

The Secret Loves of Buffy Summers

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All because of a line in another fic.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Buffy/Jenny Calendar, Buffy/Cordelia, Buffy/Veruca, Buffy/
Willow/Tara

A.S.S Story codes: ff,fff

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Jenny Calendar

Buffy stared at the computer screen and sighed deeply. Today, she just could not concentrate. Or, at least, not on anything to do with school.

"Buffy?"

She started and looked up. Miss Calendar was standing right next to her, looking like she was hiding amusement behind a stern expression.

"I'm working!" Buffy said. "Really hard!"

"Yes, I can see that," Miss Calendar said. "From the way your screen has looked exactly the same for the past hour, and the way you haven't noticed that everybody else has already left."

With rising panic, Buffy looked around the room. She and Miss Calendar were indeed the only ones in the computer lab.

"Sorry," she mumbled.

Miss Calendar sat down on the table next to Buffy's computer.

"Love trouble?" she said. "Nothing else really gets a teenage girl so distracted she doesn't notice when school finishes for the day."

Buffy blushed.

"Yeah," she said. "It's Angel, kind of. I want..."

She couldn't say it. Yes, Miss Calendar was as much a friend as a teacher, but she *was* still a teacher.

"You want to have sex with him, but you're afraid of the consequences," Miss Calendar said. "Am I right?"

Reluctantly, Buffy nodded.

"You know, all the stuff they told us in biology," she said. "Icky diseases. Getting pregnant. Plus the whole unknown factor of, well, vampire. I mean, on one hand, *shouldn't* be able to have children. On the other hand, two hundred year old vampire syphilis? Not such a fun thought."

"Plus, and I am guessing here," Miss Calendar said, "the whole thing about not really knowing what it'll be like to be with another person."

"Yeah," Buffy admitted. "That."

"Have you considered trying a friendly girl first?" Miss Calendar said. "No chance of pregnancy, much less chance of diseases, the territory is more familiar, if you catch my drift, and with a friend there's not quite so many strong feelings getting in the way."

Buffy blinked. Her train of thought suddenly not so much derailed as found itself on a track on another planet.

"Um," she said. "I'm not sure that'd be a good idea."

"Well, sure, if you don't like girls it's not an option, of course. It's just that, well, I've seen you check out Cordelia's very impressive behind quite a few times, so I thought you might lean that way. To some extent, at least."

This time Buffy *really* blushed. For some reason, she was suddenly extremely aware that Miss Calendar was wearing a very short skirt. And she was sitting so Buffy could see quite a way up under it.

"Cordelia so would not be an option," she said. "Kind of missing the whole 'friend' bit, there."

"You could ask Willow," Miss Calendar said. "She's been checking out Cordelia as much as you have. More around the chest area than the rear, though."

"Willow?!"

"You're friends, right?"

Buffy's head swam. It was not an unpleasant thought, actually. And it did feel less complicated than the whole Angel thing, at least on an emotional level.

She looked up at Miss Calendar. Who, she suddenly noticed, was definitely not wearing a bra under her quite thin white blouse.

"I wouldn't know what to do," she said.

Miss Calendar spread her legs. Not much, just enough to make the gesture clear.

"Well," she said. "My job here *is* to teach."

Cordelia

With a well-practiced move, Buffy slammed the vampire up against the nearest flat surface. Which happened to be Jonathan's locker, she noticed. Oh well. He should be glad he wasn't there, even if he got vampire dust all over his books. She rammed her stake into the vampire's heart, making sure about the dust thing.

She didn't like it when they fled into the school. It was an invasion of *her* territory. If one managed to get into the library some day, she'd... kill it just as dead as she always did, but with a lot more passion to it.

There were voices in the distance. Buffy froze and listened.

"I can stay if you want," someone said. Harmony's voice.

"No, it's fine," another voice said. Cordelia. "It'll take ages to get the mud out anyway."

"All right then. See you tomorrow."

Steps, first growing stronger and then receding. A door opening and closing in the distance.

Must be the end of cheerleader practice. And, if she'd heard things correctly, Cordelia was now alone in the girls' locker room. When there might be vampires in the building.

I really should check that out, Buffy thought. It'd be terrible if a vampire happened onto Cordy. When she was alone. Maybe in the shower. Naked.

Feeling like she ought to question her own motives but not quite daring to, Buffy set off towards the locker room.

She found no vampires on the way there, nor were there any lurking by the door. Or just inside it. Or among the lockers. And if there were any in the shower room, she probably wouldn't have been hearing the shower run and Cordelia... moaning?

Buffy frowned. That was not the sound of somebody simply showering. She'd better take a look. Carefully. No need to be seen, in case something perfectly natural was going on.

Silently, she stripped off her shoes and socks. Barefoot would work much better on the wet plastic floor of the shower room. She took off her coat and left it on a bench. It was loose-fitting, and some part hanging free might hit something and make a sound. So just her blue spaghetti-strap top and red pants would have to do.

She stalked into the shower room, and quickly made sure that there was nobody there except herself and the moaner. Who was presumably Cordelia. It sure sounded like her voice, as far as she could tell from the less than familiar sounds

Very carefully, she peeked around the last partition before the source of the sounds. Her eyes widened in surprise.

Cordelia was sitting under the running shower, surrounded by wisps of steam. She was, naturally, not wearing a single thread. She was leaning against the tile wall, her knees drawn up and her legs widely spread. Her head was resting against the wall, eyes closed. One hand was buried between her legs and the other one was kneading one of her substantial breasts. Frozen rigid with surprise, Buffy watched as Cordelia slowly slid a finger in and out of her own pussy.

I have no business here, Buffy thought. She is not being assaulted. There is no need for me to intervene. I should leave. Go home. And do exactly what she is doing now.

Because, woah. This will give me fantasy material for *months*. At least.

"Oh, Buffy," Cordelia moaned.

Buffy's spine suddenly froze. Discovered!

"Do me harder..."

For a few moments the words just didn't make sense. Then, reluctantly, her brain teased meaning out of what she'd heard.

Cordelia was fantasizing about *her*. While masturbating in the showers of the girls' locker room at Sunnydale High, the head cheerleader was not imagining being screwed by the quarterback, or the swim team, or even some other cheerleader. No, in her mind she was being done by none other than Buffy Summers.

Shock and excitement fought for dominion inside Buffy. She'd never even suspected anything like this! And she was tempted to take advantage of it. Very, very tempted.

Way too tempted. If she didn't do something, she'd regret it for the rest of her life. Quickly yet silently she sneaked out and stood right in front of Cordy.

"Oh yeah," Cordelia said as she caressed herself. "Work that tongue, Slayer... Make me come..."

Oh yeah. Exciting all right. Buffy could feel herself getting wetter by the second, and she wasn't even standing under the shower.

"Only if you return the favor," she said out loud.

Cordy's eyes flew open and her hands very suddenly left their tasks.

"Buffy," she said, sounding a whole lot more shocked than Buffy had felt a few moments earlier.

"Yup," Buffy said, reaching out and turning the shower off. "Having fun?"

"What are you doing here?"

"Patrolling."

"In the showers?"

"I heard sounds in here. And, you know, suddenly I heard someone call my name."

Awkwardly, Cordelia worked herself up to a standing position while keeping as close to the wall as possible. Probably to get the maximum amount of distance between herself and Buffy. Which still wasn't much.

"I was..." she said, and then obviously couldn't think of anything more to say.

"Thinking of me?" Buffy suggested.

Anger suddenly seemed to flare in Cordy.

"Yes, dammit," she said. "I was. Now go away, tell your little freak friends about it, have your laughs and leave me to finish in peace."

Buffy looked slowly up and down Cordelia's awesomely well-shaped body. The long, curvy legs. The generous hips. The lovely waist and simply incredible bosom. The way the drops of water trickled down her tanned skin, and the passion evident in her furious eyes. Buffy put her hands to the wall, one on each side of Cordy's shoulders.

"Wouldn't you rather have the real thing?" she said.

Surprise replaced anger on Cordy's face. She looked down at Buffy.

"Are you serious?" she said.

With what she hoped was a smooth move, Buffy pulled her top off and threw it out the doorway to the drier floor outside. Since a bra looked less than good under a top like that, and she was small enough not to really need one anyway, this left her naked down to the waist.

Cordelia licked her lips, staring at Buffy's breasts. Taking this as an encouraging

sign, Buffy let her pants and panties follow the top out the door.

"Quite serious," she said. Unable to restrain herself, she reached out and put her hands on Cordelia's ample breasts. Feeling the weight and firmness of them made her feel all gooey inside.

Cordelia put her hands on Buffy's hips.

"Just one thing first," she said.

"What?" Buffy said, her hands ceasing their exploration.

"*Nobody* hears about this," Cordy said. "*Ever*. Not Willow and Xander. Not Giles. Not your mom. *Nobody*."

"That includes Harmony and the rest of your little clan," Buffy said.

"Oh yeah," Cordy said. "Bigtime."

"Good," Buffy said. "Then I suggest that since you have something of a head start here, you get down on your knees and help me catch up."

Something inside her marveled at her own boldness, and was afraid that Cordy's response would be nothing but cruel laughter. But it wasn't. Carefully, Cordelia worked her way down to a kneeling position. Without further prompting, she leaned forward to close the final little distance between them. Buffy tangled her fingers into Cordy's dark brown hair, closed her eyes and prepared to enjoy the ride.

Veruca

The girl was short, even shorter than Buffy herself. She dressed like she wanted to be a rock star, and she looked at people as if they were toys.

And she smelled like werewolf. Buffy had learned to recognize that smell on Oz. It was very subtle and she doubted a non-Slayer could even sense it, but it was clear as day to her.

"Did you want something?" the girl said. Veruca, Willow had said her name was. The one who was trying to steal Oz away.

Buffy sat down across the table from her. They were at the table absolutely farthest away from everywhere on the UC Sunnydale campus, close to the woods behind it. Veruca had been sitting there reading when Buffy found her.

"Just to talk."

Veruca closed her book and put it on the table.

"Really," she said. "I've seen you with Oz's mousy little girlfriend, haven't I?"

Buffy put her hands on the table and tried to look relaxed.

"Her name's Willow. And yeah, you probably have."

"And you're here to tell me to lay off her boyfriend. How sweet."

She'd looked Veruca up to just have a chat with her. See if there was anything to Willow's opinion that this Veruca person was chasing after Oz. To get to know her a bit. Maybe become friends.

Veruca made it very hard to feel friendly towards her.

Buffy smiled. "You know," she said. "I did come here to talk all friendly-like with you. But I guess that's not going to happen. So let's just get it out straight. Lay off Oz, or I'll beat the crap out of you."

Veruca smiled.

"Wow," she said. "You've really got to have it bad for the little mousy one."

Buffy's eyebrows rose. "You don't think I can?"

"Oh, I'm sure you'll try," Veruca said. She glanced towards the horizon where a full moon was due to rise any minute.

"I just don't think that you quite know what you're getting into," she said.

"You mean that you're a werewolf?"

Veruca fell silent.

"And you still think you can beat me," she said. It was not a question.

"I'm still here, aren't I?"

Veruca leaned forward and looked intently at Buffy.

"I heard a rumor," she said. "That there was a Slayer on campus. It's you, isn't it?"

"Maybe."

Veruca looked at her, her eyes strangely clouded.

"Since I first heard about the Slayer, there's something I've wanted to do to her," she said.

"Let me guess," Buffy said. "It starts with 'K' and ends with 'ill'."

"Oh no," Veruca said. "I want to fuck her."

Buffy was taken aback.

"What?" she said.

"I want to fuck you, Slayer," Veruca said.

"I'm not a scared little human-wannabe like Oz," she went on when it became obvious that Buffy was too stunned to say anything. "I know the wolf. I can stay in half-wolf shape for over an hour after moonrise. That's how I want to take you. Fast and hard and violent. You're the only girl who could take it as rough as I want to give."

She leaned forward as far as she could over the table.

"And don't even try to tell me you don't like it rough," she said.

"If I do this, you'll stop going after Oz?" Buffy said.

Veruca shrugged. "Sure," she said. "Can't promise that he won't come after me when we're both full wolf, though."

"All right," Buffy said. "I'll do it."

Veruca smiled. It wasn't a friendly smile.

"Does she know?" she said. "Does the mousy one even know how far you're willing to go for her, Slayer?"

"That's none of your business," Buffy said. She looked towards the horizon. A thin sliver of silver light could be seen.

"It's time," she said. "Let's go. Somewhere more private."

Hair spread down from Veruca's scalp to surround her face. On her hands, the nails lengthened and thickened into claws.

"After you, Slayer," she growled.

Buffy nodded and walked into the woods, closely followed by Veruca.

Willow and Tara

Buffy liked the smell of Tara's room. It smelled of incenses and oils and perfumes and... And, well, of Tara.

She tried to convince herself that it was the other smells she really liked. Tara was just a friend. A nice, pretty friend. Her best friend's girlfriend. Practically her sister in law.

The smell of freshly cut lime spread through the room. It was shortly followed by that of tequila. Or, rather, even more tequila.

"This one's yours, Buffy" Willow said and handed her a wedge of lime.

"What, again?" Buffy said. "I just had two!"

"Slayer metabolism," Tara said. "You've got to drink a whole lot more than us to keep pace."

"Keep pace," Buffy said, a shade of doubt in her voice.

"The purpose is to get really drunk," Willow said. "And it seems that part of the point is to keep everybody about equally drunk. So, pace."

Buffy stared at the lime wedge, the open salt shaker and the glass of tequila waiting in front of her. "And all this because you two saw a movie where lots of college students got really drunk," she said.

Tara looked a little sheepish. "We just kind of thought..." she managed before her voice petered out.

"Getting seriously drunk is a vital part of contemporary youth culture," Willow filled in. "We've seen that here on campus as well. And we've pretty much missed out on it."

"Ergo, education," Buffy concluded. "Well, here goes."

She poured some salt on the side of her hand, tipped it into her mouth, quickly downed the tequila and finally bit down on the lime wedge.

"Ueeew," she said. "Couldn't you have chosen a tastier way to get drunk?"

"I suggested Dry Martinis," Tara said. "Because, you know, James Bond? But Willow thought this was more suitable for the task."

Buffy looked at Willow.

"I looked it up on Google," Willow excused herself. "I didn't know it tasted like this."

"Your turn," Buffy said.

Willow did the salt, drink, lime, grimace thing.

"I still don't feel anything," she said. "How many of these do you have to drink before you notice?"

Tara drunk hers.

"I don't know," she said. "I guess we'll find out."

"How many is it now?"

Buffy drank one. "Three for each of you," she said. "Nine for me, after I finish this round. And I still don't think it's fair that I have to do three for every one of yours."

"It's no fair that you have super powers either," Willow said. "So drink."

Both Buffy and Tara looked surprised. That was unusually straightforward to come from Willow.

"All right," Buffy said and drank.

"I need the bathroom," Willow said. She got up from the bed she was sitting on and would've promptly fallen over if Buffy hadn't managed to catch her.

"Woah," Buffy said. "Maybe that tequila took a little more than you thought."

"Maybe a little..."

Willow felt very nice in Buffy's arms. Warm and soft and... that was a breast her hand was holding on to. Blushing furiously, Buffy quickly put Willow back on her feet.

"Bathroom," Willow said, a strange inflection to her voice.

Two pairs of eyes followed her behind closely as she wobbled out of the room.

Buffy turned to Tara. "I didn't mean to..." she said.

Tara smiled. "It's all right," she said. "I know you didn't. And even if you did it's not like I couldn't understand the need to grope her, after all."

"I'm so not with the Willow-groping!"

Tara smiled her adorable lopsided smile. Several strands of her hair had got loose and hang freely down her face. She didn't seem to notice.

"Pity, that," she said. "We both think you're totally hot."

Buffy took another shot of tequila to give herself time to think. Unfortunately, her brain had stopped cooperating.

"What?" she said.

Possibly out of habit, Tara followed suit and had a shot as well.

"You're totally hot," she repeated, slightly slurred. "You have the cutest little ass."

"You and Willow have been discussing my ass?"

"It's happened. You don't mind, do you?"

Tara suddenly looked worried.

"How could I mind being called cute?" Buffy said. "Does Willow think so too?"

Right then, Willow wobbled through the door.

"What do I think too?" she said.

"That Buffy has a cute ass," Tara said.

"Oh," Willow said. "Sure. I still prefer the breasts, though."

"Willow!" Buffy squealed.

"What? It's true. I love your boobs. I look at them every time you change clothes or shower or something."

"Now that's not fair," Tara said. "I don't get to do that. Maybe I should spend more time in your room."

Willow made her way over to the bed again, supporting herself on various pieces of furniture on the way.

"So, Tara," Buffy said. "It's possible that you too would think my boobs are better than my ass, if only you'd seen them?"

"I guess."

Before Buffy had really made up her mind to, her hands had somehow already stripped her shirt off.

"There," she said. "Now you can decide."

"Buffy!" Willow said.

"What? You just said you like to see them!" She wiggled her chest to get as much of a bounce as she could manage. "Also, it's your turn to drink."

Willow quickly downed another shot of tequila, not bothering with the salt and lime. Tara and Buffy followed suit.

"It's not fair, though, is it?" Tara said. "You being the only one topless?"

Clumsily, she got her blouse off, bringing a pale well-shaped torso and a red lace

bra into view. She tried to unhook the bra. but fine manipulation behind her back proved too complicated.

"Come over here," Willow said. "I'll help."

Very unsteadily, Tara took the three steps from her armchair to the bed. With surprising dexterity, Willow removed the concealing item of clothing.

"Ooh, pretty!" Buffy said, happily ogling Tara's breasts. "Way better than mine."

Tara smiled and sat down next to Willow. "Your turn now, sweetie," she said.

Willow hesitated for a second or so, and then she shrugged and took her blouse off. Like Buffy, she went braless.

"There," she said. "Better?"

"Looks kind of silly with only the big skirt," Buffy's mouth said before her brain managed to engage.

Tara looked appraisingly at Willow. "Yeah, it kind of does," she said.

Willow kicked her sandals off and pushed her skirt down until it fell to the floor, leaving her totally naked.

Buffy's eyebrows rose. "No underwear?" she said. "Naughty Willow!"

Tara smirked. "If you only knew," she said.

Willow blushed, and tried to cover it by starting in on another round of tequila. This time, Buffy skipped the glass and just drank from the bottle.

"Now the two of you are overdressed," Willow said. Rather than wait for the others to make their minds up, she started taking Tara's skirt off herself. Given her current state, this required closer attention and more tries than usual. By the time the skirt finally got thrown to the side, Tara was lying on her back laughing with Willow kneeling between her spread legs.

Buffy got her own clothes off without ever taking her eyes from the two on the bed.

"Um," she said when Willow started kissing Tara's belly. "Do you want me to leave so you can be alone?"

A capital-L Look passed between Tara and Willow before they both looked at Buffy.

"We'd rather you joined us," Tara said.

It took several seconds for the words to penetrate the fog in Buffy's head.

"What?" she said.

Looking back at Buffy over her shoulder, Willow smiled. "You didn't think your ass was the only thing about you we've talked about, did you?" she said.

I'm so going to regret this tomorrow, something deep in Buffy's mental fog said. But, hey, that's tomorrow. Tara's tits are over there *now*.

On unsteady legs, Buffy walked over to the two girls waiting for her on the bed.

Death

From off to the side, Buffy watched her friends gather around the broken shell that had been her. She looked so serene, lying there beneath the tower in her pink sweater and tan slacks. Dead as a doornail.

She was a bit disappointed to be able to see it. She'd hoped it would all end when she died.

"Oh, it does, eventually," a voice said from right next to her.

Buffy turned her head to where the voice had come from. A girl was standing there. She looked maybe twenty years old. Her skin was so pale it was almost white. She was dressed in a flimsy black top, black pants, black boots and had a huge ankh hanging from a chain around her neck.

"And how do you know that?" Buffy said.

The girl smiled. "You could say it's my job," she said.

"Am I really dead?" Buffy said. Somehow, she just knew that this girl would know about that. Which really should make her suspicious. Knowledge that just appeared like that was usually no good.

"Oh yes," the girl said. "Really. Do you want to go look at your corpse? It's really quite pretty, for a fall like that."

Buffy raised her eyebrows. "But if I'd just fallen over from a heart attack it wouldn't have counted as pretty?"

The girl laughed. She put her arm around Buffy's waist.

"It would've been as adorable as the first day of spring," she said.

"Well, you know," Buffy said. "A girl wants to feel she's attractive."

The girl started leading her away from the building site with Glory's tower on it. The leprous hobbits and mad people had drifted off somewhere. Or maybe they just couldn't be seen by the dead.

"Oh, you are," she said. "You are quite attractive, Buffy Summers. But you never needed to doubt that, did you? Physical health and fitness counts for a lot of attraction among humans, and as the Slayer you always had more than anybody else in that regard."

"Except Kendra and Faith," Buffy said. "Who are you anyway? How do you know so much about me? And why do I *trust* you like this?"

"Oh," the girl said. "I think you know that already, don't you?"

She looked into Buffy's eyes.

"Yes," Buffy said. "I do. Sorry about that."

The girl shook her head. "No need to apologize. I love you all. Just as you are."

"Even Glory?"

"Even Glory."

They were walking down the main street of Sunnydale now. Buffy couldn't quite remember how they'd got there.

"So what happens now?" she said. "Where do I go from here?"

The girl hugged her a little tighter.

"Where do you think?" she said.

"It'd be nice with some rest," Buffy said.

"See?" the girl said. "You knew."

She reached out and opened a door. Beyond it there was nothing but pure white light.

"Um," Buffy said. "That used to be the Magic Box."

The girl shrugged. "A door's a door."

She let go of Buffy.

"Aren't you coming?" Buffy said.

The girl shook her head. "I'll be the last one through that door," she said. "This time it's just for you."

"Oh," Buffy said. "All right."

She started through the opening. It felt warm, and calm, and welcoming. There was no fear, no doubt. Only peace. Right at the threshold, she turned back to the girl.

"It's been nice knowing you," she said.

"I've always known you," the girl replied. "Now go."

Buffy nodded, and walked into the light.

Calmly, the girl reached out her arm and closed the door. She looked thoughtfully at it.

"Good bye, Buffy Summers," Death said. "Until next time."