

Training Your Slayer

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For femslash minificathon.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Dawn/Kennedy

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC17

In late afternoon, they rode into town on the motorcycle that made Kennedy lose Willow. It was a good bike, in spite of that, that had carried them reliably from Los Angeles all the way up to Sodden Hill just south of the Canadian border.

"Sodden Hill," Kennedy said through the intercom thingy. "Sounds like Giles swearing."

"No, that'd be Sodding Hill," Dawn replied. "Which may well be accurate, but we don't know that yet."

Dawn was in front, leaning forward over the gas tank. Kennedy sat behind her, her arms around Dawn's waist. They'd come to that arrangement the hard way. If things went pearshaped, as they sometimes did, it was far better to have the vulnerable Watcher have the high mobility and leave the Slayer free to kick ass.

"Whatever," Kennedy said. "Does it have a place to stay?"

"Please," Dawn said. "It's the very stereotype of an American town in the middle of nowhere. Of course they have a shoddy motel at the edge of town. It's, like, a law. Let's just hope it's not run by a guy named Bates."

It wasn't run by a guy named Bates. It was run by a guy named LeFevre, although he sure looked like his name *should* be Bates.

Dawn took off her pink helmet with the Hello Kitty sticker on it and shook her long hair loose. She put on what she hoped was a confident yet friendly smile.

"Hi," she said. "We'd like a double room, please."

Not-Norman-Bates looked at them. Dawn tried to imagine herself and Kennedy as they must look to someone else. Two young women in motorcycle leathers. One in pale green ones made of Kevlar, reinforced in rather more places than the manufacturer had intended, so she looked quite a bit bulkier than she actually was. The green clashed horribly with the pink helmet, of course. She'd got the helmet in a fit of pique after Kennedy had said something stupid about femmes, and she didn't have to see it herself anyway. At least not while she was wearing it. The leathers were the exact shade of green she saw herself glow in magically activated mirrors. She hadn't told anybody else about that.

Kennedy went for a more basic bad-girl look. Her leathers actually were leather. Black, of course. As was her helmet. With her dark hair and latina looks, she looked even better in black leather than Faith did. To Dawn, at least. She doubted that, for example, Willow would agree.

"Plenty of free singles," Not-Norman-Bates said.

"We're on a budget," Dawn said.

"I'll give you two singles for the price of one double," he said. "If you want."

"Nah," Dawn said. She pointed her thumb across her shoulder at Kennedy.

"She's afraid of the dark," she said. "Can't sleep if I'm not there."

Not-Norman slowly looked from Dawn to Kennedy and back again.

"Uh-hu," he said. "Whatever you say. Sign here. And I need to see a valid credit card."

"I'm afraid of the dark?" Kennedy said when they'd walked out of the reception building.

Dawn grinned at her.

"Come on," she said. "I had to say something. Or would you want to state up front that we're lovers, in a place like this?"

"Maybe not," Kennedy said.

Dawn looked around. The place was built around a central parking space, with long narrow rows of rooms on two sides and the reception on the third. The reception building also held a really shabby-looking diner and what was almost certainly Not-Norman's home. Outside the buildings on all three sides were forest. The fourth was mostly forest, broken by the road up to the highway and the rest of the town.

"I think our room is up that way," Dawn said, pointing towards the one farthest away from the reception.

"Convenient," Kennedy said. She pushed the motorcycle off its stand and started leading it towards the room. "So now what do we do?"

"Wait," Dawn said. "We made better time here than I thought we would, so we don't have anything to do until tomorrow evening."

"That's because you drive like a madwoman," Kennedy said.

"I don't drive half as crazy as you do!"

"Maybe not, but *I* have Slayer reflexes to do it with!"

Dawn grinned again.

"I only do it to get your adrenaline flowing," she said. "Sure, the 'hungry' part drives up the food budget some, but the other part sure makes it worth it."

Kennedy laughed.

"Does Buffy know what a little vixen she raised?" she said.

"*Somebody* in the family has to know how to have fun."

The room was predictably worn and atrociously decorated, but at least it was clean. The bed was big and fairly new, and the plumbing worked. There were proper blinds for the windows, and as far as they could find no peepholes or hidden openings. Just in case, Dawn lit a candle with an obscuration and protection spell on it. As long as it burned, it'd take someone well-versed in magic to even think about the two women in the room.

"So what happens tomorrow night?" Kennedy said from the shower. Dawn was sitting on the bed with a towel wrapped around her, brushing her wet hair.

"We head out into the forest to see what happens at the hill that gave the town its name," she said.

"Oh? Why?"

"On the morning one hundred years minus two days ago, the villagers found the entire hill drenched with blood," Dawn said. "As they had a hundred years before that, and a hundred years before that, and so on for as long as there are records."

The shower turned off.

"Blood?" Kennedy said. She started drying herself. Dawn enjoyed the show.

"Blood," Dawn said. "Apparently the hill was sodden with it. Thus the name."

"Shit," Kennedy said. "Is there *any* place in this country that doesn't have a horror story behind its name?"

Dawn smiled. "I think there's one down in Missouri."

"So why are we interested in this thing anyway?"

"It's mentioned in a couple of vampire prophecies," Dawn said. "Some kind of big thing is supposed to happen here in the year 2204. So we're basically doing some scouting for the benefit of future generations."

Kennedy dropped the towel and walked stark naked out of the bathroom. She stopped right in front of Dawn, hands on her hips and legs slightly spread.

"All right," she said. "So what do we do until then?"

"You know," Dawn said. "Seeing you like that..."

"Yes?" Kennedy drawled.

"Makes me think of an exercise in the Watcher's Handbook," Dawn said.

Kennedy stood in the middle of the room, still naked. She had her arms stretched out to the sides. Her hands were turned palm up, and in the middle of each palm a lit candle balanced. She had her feet a bit more than shoulder's width apart and a blindfold covered her eyes.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," Kennedy said.

"I'm your Watcher," Dawn said. "You're supposed to obey me, and in any case it's for your own good."

"Right," Kennedy said. "My own good. Check."

"It's an exercise for self-control, concentration and balance. All of which you must admit can be life-savers for a Slayer."

"Still don't see why I have to be naked and blindfolded."

Dawn smiled.

"Because," she said. "In a few moments I'll be trying to distract you."

"Right. I think I see where this is heading."

"If you move your feet, you fail. If a candle falls, you fail."

"Check."

Dawn stood in front of Kennedy, just as naked as she was. She didn't need to be, strictly speaking, but her sense of fairness said that she should. As silently as she could, she bent down and aimed to plant a kiss on Kennedy's nipple. She liked those nipples. A lot. Before she got there, Kennedy spoke.

"Do you think Giles did this with Buffy, back in Sunnydale?" she said.

Dawn abruptly stood up.

"First of all," she said. "Ew! Second, EW! Third, yes, he probably did, but the text leaves the method of distraction up to the Watcher, so certainly not like this."

Kennedy smiled. "Are you sure?" she asked. "Those two always seemed awfully close to me."

"Buffy never boinked Giles, all right?" Dawn said. "Angel, yes. Miss Calendar, yes. Cordelia, maybe. That creep Parker, yes. Riley, yes. Spike, unfortunately. Willow and Tara, once when they were all really drunk. Giles, a *world* of no. Clear?"

"Buffy did Willow?" Kennedy said. "Damn, I'd have liked to see *that*."

"Actually, I think Buffy was mostly interested in Tara. It was just that at the time she was pretty much inseparable from Willow, so..."

"So, is all that in the Watcher's Diaries for Buffy?"

"Not unless Giles kept some he hasn't shown to me. And I'm pretty sure he doesn't know about most of it. Particularly not Miss Calendar. And if you tell him about that, I'll hurt you."

Dawn punctuated her words by pinching the nipple she'd intended to kiss.

"Ow!" Kennedy said. "That hurt!"

"Just a demonstration."

"I still think this entire thing is only an excuse for pervy Watchers to have their way with their nubile young Slayers."

"You're older *and* pervier than me," Dawn said. "I have to keep up somehow."

She put her hands on Kennedy's buttocks, squeezing them gently and slowly moving the hands upwards.

"So," Kennedy said. "How long do I have to stand like this?"

"Until the candles burn down," Dawn said. When she'd moved her hands all the way up Kennedy's back, she moved them over to the front just under the armpits, without breaking skin contact. She rested her fingertips at the top of Kennedy's chest, right where her breasts began.

"What happens if I fail?"

There was a slight tremble to Kennedy's voice.

"You get to take care of all our laundry for the next three weeks," Dawn said.

"Watch me be steady as a rock!"

Dawn simply smiled and slowly moved her hands downwards, lightly letting her fingertips touch the skin under them. She deliberately avoided the areola and nipples, but otherwise followed the gentle swell of the breasts back and forth until she was sure she had touched every part of them. She could hear Kennedy's breathing grow deeper, and a couple of times she saw her lick her lips.

Once done with the breasts, she kept moving down. Still only touching very lightly with the tips of her fingers. When her hands got far enough down that it got uncomfortable to reach and keep total control, Dawn knelt in front of her lover so she could keep going. She didn't take nearly as much care to touch every fraction of a square inch of skin as she had on the breasts, but she covered most of it. She moved along Kennedy's flat and muscular stomach, around the dark triangle of hair at its base, over to the rear and almost back down to her ass. She moved along the legs, first down the outsides and back up the insides, stopping a fraction of an inch before she reached the more interesting parts where the legs met. She kept going up again, rose from her kneeling position and did the breasts once more. This time, Kennedy's nipples stood out like hard little brown raspberries. Moving higher, she ran her fingers over the Slayer's face. Slowly, so slowly. She ran her fingers along Kennedy's lips several times, moving them out of the way when Kennedy tried to suck them inside or lick them. Finally, she briefly ran her fingers through Kennedy's still-wet hair. She let go and took a step away. She was nearly as aroused as Kennedy seemed to be.

"Was that it?" Kennedy said. This time, her voice was downright husky.

Dawn bent forward and put her mouth to an erect nipple, swirling her tongue over it as hard as she could. She heard Kennedy gasp, and felt a tremor move through her muscles. She stood back up and smiled.

"Not even close," she said. She put her hand on the patch of hair over Kennedy's crotch, running her fingers through it and then gently along the already wet-slick, oh-so-sensitive labia below. She kept her hand there, softly massaging while she caught Kennedy's mouth in a deep kiss.

"Takes much longer than this for a candle to burn down," she said after she'd broken the kiss. "So I'll have to make up a few more things to do to you to pass the time."

She moved a finger in between Kennedy's nether lips, spreading the lubrication around. She ended up at the top of the vulva, running her fingertip slowly around the hard little clitoris.

"Could do this for a while," she said. She saw Kennedy bite her lower lip, probably to make herself stay still and silent.

"Or this," Dawn said, moving her finger further down and sliding it inside Kennedy. She pulled it out, added another and pushed them both inside again. She kept them moving like that for a time, occasionally adding a nudge to the clit with her thumb. She kissed her way along Kennedy's jaw line from one side to the other. The hand that was not busy between Kennedy's legs rested on a small, firm breast, increasingly roughly rolling and pinching the nipple.

It wasn't long before Dawn felt Kennedy's thigh muscles start to tremble. She looked to the side, and sure enough the flames on the candles were flickering from arm movements too small to see. Dawn smiled.

"I hope you're not bored?" she said, putting her thumb squarely on Kennedy's clit and rubbing it.

She felt and saw Kennedy tense every muscle in her body in an attempt to keep from coming. Dawn smiled, and in addition to what she was already doing to her Slayer, she bent down and sucked on her unoccupied nipple.

Kennedy's entire body shook. The candles on her hands swayed, but somehow kept standing. Her jaw was clenched shut, so hard that muscles and tendons in her neck stood out. Her vaginal walls clamped down on Dawn's fingers hard enough that she couldn't move them, and a hoarse, repressed cry fought its way out past Kennedy's teeth.

When Kennedy relaxed again, panting like she'd run a marathon, Dawn took a couple of steps back. The candles still stood. Kennedy's feet were still in the same places they'd been before. Grudgingly, Dawn had to admit that Kennedy had made it. For the moment. She stepped back, cupped Kennedy's breasts from below and gently flicked the nipples with her thumbs.

"Wow," she said. "I really didn't think you'd manage that."

"Hey," Kennedy said. "I got superpowers, remember?"

Dawn took her hands from their delicious resting place, reached out and felt between Kennedy's legs. She smiled. Still flowing like a river. She picked up an unlit candle and ran it lengthwise back and forth along Kennedy's vulva, generously coating it with all-natural lubrication.

"You sure do," Dawn said. "So you're home safe, then. Only another..."

She glanced at the lit candles.

"...four or five hours to go," she said.

Kennedy groaned loudly as Dawn slid the candle inside her vagina. Even though she tried, Dawn couldn't tell if it was from pleasure or despair.

The forest was deep and dark. The only thing providing light was the huge full moon above, and even that didn't really reach down between the trees to where Kennedy and Dawn were sitting. The hill itself was clear of trees and lit well enough by the moonlight, but a certain sense of self-preservation had prompted two women to wait some distance away. They could see the hill quite well, but hoped to be out of the way of whatever was going to happen.

"I still don't believe that was an actual Watcher's exercise," Kennedy said.

She was dressed in her motorcycle leathers, and sat leaning against a big pine tree. Dawn was dressed similarly, and sat between Kennedy's legs leaning on her. They'd spread a foam camping bedroll on the ground to sit on. Since they only knew that something was supposed to happen between sunset and sunrise, they might have a long wait and it never hurt to be somewhat comfortable.

"It is," Dawn said. "As I said, I only chose the way to distract you. In the book, it suggests using a riding crop."

"On a naked girl? And that's supposed to be *less* kinky?"

"On a girl dressed normally, silly. Although if you like I could get a riding crop and take it to *your* naked skin."

Kennedy was silent.

"What?" Dawn said when the silence grew uncomfortably long.

"Um," Kennedy said. "Maybe something a little softer to begin with?"

Now it was Dawn's turn to be silent for a while.

"I was joking, you know that, right?" she said.

She heard Kennedy swallow.

"I'm not," she said.

A flash of excitement flew through Dawn's body.

"I'm on," she said. "Should we get some chains to tie you up with as well?"

"If you don't mind."

Dawn laughed briefly.

"Yeah, like I'd ever mind fucking you," she said.

Kennedy's hands moved until they were placed on top of Dawn's Kevlar-clad breasts.

"All right," Dawn said, sighing. "Except when we're actually on a mission."

Kennedy moved her arms into a plain hug again. She let her chin rest on Dawn's shoulder and leaned her head against her Watcher's.

Together, in silence, they waited for the hill to be drenched in blood.