

Second Site

The Demon, The Witch and the Web Site, part 2

written by Calle Dybedahl

This is a followup to *.com*, but you don't really need to have read that one. It's enough if you know that Anya starts a nude webcam site in order to make a living after Willow wrecked the Magic Box, Willow becomes a steady customer of said site and eventually ends up in a relationship with Anya.

Thanks to Gina the Dormouse for the beta reading!

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Anya/Willow

A.S.S Story codes: ff, voy

Story rating: NC17

Willow paused at the threshold to Anya's combined bedroom and study. It still felt weird, seeing the room in real life that she'd spent so much time looking at through the webcam. Sure, she'd seen it a few times in real life now. And she'd got to live out a couple of the fantasies she'd spun concerning it, its bed and their owner. It still felt weird. Sort of unreal, as if she was really just imagining it all.

Anya was sitting typing in front of her computer, dressed in blue jeans and an unbuttoned white blouse, breasts bared to the camera. Willow could spend a long time looking at her like that. *Had* spent quite some time looking at her like that.

"It's all empty!" Anya said. "Not a single request all day, and the hit rate is way down. Any worse, and I'll be losing money on this!"

She looked at Willow. "It's all your fault, you know. If you hadn't turned me down I wouldn't have gone all sad and kept the camera turned off for a week so my clients all went away!"

"I didn't know you... I thought it was for the best."

"Well, it wasn't."

It'd been a few days since the picnic where they got together. They still hadn't told anyone else about it, more out of mutual dread of their friends' reactions than anything else. They hadn't been out much either, choosing to stay in Anya's apartment and make love.

With the camera turned off.

"You know, I bet we'd easily get more clients than I ever used to have if you'd join me in front of the camera," Anya said, almost as if she'd been reading Willow's mind.

"We've been through this," Willow said. "I'm just not the exhibitionist type."

"But you owe me! You made me make them go away, so you should help me get them back!"

"Not that," Willow said. "It wouldn't look any good if I was all tense and avoidy anyway."

Anya got up from the chair and approached Willow. She put her arms around the red-headed girl and looked deeply into her eyes.

"A spell then," she said. "Something to attract people to the site."

Willow slid her hands around Anya's waist inside the open blouse.

"I don't think that's really a good idea. Magic has this tendency not to do what you thought it would."

Anya pouted. "So think of something else! Without the site, I won't have enough money to buy you pretty things."

Willow laughed. "I'll do my best," she said.

"Good."

Anya let her face close the last inch that separated her from Willow, touching lips to lips and gently prying with her tongue. It didn't take many seconds before Willow answered the kiss, and only a handful more before her hands had moved up to Anya's exposed bosom.

"Frisky, aren't you?" Anya mumbled.

"Turn off the camera and I'll show you how frisky," Willow said.

Without hesitation, Anya did as she asked.

"Hello? Anyone home?"

Buffy dropped her weapons bag on the floor. No answer, and no sounds of other people. So she was alone in the Summers residence.

"Willow?" she called, just in case she hadn't been heard the first time. "I need your help."

Most of her cute little red jacket, large parts of her blue jeans and the odd streak on her face and hair was covered with dark green slime.

"Oh, damn," she said to the empty house. "If this slime makes me all telepathic again they'll all be sorry..."

Still muttering, she headed for the shower.

Willow couldn't sleep. She was quite tired and well satisfied from hours of making love to Anya, and she was lying comfortably in bed with Anya spooned behind her. But she couldn't sleep.

She worried over what Anya had said earlier. That she, Willow, had ruined Anya's livelihood. She hadn't done it just once either, but *twice*. First the Magic Box, then the web site. Without meaning to in either case, granted, but she still had.

She ought to do something about it. And there was only one thing she could reasonably do, as far as she could see. She carefully inched her way out of bed, doing her best not to disturb her sleeping lover. She quickly draped a dressing gown around her naked body and tiptoed over to Anya's computer setup. She turned it on, wincing and hastily turning down the volume on the speakers as the horrible Windows startup sound erupted.

"Let's see," she mumbled to herself as she quickly logged on as Anya and started looking for the webcam software. "Ah, there, and now we do this..."

She closed her eyes and held her palms against the monitor.

"Machine eye that sees the beauty," she said in a singsong voice, "see more. Machine store that remembers the beauty, remember more. Gather those that watch to you, gather those who lust. Feed from their fires, drink of their wants, and show them what they most desire. As I say, so mote it be."

A bluish light played over her hands and sank into the monitor.

With a tired sigh, Buffy clicked the "Next" button on the seemingly endless series of descriptions the "Demons! Demons! Demons!" web site had given her when she tried to search for the specific demon that had slimed all over her as it died. The search was taking her *ages*, and she strongly suspected that it wouldn't have taken Willow anywhere near as long, had she been there to do it.

Where was Willow anyway? It was unusual for her to be gone this far into the night, and without her laptop too. There was something new occupying the witch's time, Buffy was sure of it. Something new not involving computers. And probably not magic either, since they hadn't had a catastrophe yet.

Buffy wondered what it was. New girl? But if it was, why wouldn't she talk about it? *Bad* new girl?

Maybe she should try to look into it. Invasion of privacy, yes. Personal integrity and all that. But Willow *had* done very bad things not so long ago and it'd be better for everyone if Buffy found out about any new problems early rather than late...

With her conscience firmly wrestled to the ground, Buffy fired up Willow's web browser, intending to look through her bookmarks and browser history. Buffy might not be a computer wizard, but she knew *some* things.

Inside Anya's computer, the magic gathered. Pale blue lightning played over the components, gathering information, feeling their way towards a goal. Kaleidoscopic patterns ran over the monitor, casting an otherworldly glow over the room and the two sleeping girls. The camera came alive, zoomed in and out and panned randomly around. Having found all available hardware, it still wasn't satisfied that it could fulfill its mission. See more beauty? It had no concept of human beauty. Give the watchers what they want? It had no idea what they wanted to see.

Searching for answers, it turned to the computer's Internet connection.

Buffy was stunned.

For starters, she'd found out that Anya had a web site. A *pornographic* web site. With the porn pictures. Of Anya. And the porn.

On an intellectual level, she wanted to go scrub her brain out with bleach.

On a less intellectual and more hormonal level Anya had really nice tits. And she *so* wasn't thinking that. Willow was the resident lesbian, not Buffy. Buffy with lesbian tendencies would make things *far* to complicated. So, no lesbian here. Just a perfectly straight young woman. Curious, but straight.

The Anya porn site was one thing. Finding the link to said site as the starter page of Willow's web browser was another. Not just a link to the site, either, but a link to the paid-member section of it. With user id and password auto-filled-in for ease of use. And *lots* of pictures from the site stored locally. Some of them fairly innocent. Most of them absolutely not innocent. At all.

Buffy carefully looked through them all.

And it was *not* the pictures that made her heart beat faster and her groin heat up. It was... It was the upset of finding them. For sure.

Turning from the pictures, she looked at the rest of the site. The movie section. The viewer wish list. The news section.

The news section with the apologies for lack of updates due to Anya having a new girlfriend. A new girlfriend that she called by the same name that Willow used as her user id on the site.

"Oh. My. God," Buffy said just before the magic exploded out from the monitor and hit her squarely in the face.

Willow woke up to someone gently kissing her forehead. She opened her eyes and saw Anya leaning over her. She smiled.

"Hey, you," she said.

"Hey yourself, sleepyhead," Anya said. "I was starting to wonder if you were going to wake up at all today."

Willow pulled Anya's head down and kissed her.

"I guess you tired me out last night," she said.

"Yes," Anya said, "you had lots of orgasms. Do you want coffee now?"

She still wasn't entirely used to Anya's breakneck speed of conversation.

"Um, yes, please," she said. As Anya moved away to get the coffee, she sat up.

"What do you want to do today?" she asked.

Anya poured the coffee and handed it to Willow.

"I guess you still don't want to pose for the camera?" she said.

"Anya..."

"In that case I want to go shopping. I need more uncomfortable but pretty underwear if I'm going to get my viewers back."

"Shopping is good," Willow said, relieved that she didn't have to have the posing discussion again. "Shopping I can do."

"Then I want to return here and have more orgasms," Anya said.

"Right," Willow said. "That I can *definitely* do."

Buffy woke up with a pain in her neck. Gradually, she realized that she'd fallen asleep sitting at the living room table in front of Willow's laptop. Wincing, she slowly extricated herself from the sitting position, joints popping and complaining at having had to remain still for too long. It seemed that she'd managed to pull out the laptop's power cord as she fell across it, and its batteries were thoroughly drained. She plugged it in to let it charge and went in search of nourishment. Or, failing that, sugar, fat and caffeine.

While the coffee maker burbled and gurgled, she tried to remember what she'd been doing when she fell asleep. Looking at demons at that site Willow usually used was the last thing she remembered, so she assumed that was what she'd been doing. It had been a pretty long fight earlier in the evening, so it wasn't *that* strange that she'd fallen asleep like that. If nothing else strange happened during the day, she'd forget about it and assume that this particular demon's slime held no danger except to her clothes and hair care bill.

She poured herself a large mug of steaming hot coffee and was just about to take the first sip when the vision hit her.

There was a slight burning sensation in her head, and suddenly she was seeing the inside of a clothes store dressing room. It was as if she was standing just inside the curtain separating it from the rest of the store, invisible and intangible. When she reached out with her hand, she could still feel her own kitchen counter, but her vision -- and, it appeared, her hearing -- had been hijacked. By what or who, she had no idea.

She was trying to figure out what to do about the situation when Willow and Anya entered. Willow came first, walking backwards and dragging Anya by the hand. She stopped when her back hit the wall, but kept pulling on Anya until she was pressed against her. She let go, put her arms around Anya's waist and kissed her passionately.

Buffy watched in amazement. Surely this couldn't be real. It must be some kind of hallucination. But why would she hallucinate Willow and Anya?

"Come on," Willow said. "Let me see you try on those things."

Anya smiled and started undressing, slowly and teasingly. Buffy could see Willow's nipples stiffening under her thin blouse. The sight made her feel funny inside. She swallowed.

Pretty soon, Anya was down to her panties, and Buffy's funny feeling was getting far too close to sexual excitement to ignore. When Willow bent forward and caught Anya's nipple gently between her teeth, a half-swallowed moan escaped the Slayer's lips.

"I can't try on the new things when you do that," Anya gasped.

Willow let go of her nipple and smiled a surprisingly wicked smile. She slid her hand down Anya's panties.

"They're your size," she said, as she drew a finger along her lover's wet vulva. "And you know they look good," she went on, "and even if they don't your viewers certainly won't mind watching you take them off."

By then, Anya had closed her eyes and was moaning audibly. So was Buffy, she realized. She felt almost as turned on as Anya looked.

"Hush," Willow said. "We don't want the girl outside to hear you, do we?"

Anya opened her mouth to say something, but before she got a coherent sound out Willow slid a finger inside her and all she got out was a half-strangled croak. She bit her lip, trying desperately to remain silent. Willow smiled and put her thumb down on Anya's clitoris, gently rubbing at the same time as she moved her finger in and out. Anya took a stumbling step backwards, almost falling. Willow followed closely, turning Anya around and leaning her against the wall, her hand busy at its task between Anya's legs while she did so. Willow's mouth was only a fraction of an inch from Anya's. She speeded up her hand's movement, moving it faster and harder, until finally she covered Anya's mouth with her own as Anya shuddered and groaned in orgasm.

"I love you," Willow whispered as she carefully let Anya go, making sure her legs were carrying her.

"Vixen," Anya said when she could speak again. "Are you going to do this to me in every store we go to?"

Willow smiled. "Only if you're a good girl."

"Maybe in the next store I should show you just how good a girl I can be."

As Willow laughed, the scene faded around Buffy and was replaced with her own highly prosaic kitchen.

Willow frowned. "Did you hear something?" she said.

"No," Anya said. "Did you?"

Willow looked around the dressing room. There really wasn't possible to hide anything in it, and the mirror wasn't placed so that it could be a one-way one.

"I guess not," she said. "I'm just not used to doing this sort of thing. I really don't know what got into me."

Anya smiled. "At least I know what got into *me*," she said.

As soon as she saw normally again, Buffy headed up to her room, dug out her trusty old vibrator and got to work getting herself off. No *way* she'd be able to think straight while she was as worked up as the vision of Willow and Anya had made her, and while a cold shower might work it'd leave her frustrated and probably incredibly irritable. So, better to get herself an orgasm and get the whole thing out of her system. A good, wholesome, heterosexual orgasm. Thinking about Angel. And Spike. Possibly Riley. Maybe even Giles, although that had its own ick factor. Definitely *not* about Willow's lips closing around Anya's stiff nipple and Willow's fingers slipping between Anya's labia and Anya's naked breasts and oh *God* she wished that it had been her that Willow had been doing those things to.

Her orgasm was so intense that she almost passed out. She came to her senses again panting and sweaty, her jeans and panties pushed down to her ankles and half a crushed vibrator in her hand. She groaned loudly, and this time not in pleasure.

One of these days she'd really have to get herself a steel vibrator. With a sigh she started picking shattered plastic out of her crotch.

Buffy was busy doing the dishes when Willow returned to the Summers house.

"Hi," Willow said. She threw her bag on the table and sat down on a chair. "Anything interesting happen while I was gone?"

Buffy tried her best not to blush. "No," she lied. "You?"

Willow responded in kind. "Nope, just the dull old usual. You patrolling tonight?"

"Yeah," Buffy said. "That's what I do. Patrol. Kill stuff. Very boring." She dried the last few things and put them away.

"So, do you have any plans?" she asked.

"Not really," Willow said. "Study some. Maybe head over to the Bronze for a while."

"Hoping to pick up some cute young girl?" Buffy said, trying her best to keep her voice calm and level.

"Yeah, right," Willow said. "Cause that's what I do best, seduce young women. Be sure to change the locks to Dawn's room before you leave."

"You know I wouldn't mind, right?" Buffy said. "If you did meet someone, I mean. Not if you seduced Dawn. I would mind that. A lot. But I wouldn't mind it if you met someone. Even if it was someone that might seem... weird."

Willow looked at her, trying to figure out where this came from. Did she suspect something? "Thanks, I guess," she said. "Is there any particular reason you're mentioning this now?"

A thought suddenly occurred to her. "Have *you* met someone that might seem weird? Weirder than *Spike*?"

Buffy blinked. "What? Me?" She let out a surprised laugh. "God, no. There is nobody in the life of Buffy, weird or otherwise. Not that I ever had anyone who *wasn't* weird..."

"Right," Willow said. "If you'll excuse me, I think I hear my books calling for me."

"Yeah, sure," Buffy said. "Good luck at the Bronze."

On her way back from patrol that night, Buffy felt the burning sensation in her head again. Being slightly more prepared this time, she quickly found a reasonably safe spot and sat down just as the vision took form around her.

It was Willow and Anya again, but in the Bronze this time. They were standing on the balcony, looking down at the people dancing. Willow was leaning on the railing, dressed in a white blouse and a long tan skirt. Anya wore a bright red tank top and jeans cutoffs. She was standing very close behind Willow, with her head over Willow's shoulder and her arms around Willow's waist. She was nibbling and licking Willow's ear. Buffy was looking at them from behind and to the side, so she couldn't see their faces properly.

As soon as the thought formed in her mind that she wanted to see them from the front, her discorporeal viewpoint moved forward and turned. She was hanging in the air in front of the balcony, and she now could see the two girls' faces quite well. Willow had her eyes closed, her mouth slightly open and she was getting flushed. One of Anya's hands had moved up from Willow's waist and was now squeezing one of her breasts through the blouse. Willow rubbed her head against Anya's, clearly enjoying the attention.

Anya let go of Willow for a moment, so she could slide both her hands in under Willow's blouse. Buffy could see her hands move under the white fabric, cradling the small breasts hidden by it and lightly pinching their sensitive nipples. Willow reached back and grabbed Anya's buttocks, pulling her harder against her back.

Anya smiled wickedly and whispered something in Willow's ear. Buffy couldn't hear her over the music, but Willow looked scandalized and shook her head vigorously in the negative. Anya just kept smiling, took one of her hands out from inside Willow's blouse and started lifting the back of Willow's long skirt. As she hiked up the material, she bunched it up and wedged it between herself and Willow so that it didn't fall back down. When Willow was exposed all the way up to her waist, Anya prodded at her to spread her legs. After a slight hesitation, Willow obeyed.

Buffy moved her viewpoint around to the other side. She got there just in time to see Anya tear the flimsy threads that connected the back of Willow's panties to their front and unceremoniously drop the broken garment to the dance floor below. Buffy moved down, almost to the balcony floor, and looked up at Willow's pussy. Her hair down there was of a darker red than that on her head, and moisture glistened on her engorged labia. Anya lightly stroked the insides of her thighs, almost but not quite touching the more sensitive flesh at their top. She kept it up, getting closer and closer but never all the way there, until Buffy could see Willow's thighs start to tremble. Only then did she move her hand all the way up, covering Willow's waiting labia with her hand and gently rubbing them. Buffy saw Willow's knees buckle, and if she hadn't had the railing to lean on she probably would've fallen. Anya still had one arm around her torso, partly to support Willow and partly to play with her breasts. With her other hand she spread Willow's dripping folds and pushed her thumb inside her vagina. She held it there, keeping the thumb inside and rubbing the clitoris with the tops of her fingers.

Buffy moved up and to the side, so she could see Willow's face. She was flushed and sweating, her breath ragged. In the unseen real world, Buffy unbuttoned her pants and slid a hand down to her own pussy. There was no use denying it, she was incredibly turned on. Turned on by seeing Willow in sexual ecstasy. If it had been real, she would've envied Anya. She wanted it to be her hand between Willow's legs. Her touch that made Willow look like that. Her will that made her make sounds like that. Buffy could hear Willow's moans and senseless words over the music now. She knew those sounds quite well. She'd heard them often enough through the walls of her bedroom while Tara was still alive. She could tell that Willow was about to come. She speeded up her own masturbatory efforts, intently gazing at her friend's blissful face until Willow's orgasmic scream brought her, too, over the edge.

Willow adjusted her skirt, her face blazing bright red.

"Um, where are my panties?" she said.

Anya looked ashamed, an occurrence unusual enough that Willow noted it even now. "I think I threw them on the dance floor," she said. "After I tore them off you."

They were still on the Bronze's balcony, but farthest away from the open edge, trying their best to look inconspicuous.

"You know," Willow said, "not that I at all disliked what you did to me just now, but that was a little more public than I like my sex."

"Me too," Anya said. "Why did you let me?"

"Let you! Why did you start it?"

As soon as the words were out of her mouth the strangeness of the exchange struck Willow. Why had they done what they did? Sex in a changing room was already far more public than she liked, but it had felt perfectly natural at the time. As had this, and this had been *way* more public than she liked.

"I don't know," Anya said. "It felt like the right thing to do. I don't know how humans do this sort of thing, the last time I had a girlfriend we were both vengeance demons."

Willow frowned. "I think there's something funny going on," she said.

Buffy tried to look natural as she walked into the house.

"Hi," she said.

Dawn was sitting on the couch watching TV and eating pizza. "Hi," she replied.

"Is Willow home?" Buffy asked.

"No," Dawn said. "She went to the Bronze."

"Oh. When?"

Dawn shrugged. "I dunno. Couple of hours ago I think. Why?"

"Oh, no reason."

Buffy headed for the kitchen. Unlike most nights when she'd been out slaying she wasn't the least bit horny, for obvious reasons, but she sure was hungry.

"So, have you been, um, 'fighting' with Spike again?" Dawn said.

Buffy stopped dead in her tracks. "No," she said. "Why do you think that?"

"You've got dried grass all over your back and in your hair."

Buffy blushed. "I just fell down, OK?" she said. "I haven't been doing anything... interesting."

Dawn looked disbelievingly at her. "Sure," she said. "Whatever."

Buffy continued on her way to the fridge, her brow furrowed with thought. So Willow *had* been at the Bronze at roughly the time when Buffy had her vision. Could she be seeing things that was actually happening?

She shook her head. No. One, Willow and *Anya*. Impossible right there. Second, Willow and Anya having sex in public. Even more impossible. Buffy knew well how shy her friend was. Had seen her in near-panic with stage fright more than once. No way on Earth that she'd consent to public sexual display.

So. Could Anya be forcing her? Blackmail? Didn't seem likely. When all your friends know you've tried to destroy the world, what's left to do blackmail with? Also, Anya would go after money and Xander, not sex and Willow. Or, rather, she'd go after money, money, money, money, Xander and money. In that order.

Buffy sighed. She wasn't getting anywhere. If it happened again, she'd have to talk to Willow about it, no matter the embarrassment.

The UC Sunnydale library was, as usual, huge. Since it was in the middle of the night, it was also dark and deserted. Every sound the two girls made as they walked towards the occult section echoed and reverberated until it sounded like hordes of angry ghosts lurking among the stacks.

"Did we really have to come here?" Anya said, nervously looking over her shoulder.

"Yes," Willow said. "Since I don't have any magic books at home any more, and the Magic Box isn't available, this is where we have to go to find out about magic."

"And *both* of those things were your fault!" Anya snapped. "I bet you did it just so I'd have to come to scary places in the middle of the night. You have no idea what sort of things lurk in libraries. I wouldn't go near the places, when I was a demon."

Willow stopped listening around "your fault". She knew that perfectly well already, so she tuned out and concentrated on the books instead. Since most of the magic and occult books were bound in thick, worn, black leather with no writing on them, finding a particular book could take quite a while.

Unless you were lucky.

"Here it is," Willow said, and hurried over to a nearby table. Like most tables in the library it was big enough to host a decent-sized dinner party and made out of dark brown wood. She turned the lamp over the table on, laid the book down and opened it. She scanned rapidly down the page. There was something about what had happened to them that felt vaguely familiar, but she couldn't put her finger on what it was.

Suddenly, she felt Anya brush the hair from her neck and gently kiss her there. From off to the side, she heard a strange clicking sound. For a moment, she teetered on the brink of revelation, but before she reached it her libido overrode any rational thought.

"This isn't public, is it?" Anya whispered in her ear.

She had lathered and rinsed and was just about to repeat when the peculiar burning returned to Buffy's head. She swore, but no more than half-heartedly. Intrusive as the visions were, they still were the best sex she'd had in a long time. She set the taps to a little hotter and sat down on the shower floor.

She found herself hovering over a table in the UC Sunnydale library, of all possible places. Willow was sitting on the edge of the table, with Anya standing in front of her. They were kissing, slightly awkwardly since Anya was busy unbuttoning Willow's blouse at the same time. Willow was less subtle about the same thing, and just pushed Anya's top off her shoulders and down to her waist. Pretty soon, both girls were naked from the waist up and got into their kissing and fondling with wild abandon. Buffy moved around them, hungrily watching their smooth skins, luscious breasts and eager mouths. She watched Anya lift Willow a little to get her skirt off. She watched Willow uninhibitedly playing with Anya's more ample tits. The golden light from the lonely lamp over the table turned their beautiful young bodies into a moving chiaroscuro of carnality, an image of beauty that seemed to speak directly to Buffy's sex. She had one hand on her breast, one between her legs, and she tried to imagine that the flesh under them was Willow's rather than her own.

In the library, Anya pushed the naked Willow down so she lay flat on the table with her spread legs hanging over the edge. She knelt before her, put Willow's slender legs over her shoulders, gently spread her labia with her hands and ran her tongue lightly from the opening of Willow's vagina to the hood over her clitoris. Willow groaned loudly and arched her back, trying to get closer to the tantalizing mouth. Anya moved with her, keeping her touch fleeting and light, teasing the redhead. Willow reached down a hand towards her crotch, but Anya grabbed it and held it away, refusing to let Willow command. Willow let her arms fall to her sides, spread her legs even farther apart as if in a vain hope that it'd make Anya lick harder. Anya slid her hands up along Willow's torso, enjoying the smooth skin and ending up with her hands over her beautiful little breasts. She gently rolled the nipples between her

fingertips while she rhythmically licked at the wet folds by her mouth. Buffy could tell from the sounds that Willow was almost out of her mind with near-frustrated pleasure.

Buffy rose higher above the table, straight above Willow, looking down. It was a special kind of beauty, the writhing naked redhead and the blonde kneeling between her legs in a kind of prayer, the both of them near the center of a pool of light in a much larger darkness. While Buffy watched, still caressing herself, staying oh so very aroused but not getting closer to coming, Willow threw her arms up, resting them stretched out on the table above her head. It looked a little like she was trying to reach the other side of the lit area. Anya had let go of Willow's breasts, and they moved enticingly as Willow squirmed. Anya's hands were busy doing something by Willow's crotch, something that Buffy couldn't see since Anya's head was in the way. But she didn't need to, she could guess well enough. Willow was throwing her head back and forth, arching her back even higher, obviously on the brink of orgasm. Buffy rubbed herself harder, trying to keep pace with her beloved friend. She saw more than heard Willow start to cry out, and moments later she herself crested. The scene faded from her eyes and was replaced by the shower stall as Willow sat up, pulled Anya roughly to her and kissed her deeply.

"I'd better get some researching done," Willow said when she came up for air after kissing an Anya tasting strongly of herself, "or we'll be here all night. And I'm starting to feel a lot like getting us both to your bed, so spending the night here really is not on at all."

Anya smiled. "Fine," she said. "I can live with that plan. Go research!"

Willow chose to dress first. In case the night watchman came by it'd be easier to explain just being in the library in the middle of the night than to explain being there naked in the middle of the night. She picked up the books she'd picked out earlier from the floor, where they'd somehow ended up during the impromptu lovemaking session. She sat down and started looking through them. Strangely enough, leafing through old occult tomes without really knowing what she was looking for felt safe and comfortable. Or maybe not so strange, after all. The many hours she'd spent like that in the library of the old Sunnydale High School had been one of her safer points when she grew up. At times she missed it.

"Hey, can I use these computers?" Anya said, pointing at the Internet terminals put there for students to search for information on.

"Sure," Willow said. "Knock yourself out."

There was nothing of interest in the books. Or, rather, there was nothing of interest relating to their current problem. If it was a problem. So far it had mostly been enjoyable, really. Slightly risky, yes, but a *far* safer kind of risk than the risks she was used to taking when helping Buffy save the world.

"Willow?" Anya asked, with a really peculiar sound to her voice. Willow looked up from the book, alarmed.

"Yes?"

"When did you set up a second Anyakacam web site? And I thought you didn't want to pose?"

Willow frowned. "I never set up any such web site," she said. She got up and walked over to the terminal where Anya was sitting.

"Look, it's right here," Anya said, pointing at the screen. "And *I* didn't set it up."

And right there it was. "Anyakacam: Second Site" the title banner said. Under it was a smaller text stating that the site had just received new content. And under that was a large picture of herself naked on a library table with Anya kneeling between her legs.

Willow's knees suddenly went all weak. She didn't know if she was flushing or going pale. Or both.

"Um," she said. "That picture..."

"What about it?" Anya said. "It's a pretty nice picture, I think. It looks just like what we did here just now."

Willow waited silently.

Anya's face transformed with sudden anger. "Hey!" she said. "Who took that picture? Some perv's been spying on us!"

"Er, does the new site have many visitors?" Willow asked, suspecting she knew exactly who -- or rather what -- had produced the images and the site.

"Yes," Anya said. "Lots. And they're paying for it, too. I can see why, with pictures like that. We're very sexy together."

"It's a spell," Willow blurted out. "I cast it the other night after you were asleep. I cast it to attract new paying members, but I didn't expect it to do it like this."

Anya looked at her. "A *spell* has been spying on us?"

"Well, yes."

Anya looked again at the picture on the monitor. "The spell has very good taste," she said.

Willow frowned. "A spell can't have taste," she said. "It can only follow instructions from a mind."

She grabbed the keyboard from Anya and started typing at a furious pace, occasionally adding minor real magics to her mundane computer wizardry.

"There," she said after a little while. "I see what it did now. It attached itself to someone logged onto the usual site when I cast the spell. It's been urging us to have sex, and then it's been showing the victim images of us and choosing for publication those that got the strongest sexual reaction..."

"So some perv *has* been spying on us!"

"Not really," Willow said. "It must have been more like involuntary visions of us. It may have been dangerous, depending on when the spell decided to activate. Let's see who was logged on at the time."

More furious typing.

"There," Willow said. "The only member logged on right then was... me."

She stood up straight with a disbelieving expression on her face.

"That can't be right," she said.

"You were right there," Anya said. "Why would you need to log on?"

"Wait a moment..." Still more typing. "I was logged on from... my laptop at home."

Suddenly, her eyes went wide. "Oh my god," she said. "Buffy!"

Buffy sat at the edge of her bed, dressed in a thick dressing gown, her hair still wet from the unexpectedly long shower. She kept looking at herself in the mirror, trying to come to terms with her unexpected new identity. She couldn't pretend

that watching Willow and Anya make love hadn't excited her one hell of a lot. So, she guessed she wasn't as straight as she used to think. Buffy Summers, Lesbian Vampire Slayer.

No, not lesbian. She still liked the male half of the species. Or at least she thought she did, it *had* been a while since she'd had the opportunity to try it out.

She tried picturing Orlando Bloom naked, and found it no less enticing than usual. So, all right, not lesbian then. Buffy Summers, Bisexual Vampire Slayer.

Buffy grimaced. Wasn't there a less clinical term for it? One that didn't make it sound like some strange disease? "No, Buffy can't come to work today, she's a bit bisexual."

Maybe it was a Slayer thing. She had wondered about Faith at the time. And Kendra had been so repressed that she wasn't an argument for anything except staying the hell away from the Council of Wankers. So that was a vague two in favour and one abstention. Just fine as an election, not so much as statistics. Maybe she should call Giles and ask if the Council's records covered previous Slayers' sexual orientations. Or maybe she should wait until she could see his face when she asked.

And she still didn't have the faintest idea what to do about Willow. She was quite sure that her own feelings for Willow had nudged over from best friend to serious romantic interest. And she wanted to tell her, she just didn't have the faintest idea *how*. The only kind of relationships she had any real skill with involved vampires, pointy wooden objects and ended in clouds of dust. The more human to human variety she invariably seemed to screw up. Maybe she should just tell Willow all that had happened and hope for the best.

Except that would be really, really awkward if Willow actually was involved with Anya, and might make Willow feel forced to move out. And she didn't want that at all. So she should try to find out if Willow was already seeing someone. But that would feel underhanded and false.

She let herself fall back onto the bed. She sighed deeply and wished that deep thinking was a Slayer skill.

"It could be Dawn," Anya said. She was sitting on the other side of the table from Willow, leaning heavily on it and looking quite bored.

"No, it couldn't," Willow said. She was paging through a thick, black book on magic, one of many she'd been rapidly going through over the past hour. "She's got her own laptop. Only Buffy borrows mine."

Anya sighed. "Aren't you done yet? It was your spell, shouldn't you know how to undo it?"

"I already found a way to undo it," Willow said. "I'm trying to find *another* way of undoing it."

"What's wrong with the first one?"

"I consists of having the victim watch through her own eyes whatever it is she's been watching magically."

Anya shrugged. "She's been watching us have sex all day anyway, so what's the problem?"

"I'll *know* she's watching!"

"Until we get it fixed, she'll be watching us every time we have sex. And with the spell making us boink like crazed weasels, which is a strange thing to say because crazed weasels don't have a lot of sex, they just try to bite you, so anyway it's not go-

ing to be long before we have sex again. Without weasels. But with Buffy watching. Or Dawn. And then we'll have to have sex with Buffy watching *again* at least once to break the spell and you'll be even more embarrassed and the sex will probably suck and I don't like that. I want our sex to be good, and I want you to be happy."

Willow thought about it for a moment. She closed the book.

"Let's go," she said.

Standing at the foot of Buffy's bed, Willow unbuttoned her blouse and let it drop. Her skirt followed, and after the day's adventures that was all she was wearing. Naked, she climbed up on the bed where an equally unclad Anya was waiting. She straddled Anya's hips, and bent down to kiss her.

"That's all right. Really," Buffy had said when they'd told her the story. She'd seemed to mean it, too, which surprised Willow. She'd expected her to be really pissed off. Instead, she'd seemed thoughtful and a little afraid. "Only watch?" she'd said after a while. "Only watch," Willow had confirmed, suddenly unsure which way Buffy had wanted her to answer.

Buffy was sitting in a chair in the corner of the room. She'd been asleep when they arrived, and she hadn't bothered to put on more than a dressing gown. Willow was acutely aware that her friend was most likely entirely naked under the thick red fabric.

Anya's lips against her own, Anya's tongue playing in her mouth and Anya's hard nipples touching her own breasts pushed thoughts of Buffy far away. Willow gave herself wholeheartedly to the kiss. She felt Anya's hands stroke her back. She lowered herself so she rested on her elbows and cradled Anya's head in her hands. The smooth hair, the head's solid weight and the control it gave her of the kiss felt oh so very, very lovely. Anya's hands travelled further down, caressing her buttocks and the backs of her thighs.

Willow broke the kiss and looked back towards Buffy. She could see Buffy's eyes follow the movements of Anya's hands, and occasionally stopping for a while to look with rapt attention at Willow's exposed vulva. Willow smiled.

She turned back to Anya and kissed her again, lightly and quickly. She started kissing her way down Anya's body, leaving a trail of warm wet spots over her neck, down between and over her breasts, along her belly and into the rough hair covering her mons. All the while Willow kept her knees widely spread and her bottom raised high, so as to give Buffy the best possible view. When her mouth reached the top of Anya's wet folds she didn't waste any time, she just pried the labia apart with her tongue and began to play. She let the sound of Anya's moans and whimpers guide her, trying to get her as excited as she could without bringing her over the edge. When it sounded like the slightest touch might bring her off, she raised her head. An almost desperate moan came from Anya.

Willow climbed around, straddling Anya's chest rather than her legs and facing the other way. She lowered her crotch towards Anya's face, and as soon as she got close enough she was rewarded by the wonderful feeling of a warm tongue licking her.

She glanced up towards the back of the room. Buffy was looking at the girls on the bed with such focus that she almost looked hypnotized. One of her hands had vanished into the folds of the bathrobe, and Willow thought it looked like it was in the general vicinity of Buffy's groin. But she had more than enough distraction

herself, between the wonderfulness between her own legs and the enticing flesh just below her face. Letting all rational thought and planning go, she tried to force her tongue as far into Anya's vagina as possible, and then just kept eating her out until she begged for mercy.

Willow lay tired and spent with Anya embracing her from behind.

"Buffy?" she said.

"Hm?" Buffy replied. She was still sitting in the chair in the corner. She had hardly moved at all since Willow and Anya got undressed.

"You liked watching us, didn't you?"

There was a slight hesitation before Buffy replied. "Yes," she said, almost inaudibly low.

"I didn't know you were interested in that sort of thing," Willow said.

"Neither did I," Buffy said. "Until today."

Unsure what to make of that, Willow just lay silent for a while, enjoying the feel of Anya against her back.

"Willow?" Buffy said eventually.

"Hm?"

"I think I'm in love with you."

A strange mixed feeling of fear and elation erupted in Willow's chest.

"I'm with Anya," she said.

"I know," Buffy said. "I just wanted you to know. So you know why if I act weird."

Silence filled the room. Outside, the horizon was getting lighter.

"Anya dear?" Willow said after a little while.

"Mmm," Anya said.

"Do you think you could stand sharing me?"

Anya thought about it for a few moments, after which Willow thought she could *feel* the evil grin spreading over her lover's face.

"If I get to watch," Anya said. "And bring a camera for the site."

Willow couldn't stifle the laughter that suddenly wanted out.

"Oh, the sacrifices we do for love," she said and stretched out her arms to invite Buffy into her warm embrace.