

So the days passed.

The flood of potentials slowed down to a trickle as the threat from the First Evil and its Bringers faded away and disappeared. Between the two of them, Buffy and Faith had created several hundred new Slayers. Far more than even Sunnydale needed, so they sent them off to take the fight to other places. The first dozen went to LA, to help Angel stop his current apocalypse. No matter how much of a champion he thought he was, he could always use more muscle. Others they sent back to where they came from, or to particularly troublesome spots that Willow, Giles and Dawn located.

Eventually the day came when Buffy found herself sitting at her kitchen table with nothing to do. Not only that, there wasn't even anything she should be doing, or that it would be a good idea to do.

Only one potential had shown up that day, and Faith spirited her away to her bedroom almost before Buffy had a chance to look at her. The group of Slayers who still lived in the house took care of the cleaning and cooking. Anya handled the finances and the legal stuff. Willow, Dawn and Giles coordinated the new Slayers.

Xander took care of his construction company and generally hung around. Spike lurked. Andrew was writing the definitive history of the Slayer. The new Slayers took care of the Slaying.

And Buffy had nothing to do.

She couldn't even remember if that had ever happened to her before. She liked the feeling. It was a calm, content, warm feeling. Kind of safe. She just sat there, at the kitchen table, and watched the sun shine outside. She sat there for hours, intensely doing nothing whatsoever, until Willow arrived.

"Hey," Willow said. "Everything ok?"

Buffy looked up at her. "Yes," she said. "Everything is ok. I can't remember that ever happening before."

Willow sat down at the table and smiled at her.

"Bored?" she asked.

"No," Buffy said. "But I have nothing to do."

"So do whatever you like," Willow said. "Read a book. Watch a movie. Get a games console."

Buffy thought about it. "Could we afford a games console?" she asked.

A weird expression passed over Willow's face.

"Wait here a moment," she said, and abruptly left the kitchen. A few moments later, she returned carrying a stack of papers. She gave the top one to Buffy.

"What's this?" Buffy said.

"Your latest bank statement," Willow said. "You gave me and Anya your power of attorney so we could take care of your finances, remember?"

Buffy looked at the paper. There was a rather large number at the bottom of it.

"This is my money?" she said.

"Yes," Willow said.

"There's a lot of it."

"Yes."

"Where does it come from? Have the new guys been robbing people, or what?"

"It's from Anya's site," Willow said. "Well, sites, really, these days."

Buffy boggled. "You can make this much money from Internet pornography?!"

"Oh, sure," Willow said. "If it's good porn. Which ours is, of course. And that's just your share from the last three months. We keep that much in your checking account, just in case. The rest is invested. The details are in the papers here."

She patted the stack of papers.

Things were beginning to feel unreal to Buffy. "So I have more money than this? And you and Anya also have this much?"

"More or less," Willow said. "Anya probably has more, since she's Anya. And then there's the college fund for Dawn, the Old Slayers' Retirement Fund, the legal fund, the property damage fund and a few other things like that. Anya set most of them up for tax reasons, I think. I've never been as good with money as she is."

"And all that from pictures of the three of us fucking?!"

"Oh no," Willow said. "There's far more than that now. Anya's managed to make almost all the new Slayers pose, some more... explicitly than others. As a sort of thank-you for being made Slayers. And of course they don't get paid, so all the money goes directly to us. You should check it out some time. It's at sapphicslayers.com."

Buffy kept looking at the bank statement.

"So, anyway," Willow said, "you can buy just about as many games consoles as you want."

Buffy looked up.

"You know what I want?" she said.

"I want a vacation," she went on before Willow got a chance to respond. "I never had a vacation. I never *could* have a vacation, with my Slayer responsibilities. But now I can. And now I want to. I want to go to Europe. With you and Anya. I want a *family* vacation!"

Willow smiled. "I always wanted to see Europe," she said.

"Do you think Anya will want to go?"

"As long as she gets to bring a camera and we promise to pose naked in front of famous landmarks, no problem. She can take care of whatever business needs caretaking over the net."

"Well, then," Buffy said. She got up from the chair. "What are we waiting for?"

"Now?!" Willow said.

"When better?" Buffy said. "You never know what will happen tomorrow. We go to the bank, withdraw a huge wad of cash, go on to the airport and get on the first transatlantic plane we can get tickets for. Whatever we need, we can buy once we're there."

Willow laughed. "All right," she said. "You have convinced me. We go to Europe right now."

"Great!" Buffy threw herself around Willow's neck and kissed her passionately, if somewhat briefly.

"ANYA!" she screamed after she broke the kiss. "Get your cute ass down here and bring a camera! We're going on vacation!"