

# Hungry and Horny

written by Calle Dybedahl

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**Featured fandoms:** Buffy the Vampire Slayer

**Featured pairings:** Buffy/Faith

**A.S.S Story codes:** ff

**Story rating:** R

The old yellow school bus rested outside an abandoned motel, dusty and softly ticking as it cooled in the chill desert night. Two young women and an older man stood near it, watching an ambulance speed off into the distance.

"I should've gone with him," one of the women said. She was about medium height, dark-haired and curvy for her slenderness.

"I don't think that would've been a good idea," the man said. "You are still an escaped convict, after all."

"Besides, they wouldn't have let you stay with him anyway," the shorter blonde woman said. "Next of kin thing. You really would've had a hard time convincing anybody that you're at all related to a big black guy."

The dark-haired one sighed.

"I guess you're right," she said. "But I still feel like I've abandoned him."

"And if he'd stayed, you would've felt bad about him dying. So pretty much lose-lose with the guilt there, Faith."

Faith looked down at the shorter woman.

"Has anyone ever told you that you're an insufferable smartass, B?"

The man took off his glasses and polished them with the cuff of his shirt.

"I've been telling her for years," he said. "Not that she ever listened."

"Thank you, Giles," Buffy said. "My ego really needed that. It felt a bit swelly, what with finally destroying the Hellmouth and all."

Faith laughed and shook her head.

"You're both nuts," she said. "Let's go find the others. I'm hungry."

They'd driven from the crater that used to be Sunnydale as fast as the bus could carry them. It wasn't as if there was any other traffic to consider, after all. At first, there had been a heavy, awed silence in the bus. The enormity of what had just happened took some time to sink in. They'd *destroyed* the Hellmouth. They'd *survived* destroying the Hellmouth.

Before long, the silence turned to laughter and whoops of joy. They'd won! Even Giles joined in the laughing and whooping from where he sat behind the steering wheel. Faith shook her head at it, but she couldn't help but smile. Dammit, they'd *won*. They'd changed the fucking world. Suddenly, there was a shitload of Slayers around to fight the forces of darkness.

She looked up and down the bus, at the faces of the girls who'd just come into their power. She remembered the feeling. It was the headiest rush she'd ever had. Sure, she'd tried her share of white powders arranged as lines on mirrors, but none of them had ever even managed to come close to matching the feeling of Slayer power coursing through her body. Combine it with a major victory and it was no surprise that the girls were going nuts.

Faith's gaze had finally reached the front seat. Buffy sat there, alone. She sat still, her head resting against the steamed-up window. She couldn't see Buffy's face.

"Hey," Robin said from the seat next to her. She tore her gaze from B.

"I'm not feeling so good," Robin said when he had her attention. He looked it, too. He was sweating quite a lot, and his skin had a grayish tone that really didn't look like a good idea.

"Hang on there," she said.

She got up and made her way through the joyous crowd to the front of the bus.

"Hey, Giles," she said when she got there. "Robin's looking kind of bad. We should try to get him to a hospital. It'd be a damn shame if he bought it now when it's all over."

Giles nodded. "I'll stop if I see something that might have a phone," he said. "We can call an ambulance."

"After that, I think we should try to find food," Faith said. "'Cause if these chicks are anything like B and me, they're gonna be wicked hungry in a little while. And trust me, you *don't* want an entire busload of cranky Slayers."

Giles smiled and nodded. Faith didn't blame him. In spite of Robin's dire condition, it was hard to keep the somber up, even for her. She turned around to go back to her seat.

Buffy was looking at her. She was smiling from ear to ear, and tears were pouring down her cheeks.

"B?" Faith said. "You all right?"

"They're going to be *hungry*?" Buffy asked.

"Yeah," Faith said. "So we'd better stock up on, you know, non-fat yoghurt. Those cravings can get downright nasty."

"There's a motel," Giles said. "They should have a phone."

Faith could still just about hear the ambulance's sirens wailing in the distance when the three of them walked around the corner of the motel's main building to its back yard. The more local noise came from there, so it seemed the obvious place to go.

The back yard had buildings on three sides, and faced the desert on the fourth. The ground was laid with stones near the buildings, which gave way to dried dead grass further out, which in turn gave way to a swimming pool at the center. The pool had water in it, as well as quite a few dead leaves. The entire place had probably looked pretty shabby even before it got abandoned. Now, it had a decidedly post-apocalyptic feel to it. Which, considering circumstances, was entirely appropriate.

A few of the girls were busy building a bonfire from broken furniture by the pool. Others had dragged out a few unbroken tables and chairs, as well as plates and cutlery, and were busy arranging things for an impromptu buffet. There must've been food left somewhere in the place, because there were a whole lot of cans and packages being opened.

"So, did he get off to hospital ok?"

Dawn and Vi had came up next to them without Faith noticing.

"Yeah," she said. "He did. The paramedics looked kind of bored, so I guess he's gonna make it."

"Good," Dawn said. "It'd be nice to know that Sunnydale High School had at least *one* principal who outlived his job."

"I see you found food," Giles said.

"Yeah," Vi said. "They used to have a diner here, looks like. The perishables were kind of perished, but there is lots of canned and packaged stuff that's fine. Power's out, so we decided on barbecue."

"Swell," Buffy said. "Anything that needs done?"

"Nah," Dawn said. "You guys just sit down and relax. We'll get you something to drink. There's an unbelievable amount of beer in a room over there."

Buffy glared at Dawn.

"...of which I will of course not partake," Dawn continued. "Because, you know. Beer bad."

Vi laughed. "Come on," she said, taking Dawn's hand and pulling at her. "Let's go get the old people booze."

The two of them walked off, still holding hands.

"Old people?" Faith said. "I am old people?"

"Oh, don't worry about that," Giles said. "You'll always be an obnoxious child to me."

"Thank you. That's *such* a comfort."

With night came uncountable stars. The light from the bonfire made it slightly hard to see them, but Faith only had to turn away from the fire for a little while before what looked like billions of stars came out. She'd never seen nearly that many ever before. But then, she'd lived all her life in cities. This was the first time she spent a night away from streetlights.

"Hey," Buffy said. "What are you looking at?"

They were both lying on a blanket spread on the dry grass between the pool and the buildings. It was slightly too far from the bonfire to really feel its heat, but there had been an unspoken agreement between them that they wanted to be slightly apart from the main party.

Because a party it was. None of the new Slayers had heeded Buffy's advice about beer being bad and were drinking it freely. A few of them had stripped their clothes off and were playing a kind of improvised game in the pool with an inflatable beach ball. A couple of guitars had appeared from somewhere, and two girls were sitting next to the fire playing them and singing.

"Stars," Faith said. "I never saw so many stars before."

"That's because you never spent nearly enough time alone in graveyards," Buffy said. "Slacker-Slayer."

"I guess," Faith said. "And you can be that too now."

Buffy was silent for a little while.

"Yeah," she finally said. "I guess I can."

Faith turned over on her side, resting her head in her hand. Buffy was right next to her, lying on her back. Her blonde hair glimmered in the flickering light from the fire. As far as Faith could tell, she'd never looked more beautiful.

"Do you have any idea what you're going to do now?" Faith said.

Buffy looked at her.

"Now now or in the next couple of weeks now?" she said.

"The latter," Faith said. "Now now I'm planning to seduce you, so I know full well what you'll be doing then."

"You do, do you? Well, good luck with that."

"Hey, you can't blame a girl for trying," Faith said. "And you've got a whole new life ahead of you. Perfect time to try something new."

"Like you."

"Exactly. You know me, I'm not the long-term relationship gal. So I'll be the perfect one for you try to stuff out with. Like a girlfriend with training wheels."

Buffy laughed. A pure, honest laugh that came from being amused and happy. It was not a laugh that Faith had heard from Buffy very often. Or possibly at all.

"You're unbelievable, you know that?" Buffy said. "I don't think anybody else ever could've come up with a line like that."

"Did it work?"

Buffy looked long at her, still smiling.

"I haven't decided yet," she said. "But if you get me more beer, it'd definitely work in your favour."

Faith sat up and looked around for someone who might bring them drinks.

"Hey, Kennedy!" she shouted. "Get us a couple of bottles over here, will you?"

She laid back down.

"See?" she said. "Easy as pie."

"Beer's not here yet," Buffy said. "I have no beer."

"Ah, it'll be here soon. Kennedy's reliable. And if she's not, Willow's with her. *She's* reliable for sure."

"As long as she's not a vampire or trying to destroy the world..."

Faith didn't quite get the references, but let it slide. Obviously old memories. She laid her head on Buffy's shoulder. In the distance, it sounded like Giles had taken over one of guitars and was singing old folk songs or something. She closed her eyes and simply enjoyed the moment.

Something thudded to the ground next to Faith's head. She opened an eye. Kennedy was standing over her, smiling.

"Beer, as ordered," she said.

Faith opened her other eye too and looked to where the thud had come from.

"That's a fucking *crate* of beer bottles," she said. "Not just a couple of bottles."

Willow sat down on the other side of the crate.

"We thought we'd save ourselves some walking," she said. "Since we doubted that you'd settle for just a couple of bottles."

"See?" Faith said. "Old reliable Willow."

Buffy giggled. Willow's face got a strange look on it.

"Don't call me that, please," she said. "Bad karma."

"Besides, isn't that an old geyser or something?" Kennedy asked. She'd sat down next to her girlfriend and put an arm over her shoulders.

Buffy's giggling intensified.

"So anyway," Willow said in a transparent attempt to change to subject. "What are you guys up to?"

"I'm trying to seduce Buffy and convert her to the X side of things," Faith said.

Kennedy nodded sagely.

"A worthy endeavor," she said. "How's it working out?"

Faith leaned her head as far back as it would go in a futile attempt to see Buffy's face.

"B?" she asked.

"Well, you've brought me beer and made me laugh. Which is of the good. Unfortunately, I remain unconvinced."

Willow stretched her legs back, lying on her belly and leaning on her elbows. "Ah, come on, Buffy," she said. "You don't know what you're missing. Girls can be really, really nice. Much nicer than any smelly boy."

"Besides," Kennedy said, playing with Willow's hair. "It's not like you're totally uninterested. I've seen you ogle Willow's ass way too many times for that."

"What?" Faith and Willow said in unison. Buffy was strangely silent.

"B?" Faith said. "That true?"

She could've sworn that she could feel heat coming from Buffy's face.

"Maybe once or twice after patrolling..."

Faith couldn't help grinning. "Wicked!" she said. "Hey, Willow, wanna trade? You let B here have a go at your ass and I get Kennedy for a while. I promise to return her only slightly soiled."

Willow looked shocked. A small hand descended on Faith and grabbed hold of her t-shirt.

"Hey," Buffy said. "It's *me* you're trying to seduce here. No fair going for other women at the same time."

"And I wouldn't abandon my beloved like that," Kennedy said. "Now, if you'd been talking three- or foursome..."

"Kennedy!" Willow said, looking even more shocked.

"Duly noted," Faith said, still grinning.

"Do I get a say in the matter?" Buffy said.

"Sure," Faith said. "As long as what you're saying is 'yes'."

"Willow," Buffy said. "Are you too getting a feeling that these two sluts are moving along way too quickly?"

"And way, way too far!"

Buffy turned over on her side, making Faith's head fall to the ground.

"Are you going to hand out those bottles?" Buffy asked. "Or did you just carry them over here for the exercise?"

Kennedy opened a bottle and handed it to Buffy, who drank deeply from it and grimaced.

"Ew!" she said. "What kind of crap is this?"

"The kind of cheap crap they sell for tenpence a bottle in dives in the middle of the desert," Kennedy said. "It'll get you drunk."

"Well, that's something," Buffy said. "Considering where this conversation seems to be going, drunk is probably an advantage."

"sides," Kennedy said, "if you're drunk it'll be easier for Faith to seduce you."

"Yup," Buffy said and took a second large swallow from the bottle.

"Ew," she added, with somewhat less vehemence than the first time.

This time it was Faith who frowned.

"That sounded quite a bit like you'll let me have my way with you and then you'll hate me for it in the morning," she said. "Which is really been there, done that, hated it thoroughly. So please say if it was, so I can go hit on Chao Ahn or somebody instead."

"Don't worry," Buffy said. "Whatever happens, it'll be my own fault for drinking this horse-piss. And you can all quote me on that tomorrow, when I again regret that Slayer healing powers don't work for hangovers."

"They don't?" Kennedy said. "Damn!"

"And so say we all," Faith added. "Except Willow, I guess. Give me one, will you?"

She sounded a little subdued, and her gaze was aimed steadily at the sky. Kennedy handed her an opened bottle.

"Hey, Will," she said. "Don't you think it's about time we checked up on Dawn?"

"But..." Willow got out before Kennedy nudged her in the side with a discreet elbow.

"Right," she said instead. "Dawn. Checking-up on. At once."

Buffy frowned again. "What's she doing that she needs checking?"

"Oh, nothing," Willow said. "We're just doing it so that you won't have to worry about her."

She got up from the blanket, closely followed by Kennedy.

"Just come get us when you want that foursome!" Kennedy said over her shoulder as the two of them walked away.

The area around the pool was filled with laughter, singing and the soft twanging of the guitars. From further away came all the strange dry sounds of the desert.

From right close by the sound of Buffy breathing reached Faith's ears. A sound that had suddenly become incredibly exciting when she'd begun to respond to Faith's teasing passes. Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined that Buffy might actually *respond*, and she found herself quite at a loss for what to do now.

"You grew silent all of a sudden," Buffy said. "Did the beer burn away your vocal cords?"

"Buffy..." Faith said.

Buffy moved to rest her head on Faith's shoulder, like Faith had done on her earlier. The weight and warmth of her sent little lightning bolts to lots of interesting places inside Faith.

"Apparently not. Yes?"

"You know I don't really mean anything with that seduction crap, right? That it's just stupid shit I say?"

She could feel Buffy stiffen.

"Are you saying that you *don't* want me?"

Faith reached down and took Buffy's hand.

"No!" she said. It came out much more strongly than she had intended.

"I *so* want you," she went on. "I've wanted really badly to get into your pants since the first time I saw you, that night outside the Bronze. There are very, very few things in this world I want more than to fuck Buffy Summers."

She hesitated a little.

"It's just that I want it to be because you *want* me, not because you got drunk and horny and I talked you into it."

"You wanted me even after I stuck a knife in your gut?" Buffy asked.

"Shit, yeah," Faith said. "I don't know how many nights in prison I beat off while thinking of your luscious self."

"All right, *that* was too much information!" Buffy said.

She paused.

"What did you imagine that I was doing?" she asked.

"Everything I could imagine," Faith said. "From where you were just laying naked under me as I sucked your nipples and finger-fucked you until you begged for mercy, to where you had me tied up and blindfolded and fisted me mercilessly."

Buffy turned over so she could look Faith in the eye.

"I'm not even sure what that last one is," she said. "I must've led a sheltered life."

Faith laughed.

"Yeah, you sure have," she said. "You've died *how* many times?"

"Only two."

"One more than Jesus."

"He probably didn't know about the fist thing either."

Faith grimaced.

"Ok, *really* didn't need that image, thank you!"

"In your masturbatory fantasies," Buffy said, "did I ever do this?"

She took her half-full bottle of beer and poured its contents over Faith's clothed breasts. As the golden liquid foamed, ran and sank into the fabric, she lowered her head to it and started to suck and lick at it. Right on top of Faith's right-hand nipple.

Faith's nervous system just about collapsed. She'd started to get pissed off when Buffy poured the beer on her, but as soon as the blonde Slayer's lips touched her breast those feelings vanished like a dandelion puff in a tornado. In their place came a flood of mixed feelings far too strong for her to sort out.

Well, almost. The hard-to-sort feelings were all in her head. Below her neck, the unanimous verdict was an excruciatingly clear '*Hell* yes'. Her nipples were standing on attention, her pussy was trying to do a fair imitation of the Niagara Falls and all her muscles felt about as strong as a kitten's.

"N-No," she gasped. "You never did that."

Buffy lifted her head.

"Do you like it?" she said.

Faith nodded vigorously, not trusting her voice enough to say as complicated things as 'Yes'.

"I don't think I do," Buffy said.

Faith's insides turned to ice, and the weakness in her muscles went from kitten to quadriplegic hamster.

"The cloth tastes kind of iffy," Buffy went on. "It'd probably be much better with bare skin."

The ice inside Faith cracked into a gazillion pieces.

"Buffy, please don't *do* that!" she said.

"Lick beer off your tits?"

"No! Dear God, you can do that as much as you want! Just don't *tease* me like that!"

Buffy ran a finger down Faith's jeans-covered thigh.

"But it's so much fun," she said.

"*Please?*"

Buffy pouted.

"All right, then," she said. "You said that the beer thing was nice?"

Faith nodded again.

Buffy straddled Faith's hips. She pulled her white top off and threw it aside, baring her perky little breasts to the night air. Leaning back a little, she poured the last of the bottle's contents over her chest.

"Show me?" she said.

Faith stared at Buffy's tits and licked her lips. As she watched, a heavy drop of beer fell from a hard pink nipple.

"Are you sure you want to go here, B?" she said. "'cause this looks a lot like the last stop before Fucksville."

Buffy leaned forward until her breath mixed with Faith's.

"Yes," she said. "I want to. As you said, I can have a *life* now, and I don't know what to do with it. So I have to find out."

She leaned even closer. Her lips were only a fraction of an inch away from Faith's.

"I don't know what will happen tomorrow," she said. "For the first time in eight years, I don't have anything I have to do because I'm the only one in the world to do it. If what I'm about to do is a mistake, it will be *my* mistake, that hurts nobody but me. For the first time in eight years, I'm *free*."

She rose a little, standing on all fours over the supine Faith.

"And right now, Faith," she said. "Right now I want you to fuck me as I've never been fucked before."

I'm dreaming, Faith thought. I've fallen asleep next to her, and I'm dreaming that she's telling me this. It can't be real. Any moment now I'll wake up and remember whatever crisis is threatening the world this time.

She threw a quick look to the side. The rest of the party was there, and going as strong as ever. Here and there, pairs or small groups of girls seemed to be exploring their less than straight sides. Including, unsurprisingly, Dawn and Vi.

"Hey," Buffy said from above her. "You went all silent. I hope you haven't changed your mind or anything?"

Faith looked back at Buffy. Her shining hair. Her blue eyes. Her deceptively delicate shoulders and arms, her oh so very tempting breasts still wet with beer.

"No," she said. "Absolutely not."

"So what are you waiting for?"

"Are you sure you want to do it out here?" Faith said. "Not find a room or something?"

Buffy shook her head.

"I like the stars," she said. "And if someone wants to look, let them."

"Fine by me," Faith said.

She slid herself down a little until her face was right under Buffy's tits. She reached up and pulled the other woman down to her, until she could get her lips around an already stiffened nipple. Her teeth gently held it in place while she played over it with the tip of her tongue. The taste of really bad beer spread like the nectar of the gods through her mouth. Above, she heard Buffy gasp. Still sucking and nibbling, she reached down with her hands and undid first Buffy's and then her own pants. She opened her mouth wider, tried to get as much of the breast in as she could. Her tongue slid over the little nubs on the areola as she licked around the nipple and then further out. Her hands were busy pushing and pulling at Buffy's pants, trying to get them off. Halfways down the thighs, she gave up. She let go of both the breast and the pants, and laid her head down on the ground again.

"Roll over," she said. "I want to get you naked."

Buffy's looked down at Faith, her eyes intense and unfocused. Instead of obeying, she put her hands to the collar of Faith's shirt and with a quick move ripped it apart. Faith reached up behind Buffy's head, pulled her close. Their lips met, and both eagerly opened their mouths.

The rush of blood through her veins drowned all other sounds for Faith. Buffy's body against her own, her warm soft skin and eager mouth, all that focused her senses intensely. The rest of the world went away, drowned in Buffyness.

She slid her hands down Buffy's back, down her oh so very firm little ass and the backs of her thighs. Still kissing, she ran her hands up Buffy's sides and back again. She wanted to feel all of her at once, to know and possess her. Still without breaking the kiss, she used her greater weight to force them both to roll over until Buffy was on her back. Quickly, she reached down and pushed Buffy's remaining clothes down below her knees.

Buffy broke the kiss. Faith rose so she was standing on her hands and knees straddling Buffy, just like Buffy had straddled her.

"You like to be on top, huh?" Buffy panted.

"You wanted to be fucked," Faith replied.

She ran her hand between her own spread legs up along the inside of Buffy's thigh. Slick wetness had spread a fair distance down from her pussy, making it very easy for her to get her fingers in among the engorged labia.

A strange sense of *deja vu* hit her. Her hand *knew* this vulva. For a split second, confusion reigned. Then she remembered an afternoon in the Summers house's bathroom, and the hours she'd spent exploring her newly acquired body.

Oh yeah, she knew this pussy. Knew *exactly* how it liked to be touched. Quickly, she bent her fingers to touch all the right spots and gently but firmly rub them.

Buffy made a sound somewhere between a gasp and a squeal. Her hips rose, pushing herself harder against Faith's hand. Faith bent her other arm until she was resting on her elbow instead of her hand, her face was again only an inch above Buffy's and the tips of their breasts touched. Buffy's eyes were closed and her lips parted, her breath coming heavy. Faith thought she could feel her heart beat, fast as a sparrow's.

She closed the last little distance so their lips touched. She pushed her tongue into Buffy's mouth, more or less in time with her hand's strokes between Buffy's legs.

I've been dreaming about this for *years*, a small and distant part of her brain thought. It can't possibly get any better than this.

A warm hand touched her bare stomach.

Faith's eyes flew open and she broke the kiss. Buffy's eyes were open too, and looking intently straight at her. Her cheeks were flushed and her breath still ragged, and she was the sexiest thing Faith had seen in her entire life.

Their gazes locked. Faith kept her hand moving at a steady pace, rubbing and ever so slightly penetrating. Buffy's hand moved down her belly and in between her open jeans and her skin, until it too moved rhythmically over hypersensitive wet skin. A deep moaning came from somewhere, and it took Faith several seconds to realize that she was making it herself. Buffy's free hand buried itself in Faith's hair and pushed their faces close, again to deeply kiss.

*Oh God never let this stop*, flew through Faith's mind. Just let it go on and on and on, forever. Let me die like this, with my fingers and tongue inside Buffy and her fingers as deep inside me as they'll go.

Buffy's hips started moving faster and faster, as did her hand. She bit at Faith's lip, and her hand pressed so hard on the back of Faith's head that it almost hurt. Faith sped up her own movements, feeling the steep rise towards climax starting. Buffy was moving ever more urgently. She wrapped her legs hard around Faith's hips, forcing both their hands to stop but not lessening the stimulation. Her stifled moans rose until she was screaming as well as she could into Faith's mouth. Her entire body stiffened and twitched, and for a fleeting moment Faith thought that

her mental prayer of moments before might be granted by way of Buffy's strength crushing her. But before she got as far as worrying, the flood of pleasure inside her exploded and her scream merged with Buffy's.

The sun slowly rose over the desert motel, revealing what the night had hid. There was the still-smoldering remains of a bonfire. There were a large amount of empty bottles, most of them in more or less orderly piles near the numerous blankets that had been spread on the grass and on (or under) which the Sunnydale refugees had finally fallen asleep.

Faith woke when sunlight hit her face. She cursed loudly and squeezed her eyes shut. It was *far* too early to wake up. Also, the early morning was much colder than she liked. She pulled the blanket harder around her and snuggled up to the naked warm body in front of her.

Her eyes flew open.

*Naked warm body?!*

She had her arms around somebody. Somebody smaller than her, with tousled blonde hair and decidedly female shapes.

In a rush, memories of the night returned. Undressing Buffy. Buffy ripping her shirt off. Buffy's hand between her legs. Kissing. *Snuggling*, for fuck's sake. She couldn't remember when she'd last done *that* with somebody.

Buffy's eyes flickered open. She turned around, and a smile spread over her face when she saw Faith.

"Hi there, lover," she said.

"Um, hi," Faith said. She felt unsure and nervous, and it must've come through in her voice. Buffy frowned.

"What's wrong?" she said.

"Sunrise," Faith said. "Day after. You know."

"I know? I know what?"

Faith tried to steel herself to the disappointment.

"This is when you realize that last night was all a mistake, blame me for it and run off in a cloud of fury," she said.

"Ah," Buffy said. "That."

She looked thoughtful for a moment.

"You know," she said. "Doesn't sound like fun at all."

"Well," Faith said. "No accounting for taste."

"So I won't do that, unless you really insist."

She put on her most adorable pout.

"Do you insist?" she asked.

"Fuck, no," Faith said.

"Good," Buffy said. "Because, you know, I really don't think I've explored this lesbian thing nearly enough. I think you have many more things to teach me."

Faith's head spun. She hadn't dared believe it could go like this, to the extent that the possibility hadn't even entered her mind. She had no idea what to do.

"I guess," she said.

Buffy gave her a quick peck on the lips.

"I'll do my best to be a good student," she whispered.

She snuggled up closer to Faith. Her head fitted nicely under Faith's chin.

Faith smiled.

"I think," she said, "we'll start by trying to find a shower."

She turned her face towards the sun and closed her eyes. It felt warmer already.

"After that, and possibly a bit of food, I think we should find Willow and Kennedy and do a thorough investigation into the possibilities of foursomes."

Fuck me, she thought. This is promising to be a *fabulous* day.