

Two Girls, One Cave

written by Calle Dybedahl

Well, I got into my mind that Willow and Gabrielle would be really cute together. Willow in this story is from the late third or early fourth season of Buffy. Decidedly pre-Tara, in any case, and almost certainly after *Doppelgangland*. Gabrielle is from sometime in the sixth season of Xena, when she's a tough-as-nails legendary Amazon Queen rather than just a country girl with a talent for words.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Xena: Warrior Princess

Featured pairings: Gabrielle/Willow

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC17

Willow woke up.

This surprised her somewhat, since she didn't remember falling asleep. Also, she was looking straight up into an uneven stone ceiling, which was definitely not a feature of the Rosenberg home.

As if that wasn't enough, she was lying on something that felt a lot like a thick fur, with another one covering her. She could hear the soft sound of water running, and of someone humming a pleasant tune.

She pushed the fur aside and sat up. She was in a largish domed cave. Most of the floor was covered with sand, and the bit that wasn't was a pool of water roughly the size of a bathtub meant for three or four people. The cave was lit by oil lamps fastened to the walls, which gave it all a soft, warm appearance. Down by the water a girl was sitting, with her back to Willow. She had short reddish-blond hair, and was dressed in something small and dark red that left most of her back bare. She seemed to be working at something that Willow couldn't see, and humming a song while she worked.

"Er, hello?" Willow said, having decided that the girl didn't look particularly threatening. In fact, she looked quite familiar, although she couldn't quite place her.

The blond girl turned her head and smiled. "Ah, you're awake," she said. She put whatever it was she'd been working at aside and stood. She wasn't very tall, and she looked more athletic and well trained than any other girl Willow had met.

"Hi," the girl said. "I'm Gabrielle." She sat down next to Willow and held out her hand. "And you are...?"

Willow looked at her, stunned. "You... you're not real," she said. "You're from TV, from Xena."

"Well, yes," Gabrielle said. "So are you. From TV, I mean, not from the same show I am."

Willow thought about it for a while. "That would explain why we have so many strange things happen," she said. "And why we two can understand each other. If you were real, you'd be speaking Greek."

"Exactly."

"So where is this? And why are we here?"

"This is the PWP Cave," Gabrielle said. "It's where fanfic characters go to have sex when a writer can't be bothered to dream up a plot to go with the smut." She smiled. "Xena and I have spent a lot of time here."

"Sex?! We can't have sex, we're girls! I mean, not that girls can't have sex, because they can, of course, but I'm a girl and you're a girl and ... and you're looking at me the way guys look at Cordelia's chest."

Gabrielle leaned forward and kissed Willow lightly on the lips.

"You still haven't told me your name," she said.

"...", Willow said. She cleared her throat and tried again. "Willow," she said. "Willow Rosenberg."

Gabrielle gently brushed away some hairs that had fallen in front of Willow's eyes. "Pleased to meet you, Willow Rosenberg," she said, and the way the flickering shadows played over her face took Willow's breath away.

"Kiss me again?" she whispered.

Gabrielle's tongue moved playfully through her mouth, provoking feelings in her she certainly wouldn't have expected to get from kissing another girl. Her arms had moved without her consciously knowing about it, encircling Gabrielle's slender waist. She stroked the warm skin of her back, enjoyed feeling their chests press against each other. Her hand found the knot keeping Gabrielle's top tied together, and before she realized what she was doing she had started untying it.

Gabrielle broke the kiss, but didn't move away. "Changed your mind?" she asked.

"What?"

"About girls having sex."

Willow blushed and stopped fiddling with the knot on Gabrielle's back.

"No, don't stop," Gabrielle said. "I certainly don't mind. I like it. You're cute. It'll be fun to play with someone my own size for a change."

"You're sure?"

"I'm sure," Gabrielle said. "I'll undress myself if it'll make you feel more comfortable. Or maybe you'd like me to undress you first?"

Willow smiled mischievously. "Ok," she said. "It's no more than fair. You're almost undressed already and I've got a sweater and a pair of jeans and stuff."

"With pleasure," Gabrielle said. She looked Willow's sweater over for fastenings of some sort, and then, not finding any, started to pull it off. With some help, it came off smoothly, revealing a plain white bra and quite a bit of pale Willow. Gabrielle ran a hand over Willow's smooth belly.

"Very nice," she said. "Is the rest of you as nice?"

"Do you really think I look nice?"

Gabrielle bent down and placed a wet kiss between Willow's breasts. "Oh yes," she said. "I think you're beautiful."

"Thank you," Willow said. Moving aside the thick fur that still covered her legs, Gabrielle began removing her sneakers and jeans. After some tries, she got them off. A couple of well-shaped legs became visible, and at the top of them a pair of white panties with little flowers on them. Gabrielle stared at them, fascinated.

"I can't believe how tiny those paintings are!" she exclaimed.

"What? Oh... They're not paintings, they're printed on. Only I guess you don't have that in ancient Greece, so you haven't seen it before. Anyway, they're not at all special, they're very plain panties from K-Mart, actually."

Gabrielle looked at her, smiling.

"That sounds very confusing," she said. "Maybe I should just take them off, to avoid further confusion."

"Oh. That. Yeah, you could," Willow said, looking a bit nervous.

Gabrielle stroked Willow's thigh. "Except that now it's I who's got more clothes on, so it's probably your turn to undress me. To keep the balance."

Willow's gaze moved down to Gabrielle's chest, and she unwittingly licked her lips a little. "You really wouldn't mind?" she asked.

"Really," Gabrielle said. "If you don't do it soon I'll do it myself."

Willow swallowed. "Ok," she said. She reached around Gabrielle again, searching for the knot.

"Your skin's so warm," she said.

"So's yours. Warm, smooth and wonderful to touch."

Having already loosened the knot, it fell open almost by itself when she touched it. When the scant pieces of fabric fell down her sides, Gabrielle pulled the neck cord over her head and threw the entire thing to the side, revealing two pale and rosy-tipped breasts. Willow looked fascinatedly at them.

"Like them?" Gabrielle asked, resting her arms on Willow's shoulders and rising up on her knees, as if to give her a better view.

Willow made a generally agreeing sort of sound.

"If you take off the skirt as well you can see the rest too," Gabrielle said. "And you can touch whatever you see."

It wasn't many seconds before the skirt joined the top in the sand and Gabrielle stood naked on her knees in front of the still sitting Willow.

"You're beautiful," Willow said. "I never said that to a girl before, but you are. Are you going to undress me now?"

Gabrielle smiled. "I'd love to." She bent forward to reach down to Willow's bra clasp, not-so-accidentally placing her breasts right in front of the girl's face. Willow breathed in, smelling her with closed eyes.

"You smell as good as you look," she said. She felt Gabrielle pull her up, and realized that she wasn't wearing her bra any more. She rose a little off the fur, and felt her panties being slid off. A moment later she was as naked as the day she was born, and the reality of it and the very strong presence of Gabrielle made her nervousness return.

"What... what now?" she asked.

Gabrielle touched her brow lightly with her lips and sat down beside her.

"What about something to eat?" she asked.

"Sit there," Gabrielle said and indicated another of the very large and thick furs that littered the cave. This particular one was draped over a piece of rock conveniently sticking out of the wall, making a quite passable back rest.

"What sort of animal are these from?" Willow asked. Gabrielle looked up from where she was picking through the stuff she'd been working on when Willow first woke up.

"Bear, I think," she said.

Willow looked at the fur she was sitting on. "It must have been a *very* large bear," she said.

"Never mind that," Gabrielle said. She sat down next to Willow, facing her, and put an open-topped wooden box on the fur beside them. She took a slice of something out of the box and brought it up to Willow's lips.

"Here," she said.

Willow opened her mouth and accepted the gift. It was simple but tasty, a slice of apple dipped in honey and spices.

"Hey, that's pretty good," she mumbled through a mouthful of apple.

Gabrielle laughed. "Good," she said. "We brought the spices back from India ourselves. Want another one?"

Willow nodded. Gabrielle got another slice out of the box. She tried to feed it too to Willow, who lunged forward and caught Gabrielle's fingers in her mouth instead.

"Very nice," she mumbled.

Gabrielle pulled her fingers out. "Clumsy me," she said. "I dropped the apple." She looked down at Willow's thigh where the slice had landed, after bouncing and leaving a smudge of honey on one of her breasts. "Now you're all messy."

She bent down and put her mouth to Willow's breast, licking and sucking carefully at the honeyed spot. Unable to resist the temptation, she put her hand over the other breast, feeling its warmth and firmness and its hard little protrusion. She let her mouth drift over the smooth skin and just barely flicked the nipple with her tongue, eliciting a gasp from Willow.

"There's... there's some apple left... Down there," Willow said, vaguely gesturing towards her lap.

Gabrielle moved downwards, making a trail of kisses down Willow's stomach. She brushed just by the red hair at her crotch, and continued onto the thigh where the apple slice lay.

"Sorry I dropped it like that," she lied when she'd sat up and swallowed it.

"I'm not," Willow said. "You said I can touch you if I want?"

"Anywhere you like."

Willow hesitatingly reached out a hand and caressed one of Gabrielle's breasts.

"It's so soft," she said.

"Just like yours."

"Want to kiss me again?"

Rather than answer out loud, Gabrielle pulled Willow to her and covered her lips with her own. She held her steady with one arm, and let the other one move over Willow's hip and thigh, slowly approaching more interesting territory in the inside of her leg. As Gabrielle's hand came close to her red bush, Willow parted her legs slightly, inviting it to explore further.

Gabrielle broke the kiss but didn't let her go. She looked down at Willow's cute face as she slid her hand gently down over her sex, following the tender cleft with a fingertip. Willow's head sank down to rest on her shoulder and her eyes closed. Gabrielle smiled and pressed a little harder with her finger, forcing it into the waiting wetness. She heard Willow gasp a little and felt her grip tighten. Slowly, she started to move her finger.

"Tell me if I do something you don't like," she whispered in Willow's ear.

"So far, I like," Willow said, her breath a little ragged.

She kept moving her hand, a single finger sliding between the labia, gently pressing at the wet opening each time it reached the the bottom of the cleft.

"I remember the first time Xena held me like this," she kept whispering. "I wanted it so badly I thought it'd kill me, and at the same time I was so scared I could hardly breathe."

"I'm not scared," Willow said. "Just a little -- tense."

"Most of the fear was about what would happen after. What would she think of me? How would things change?" She let her lips just barely touch the skin of Willow's neck while she whispered.

"And I wanted her so much. I'd been daydreaming about touching her for months, about her tanned, hot skin. The dark, strong, dangerous warrior woman." Her hand moved rhythmically between Willow's legs.

"No such fear for you now and here, my sweet. Nor any such desire. No after between us to worry about. No before to light the fires of passion in you. Just now and here and the plain, simple pleasure of touching a beautiful body."

Willow was breathing heavily. Her hands roamed over all the parts of Gabrielle she could reach, her back, her neck, her hip and thigh. She turned her head a little and caught the blonde's earlobe between her teeth, biting it a bit more than just gently.

"I like the way you're touching mine," she gasped. "Do it more."

Gabrielle smiled and pushed her finger a little bit into Willow, who gasped loudly.

"Liked that, did you?" She wiggled the finger around and felt Willow go tense before she pulled it out. "Do it to me and see what it feels like from the other side?" She parted her legs.

It took a few moments for Willow to understand what she'd just heard, but once she did she didn't hesitate, and a finger soon entered Gabrielle's vulva.

"It's warm and very wet," Willow said. "And it makes you close your eyes and open your mouth and look like you're really enjoying it."

Willow moved, pushing Gabrielle down onto her back, carefully keeping her hand where it was. She laid down alongside her.

"If you're like me, this should feel nice," she said.

She let a second finger join the first inside Gabrielle, and while she slid them as deep inside as she could she let the thumb glide between the labia, touching the clitoris at the top.

"Did it?"

Gabrielle spread her legs wider and grunted approvingly. "Oh yes. Again. Harder."

Willow started moving her hand back and forth, watching Gabrielle's eyes close and her hands clench. She leaned heavier on the other girl, bent her head down a little and took one of Gabrielle's nipples gently between her teeth. She held it there, worried it with her tongue. Her other arm slid in under Gabrielle's neck. She lifted her head, briefly kissed the other nipple.

"You're so muscular," she said. "Not like wimpy me."

Gabrielle didn't respond. Her eyes were closed, her mouth open and her breathing heavy. Willow kept rubbing her sex, keeping in time with her now moving hips. She felt Gabrielle trying to push harder against her hand, but didn't let her, teasingly matching her movements. Again, she bent forward, this time placing her lips between Gabrielle's breasts and slowly kissing her way up her chest and neck to her lips. As soon as she got there, she felt Gabrielle's tongue eagerly trying to get into her mouth. The obvious want, the unrestrained desire felt like fire within her. Tongue touching tongue, she let Gabrielle have her wish and increased the pressure on her clitoris. A scream tried to force its way past their locked lips. Mostly under her, she felt Gabrielle's entire body go tense and her arms embraced her, her hands digging into the hair on the back of her head. She moved her hand faster, tried to match the rhythm Gabrielle seemed to want, until after a few moments she felt Gabrielle's insides clench around her fingers and the rest of her just stopped moving. Their lips parted, and Gabrielle screamed out loud before she relaxed utterly.

"I did all right, didn't I?" Willow asked.

"You've got honey all over you," Gabrielle said.

She was flat on her back, with Willow lying on her side next to her. Gabrielle idly ran her fingers over most any part of Willow she could reach, and occasionally she'd stumble on a spot sticky with honey.

"I think you need a bath," she continued.

Willow rested her head on Gabrielle's shoulder. "I only like hot baths," she said.

"The pool over there is fed by a hot spring."

"Hot spring?" Willow said. "But this doesn't look like a volcanic cave. Actually, it doesn't look like any sort of natural cave at all."

"It's not. I told you when you woke up, it's the PWP cave. It only has to match the realism level of some TV series or other."

"Oh." Willow thought for a little while. "You can get away with a lot, if you only have to be as realistic as your series," she said.

"Tell me about it."

"Don't you already know? I mean, you live in it."

"Figure of speech."

"Oh. Right."

Gabrielle lowered herself into the gently steaming water. It was just deep enough that she could sit comfortably at the bottom of it and lean back on the edge, the water reaching up to her armpits.

"Here, sit in front of me," she said.

"Ok," Willow said, smiling happily. She splashed into the water, and after a little while managed to sit herself down between Gabrielle's widely spread legs.

"I like the way your breasts push at my back," she said.

"Would you like me to caress yours?" Gabrielle said. Not waiting for an answer, she slid her arms under Willow's and cupped the body parts in question.

"As long as it's not all you're going to caress," came the answer.

Gabrielle bent her head forward and nibbled gently at Willow's earlobe, at the same time as she let one of her hands leave its soft resting-place and travel further down Willow's slender body.

"What else could there possibly be that'd be fun to play with?" she said as her fingers reached the water-softened hair just above Willow's legs.

"Oh, I don't know," Willow said, her breath catching a little in her throat. "What do you like playing with?"

Gabrielle pretended to think for a bit, her fingers moving slowly through Willow's pubic hair. "Mmm, I like to play with words," she said.

"That's not all you like to play with, I hope," Willow said.

"No. I also like playing with cute little girls' bodies." She moved her hand down down a little bit, sliding a finger in between the folds of Willow's sex. Willow moaned.

"Like that, do you?" Gabrielle asked.

"Don't stop," Willow said, trying to bend her head far enough back to be able to kiss Gabrielle. With some help, she succeeded. Their lips met and opened. Tongue met tongue, and as Willow pushed hers gently into Gabrielle's mouth, Gabrielle not-so-gently pushed two fingers into Willow. The kiss broke.

"Oh, yes, play like that," Willow said in between gasps. Gabrielle smiled.

"Just like that?" she asked. "Not like this, then?" While moving her fingers in and out, she moved her thumb up along Willow's wet slit until it reached her clitoris, which she rubbed gently. Willow made a sound that might have been intended to be words, but was nowhere near coherent.

"I'll take that as a 'yes'," Gabrielle whispered, her mouth almost touching Willow's ear. "I'll just keep doing this, then, if you don't mind?"

She felt Willow's hands grab her legs hard, almost hard enough to leave bruises, and a fraction of a second later she felt small tremors start in Willow's vagina. She bit down on the red-headed girl's earlobe and brutally pushed her fingers into her as far as they'd go. The small tremors grew into large tremors. Willow grunted through clenched teeth, and her hands grabbed Gabrielle's thighs hard enough to leave bruises before she collapsed bonelessly against Gabrielle.

Willow tried to shake all the sand out of her panties before she put them on, without much success.

"I hate getting sand in my underthings," she said. "Don't you?"

Gabrielle looked up from pulling on a knee-high boot. "Yeah," she said. "That's why I don't wear any."

Willow thought about that for a moment, then she threw the panties away and pulled her jeans on anyway. The sweater went onto an entirely bare torso.

"You know, I'll never be able to look at your show the same way again. And it shouldn't be named only after Xena anyway. You're way cuter than she is."

Gabrielle stood, grabbed her sais from a nearby stone and threw them into their scabbards with superhuman precision.

"Thanks," she said. "Not that I'll ever see your show, but I'm sure you're the cutest one in it."

"Yeah, right." She looked around. "Er, Gabrielle?"

"Yes?"

"There's no way out of here."

"Oh, that. We get out the way we got in."

"What?"

"With a dramatically appropriate fade or cut. Like we got here by you waking up."

Willow pondered for a moment or two. "This is a weird place," she said.

"Well, what do you expect from lazy fanfic writers?"

"I guess. So what's a dramatically appropriate way to end this?"

"Hard to say, really. We haven't had much in the way of plot..."

"That's for sure. Definitely no-plotty. Maybe a kiss?" Willow looked expectantly at Gabrielle.

Gabrielle laughed a little. "Certainly worth a shot," she said. "Come here, cutie."

They embraced and kissed, a long, sensuous, wonderful kiss. Nothing of note happened, except that two pairs of nipples got a little harder.

Gabrielle looked around after they'd broken the kiss.

"Drat," she said. "It didn't wo--"