

A Night At Home

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For Willow Minificathon. Sequel to A Night on the Town.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Faith/Willow

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC17

It was Saturday afternoon at the San Francisco house more or less jokingly called Slayer Central. As many of the young Slayers and old Scoobies as could get away with it had left the house for the weekend, and those who for some reason had to stay made very sure not to be noticed. Rain beat heavily on the windows, lightning struck the poor trees in the garden every few minutes and the cloud cover over the house was so thick that it was hard to tell that it was actually daytime. Or, at least, it was hard to tell as long as you didn't look out the window and saw the sun shining happily on the house next door.

Faith pushed the door to the TV room open. Gently, for once. As silently as possible, she fished a large tub of ice cream out of the paper bag she was carrying, and with a Slayer-swift movement she slid it onto the low table in front of the couch. It stopped right next to Willow's propped-up feet.

Willow slowly turned her head away from the TV and looked at Faith. Her eyes, while furious, were not all-black. Faith internally let go a small sigh of relief.

"Ice cream," she said. "It's what you eat after a breakup, right?"

Willow's eyebrows rose.

"*You* eat ice cream after breakups?" she said.

"Well, no," Faith said. "But I've seen movies."

"It's triple chocolate," she added. "It's the most expensive I could find."

Willow sighed.

"What do you want?" she said.

Faith sat down on the couch, as far away from Willow as possible.

"Cheer you up?"

"Right," Willow said. "And not at all trying to get into my pants, now that Kennedy's out of the picture."

Faith shook her head. "That comes *after* the cheering up."

Willow couldn't help laughing.

"So, what did the bitch do?" Faith said, feeling cheered at the laugh but not taking out any victories in advance.

"Fool around," Willow said, looking distantly out the window. "Girl she met when out buying magic supplies for Giles, apparently. Something-beginning-with-P Halliwell, she said. And now she's gone way up north with Dawnie. So apparently the thing with Something-beginning-with-P Halliwell wasn't all that serious."

"You sure the thing with Dawn is?"

"It'd better be, or Buffy will kill her," Willow said. "Which I, at the moment, wouldn't mind that much, really."

She turned to look at Faith again.

"If you've only seen the ice cream thing in movies, what's the Faith recipe after a breakup?"

Without saying a word or moving a facial muscle, Faith reached into the paper bag and took out a bottle of Jack Daniels.

"Should've guessed," Willow said. "Does it work?"

Faith put the bottle on the table next to the tub of ice cream.

"Not really," she said. "Does the ice cream?"

Willow shook her head.

"Not really. Maybe if one mixed them?"

Faith grimaced.

"Oh, that's revolting!"

They both looked at the black-labeled bottle and the gaily striped tub for a few moments.

"Wanna try it?" Faith said.

"Yeah," Willow said. "I'll get a couple of bowls and spoons."

"You know," Willow said some time later, in between two spoonfuls of booze-ice cream mixture, "this isn't so bad after all. The bourbon gives the ice cream a sort of smoky, earthy taste to it and a sort of sting that's kind of good."

"Whiskey," Faith said.

They were sitting on the couch again, but closer than before. The TV was showing something mindless, and outside the lightning frequency had dropped a lot. Which Willow probably didn't notice. The ice cream tub was half empty, well past half melted and the level in the Jack Daniels bottle was closing in on empty with alarming speed.

"What?" Willow said.

Faith gestured towards the JD bottle.

"It's a whiskey, not a bourbon."

"Right," Willow said. "I'll make sure to remember that."

"Yeah, you'd better," Faith said. "Because, you like the kind of girl who thinks knowledge is sexy. So the more you have, the better."

Willow looked down at the washed-out pink t-shirt and worn jeans she was wearing.

"It'd take a whole lot of knowing to make up for these clothes," she said.

"I'm sure you could look really hot if you wanted to," Faith said.

Willow shrugged.

"Sure," she said. "The vampire me showed that clearly enough."

Faith stopped with a spoonful of ice-cream/whiskey sludge halfway to her mouth.

"The what you?" she said.

Willow looked up at her.

"The vampire version of me," she said. Understanding dawned on her face.

"Right," she went on. "You never met her, did you?"

"Apparently not. What did I miss?"

Willow got up from the couch, wobbling only a little.

"Wait here," she said. "I'll show you."

A good while later, Faith heard the clacking sound of booted steps in the hallway outside the TV room. They stopped at the door, and she turned her head to see what was there.

What was there was, theoretically, Willow. Only instead of her usual fairly frilly and unadventurous clothes, this Willow was dressed in figure-hugging black leather with only a few red accessories. Her legs were covered in slightly rumpy pants, that looked made to be easy to remove. The top was something like a corset, that nicely emphasized the waist and *very* nicely presented her chest.

"Maybe this is a stupid question," Faith said when she'd caught her breath, "but exactly why did said vampire leave her clothes behind? Normally, whatever they're wearing vanishes when they get dusted."

Willow walked into the room, hips swinging seductively. She sat down on the table right in front of Faith, and spread her legs widely.

"She didn't get dusted," she said. "We sent her back home to her own universe."

"Without her clothes?! Now that's a *lot* kinkier than I'd have expected from the Scoobies!"

"With her clothes," Willow said. "Although I don't think she would've objected to being naked. She was... straightforward. No, these clothes I got for Halloween a couple of years later. Never used them for real, though. I tried them out a day before, and it freaked Buffy out big time. She was off her bed and about to stick a stake into my chest a split second after I walked into our room."

Faith's expression turned odd.

"She had a stake with her in bed?"

Willow leaned back on her hands and pushed her chest out, the better to display her bosom.

"She must have," she said. "I sure didn't see her take it from anywhere."

"What did it look like?"

"The stake?"

"Yeah."

Willow looked confused. "I don't know," she said. "Wood. Pointy. Kinda smooth, now that I think about it. Might have had a rounded back end."

She moved off the table, onto the couch and straddled Faith's thighs.

"Why do you ask?" she said. "Are you planning to stake *this* vampire?"

Faith ran her hand up Willow's leather-clad flank.

"Maybe I am," she said. "Hang on a moment."

She lifted Willow off herself and was out of the room before there was time for a protest. Running steps faded into the distance with the kind of speed that only a highly motivated Slayer is likely to reach without mechanical aid, and just a few seconds later they returned again.

"Did it look like this?" Faith said and held up a stake. It was, as Willow had described, pointy at one end, rounded at the other, smooth in between and made out of wood.

Willow laid back against the couch's arm rest and did her best to look seductive. The leather clothes made her feel sexy. She let one leg drop off the edge of the seat and put the other up against the back rest.

"Yeah," she said. "It looked exactly like that. Why? Is it special?"

Faith smiled, and totally failed not to stare at Willow's crotch.

"Yeah," she said while she knelt down between Willow's legs. "It kind of is."

She put the stake gently pointy-end-down in Willow's cleavage, and then started undoing the fly on her leather pants.

"You see," she said, "I made that stake."

"You made it? So why did Buffy have it? And what do you think you're doing, anyway?"

Faith started sliding Willow's pants down her hips, revealing a distinct lack of underwear.

"Well, you're smiling, right? So I figured I could proceed to the getting into your pants part of things," she said. When she got the pants down to Willow's ankles, she left them there and crawled up to stand on all fours over the smaller woman. She bent down and kissed the tops of the pushed-up breasts.

"And you wondered why Buffy would have that stake with her in bed," she went on. "So I thought I'd let you know."

Willow pouted. "Does that mean you'll be talking?" she said.

"A bit."

Willow grabbed hold of Faith's spaghetti-strap top and pulled at it until it was bunched up under the armpits and her heavy breasts were hanging free.

"In that case," Willow said, "I want something to play with while you talk."

She put her hands to the newly naked tits and gently squeezed.

Faith took a moment and removed her top entirely.

"You know how slaying usually leaves us a bit... eager?" she said.

"Uh-hu," Willow said. "You mentioned that the first time we ever met. And I thought about it every night Buffy came home from patrol from then until I was living with Tara."

Faith had closed her eyes and seemed to be focusing a lot of attention on what Willow was doing to her nipples.

"And you remember how I was living by myself in a shabby motel?" she said.

"Poor girl," Willow said. "All alone like that."

One of Faith's hands found its way in between Willow's legs and started spreading the wetness it found there around.

"So I was horny and bored, and I had a sharp knife and plenty of wood," she said. "So I took to carving. Just stakes, at first. Then I thought, well, kinda round and long and hard, and I tried to make them as smooth and nice as I could. I even got some varnish, to make them handle moisture better."

Willow's hips were moving, trying to get more pressure from Faith's hand. Her own hands were roaming all over the parts of Faith they could reach, and she was slowly and intermittently working on removing Faith's jeans.

"So one night Buffy lost her own stake. Vamp broke it or something, I don't remember. Anyway, I gave her one of mine. She looked at it and said something about a lot of effort having been spent on it. So I gave her my best leering smile and said that, yeah, it's my favorite one. So she kind of pressed it to her chest so her perky little tits stood out like little hills under her blouse. Thank you, she said in her girliest little voice, and then the teasing bitch *kissed* the top of it. I nearly came just from watching her."

While she talked, Faith had taken the stake from its resting place in Willow's cleavage and was rubbing it around her wet crotch instead.

"B never mentioned it again," Faith said. "But if she had it with her in bed while she was living with you, it sure wasn't for protection against vampires."

Willow grabbed Faith's head and pulled her in to a deep, long kiss.

"So show me what she *did* have it there for," she said after she'd broken the kiss.

Faith put on a mock-serious expression.

"Not until you admit that we're out of cheering-Willow-up territory and well into getting-into-her-pants territory," she said.

Willow ran her hand down Faith's naked belly and in under the top of her jeans.

"You're long past cheering me up," she said. "You passed getting into my pants some time ago, and if you don't get to fucking me silly real soon now I'm going to go right back to being pissed off."

Faith smiled.

"Now that's just what I wanted to hear," she said. With a smooth movement she placed the rounded tip of the stake at the entrance to Willow's vagina and slowly but forcefully slid it inside her. Willow gasped and arched her back.

"Do you like that?" Faith said. "Does the thought that it's been inside both Buffy and me turn you on?"

Unable to get any words out, Willow nodded.

"Get the corset off," Faith said, sliding the stake back and forth inside Willow. "Nice as it looks, I want you naked."

"If. You. Get. Naked. Too," Willow grunted in between the strokes.

"I'll have to stop."

As a response, Willow reached down and grabbed Faith's hand, forcing it to be still.

"That'll just make it last longer, won't it?" she said.

Faith laughed.

"Damn," she said. "I never learn, do I? You look like you'd be the world's worst prude, and then you say something like that."

She got up from the couch, looking down at Willow lying there with her legs spread and the pointy end of a wooden stake sticking out of her pussy.

"And you *look* like *that*," she added.

"You don't look so bad yourself," Willow said, happily ogling Faith's naked chest.

As fast as she could, Faith got out of the rest of her clothes. She put her hands on her hips and placed her feet a little further apart than usual.

"So, is this better or worse?" she said.

"Mmm, more Faith skin," Willow said. "Always better."

"Your turn," Faith said.

Sitting up slightly, and gasping a couple of times as the stake moved inside her, Willow managed to undo her corset and throw it across the room. She lay back down heavily, causing her firm breasts to jiggle enticingly in the process. Faith laid down next to her and ran her fingers over the just revealed torso, from the tops of the breasts down to the dark-red hair just above the legs.

"This is not the time for serious talk, is it?" she said.

"No!" Willow said, wiggling her hips. "It's really not!"

"Thought as much," Faith said and slipped a finger down to rub Willow's clitoris, which met with a pleased grunt.

She bent down to kiss Willow, and at the same time moved her hand to take hold of the stake and start moving it again. As she got into a nice rhythm with it, she felt one of Willow's hands push in between her thighs. Pretty soon, a couple of fingers inside Faith were matching the movements of the stake.

Faith lay down her head next to Willow's, wondering who would come first, and determined to make it take as long as superhumanly possible if it was herself.

Morning found them still on the couch, Faith spooned behind Willow and the two of them covered by a blanket. Sunshine poured in through the window, and bird song stalked in from somewhere. Slowly, the rectangle of light traveled over the floor, the table and finally it reached Willow's face. With a groan, she pulled the blanket over her head. The sudden movement disrupted the delicate balance reached during the night, and the blanket slowly but inexorably slid to the floor.

"Mf!" Faith said, with great emphasis. "Cold!"

Willow tried to get the blanket back from the floor, but only succeeded in falling off the couch herself. In the process, she hit the table and made the Jack Daniels bottle from the night before fall over. Fortunately, it was long since empty.

"Ow," Willow said when her brain finally registered what her nervous system was telling her.

"I find it," Faith mumbled, "deeply unfair that Slayer healing helps against everything except hangovers."

"I'd use a spell," Willow said, "except I'd probably just end up blowing my own head off."

"Got any better ideas?"

"Sex."

"You want sex *now*?"

"No, but I've read it helps. Releases endorphines and stuff."

"No, thanks. Got any *better* ideas?"

"Triple-egg chili chutney sandwich."

For a few moments Faith was silent.

"That's a revolting idea, and now I want one," she finally said.

"British TV, an infinite source of wisdom," Willow said. "Let's go make a couple."

"All right," Faith said. She got up from the couch and headed for the door.

"Um, maybe get dressed a little first?"

Faith stopped. She looked down at herself.

"Oh," she said. "Right."

While she got her jeans and top, Willow looked sadly at the leather outfit she'd shown off last night.

"I can't go down to the kitchen in this," she said.

"Just wrap a blanket around yourself," Faith said. "If anybody comments, I'll hit them for you."

Willow smiled and arranged the blanket more or less like a toga.

"Are you trying to take over from Kennedy as my protector?" she said.

To her surprise, Faith blushed and looked away.

"Hey," Willow said. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Faith lied.

Willow frowned.

"You *are* trying to take Kennedy's place? I thought you were the poster girl for get some, get gone."

"Look," Faith said, heading for the door, "it's nothing, all right? My problem entirely, nothing you have to care about."

Willow grabbed her arm.

"I want a date first," she said.

"What?" Faith said. She looked confused.

"You want to be my girlfriend? Then I want a date first."

Slowly, Faith turned towards her.

"Are you serious?" she said.

"Yes," Willow said. "Before I make my mind up, I want a date."

She put her arms around Faith's waist and solidly placed her hands on her ass.

"A date where *I* get to call the shots on the kinky stuff," she said. "If you dare."

For a moment or two, a shadow of doubt passed over Faith's face. Then she made her mind up.

"All right," she said. "Just say when."

"Friday?"

Faith nodded. "Friday it is."

"Good," Willow said, and gave her a quick peck on the cheek. She put her arm under Faith's and headed for the door.

"And now," she said, "I'm eagerly looking forward to seeing you make me that triple-egg chili chutney sandwich."