

Everyone Does

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"Kate should hit on Cordelia," I said.

"Everyone should hit on Cordelia," my friend Peter replied.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Angel the Series

Featured pairings: Cordelia/Faith, Cordelia/Fred, Cordelia/Kate, Cordelia/Lilah, Cordelia/Tara/Willow, Cordelia/Dennis

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC17

Cordelia woke to the sound of someone ringing her doorbell as if their life depended on it. Since it wasn't entirely out of the question the someone's life *did* depend on it, she dragged her naked self out of bed, wrapped a blanket around her and went to answer it.

"Hey, C," Faith said. "Long time, no see."

Cordelia blinked repeatedly, trying to make what she saw make sense. It didn't help. No matter how much she tried, Faith remained standing outside her door. She was dressed as sluttily as ever, she had a largish bag slung over her shoulder and she held a small package wrapped in gaily colored paper.

"When did they let *you* out?" Cordelia said.

"Just this morning," Faith replied with a shrug. "Can I come in or not? This is for you." She offered the package.

Still confused, Cordelia stepped aside and let Faith in, taking the package in her one free hand as she did so.

"What's this?" she asked.

"An apology," Faith said. "You know, for breaking into your apartment and hitting you in the face."

Cordelia's eyebrows rose. "Well," she said. "I guess."

She looked more carefully at the Slayer. She did actually look somewhat contrite.

"I need coffee," Cordelia said. "Want some?"

"Hell yes," Faith said. "You wouldn't believe the swill they call coffee in prison."

"Right," Cordelia said and ambled towards the kitchen and the coffee maker. Once she got there, she realized that in order to use it she'd have to let go of her blanket.

"Dennis? Please?" she whispered.

The pot started moving by itself towards the tap.

She smiled. "Thanks," she said.

"Hey, cool," Faith said. "That's what I call service."

She came closer, and ended up almost pushing Cordelia into the bench with the coffee machine on it.

"Want me to help you open your present?" Faith said. "Seeing as you don't seem to want to let go of that blanket."

"Mmm, ok," Cordelia said, suddenly feeling rather hot and bothered by Faith's curvy presence.

"Cool." Faith took the package and ripped the paper off with a few quick movements, revealing a glass jar filled with something brown and with a narrow paintbrush rubber-banded onto it.

"What's that?" Cordelia asked.

Faith removed the brush and opened the lid. A smell of chocolate came from the jar.

"It's chocolate body paint," Faith said. She put the jar on the bench next to Cordelia and dipped the brush in it. With a move much too fast for Cordelia to block, she ripped the blanket down, revealing Cordelia's ample bosom. She put the brush to an exposed and rapidly stiffening nipple, covering it with a viscous brown liquid.

"I thought I'd make this a *very* thorough apology," Faith said. She picked Cordelia up and sat her down on the bench. The blanket fell to the floor, exposing all of the tanned young woman.

"If you don't mind," Faith added and started licking the first of the chocolate off.

Cordelia groaned, closed her eyes and leaned back to enjoy the apology.

Much later, Cordelia left Faith sleeping in her bed, pulled on a simple black dress over a lot of nothing and headed for work. It didn't bother her that she was late. Wesley didn't have the guts to complain anyway. She took her time, driving slowly through the sunshine to the old hotel. As she walked in the door, she almost ran into Gunn on his way out.

"Hey, watch it!" she snapped.

"Cool down, sis," he said. "It was you who came barging in here like your ass was on fire."

"My ass may be hot, but it's not *that* hot," she said and continued towards her desk.

"Hey, Cordy!"

She stopped and looked back over her shoulder. "Yes?" she demanded.

Gunn suddenly looked nervous. "You know," he said. "There's this party tonight some old mates of mine are throwing. I thought, maybe you and your hot ass would like to go. With me."

"Let me think," she said. She pretended to think for a split second. "No," she said. "I have better things to do than go slumming. And so has my ass."

He slunk away without further comment, and she managed to walk the rest of the way to her desk without further interruption. She sank down into her chair. A look at the answering machine showed no calls, from clients or otherwise, and another look at the mailbox showed pretty much the same. With a bored sigh, she picked up an already twice-read copy of Cosmo and started leafing through it for a third time. Or if it was the fourth. Whatever.

"Er, hello?"

Cordelia looked up from her magazine into a pair of blue eyes. The eyes resided in a pretty face bordered on three sides by blonde hair.

"Hi, Kate," Cordelia said. "What can we do for you?"

The ex-police looked around nervously. "I thought I'd find Angel here," she said.

"He's not up yet. I'm sure he'll appear at the crack of dusk."

"Oh," Kate said, looking even more nervous. "So you're all alone here?"

"Yes," Cordelia said. "Apparently I'm the only one who remembers that we have a business to run."

"Um," Kate said, and fell silent. "Er," she tried again.

"What?" Cordelia said. "If you want to say something, talk. Otherwise, don't. Sheesh, you sound like Fred."

"Doyouwanttogooutwithme?" Kate said.

"Excuse me?"

"Never mind," Kate mumbled. She turned and started to walk away. "Tell Angel I came by," she said.

Cordelia got up and hurried after her.

"Stop right there!" she ordered. "You don't just say that to me and walk away, cop lady!"

Kate stopped, and Cordelia grabbed her shoulder and spun her around.

"Now repeat what you said, only slower and more clearly."

"Do you want to go out with me?" Kate said. Her hands shook visibly. "I can't take you anywhere really expensive or anything, but, well, I thought I could at least ask."

Cordelia looked sharply at her, one eyebrow raised. "Not anywhere expensive, eh?" Without warning, she put her hand behind Kate's head and covered the blonde's mouth with her own. After a moment of panic, Kate melted into the embrace, put her arms around Cordelia and eagerly kissed her back.

She kept it up until she felt one of Kate's hands start inching its way up under her dress. She broke the kiss and looked sternly at the shorter woman, who quickly removed her hand and blushed.

After a few moments Cordelia couldn't keep the pretense up any longer. She broke out in a warm smile. "For a kiss like that I'll live with not expensive," she said. "Friday all right with you?"

Kate also smiled, although hers had a more relieved quality to it.

"Friday will be fine. You're such a bitch, do you know that?"

"Just checking that I haven't lost my touch," Cordelia said. "You can pick me up at my apartment at eight."

"Great! I'll see you then," Kate said and turned to leave. As she opened the door Cordelia called her name.

"Kate."

She looked back over her shoulder.

"Come Friday, you'd better be ready to use that nimble tongue of yours."

She got back behind her desk, feeling quite hot and bothered after her short make-out session with Kate. She considered retreating to the ladies room to take care of it, but decided not to. It could wait.

She was just about to pick up the multiply-read copy of Cosmo again when Wesley came through the door.

"Good morning!" she said, pointedly looking at her clock.

"All right, all right! I know I'm late," Wesley said. "Do I have to be punished for it?"

"I don't know," Cordelia said. "Do you?"

Wesley hesitated. "Yes, I think I do," he said. "I need to be punished."

She just looked at him.

"By you. At my place. Tonight."

She kept looking, not quite grasping what she just heard.

"I have the restraints," he went on. "And the whips. And some thigh-high black leather boots with stiletto heels and a wonderful black corset..."

"Ew!"

Cordelia jumped to her feet and backed away, making her chair fall over.

"Keep your revolting English kinks to yourself!" she spat. "I don't even want to hear about it! *Double ew!*"

She vigorously shook her head.

"I'm going for lunch. If I can forget enough of that to get my appetite back."

She grabbed her purse and stormed off towards the exit.

"I'll have you know I look quite smashing in those boots and that corset!" she heard him shout as she went out the door.

Half an hour later, she sat in a restaurant that was really more expensive than she could afford, picking through a salad. It was good, but she'd lost her appetite after she'd ate about half of it. Still, she didn't feel like returning to the hotel. It wasn't a good day for working.

"Excuse me, ma'am?"

She looked up and saw the head waiter bowing slightly at her.

"Yes?" she said.

"There is a lady here who would like to join you at your table. She offers to pay for your lunch, if she may."

Cordelia looked around, but didn't see any obvious candidates.

"Yeah, I guess," she said. A free lunch was always a free lunch.

"Great," a voice she knew said, and Lilah Morgan sat down across the table from her. "How are you these days, darling? You look great. One can hardly believe you have those head-splitting visions at all."

"Well, if it isn't my favourite lawyer from Hell," Cordelia said. "Tell me, is it freezing over yet?"

"I wouldn't know, I'm at the LA office. Is that salad as good as it looks?"

"Pretty much," Cordelia said. "I'm not sure if it's worth the price, though."

"Let's call this a business meeting, shall we, and I'll let Wolfram & Hart pay?"

"Works for me."

Lilah ordered a salad and a bottle of wine.

"So, what sort of business shall we discuss?" Cordelia asked when the waiter had left again. "Evil isn't really my style."

"I thought I'd have a shot at recruiting you. I'm sure evil could become your style."

Cordelia ate some more of her salad, and poured herself some of Lilah's wine. Without asking first.

"And how were you planning to recruit me?" she asked. "I pretty much know what you are and what you do, and I can't say I like it."

Lilah smiled at her. "There are some things I do that you don't know about. And I was planning to seduce you."

A warm and dry foot touched Cordelia's calf, and proceeded slowly upwards. Slightly panicked, she quickly checked the table and the surroundings, to see if anyone could see what went on below the table. The tablecloth was long enough, and there were enough large plants and decorations around the table that it should be safe. She parted her legs a little. The foot continued upwards, and Cordelia found herself wondering if Lilah's leg was long enough.

She slid forward a bit on her chair, to be on the safe side.

"Do you really think that'd make me work for you?" she asked.

Lilah smiled, and scooted slightly forward in her seat like Cordelia had just done.

"No," she said. "But I think it would be fun."

Cordelia felt the foot caress the inside of her thigh and head unhesitatingly for her sex. She parted her legs further, inviting it. Lilah gently pressed the top of her foot against the moist folds, slowly moving it back and forth. Her eyes watched Cordelia's face intently, trying to judge if she was getting her intended effect.

Which she was.

"I like it so far," Cordelia said, a little breathless. Pretty soon she closed her eyes and seemed to concentrate on the sensations inside her. Lilah sipped on her wine, never taking her eyes from her surreptitious lover. She moved her leg faster, pushed harder. She saw Cordelia's cheeks flush, and the flush spread out and down her neck and chest. Cordelia bit her lip, trying to not cry out.

When Lilah was certain Cordelia was just about to climax, she removed her foot, slipped it back into its shoe and sat up straight.

Cordelia looked at her with about equal parts confusion and outrage.

"It's been fun," Lilah said. "But I really have to go. Meetings. I'm sure you know how it is. We'll have to do this again some time."

She smiled and left.

As she walked into the Hyperion Hotel again, Cordelia slammed the door as hard as she could. Not only had Lilah left her frustrated, she'd also left her with the bill.

She couldn't believe she'd let herself be fooled that easily.

Making a fair impression of an oncoming storm, she headed for her desk again, wishing that someone would show up for her to yell at.

"Hello, princess!"

The voice came from the far part of the round sofa, where someone sitting couldn't be seen from the entrance.

"Lorne," she said, giving the green-skinned demon her most shark-like smile. "What tears you away from Caritas?"

All of a sudden, he looked a lot more nervous.

"Well, you see," he began.

"It's like this," he continued.

"If I put it this way," he tried.

"There's this religious ritual my people has," he finally managed to get out. "And I haven't done it in quite a while now, what with there not being anyone but me from home in this universe and all that. But, now that you're our princess and all, I thought maybe you could help me do it."

He smiled hopefully at her. She raised an eyebrow at him.

"Would this ritual require me to wear very little in the way of clothing?" she asked.

The Host squirmed. "Well, it's traditional," he lied.

"Go away," Cordelia said. She didn't even check if he did, she just got behind her desk and rested her forehead on the increasingly well-read Cosmo copy.

"Cordelia? Are you all right?"

The soft voice wafted down to her from above and behind. She lifted her head from the desk and leaned back in her chair.

"Just a bit frustrated," she said.

Steps came from behind and stopped just behind her.

"Frustrated how?" Fred said. "Like, did you fail to do something you wanted to do? Or, or did a client call and after you talked to them they didn't want to hire us?"

Cordelia smiled a little.

"No, Fred, not that kind of frustrated. Not that kind at all."

Two slim hands landed on her shoulders and started to gently massage her neck.

"Then maybe it's, like, a kind of frustrated I could help you with," Fred said. "You're very pretty."

Her hands nudged down the front of Cordelia's shoulders, just barely going far enough down that it might count as the uppermost parts of her breasts.

"Are you sure you know what you're talking about?" Cordelia asked, her throat suddenly dry. Fred's feather-light touches made all the frustration from her encounters with Kate and Lilah return. And bring its friends and relatives.

Fred's breath touched the side of her face, and she felt the tip of a tongue against her ear lobe for a moment. Cordelia's nipples stiffened in record time, and she was suddenly sure that she'd leave a wet spot on the chair when she left.

"I'm sure I want to fuck you," Fred whispered.

"Now? Here? What if someone comes?"

Fred's hands moved down inside Cordelia's dress. They caressed her breasts, teased her nipples.

"Then you'll have to act," Fred said. "You're an actress, right?"

She removed her hands and moved in front of Cordelia, where she kneeled. She moved Cordelia's legs apart and pushed her dress up to her waist.

"Mmm, pretty," she said, looking at the patch of dark curly hair at the bottom of Cordelia's torso. "Slide forward, will you?"

Cordelia did as she said, somehow unable to resist her.

Fred looked up at her with a naughty smile on her face. "You don't really want slow and tender right now, do you?" she said.

Briefly, Cordelia shook her head, and Fred immediately pushed two fingers up her well-lubricated vagina. She pulled them almost out, and pushed them in again at the same time as her tongue descended on Cordelia's clitoris.

It didn't take long before Cordelia came, screaming at the top of her lungs in the empty lobby. She collapsed in an exhausted heap.

Fred smiled up at her from between her legs.

"Liked that, did you?" the little brunette asked, the lower half of her face wet with Cordelia's juices.

For a reply, Cordelia pulled her up and kissed her.

Eventually, the day ended. She dropped the Cosmo in the recycling bin, picked up her purse and started turning out the lights. As she did the last one, Angel came down the stairs.

"Hi, Cordelia," he said. "Slow day?"

"Business-wise, yes," she said. "See you tomorrow."

"Er, look, if you haven't got anything better to do maybe you could stay and we'd have dinner or something..."

"Oh, please," Cordelia said. "You don't even eat. Go make a pass at Lorne. At least he'll appreciate it."

"Lorne, huh?" she heard him mumble as she walked out. "I like green. It's kind of Irish..."

There was a note from Faith waiting for her on the fridge door, stuck there with a piece of wet chewing gum. "Gone slaying, don't wait up," it said. Which suited her quite fine, she'd had quite enough company during the day already. So she exchanged the black dress for a pink t-shirt that reached down to mid-thigh, made a bowl of popcorn and sat down to watch "Better Than Chocolate". Again. She'd have to buy another copy soon.

She'd had time to get quite nicely, um, *relaxed* when the doorbell rang. Cursing soundly and vowing highly unpleasant things for the bell-ringer if it wasn't a matter of life and death, she went to open it.

Outside the door she found a slender little redhead and a rather curvier blonde girl. She knew the redhead.

"Willow?" she said. "What are *you* doing here?"

"Hi!" Willow said. "This is my girlfriend Tara. We're in Los Angeles for a kind of witches' meeting, and we were to stay at this hotel but they had double-booked our room so we don't have a room, so I looked you up in the phone book and I saw that you lived quite close, and I thought that maybe you'd let us sleep on your couch or something so we could work out the hotel thing in the morning when we're not so tired. If that's all right?"

Tara waved shyly at Cordelia. "Hi," she said.

"Girlfriend?" Cordelia said. "As in boyfriend, but a girl?"

"Yes," Willow said. "As in that." To further clarify the point, she put her arm around Tara's waist and gave her a peck on the cheek.

"My couch isn't big enough for the both of you," Cordelia said. "You'll have to sleep in my bed."

"Oh no," Willow said. "We can't chase you out of your own bed!"

"Did I say anything about me *not* sleeping there? Come in, anyway, we can't stand around chatting in the hallway."

She walked into the flat to turn off the TV. As she did, she caught the two girls' reflections in the darkened window. She saw them both take long, good looks at her ass and legs, then look at each other and smile.

"What if I wake up in the middle of the night and being like confused and all I, um, mistake you for Tara?" Willow said.

"An-- an-- and we didn't bring much in the way of night-dresses," Tara added.

Cordelia bent from the waist and pretended to pick something up, giving Willow and Tara a good look of her un-pantied bottom.

"I'll just have to live with that, won't I?" she said.

Several hours later, Cordelia left the two girls sleeping the sleep of the satisfied and exhausted and went to get some water. All the exertion had made her quite thirsty. She got a bottle from the fridge and sat down on the couch to drink it, feeling the occasional dropped popcorn against her naked bottom. With the room dark, the view was quite impressive. Lots and lots of lights in different colors. Faith was out there somewhere, fighting the forces of darkness.

She had almost emptied the bottle when she heard a buzzing sound next to her. Looking away from the window, she saw one of her vibrators hovering in the air next to her.

"Dennis!" she said.

The vibrator wiggled back and forth a little.

She looked at the blue plastic rod for a little while.

"Oh, what the heck," she said. She laid down on her back, with one foot on the floor and the other one hooked over the couch's back rest.

"Let it rock, Dennis," she said.