

Post-Death Shopping

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For Femslash minificathon round 3.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Cordelia/Glory

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: R

At times, Cordelia got tired of her sweetness-and-light existence. Sure, it was nice and all, but there were times when a girl got fed up with nice and wanted a bit of rough and sweaty.

At those times, she ventured away from the domains of the Powers That Be and into the seedy underbelly of the post-life world. When she was new to life as a Higher Power -- and what a joke of a name *that* was -- it had surprised her that there even was a seedy underbelly. Eventually, she'd figured out who went there. It was the home of those who really did not fit in anywhere else. Cordelia herself was welcomed by the Powers That Be since she'd served them. Others were welcomed there because they were obnoxiously good people. On the other side, the Forces of Darkness took in their servants, hangers-on and enthusiasts. People like Lilah. Cordelia hadn't seen what their domains were like, but she was sure that whatever went on there it was a lot less *boring* than where she lived. Existed. Whatever.

The Seedy Underbelly, which of course wasn't called that officially, was full of those who didn't fit in anywhere else. Those who had got lost on their ways to their regular afterlives, and were neither good enough for the PTBs nor bad enough for the other side. The losers. The wayward.

Or, in one case, had been so bad that neither side wanted her, even though she no longer had any powers at all. Cordelia had been curious from the first time she heard of Glorificus. Someone *too evil* for Wolfram and Hart? That was impressive.

She didn't get any less curious when she found out that this paragon of badness had been killed by Rupert Giles. After that, how could she not look her up?

Glorificus' place looked like nightclub, in spite of the lack of any actual night. It was a large room, dimly lit, full of smoke and people. Or at least what passed for people in this kind of place. Drinks and drugs were served, music was played and a string sense of failure and misery permeated the entire place. Over in the far corner, Glory kept court over her pathetic hangers-on.

"My, my" Glory said when Cordelia approached. "The angel is slumming again."

"Hello, Glory," Cordelia said, refusing to acknowledge the taunt. "How *are* you doing?"

"Dead," Glory said. "Powerless. Exiled. On the good side, my mind is staying intact these days."

The fallen hellgod had draped herself along a blood-red couch. She was dressed in something golden that draped itself wonderfully along what few curves her slender body had. She reminded Cordelia strongly of Buffy. Which was one reason why she kept coming back.

"Talked to a seer the other day," Cordelia said. "She told me about a currently unknown designer in Milan who'll be the huge thing next season."

She smiled condescendingly at Glory before she went on.

"I could use someone to carry my bags."

Glory's eyes narrowed. Cordelia could see the effort it cost her not to respond to the insult.

"Well," Glory said. "I guess I can sacrifice a little time from my busy schedule."

She got up from the couch. The hangers-on stared daggers at Cordelia, but none dared so much as whisper anything bad. That it occasionally got visited by an actual Higher Being was the club's major claim to coolness, and none there would dare risk offend her.

Smiling, Cordelia put her arm around Glory's waist. In a shower of golden sparks, they vanished.

One distinct advantage of having a former hellgod along on a shopping trip was that anything bad that happened could easily be blamed on her. Even if it was done by someone else, who actually had some power.

"I want the one she's wearing," Glory said, looking at the blandly smiling shop assistant. Cordelia had put a little confusion on the poor girl, to smooth over a few little problems. Like her and Glory monopolizing the entire store, and not having any means to pay.

"And then," Glory went on, "I want to tear off her smooth, creamy skin strip by strip." Cordelia sighed.

"You can't do that," she said. "This time either."

"Just a little?" Glory said. "The ears? I don't like her ears."

"No," Cordelia said. "It's bad enough that I take you here and cloud her mind. Letting you do harm would get me into real trouble."

They had been trying on clothes for hours, and long ago reached the state where they didn't bother to put anything on while waiting for the shopgirl to bring them new things to try. Cordelia was sitting in an armchair wearing nothing but a red thong. Glory, who had now started running her fingers through the shopgirl's hair, wore nothing whatsoever.

Just as Cordelia liked.

"I hate being dead!" Glory said. "There's nothing fun I can do!"

Cordelia shifted her position to push out her breasts a little and slightly part her legs.

"You could do me," she said.

Glory shrugged. "Done that before," she said. "Besides, you won't let me tear your skin off either."

Feeling a bit sheepish, Cordelia closed her legs again. Glorificus was right. They'd done this too many times by now, and it was as if they even really liked each other. She looked over at the pile of dresses she'd set aside to take with her. Suddenly, she saw exactly how pointless they were. Nobody in the realms of the Higher Beings would know what they were or represented, and even if they did they wouldn't care. They only people who might care were living down on Earth, and she was forbidden to show herself to them.

She got up, took the closest dress and roughly pulled it over her head.

"Let's go home," she said. "You can tear the skin off one of your minions or something."

Glory's face shone up.

"Hey!" she said. "Why didn't I think of that?"

"Evil's supposed to be stupid," Cordelia said. "It's like a cosmic law or something."

"Can we stop by and get some chains and hooks and stuff on the way back?"

"Sure," Cordelia said. "As long as you make it quick."

At times, Cordelia got tired of her sweetness-and-light existence. Sure, it was nice and all, but there were times when a girl got fed up with nice and wanted a bit of rough and sweaty.

At those times, she went down to Glorificus' club. She dressed in white latex and carried a pure white barbed whip, and she sat there and watched.

Occasionally she smiled.