

Last Year's Girl

written by Calle Dybedahl

For a LiveJournal Femslash Ficathon.

The pairing I got to work with was Faith/VampWillow, set while Willow and Tara were dating, and with the added requirement that Miss Kitty Fantastico had to die and the limitation of "no schmoop". I don't know what the last one means, so I'll just hope that I haven't broken it. For the main characters, there is a serious time-wise incompatibility. VampWillow is never around when Tara is, and at the only occasion when Faith is around while Willow and Tara is dating Tara hasn't got Miss Kitty Fantastico yet. Fixing two time-wise incompatibilities in a reasonable manner is very, very tricky, so I dropped the reasonable. Which is a long-winded way of saying that this is pretty much fluff and a half-arsed excuse to write VampWillow/Faith porn.

Oh, and the thousand-word limit went out the window even before I started. No way I could get an understandable setup and a sex scene into so few words. Or, maybe I could have, but then it would've been more of a word puzzle than a story.

Enjoy.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Faith/VampWillow

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC17

Faith pushed the video tape into the VCR, turned on the TV set and pressed "play". The TV changed from static to the image of a middle-aged man.

"Hello, Faith. If you're watching this tape, it can only mean one thing. I'm dead," Mayor Wilkins said on the TV, "and our noble campaign to bring order to the town of Sunnydale has failed... Utterly and completely."

Faith watched him, a sad and wistful expression gracing her face. He went on for some time, telling her something of what had happened after her fight with Buffy and how dismal her situation now was.

"Right now I bet you're feeling very much alone. But you're never alone. You'll always have me. And..."

The camera zoomed out a bit, and a coffin-sized wooden box on the floor next to the Mayor came into view.

"...you'll have this," he said. Faith looked down, and saw the same box sitting on the floor next to the TV and VCR.

"Go ahead," the Mayor said. "Open the box. Don't worry, it's not gonna bite. That's my job." He laughed. "Go ahead! Open it!"

She knelt, worked the catches that held the lid shut and opened it, revealing the still, pale, leather-clad body of Willow Rosenberg.

"What the fuck...?", Faith said, clearly confused.

"Surprise!", Mayor Wilkins said from the TV. "See, you don't get these in any gumball machine. When you've been around as long as I have, you make friends. And some of them fetch neat little things like the one you're seeing right now."

Faith looked closer at the thing in the box. It looked exactly like Willow, except paler and dressed a *lot* more risqué than she'd ever seen the mousy little computer nerd. Its hands were resting on its chest, crossed at the wrists and, she saw now, tied together with a thin black thread. A thin black thread that also had a little amulet thingy attached to it.

"And here s the good news," the Mayor said. "Just because it's over for my Faith, doesn't mean she can't go out with a bang!"

Faith grabbed the amulet, breaking the thread to do so. She looked at it carefully, trying to figure out what the hell it was good for.

In the box, the strange Willow opened her eyes.

"So, let me get this straight," Faith said to the vampire Willow, who had got out of the box and was sitting on the floor, staring at the still standing Faith's throat. Or maybe her boobs. She couldn't really tell, what with the angle.

"You're Willow from an alternate universe, who was vamped, dragged over here by some spell gone wonky, sent back there by Little Miss Perfect and her perky pals, dragged over here *again* by the Mayor's whatever and then mojoed so you have no choice but to be my little henchvampire?"

"Yes," the vampire said. "Unless you set me free. Set me free now. I'm hungry."

"You don't need to be free for that," Faith said. "What do you say to paying your counterpart a little visit? I never liked her."

She looked down into the vampire's cleavage. "Although," she felt compelled to add, "if she'd had your dress sense things might've been *very* different."

The UC Sunnydale campus was dark, much darker than usual. Faith wasn't by any means a regular visitor to the area, what with having been in a coma since High School and all, but she felt reasonably certain that normally the streetlights would be lighting the streets and there would be *some* dorm windows that were lit by electric lamps rather than candles.

Not that she was complaining, the darkness made it much easier for her and her strange companion to move around undetected. This being Sunnydale, the blackout was probably caused by something supernatural and Buffy would be too busy fighting it to bother with Faith. Of course, that probably also meant that Willow was busy fighting evil as well. But, well, they'd see. Or possibly smell. The slutty vampire version of Willow seemed to use scent more than sight when it came to tracking down her living counterpart. Which was kinda freaky and made Faith wonder if her deodorant was working all right.

"How's it going?" she whispered.

The vampire pointed at a first-floor window. "She's in there," she said.

So she wasn't out helping Buffy. Or maybe... "Is she alone?"

"No."

Faith swore. "Who's with her? Is it Buffy? You know Buffy, right?"

"Yes. I don't like her."

"That makes two of us, pretty. Is Buffy in there or not?"

"No. I'm with another girl. I'm..."

Faith could almost *feel* the grin spread over the vampire's face. "I'm fucking her," the vampire whispered.

"Willow's boinking chicks? Now this I gotta see."

She left the cover of the bushes and approached the wall under the window. "Come on," she said to the vampire. "Give me a boost here."

The vampire came up next to her, and held her hands together to give Faith a place to put her foot. She stepped into it, and the vampire easily hoisted her up towards the window. Faith jumped the last bit, grabbed the windowsill and...

...found her hand holding onto something soft, warm and furry that didn't work at all as a handhold. She tumbled backwards onto the lawn, the furry thing coming after her scratching and yowling. Faith fought the evil thing valiantly, and after some swearing and minor blood loss managed to throw it away. Willow caught it.

"Hello, kitty," she said. "What's your name then?"

She held the mostly black kitten up before her eyes. "I think your name is 'snack'," she said, and promptly proceeded to bite into it and drain it of blood. Once done, she carelessly threw the corpse into a nearby flower bed.

"Wanna try again?" she said. "If they have more cats, I can eat them too."

"I think my dignity has had just about what it can take. Willow's not who I really want anyway."

The vampire walked over to where Faith was laying on the grass and stood straddling her, one booted foot on each side of her hips. Faith looked up along her shapely, leather-clad body and suddenly found herself having to swallow a lot.

"Maybe Willow wants you," the vampire said. "You're pretty."

"Thanks," Faith said, "but vampires never really were my sort of thing. The cold skin really turns me off."

Without warning, Willow let her knees buckle and dropped heavily onto Faith's hips. She put her hands on the Slayer's shoulders, pressing her to the grass.

"I just ate," she said. "So I'm all... hot."

She quickly bent down and licked Faith's throat to make her point.

"Won't last, though," she went on, "with so little blood. So let me fuck you now, or wait until I feed again."

All sorts of wrong thoughts were parading through Faith's mind, most of them concerning the body of the girl sitting on her. The body of harmless little Willow suddenly turned all wild and predatory. It was turning her on something incredible, and the more she tried to remember why she shouldn't fuck the vampire the less she could.

Making up her mind, she reached up, pulled Willow's head down and kissed her deeply. She was every bit as warm as she'd said, and her mouth had the iron-like taste of blood. Twisting her body, she flipped the two of them around so she ended up on top and they moved into the shelter of a couple of bushes.

"Ok, pretty," she said. "Let's fuck."

Rather than reply verbally, the vampire leered at her, grabbed the front of her t-shirt with both hands and tore it open. Since Faith hadn't bothered to steal a bra when she escaped the hospital, the parting cloth revealed her ample breasts. Before she could react, the chill night air against her hard nipples was replaced by a pair of warm, soft hands. She closed her eyes and moaned, grinding her pelvis into Willow's.

"Oh yeah, that feels good, girl," she said. She opened her eyes and sat up straight. "Now show me yours."

Willow raised herself a little, reached behind her back at an angle her living counterpart probably would've found impossible to copy and opened the zipper at the back of her leather top. She shrugged out of it and threw it aside, making her pale flesh available to Faith's scrutiny.

"Well, look at those," Faith said. She lightly pinched a small, red nipple. "All mine to play with."

"Play all you like," Willow said. "I won't break."

Faith rolled off her. "Come on," she said. "Let's see the rest too."

She didn't have to ask twice. With the preternatural speed of the undead, Willow stripped herself of the boots and leather pants that were her only other pieces of clothing. She got up on her knees, legs widely spread.

"You want this," she said. "I know you do. I have her memories. You've wanted to have me like this ever since that time you caught me in the Mayor's office. All small and naked and vulnerable."

She slowly caressed the inside of her thighs, dragging her fingertips up along the skin towards her sex.

"You want this," she said. "You want to touch me and ravage me and possess me and make me all yours."

Her words sent shivers through places inside Faith that she didn't think mere words could send shivers to. Her own jeans suddenly felt very hot and constricting. She started unbuttoning them. Willow leaned forward and put her hand on Faith's.

"Let me," she said. Without a word, Faith let go and laid back onto the grass, preparing to enjoy the vampire's touch. To her slight surprise, Willow didn't just start undressing her from where she was sitting. Instead, she straddled Faith's head, placing her pussy mere inches above her face. Then, she got to work on Faith's jeans.

Staring into the lust-engorged and wet folds proved to strong a temptation. Faith slid an arm up between Willow's legs and started playing with them. She ran her fingers along them, lightly pinched them, dipped her fingers briefly in between them.

She felt the grass against her legs and buttocks as her jeans were pulled off, and as soon as they were gone she parted her legs, hoping to invite the vampire in between them. She wasn't disappointed. As soon as it became possible, a hot and wet mouth descended on her pussy. An eager tongue started probing her, searching for the spots that made her moan and move most strongly. An eager and, it soon became obvious, very skilled tongue.

"Holy fuck," Faith said to nobody in particular. She tried to wrest her attention away from her own crotch, to focus a little on the one just above her face. Getting her other arm into play as well, she pulled Willow's hips down so she could reach the vampire's clitoris with her mouth. She sucked at it as hard as she could at the same time as she rammed three fingers into Willow's vagina. She felt a twitch move through the body on top of her, and she smiled as well as she could without letting her mouth stop it's work on the vampire's nerves.

She kept pushing her fingers rhythmically into the vampire, and slid her tongue along the smooth groove of the vulva. The hand that wasn't busy finger-fucking she let roam over Willow's torso, reveling in the smoothness of her skin and the firm softness of her breast. For a time, she coasted along, floating in a lake of pure pleasure, split between the wonderful feelings Willow provoked in her and the pure groiny fun of doing the same in return. The chill of the night air, the hard ground and scratchy grass were all far distant distractions, much too irrelevant to break her cocoon of wonderfulness. It just went on and on and on and it grew and grew and felt better and better, and at some point she stopped being herself and became nothing but a being of pure pleasure and lust and for a precious few eternal moments everything was absolutely and totally perfect.

They lay in the grass afterwards, Faith resting her head on Willow's cooling chest. She couldn't remember ever being this satisfied before. It could be because of the coma, of course. A girl could build up a lot of sexual tension in a bunch of months. Or it could be because of the vampire. Which might explain why Buffy was so crazy about Angel.

"Do we go after her now?" Willow said.

Faith frowned. "Go after who?"

"Buffy. It's her you want to get, isn't it?"

"Oh. Right. That."

It didn't seem so urgent any more. Oh, sure, it'd be nice to get to give the blonde one a piece of payback, but it didn't feel so urgently necessary any more. It could wait.

"Nah," she said. "We can do that some other time."

Willow's hand drifted over to Faith's chest, sort of accidentally cradling her breast. "So, what are we going to do instead?"

Faith smiled. "I've got an idea," she said.

A bit after sunset a handful of days later, the two girls walked out of a room at the motel where Faith used to live and headed for a car with seriously darkened windows. Faith was dressed in a reasonably decent white top and black leather pants, while Willow had opted for a red bikini top and a matching skirt so short it was just on the legal side of indecent exposure.

"I gotta ask," Faith said as she got behind the wheel of the car. "Is eating pussy a vampire skill like fighting, or has Red had a much more interesting life than I ever imagined?"

"Where are we going?" Willow said instead of answering.

"Los Angeles," Faith said. "A certain someone moved there while I was making like Sleeping Beauty."

She started the car and headed out of Sunnydale. When they got onto the freeway, she fished a mobile phone out of her pocket and dialed.

"Hiya, baby," she said when she got an answer. "Long time, no C, pun intended. How are you?"

A squeeing noise came from the phone, followed by someone talking for quite a while at a very high speed.

"You're working for *Angel*?" Faith said. "Well, I'll be..."

In the passenger seat, the vampire Willow spread her legs, pulled her skirt up a fraction of an inch and started playing with herself.

"Yeah, will be in LA in a few hours," Faith said, desperately trying to focus on the road and the phone rather than Willow. "Say, Cordy, do you remember that time when you got really wasted and told me how badly you wanted to fuck Willow Rosenberg?"

She stole a look at the shapely redhead, who'd taken off her bikini top and was pinching her nipples with one hand while she rubbed her pussy with the other.

"Well," Faith said to Cordelia over the phone, "have I *ever* got a surprise for you..."