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The Demon, The Witch and the Web Site, part 1

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I have no idea where this idea came from, but it's insisting very hard on being written. So, I'm giving it a shot.

Note that this piece has spawned two sequels, *Second Site* and *Three's a Crowd*.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Anya/Willow

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: R

Bored out of her skull and more than a little bit horny, Willow turned to her laptop and net connection for entertainment. Not some kind of wholesome or creative entertainment, no, she wanted good old sleazy porn. For free, preferably. So she updated her adblockers, popup filters, virus scanners and spyware detectors and ventured into the seedy underbelly of the World Wide Web. An underbelly that was likely far larger than the overbelly, but anyway. The bad part. The smut part. Full of optimism and looking forward to an afternoon of escapism, she entered "lesbian porn" into her favourite search engine and set out on her journey through the lands of smut.

Two hours later she gave up in disgust.

Everything she'd found that claimed to be lesbian pornography was very obviously aimed at men, and not very well at that. It was usually two unenthusiastic women pretending to touch each other or sucking on plastic rods, while unflinchingly staring into the camera as if their lives depended on it. Seeing it made her depressed rather than turned on. Which, for porn, was a pretty bad failure.

Fed up with the "lesbian" porn, she went for just plain images of naked women. Which was better, but still not very good. Far too many of them looked like they were desperate for money, because of drug addictions or living in really dismal parts of the world. She felt herself heading for turned on *and* depressed, a combination that didn't seem that appealing. So, in a last attempt at finding something worth watching, she turned to webcam girls.

On one level, it was better. Most of them seemed to be showing themselves off on the net mostly because they wanted to. A computer, a net connection, a \$30 webcam and presto, instant pornsite. Anyone could do it.

The drawback was that anyone did do it. Many, if not most, of them were the sort of people who on no account should be seen naked in public. Consciously, she was of the opinion that all variants of the female form were beautiful and should be celebrated, fat and thin and tall and short and everything in between. Unfortunately, her libido was not quite as enlightened. The sight of grossly obese or skeletally thin girls turned her right off. The ads for the sites weren't any better, the same tired phrases full of superlatives repeated themselves over and over and over again, and never once did the reality match the claims.

Which was why the ad that simply said "Give me money and I'll take my clothes off" caught her eye. Her hope for quality just about gone, she followed the link to the site's teaser archive and waited for the images to pour down the copper and appear on her screen.

Her first thought was that, hey, this girl is pretty hot. A bit on the thin side, but not sickly so. It took a few seconds for her gaze to travel as far up as the girl's face, at which point she nearly sprayed Coke all over her laptop.

It was Anya.

As soon as she'd realised who she was watching, she closed her browser and left the computer in disgust. Anya! Xander's ex-girlfriend! Nearly Xander's wife, too. An annoying ex-ex-demon who never seemed to manage to quite figure out how human society worked.

An annoying ex-ex-demon with luscious breasts.

With a pretty great body in general, actually.

And, besides, maybe it wasn't really her. Maybe it was someone who just happened to have a face that looked a lot like Anya's. Willow had never seen her naked, so she

couldn't really tell if the body looked right or not.

She returned to the computer and started up her webbrowser again. A few clicks, and she was back at the site. Which, she now noticed, had the address www.anyankacam.com.

So much for the lookalike theory.

There were quite a lot of pictures in the non-member's archive, more than on most sites she'd tried. The pictures were pretty good, too. Well lit, in focus and with a surprising variety of angles and settings for a webcam site. And, the woman in them was looking really good.

It wasn't just the technical quality and Anya's appearance that set the site apart. No, there was a marked difference in attitude as well. There was a frankness and honesty that Willow hadn't seen anywhere else. On all the other sites the girls had been... acting, she supposed. Trying to be what they thought the viewers wanted. Maybe it *was* what men wanted. She wouldn't know.

In Anya's pictures, there was nothing like that. Her ad told the truth and nothing but the truth. People paid her money, and got to see her naked. There were pictures where she posed, and Willow gathered that the poses were done on viewer request. For more money, of course. But the poses had the same air of honesty about them. There was no acting, no pretense. Just a beautiful naked woman. No more, no less.

Reluctantly, Willow realised that looking at the unclad Anya was turning her on. Her mind kept returning to what that smooth skin would feel like under her hands, how that dark hair would run between her fingers, how those lips would touch hers. She brought up one particular picture to cover the entire screen, one where Anya was sitting -- naked, of course -- on the edge of a plain wooden chair, one elbow resting on a knee and her head resting on that arm's hand. Her legs were slightly parted, but not enough to show anything more than a black triangle of hair. She was looking right into the camera, and Willow imagined that she was looking at her. Transfixed by the freeze-framed gaze, Willow unbuttoned her jeans and slid a hand down her panties.

The next day she paid for an AnyankaCam membership, using a credit card that wasn't in her own name. For lack of any better ideas, she chose the username Salix, hoping that Anya wouldn't pay enough attention to look it up. Or just know it. She was more than old enough to know Latin, after all. Willow didn't want Anya to know that she was watching her. It seemed somehow shameful, dirty, even though Anya was doing it quite openly.

More than a little bit eager, she entered the members-only image archives. Which were, she found, on the huge side. The dates showed that she hadn't had it going that long, but she seemed to be doing it almost all day and nearly every day.

She browsed through the archives for some time, seeing Anya in every imaginable state between fully dressed and stark naked. She saw her posing in every position Willow could imagine, both the fairly innocent ones from the teaser archives and the ones bordering on the gynecological.

Eventually she turned to the live feed.

She realised that she'd unconsciously avoided going there. It felt like an invasion of privacy, peeping on a friend. Anya might be quite aware that people were watching her, but she had no idea that one set of eyes ogling her charms belonged to someone she knew in real life.

The slight illicitness of it added to Willow's excitement.

On camera, Anya was showing off some new clothes she'd bought. Nothing very

fancy, a white blouse with pale blue embroideries along the neck and cuffs and a dark blue knee-length skirt. She pirouetted for her viewers, making the skirt fly up to reveal most of her thighs. She stroked the fabric of the blouse with her hands, stretching it over her breasts so her nipples stood out under the cloth.

She smiled, looking happy, and she turned Willow on something incredible. She wanted to touch her, wrap her arms around her waist and kiss her hard. She wondered if she'd have felt at all the same if she'd watched Anya do exactly the same things in real life. Maybe now, after seeing all the nude pictures of her.

Anya slowly unbuttoned her blouse, revealing first a frilly bra and a little later a pair of creamy white breasts. Willow stopped thinking. Instead, she watched and wished that the hand between her legs wasn't her own.

"I wish to see you lie stretched out on your bed, with your arms over your head and your eyes closed," Willow wrote in the request page's input field. "As if I was about to bend down and kiss the valley between your breasts and you were pretending not to notice I was there."

On the screen, she saw Anya read it and smile. "Ok," she wrote. "Enjoy."

Anya was naked in front of her computer. Willow had learned over the past few days that she usually was. If nobody wanted to pay for posing at the moment, she'd do whatever she'd have done if the camera hadn't been there. Cook. Clean. Eat. Read. Watch *Passions*. All while her fans invisibly watched.

She adjusted the camera to point at the bed, lay down on it. She stretched out, her arms laying relaxed above her head. Her eyes closed, and her fine features lost their tension. Almost as if she slept.

Willow imagined she was standing next to the bed. That she looked down on the fake-sleeping girl. In her mind, she admired the gently curved body from up close. In her mind, she bent down and touched her lips to Anya's chest, on the smooth skin over her breastbone exactly between her breasts. Her lips and tongue made their wet way up one breast while her hand covered the other.

On the screen, Anya opened her eyes and got up, abruptly ending Willow's fantasy.

"I hope you liked that," Anya wrote. "Please come back soon and give me more money."

Willow tried not to smile, but failed. Anya's singlemindedness was cute, in an annoying sort of way.

"So, what have you been up to?" Buffy asked.

They were sitting in the Espresso Pump, which was semi-miraculously still there after everything Sunnydale had been through over the past few years.

"Oh, not much," Willow said. "In theory, catching up on a lot of college stuff that got left undone since Ta... since."

"Oh," Buffy said. "Sorry to remind you."

"No, that's all right. I only think about it every now and then. No more than, oh, two or three thousand times a day."

Buffy pointlessly stirred her coffee, which probably consisted of more whipped cream, sugar and syrups than actual coffee and shouldn't really be called coffee at all.

"We just have to go on," Buffy said. "Even when we don't want to."

"I know. It's just... hard."

"Besides," Buffy said, her voice lighter, "you'll soon meet someone new. You're a very pretty and good-looking girl, and before you know it you'll be ogling someone

new."

"Yeah, I..." Willow said before she stopped herself. That she'd been spending a couple of hours a day looking at an unclad Anya probably wasn't the sort of thing that Buffy was comfortable hearing. Sure, they were hours where she was also doing other stuff on the computer, but anyway. "...I've actually talked to a few people," she finished the sentence. "That is, other people than you and Xander."

"Good!" Buffy said. "That's definite goodness."

"So, what's your new job like?" Willow said in an attempt to change the subject.

"Not bad," Buffy said. She nattered on, and Willow tried not to think of Anya stroking her own thighs.

"Hello, Salix," Anya wrote. "You're becoming quite the regular."

Willow snorted to herself. She sure was. It had become a habit for her to get a couple of requests in while she was having lunch. Which she had in front of the computer, of course. Where else?

"I guess I am," she wrote. "I hope you don't mind."

"Not at all," came the reply. "I like guys looking at me. It makes me feel attractive."

Willow considered her reply while she swallowed another mouthful of instant ramen. Lie? No, there really was no reason. She was entirely out, and she was not the slightest ashamed of what she was. Also, hiding or lying about it now would feel like dishonoring Tara's memory, and that was so far out of the question it was orbiting Alpha Centauri.

"I'm not a guy," she wrote.

"Oh," came the reply.

"Does that bother you?"

She watched the video feed window intently. In it, Anya seemed to be pondering things for a few moments before she started typing.

"No," she wrote. "I'm getting fed up with men anyway. Maybe I should try women."

Willow nearly choked on her ramen.

"If it feels like a good idea, why not?" she wrote after she'd got her breath back.

"Would you help me?"

Again with the choking.

"What kind of help were you thinking of?"

"Where to go. What to do. How to dress. How to act."

Oh. That sort of help. For a few moments, Willow had imagined something much more... involved.

"I don't know anything about the whole lesbian thing," Anya continued. "I knew a couple of lesbian girls, but they didn't do the picking up thing. They just stayed with each other until one of them got killed and the other went insane."

Memories so sharp that the pain made her vision black out.

She closed her eyes and drew a couple of deep breaths. Anya didn't know who she was talking to. She didn't mean to remind her. And as descriptions go, it wasn't *wrong*. Just... blunt.

"I don't really know," she typed. "I only ever had one girlfriend, and we met at school. Try to dress so you think you look sexy, I guess. Try to see which girls seem to be checking out your breasts rather too much."

"That makes sense. I will try that."

"Xander and I went to the Bronze last night," Buffy said, violently spearing a brussel sprout on her fork.

"Oh?" Willow said. "Anything interesting happen?"

It was late afternoon, or possibly early evening, and Willow and Buffy were having a light dinner before Buffy went on patrol. Dawn was off somewhere with a friend, in theory to study. If Willow knew her, she was probably sneaking off somewhere to have fun, like any healthy teenager.

"Anya was there," Buffy said after she'd swallowed the sprout.

By a hair's breadth, Willow avoided spraying milk over the table.

"I guess she needs some fun too," she said, trying her best to sound innocent.

"It sure looked like she tried to get some," Buffy said. "You should've seen her. She was wearing this white slinky dress with no back at all and slit almost up to her hip. Quite the slut-bomb, really."

"Well, she'll need some new guy to have sex with now that she hasn't got Xander, won't she?"

She was blushing, she was sure. It felt like she was blushing. Any moment now Buffy would ask what was the matter with her, and she wouldn't know what to say. She tried to hide by hurriedly shoveling more potatoes and gravy into her mouth.

"Yeah, but that was the strange thing. She kept buying drinks for all these *girls*."

"Really?" Willow did her best to look mischeivous. "So she's joining the sensible side. Maybe I should make a pass at her."

"*Willow!*" Buffy exclaimed, her expression equal parts amusement and horror. "Just imagine what Xander'd say."

She imagined. It wasn't pretty.

"Just kidding," she lied.

Buffy got up from the table. "You'd better be," she said as she rinsed off her plate and put in the sink. "I think we've had more than enough of the soap opera thing already."

"So I can't hit on you either?"

"No, and don't even ask about Dawn."

"You don't let me have *any* fun!"

"Nope! None whatsoever." Buffy grabbed her weapons bag from the floor next to the back door. "Barring major evil, I'll be back in a few hours to make sure your life is one of neverending dullness," she said.

"Take care," Willow said.

As soon as Buffy had vanished safely from sight she let herself fall forward, putting her forehead to the tabletop and groaning loudly. Why couldn't it ever be easy?

"I followed your advice last night," Anya wrote. "Were all the girls who looked down my cleavage really lesbians? Because if they were there sure are a lot more lesbians than I thought."

They'd been chatting for several hours when the question came. They'd been talking about nothing and everything, and time had flown without Willow really noticing. When she did, she guiltily wondered what she was doing to Anya's profit margin. But she didn't say anything. If it didn't bother Anya, it shouldn't bother her.

"Most of them were almost certainly just girls checking out the competition," she replied. "The ones who *kept* looking down your cleavage, they're the ones who might be into chicks."

"I will keep a closer look next time," the reply came.

Willow was half-lying on her bed, her shoulders resting against the wall but most of her back on the bed. She had her laptop in her lap, appropriately enough, and she was watching and chatting with Anya.

"So there'll be a next time?"

"Oh yes. I had lots of fun. I danced with girls and imagined that they were you."

Willow's eyebrows rose.

"What?"

"I have no idea what you look like or where you live. I might meet you and not know. I might even ask you to dance without knowing you were you, if you happened live here in Sunnydale."

Sudden dilemma. Tell or not tell?

Telling was risky. Telling might lead to guessing which might lead to complications. Dating your ex-almost-boyfriend's ex-almost-wife definitely counted as major soap opera.

On the other hand... She looked at the little window on her computer screen with a very naked Anya in it. If she had a chance at that, and at a person she was actually seriously liking, should she really just drop it because Xander and Buffy wouldn't like it? What about what Willow wanted? Granted, she'd made some really bad choices in the past, but dating Anya -- *possibly* dating Anya, she mentally corrected herself -- wasn't nearly in the same league as destroying the world. She hoped.

"I do live in Sunnydale," she wrote. "I go to college here. UC Sunnydale."

"So did I dance with you last night?"

"No. I'm pretty sure I would've remembered that."

"Do you go out a lot? And where do you go when you do?"

"Not that much these days, but when I do it's usually to the Bronze."

Anya smiled at the camera, a smile that made Willow go all tingly.

"Let's play a little game," Anya wrote. "We both go to the Bronze tonight. You don't let me know who you are, and we'll see if I can figure it out."

Willow smiled. "You like mysteries, do you?" she wrote.

"Sometimes."

"I'll be there."

The music was loud enough to wake the dead and the air thick enough that Willow almost wished that she was one of them so she wouldn't have to breathe it. At the moment, the music was some anonymous top-40 song that'd be forgotten in a month, but large posters promised a live appearance of an up and coming band later in the night. Which was probably the explanation of the crowd, and which made Willow think of poor old Oz. She wondered what he would've said if he'd seen her now. Probably "huh". Possibly with a raised eyebrow.

She made her way over the dance floor to the bar. She ordered sparkling water. With it in hand, she leaned on the bar facing the dance floor and the entrance. She didn't want to miss Anya, if and when she made it to the night club. Nor did she want to miss it if Buffy or Xander made it here, although in that case she had every intention to go away as fast and invisibly as possible. Well, as fast and as invisibly as she could without resorting to magic. She didn't want to explain her rather risqué clothing, nor why she'd lied to them about her plans for the night.

In spite of her vigilance, she missed Anya's entrance. She turned away to get another bottle of water, and when she turned back towards the dance floor Anya was on it,

dancing with a young brunette.

She was beautiful.

Willow's gaze just locked on her. She was dressed in an off-white tube dress and white pumps. It was quite obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra, and if someone had asked Willow would've been willing to bet that she wasn't wearing panties either. Anya rarely did. Or, at least she rarely did when stripping for her webcam. Which might or might not have something to do with how she dressed -- or not -- when cruising for babes.

After that song, Anya asked another girl to dance. Then another, and another. Willow kept watching. Knowing that Anya was looking for her, looking without knowing that it was for *her*, was exhilarating. It was turning her on. She wanted to walk up to Anya, put her arms around her from behind, tell her who she was and say that she knew a dark corner where they could do whatever they wanted without being seen.

But she didn't. She stayed where she was, and watched. Until Anya decided to get something to drink and approached the bar. She stood not an arm's length from Willow, trying to catch the bartender's attention.

"Hi," Willow said.

Anya almost jumped out of her skimpy dress from the surprise.

"Willow," she said. "Hi. Why are you here?"

"Oh, mostly just looking," she said. "You?"

Anya hesitated. "Oh, nothing," she said. "Nothing at all."

Willow suppressed a laugh. "Cool," she said. "Want to dance? You seem to have danced with just about every other girl in here already."

She looked thoughtful for a moment. "Why not?" she said. "She doesn't seem to be here anyway."

"She who?"

"Oh, no one."

She was tempted to push for an answer. To see how much Anya would say. To admit that it was her that she was looking for.

But she didn't. A slow song started, so she put her arms around Anya's waist and pulled her onto the dance floor. She held on tight but not hard, she moved slowly but rhythmically, following the music. She rested her head on Anya's shoulder, like she used to do on Tara's. Anya was slimmer than Tara had been, her body harder and less well padded. But it was still soft and curvy, warm and delicious. She wanted to run her hands all over it, tear away the thin layer of cloth and feast on the lusciousness it was hiding.

But she didn't.

She behaved herself. Didn't let herself feel Anya up more than normally allowed by a slow dance. Didn't lick the smooth, lovely skin on her neck. Didn't do a lot of things.

"I didn't know you liked dancing with girls," she whispered.

"I used to think I'd never want to marry a man," Anya replied.

Somehow there didn't seem to be anything to say to that.

"Where you there yesterday?" Anya wrote as soon as Willow logged into the AnyankaCam site.

"Yes," she answered.

"Did you see me?"

"Yes."

"Did we dance?"

"Yes."

In the live camera window, she could see Anya swearing.

"I thought you liked mysteries," Willow wrote.

"Only when I can figure them out. I was sure I would be able to tell who you were!"

Willow wanted to tell her. Tell her that the reason she hadn't spotted her was that she hadn't been looking at the one girl she already knew. Not really.

"Maybe you'll get another chance some time," she wrote.

"I don't want it another time!" Anya replied. "I want it *now*! I want to see *you* now!"

She didn't know what to say. Or what to think.

"I talk to you every day," Anya went on. "When I don't, I think about what I'll say next time I do. When I show myself to the camera, I always imagine that you're watching. When I know that you are, I imagine that you're touching me. I dream about you at night. And I don't even charge you money for watching me any more."

Willow got up from her chair and walked over to the window. She leaned her forehead against it, willing the cold glass to cool down her overheating brain. This was insanity. Not only was she falling for Anya of all people, Anya was falling for *her*. Without even knowing who she was.

She returned to the computer.

"This can't be," she wrote. "We can't meet. We can't go on. There are reasons."

For a long while, Anya sat staring at her monitor. Every second felt like a drop of steaming acid onto Willow's heart.

"What reasons?" Anya wrote. "How can there be reasons? You were there dancing, so you can go out. All the girls I danced with were pretty, so you're not horribly deformed or anything. And you wouldn't spend hours every day talking to me if you didn't like me. I don't care about your reasons, we can take care of reasons. I want to see you. Now."

"I'm sorry," Willow wrote. "We just can't."

"At least tell me why!"

"Sorry. That's part of the reason."

Anya sat still. It looked like read the last sentence over and over again. After a while, she reached out to her camera, and Willow's live video window went black.

Buffy dropped into the couch next to Willow and handed her an opened bottle of Coke.

"You're silent tonight," she said. "Something the matter?"

Willow snapped back from deep, deep thought. A movie was playing on the TV in front of her, but she couldn't have said what was happening in it if her life had depended on it.

"No," she said. "Nothing's the matter. Just feeling a bit off, that's all."

It had been two days, and Anya hadn't turned her camera on or been available for chats even once. Two days, without a word, without a sight. Without profit for Anya.

"You don't look a bit off," Buffy said. "You look way off. Miles off. Off the side of the continent."

"No, I'm fine."

"Right. What's the name of the hero in the movie you're watching?"

"Um... Thomas?"

"Bond," Buffy said. "James Bond. It's *Goldfinger*. And you didn't explode at the bit where Bond 'cures' the lesbian girl, so something's definitely not right here. Talk to me, Willow."

Willow sighed. "There's this girl," she began.

"Girl? There's a girl? As in a girlfriend girl?"

"She might be. Only there are problems."

"She's already got someone?"

"No, she's quite single," Willow said. "She got very dumped by her ex."

"So what's the problem? Is she ill? Is she *evil*?"

"She's not ill, and I've not noticed any major evilness. It's just... complicated."

Buffy put a hand on Willow's arm. "Wills," she said. "If there are problems, we can overcome them. No matter what it is, we'll find a way. It's what we do."

"But..." Willow began.

"No buts," Buffy interrupted. "Unless it's this girl's butt. Which will be yours, since I have no interest in... that. Go for it, Willow. I can't stand seeing you mope around like this. I want my happy Willow."

"All right," Willow said. "I'll give it a shot."

Two more days, and Anya still hadn't logged on. Willow tried sending her email, but got no replies. She thought about phoning her, but couldn't quite work up the courage. She walked past Anya's apartment again and again and again, and while she could see lights come on and go off inside and once saw Anya walk past a window, she never managed to accidentally run into her.

Unable to think of anything else to do, she finally wrote her a plain old paper-based letter.

"I'm sorry," she wrote. "I shouldn't have turned you down like that. I apologise. I want to meet you. I can't think of anything but you."

"Tomorrow," she went on, "I will pack a basket with bread and cheese and wine. I will take it and go to the grove north of the UCS campus, near the little lake there. I will spread a blanket in the grass, and I will unpack my bread and cheese and wine. And then I will wait for you to share it with me. I will be there at noon. When the sun sets, I will go home."

She signed it "Your Salix", and kissed the paper next to her signature, leaving a lipstick impression there. She bought a single red rose, and she sat outside the house where Anya lived until she saw her leave. She went in and taped the letter and the rose to Anya's front door, where it could not possibly be missed.

And then she went home to wait.

It was sunny and warm and mostly silent. Willow could hear the wind through the grass, the birds singing, cars in the distance and the various strange sounds of insects. She'd been sitting there for hours, too nervous even to be able to read, when finally she heard steps approach.

She closed her eyes. She didn't dare look. What if she was angry? What if she'd just come here to end it once and for all?

The steps stopped at the edge of the blanket.

"Salix," she heard Anya's voice say. "Latin for willow tree. I really should've guessed, shouldn't I?"

Willow looked up. Anya was standing there, dressed in a white blouse, pale yellow jacket and matching skirt. There was a peculiar expression on her face.

"I thought you would," Willow said.

Anya sat down on the blanket next to Willow, legs crossed. She, like Willow, looked out over the lake.

"I'm sorry I disappointed you," Willow said when the silence dragged on longer than she could stand.

"You did?" Anya sounded surprised.

"Well, yeah, you come here thinking it's someone interesting and nice and when you get here it's just me."

"What's wrong with just you?"

"What do you mean what's wrong? It's *me*. Willow. You've known me for years."

"So I don't have to figure out how to explain the whole vengeance demon thing. You already know about that. And it was you on the net, wasn't it?"

"Yes?"

"So you do find me attractive and you want to have sex with me."

Willow blushed. "I wouldn't put it quite that bluntly..."

Anya reached into the food basket, tore off a bit of bread and ate it.

"Xander never put it that way either. But it was true then and it's true now, so I can't see why I shouldn't say it."

Willow looked at her. "Do *you* want to have sex with *me*?"

Anya shrugged. "Yes."

"I've missed you," Willow said. "These past few days, I mean, when I couldn't talk to you. I kept thinking about all these things I wanted to tell you, but you weren't there."

"I missed you too," Anya said. "But you said that you didn't want to meet me, and I couldn't stand that."

She was silent for a moment. "Love sucks when it's not returned," she said.

Willow couldn't help laughing a little. "It sure does," she said. "What do we say to the others? And how much is Xander going to explode?"

"The truth. And a lot. I wish I could see his face when he first sees us kiss."

Willow moved up close to Anya and rested her head on her shoulder.

"We could plan it and lend Dawn a camera," she suggested. "If I know her right, she'd love to take pictures of his expression."

Slowly, casually, trying to pretend it was the most natural thing in the world, Willow let her hand drift over to Anya's blouse and start undoing the buttons.

"Sounds fun," Anya said. "Let's do that. Later."

She close her eyes and pushed her chest forward, inviting Willow to touch her. Willow took her hand out from inside Anya's blouse and pushed her down onto her back. Barely giving her enough time to untangle her legs, she straddled her hips, facing her.

"Much later," Willow agreed.

She bent forward and hungrily kissed her demon lover.