

Understanding

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Quick fill-in fic for Femslash '05 Ficathon, since the intended fic is taking way too long to complete.

Featured fandoms: Angel the Series

Featured pairings: Fred/Kate, Fred/Cordelia, Fred/Eve

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC17

"I do not understand," the blue-glowing shadow says. "Why does our mind produce these images? Why do the images produce these annoying *feelings*? Explain to me!"

There is nothing where Fred is. It is not even dark, or cold, or empty. There is just nothing.

"What images?" she says, although she has no mouth, nor is there any air for sound to propagate through or space for air to fill.

"These images!" the demon queen shadow screams.

Fred finds herself standing in a crowded nightclub. Trance music beats at her eardrums. Laser light flashes through the air, hitting pockets of drifting multi-colored smoke and the occasional oversize soap bubble. Most of the club is dance floor, which is full of moving people. They are dressed in bright colors. Almost all have piercings. Fred knows that it is so late at night that it's actually early in the morning, and that the music has been pounding non-stop since around nightfall.

She is standing in the rear of the club. Her back is pressed against a corner. Her dress is pushed up to her waist, and she's got one foot up on a little round black table. Her mouth is open, and she's screaming wildly into the deafening noise. An athletic blonde woman is kissing her neck at the same time as she's pushing three fingers into Fred's pussy in time with the music.

Fred is screaming for her not to stop. To go on. To fuck her harder. To rip her clothes off and bite her nipples hard enough to draw blood.

The blonde woman is, stereotypically enough, wearing a checked flannel shirt, blue jeans and boots. The shirt is open. She's not wearing anything under it, unless you count Fred's hands which are desperately clutching her breasts. Her name is Kate, and she used to be a police officer. Now, she's a private investigator, sometime muscle for hire and demon killer when the opportunity strikes. She met Fred when they both happened to be stalking the same monster.

"This," Kate says, and Fred can clearly hear her voice in spite of the music. Her hair and forehead is tinted blue. "Why are we doing this? What is the point?"

"Don't stop," Fred says. She lets go of Kate's tits, grabs the hand between her legs with both of her own and forces it to keep moving. "Don't stop *now*!"

"I still do not understand," the not-Kate says.

The nightclub vanishes.

It's a hotel room. The walls are covered with fifties-style patterned green wallpaper. The furniture is of similar age. Fred knows it well. It's a room in the Hyperion Hotel, where she hid after Angel and Cordelia returned her from Pylea. Not in this exact room, though. This is a room that wasn't used.

Except sometimes.

Cordelia is sitting on the edge of the old bed. The mattress is still soft enough, but she's thrown a sheet over it to keep half a century's worth of accumulated dust and dirt away from her skin. She's leaning back a little, supporting herself on her outstretched arms. Her legs are spread wide. She's completely naked, except for a pair of high-heeled shiny black leather boots hugging her legs all the way up to her knees.

Fred is kneeling between Cordelia's legs. She's vigorously licking her pussy, tongue moving in broad, firm strokes up and down the soft, lovely valley of the vulva. If she rolls her eyes all the way up she can just barely see the undersides of

Cordelia's marvelous bust. In a little while, she'll stop licking, get up on her knees and start playing with those breasts instead. She'll do that for a little while, and then she'll return to the promised land in Cordelia's crotch, just long enough for her not to come. She'll do it like that for ages and ages, alternating between high and low, until finally Cordy will be so wound up that the slightest little touch will bring her off. Then Fred will give her a last little nibble of the clitoris, and Cordelia will scream the house down.

It is a little game they play, every now and then. Sometimes she'll do it to Cordy. Sometimes Cordy'll do it to her. They keep records, to see who can stand it the longest.

Fred lets Cordelia win.

"You do?" blue-shimmering Cordelia says. "Why? What is the point? And why are you doing this at all? Are the spasms that important?"

Quick as lightning, Fred catches not-Cordelia's clit between her lips and hooks a finger just inside her vaginal entrance. A shockwave travels from where she touches all through the gorgeous body. There is an insanely loud surprised gasp, and suddenly Cordelia's entire body shines like a huge blue pornographic lightbulb.

An office at Wolfram and Hart. A big one, with a huge desk that's almost empty. That's not so strange, because the office's occupant doesn't seem to have much more to do than to annoy the new CEO.

That leaves Eve plenty of time for other pursuits. Pursuits that Fred are quite happy to help her with.

There is a small table in the office, near the middle, next to the visitors' chairs. It's a sturdy table, that usually only holds a potted plant and a box of business cards. At the moment, the plant and box has had to give way to one very naked executive.

Eve is bent over it. Her hands and feet are cuffed to its legs. The top of the table is only big enough to hold her belly, so her chest and groin are both easily available to anybody nearby.

Fred is standing nearby.

In her hand is a riding crop. Normally, a much to hard instrument for this kind of play. But Eve likes it really rough, and her medical plan is good enough that any wounds will be fixed my morning. Fred strikes her ass, leaving a line that changes from white to red as she watches.

"Have you been naught?" Fred asks.

"Yes," Eve said. "Very naughty."

"This naughty?" Fred asks, and runs the tip of the crop over Eve's firm ass.

"Worse," Eve says.

Fred moves the tip to touch a nipple.

"Still worse."

The vulva, where the labia are just slightly pulled apart by her spread legs.

"Yes," Eve says, and she's shaking all over.

Fred puts all her strength and all her weight into the blows. Eve likes it *really* rough, after all. When Fred stops hitting her, the riding crop is spotted with blood.

"More," Eve moans through rasping breaths. "Harder."

Fred turns the crop around. Its handle is rough and has several sharp corners. She spreads Eve's pussy wide open with one hand, and with the other she brutally rams the riding crop's handle up Eve's snatch. She pulls it back and slams it in again over and over again, until drops of blood appear. Then, she leaves the crop sticking straight out.

"She likes this," a voice says behind Fred.

Fred turns around. A blue-tinted and red-armored version of herself is standing there.

"Yes," Fred says. "She's kinda twisted, really."

Eve doesn't seem to notice the extra Fred.

"Would we like this?" not-Fred asks.

"God, no," Fred says.

"I see," blue-Fred says. "I thank you for your demonstrations."

Everything vanishes, except the two Freds, the table, Eve and the riding crop. Eve still doesn't react as if anything unusual is happening.

Fred looks around. She frowns. Distant memories scratch on her mind.

"I'm dead, aren't I?" she says.

"In a way," the stranger says. "In another, you live on here, inside my mind."

"Strange kind of life."

"I do not have the power I once possessed. I do wish I could give you better than this."

Fred looks around. The table has gone now, and Eve seems to be spread over and cuffed to nothing.

"What happens now?" Fred says.

"For, you nothing," not-Fred says. "Until I need you again."

"Oh," Fred says.

She sits down on the nothing.

"Well then," she says. "Go ahead."

And then there is truly nothing.