

Demon Sword

written by Calle Dybedahl

A couple of days after I quit working (since my then-employers went bankrupt), this idea popped into my head. And since I wasn't working, I actually had the energy to write it.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Buffy/Cordelia, Buffy/Faith, Buffy/Willow

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC-17

Intro

Buffy strode into the Sunnydale High School library. She was, as usual, dressed stylishly but affordably, and was on this occasion tossing a sword into the air and catching it by the hilt. Faith entered behind her, looking pretty much like her darker shadow both in style and demeanor.

"Got the sword from the statue," Buffy chirped. "And boy did that thing not want us to have it."

"I'll be picking shrapnel out of my hair for days," Faith muttered.

"So, can I get with the demon slaying now..." Buffy said. The sentence petered out as the mood of the people in the library finally got through to her.

"Ok," she said. "What's wrong?"

Willow was sitting at the table, a huge old book open before her. She hadn't even looked up from the text when the two Slayers entered. Behind her, Giles was standing cleaning his glasses. Wesley stood next to him, fussily adjusting his cuffs and tie. Xander sat on the table, looking pretty much as usual, and on the stairs leading to the upper level Cordelia sat polishing her nails.

"You got the sword?" Giles said, with a transparent effort to sound cheerful.

"Right here," Buffy said, waving the sword around. It left a faint glowing trail in the air.

"Which one of you actually took it from the guardian?" he said.

"She did," Faith said. "Why?"

"Did anything in particular happen when she did?"

"Yeah," Faith said. "There was like a red glow that surrounded her for a moment."

"Wait, what?" Buffy said, turning to face her fellow Slayer. "I didn't notice any glow!"

Faith shrugged. "It went away, so I thought it was no biggie."

Buffy spun around again.

"Giles!" she spat. "What's going on?"

Giles started polishing his glasses again.

"The sword was made by one demon cult in order to foil the works of another demon cult," Wesley said. "They meant it to be used by a champion of theirs. A kind of cultural hero, for them."

Buffy tossed the sword onto the table, making just about everyone else jump. She dropped into a free chair.

"So now I'm this demon champion?" she asked.

"You may be," Wesley said. "Which is basically a good thing, because only the champion can actually use the sword to stop the end of the world."

"Ok," Faith said, jumping up onto the tabletop and resting her feet on the armrest of Buffy's chair. "So how do we find out if she is this champion or not?"

"It's not so much a question of finding out if she is as one of her becoming the champion," Giles said. "Right now, she is a possible champion. If she manages to finish a task before sunrise, she will be the champion and can use the sword."

Buffy groaned. "I have a French test tomorrow! I can't be out slaying all night!"

"I don't have a test," Faith said. "I could do it."

"I'm afraid you can't, Faith," Giles said. "The red glow you saw means that Buffy is the current candidate, and nobody else can even try until she succeeds or dies."

"Downer," Faith said. "Hey, B, I could take the French test for you."

Buffy smiled up at Faith.

"Thanks," she said. "But no thanks."

She turned to Giles.

"Hit me," she said. "What do I have to do to become this champion?"

Giles cleared his throat. Willow, who still hadn't looked up from the book, blushed. Wesley, having very thoroughly cleared his glasses, put them on.

"You need to despoil three maidens before sunrise," he said.

Mentally, Buffy picked the sound apart into a sentence. Then she did it again, to make sure.

"I need to what?," she said.

"To prove your evil," Giles said, "you need to despoil three maidens."

Buffy glared at him. "And in English that means...?"

"Before the sun rises, you have to have sex with three women who have not born children," Wesley said. "Or you die. Maybe. We think. The text is not clear."

"And in any case it doesn't matter much," Xander added, "since the demons are holding their end-the-world ceremony at lunch tomorrow, so at worst you'll just die a few hours before the rest of us."

"Midday," Giles muttered. "Not 'lunch'."

Buffy looked like someone had hit her over the head with a two-by-four.

"I have to sleep with women?" she said. "To prove I'm evil?"

"Not so much with the women's lib or gay rights in the dark ages," Cordelia said.

Faith laughed.

"Damn, B!" she said. "You get all the best curses!"

She jumped down from her seat on the table and stood behind Buffy's chair, leaning on the backrest.

"So," she said, "who are the lucky three going to be? You have any secret lesbian lovers who might be willing to help?"

"Faith!" Buffy exclaimed.

"Hey, just checking. You never know."

Buffy glared at her.

"No," she said. "I have no lesbian lovers, secret or otherwise."

"Well, perkytits," Faith said. "You better get some in a hurry, then."

Buffy wilted. "Oh, God," she said. "Giles? Please tell me you have a plan."

This time, *Giles* blushed.

"Well," he said. "There are three eligible women right here in the library."

For a moment, Buffy's mind blanked. Then her gaze quickly jumped from Willow to Cordelia to Faith.

"Oh no," she said. "Oh nononono. There must be another plan. A better plan. A plan not involving any sex, and particularly not sex with my friends. Or Cordelia."

She got a brief glare from the not-friend in question.

"Perhaps," Wesley tried, "we could find some ladies of negotiable affection..."

"No way to know if they count as maidens," Giles said.

"I guess not," Wesley said. "Well then, ladies, you will just have to..."

His voice dwindled to nothing under the force of Buffy's glare.

"Giles?" she said, very slowly.

"I really don't see many alternatives, Buffy," he said. "We can't try to break the curse, because it's needed to save the world. We might be able to modify it, but not before sunrise. And I can't think of a reliable way of finding other... partners for you before morning either."

Buffy groaned.

"Oh, come on, B," Faith said. "Would it really be that bad? Hey, maybe getting laid would make you unwind a bit. And I *so* volunteer. What do you say, Cordy?"

Cordelia sighed and put down her nail file.

"Oh, all right," she said. "It's not like it's that big a deal anyway. I've been to cheer-leading camp."

Silence descended on the room as everybody's imagination went to a very flesh-toned and curvy visual place.

"Right," Faith said, with something dreamy in her voice. "What about you, Red?"

Willow jumped from her chair and ran out of the room.

Buffy found her sitting on a bench near the cafeteria. She looked very tense, but at least she wasn't crying.

"Willow?" Buffy said. "Can we talk?"

Willow nodded. Buffy sat down next to her, a proper couple of handspans away.

"Look," she began. "I'm afraid Giles is right. We do need you. I understand if it's very hard on you, with Oz and all, but..."

"I've wanted you since the first day you came to Sunnydale High," Willow said. She still didn't look at Buffy.

Buffy blinked.

"What?" she said.

"I don't know how many nights I've dreamt of you," Willow said. "Or how many times I've... fantasized about you being with me."

"Ok," Buffy said, mentally working frantically to try to fit this revelation into her image of the world. A world that was apparently a bit more complicated than she had known.

"Wow," she said. "I never even suspected that. Why didn't you ever say something?"

"I know you don't like girls," Willow said. "At least not that way. What with Angel and all."

Buffy's eyebrows rose.

"Like you have Oz?" she said.

"I'm not sure I like girls like that," Willow muttered. "I just know I like *you*. Like that."

"So, what's the problem with... helping out with this curse thing, then?"

Finally, Willow turned to look at Buffy.

"I wanted you to want to be with me because you like me," she said. "Not just because it's better than dying."

Buffy looked away.

"Oh," she said.

They both looked away from each other again. Out of the corner of her eye, Buffy looked at Willow. Her friend. Her best friend. Her actually very cute best friend. Who, after the initial shock had died down, it really wasn't hard at all to imagine herself in bed with, and wasn't that a thought that would take some serious pondering later.

"Willow?" she said.

"Yes?" Willow said.

"Do you have any plans for Friday night?"

Willow turned to look at her.

"What?" she said.

"Well, if we and the world survive until then, that is," Buffy clarified.

"Er, no," Willow said. "No plans. Why?"

Buffy put on her cutest puppy-dog smile.

"Would you like to go out with me? For dinner and a movie?"

Willow blinked.

"Go out...? As in a date?"

"Yes," Buffy said. "Exactly as in a date."

"But...", Willow said. "You..."

"Hey," Buffy said. "You never even asked, ok?"

Willow visibly pulled herself together. A smile graced her face.

"Yes," she said. "I would love to go on a date with you."

"See?" Buffy said. "Wasn't that hard, was it? Now, do you want to help make sure there'll be a Friday night or not?"

"Sure," Willow said. "I'll make whatever sacrifices it takes."

Buffy grimaced. "Even if that is knowing I'll be having sex with Faith and Cordelia?"

Willow stood up and reached out a hand to help Buffy get up.

"You know," she said. "I'm not sure I'm the one getting the bad end of that bit."

Everybody turned to look when Buffy and Willow walked back into the library.

"It's all right," Buffy said. "We're go for boink-the-Slayer night, unless Faith or Cordy changed their minds."

"No way, B," Faith said. "I'm so looking forward to this."

Cordelia stood. "Well, actually," she said, "there are a couple of things."

Everyone turned to look at her instead of Buffy and Willow. She slowly walked over to Buffy, clearly enjoying the attention, and putting an extra bit of sexy into her walk. A tiny groan came from Wesley.

"First," Cordelia said once she stood in front of Buffy, "we'll be doing this in a bed. Specifically, my bed. I'm sure skankzilla there would be perfectly happy using the library table, probably with an audience, or that Willow would do whatever she's told, but I have standards."

Buffy just looked at her.

"Second," Cordelia went on. "I don't do sloppy seconds."

She took Buffy's hand and started walking out of the room, dragging the semi-stunned Slayer behind her.

"I'll bring her back when I'm done with her," Cordelia said over her shoulder.
"Remember we only have until dawn!" Giles said to the closing library door.

Cordelia

Cordelia's room was predictably stylish. Thick carpet, paintings on the walls, big four-poster bed, several large wardrobes, a couch, a table, some other stuff. It looked like you could take a picture of it and send it straight to an interior decoration magazine. Or, well, Buffy imagined it did. She didn't read those magazines. Maybe she might have, if she hadn't been busy with her slaying.

"Ok," Cordelia said. "How do you want to do this?"

Buffy stared at her.

"I?" she said. "I don't know. I've never done this before."

Cordelia smiled, sat down at the edge of her bed and leaned back, supporting herself with her arms. The pose stretched her already pretty tight red dress across her ample chest, and made her impressive cleavage even more so. Slowly, she put one leg over the other, pulling Buffy's attention further down to well-shaped legs bare from mid-thigh on down to pumps matching the color of the dress. She shook her head, making her lovely long hair drape itself nicely across her shoulders.

Buffy's mouth went dry and the room suddenly felt much warmer.

"Let's try that again, shall we," Cordelia said in a sultry voice. "How do you *want* this?"

Buffy swallowed. Or at least tried to. Cordelia trying to look seductive was... a whole lot of seductive.

"You're supposed to despoil me, right?" Cordelia said. "To tear my clothes off, have your wicked way with my innocent young body, ravish me for your own depraved pleasure?"

"I guess," Buffy whispered.

"Do you want me to fight?" Cordelia said. "Pretend like you're taking me against my will? There are plenty of belts in the wardrobes you could use to tie me up, and I'm sure you could find something to use as a gag."

Cordelia smiled again.

"Unless, that is," she said, "you want me to use my mouth for... something else."

In spite of what Buffy thought was right and proper, Cordelia's suggestions were getting to her. Her heart was beating faster, and bits and pieces of her were starting to feel all tense and tingly. As well as, in places, really wet.

Without further words, she walked up close to Cordelia. Standing right next to the bed beside her folded legs, Buffy reached down and took a solid hold of her dress right between her breasts. Without any visible effort, she lifted Cordelia so their faces were at the same height and pulled her close. She put her lips to Cordy's, pushing with her tongue until the cheerleader opened her mouth and accepted the kiss.

Cordelia tasted of lipgloss and salt. Her mouth was warm and soft and lovely. Buffy played with her tongue against Cordelia's until she could hear the dress start to tear from the unusual stress put upon it. Before it could tear seriously, she broke the kiss and threw Cordelia onto the bed. She landed on her back, instinctively trying to break the fall with her arms and with her legs slightly spread. She looked slightly shocked, and flushed with excitement.

"I don't think you fighting would make much of a difference, really," Buffy said. She reached down, took Cordelia's shoes off and dropped them on the floor. "What do you think?"

As an answer, Cordelia tried to kick Buffy in the face. Her leg hadn't even moved half the way there when Buffy caught it in a grip like iron. Cordelia gasped.

"Tying you up, now," Buffy said. "That actually sounds like fun."

She grabbed the other leg as well and turned Cordelia onto her stomach. She jumped onto the bed and landed straddling Cordelia's ass. She took hold of her arms and, with one hand, trapped them against her back. Rather than get up and find one of the belts Cordelia had mentioned, she one-handedly worked her own loose from around her waist. Taking her time while Cordelia vainly fought to get free, she wrapped the belt around the trapped wrists and pulled it tight.

"There," she said. Seeing no reason to resist the temptation to touch, she ran her hands across the smooth, warm skin of Cordelia's bare shoulders.

"Mmm," she said. "Feels nice. Does the rest of you feel as nice?"

Cordelia didn't reply. Buffy lifted herself a bit, turned her willing victim over on her back and sat down again, this time across her hips.

"I asked you a question," she said. Under her, Cordelia wriggled, trying to get her bound hands into a less uncomfortable position. The movements both felt nice against Buffy's crotch and made Cordelia's breasts move enticingly. She put her hands on them. Cordelia stopped moving.

Oh yeah. She could really get into this dominance thing, that was for sure. Particularly with someone as hot and as consistently annoying as Cordelia.

"Feels pretty good," she said. "Too much cloth, though. Not enough skin."

She took hold of the dress and pulled. It wasn't designed to take anything near Slayer strength, and tore like wet tissue when confronted with it. Cordelia's torso and a black lacy bra came into view.

"Hm," Buffy said. "Still a lot of coverage."

She lifted herself up again, tore the rest of the dress to shreds and threw the remains on the floor.

Cordelia's panties matched her bra. Of course. Also, as far as Buffy could see through the lace, she shaved her pubic area. And her panties were just as wet as Buffy's, if not more.

Buffy put her hands back on Cordelia's breasts. They were much bigger than her own. Too big to fit in her hands.

"Better," she said. "But still covered."

She ran a finger across one breast, through the valley between them and across the other one.

"Do you like this bra?" she said. "Do you want to keep it?"

Cordelia nodded.

"And the panties?"

Cordelia nodded again.

Buffy leaned forward until her breath mingled with Cordelia's.

"Give me a really good kiss and I'll take them off nicely," she said.

Cordelia hesitated for a moment, then raised her head until her mouth met Buffy's.

It was a good kiss. A *really* good kiss. Soft and forceful in just the right combination. Warm, pleasant and exciting. They kept at it for some time, until finally Cordelia broke off and laid her head down again. Both of them were panting.

"Right," Buffy said. "Nicely it is."

She got up from the bed and stood looking down at the near-naked Cordelia. She'd have to untie her arms in order to get the bra off. She briefly toyed with the thought of just unhooking it and pushing it up as far as it'd go, but dismissed it. She wanted Cordelia dressed in absolutely nothing. Except what was needed to tie her up.

Buffy looked around the room. Cordelia had said there was stuff in the wardrobes to tie her up with. She rummaged through one of them, and got four soft cloth belts from some dressing gowns. Of which Cordelia seemed to have at least a dozen, which seemed ridiculously many to Buffy. But to each their own.

She returned to the bed.

"Raise your hips," she said.

Cordelia did as she was told, and Buffy pulled her panties off.

Oh yeah, she was shaved all right. Or possibly waxed. Or something else expensive and high-tech. She ran a finger quickly down the engorged and slick labia, getting a loud gasp in response. She was very tempted to slide a finger inside, to see what kind of reaction that would get. But first things first.

She grabbed a foot and tied it to one of the lower bedposts, then tied the other foot to the other post. It didn't leave Cordelia's legs as widely spread as she'd hoped, but that was a problem for later. She moved to the top of the bed and sat down by Cordelia's head.

"Sit up," she said. Again, she was obeyed.

She untied the hands and undid the bra clasp.

"Take it off," she said.

As Cordelia slid it down her arms, Buffy reached around her back and cupped her now-naked breasts.

"Oh, that's much better," she said. She rolled the nipples between her fingers, feeling them quickly stiffen. She kissed Cordelia's neck, just because. She felt her shiver slightly at the touch.

"Do you like this?" she asked.

Once more, Cordelia nodded.

"Did you lose your voice?" Buffy asked.

"No," Cordelia said.

"Oh darn," Buffy said. "I was hoping there for a moment."

She gave Cordelia's nipples a last little pinch, then let go and got off the bed. Not bothering to ask, she simply pushed Cordelia down again, pulled her arms to the head-end bedposts and tied them there. Finally, she looked down at her handiwork.

Naked, excited, spread-eagled Cordelia.

Nice.

"Right," she said. "Where were we? Despoiling, right?"

She frowned.

"What does that mean, exactly?"

"I'm pretty sure this is a good start," Cordelia said, pulling at her bonds.

"What if it isn't?" Buffy said. "Maybe I should call and ask?"

She pretended to hold a phone to her ear.

"Hello? Wesley? Hi. You see, I have Cordelia tied naked to the bed here. What do you think I should do to her?"

Cordelia glared at her.

"That's not funny," she said.

"Yes it is," Buffy said. "But his head would probably explode, so better not do that. We already had one dead Watcher this year. Another one and we go over quota."

I'm babbling, she realized. My mouth is running so I don't have to decide what to do next. What was I going to do next?

"Right," she said out loud. "Despoiling. Whatever it is, I'm pretty sure it involves me being naked."

She stripped. Much faster and with less tearing of cloth than the undressing of Cordelia, but also a lot less fun. On the other hand, she needed something to wear when she left.

Cordelia was watching her the entire time. She spun around.

"Do you like what you see?" she said.

Cordelia nodded.

"Do you want to touch?"

Another nod.

"To bad your hands are tied, then," Buffy said. "Although I guess you could use your mouth some."

She climbed onto the bed again, and stood on all fours straddling Cordelia. Slowly, she moved forward and lowered herself until her right nipple touched Cordelia's mouth. The captive girl eagerly wrapped her lips around it.

The feeling made Buffy gasp.

"Oh, that's good," she said.

She pulled it out, and moved her other breast to take its place. It felt just as good as the first. She lowered her hips until her crotch touched Cordelia's stomach. She tried to rub herself against her, but the angle was wrong and Cordelia was too soft. It fast got frustrating.

She rose up to standing on her hands and knees across Cordelia, then moved downwards until she could comfortably reach her pussy. Which she did. She laid her right hand on it, and gently rubbed. Instantly, Cordelia's hips rose in an attempt to get more pressure.

"Another thing I'm pretty sure of," Buffy said, "is that despoiling involves getting something inside here."

As she said the word 'here', she circled Cordelia's vaginal opening with a finger. A shudder went all along Cordelia's body.

"Do you agree?" she asked.

"Yes," Cordelia said. Her voice was sounding really rough. "Please."

"Not so sure if it includes playing with this, though."

As she spoke, she slid her finger upwards along the slick groove, and at 'this' she put pressure on Cordelia's clitoris. This time she got more of a whole-body twitch than just a shudder, as well as an audible groan. She moved her finger down again, and pushed the tip of it *almost* inside Cordelia.

"Do you think this will do?" she said. "Or should I go find something bigger?"

"Please," Cordelia gasped. She was panting now, and she was opening and closing her hands as if trying to grab something that wasn't there.

"Please what?" Buffy said, slowly moving her finger in a little circle.

"Please fuck me," Cordelia breathed. "Please fuck my pussy with your fingers."

Right, a rational little voice in Buffy's head said. If I'd made a list this morning of things Cordelia Chase will never ever in a million years say to me, those exact words would've been pretty darn near the top.

She slid her finger inside.

"Oh fuck yes," Cordelia gasped. "Like that. Oh, Buffy."

Buffy curled her finger and started moving it slowly in and out. Cordelia's hips were moving constantly now, and the muscles in her legs were pulling hard against the ropes holding the legs to the bed.

With a wicked grin, Buffy bent down, put her mouth squarely on Cordelia's clitoris and sucked at the same time as she let two more fingers join the first when pushing into her.

The result was akin to an explosion. Cordelia screamed. Her back arched. Her vaginal muscles clenched down on Buffy's fingers, as if trying to keep them inside. Buffy kept moving and sucking until the orgasm died down, and there was only a brief moan every time her fingers entered their warm embrace.

She laid down on top of Cordelia, face to face. Strands of hair stuck to Cordelia's sweat-glowing forehead, and she looked liked she'd ran a marathon. Buffy couldn't resist kissing her, nor, indeed, saw any reason to even try resisting.

"Do you know what?" she said after she'd broken the kiss.

"What?" Cordelia said.

"I don't think you're despoiled enough yet."

Cordelia's voice trembled as she replied.

"You're the boss," she said.

Buffy sat up, then turned around so she was facing Cordelia's hips. She scooted up until her own pussy was over Cordelia's face. And, as a bonus, she could easily play with Cordelia's breasts.

"If you can't figure out what to do," she said, "I'll go find a whip."

The only response was a warm, wet mouth touching her vulva. It felt *very* nice.

"Oh, good girl," she gasped. She put her hands on Cordelia's breasts, then closed her eyes and just enjoyed. Not that she had a lot of experience with oral sex, but as far as she could tell Cordelia was doing it really, really well.

She lost track of time. After a while, she stopped playing with Cordelia's breasts. She leaned forward until she was lying down on her, making sure not to move her sex out of Cordelia's reach. Wave after wave of pleasure moved through her, getting infinitesimally stronger every time until they blotted out the world and she screamed her passion into the exploding white light.

Some time later saw her helping Cordelia massage life back into her arms and legs. There were visible marks around her wrists and ankles where she'd strained against the belts tying her to the bed. According to Buffy's experienced eyes, they'd be bruises pretty soon.

"Sorry," she said.

Cordelia looked at her.

"What for?" she said.

Buffy indicated the marks.

"Oh, that," Cordelia said. "No problem. The girls will just wonder who I got them with."

Oh-kay, Buffy thought and decided not to pursue that line of inquiry any further.

"Will you tell them?" she said.

"That I slept with *you*?" Cordelia laughed. "Not in a million years."

"Thanks, I guess," Buffy said.

They dressed in silence.

And got into the car in silence.

And drove all the way back to the school.

It wasn't until they were almost by the library doors that Cordelia stopped walking and spoke again.

"Buffy?" she said.

Buffy looked quizzically at her.

"That was really good," she said.

"Yeah," Buffy agreed. "It was. Not that I have a lot to compare with, of course, but I liked this. Quite a lot."

"Maybe we could do it again some time?"

Willow's face flashed for Buffy's inner eye.

"Maybe," she said, weakly. "Some time."

Like when Hell has frozen over, she thought to herself.

Cordelia looked at her for several long moments.

"Right," she finally said.

She looked away and walked the remaining few steps into the library.

Faith

Buffy looked around the room. It was a normal class room in Sunnydale High School. First floor, east wing. She'd had classes in here any number of times. Mostly math.

Faith locked the door behind them and dropped a canvas bag on the teacher's desk.

"Sorry about this," she said. "But well, it'd feel weird to have someone drive us out to my place and then wait outside while we had our little fun."

"It's all right," Buffy said. "I totally understand."

Well, it was better than doing it in the library. And Faith's place wasn't particularly nice either, to be honest.

"What's in the bag?" she asked.

Faith shrugged.

"Couple of toys," she said. "Went back home to get them while you were off with Cordy."

Buffy couldn't quite work up the courage to ask what kind of toys. Her imagination was quite enough, and she didn't want it confirmed.

"So what do we do now?" she said.

"Well, duh," Faith said. "We fuck."

"I was thinking in a little more detail than that."

Faith took her coat off and threw it on a chair. This left her dressed in boots, black leather pants, white tank top and definitely no bra under the top. She kind of made Buffy feel overdressed.

"Well," Faith said. "I kind of have this philosophy. It goes 'want'."

She demonstratively looked Buffy up and down, then walked up close to her.

"Take'," she said and put a hand on the back of Buffy's head.

"Have'," she finished, and pulled Buffy into a kiss.

It was a good kiss. Very different from Cordelia's. Rougher, more forceful, more urgent. Still very nice. Buffy put her arms around Faith's waist and let herself get into the feeling. A warm hand cupped her left breast, trying to tease the nipple through her blouse and bra. It didn't work so well. She broke the kiss.

"Let me help you with that," she said while she took a couple of steps back.

Slowly, teasingly, she unbuttoned her blouse. She watched Faith's face the whole time, saw her intently stare at Buffy's chest and lick her lips. Being so obviously wanted sent a wave of excitement all through her body.

She dropped the blouse to the floor. She reached behind her back and undid her bra clasp, but didn't let it fall yet.

"Show me yours," she said.

Without a word, Faith pulled her tank top over her head and blindly threw it to the side. Her breasts were beautiful, nicely round and firm. And, again, bigger than Buffy's.

"Nice," she said.

She tossed her hair back, and let her bra slowly slide down her arms and to the floor. She wiggled her chest a little.

"Do you like what you see?" she said.

"Oh yeah," Faith said. "Come here."

Buffy walked back to her. Again, they kissed. Both topless this time, their breasts squashing against each other. Buffy put her hands lower down this time, on Faith's leather-covered buttocks. She more felt than heard Faith moan through the kiss. Soon after, she felt Faith squeeze a hand in between. It started unbuttoning her jeans, and more than occasionally move a little further down to stroke her still-covered pussy. She moved her hips to make it easier for Faith to reach. The buttons started coming undone faster, and pretty soon the teasing strokes were coming only on the outside of her panties, thus much increasing the pleasure of them. She closed her eyes and kissed her way from Faith's mouth over her neck up to her earlobe. She took it into her mouth and gently nibbled on it. She was rewarded with a groan and a hard push on her clitoris, which made *her* groan in turn.

As if on a signal, they both took a step back. They stood there for a moment, panting and looking at each other.

"We need to get naked," Faith said.

"Pretty much now," Buffy agreed.

They set to it, frantically removing the rest of the clothes. In spite of Faith wearing less, Buffy got hers off first as Faith struggled with her leather pants.

"Want help with that?" Buffy asked, trying to sound as innocent as she could.

There was no reply.

"Ok," Buffy said. "I'll just wait, then."

She pulled a chair to her and sat down on it, facing Faith. She spread her legs very wide, and started slowly stroking her own naked sex. Occasionally, she brought a glistening wet finger to her mouth and licked it clean.

Faith's efforts to get her recalcitrant pants off redoubled. When she finally succeeded, her underwear followed a split second later.

Buffy smiled at her. With great deliberation, she slid a finger into herself and pulled it out again covered with her own juices.

"Do you want this?" she said. With the same deliberate slowness, she smeared her nipples with the clear viscous liquid.

"If you do," she said, "why don't you come get it?"

She could see Faith swallow heavily, her eyes more or less glued to Buffy's finger slowly circling her erect nipple. To her surprise, Faith didn't pounce on her like a starving lion. Instead, she calmly walked over to her, put her hands under Buffy's arms and fairly gently picked her up. She gave Buffy a brief kiss on the lips, then put her down by the teacher's desk and bent her face-down over it. Gently but firmly, she nudged Buffy's feet until she spread her legs wide.

"Faith?" Buffy said. "What are we doing?"

Faith pulled her canvas bag to her and opened its zipper. Buffy couldn't quite see what she took out of it, but it seemed to have quite a few straps and things. She'd just started to feel a bit alarmed when a finger slid along her vulva, from her vaginal opening to her clitoris. She closed her eyes and groaned.

"Don't worry, B," Faith said. "You're going to like this."

There were rustling sounds for a brief while, and then the blessed hand returned to play with Buffy's sex. She laid her head down on her arms and decided to simply enjoy whatever it was that Faith was doing.

That plan came to nothing when something hard and slightly cold first touched her opening and then slowly but very firmly pushed inside her.

"Faith!" she exclaimed, arching her back and half-voluntarily spreading her legs even further apart. After the first few instants of surprise and discomfort, it started feeling good. Really, really good. As the thing bottomed out inside her and started pulling out again, she bit her lip to keep from moaning out loud. Faith's hands were on her hips, holding on.

"Damn, B," Faith said from behind her. "I wish you could see yourself like this. I think it's the sexiest thing I've seen in my entire life."

Buffy twisted her head around as much as she could and looked back at Faith. She was wearing a harness thing around her hips, and a worryingly large bright blue plastic dildo was sticking out from the front of it. And into herself. As she watched, Faith moved her hips forward again, pushing the dildo back inside Buffy. Harder and faster this time. Which felt even better. Buffy failed to keep from moaning out loud. She put her head down again, but like before the restful position didn't last. A few more strokes, and a hand took hold of the hair at the back of her head and pulled, forcing her to raise her head and arch her back again. Almost as soon as there was room for it between herself and the tabletop, another hand slid in and cupped her breast. With that hand holding her up, the one in her hair let go and moved on to the free tit. Buffy put her arms under her, to take a bit of her weight. She wasn't even trying to be quiet any more. With every stroke of the strap-on, every pinch on her nipples, every time Faith's hips slapped against her ass she made a sound. She moaned, yelped, gasped and, when the plastic rod hit a particularly good spot inside her, cried out.

"Do you like this?" she heard Faith say. "Do you like being fucked by me?"

It wasn't quite her conscious self that cried out in agreement and begged to be fucked harder, faster, more. Words came out of her mouth that she never would have imagined saying, and definitely not to Faith.

One of Faith's hands left Buffy's breast and travelled down along her flank. It reached her hip, and then went in over her belly and finally ended up roughly rubbing her clitoris.

Buffy exploded.

Or that was at least pretty much what it felt like. Orgasm hit her instantly and totally. She screamed, bucked and thrashed about like a wild animal for an instant and an eternity, before she collapsed into an exhausted heap.

"Damn, B," Faith said from above her. She sounded amused. "You broke the desk." Broke the desk?

Buffy opened her eyes. In front of her, the edge of the desk was missing two fist-sized pieces right where she'd been holding on to it.

"Oh," she said, but she was feeling far too good to be able to worry about it.

She felt Faith break contact with her ass as she stepped back. Strangely, the plastic presence in her vagina stayed put. She looked over the shoulder to see what was happening.

Faith had unstrapped herself from the toy, leaving it sticking out of Buffy. Buffy wished she could see it. It must look so... wanton. Excitement started to rise inside her again.

"Turn over," Faith said.

"Huh?" Buffy said, her mind still pretty much blown from the orgasm.

Rather than explain, Faith took hold of her and turned her over on her back. She pulled the strap-on out of Buffy, resulting in a surprised gasp from the blonde Slayer.

"Oh," Buffy said. "That kind of turn over."

"What kind did you expect?" Faith said. She started putting the strap-on's harness on around Buffy's hips.

"Um, the kind where my face end up around your middle," Buffy said.

"Tempting," Faith said. "But right now I want this."

She pushed Buffy further up on the desk, and then climbed up after her until she was standing on her hands and knees over Buffy. She reached down and positioned the top of the dildo at her opening, then slowly lowered herself onto it. She closed her eyes and let out a long, contented sigh as the rod went into her. Slowly, she rose up again until it almost slipped out of her, then lowered herself until her ass touched Buffy's hips.

Buffy looked on, entranced. She'd never seen anything nearly as sexy as Faith fucking herself against her. She tried to fix her gaze at everything at once. The blue plastic sliding in and out of Faith's vagina. The generous breasts' gently swinging movement above her. The expression of pure bliss on Faith's face.

She lifted her hands and cupped Faith's breasts. Felt their weight, warmth and firm softness. She squeezed and stroked them, and the nipples quickly stiffened under her touch.

"Do you like it when I touch you?" She said. "My hands on your tits?"

Faith nodded vigorously, eyes still closed.

"What about this?" Buffy said.

She rose up on her elbows and caught Faith's left nipple between her lips. She gently teased it with her teeth and repeatedly circled it with her tongue.

Faith gasped.

Buffy switched to the other breast. While not as incredibly pleasant as being fucked had been, this certainly was a lot of fun. She lay back down again, and pulled Faith with her, momentarily forcing her to stop moving with the dildo all the way inside her. Buffy took Faith's face in her hands and kissed her, deep and hard, intensely relishing both the intimate contact and the other woman's weight on top of her. She stroked Faith's back, all the way down to her lovely muscular ass.

Faith broke the kiss and started moving again, but remained leaning much further forward than before. Enough so that her breasts touched Buffy's on every thrust. Not wanting to lose that contact but still needing to do something, Buffy reached down between them to the top of Faith's vulva. She gently probed among the sensitive slick folds until she found the hard nub nestling within them. She kept her hand stationary there, letting Faith's own movement make her rub it back and forth over her fingertip. Faith picked up her pace, and started audibly gasping with every stroke. She went faster and faster, pushing herself harder and harder against Buffy's hips and fingers, until she suddenly stopped. She froze, every muscle in her body tense as a steel wire and her face in a fairly hideous grimace. A long, drawn-out whimpering came from her. Buffy stayed perfectly still, just watching, until Faith finally relaxed and collapsed over her. Then she gently kissed her brow.

They untangled from each other and dressed in silence. There was a huge number of unspoken words filling the air between them. Buffy felt as if she ought to do something about it, but she had no idea where to start. Faith suddenly looked vulnerable, as if a layer of armor around her had for a moment been lifted, and Buffy just didn't know how to handle that. It looked almost as if this hadn't just been sex for Faith, but something more.

Buffy knew even less how to handle *that*.

"Are we good?" she said, immediately regretting the shallowness of the words. She could almost see the layers of protective personality snap back into place as the words sunk into Faith.

"Yeah," Faith said. "Why wouldn't we be?"

The words sounded strained. A bit too cocky and confident. Like protective coloring.

"Just checking," Buffy said. "Shall we return to the others?"

"You go on ahead," Faith said. "Still need to get down and dirty with Red before sunrise, right? I'll stay a little and clean that off."

She nodded towards the strap-on that lay discarded on the broken desk.

"Yeah," Buffy said. "Ok."

She started to leave, but stopped in the doorway.

"Faith?" she said.

The darker Slayer turned towards her a little too fast.

"Yes?" she said.

"Nothing," Buffy said, despising herself for her cowardice. "See you later."

She walked away, closing the door behind her.

Willow

Giles, Wesley, Xander, Cordelia, Willow and Oz all turned to look at Buffy when she walked into the library.

"Um," Buffy said. "Faith stayed behind a little. But we are, um... done."

"Yes," Giles said, polishing his glasses as if he was trying to wear them down into a different prescription. "We could..."

His voice petered out.

"We could hear you screaming like a demented monkey," Cordelia filled in. "What was she *doing* to you?"

Buffy felt herself turn an intense shade of red.

"Um," she said. "Er."

"I don't think we need to know that," Wesley said, almost as red-faced as Buffy.

"Speak for yourself, English-boy."

With an heroic effort of will Buffy managed to speak pretty normally.

"Faith's up in room B25," she said. "If you go there and ask nicely, maybe she'll show you."

Cordelia looked at her in silence for a few heartbeats.

"I don't think I need to know that bad," she finally said.

"Right," Giles said. "If that piece of business is finished, maybe we can move on."

Buffy sat down in her usual chair by the table. Willow discreetly smiled at her.

"Giles?" Buffy said. "After Willow and I are done, is there anything more we need to do tonight? Any ritual stuff with the hero and sword thing?"

Giles shook his head.

"No," he said. "Once you have despoiled the three maidens, that should be it. After that, you just need to get to the ritual site before noon."

"It's at the de la Cruz family crypt," he added. "You know the one with the..."

"...Statue that looks like it's doing something indecent," Buffy said. "I know the place. So that means there's really no need for you guys to be waiting around, right? You can all go home, and Willow and I... take care of things?"

Giles put his glasses back on.

"Yes," he said. "I guess so."

Buffy stood up.

"Good," she said. "Let's do that then, shall we?"

There was a general getting up, relieved muttering and heading for the outside. Buffy tried to look casual as she made sure she was walking next to Willow, magical demon sword casually thrown over her shoulder.

"My place or yours?" she said, trying to pitch her voice low enough for privacy.

"My parents are in Brazil," Willow said. "Joyce is at home, isn't she?"

"Yeah," Buffy said. "So, my place or yours?"

Willow smiled at her. A nervous smile, but still a smile

"I may not have Faith's skills," she said. "But I still think it's best to be somewhere where there's nobody to hear any noises you may make. Brazil should be just about far enough away."

Buffy felt her cheeks start to burn again.

"That's be yours, then."

They kept walking in silence. As they passed the school's exit, Buffy briefly turned and looked back inside. She was just in time to see Cordelia's back vanish up the stairs towards room B25.

She smiled and kept on walking.

Buffy had never ever been so nervous to reach Willow's house. Sure, they usually met up at her house, what with Willow's parents being gone most of the time and all, but it wasn't like she'd been a stranger to the Rosenberg residence. But this was the first time she'd been intending to ravish the Rosenbergs' only daughter.

"On Friday," Willow said as they stood in the street hesitating to turn onto the driveway, "that's our first date, right?"

"Well, we haven't ever been on any before so it has to be," Buffy said. "How so?"

"My mom once told me never to put out on the first date," Willow said.

Buffy turned and looked at Willow. She was smiling.

"She never said anything about *before* the first date," she explained.

Buffy couldn't help smiling. Willow was just so cute when she was happy.

"We should get indoors," Buffy said. "Unless you want your neighbors to see you get sloppily kissed right here in the street."

"It's two in the morning," Willow said. "There won't be anyone watching. Our neighbors are very boring."

Somehow, they had ended up with their faces less than a hand's breadth apart.

"Willow Rosenberg," Buffy said. "That sounded not unlike an invitation."

She moved a little bit closer.

"Maybe it was," Willow said, moving a bit closer still. Buffy could feel the heat radiating from her on her skin.

"And how would I know if it was or not?"

"I guess you'll just have to take the risk."

It didn't feel much like a risk to Buffy. She leaned forward the last little bit and softly put her lips to Willow's.

At first it was no more than that. Their lips touched. Soft, lovely lips. Feeling so like and yet so very, very unlike the lips of Cordelia or Faith. Slowly, she parted hers, and after a moment's hesitation Willow did the same. Slowly, as if afraid to scare off a wary animal, Buffy touched Willow's lip with her tongue. It was soon met by its counterpart, and a gentle back and forth play commenced. The tip of the demon sword scraped the road as Buffy put her arms around Willow and pulled her close. She found herself not just wanting, but almost *needing* to feel Willow's body against her own, and from the way Willow's hands held on to the back of Buffy's head, the feeling was not one-sided.

Buffy broke the kiss.

"Even if your neighbors are so boring that you're comfortable getting naked in the street," she said, "I'm not. And I think your bed is more comfortable than tarmac anyway."

Willow still had her eyes closed and her mouth slightly open. She didn't appear to have heard a single word Buffy had said. A beatific smile lit up her face.

"I kissed you," she said. "I kissed Buffy Summers."

Buffy couldn't help smiling.

"Yes, you did," she said.

Her smile turned a little sad.

"I wish it didn't have to be like this," she said. "I wish we could do the dating thing first, and end up in bed eventually because we wanted to, not because the world is going to end if we don't."

Willow laid a finger across her lips.

"Hush," she said. "It's fine. Who knows how long it'd have been before we found out about each other if this hadn't happened? We should send the demons a thank-you note."

"Before or after we kill them?" Buffy said. "But yes, I see your point."

She took Willow's hand and started walking up the driveway.

"I can still wish that it'd happened perfectly, though," she said.

Willow's bedroom was not a new place for Buffy to be. Far from it. She'd even slept in it on a number of occasions. Heck, she'd even slept in the same bed as Willow before. Although now she wasn't so sure that Willow had actually *slept* on those occasions, if she'd been kind of in love with Buffy all this time.

Her thoughts got interrupted by a kiss. A quick, eager touch of lips to her lips, a brief swipe with a tongue and then emptiness again.

"Hey, dreamyhead," Willow said. "You're supposed to have your wicked way with me, remember?"

Buffy smiled at her.

"Not likely to forget that in a hurry," she said.

Willow sat down on her bed.

"Well," she said. "So get to it, then."

"Since when are you this forward and aggressive?" Buffy asked. "Maybe I'd better check with Giles that the demons didn't do something to you."

"Since you asked me on a date," Willow said. "That kind of thing can make a girl a bit giddy."

Buffy looked at her. Which she'd done lots and lots of times before, of course, but this time she really *looked* at her. Shoulder-length red hair. Bulky knitted sweater and unflattering floral-print skirt. Bright red tick stockings.

She sat down next to Willow.

"Those clothes really don't show how pretty you are," she said.

"Want me to take them off?" Willow said, still smiling her infectious smile.

"Yes, please," Buffy said.

Willow stood up and pulled her sweater over her head. Her skirt followed the sweater onto a nearby chair. Then she stopped.

"Um," she said. "I would kind of feel less nervous about this if you were getting undressed too."

"I hear and obey," Buffy said. She stripped off her own top. Which, since she hadn't bothered putting her bra on when leaving Faith, left her naked from the waist up.

"Oh," Willow said. "You..."

She fell silent. Her gaze was fixed on Buffy's chest.

"What?" Buffy said, looking down onto herself. "Is there something wrong?"

"No!" Willow said. "Absolutely not. No wrong. No wrong at all. You look... very right. Lots of right. Right as rain. Although I never got why rain is supposed to be more right than anything else. But you are. Righter than anything else. Including rain."

She ran out of breath.

Buffy wiggled her chest a little.

"So you like my breasts?" she said.

"Mh-hm," Willow said.

"Can I see yours?" Buffy said, bringing on her puppy-dog look.

"Oh," Willow said. "Yes. Of course."

She hurriedly stripped off her top, stockings and bra, leaving her in nothing but panties.

"Um," she said. "This is, well, it."

She held her arms out to the sides, to give Buffy a better look at the complete Willow package.

"Mmm," Buffy said. "Looks yummy."

She got up from the bed. She reached out her hand and softly ran her fingers over Willow's left breast.

Willow gasped.

Buffy smiled. She brought up her other hand as well, cupping both of Willow's breasts, then leaned in and eagerly kissed her. She felt Willow's arms go around her and stroke her back. While they kissed, she moved her own hands in similar strokes down Willow's back, ending by sliding them under the elastic of her panties and squeezing her ass. Willow tried the same, but couldn't get her hands under the top of Buffy's jeans. She broke the kiss.

"Now you're the one too dressed again," she said.

Buffy took a step back. She slowly unbuttoned the jeans. As the fly opened, her pale pubic hair started peeking out, since she hadn't bothered putting her panties on either. She kicked her shoes off, dropped the pants and stepped out of them.

"That better?" she said.

Rather than reply, Willow removed her own panties, leaving them both equally naked.

Buffy sat down on the bed's edge and held out her arms in an inviting gesture. She'd intended for Willow to sit sideways in her lap, but wasn't exactly disappointed when her friend instead chose to straddle her legs facing her. She showed her approval with yet another kiss, and by running her hands through Willow's lovely hair.

"Hey," she said after a little while. "How are you feeling?"

Willow smiled at her.

"Happy," she said. "A little nervous. Very excited. Worried that I'll get things wrong."

Buffy stroked her cheek.

"So you're OK with this?"

Willow smiled.

"Yes," she said. "I am OK with this. Not that I really have a choice since the world will end if we don't do this, but I am."

"I'd rather let the world end than hurt you," Buffy said.

"No you wouldn't," Willow said. "You wouldn't be my Buffy if you were the kind of person who would."

Buffy couldn't help but smile.

"No," she said. "I wouldn't."

She let herself fall backwards onto the bed, feet still planted on the floor. Willow followed her down, resting on her elbows just far enough down that her nipples touched Buffy's skin.

Buffy had never before been so incredibly aware of two points on her body.

"So," Willow said. "What are you going to do to this maiden, hero?"

Not needing many moments to think about it, she grabbed Willow's hips and pushed her forward until she could catch a gorgeous pink little nipple between her lips. She started teasing it with her tongue at the same time as she pulled her leg up between Willow's legs and pushed against her vulva.

Willow made a sound that might have been intended to be a word, but never even got close. From the way she pushed back hard on Buffy's leg, Buffy guessed she didn't mind the treatment. She started moving her hips, rubbing herself against Buffy's thigh.

Buffy moved one hand from Willow's hip to the breast she wasn't sucking on, lightly pinching its nipple.

"Oh my," Willow gasped. "B-Buffy?"

Buffy reluctantly let the stiff nipple escape her lips.

"Yes?" she said.

"I want to touch you."

Rather than answer verbally, she took hold of Willow again and laid her down on her back. She then got up on her hands and knees straddling Willow, reversing their positions. Like Willow had, she brought her breast down within mouth's reach. It didn't take more than a split second before her nipple was surrounded by warm wetness. Rather than a thigh pushing on her sex, though, a hand lightly touched her there. Fingers played between her labia, eliciting a moan from her.

"Oh, that's good," she moaned.

Chill air hit her saliva-wet nipple.

"What about this?" Willow said from under her.

A finger slid inside her vagina, rubbing the rough front wall.

Willow's finger slid inside her vagina. Inside *her*.

The combination of the exquisite feeling and the knowledge of who was doing it sent an intense shiver of pleasure all along body. She thought some sound escaped her, but she had no recollection what it might have sounded like.

The finger kept moving inside her, and it felt like it had been joined by another one. Or two. Despite her Slayer strength, Buffy's thighs and arms were trembling, and she worried that she'd simply fall down onto Willow. Rather than do that, she drop to the side in a more or less controlled fashion, ending up lying on the bed next to Willow.

The wonderful fingers stayed where they were and kept doing what they did.

She wanted to touch as well as be touched. She wriggled around until she could reach to kiss Willow, kiss her hard and with abandon. She wanted some part of herself inside Willow while a part of Willow was inside her, and her tongue in Willow's mouth seemed to fit the bill.

Somewhat.

Breaking away from Willow's mouth and moving out of reach of her hand, Buffy began kissing her way down Willow. Slender, pale throat. Shoulder. Beautiful little breasts, with beautiful little nipples. Surprisingly muscular abdomen, with pretty little belly button. Pale red and curly hair. Glistening wet lower lips that parted easily under a probing tongue.

She caressed Willow's inner thighs with her hands and eagerly licked her vulva. Loud gasps and entreatments never to stop came from the redhead, and Buffy could feel her entire body twitch every time she sucked on the clitoris.

She lifted her head for a moment. Willow's hips tried to follow her up.

"Do you want to do me?" she asked.

"Yes," Willow said, without even a split second's hesitation.

Not hesitating either, Buffy moved back on top of Willow, but this time with her own head between Willow's legs and her legs cradling Willow's head. She hadn't even got herself properly into position when she felt Willow's mouth on her sex.

It felt *wonderful*.

She got back to work on Willow's pussy, except this time she added a finger going in and out of her to the oral stimulation. From a slight vibration against her own sex, she guessed the addition was well received.

Buffy tried to pace herself. Just the knowledge of what she was doing was making her giddy, and she wanted it to go on for as long as possible. She tried to concentrate on what her mouth was doing and ignore what was happening between her legs. It helped that she'd already been quite thoroughly satisfied twice already in the past few hours, and she succeeded quite well in keeping her excitement in check.

Not so Willow.

It wasn't very long before Buffy felt Willow's body arch under her, and the licking and sucking and finger-fucking she was getting got frantic and erratic. She smiled to herself and kept going as before. When Willow's orgasm seemed to be abating, she increased her efforts until her friend was bucking and screaming again.

She had no idea how long she managed to keep it up before her own pleasure suddenly and without warning exploded. Faintly, she heard herself scream like a banshee.

They lay holding each other as the sun came up. The night air that stole in through the window was a little chillier than either of them really wanted, but none of them wanted to move away from the other long enough to get a blanket over them.

"Hey," Buffy whispered. "Are you all right?"

"I never felt like this with Oz," Willow said.

Her head was resting on Buffy's shoulder.

"I didn't know you'd even slept with Oz," Buffy said.

"Oh, I haven't," Willow quickly said. "I meant the I have to touch her or I'll explode feeling I had when we got here. With Oz, it's always been more of it might be nice than this... need."

"Cordelia and Faith was kinda fun and felt good," Buffy said. "You gave me butterflies, like Angel used to."

Willow frowned. As well as distractedly stroked Buffy's thigh.

"So are we gay?" she asked.

"Do you want to sleep with me again?" Buffy said.

Willow nodded.

"Bigtime," she said.

"Then I guess we are gay," Buffy said.

Willow thought about it.

"Cool," she said.

She moved up a little and kissed Buffy's chin.

"My lesbian lover," she said. "My girlfriend."

"Hey," Buffy said, smiling like the sun. "We haven't even had that first date yet."

"Hm," Willow said. "My girlfriend-to-be, then."

Buffy slowly stroked her hair. She was about to say something more, when she realized that Willow's breathing had changed to the soft regularity of someone sleeping soundly.

Careful not to wake her friend -- her *girlfriend* -- Buffy extracted herself from their embrace. She got a blanket and draped it over Willow, so she wouldn't wake from the still chilly morning air.

Finally, she put her clothes on, grabbed the sword and climbed out the window.

Epilogue

The de la Cruz crypt was, as crypts in Buffy's experience tended to be, worn-down and very dirty. She'd slain a nest of vampires there about a year earlier and their meager belongings still littered the corners of the place.

Just as common as the dirt was the dour chanting in a weird language and the smell of blood and sulfur.

Would it kill them to use something else some time? Some serious Thrash Metal should be demonic enough, you'd think. And there must be something other than sulfur to use for incense.

She stalked through the crypt towards the source of the sounds. As she got closer, the sword started glowing.

Quite a lot.

When she judged that she had only a couple of more corners to turn, its glow was strong enough to cast shadows. She sighed. So much for stealth.

"Slayer," a gravelly voice said from up ahead.

"For example," Buffy said. "They'd be a nice change from all this chanting."

A demon stepped out of the shadows. It wasn't very tall, but easily three times as wide as Buffy and probably ten times as heavy.

"What?" it said.

"Oh, never mind," she said.

She aimed a cut at its neck. It tried to parry. The sword went through the arm, shoulder and neck as if they'd been so much mist. The demon collapsed into a heap and immediately started decomposing into vile-smelling goo.

"Ooh, neat!" Buffy said, looking at the sword.

"Ooh, gross," she groaned, looking at the goo that had just reached her shoes.

She stepped around the puddle as well as she could and walked into the central burial chamber.

In it, six demons were doing some kind of dance around a central fire. As they moved, they were throwing handfuls of blood onto the fire.

"Hey!" Buffy shouted.

The demons stopped. As one, they turned to look at her.

"I don't usually ask nicely," she said. "But I'm in a very good mood today. Stop what you're doing, leave, and I'll let you live."

"Hero," one of the demons growled.

"It has the Sword of Ch'grak," another said.

"It has woken the sword," a third one added.

"Right," Buffy said. "And it just cut down your buddy out there to one-size-fits-all, so you don't want to mess with it."

One of the demons tilted its head a little. It was a bit bigger than the others, and its skin a slightly different shade of blue.

"You have the Sword, and it is woken," it said. "We cannot fight it. Our cause is lost, for this time. But if you think it will bring you happiness, Hero, then you are wrong."

Two of the dancing demons made strange movements with the third and fourth hands, and faded out of visibility. Buffy cut towards where they'd been, just to make sure they hadn't gone invisible.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," she said. "Whatever."

"There is a curse," the demon said. "One of the women you raped to wake the sword, she would have been your soulmate. Your perfect other half. There would have been happiness. But now her love is twisted. Is dark. Now there will be aught but pain."

She'd learned long ago not to listen to what the demons said about her while she killed them. That sort of activity didn't really incline them towards truth and helpfulness. She jumped over the fire, cut the heads off two of the dancers while she was in the air and landed with the sword extended through the talkative demon's ribcage.

She certainly hadn't *raped* anybody. They'd all been volunteers. At least as much as Buffy herself had been.

The fire had a strange color. It was too... purple. Or something. She couldn't really put a name to it. It almost hurt her eyes to look at, which was a pretty sure sign that it was no good. She stuck the sword into the center of the fire.

Noise. Fire. A shock like a kick to the stomach, then her back hit the crypt wall.

"Ouch," she said to nobody in particular. If that hadn't ended the ceremony, she didn't want to know what it would take.

She looked around. There were no demons left. The fire had almost gone out, and what was left was properly fire-colored. The sword didn't glow any longer.

All right then.

That had to mean that the threat was eliminated. She hefted the sword onto her shoulder and headed out of the crypt. She'd go over to the library and report to Giles. Then she had an English class, and after that...

After that she had a date with Willow.

She started whistling. Life certainly was good.

Faith sat in a tree in the yard outside Sunnydale High School, looking in. In through a window, into a classroom. The red-headed little bitch was in there. Faith could see her, showing the Xander clown something in her textbook. The red-headed little bitch who Buffy had chosen over her. The weak, mousy little nothing that a Slayer had preferred over another Slayer.

It was unacceptable. Someone would have to pay.

The bell rang. The students left their classrooms like a herd of stampeding elephants. She jumped down from the tree and sauntered over towards the school entrance. Once there, she hung around in the shadows until Willow and Xander came walking down the stairs. She watched as they hugged their goodbyes, and Willow set off towards her home. Discreetly, Faith followed. She played idly with the switchblade in her pocket.

Oh yes, there would be payment in blood.

And then Buffy would be hers, and hers alone.