

Femslash 100 drabbles and other short pieces

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Collecting point for drabbles and other pieces too short to warrant a document of their own. Which, roughly, means stuff of less than a thousand words.

Featured fandoms: Stargate: SG1, Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Sam/Janet, Glory/Halfrek, Buffy/Faith, Anya/Tara, Dawn/Rhona, Dawn/Faith, Fred/Willow, Kaylee/Inara, Lilah/Willow, Faith/Buffybot, Buffy/Jenny Calendar, Gwen/Kennedy

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: R

Challenge #30 (#1: Awakening)

The moment when Janet truly knew she was in love with a woman was not when she first saw Sam. Nor was it when she first undressed her to dress wounds, nor the first time she felt fear waiting for her delayed return through the Gate. Not the first field night she spent awake listening to her breath. Not when they first kissed (might only be curiosity). It was not even when they first made love. No, it was on a battlefield with staff blasts booming that she realized it was all right being there, for Sam was with her.

Challenge #30 (#2: Heartbreak)

Glorificus never remembered. Every time she was jilted by a lover, she'd rant and rave and curse and throw magic around until D'Hoffryn couldn't stand it and sent Halfrek to fix. Halfrek didn't mind. Glory was always appreciative afterwards, and even hellgods do divine sex. So one after another, she took care of them. Plagues. Transformations. Curses. One thing after another she did to the girls that struck Glory's fancy. Every time she fell further in love. Which was fine, mostly, but in the end it broke Halfrek's heart that until the day she died Glory never remembered her name.

Challenge #33: Punishment

The bulletproof glass slowly warmed under Buffy's hand. So close to, but not touching, the one on the other side.

"Want to see something?" Faith's voice said in the phone handset.

Buffy nodded.

Faith opened her prison jumpsuit just enough for Buffy to see her naked under it, then ran a finger over a nipple until it was all erect. Buffy looked on, transfixed.

"Something for your dreams, lovgirl," Faith said. "Gotta go. Time's up."

Somehow, Buffy had always thought that when Faith went to prison *Faith* would be the one being punished. Buffy left the building boiling with frustration.

Challenge #42: Three

Dawn held on for dear life as Rhona's fingers worked magic between her legs.

"Thanks," she mumbled after the orgasm faded. "I feel comforted now."

"You're welcome," Rhona said. "Come back if you need to."

"Sure," Dawn lied. "I'd better go before someone sees us."

She left the bed.

"Thanks," she repeated as she walked out. In her own room, she took out a notebook. She opened it to a well-thumbed page and fumbled for a pen.

"Vi," she mumbled as she read the list. "Amanda."

She put a mark next to a name.

"And Rhona makes three," she said.

Minificathon: Tara/Anya

Anya marched impatiently back and forth through the room. Tara looked at her from her seat in the couch. Partly because there was little else to look at, and partly because Anya was marching back and forth clad in nothing but a frilly bra and matching panties.

"Are they going to get it here sometime today or not?" Anya complained. "I paid good money to get that dress delivered!"

"It'll get here," Tara said. "And it's not like the wedding can start without you."

Anya turned to look at her.

"Are you sure?" she said. "I read that if the bride doesn't show up, the groom is supposed to marry one of the bridesmaids. And that's Willow and Buffy and you!"

So *that's* why she picked these green monstrosities for us, Tara thought.

"I'm sure," she said. "Don't worry."

Anya sat down on the couch, at the other end from Tara.

"I'm all tense," she said. "It's all this stress. I've been so busy arranging things that I haven't had time to have Xander give me orgasms. It makes me grumpy."

Tara stifled a groan. Here it comes, she thought. The never-ending litany of Anya's sex life. I should record it and sell it as porn.

Anya turned to Tara.

"Do you get tense like that?" she said.

Tara blinked. "What?" she said.

"Do you get all frustrated and tense?" Anya repeated. "When you don't get regular orgasms."

"I... manage," Tara said. This wasn't the way Anya's rants usually went!

"God!" Anya said. "It's been months since you split up with Willow! You must be half out of your mind!"

"It's not that bad, really."

To her own amazement, Tara found herself wishing that Anya would go back to enumerating the sexual escapades of her and Xander. It might not be Tara's favorite topic of discussion, but it easily beat speculation about her *own* sex life. Non-existent as it were.

"Do you have someone else?" Anya said. "I can see why you'd keep it secret if you do. Willow might turn her into an archaeopteryx."

"Archaeopteryx?"

Anya shrugged.

"Frogs are *so* middle ages."

"Right," Tara said. "No, there's nobody else. Secret or not."

Anya got up and started pacing again.

"Where *is* that dress?" she said. "It's driving me crazy!"

Oh yeah, Tara thought. I can tell.

Anya spun and faced Tara, hands on hips.

"It'd be wrong if we had sex, wouldn't it?" she said.

"I'm no expert on wedding etiquette," Tara said, "but I'm pretty sure it's bad form for the bride to have sex with anybody before the ceremony."

Anya stomped her foot and cursed.

"Stupid rules!" she spat. "It was much better back in the old days."

All of a sudden, a smile spread across her face.

"I know!" she said. "It's all right if we play a game, isn't it?"

"I... guess," Tara said, caution permeating her voice.

"Good!"

Anya walked over to the chest of drawers in the corner and started rifling through the top drawer. After a few moments she gave a victorious yell and held up a pack of cards.

"There's no rule against a friendly game of poker, right?" Anya said. "And since we've got no cash at the moment, we've got to bet *something*, right?"

"Um... yeah?"

"You have played poker before, right?"

Tara nodded. "Used to play with my cousins," she said.

Anya smiled. "Good!" she said. "So we bet sexual favors, and eventually there will be orgasms."

"Right," Tara said.

Well, it *had* been a long, lonely time since she left Willow. And Anya was quite pretty, as well as quite obviously available and willing.

"Don't you think Xander will object?" she said.

"Oh no," Anya said. "He says I can have sex with women as much as I want, particularly if I take pictures."

"Right," Tara repeated. "Ok, then, we play poker for sex."

"Good!" Anya said. She sat down on the floor.

"First we bet clothes," she said. "Then other things."

Tara got off the couch and sat down facing Anya. She reached over and picked up the card deck.

"Texas Hold'em," she said. "Pre-flop is a sexy strip."

While she talked, she started shuffling the deck one-handed.

Anya's eyes narrowed. "Just play," she said.

Tara smiled and started to deal.

Minificathon: Dawn/Faith

Dawn dipped the paint roller into the tray, collected a suitable amount of paint on it and started to run it evenly up and down the wall. Eggshell, they called the hue of it, and with the Rome evening light streaming in through the windows she could actually tell that it wasn't quite white. And the protective paper that covered the floor made sure that she could hear Faith's steps entering the room even when the Slayer tried to move silently.

"Do you like it?" Dawn said.

"As long as it's not institutional green, it's fine with me," Faith said. "Can't stand that color."

"Reminds you of prison, I guess?"

Dawn turned her head from her painting to look at Faith. She was standing a couple of steps inside the door, smiling. For once, she was not dressed in her usual washed-out wife-beater and jeans, but in a red spaghetti-strap top and a pair of cut-off jeans. Cut-off so high up that the low end slanted *up* from the crotch to the sides.

"No," Faith said. "Hospital. Prison was unpainted concrete, mostly. Didn't mind that so much. Suited my mood at the time."

Dawn returned her attention to the painting.

"So what's your mood like now?" she asked.

"Moving into a large apartment in Rome, with a gaggle of hot girls to seduce? Absolutely peachy," Faith said.

"I thought Buffy and Giles asked you to protect and teach them," Dawn said.

"Oh, I plan to protect and teach," Faith drawled. "With plenty of homework."

Dawn smiled to herself.

"So," she said, "will I be included in this teaching?"

She could almost hear Faith squirm behind her.

"I don't think your sister would like that," she said after a little while.

"Oh please," Dawn said. "Buffy doesn't like me growing up. She'd like me to always stay the scrawny little girl trying on big sister's makeup."

"Well, she's still Boss Slayer," Faith said. "And I don't want to piss her off if I can avoid it."

Dawn bent down to put more paint on the roller, turning to show off a maximum amount of cleavage to Faith.

"I saw an interesting movie the other day," she said.

"Really," Faith said. She looked relieved at the change of subject. "What was it about?"

"This girl who was in a car accident and started seeing dead people," Dawn said. "And, well, it actually sucked, but it had this actress in it who looked almost exactly like you."

"Oh yeah?" Faith said.

"Uh-hu," Dawn said. "Could have been your sister. Your twin sister. Separated at birth."

"Well, mom never did say very much about the time around when I was born, so I guess it's actually not impossible. Sounds kind of far fetched, though."

"In the movie, she got together with this really androgynous person, and I think the moviemakers wanted the viewers to get really shocked when it turned out to be another girl."

Dawn turned from the painting and looked Faith in the eyes.

"Didn't work so much," she said.

She bent down to refill the roller again. Glancing out of the corner of her eye, she saw Faith's gaze following her chest as she moved. She smiled.

"So what's all this got to do with anything?" Faith said. "You want to go looking for my long-lost evil twin or something?"

"Nah," Dawn said. "There was just this one scene that gave me an idea. Bring me that paint bucket, will you?"

She pointed at an open bucket of paint that was standing next to the door. Faith took it and put it down next to the roller tray.

"Your evil twin and the blonde chick were painting," Dawn said. "When they started having a bit of a paint fight..."

Before Faith could figure anything out, Dawn took the paint bucket and upended it over her head.

"...and then they got into the shower to get the paint off, and got kind of making-out-y with each other," Dawn finished.

"DAWN!" Faith yelled, after she'd wiped enough off to free her mouth. "This was my best top!"

Dawn put her hands on the back of Faith's neck and pulled her into a deep kiss. Which, of course, smeared paint all over her as well.

"It's water-soluble paint," she said. "Until it dries. So if we're quick, we can get into the shower down the hall and..."

She looked down to where the paint clung revealingly to Faith's chest.

"...save your top," she finished.

Faith threw her head back and laughed.

"You little bitch," she said. She picked Dawn up and threw her over her shoulder.

"As if I'd need to teach *you* anything about seducing girls," she said as she headed for the shower.

Experiment

"I thought you said this was going to be a serious scientific experiment?" was the first thing Willow said when she saw Fred's lab. Hidden at the back of Wolfram and Hart's science facility, it certainly was a marked contrast to what they had walked through to get there. No bare brightly-lit glass and chrome here. No, instead there was a large four-poster bed in the middle of a room lit by nothing by candles. Soft music played through invisible speakers, and soothing incense burned.

"Oh, it is," Fred said. "But I'm, you know, measuring brain stuff, and that kind of, um, varies a whole lot between people, so all this stuff is just to get some kind of common baseline. I hope."

"Right," Willow said. "I see. That makes sense."

They were both standing right inside the door, and Willow kept as close to Fred as she dared without appearing as if she wanted to touch.

"It does?" Fred said. She shook her head. "I mean, yes, of course it does. So, if you'll, um, lie down on the bed, I can start attaching the electrodes."

Willow sat down on the edge of the bed.

"And the loose clothes you said to wear is for comfort, right?" she said.

Fred nodded. "Right," she said.

Willow laid down on her back, closed her eyes and did her best to relax. It went quite well until she felt Fred touch her scalp. Her eyes flew open.

"Electrodes, remember?" Fred said in answer to her quizzical look. "To measure your brain waves?"

"Right," Willow said. "Of course."

Suddenly she wasn't so sure she'd got this right. When Fred had called and asked her to volunteer as a test subject, Willow had taken it at face value. Then, thinking about it, doubts had appeared. If Fred just wanted a test subject, why not take someone from LA? Why call for Willow all the way over in Sunnydale? Surely there must be more to it than met the eye. Not that it mattered, because if Fred wanted Willow's help, Willow would help. She was a total pushover for shy brown-eyed waify women.

"Be happy I have these new fancy ones," Fred said while her fingers moved through Willow's hair and lightly touched her skin. "If it had been the old kind, I'd have had to shave little spots on your head."

"Oh," Willow said, for lack of something more intelligent.

"There," Fred said. "That's the last one."

She bent down and fiddled with something under the bed.

"And that's the recorder activated," she went on. "Here, drink this."

She handed a glass full of clear liquid to Willow. Willow looked suspiciously at it.

"What is it?" she said.

"Just water," Fred said. "For calibration. No real taste, you see."

Willow drank it. So she had got her hopes up. Thought that Fred wanted something more than what she said. So she had been wrong. Well, that happened. If a test subject was what Fred wanted, Willow would be the best one she could.

"Good," Fred said when the glass was empty. She bent down to fiddle with the recording machine again, giving Willow an excellent view down the front of her lab coat in the process. For a few seconds, she was too caught up in watching the gentle swell of Fred's breasts to register the fact that she seemed to be wearing

nothing except a lacy black bra under the lab coat.

Fred stood up again.

"Now," she said, "try to think about something you like."

With an effort, Willow stifled an amused snort. Talk about easy tasks. For her inner eye, Fred's coat vanished and the spare, athletic lines of her torso appeared. Slowly, imaginary Fred reached behind her back and unhooked the bra. Her small breasts didn't sag at all when their support vanished.

"Oh, that was a good one, wasn't it?" Fred said.

Willow started in alarm. Fred couldn't read her mind with that machine, could she?

"The curves," Fred said, and Willow was just about to bolt from the room when she continued. "On the monitor there. Unusually high pleasure response for just a memory."

Willow blushed.

"It was pretty vivid," she mumbled.

"You'll have to tell me some day. Are you ready for the drugs?"

Willow raised her head. "*Drugs?* You didn't say anything about any drugs!"

"Oh, they're perfectly safe," Fred said. "N-oleoylethanolamine, N-linolenylethanolamine, endogenous anandamide and theobromine."

Willow frowned. Theobromine?

"But that sounds like..."

She didn't get any further before Fred slipped a sliver of something into her mouth. The something had a very familiar taste.

"...chocolate," Fred finished the sentence, grinning like a loon.

Very dark chocolate, too, from the taste of it. Darker than Willow really liked, to be honest.

"Eighty-five percent pure," Fred said. "A bit strong, maybe, but I actually do want to get as much of the nice neurochemicals as possible."

Willow swallowed enough of the chocolate to be able to talk.

"What is it you're testing, exactly?" she asked. "I mean, not that I mind or anything, if you keep going like this you can do pretty much whatever you want to me, but I'm getting kind of curious."

Fred blushed. An intense, full-on, down-the-neck and behind-the-ears blush.

"Um," she said. "Er."

Willow raised herself on her elbows.

"Fred?" she said. "Are you all right?"

"Pleasure response," Fred said. "I'm testing the brain's responses to pleasure. I mean, I'm really doing all the feelings I can get, but I've already done pretty much all of them with other subjects, and when I thought about how to produce pleasure I..."

She blushed even harder and looked at just about everything in the room except Willow.

"You thought of me?" Willow asked.

Fred nodded.

A warmth spread inside Willow. It had nothing to do with candles, incense, chocolate or emotion recorders.

"Well, you know me," she said. "I'm all for science."

Fred looked at her, doubt written all over her face.

"Particularly when it comes in the form of pretty girls in lab coats," Willow clarified.

"Do you want me to keep it on?" Fred said. "I was kind of planning not to, but I can if you want."

Willow shook her head and smiled.

"Science in the form of pretty naked girls is even better," she said.

Fred's blush was fading fast, and she too was smiling.

"Then, logically, two pretty naked girls should be twice as good," she said.

"Unless there are synergistic effects," Willow said. She unbuttoned her blouse while she talked, and wiggled her way out of it. The electrodes on her head made it a little harder than usual.

Fred dropped her lab coat. Under it, she looked almost exactly as Willow had imagined. Although, for some reason, Willow hadn't imagined the black lacy panties and thigh-high stockings that went with the bra.

"Um, wow," Willow said.

"Thanks," Fred smiled. "I bought it just for today."

Willow hurried to get the rest of her clothes off. She wasn't wearing anything half as fancy as Fred, just her usual cotton underwear.

"It looks very nice on you," she said as her panties hit the floor. "Can I see what they look like off you?"

Slowly, teasingly, Fred stripped. She slid the bra off inch by inch after she'd unhooked it, and her breasts didn't need the support any more than Willow had imagined they would. The panties slid down a lusciously curvy leg, and the stockings shortly followed. Fred spun around, giving Willow a good look at her.

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

"Oh yeah," said Willow, who was unable to tear her eyes from the view. She stretched out her arms invitingly.

"Come here," she said to Fred, who was already on her way. "Let's make science."

Firefly 2by2 #1

Kaylee can't stop thinking of Inara as a machine. A soft, curvy machine that smells of sandalwood incense, scented soap and aroused woman. A machine that she can touch, caress and make feel good -- like she does with all machines.

She would never say this to Inara, or anyone else. They would not understand. The way Kaylee sees the world, machines are the best things there are. They're powerful, and dependable, and as long as she doesn't let them down they will never hurt her. Kaylee trusts machines. They make her feel good.

This is why she thinks of Inara as a machine. Inara is powerful, much more so than Kaylee thinks she'll ever be. Inara is dependable. Maybe even more dependable than Serenity herself, since Inara will never hurt Kaylee even if she would happen to let Inara down. She trusts Inara.

And, of course, Inara makes Kaylee feel good. Very, very good. Inara has shown her an entire world of pleasure that she never knew existed, never had even imagined. She was used to rough hands and urgent touches that ended too soon. Inara's hands are soft. She touches Kaylee slowly and carefully and not only with her hands. Kaylee has grown very, very fond of Inara touching her with her tongue. Just the memory of Inara's breath on the insides of her thighs, Inara's lips on her most tender flesh, Inara's tongue seeking out all the little spots and places that make her vision black out and her throat hoarse from screaming.

She wants to do the same to Inara as Inara does to her. Kaylee knows that her hands are much more rough than Inara's, but she hopes she can compensate for that.

Because in her mind Inara is a machine, and Kaylee has always had a strange knack for learning how to make machines feel very, very good.

Buffiverse1000, Lilah/Dark!Willow

Lilah has dealt with many a powerful creature in her time with Wolfram&Hart, but somehow none of them have scared her quite as badly as this black-haired black-clad young woman. She's not even doing anything, she's just standing there in Lilah's office, quite still. Too still. Her face is frozen into a thin, cruel smile and she keeps her arms hanging straight down by her sides, unmoving in a way that people never do. Her hair moves slightly by itself, as if moved by a wind that Lilah can't feel.

"Just sign here," Lilah says, "and we'll be your representatives. After that, we'll see what we can do about bring your girlfriend back."

The paper flies from the desk and ends up hovering at proper reading distance from the girl's -- Willow, is her name -- face. Lilah fights the urge to moisten her lips. The barely controlled power the girl displays makes her nervous. It's like standing next to a nuclear bomb that might go off at any second.

"You don't promise *anything*," Willow says. "Do you really expect me to sign this?"

"We only make promises when we know we can keep them," Lilah says. "And as far as we can tell your lover is in a place where we don't have that much influence."

The girl's smile widens a little, and suddenly she *looks* at Lilah. Lilah's mouth goes dry. Normally, she likes attention. But there is attention, and there is attention. This is the kind of attention the bird of prey gives a rabbit before it pounces.

"I always knew that my Tara would do what was best for me," Willow says.

She *glides* closer to Lilah, her feet not moving. Lilah's blouse is torn open by unseen forces, buttons flying all over the room. Her white, lacy, expensive brassiere explodes into a cloud of fibers, leaving Lilah's chest entirely exposed to the office air. Her nipples stiffen in the unexpected cold.

"I knew, because she had given me her heart, and I had given her mine," Willow goes on.

She reaches out with her hand, and Lilah thinks that she's going to grab her breast. But she doesn't. When the hand reaches Lilah's skin, it *continues*. Intense, paralyzing pain makes Lilah's vision black out and wrests a lung-searing scream from her throat. She's never known agony like this, not even when Darla and Drusilla played with her in the wine cellar. Nor does it stop. She can feel Willow's hand move inside her ribcage, searching for something. Eventually, it finds something and pulls out.

It takes a while for Lilah to blink away enough tears that she can see again. She's shaking like a leaf, and holds on to the edge of her desk to prevent herself from falling to the floor. She doesn't dare look down at her chest, so she looks at Willow instead.

Willow's right hand is covered in blood. In it, she's holding a slightly larger than fist-size dark red, pulsing thing. There are tube-like things extending from the top of it, surrounded by dark glimmering magic.

"Now I have yours," Willow says, and squeezes. Pain explodes again in Lilah's chest, and suddenly she understands what it is that Willow is holding.

For once, Lilah is at a total loss of words. What *do* you say to someone who's holding your still-beating heart?

As she watches, the heart shrinks down to a thumb-sized glowing crystal. From somewhere, a chain has appeared and attached itself to it. Willow puts the chain

over her head, so that Lilah's heart hangs between her breasts. She touches it briefly with her finger, and Lilah falls screaming to her knees.

Willow runs her fingers through Lilah's hair.

"*Now* I trust you to do your best on my behalf," she says.

Buffyverse1000, Buffy/Jenny

"Buffy?" Angel says, his face a mask of confusion and hurt. The blonde young Slayer snakes an arm around her dusky girlfriend's waist and pulls her even closer.

"Sorry, Angel," she says. "You know it never could've worked between us. The vampire-slayer thing, and all. Plus, I like sunshine."

She turns her face to Jenny and briefly licks the side of her throat.

"I like *making love* in the sunshine," she adds.

Jenny smiles at her, and moves her hand a little to briefly brush the stiff nipple under Buffy's blouse.

"Surely *you* are old enough to be mature about this," Jenny says. "I'd be devastated if the two of you couldn't remain friends just because of me."

"Yeah, of course," Angel lies. "Let's just be friends."

For a brief moment, Jenny feels pity for him.

"If nothing else, you've been great help fighting vampires and stuff," Buffy says. "Wouldn't want to lose that. What with the regular apocalypses around here and all."

"Right," Angel says, and visibly slumps a little more, and Jenny is pleased. He can't stay, because he can't stand to be close to Buffy and not have her. He can't leave, because he can't stand to leave her to fight alone. She turns her head and catches Buffy's mouth with her own, giving her a long, sloppy kiss while Angel watches and suffers.

Angel must never be happy. Jenny might think this cruel, but Jana of the Kalderash tribe knows it well. It is not justice she serves, it's vengeance.

Buffy breaks the kiss, but keeps her entire warm, lovely body pressed against Jenny's.

"See you tonight, then?" Buffy says. "I'll come around your place after patrol?"

"Sure," Jenny smiles. "Someone's got to take care of you when you get all hungry and horny."

"And you do it so *well*," Buffy says, and there is enough pure lust in her voice to make Angel audibly groan.

Jana of the Kalderash tribe keeps smiling. As long as she can keep regularly slipping the Slayer her love potion, this is going to work out quite well.

Buffyverse1000, Buffybot/Faith

Faith dropped heavily onto Spike's bunk, sighed deeply and popped open the beer can. It wasn't that she disliked the gaggle of slayers-to-be, it was just that sometimes they got a bit *much*. So she'd retreated down into the cellar of the Summers house, knowing that Spike was out somewhere on business with Buffy.

Yeah, right. *Business*. Buffy just didn't want to be near her. Faith'd thought that they'd been getting closer to each other last night, when they'd been hanging out in a graveyard sharing a bottle of rotgut. Buffy sure hadn't hesitated to make out like *she* was the one who'd spent the last few years in prison. Unfortunately, she'd drunk too much too fast and passed out before they got to anything really interesting. In the end, Faith had had to carry the passed-out elder slayer home, and as thanks she'd found herself a pariah again in the morning. Which sucked. After all this time, she still wanted Buffy. Wanted her *bad*.

She drank deeply from the can, and sooner than she liked it was empty. Annoyed, she threw it away. It hit something in the corner. The something fell over with a crash.

"Ouch," the something said, quite clearly.

Faith sat up straight, frowning.

"Um, hello?" she said.

"Oh, bother," the voice said. "Willow said not to say anything. I will be quiet now."

It sounded like *Buffy's* voice.

Faith got up from the bunk. Surely she hadn't got *that* sensitive to alcohol while in prison?

"B?" she said. "That you?"

There was no answer, so Faith walked over to where the something had fallen. This was just too weird to let be.

The something was a longish, narrowish object about the size of a person, and it was covered with a dark old carpet. From one end the soles of a pair of high-heeled shoes stuck out.

Faith bent down and pulled the carpet off. Under it, she found Buffy, dressed in jeans, cute little leather jacket and a pink sweater, lying on her face with her arms straight down her sides.

What the *fuck*?

Buffy turned over and looked at her, smiling happily.

"Willow said not to let anybody see me," she said. "So please don't look."

Maybe Buffy had a demented identical twin that she kept hidden in the cellar? Like in that stupid romance Faith'd tried to read in prison but ended up throwing at the wall hard enough to leave a dent in the concrete. Maybe it was fallout from some kind of magical event. Maybe... Faith ran out of ideas.

"Who the fuck are you?" she said.

"I'm pretty," the Buffy-lookalike said. "You're Faith. You used to have a terrible crush on me in high school."

"Um," Faith said. "Er."

Who *was* this nutcase? And why did she know stuff like that? Faith had been quite sure that Buffy herself never knew about it!

"Do you want to have sex?" the insane Buffy-thing said. "It's been a very long time since I had sex, and both Spike and Willow says that it's ok for me to have sex with girls. And I *am* very pretty."

Maybe the beer had been bad? Faith vaguely recalled Giles once talking about something or other growing on grains that made people see stuff, and beer was made from grain of some sort she was almost sure. She backed away from the insane girl. Insane-Buffy got up from the floor.

"All right," Faith said. "There's something that's very not right here."

Insane-Buffy frowned and smiled at the same time, a move that certainly didn't make the insanity hypothesis any less believable.

"I don't know about that," she said. "But I really want to have sex. Would you like me to take my clothes off? Willow likes when I do that."

Faith frowned again. That was the third time the girl had mentioned Willow. And now that she thought about it, when Willow had been driving her back from LA and spent some of the time filling her in on what had happened while she was in prison, there *had* been a mention of a robot copy of Buffy.

"Are you a robot?" Faith said to the girl, who had shrugged off her leather jacket and was in the process of pulling her sweater over her head. She wasn't wearing a bra. Her breasts looked just like Faith had always imagined Buffy's would look.

"Yes," Insane-Buffy said. "And pretty." She was unbuttoning her jeans.

"All right," Faith said. "And little Willow has been hiding you down here all the time. *Naughty Willow!* I'll bet the real Buffy has no idea that you're still here..."

She grinned. Hello, fun!

"So," she said. "If I agree to have sex with you, will you do it where and how I want to?"

"Yes," the robot happily said. "I am very flexible. Really."

"All right!" Faith smiled. "Get some clothes on while I get a camera," she said. "Then we'll visit a graveyard I got to know quite well last night."

"Ooh, graveyard," the robot said. "Will we do something interesting there?"

"Yeah," Faith said, her smile getting a cruel edge when she imagined how the prissy little real Buffy would react to the pictures Faith planned to take of herself and the Buffy-lookalike.

"We're going to visit a bitch called payback," she said.

Hell

Cordelia woke up to darkness and cold. The ground under her was hard and rough, and the place smelled of smoke and unwashed human.

"You're awake," a voice said. "Poor you."

She knew that voice. She knew she'd heard it a lot, but for some reason she couldn't quite place it.

She tried to open her eyes. It didn't work.

"I... I can't see," she said.

"Of course you can't, silly," the voice said. It was a female voice. It sounded friendly and brittle, as if the speaker was at the very edge of cracking.

"Could you light a candle or something?" Cordelia said. "I don't like this darkness."

As soon as she spoke she realized that heat was warming her cold, naked legs, and that she could hear crackling nearby.

"There's a fire," the voice said. "It lights things up pretty well."

A memory clawed at the edges of her consciousness as she brought her hands up to her face. When her fingertips reached the empty, dry sockets where her eyes used to be it broke through.

"No..." she gasped.

There had been a bunch of demon priests, in a cellar in a dimension where humans were cows. They'd said that her visions were an abomination, and had to be removed.

And then they'd rammed red-hot iron into her eyes.

"They burned my eyes," she whispered. "They burned my eyes."

"Yeah," the voice said. "They do that."

Fred. The voice was Fred. It came to her suddenly, along with the memory of how she looked. Cordelia reached out her hand in the direction the voice had come from.

"Fred?" she said. "Is that really you?"

"I used to be Fred," Fred said. "Now I'm just here..."

Cordelia got up on her hands and knees and started crawling towards Fred, avoiding the fire when the heat got too close. She wasn't dressed in much, she could tell. Only a few rags clung to her torso.

"Are you hungry?" Fred said. "There are berries. You can choose first. There are the ones that make you constipated and the ones that makes your stomach cramp."

She managed to find Fred's hand with her own, and held on to it like it was a lifeline.

"Maybe," she said, "if we boil the berries we won't get cramps?"

Fred giggled.

"It's worth a shot," she said.

It didn't work, of course. Hours later they sat leaning on each other, occasionally grunting or moaning as another cramp struck. On top of that, Cordelia was remembering things. Like that this place was called Pylea. That they'd made her queen.

That she'd gone *home*. Lived a while and got turned into a Higher Being and crap like that. None of which made any sense.

"I'm cold," Fred said. The fire was still burning, but it didn't help as much as

one might expect. The stone walls of the cave seemed to suck the warmth out of everything.

Cordelia put her arm around Fred, moving slowly and taking care not to poke her in the eye or something. It was quite enough that one of them was blind.

"Come here," she said. "I'll warm you up."

Fred snuggled up to her. She felt even thinner than Cordelia remembered her as.

"You smell nice," Fred said, her head leaning against Cordelia's chest just under the neck. "You always do. Do you know that I used to sneak into your room in the hotel when you weren't there just to smell the air?"

Cordelia froze.

"You remember the hotel?" she said.

"Of course I do, silly," Fred said. "We lived there until you went into the coma."

Coma. Yes. Jasmine. Connor.

Death.

"We're dead," Cordelia said. "Aren't we?"

"I think so," Fred said. "Why else would we be in Hell?"

"I thought this was Pylea?"

"Yeah," Fred said. "Which is a Hell Dimension."

"Oh," Cordelia said.

A small, warm hand moved in under the tatters of her dress.

"I love your breasts," Fred said. "I always wished I had breasts like yours. Except they would've looked really silly on my scrawny chest, I guess... Do you mind if I touch them?"

Cordelia's first impulse was to refuse, and to push Fred away. Put the impulse died before it could turn into action. *Any* friendly human touch was welcome, under the circumstances.

"Sure," she said. "Go ahead."

The hand moved, and gently caressed Cordelia's sensitive skin. It felt better than she'd expected.

"You don't always let me," Fred said. "Once, you pushed me into the fire when I asked. That really hurt."

"What do you mean not always?" Cordelia said. "We've never done this before."

Fred's hand moved down from the breast, over the stomach below and into the dark hair at its bottom. Half-intentionally, Cordelia parted her legs.

"Yes we have," Fred said. "Over and over and over and over again, we have."

"I don't remember," Cordelia said. But she did. As soon as the words were out of her mouth, she did. An endless row of days, each one a steady progression of unpleasant surprises, until she fell asleep and it started all over again.

"How many days has it been?" she said. "How long have we been here?"

There was a hesitation before Fred replied.

"I lost count," she said. "A lot of them."

Fred's hand was gently moving between Cordelia's legs, but she was too upset for it to do anything. She grabbed Fred's wrist and gently pushed her hand away.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I just can't deal with that. Not right now. Ok?"

As the words left her mouth, she felt the echo of other ones just like them. One after another, day after day, decade after decade.

Fred pulled away entirely from here. The sudden absence of the other body made the chill air feel even worse than before.

"Sure," Fred said. "I understand. Not right now."

"I really am," Cordelia said. "And some day it must be different, right? Some day will be better."

"No, it mustn't," Fred said. "It wouldn't be Hell if it was. It's always the same."

Her voice was trembling, as if she fought the need to cry.

Cordelia frowned, as well as she could with the scar-tissue around her eye sockets.

"Then we'll make it different!" she said. "Come back here. Do whatever you want. Live out your wildest fantasies. Fuck me silly. Let's show those Hell bastards!"

"You always say that," Fred said, and now she really was crying.

"Well, what are you waiting..."

Cordelia was interrupted by a sudden tearing, cracking noise, like flesh and bone being ripped apart. It was followed by the sound of something heavy and soft hitting stone.

"Fred?" she said. "What was that?"

There was no reply. Only silence, and a slight hissing as something wet ran into the fire.

"Fred?" Cordelia whispered into the darkness.

Desperately hoping for an answer, she eventually fell asleep.

Downhill

Faith is doing a hundred miles and a bit per hour down a stretch of night-time coast-side road she doesn't know the name of when she figures out how to lose the police car wailing along a couple of car-lengths behind her.

"Hey," she says to the former owner of the Corvette cowering in the passenger seat, "I guess this is really not your lucky night."

At the next somewhat straight piece of road, she leans over him, pushes the door open and kicks him out before he even has the time to scream. The wind slams the door shut again, and in the rear-view mirror she can see him bounce and toss like a rag doll. As she's hoped, the police car's driver steps on his brakes to avoid hitting the innocent bystander. And, well, to pick up the pieces after they've both come to a stop.

Faith laughs and speeds on into the darkness.

Something past midnight and she's forced her way into an invitation-only club by squeezing the bouncer's hand until the bones made cracking sounds. Faith doesn't care what kind of club it is, just that it's open and it has music blaring loud enough to be heard out on the street. With luck the bouncer's call to the police will get connected to the car chase and they'll send the SWAT team around.

Then she'll waste them too, and Angel will hear about it for sure.

"Give me a glass of the strongest thing you have," she says to the guy behind the bar. "Then keep refilling it until I tell you to stop."

He fills a glass with plain vodka and pushes it over to her. She tosses it down, and without comment he fills it again.

"Haven't seen you here before," a pretty blonde says to her. "And to be honest, you don't really look like you belong here."

The blonde is dressed, if that's the word, in what looks most like a leather net held together with bits of steel. A couple of slightly larger strategic bits cover her nipples and crotch, but very little gets left to the imagination. From her waist hangs three pairs of handcuffs, a many-tailed whip, a small purse and a ball gag. She makes the skankiest Faith has ever dressed look tame as a church picnic.

For the first time, Faith takes a serious look at the place she's wandered into. The blonde fits in far better than she does, that's for sure. There's a lot of leather and skin, and quite a few people are tied to contraptions bolted to the walls.

"It's my first time," Faith says.

The blonde comes so close that she's almost snuggling.

"But you don't want me to be gentle, do you?" she says. She's fiddling with a pair of handcuffs while she speaks.

Faith's mind blanks. Sex has been so far from her conscious mind that getting it so suddenly and clearly into the picture leaves said consciousness far behind. Her hormones, on the other hand, are telling her that she's going to die soon and she might as well get a good fuck in first. Her gaze drops down to the blonde's waist, drawn by the few golden hairs peeking out from behind the leather.

In the half-open purse there's an LAPD detective's badge. Kate Lockley, it says.

Well, she wanted the police to get her, didn't she?

"No," Faith says. "I don't want it gentle."

Kate smiles, removes the handcuffs from her harness and locks Faith's wrists behind her back.

"Good," she says. "I like rough."

Faith knows that she could pull the chains from the wall, with some effort. If she wanted to, she could be free in seconds.

For every lash Kate lays across her back, she remembers this, and chooses to stay where she is. Her clothes in a heap by her feet, her naked breasts pushing against a fake rock wall. Grunts leaving her throat, although in truth the whiplashes hurt less than a kick from an average vampire.

The difference is that she knows she deserves this. She's a murderer, and should be punished. Killed.

The whipping stops. Hands touch her, roughly. They slap her buttocks, grab her breasts and pinch her nipples until she gasps with pain. Good pain. Her own fingers claw impotently at the fake rock, and it gets steadily harder not to tear free. She wants Kate's fingers inside her, all of them, hard and rough and deliciously painful.

When she eventually gets what she wants and her thoughts go blank, she does tear the chains from the wall.

"Do you want some ointment for those lashes?" Kate says when they've finished, when she's got her pleasure as well.

Faith shakes her head and pulls her jeans on. She doesn't want to talk. She doesn't feel quite as urgently self-destructive any longer, but she still knows what she wants. She'll get them to kill her, oh yes she will.

"Hey," Kate says. She puts a hand on Faith's shoulder. She's put some baggy street clothes over her fancy fetish gear. Instant transformation from ice-queen dominatrix to random blonde jogger.

Faith looks into her eyes. She has to look really hard to find the loathing she's sure she'll find.

"Look me up some time, huh?" Kate says. "I had fun. Wouldn't mind doing it again. Kate Lockley, LAPD. They know me around here."

"Sure," Faith says. "Whatever."

She walks off into the remains of the night.

Lesson

Miss Calendar's apartment smelled exactly like Willow had imagined it would. Incense and musty old books and flowers and the slight ozone tang of too many computers in too small a space.

"Thank you so much for coming," Miss Calendar said. "I really don't know who else I could have turned to."

"You said it had to do with Buffy and Mr Giles," Willow said. "And, well, I'm always with the helping. Just tell me what to do."

She was still standing right inside the door, her backpack held in front of her like a shield. Against what, she wasn't sure. But there was something about Miss Calendar, something that made her wish she wasn't wearing quite so baggy a sweater and not quite so proper a skirt.

"Not this time, Willow," Miss Calendar said. "This time you really have to choose to do it."

Willow frowned.

"Why?" she said. She still didn't look quite at her teacher. There was something about Miss Calendar's low-cut top and curve-hugging pants that made Willow feel all funny inside.

"Because we need a sacrifice," Miss Calendar said. "A virgin sacrifice. A willing one."

Willow tried to take a step back, but only hit the door.

"Now, I know we need to stop Angelus," she said. "And I'm quite willing to do a lot to help with that. But I'm not quite ready to die yet!"

Miss Calendar came closer. Willow could smell her perfume. It was musky and deep. Willow felt her knees go weak.

"Nobody's asking you to," Miss Calendar said. "This isn't the dark ages. Sacrificing the virgin isn't necessary, just the sacrifice of the virginity."

Willow blinked.

"Oh," she said.

"So," she went on, "that'd be me and...?"

Miss Calendar ran a fingertip down Willow's cheek.

"Me," she said. "Just you and me and the magic."

Somehow, without Willow noticing it, the backpack had ended up discarded on the floor. Miss Calendar was standing really close now, and Willow could see right down her cleavage.

Willow swallowed.

"So," she managed to say, "when...?"

"Right now," Miss Calendar said. "If you're up for it, that is. I could ask Xander or Cordelia if you don't want to do it."

"You could?" Willow said, inwardly cursing herself for her sudden monosyllableness.

"Yeah," Miss Calendar said. "The crystals say they both qualify."

She smiled a smile that made Willow feel all funny inside *and* her knees go weak.

"But I'd rather it was you," Miss Calendar said.

She could see Miss Calendar's nipples pushing at the thin black fabric of the top. In fact, she could hardly see anything *but* that.

"Touch them if you like," Miss Calendar said.

Slowly, with many stops and hesitations, Willow reached out a hand to touch

the breasts in front of her. She gently put a single finger to the stiff...

"Hey, Will!"

Willow nearly jumped out of her chair. The shout had come from only a couple of inches away from her ear.

"Wow," Buffy's voice said. "You were really gone there. And you're usually so the good student in computer class. What were you thinking?"

Willow looked up towards the front of the classroom, where Miss Calendar was putting her lecture notes into her bag and turning off her computer. Even at that distance, the top she was wearing was very... interesting.

"Nothing," she said. "Let's go for lunch. Are you hungry? I'm hungry. I could eat a horse. If it was, like dead and cooked. Not if it was alive. Then I'd just have the salad. Which I could share with the horse, because, hey, vegetables!"

Buffy looked at her, an amused smile gracing her face.

"Right," she said, "Lunch and horses. Possibly but not necessarily at the same time."

"Right," Willow said, relieved that Buffy hadn't insisted on her first line of questioning. "And we won't know which until we get to the cafeteria."

Together they went off to check it out.

Nightclub

"It's crazy what you can find in this city," one of the newly arrived Slayers said within Kennedy's earshot. "I mean, just the other day I found this nightclub, and it turned out to be exclusively for lesbians with superpowers? How weird is *that*?"

"Like totally," the other new Slayer she was talking to said. "Only in LA. What was the address again, you said?"

As the first one gave it, Kennedy wrote it down on the first available portable surface, which turned out to be her own arm. It'd been too long since she got properly laid, what with Willow dumping her and the girls in the normal lesbian places getting freaked out by super-strong little latin@s. Hopefully, that'd be less of a problem in a club specifically for super-powered women.

Of course, as it turned out, the crowd in a nightclub catering to super-powered lesbians did rather resemble Friday night at Slayer Central. Kennedy still didn't know any of their names, but she recognized the faces. And, in quite a few cases, the chests and/or rear ends.

Well, of course, she knew a *few* faces. Dawn's, for example.

"What are *you* doing here?" Kennedy said when Dawn came up for air in her current make-out session. "Does your sister know? And since when do you have superpowers anyway?"

Dawn looked at her with a smug expression.

"If you can't tell what I'm doing, you're a *lot* more naïve than I thought," she said, demonstratively wiggling the hand she had stuck inside the other girl's bra cup. "And Buffy's been trying to work up the courage to take Willow here for a week now. As for powers..."

Dawn whispered a word that Kennedy couldn't quite hear. A golden glow came from where Dawn's hand was hidden, clearly visible through the girl's black-sequined red top. The girl herself gasped loudly enough to be heard over the music, her eyes rolled up into her head and she had to grab hold of Dawn to keep herself from falling over as her knees buckled.

"Sumerian sex magic," Dawn said. "*Fabulous* for picking up chicks."

Kennedy rapidly revised her opinion of Dawn kink-wards, and made a strong mental note to try to seduce her some time.

"Right," Kennedy said. "Have a good night."

"Oh, I will," Dawn said.

As Kennedy moved away towards the bar, she couldn't avoid hearing the girl Dawn was groping.

"Do that again?" she heard. "Please?"

"Don't worry, my pretty," she heard Dawn reply. "Be a nice little Slayer and I'll do *much* better things than that to you."

Eventually, Kennedy ended up sitting near the far end of the bar, nearly having given up on getting some for the night. She didn't really want to try for another Slayer. She wanted someone she hadn't met before and, more importantly, someone she wouldn't have to see again every breakfast for the foreseeable future.

"Don't like it much either, huh?" someone said from the shadows even closer to the far wall.

"What?" Kennedy said. She hadn't spotted the woman sitting a couple of stools inside of her. Looking at her, that seemed strange. She was slender, dark-haired

and pretty. She also was new to Kennedy.

"The way all these super-strong young girls have taken over the place," the woman said. "This used to be a really calm place. Just the occasional mutant or part-demon, you know. But now it's like having superpowers is the latest fad or something."

"I'm one of the super-strong young girls," Kennedy said. "But I take it you're not?"

The dark one shook her head.

"So what are, mutant or part-demon?" Kennedy asked.

"Mutant, as far as I know," she said. She reached out a gloved hand.

"The name's Gwen," she said.

"Kennedy," Kennedy said as she shook the offered hand. "And I've been trying to find someone who's *not* a Slayer, so I'm quite happy to see you."

Gwen frowned.

"I thought there was only supposed to be the one Slayer," she said. "Not loads of them."

Kennedy took a long drink from her beer glass before she replied.

"Well," she said. "That's how it *used* to be, before my ex started messing around with it."

Gwen moved up to the stool right next to Kennedy's.

"Really," she said, leaning a little closer than necessary. "Tell me more."

Gwen listened really well. Too well, it occurred to Kennedy after a few more drinks. She listened in the way Kennedy would if she was trying to hit on someone and wanted to appear as if she thought that that someone was really interesting. She'd also kept buying Kennedy ever stronger drinks, which really didn't make the hitting-on theory any less likely.

The only problem, as far as Kennedy was concerned, was that she was going too slowly. She wanted to get laid tonight, not get a date. Acting on impulse, she leaned over and planted a kiss squarely on Gwen's lips.

When she came to again, she was sitting on the floor and bright spots were floating before her eyes. Her lips were all numb, and she had cuts in her hand from a crushed drink glass. Gwen was kneeling in front of her.

"Fuck," she said. "Are you all right?"

"Yeah," Kennedy mumbled through her less than usually responsive lips. "What the hell happened?"

"I'm electric," Gwen said. "I can shoot bolts of electricity, and my skin gives shocks. The last one isn't really voluntary."

"Damn," Kennedy said. "I should've asked what your mutation was before I started getting frisky, huh?"

"That might have been a good idea, yes."

A thought suddenly occurred to Kennedy. A disturbing one.

"What a minute!" she said. "If you can't touch people without knocking them out, how do you, you know, get... intimate?"

Gwen smiled.

"I've got a little machine that helps me keep the shocks at bay," she said. "But I can't use it for more than a couple of hours or it burns out, so I only put it on when I need it."

Feeling was quickly returning to Kennedy's lips, and the lacerations in her hand were all but gone.

She raised an eyebrow at Gwen.

"A couple of hours, huh?" she said. "I think I can keep down to that if I make an effort."

Gwen smiled and put a gloved finger on Kennedy's cheek.

"The burn is already gone," she said.

"I heal real fast," Kennedy said. "It's a Slayer thing."

"So I guess you could take a bit of juice?"

"I guess. Why?"

Gwen put her finger in her mouth and thoroughly wet the glove's fingertip. She reached down and slid it along the inside of Kennedy's jeans-clad thigh. A sharp, tingling and not at all unpleasant sensation followed it.

"I don't *have* to dial the device all the way down," Gwen said. "I can wear it longer that way. But not doing so wouldn't be any good at all for a normal girl's heart."

Her finger was making sparkly burning little circles just below the top of Kennedy's leg. And if that sparkly burny touch kept up for much longer, there was a distinct chance of increased conductivity in the general area.

"Oh, I'm sure a Slayer heart can take it," she said.

"Care to experiment?"

"You got a room?"

Gwen let her finger slide along the crotch seam of Kennedy's jeans as she rose from her crouch, eliciting a loud gasp from the Slayer.

"Of course I have a room," she said.

It was just about noon the day after when Kennedy finally dragged herself out of bed and went downstairs to get some breakfast. She'd come home when the sun was already on its way up, walking slowly and slightly bowlegged. The limiter device had indeed burned out, but fairly gradually and they had both been too pre-occupied to notice for a while. It was the smell of frying meat that alerted Gwen to the fact that something was not right. Once she'd moved away, the pain had hit Kennedy. She winced at the memory. If she were to wear a bra for the next day or two, it'd have to be a *very* soft one.

But it *so* had been worth it.

When Kennedy walked into the kitchen, a rather wilted-looking Dawn was cracking eggs into a blender. She followed them with oil and a bunch of herbs. Then she closed her eyes, took a deep breath and turned it on.

"Rough night?" Kennedy said when the noise had stopped and Dawn was breathing again.

"Magic takes it out of you," Dawn said. "Not to mention trying to keep up with Slayers."

She poured the viscous, green-yellow goop into a mug and drank some of it. The action was quickly followed by a grimace.

"I think I'll just have coffee," Kennedy said.

"Save some for me," Dawn said. "I want some to chase away the taste of this."

"What is that you're drinking?" Kennedy asked as she started preparing the coffee maker.

"It's called Witch's Brew," Dawn said. "It helps you recover after doing spells. Possibly by scaring your brain into shaping up before you drink any more of it."

An idea jumped into Kennedy's head.

"Could you give me the recipe?" she said.

Dawn frowned at her. "You don't do magic," she said.

Kennedy turned around, wincing only slightly as the burns on her legs rubbed against each other. Ah, they'd be healed by evening. She gave Dawn her sultriest look.

"No," she said. "I just want to know what to make you for breakfast tomorrow morning."

femslash100 #80 (#71 Caffeine)

The bitter black liquid has become George's savior and curse. It keeps her functioning when she has not been able to sleep. It wakes her up the few mornings when she has slept. The smell triggers her memories. Memories of Betty, who took her coffee without sugar but with cream, who pinched George's ass, fondled her breast and disappeared before George managed to make up her mind about what to do about it. It reminds her of Daisy, who prefers her coffee black as sin, sweet as love and served by a naked young woman she's just made love to.

femslash100 #80 (#72 Sugar)

"Brazilian sugar waxing," Misty said. "You should have one."

George looked confused.

"What is it and why should I have one?"

"You remove all the hair between your legs," Misty explained. "Feels good. Looks good."

"And you mention this...?"

Misty whispered.

"I just had one."

She grabbed George's hand and guided it up under her skirt.

"That's... smooth," George said. It was also warm. And wet. It felt good.

"I could give you one," Misty said. "Right now. And you know what?"

"What?"

She headed for the bathroom.

"I like the taste of the sugar," she said over her shoulder.

femslash100 #80 (#73 Salt)

"There's no salt on this table," Roxy said.
"Salt isn't good for you," Daisy said.
Roxy glared.
"I've been sweating all day, and I need salt."
Daisy leaned forward.
"Have you been drinking?"
"Lots of water," Roxy said. "Like a camel."
Daisy nodded.
"Ok," she said. "Then you need salt."
"I said! And there's no damn salt!"
"So you'll have to get it elsewhere."
Roxy glared again.
"No shit, blondie."
"You could, for example," Daisy said. "Lick it off me."
They looked at each other.
"You ain't been sweating enough," Roxy said.
"Maybe," Daisy admitted. "But you could make me."

femslash100 #80 (#74 Alcohol)

"You're too young," Roxy said after the first tequila.

"You're like a younger and stupider sister to me," she said after two.

"You're Rube's little girl. He'd kill me," she said after three.

"George, you're a sweet girl," she said after four. "Don't let anybody treat you bad."

"You have such a great ass," she said after five.

"I'd love to have your ass," she said after six

George had been keeping pace, and was trying to balance salt on an unsteady hand.

"Roxy," she said. "You can have my ass, and the rest of me, any time you like."

femslash100 #80 (#75 Cigarettes)

George was sitting on the floor of a dorm room, leaning against the wall. Well, she thought. It's not like it can kill me. She closed her eyes and inhaled a lungful of smoke. She coughed.

"These aren't just tobacco, are they?" she said.

Charlotte giggled.

"Of course not," she said.

"Marijuana is illegal, you know," George said.

She opened her eyes, and found that Charlotte was undressed from the waist up. She sat down on George's lap, breasts gently bouncing. She slid her hands in under George's blouse.

"I know," she said. "But it makes sex so much better."

femslash100 #80 (#76 Force)

There is an out of order sign on the ladies bathroom at Der Waffle House.

Inside, Daisy Adair is chained up. Four handcuffs chain her hands and feet to the wall, leaving her naked body exposed and easily accessible.

In front of her, Roxy is kneeling. She's fully dressed, in her police uniform. She's been eating Daisy out for a long time, not letting her come.

Daisy is frustrated. Her arms hurt. She's thirsty. And she's happier than she's been since long before she died. She does not need to give. Finally, she found someone who cares enough to *take*.

femslash100 #80 (#77 Control)

George was slowly going insane. She was in her chair at Happy Time, slowly being driven out of her mind.

"You need to learn some control, sweetie," Daisy had said out of the blue. "Here. Put this inside you. Don't take it out until tonight."

The thing was egg-shaped. George did as she was told.

It started vibrating after she got to work. Then it stopped. And started. Over and over again, all through the day.

Control, George decided after she muffled her tenth orgasm before lunch, would consist of, when she returned home in the evening, not killing Daisy.

femslash100 #80 (#78 Surrender)

She's a younger reaper and I should take care of her, Daisy thought in the beginning. She's young and needs help getting started in her un-life, she thought some time later. She's never really lived alone and needs someone around, she thought later still. She's a nice person and it makes sense to share household chores, came after that.

Around then, it became hard to lie to herself. But it wasn't until George got assigned to help reap New Orleans and was gone for four weeks that Daisy finally surrendered to the inevitable and admitted that she loved the girl.

femslash100 #80 (#79 Mirror)

Daisy's room was full of mirrors. In the beginning, it kind of freaked George out. She'd close her eyes while they made love, so as not to see them moving out of the corner of her eyes. But as time passed, she got to like it. It made it easier to see Daisy's face, her body, her beauty. Sometimes, she imagined that the people in the mirrors were other people, that they were part of some large all-George all-Daisy orgy.

"Oh," Daisy said when George mentioned this to her. "It never occurred to me to look at *you* in them."

femslash100 #92 (Hope)

Gabrielle woke up to a pair of warm hands sneaking beneath her blanket. She smiled. She loved waking up like that. Soon, those hands would be stroking every part of her they could reach, starting at her belly and ending in more interesting places. Meanwhile, she'd pretend to be asleep. To not wake up until strong but gentle fingers entered her. Over time, she'd grown to love the rough feel of her warrior's callused hands. A feel that the hands now covering her breasts *didn't* have.

Startled, Gabrielle turned to look at the person behind her.

"Hello, mother," Hope leered.

femslash100 #93 (Faith)

Cylons Model Six believe in God. Even Caprica, after all that's happened. She believes in God, and that God is Love. That's what she tries to tell the others.

"When we love, we're doing God's will," she tells Sharon before they kiss.

"Physical expression of Love is a sacrament," she says to D'Anna as she removes her clothes.

"We do this to come closer to God," she tells her sisters, naked and beautiful.

She doesn't know if they believe her. She suspects they consider her insane. But it doesn't matter, for she knows that she's doing the work of God.