

A Night On the Town

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Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Faith/Willow

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC17

The restaurant was nearly full, as might be expected on a Saturday night. It was a nice place, but not overly so. The kind of place where somebody of moderate means might take a date, pretty much. It was filled with about equal numbers of couples and larger groups, all of them looking happy and many laughing.

Over in a corner, Willow seemed to be sitting alone at a table. There was another place set across the table from her, but at the moment it was unoccupied. Her face was flushed, and she was quite obviously having a difficult time paying attention to the waiter standing next to her. She had a menu spread open in front of her.

"And the special tonight is the poached sea bass," the waiter said. "It comes with a white truffle sauce and gently steamed vegetables."

"Uh-hu," Willow said. A small moan escaped after the almost-word. Her stiff nipples were clearly visible under her very thin white blouse, the areola slightly darker shadows behind the sheer cloth.

"Excuse me," the waiter said. "But are you all right?"

For a moment, it sounded like a muffled laugh came from under the table.

"Yeah," Willow said. "Quiteee...!"

The word trailed off into a faint squeal.

"I'll be back later, then?" the waiter asked.

Willow nodded vigorously.

He left, looking curiously towards whatever hid behind the floor-length tablecloth. Willow closed her eyes and bit her lower lip.

"Faith...!" she whispered. "Please stop it!"

A gasp and a moan followed rapidly from her. She hid her face in her hands in a probably futile attempt not to make a spectacle out of herself. Over and over again, a single thought circled through her mind.

Kennedy had *better* appreciate this!

After Sunnydale sank into a hole in the ground, they all moved to San Francisco. It was close enough to Los Angeles for them to use the old Council resources there, but not so close that they muscled in on Angel's turf. Not that they did much muscling to begin with anyway, busy as they were with trying to figure out what the heck Willow's omni-Slayer spell had done to the world. They bought a large old house with money that Giles scared up from somewhere he didn't want to specify and the lot of them moved into it. Old Slayers, new Slayers, scoobies and Andrew, there was room for them all. There were plenty of bathrooms, plenty of bedrooms, and plenty of room for the non-Slayers to keep far out of the way after all the Slayers' periods got synchronized and it approached that time of the month. A small army of Slayers with PMS was *not* to be trifled with.

Willow and Kennedy got one of the better rooms in the house. Many of the new Slayers seemed to be slightly in awe of the red-headed witch, and giving her the large bedroom in the tower-like extension at the back both showed her respect and kept her some distance away from where *they* slept.

Willow herself didn't mind, of course. Since she valued silence and privacy, she was almost as eager as the newbies to be far away from them. Not that she didn't like them, but they sure could be noisy. So she was quite happy to sit at her large desk, researching spells in musty old tomes and looking out over the ocean. Which was exactly what she was doing when Kennedy gingerly entered the room and knelt next to her chair.

"You want something, don't you?" Willow said, smiling down at her lover.

"Yes," Kennedy. "I've got kind of a huge favor to ask."

She looked nervous, which really wasn't like her.

"All right," Willow said. "Is it dangerous?"

Kennedy shook her head.

"At least I don't think so," she said.

"Is it something that you should be doing but don't want to do?"

"*Really* not."

"Does it involve handling disgusting substances?"

"That's a matter of definition."

Willow sighed.

"All right," she said. "What is it?"

Kennedy looked up at Willow wearing her most puppydogish expression.

"Would you please have sex with Faith for me?" she said.

Hunched over the still-opened menu, it took all the willpower and concentration that Willow could muster to keep mostly still and silent. Under the table, hidden from sight behind the long tablecloth, her short red skirt was bunched up around her waist and her legs were spread as wide as the limited space allowed. Her naked sex would be clearly visible to anybody rude enough to look in under the table.

Or, rather, it would have been if there hadn't been a dark-haired head in the way. Faith was kneeling in front of Willow, slowly but steadily applying her mouth to the redhead's vulva and just as slowly sliding two fingers in and out of her well-lubricated vagina.

Which was, of course, why Willow was having such a hard time pretending nothing was going on. Faith was very good at what she was doing, and she seemed to take great pleasure in it. She'd been at it for quite some time, working slowly and steadily, and Willow couldn't quite make her mind up if it was a blessing or a pity that Faith didn't have a pierced tongue. On one hand, that probably would've made her come long ago. On the other, the long slow buildup felt absolutely wonderful. If they'd been home in bed, she'd have liked it a lot. Right here and right now, she had until just recently wished fervently that Faith would stop doing it. But that thought had become lost in the fog of an impending mind-blowing orgasm. She held on to the edge of the table with a white-knuckled grip and sent a short prayer to the Goddess that she'd have the strength to keep from screaming as she came.

And that was when Faith stopped licking, crawled out from under the table and returned to her chair.

Willow stared at her in disbelief.

"What?" Faith said while she used her napkin to wipe Willow's juices off her cheeks. "You said you wanted me to stop."

"Yes, but...!" Willow said.

"Really, Red," Faith said. "You have to learn to make up your mind."

She leaned forward over the table and looked intently at Willow.

"Tell you what," she said. "If you show me your tits, right now and right here, I'll get down under the table and finish you off."

Willow's couldn't help looking down the ample cleavage revealed by Faith's skimpy black top as she leaned down. She'd wanted to touch those beauties for a *long* time. Pity they came attached to such an annoying person. She closed her eyes and tried to gather her wits.

"Let's just order, all right?" she said.

Faith was sitting in the house's designated TV and movie room when Willow found her. She'd draped herself sideways across an armchair and was watching some kind of martial arts competition on the huge flat widescreen TV that had somehow appeared one day.

"All right," Willow said, still standing in the doorway. "I'll do it."

Faith threw her head back and looked at Willow upside down.

"You'll do what?" she said.

"That deal you offered Kennedy?" Willow said. "That I had to come and say yes to?"

For a moment, Faith frowned in confusion. Then she spun around so she could see Willow the right way up, a disbelieving look on her face.

"But that wasn't serious," she said. "I only said that to get Kennedy to stop nagging me. I never for a moment believed you'd *do* it."

"Well, *she* believed you," Willow said. "And since she can be very persistent, I eventually agreed. So if you're changing your mind now, you're going to have one really pissed off little Slayer on your hands."

Faith got out of the armchair and stood up.

"But you don't even like me," she said.

"I don't know about that," Willow said. "You have improved a lot since the Mayor's day. I mean, you're still kind of rude and obnoxious, but you're basically good people and you're definitely one of us."

Willow looked a little embarrassed.

"Plus," she said, "I always found you really hot. All the way back to when I wouldn't even admit it to myself."

A shit-eating grin spread across Faith's face.

"All *right*," she said. "Tonight, then?"

"Ok," Willow said. "Do you want me to wear anything special?"

"Oh yeah," Faith said. "I want you to wear the sluttiest getup you've got. The thinnest white blouse possible, and the shortest skirt you can find. The highest-heeled shoes you can still walk in, and of course no bra or panties."

"I'll look like a whore!" Willow protested.

Faith leered.

"Well, that's kind of the point, isn't it?" she said.

Willow could feel the slick wetness between her thighs when she walked. All through the dinner and the way from the restaurant to the cinema, Faith had kept touching and fondling her, keeping her in a constant stage of arousal. She didn't even care when people looked any more, she just hoped that Faith would slip up a little and keep touching long enough that Willow'd come. But she never did. She stopped just in time. Nor would she let Willow touch her more than briefly, or let Willow get herself off.

Faith sat down in one of the double-width seats at the far back of the cinema and put their drinks and popcorn on the little table in front of it. Willow sat down next to her.

"What movie is it?" she asked.

"No idea," Faith said. "I only asked for tickets to these wide seats."

The house lights faded, and soon the only thing that lit the room was the reflection from the screen. They were almost the only ones there, and the few other people were

sitting near the front.

"Now what?" Willow whispered.

Faith gave her a look that was pure hunger.

"Turn this way," she said. "Put one foot up here, keep the other one on the floor."

Willow shook one foot free from its shoe, turned and squeezed it in between herself and Faith, so her leg was pressed fully bent against the back rest. Her other leg she kept stretched out from the seat, accurately guessing that what Faith wanted was the view between her legs.

Faith slowly shook her head in admiration.

"Do you even know how fucking hot you look?" she said. "I always knew you had some wanton slut in you... There's just one thing missing."

She reached out and grabbed her drink cup. She poured some of its contents slowly over Willow's chest. Willow gasped loudly when the cold liquid hit her sweaty skin.

"Just ice water," Faith said. "So don't worry about the clothes..."

The thin white blouse clung to Willow's flesh, transparent and lewdly revealing in a way that not even nakedness could achieve. It followed the curves of her breasts, emphasizing their rise and fall as one traveled down her chest. Her hard nipples and dimpled areola stood out more clearly through the thin cloth, and further down a few drops clung like bright jewels in the matted red hair above her swollen labia.

Faith swallowed. "Damn," she said. "I wish I'd brought a camera. A picture of this would pass many a lonely night."

Defying earlier instructions, Willow reached down and ran a finger teasingly along her own vulva. She could see Faith's eyes raptly following it.

"So now all you want to do is look?" she whispered.

When Kennedy saw the symbol painted on the tank of the motorcycle Faith came back from LA on, she just about went nuts. She ran around the house, getting in everybody's way and pushing people around if they walked too slowly, until she finally found Faith sitting in the kitchen.

"Where'd you get that bike?" she demanded as soon as she saw the elder Slayer.

Faith looked at her, a ham sandwich just about to enter her mouth. An open can of Budweiser was standing next to her elbow

"Lorne gave it to me," she said. "I needed wheels to get home, and since Angel and the guys are car dudes more than bikers, it had been gathering dust in Wolfram&Hart's warehouse since some bankruptcy deal. Why?"

"It's *that* bike," Kennedy said. "The one Prince had in Purple Rain. I saw that movie about a million times!"

Faith took a bite out of her sandwich.

"Really?" she said through a half-full mouth. "I thought that was a Goldwing."

"Prince is not a big guy," Kennedy said. "Please can I have it?"

Faith took a swig from the beer can.

"No," she said. "It's mine, and I like it."

Kennedy tried her best to look cute and desperate.

"Please?" she said. "I'll get you a new, better bike!"

"You can afford a motorcycle just like that?" Faith asked.

Kennedy shrugged. "I'll call my mom, tell her I need money for an abortion."

Faith looked incredulous.

"You don't think that'd kinda piss her off?" she said.

"Nah," Kennedy said. "She'd be too happy that I'd been with a boy to be angry. So

can I please have the Purple Rain bike?"

Slowly, Faith took another bite from the sandwich. She chewed it carefully and washed it down with more beer.

"No," she finally said. "It's mine. It's the first bike I've ever had that's actually honestly mine. So I'll keep it."

She looked a little thoughtful. "I'm thinking of painting it black," she said.

Kennedy stormed up to the table.

"*PAINT IT?*" she screamed. "You can't *do* that! That... That'd be..."

Words failed her.

"Sure I can," Faith said. "It's easy. Couple of cans of paint, bit of masking tape. A few old newspapers to protect the ground. Piece of cake."

Kennedy fell to her knees.

"*Please?*" she begged. "I'll get you *anything* if I can have that bike!"

"As it is," she added.

Faith leaned down so her face was only an inch from Kennedy's.

"All right," she said. "I'll tell you what I want in exchange for that bike. First, I want another bike. A big one, black, powerful, probably Harley. Second, I want a night with Willow."

Kennedy looked taken aback.

"What?" she said.

"You heard me," Faith said. "I want your girlfriend for a night. I want her to willingly do anything I ask of her. I want her dressed like a slut. I want her kneeling naked between my legs eagerly licking my pussy. I want to ram my fingers up her snatch until she screams for mercy. That is what I want for that bike."

"Ok," Kennedy said. "Fine. You'll get it."

"Oh no," Faith said. "It's not that easy, pumpkin. You see, I kinda don't believe you can promise that. So until I hear Willow personally telling me she'll do it, there's no deal."

She turned back to her food.

"Now go away," she said. "The sight of you is making me feel all *artistic*."

Before Willow quite knew what had happened, Faith had grabbed her, pulled her to the other end of the cinema seat and was forcefully kissing her. Willow opened her mouth and eagerly received the foreign tongue into her mouth, playing against it with her own. She put her arms around Faith's neck and helped keep the two of them pressed close to each other. Faith's more voluminous breasts squashed against her own, and she could feel their nipples as harder nubs in the delicious softness.

Faith broke the kiss, panting.

"On the floor," she said. "Kneel. Get my jeans off. Lick me."

Without hesitation, Willow slid down from the seat onto the carpeted floor. While she worked at getting Faith's jeans unbuttoned, Faith tore off her own top, baring her heavy bosoms. She lifted herself slightly so Willow could slide the jeans past her hips and ass, and only a few seconds later Willow could look up at the beauty of an entirely naked Faith.

"Eat me," Faith tried to say, but her lips moved without producing any sound.

Willow smiled up at her. She took hold of one shapely calf and slowly, carefully, started licking her way up the inside of Faith's leg. The skin was warm and smooth and tasted slightly of salt. She took care to keep in constant contact with skin while her lips traveled along the leg, and her hands stroked and caressed as much as pos-

sible of the skin that her tongue didn't touch. By the time she passed the knee, Faith was panting, and when she stopped only a few inches from the top of the thigh to start again at the ankle of the other leg, Willow could hear a distinct whimper from above. She repeated the process again, just as slowly, just as carefully and with just as much enjoyment as with the first leg. Only this time she didn't stop when she reached the top. She kept kissing her way forward into the strong musky smell of aroused woman. Unable to control herself, she pressed her tongue as hard as she could into Faith's vulva and slid it all the way from bottom to top.

Faith twitched and grabbed Willow's head in a vise-like grip, pulling her away from the promised land.

"Wait," Faith panted. "Get your clothes off. I want to have you naked between my legs, with only those shoes on."

It took only a couple of seconds for Willow to shrug out of the wet blouse and skirt, and a few more to find and put on the shoe she'd dropped earlier. She leaned back a little and let her head fall back to rest against the next row of seats. She spread her legs, all to give Faith a really good view of her. She might not be a Slayer, but years of strenuous scoobyng had certainly given her a nicely athletic body. And given the right circumstances, she liked showing it off.

"Like what you see?" she asked.

Somewhere in the background, the movie played. The sound of gunfire blasted from the speakers, and the reflected light of spectacularly huge fireballs painted Faith orange and gold.

Faith nodded. She put her hand at her crotch and demonstratively parted her labia. Willow smiled. She leaned forward again and resumed her interrupted cunnilingus. She closed her eyes and ran her hands along the outsides of Faith's hips, up her body and ended up cupping her breasts. Her mouth and nose were buried in Faith's wetness and smell, and Faith's hands were entangled in her hair. Distantly, she heard Faith moan and curse. Touch, taste, smell and sound, all her senses but sight were filled with the presence of the girl in front of her, and she wished there was a way for her to look as well. Her own arousal had reached a level where she'd normally be half insane and then stayed there, making her feel things she'd never before felt. Normally shy, she reveled in the possibility that someone might be watching them. Normally cautious, she went ahead and did whatever struck her fancy without the slightest hesitation. She pushed her tongue as far inside Faith as it'd go. She dragged her teeth along the smooth sensitive skin of her vulva. She gently bit her clitoris. She licked and nibbled, as hard and as roughly as she could manage. She had no idea if she had been doing this for a minute or an hour. Time had ceased to have any meaning. All there was, was the overwhelming carnal presence in front of her. It felt like she could keep going until the end of time.

Instead it ended when Faith again pulled her head from its lovely resting place between her thighs.

"Enough," Faith panted. "Sweet mother of God, enough!"

Enough?

"Don't you want me to make you come?" Willow asked, confused.

Disbelief spread over Faith's face.

"I already lost count how many times you did!" she said. "Come here."

She bent down and effortlessly lifted Willow into her lap, so she sat there facing Faith and straddling her legs. Willow put her arms around Faith's neck and kissed her. Faith responded enthusiastically, and even while they kissed she slipped a hand

between Willow's legs and began to gently massage her sex.

The plateau of excitement Willow had been coasting along turned sharply upwards. Where before her senses had been blocked by the intense presence of Faith, most of them now simply lost all relevance. The only one that remained, and increased in importance beyond all reason, was touch. Her hands on Faith's back, her breasts touching Faith's, Faith's fingers sliding in and out of her, all those sensations made everything else pale.

"More," she breathed. "Harder."

The filling pressure in her vagina increased, and with it the pleasure. Warm wetness engulfed one of her nipples, adding another note to the sensory symphony.

"More," she breathed again. Her now-wet nipple slipped out into the cold air.

"Shit, Red, I don't *have* any more fingers!" she distantly heard Faith say.

Willow blinked. The words made no sense. She looked down herself, and saw Faith's hand repeatedly burying itself inside her all the way to the knuckles. Involuntarily, she tried to push down extra hard when the delicious hand was at its deepest.

"Harder," she whispered.

"Don't want to hurt..." Faith started saying. Willow put her hands at the sides of her head and kissed her, roughly and brutally. Further down, she felt the marvelous intrusion penetrate yet another little bit deeper. She broke the kiss and looked into Faith's eyes. In the distance, she felt the onrushing freight train of orgasm approaching fast. Faith's eyes were filled with delight and wonder. She had just enough time to look down and see Faith's hand vanished into herself all the way up to the wrist. At the last possible moment, she buried her face in Faith's neck to drown the screams she knew she wouldn't be able to stop.

"There," Kennedy said a few days later. "A brand new 1450CC HD Touring, black, just for you. Hope it'll do."

The bike was standing in front of the Slayer Central house, as was Faith and Kennedy. The bike gleamed in the sunshine.

"It's not exactly the sexiest model," Faith said.

"True," Kennedy said. "But since you're going to ride it from here to Cleveland I thought some comfort might come in handy."

Faith swept a leather-clad leg over the motorcycle and sat down on the ample seat.

"Yeah," she said. "I guess it will. Thanks, pumpkin."

She started familiarizing herself with the controls of the machine.

Kennedy sat down on the steps up to the house's front door.

"Um, Faith?" she said.

"Yeah?"

"About that night..."

Faith didn't need to ask which night. She looked up at the younger woman and smiled evilly.

"What about it?" she said.

"I thought it was going to be, like, the *whole* night. But Willow got home at about midnight."

"I guess."

"So was there a problem?"

Faith laughed out loud.

"Yeah," she said. "There was a problem. Red wore me out."

Kennedy blinked.

"But you're a *Slayer*," she said. "You've got supernatural stamina!"

"Yeah. Fancy that, huh?"

She started the bike's engine, and it roared to life at the first try.

"But we're even then?" Kennedy shouted over the noise. She looked like she didn't quite believe what Faith had just said.

Faith gestured to her to come closer. Kennedy got up from the steps and walked up to the motorcycle. Faith leaned over so her face was next to Kennedy's ear.

"I've always kind of liked Willow," she said. "Girl's got backbone. If I'd known that she's such a marvel in bed, I'd've made my moves on her *years* ago."

She put her hand on Kennedy's throat, as if she was going to strangle her.

"I won't do anything right now," she said. "But if I see the slightest sign that she's unhappy with you, I'll be there like a fucking hawk. And if I *ever* hear of you pulling a stupid-ass stunt like this again and try to use her as a fucking bargaining chip, then I'll come *kill* you. Understood?"

Kennedy nodded. There was fear in her eyes.

Faith let go of her throat and grabbed hold of the bike's handles.

"Good," she said. "Tell Buffy and Giles I'll be back in a couple of weeks, will you?"

Without waiting for an answer, she gunned the engine and accelerated away in an unnecessarily large cloud of dust. Kennedy stood looking after her until well after she'd vanished out of sight.

Only then did she return into the house to give her lover a long and heartfelt apology.