

The Incredibly (un)True Adventures of Two Slayers in Love

Part One:

976-BUFFY

FAITH'S POV

"... and then she says, 'Geez, Buffy. Shower, much?' "

Buffy Summers is on a rant. Okay, I know...when isn't she? But right now she's going on and on about how Cordelia Chase embarrassed her in chem class years ago.

"I mean, come on, Faith. Is it my fault that I'm a magnet for all things supernatural? Or how some things supernatural have a super supernatural stench to them? Like this...this...Feces Demon?"

I quirk an eyebrow. Feces demon?

She catches that.

"Uh, okay...maybe not a feces demon exactly...I don't know what it was. I mean, it could have been a feces demon for all I know. You know, if there even is such a thing. Feces demon, that is. Not feces, cuz I know that exists, and let me tell you, this thing was *covered* in it."

She pauses to take a short breath, and then continues on her diatribe.

"So then I tell her, 'I'm sorry Cordy, but are you grateful much?' I mean, really, Faith. I can't tell you how many times I've saved her designer-clad ass."

Yeah, yeah...I've heard it all before.

For some reason, Cordy still hasn't figured out that when you go patrolling at night, you don't necessarily want to be decked out in Jimmy Choo shoes and a Herve Legere mini-skirt.

"I mean, sure, I'd like to wear something a little more fashionable than grungy sweats and baby-tees, but it's just not practical, Faith. I've been slimed and vamp-dusted on too many times to risk ruining another outfit."

What Buffy is really gettin' at here, is that many a time Cordelia will purposely stay out of the fray because of what she's wearing. What if she wrinkles something, or god forbid, breaks a strap on her sandal? In other words, Buffy has saved Cordy's cute-but-sorry ass to the detriment of her own wardrobe; something Cordelia always seems to overlook.

I shrug.

"I dunno, B. I seem to manage okay."

Buffy looks at me and smirks.

"Faith, please. You practically wear the same thing every night. Leather pants, a tank, and steel-toed boots. That's not an outfit, it's your uniform."

I scowl at her.

"Nuh-uh," I say, "I've got jeans, too...and sometimes I wear a jacket!"

There. Told her.

She laughs.

"Sorry. I stand corrected. Let me add tight black jeans and a leather jacket."

"Oh...and a jean jacket," I remind her, "Don't forget my jean jacket."

What's she tryin' to say, anyway? That my wardrobe is somewhat limited and...predictable?

Yeah, that's exactly what she's sayin'. But so what? I look hot and she knows it.

She rolls her eyes at me. I love when she rolls her eyes at me. She usually does that when she thinks I've said something funny, but she doesn't want to give me credit for it. I grin at her. She smiles back.

"Anyway, as I was saying..." And she goes on with her Cordelia story.

She's talkin', we're walkin', and soon enough we're standin' on her front porch.

I'm waitin' for a break so I can make my goodbyes, but there just isn't one.

"...so I said, 'Of course you're still my best friend, Will. It's just the Slayer Connection and all...'"

Yeah. Heard that one before, too.

"Uh...B?"

"...I don't know how many more times I need to reassure her, but if that's-"

"Okay! So that's it, then?" I blurt out.

She stops in mid-sentence and gives me that look. You know the look. The one she's so good at...two raised eyebrows that convey the message 'You've *got* to be kidding me.'

"What?" I mumble, lookin' at the toe of my boot.

"Jesus, Faith. Rude, much?"

And she's right. That was rude, even for me. But at this point I really don't care, cuz I've got my reasons. And if we don't get this show on the road, it might just not happen.

"Uh, sorry, B...it's just that it's getting late and well, you know how I get..."

"What? H & H?" Yeah, she knows me.

"Right, B. So I gotta motor."

"But why, Faith? I mean, you're here, why don't you come inside to the kitchen with me and-"

"- and you'll have sex with me on the kitchen counter? Gee, I dunno, B. Your mom doesn't even like it when I *sit* on the kitchen counter, so I really don't think she's gonna go for us gettin' all naked and stuff on it...but if you know something that I don't, then by all means, girlfriend, lead the way..."

She just looks at me...and then sighs. "Really, Faith. You worry me sometimes. You really do need professional help."

I give her a goofy grin.

"What I was offering..." she continues " ...was to alleviate the *hungry* part of your...uh...affliction."

I snort. Affliction...that's funny. But I just say

"Hey, a girl can dream, can't she?"

She smiles.

"So how 'bout it? I can whip you up a nice baker's dozen egg-white omelet, with some jalapeno pepper jack cheese...and a chocolate protein shake chaser."

God, I dig this girl.

See, she's been baggin' on me about my poor eating habits. After a hard slays work, I usually don't wanna go through the hassle of cookin' myself something to eat. Not to mention havin to shop for the food first. Nope, burgers, pizzas, tacos, and fried chicken are just fine, thank you. Fast food was tailor made for a girl like me. Oh, and ribs. I do love me some big beefy Texas style ribs...but, I have to admit, it's really nice when someone cares about your health and takes the time to fuss over your diet. So when she offers to cook for me, I usually take her up on it. She's not exactly a gourmet cook, she does burn things at times, but for the most part, everything she's made for me is pretty damn tasty.

And as B likes to say: 'chock full of nutritional goodness.'

Oh, and the jalapeno cheese she mentioned? She buys and keeps it in her house just for me. She knows I like things hot and spicy.

So if this had been a week ago, I'd be goin' into her kitchen right now and throwin' down some serious grub. But it's not... and some things have changed...like my priorities.

"Yunno, B, thanks, but I've had Mickey D's on the brain all day, and I think I'm just gonna head over there before they close. If I motor now, I'll just make it in time."

She gives me a pout. I love that pout. Her bottom lip is just so...

"Fine. Go ahead and eat that crap. And as far as you 'motor'ing all the time, well, what's up with that? It's not like you have a car or anything, and oh, speaking of cars, isn't the drive-thru window the only thing that's open at this time of night?"

"Well, sure. But come on, B...you think something like not havin a car is gonna stop *me* from gettin' what I want?"

She looks at me expectantly, so I deliver.

I bring my hands to the top of my chest and then slowly run my fingers down myself, smoothing the material over my breasts and abs, givin' it a slight tug when I reach the bottom. I turn my head to look away, and then down at the ground. Then, I rake my fingers through my hair and shake my head slightly, causing a spill of locks to fall perfectly into place. I bite my lower lip gently and raise my head; peering at her through the strands that have fallen across my face. I have a twinkle in my eye...or is it a gleam?

She looks to me like she forgot to breathe. Oh yeah. That's what *I'm* talkin about.

She collects herself and gives a cute laugh.

"Oh, Faith. That is soooo unfair. That poor drive-up window kid doesn't stand a chance."

I give a short laugh and give her a quick peck on the forehead.

"Later, B."

If I hurry, I just might make it.

Sure enough, I get to Mickey D's just in the nick of time. I look over to see who's workin' the drive-thru window, and it's someone I haven't seen before. Shit. Fuck...shit. No, okay, wait...there's no problem. I'll just have to charm and disarm this new guy.

It's just that I'm used to the same three kids that usually work the window. Normally at this time, it's Oscar, Mikey, or Justine. Yeah, I said Justine. She's a cutie. See, Slayer charisma can work on just about anyone. In fact, out of the three, I think it works on her the best. She usually slips me some of that apple pie of theirs, and a couple extra cartons of milk.

And yeah, I do drink milk.

Can't seem to get enough of the stuff...musta been cus I was deprived as a child or something. But I remember the first time Buffy had me over for dinner, and when her mom had given me the last of the soda...was there anything else she could offer me?

I just said, "Milk."

Buffy almost lost hers through her nose.

I mean, okay, so I act tough and swear a lot, but still, what does that have to do with me liking milk?

"It's just the image you give off, Faith," Buffy had said, "The two don't seem to go very well together."

Whatever...'Milk, it does a body good.' Duh.

Just take a good look at mine...or Buffy's.

Luckily, all of these thoughts only take seconds in my mind, cuz time is runnin' out and I gotta get a move on if I want to get back in time. It's my own fault, I've gotten lazy. Seein' a new guy at the window shouldn't have fazed me at all...damn, I hope I'm not goin' soft.

Okay, so I stroll up to the drive-thru window and I run my number on the guy, and yeah, Buffy was right. The kid never stood a chance. And it looks to me like I have a new admirer...I look in the bag. Damn! I think he likes me even more than

Justine does! He's given me fifteen burgers instead of twelve, four apple pies -which I did not ask for- and two orders of super size fries -which I also did not ask for- but this last part bums me out, cuz I hadn't ordered fries for a reason.

It's too late at night, and I don't want the extra calories.

Yeah, I know. I never said it would make sense.

So I wolf down ten of the burgers, three pies, and five cartons of milk. I dump the fries.

I take the rest back with me...gotta hurry, I don't want to miss it.

I sprint to the pavement and...

I'm haulin' ASS.

The 'No-Tell' motel isn't far from Mickey D's...in fact, it's not too far from B's house, either. Well, okay, to be honest nothing is far from *anything* in Sunnydale. It's just one little Happy Hellmouth community. Home to legions of demons and vamps and other such McNasties...

McNasties? Okay, no more Mickey D's for a while.

I let myself into my shit-hole of a room, and kick the door shut behind me.

God, I hope I'm not too late. I glance at the clock by my bed and it reads 1:55 a.m. ...I've got five minutes to spare. Good. I did all of that in less than twenty-two minutes.

So...that would put Buffy where, exactly?

As I mull this over, I toss the bag of food on the dresser, and put the remaining cartons of milk in the mini-fridge by the bed...

As if.

The damn thing barely keeps anything under room temperature. I just hope that my Slayer constitution will fight anything that might be breedin' in there.

What with the stains on the ceiling, the rust rings in the tub and toilet, and just the overall ooginess of the whole room, why not have bacteria running rampant in the fridge?

It just kinda brings it all together.

I pull my boots off and throw them towards the closet. Oops. Missed. Basically, at the speed of light, I strip off my clothes to just bra and panties. Lace, black, and *super* sexy, thank you very much. I'm a freak for texture. I mean, if it's gonna be up against *my* skin, then it better have something to say for itself.

I wipe the vamp dust off my body and wash my hands. Ugh. No time for a shower, just yet. I barely finish dryin' my hands when the phone rings. I glance at the clock.

It's 2:00am.

Bingo.

I hurl myself onto the bed and pick up the phone before it starts its second ring.

I take a deep breath. Okay, here we go.

"Thanks for callin' the CDC, but we're kinda up to our fuckin' asses with diseases. So if you're reportin' an outbreak of some kind, sorry, you'll have to try your call again later."

Pause.

"Oh gross, Faith. You kiss your mother with that mouth?"

I grin. Yeah. My mother.

"Well, B, it wasn't exactly my mother I was thinkin' about kissin'."

"Ha-ha, very funny." Yeah? Well, I thought so.

"So what's up, B? To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Um, nothing...just wondering if you took care of your hungries."

I think

Oh, you betcha, little girl...and now we're movin' on to the hornies.

But I say

"Yup, and you?"

I already know the answer to this one. The answer is, "I suppose."

This is what happens.

B went into her kitchen after I left. She got herself a non-fat yogurt, a container of low-fat cottage cheese, and some pretzels. She went up to her bedroom, where she proceeded to inhale her yogurt and remove all of her clothing. She puts on her robe, grabs the pretzels and cottage cheese, and heads for the bathroom where she rinses herself with a quick shower, and then soaks in a warm bath while eatin the remainder of her meal. But she doesn't soak for long, cuz she's unfinished...

See, B's not done talkin' yet. And I planned it this way.

What can I say? I'm a fuckin' genius.

Buffy sighs into the phone, "I suppose," she replies.

Do I know my girl or what?

"You 'suppose', B? Why's that? Whatcha have to eat?"

Another sigh.

"Oh, you know...yogurt, cottage cheese...pretzels for the texture."

See? I told ya.

"Oh yeah? And why's that?"

"Well, after eating a tangy sweet yogurt and then eating cottage cheese, which, of course, is kind of the same texture as the yogurt, you kinda want something salty and crunchy to-"

"Uh, no, B," I interrupt, "That's not what I meant. Hello, talkin to the 'Texture Girl', here. I know that already."

"Oh. Well, what did you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Why do you offer to make me a thirteen egg-white omelet and a protein shake, when all you do for yourself is grab some cold containers from the fridge and a bag of chips? What's the matter, don't you like your own cooking?"

She sighs again.

"No, you know that's not it." Actually, she's right. I do.

But I like to hear it anyway.

"It's just not the same...cooking for myself, I mean. If you were here, I would have made enough for the both of us, but since you're not, well..." She trails off.

"Well, what?" I ask.

"...like I said, it's just not the same. I've never really wanted to cook for anyone before, and okay, sure, there probably wasn't a good reason to anyway, what with Angel not being so big on solid foods and all, but-"

Ugh. Angel.

I mean, don't get me wrong. God love him and all that, but please...does that mean *Buffy* has to?

"I dunno, Faith. I just love cooking for you...and I love watching you eat what I cooked for you."

"Yeah?" I smile into the phone.

"Yeah," she says. I know she's smilin' back.

"Why is that, you think?" Yeah, okay...I know I'm pushin' it.

But I just can't help myself.

See, I've seen the look on Buffy's face when she watches me eat.

I know she's watchin' my mouth.

She looks kind of cute and...well, sexy, all at the same time. I'm pretty much convinced she's got a thing for my lips. Big

time.

So, you know, I play it up a little.

Like when I drink a glass of milk, I always make sure I leave a little drop on my lips...

You know, so I can lick it off.

Of course, her focus shifts to my tongue then, but it's brief. Just a teaser, if you will.

Or like when she holds a fork full of hot food in front of me to eat.

She used to blow on it herself, tryin' to cool down the steaming heat before placin' it in my mouth. But I must have blown on it myself at one point, pursing my full lips, exhaling warm air onto the fork in front of me. Yeah, in fact, I know that's how it happened, cus I remember the thrill it sent through my body when I noticed the look on her face. Wow. Fuck, that's sexy...anyway, now she just lets me do it.

Hell, she *tells* me to do it.

"It's hot, Faith. I think you should blow on it some more."

Uh-huh.

Needless to say, there's always lots of hot food and cold milk on the menu.

I do kind of miss seein' her blow on the fork, though.

"Well..." she answers, "...you just exude this...this...oh, let's just say you put a lot of *gusto* into it. Pretty much like with everything you do, I guess. But when I see it's happening because of something I made you, that you're displaying so much pleasure because of something I did, well..."

Aww. She's so damn cute. I can just hear the embarrassment creepin' into her voice.

"Well...it just makes me happy, that's all." Good for her! She actually finished the sentence!

I let her off the hook.

"Ya know, B, I love it when you cook for me. It makes me happy, too."

"Really?" she says, "I never would have guessed that, seeing how you've been so keen on running away as soon as we get to my house."

Shit.

I totally walked into that one.

Silence.

"Faith?"

"Um, yeah, B?"

"I said, I never would have guessed that, seeing how you've-"

"B, I heard you."

"And?" she says. I can just picture her eyebrow going up.

Oh, man. THINK, Faith.

"Faith?" she says again.

"Um, yeah, hold on a sec, B." I need more time to think...I look around the room in desperation.

What?? What??...and there, from the corner of my eye, I see it.

My Salvation.

I pick up the paperback I have on the nightstand, and I heave it across the room. It connects with the wall and makes a loud noise.

"Oh my god, what was that??" Good, she heard it.

"Cockroach."

"Eew, really? I thought you got rid of those?"

She's right, I did. It was really just a left over Roach Motel I spotted in the corner by the door. But it serves the same purpose, so I lie.

"Yep, me too. It was just one, though. It's a goner."

God, I hope there's no one in the room next door. If there is, I'm pretty sure they shit their pants. That book hittin' the wall made a pretty big noise.

Noise...Ah-ha!

"So, to answer your question, yes, I do love it when you cook for me. But ever since we woke up your mom last week, I just don't think it's a good idea for you to play Iron Chef for me at 1:30 in the morning. You're not the quietest of cooks."

I wait as she ponders this over.

"Yeah, she was pretty cranky, wasn't she?"

SCORE!

"Cranky?" I ask wryly, "Oh, you mean in the way a mama Grizzly bear gets cranky when you poke it with a sharp stick and threaten its young? Sure, if that's what you mean."

"She wasn't that bad, Faith."

"Oh yes, she was."

"No, Faith, she wasn't."

"Yes, Buff, she was."

In all fairness, Buffy is right again. Her mom was actually pretty cool. But I need a reason, so I'm goin' for it.

"Seriously, Faith, I think she was just really embarrassed by it all."

She doesn't even know the half of it, trust me.

We both stop to reflect on it, and now we're both just crackin' up.

For some reason, Buffy was exceptionally giddy after patrolling that night.

She was actin' all goofy and stuff –bangin' into things and laughin' loud- and of course, makin' me something to eat.

Basically I was just sittin' there, my ass on the counter as usual, pretty much watchin' B act like a spaz and enjoyin' the show. She had given me some grapes to tide me over until she was finished cookin', and well...you know...they were grapes.

At first we really were just tryin' to see from how far we could throw them into each other's mouths...but that was too easy, ya know, with Slayer accuracy and all. So I was just sittin' on the counter, poppin' a few grapes in the air and catchin' 'em in my mouth -you know, pretty much just mindin' my own business- when Buffy bends over to reach for something under the sink...

Oh, come on! What would you have done?

Zing.

Just one...smacks her on her left butt-cheek.

She freezes.

Oh, yeah. I know what that means. I've watched her in action.

Usually, just before she starts to kick some serious vamp butt, she has this split second where she freezes. Just stock-still perfect. I don't know if anyone else notices it, but if they do, they've never mentioned it. I think it's a Slayer thing. I do it too. Kinda like a calm-before-the-storm type deal.

So she's frozen, right?

I knew I had better take advantage of the few nano-seconds I had left, so I start zingin' the grapes in earnest.

I mean, I'm flingin' and zingin'...with zeal.

Left...right...both hands at the same time...you could just hear the grapes ricocheting off her ass, and I tell you, it sounded just like rain falling on a tin roof. I kid you not. You really could bounce quarters off of B's ass. Anyway, I knew my window was just about up, so I pivot my ass on the counter and flip my legs over to land on the other side. Too late.

Thwap. Back of the head.

Damn, that girl is quick.

She's grabbin' grapes off the floor -just from anywhere she can find them- and I'm doin' the same. I mean, this was a full-scale battle now and neither one of us is a quitter. We were in it 'til the bitter end...or at least until my food was ready.

That's when it happened.

I guess B's mom had been callin' down to us for quite a while already. Askin' us to "Please keep it quiet!" I mean, from even before the Great Grape Conflict, like when Buffy was first actin' like a spazoid and stuff.

We simply hadn't heard her.

Don't even try to imagine what happened next. Cuz you just can't do it justice.

No, really.

Buffy had killed the lights in the kitchen so that she could take advantage of the situation. She's got some kick-ass night vision. I'm pretty much duckin' behind anything I could find, cuz I know that I'm toast.

The flame from the burner was glowin' a high and bright blue, the tongues flickerin' in red...it really added to the drama of it all. The fun drama. Not the drama that was walkin' through the kitchen/dining room doorway.

See, Buffy was nailin' me pretty hard. So hard, in fact, she had me goin' into retreat mode just until I could come up with a better plan of attack. She had strategically positioned herself next to the fridge -which supplied her with more ammo- and kept poppin' her head up from behind the counter and chuckin' the fuckin' things at me with full force.

I had to retreat.

So I'm in this half crouch, backin' myself out through the kitchen entryway, when she beans me in the eye. I let out a yelp, slippin' on the grape remains on the floor and start to fall backwards, out of the kitchen, my feet comin' out from under me, onto my ass, with my hands goin' up in air...

Mrs. S, on the other hand, was just on her way into the kitchen.

Reader's Digest version? Somehow her legs and my arms get all tangled up and we wind up in a big heap on the floor. Not that bad, right?

Wrong.

Let me break it down for you. Picture it in slo-mo, if you have to.

I'm in a half crouch position, backin' out of the kitchen. Buffy beans me in the eye. I slip on some grape entrails on the floor. My feet come up from under me. I'm fallin' backwards with all the grace of a bull dyke in a china shop. My hands are goin' up, over my head, wantin' to go all way back...

When here come two legs, poised perfectly on both sides of my head, at precisely the angle where my hands were goin'.

It was a reflex.

When my hands made contact with B's mom's shins, my fingers just naturally curled around them. My body was goin' into Slayer mode, and usually when I get into a tumble like that, I just roll with it and push back off of whatever is there to get back onto my feet.

Of course it was an accident.

My hands slapped up against and then grabbed Mrs. S's legs, and now she's propelled forward, toppling over me and fallin' down onto my crotch.

See? Was I right? Oh, it gets better.

There was a loud *oomph* when she landed rather heavily on top of me, her front teeth hittin' my unit... and...well...

I don't even want to tell you what was happenin around *my* face area.

Oh, okay. I'll throw you a visual.

Leapfrog.

B's mom was playin' leapfrog on my head.

"Faith? You give up?" Buffy said.

No answer.

Seein' as I was literally not in a position to answer her, I just laid there.

I mean, really. Whatever I would have said, would have come out muffled anyway.

"No dice, Faith. I'm not falling for one of your sneak attacks. Just say 'Buffy is King' and we'll call it a draw."

She flipped on the light switch and was witness to the freak show in all of its glory.

"Oh my god, mom! Are you okay?"

And then it was me who was stock-still perfect.

Poor Mrs. S...

To her credit, she gets off of me with as much dignity as one could muster after the position she found herself in. I mean, her face between my legs and my face between hers? Oh, Xander would have died to be me at that moment.

Oh, and here's a little secret.

Joyce doesn't wear panties under her nightgown.

No way I'm tellin' Buffy about that!

Anyway, so Joyce stands up, straightens out her nightgown, moves her neck from side to side, looks at the mess in the kitchen and says

"You have fifteen minutes to cook, eat, and clean up this mess. *Fifteen minutes*, Elisabeth Anne Summers, and do it quietly...starting now."

She walked out and didn't even look at me.

Me. Who was stock-still perfect on the floor, where she left me.

Hey, I was a victim there, too.

Okay, so really I wasn't.

Hey, Joyce. Welcome to my face. Why don't you have a seat and sit for a while?

Man, I crack myself up sometimes.

Buffy and I finally stop laughin' and she says to me

"Is that really why, Faith? Because you don't want to wake up my mom?"

"Sure, B. What else would it be?"

"Hmm...I dunno. Nothing, I guess. Just wondering."

Good. That's taken care of. Let's move this thing along.

"So, B. How's Red and Dog-boy doin'?"

"God, that's so funny you should ask that. Well, it's not really funny-funny, cuz the situation certainly isn't very funny, but Will and Oz are..."

And she's off.

I cradle the receiver to my shoulder and reach over to click off the bedside lamp. I settle back down onto my pillows and make myself comfortable.

Real comfortable.

In a blink of an eye, my right hand slides down my stomach, and finds its way into my underwear. I slip my middle finger inside myself. Yeah.

I'm still wet from slaying.

I move my finger up and down my slit, spreading the moisture that has collected there. I finger my clit and then thrust my finger back inside myself. I do this a few times, plunging it in as far as it'd go and then back out again to the tip of my finger. I sigh softly as I slide it back up to my clit.

Slow, Faith. Go slow.

Remember to pace yourself. If you pace yourself, you can probably hold out until Buffy's done talkin' this time. She can finish, and then you can finish. Yeah, you can do it.

" '...I could lick your ass right now, if you want-' "

Wha...?

Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Oops. Shit.

"Wha...what was that again, B?"

"I told that jerk that I could kick his ass right then if he wanted, or he could just shut up and watch the movie. He decided to watch the movie. Smart kid."

Oh.

"What did you think I said?"

"Nuthin'. Go on."

"Okay, so then I turn to Willow..."

I'm so easy. I admit it.

It's never taken me very long to come. My objective was always to get in, get some, and get gone. There is no *conversation*. There is no *cuddling*. And what the fuck is 'spooning' anyway?

No. I come and then you go.

See ya!

But this was just embarrassing.

I'm playin with myself for like, what...a whole minute?

And then Buffy says something that sounds an awful lot like she's going to lick my ass-

-and I pop off like some pathetic pimple faced pubescent on prom night?

That's just sad, really...

I think I'll try again.

Oh yeah. This is much better. Some of the edge is gone, so I'm way more relaxed.

Yeaah, this is much better.

So I'm fingerin' myself while Buffy is goin' on about some argument she's havin' with Giles.

That's right. Keep talkin'.

See, it's not so much what she says that's important to me, just that she's the one sayin' it. Sure, I know she can babble on about things, and yeah, sometimes it makes me want to stick a pencil in my eye, but for the most part her voice pretty much turns me on. It's her tone and inflection. She could read off an eye chart and get me hot.

I must be breathin' kind of heavy, cuz suddenly B says to me

"Faith, what are you doing?"

"Huh?" I stop. "What do you mean, B?"

"You're breathing kind of hard."

"I am?" Shit.

"Yeah, you are."

"Um...sit-ups. I'm doin' sit-ups."

"You're doing sit-ups while we're on the phone." She says it like a statement and not a question. Like she's not sure if she believes me or something.

"Uh, yeah, B," I resume with my fingers, "I always do."

"You're telling me you've been doing sit-ups every night I've called?" Sounds like a question now.

"Yep, pretty much."

"Oh."

Man, that was too easy.

Why can't everything be that easy?

"But isn't it hard to hold the phone when you're moving around like that?"

Not if you know what you're doin', I think.

"Not if you know what you're doin'," I say.

Heh-heh, like I said, I crack myself up.

I feel brazen. My finger is still workin' my clit, but I need something inside me now. I slide two fingers into my pussy and start to fuck myself really hard. I can't control my breathing. Actually, I'm not even trying. What's the point? I got that part covered. I take my other hand and start rubbin' my clit.

"Wow, Faith. You're really going to town. How many you do so far?"

God. This. Feels. So. Good.

"Faith?"

"Um...uh...I dunno...one...uh...goin on two."

"Two hundred?" she asks.

What?

Oh, she means sit-ups.

"Okay," I grunt.

" 'Okay'? " she asks.

"Okay," I grunt again.

I am so turned on that I slip a third finger into my pussy and I pick up the pace on my clit. I can hear the little wet sucking noises getting louder. It's just so fuckin' nasty sounding, it drives me ape-shit.

I can feel it starting.

"That's a funny response, Faith. And Faith, you're grunting again. 'Faith, the Grunter'. 'A Grunter named Faith'," she jokes.

If she says my name one more time, I'm gonna come.

Hard.

"Faith?"

The phone pops away from my shoulder and lands with a thud on the carpet.

Unnnnnnnnnngggggghhhhhh

unnnnnnnngggggghhhh

nnnnnggggghhh

nnnnngggh

ngh.

I look at the receiver lying on the floor...

... and I hear B's voice, all tiny and far away.

"Faith?"

Things just aren't workin' out. Something has changed, and I can't put my finger on it.

Literally.

My one-sided phone sex with Buffy has suddenly, abruptly, come to a screechin' halt.

And I can't figure out why.

After the night I confessed to doing 'sit-ups', we had continued as normal for a few nights more. Normal meaning that after we'd slay, I'd walk her to her porch, beg off to get something to eat, then I'd wait for her to call.

For a few phenomenal nights there, I was havin' some seriously seismic, mother lovin', mind altering orgasms. I'm talkin' some serious shit, here.

See, Buffy had decided she wanted to do 'sit-ups' with me.

Except...she really was. Doin' sit-ups.

So now, not only is Buffy talkin' to me, but she's gettin' all breathless and shit, too.

Fuckin' wicked sexy.

And then, of course, there was the competition. Buffy loves to win, and so do I, but seein' as I made the whole thing up there was nuthin' for me to lose.

So I let her win.

B: "How...uh, many...hfff...you done...huuuuh, so far?" she'd pant.

Me: "Um...one...uhhh...going on...two."

Or

"Unnnngh...two...uhhh, uhhh...almost three."

Yunno. Depending on how many times I came already.

Is it MY fault she thought I meant sit-ups?

It was fun...in a really wrong kind of way.

I'd say two or three, and she'd assume I meant hundred, so she'd start pickin' up the pace to try and beat me.

Which in turn would make her breathe harder...which in turn would make my pussy pop...which in turn would up my count to the next digit.

So when she asks me again

B: "Hhhh...hhhh...hhh...whatcha...on...now?"

Me: "Hhhhnnng...um...four..."

So...

You see where I'm goin' with this?

Anyway, right around my fifth pop of the night, I figured I better cut her some slack.

I let her win with six hundred sit-ups.

Good times.

But that was then and this is now.

She hasn't called in four nights.

We still train, we still patrol, and we still do all the things we always do.

Except come 2 a.m., I'm waitin' by the phone with my thumb up my ass.

No. Not literally.

I just can't figure it out. She's not actin' any different. I still leave her on the porch with plenty more to say. I know she wants to talk to me, but I can't figure out why she's not callin'.

It begins to bum me out, so I put on a jacket and head for the door. I'm too wound up to stay inside. I need to walk around...I need to get out...I need to get off.

I reach for the knob, and the phone rings. I look at the clock.

2:39 a.m.

"Hello?" I answer, thinkin' it's a wrong number, but hopin' it's not.

"Hey."

"Oh hey, B."

"You sleepin'?"

"No, actually. You caught me walkin' out the door."

"You're what?" I hear surprise in her voice.

"I said ya caught me walkin' out the door. I'm goin' out."

"It's 2:30 in the morning, Faith."

"I know what time it is, B."

"Are you going to get something to eat?" she asks.

"No."

"No?"

"No, B. I already ate."

"Oh," she says.

Silence.

See, B knows there are usually only two reasons why I'd go out this late at night.

I either need to feed my hungries or my hornies.

I haven't gone out and picked up on anyone in months. Not since B and me started gettin' close. It just didn't feel right. It was frustrating, don't get me wrong. Gettin' all worked up like I do after a good slay, plus bein' in such close proximity to Buffy...but it just didn't seem right leavin' her side to go trolling for some trick.

The phone sex really was helpful.

But that's over, so I better snap out of it.

I'm startin' to feel sad.

"Ya need something, B?" I ask.

"No."

More silence.

It feels like she wants to say something, but she doesn't.

"Um...okay, then. If you don't need me, I guess I'll be goin' now."

Quiet.

"Buffy?"

Then

"Where are you going, Faith?" Her voice sounds kind of funny.

"Just out, B."

"Do I not wanna know?"

"No, B. Probably not."

I feel an ache deep in my chest...

...when did this start to hurt so much?

There was a definite chill in the air.

Well, it is winter.

I bet you thought I meant Buffy, huh?

After I hung up with her, I left the motel to clear my head. I got a pack of cigs and a pint of Jack from an all-night mom and pop and headed towards the docks.

Yeah, normally not the smartest place for a girl to be at 3 a.m.

But then, I'm not a normal girl.

The tangy salt air bit into my skin like a tiny razor sharp teeth.

Boston.

Even though Boston was the Petrie dish of my stained existence, it was still home.

I inhaled the sharp night air and was overwhelmed by a wave of nostalgia.

A tidal wave of memories threatened to engulf me.

Childhood. The Streets. Hope. Betrayal. Survival.

Loneliness.

All the feelings I thought I'd left behind in Boston, were now here with me again in Sunnydale.

How had I let that happen?

When I had first arrived in sunny California, I felt like I was on top of the world. New people, fresh start, new life. After Kakistos got dusted, there was really nuthin' left hangin' over my head.

I swaggered around town, full of bravado, bragging of my former exploits.

I saw people light up when I spoke, and I liked it.

No, I craved it.

I had everyone fooled for a while. Even me.

Except for Buffy and Angel.

Somehow they sensed through all of my puffed-up posturing, that there, just beneath the surface, was pain.

I don't do pain very well.

Rage, however...

Now there's an emotion I can really sink my teeth into.

But rage urges you to do reckless things.

Hateful things.

Hurtful things.

Things I swore I'd never do again...

Rage will...

...????

Jesus Christ, Faith! Maudlin, much?

Cry me a fuckin' river.

Annoyed with myself, I flicked my cigarette into the water and shoved my hands into my jacket and headed back to the

motel.

I definitely didn't feel like gettin' some anymore.

When I met Buffy for training the next day, I really didn't know what to expect. We had left things kind of funky on the phone.

She was already doin' her exercises when I got there. Giles greeted me at the door and then left, mumblin' something about a kettle of tea. She was on the far side of the room, totally immersed in kickin' the shit out of some workout bag. I could see perspiration forming between her breasts and shoulder blades. She'd been at it for a while, cuz she rarely breaks a sweat.

She musta sensed me or something, cuz she stopped what she was doin' and turned towards me.

My fuckin' heart almost stopped.

A stream of sunlight caught her movements as she turned to face me, illuminating her features with a soft glow. Beads of moisture glistened on her upper lip and brow, beggin' me to lick it off.

I'm not sure what my expression looked like, but I don't think it was very smooth, cus Buffy seemed to blush a little and then she gave me a soft smile. She wiped her arm across her face.

"Hey," I said, approaching her.

"Hey, back," she said.

She grabbed a bottle of water and moved out of the way so I could get past her. I put my gear down and snuck a peek as she was takin' a sip of water.

She was watching me.

Holy shit! Now my heart was racing!

I took a deep breath and straightened up, flexing my arms and my shoulders. I cracked my knuckles and said

"Ready to party?"

"Sure," she deadpanned, "But you really should warm up first, I don't want to hurt you."

My lips curved into a slow grin.

"Please, B. Hurt me."

I walked up to the mat and pulled my hair back. I cracked my neck and then lowered myself to the floor. I adjusted my sports top and tugged at my shorts.

I began.

Legs spread in a V position, I leaned over and took hold of my left foot. Gently, I applied pressure, placing my upper body onto the leg. I could feel the muscles lengthen and stretch. I came back up and leaned into the other leg. Next, I bent my right leg and brought it back behind me. I leaned forward, stretchin' my arms down my extended leg, tuckin' my head

between my elbows. I rocked gently, feelin' it in my hamstrings, back, and quads. It felt good. I began to move into a leg lunge position, when I felt my scalp start to tingle and the hairs bristle on my neck.

Buffy.

I could feel her eyes crawlin' all over. She was searchin' for something, probing, tryin' to get inside of me.

Something was happening between us. I was suddenly more aware of her than I have ever been before, and I knew it was the same for her too.

I could sense it.

I raised myself off of the floor and turned to look at her. The exchange that passed was electric. She put down her water and approached me, stopping a few feet away. A tingle ran through me, hardening my nipples and leavin' goose bumps all over my flesh. I glanced at her breasts. They were gettin' hard, too.

We stood there lookin' at each other, not sayin' a word; she was lookin' at my face with wonder, with awe, when suddenly she lunged at me.

On reflex, I ducked, gettin' under her torso and straightened back up, flipping her into the air behind me. I spun around and she was already comin' back at me. I grabbed her shoulders and dropped to my back, pullin' her down with me, and with both legs I flung her backwards. She landed on her feet, turned, and assumed her fighting stance; arms raised, elbows down. In a split second, she spun and kicked her legs up to swipe at my head, but I ducked. She tried again, but I ducked once more. Chest heaving, she resumed her stance. I did the same.

But she looks so fuckin' cute when she's mad, that I just had to blow her a kiss.

In a flash, she was in the air, legs flyin', and this time it connected. My head snapped back from the force of her kick and I'm flat on my back.

I think she was tryin' to kill me.

Before I could get up, she was on top of me, straddling my waist and holdin' my shoulders down with her hands.

She was breathin' really hard, just lookin' down at me. Messed up pony-tail, breasts heaving, lips parted and panting.

Fuck! She was wicked hot!

Then it happened.

A tantalizing tingle started to move up my body...from the tips of my toes to the top of my head. I felt it cross and connect, surging upward at the location where Buffy was straddling me. Her ass was hot against my bare midriff, and I felt her flex as it coursed through her.

Her eyes widened and she gasped.

What was that??

I wanted to say something, but she bolted right off me and ran for the door.

She flew past Giles who was comin' in, startling the poor guy and spillin' his tea.

He stopped in mid-sentence, "Well, now. Shall we begin with-"

And she was gone.

I patrolled alone that night.

Giles had relayed a message that Buffy wasn't feelin' well. Nuthin' serious, just a little under the weather. It was a slow night anyway. Just a couple of newbie vamps.

Musta been something good on TV.

So I grabbed a pizza and headed back home.

I run my mind through everything that's happened since last night, and I keep comin' back to the same thing.

Does Buffy feel something for me?

And I don't mean in the

"You're my best friend, Faith. Well, no, maybe not my *best* friend, cus hello! Willow, but more like a soul mate...er...um, no, that would be Angel, but..." kind of way.

I mean in the

"I wanna get naked, and do things to your body that hasn't been thought of before."

Or

"I wanna rip your clothes off and lick every inch of your hot skin, leaving you wet and satisfied."

Or

"Fuck me, Faith, fuck me hard!" kind of way.

Heh-heh.

Anyway, I barely get my key in the lock, when I hear the phone ringin' through the door. I kick it open and look at the clock.

It's early. Just past midnight.

I toss the pie onto the bed and lift the receiver.

"Yeah?" I answer.

Pause.

"Oh, that's charming, Faith."

"Yeah, that's me, B. Prince Charming."

"Prin-cess," she corrects.

"Whatever," I mumble.

Silence.

I quirk an eyebrow into the phone. What'd she call for?

I guess she heard it, cus

"You just get in?" she asks.

"Something like that," I say.

"What do you mean?" She sounds suspicious, "How long have you been home?"

"Like you said, B. I just got in."

"Oh," She sounds relieved.

Hmm. I start to get the feelin' this isn't the first time she's called.

"How long you been callin'?" I smile.

"Oh, I don't know. I...what do you mean??"

Busted.

"Nuthin, B. So what can I do ya for?"

"I was wondering if you want to get something to eat."

"I picked up a pizza."

"Oh."

Silence.

"You're welcome to half, if you want."

"Oh, I don't know..." she hesitates.

"You sure? It's still in the box, all hot and steamy."

She pauses and then, "What's on it?"

"Everything you like, minus the anchovies."

B likes anchovies. Go figure.

"I dunno...hey, you do your sit-ups yet?" She sounds hopeful.

"Uh, no, B. I just got in, remember?"

"Oh, right."

"Why'd you ask?"

"No reason."

I smile.

"Did you wanna do sit-ups with me, B?"

This was fun!

"Well, sure...I mean, don't you want to eat first?"

"Nah, it can wait. It's too hot, the cheese will just chew up my mouth anyway."

"Okay. Um...hold on a sec, I need to close my door."

Sweet.

I hear her get up and shut her bedroom door.

"Okay, I'm back."

"Um...okay."

Silence.

"You first," she says.

Me first?

"What's your goal?" I ask her.

"What's my *goal*?" Her voice goes up a notch.

"Yeah, B. How many sit-ups do you plan on doin' tonight?"

Heh-heh. I'm so bad.

"Oh," Beat. "How many do you wanna do?"

"I don't usually set myself a goal, B. That's your deal. I just go 'til I feel I'm finished."

"Oh, really," she says sarcastically.

"B, would I lie to you?" I duck, just in case of lightning.

"Uh-huh," she says, not convinced, "Start, Faith."

"What about you?" I ask.

"I'll catch up, you first."

Well, okay then.

I unzip my pants and slide my hand to my pussy. I run my finger up and down, warmin' up a bit. I flick my clit and bite my lip.

"Uh...so, B...how ya feelin? You rest up tonight?"

"Uh-huh."

"So...uh...whatcha...do...tonight?"

"Not much."

She's not makin' this easy. She's not really talkin', barely even answering my questions.

"Uh...oh...well, hhfff, how's the Scoobs...hhfff?"

"Fine."

Come on, B. Talk to me!

"Um...uh...missed you tonight..." I say.

"How many you done now?" Shit.

Now I'm the one who's busted.

I haven't come yet, so I can't say one...but she thinks I've been doin' something, so I can't say none...

And even if I had come, there's no way she'd assume I've done one hundred sit-ups already.

"How many, Faith?"

"I dunno, B. I'm not keepin' count."

Ha! I'm changin' the rules in mid-game. Hey, I made 'em, so I can change 'em.

"How can I catch up if you don't know how many you've done?"

"Why don't you just start and not worry about it."

"Why don't you just start and not worry about it."

Oh my god, is she mimicking me?

"Damn, B. What crawled up your ass and die?"

Silence.

"Where'd you go last night, Faith?"

Oh boy.

Here we go.

"Out."

"Where?"

"Here and there."

"Why won't you tell me?" she accuses.

"Why do you wanna know?" I throw back.

"Why are you such an asshole, Faith?"

"Uh, what did you say?"

"I said you're an asshole, Faith."

"Oh, *I'm* the asshole? Why'd you kick my ass today and then run for the hills?"

She ignores this and continues the third degree.

"Were you *alone* last night, Faith?"

"Were you really *sick* tonight, Buffy?"

Yeah, ignore *me*! I don't think so. Two can play this game. Fuck this. Bring it on.

"Were you??" she demands.

"Were you??" I zing back.

If she expects me to answer her questions, then she'd better be fuckin prepared to answer some of mine!

"Did you get some last night, Faith? Was it good?" she purrs.

LISTEN TO THAT TONE! WHAT A BITCH!

"What's the matter, Buffy? I know you felt it. Did it scare you? Did it make you wanna run away and hide?" I taunt back.

Buffy continues

"When you were fucking her, Faith, were you thinking of me?"

Bitch.

"When you were picturing it, Buffy, did you wish it were you?"

"Fuck you, Faith."

"Yeah, okay, come right over."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yeah, B, and so would you."

She pauses.

"Never gonna happen," she says, and hangs up the phone.

Ya know, I used to think that way too. But not anymore. Not after tonight.

What a fucking weird day.

It's tense between us, but both of us are actin' like nuthin' is wrong. Oh, every once in a while I feel her eyes boring holes into the back of my skull, but for the most part, we're pretty much ignoring each other.

Nobody seemed to notice until Cordelia opened her big mouth.

"Jesus, Faith. As tempting as it may be, I will *not* be anyone's second choice. Make *up* with her, already!"

What?? I wasn't doin' anything!

Well, okay...maybe a little.

We were all just sittin' around the table, kinda just hangin' out. Red was talkin' to Giles about some spell she'd read about, and the rest of us were just kinda listening. I had sat myself on the opposite end from where B was sitting, which put Cordelia over and to the right of me.

She was flipping through a magazine, typically ignoring everything that was going on. She never looked up once.

So I thought it was safe.

Man, does that girl have a rack on her! Fuck that, she's got the whole package. Pow!

So I put my hands in my jacket pockets and slouched down into my chair, my legs stretched out in front of me.

But my eyes...I let my eyes roam free to wander all *over* that body.

She had on this black, hot, sheer little number. Skin tight and short, huggin' her curves like a drowning man in a life raft. Her legs were bare and tan, French pedicure in black strappy heels.

I know people say she dresses like a tramp, but I like it.

I like it a lot.

I wasn't being obvious. I'm not an idiot.

I kinda had my chin down, peerin' at her through my lashes.

How'd she know that?

"Oh my god, this really is a Scooby gang; except, I'm the smart *and* the hot one. For a Watcher, Giles, you're not very

watchful, and the rest of you are just a bunch of Shaggys. Well, except you, Oz. You're more the Scrappy Doo type."

Dog-boy gives her a wry smile.

"Whatever. You really need to handle this, Buffy. Either give the girl what she wants, or cut her loose, already. I can't take her getting all moony-eyed at me."

I do *not* get moony-eyed.

After a few moments of awkward silence, everyone scrambles out the door, muttering vague excuses of one kind or another.

Everyone except Buffy.

She's just sittin' there, lookin' down at the table.

I can see a few different emotions pass across her face.

What is she thinkin'?

After a while, she gets up and leaves too.

I'm still just sittin' there.

Why am I always the one in trouble?

Everything is just super awkward now. When the gang convened to patrol later that night, the conversation tended more toward babble than anything coherent. More so than normal, that is.

If you can picture that.

Willow would ramble on about something, then sneak a peek at either Buffy or me. She'd never finish her train of thought, she'd just stammer and move on to the next thing, blushing the whole while. Oz would just take her hand in support and give her a sweet smile.

But Xander just flat out stared at me.

Every time I looked, he was just eyeballin' me. I know what he's thinkin'. He's imagining Buffy and me together, and it was startin' to work my nerves.

Yeah, I know he had a thing for her at one time. In fact, I think he still does.

But he also thinks he's got a thing with me, and that just isn't the case.

It was just the one time.

And yeah, I kinda feel bad that I'm his first and I'll always hold a special place in his heart and all that...but...he wasn't my first.

Not even close.

"Can I help you with something?" I finally say.

He blinks.

"Um, no. I don't think so," he answers.

"Well, then. How 'bout you keep your fuckin' eyeballs to yourself, and your mind outta the gutter?"

Everybody just looks at me.

"Fuck this," I say and leave.

Behind me I can hear Cordy sayin'

"Oh, so *now* everyone's on the same page?"

Fuckin smart-ass.

I cross town and head over to another cemetery. This place is pretty dead I think, and smirk at my lame humor. Where are the vamps when you need 'em? I've got some pent up energy, and a little vamp action would have been great right about now.

But instead, I hop up onto a tombstone and light myself a cig.

This shit is gettin' out of hand.

Now that Cordelia spilled the beans, I guess the jig is up.

And speakin' of Cordelia...

What did she mean she wouldn't be anyone's second choice?

Is she sayin' I'da had a chance at her, if she'd been my first?

Ya know, I always wondered about her.

People always made the mistake of thinkin' that Cordy wasn't very bright, that she was too self-involved and oblivious to the real world.

Well, she is self-involved, but she's definitely not oblivious.

She's actually pretty sharp. Like an ice pick.

Cordelia always seemed to get things, cuttin' through the bullshit and getting right to the point. She understood the nuance of any situation, the subtleties that most people overlooked.

With that sense of savvy and her killer body, it's a wonder she hadn't dumped Xander sooner. It's a blessing, really. She eventually would have eaten him alive, and he'd have become less of a shell than he already was.

Oh, I'm just pissed at him right now. I don't really mean it.

When I first got into town, I'd notice that she'd be lookin' at me. I assumed it was because Xander hung on my every word and it was a jealousy thing.

Ya know, scope out the competition.

But I guess she was just pickin' up on my vibe. The one most people don't get, cus I've got it so well hidden beneath the vibe I *want* to give off.

Every once in a while she'd brush up against me, or casually touch my hands. Nuthin' big, nuthin' anyone would write a book about, but it was there. Enough to make me wonder.

Fuck!

Me and Cordy.

Just think of the possibilities.

First thing I'd do is get her on her back, and wrap her long legs around me. I wouldn't even take her clothes off yet, that would come later.

Those fucking legs.

I'd run my hands up her skirt and then down her hips and thighs, sliding my palms against her calves, feelin' the muscle definition in my hands. I'd trail my fingers to her French pedicure toes, so sexy in strappy heels, and I'd lift one to my mouth.

I'm not a toe-sucker by definition. But I could make an exception for Cordelia.

Yeah, I could get into worshipping *those* feet.

Then I'd work my way back up.

Running my hands and tongue up the insides of her legs, and squeezin' my head up through the opening of her skirt. I'd suck on her clit through her sheer panties. Oh man, I could just smell her scent within the context of that scenario. All her juices and my saliva minglin' together, trapped and potent in the confines of her skirt.

I feel a sharp twinge in my pants.

Fuck, I'm gettin' myself hot!

I wonder what she's up to now?

No sooner than I have that thought, when I hear a twig snap. I flick my cigarette and leap off the 'stone and whirl around in fighting stance, stake in hand.

It's Cordy. She freezes.

"Wow, Faith. Jumpy, much?"

I relax and put the pointy object away. I reach for another cigarette.

"Hey, it's you," I say, lightin' up.

I offer her one. She takes it.

"Well, duh," she says, accepting my light.

She puts her hand on mine as I flick the lighter.

See? Stuff like that.

"Whatcha doin' here, Cordy? Where's the gang?" I ask.

She rolls her eyes and takes a drag. She exhales a fair amount of smoke and says

"Those losers? I lost them a while back. They're so busy fawning over Buffy, I thought I'd leave them to it."

Yeah, I can picture that. They do fawn over her, minus the crouchin' and lickin' part.

1st definition of the verb. Oxford American Dictionary.

fawn v. (of dog, etc.) to try and win affection or attention by crouching close to a person and licking him.

I'm fairly certain she meant the second definition.

"You walk here all alone then, Cordy? That's not very safe, ya know."

"I'm not alone, silly. You're here, aren't you?"

She flashes me a smile.

Oh god.

I shift my weight from one leg to the other.

Now what?

I shake my head a little, and let my hair spill over my face.

She smiles and drops her cigarette, crushin' it with her shoe.

"You're not such a tough guy, ya know. I'm a girl too, remember? I know that move. I perfected that move."

Then she leans her head back and moves it from side to side, her beautiful long hair swaying back and forth, catchin' glimmers of moonlight in the shiny brown tresses.

Uh, yeah, she did. Have it perfected, that is.

I grin.

You wanna play? Let's play.

I saunter back over to the tombstone, turn around, and lean my back against it.

I flick the filter with my thumb, dropping an ash.

"I repeat...whatcha doin' here, Cordy? You hopin' to see God? You thinkin' a little 'Faith' might make that happen?"

I take a drag off my cigarette. Let's see how she reacts to *that* one.

"Oh my. Aren't we the cocky one. A little sure of yourself, aren't we?"

I shrug.

"I know what I know," I say, " and I know what I'm good at."

"Touché," she acknowledges, "Not only a good point, but to the point as well. I like that. Very nice, Faith."

"Yeah, well, I like to cut to the chase."

She rolls her eyes at me.

Get it? Cut to the chase? Cordelia Chase?

I flick my cigarette away and cross my arms over my chest. She takes the cue and approaches me. She's close enough now that I can smell her perfume. Shalimar or Ode de Joy or some other such expensive shit.

She may be stuck-up, but she sure has class.

She leans in closer to me, placing both of her hands on either side of me, supported by the tombstone. She lowers her body until there is just a fraction of air between us, then whispers into my ear

"Listen, Faith. I'll never be your girlfriend. But I am your friend, and I wouldn't be opposed to fucking you every now and again..." she pauses.

Her breath in my ear is makin' my nipples hard.

She wants to fuck me? Now and again?

I uncross my arms and let them fall to my sides, she feels this and presses into me.

"... and as your friend," she breathes, "I feel it's my duty to point out a few facts to you. If you want Buffy, you need to make your move. She's not gonna do it for you."

She licks the tip of my ear. I shiver.

"She's not like us, Faith. She'll just wait and wait, letting a good thing pass her by."

She shifts her body and her knee is between my thighs, nudging them open. Her movements are slight, but I can feel her touch through the material on my clit.

I'm on fire.

I part my legs.

She groans into my neck and slides her knee up hard to my crotch. She runs her fingers down my side, and takes hold of my hand. She lifts it in between us to cup her breast, and then she squeezes it.

Oh, fuck...Cordy!

A steamy moment passes and then she says

"I don't normally play Dear Abby to dyke drama. But I like you, and I thought you should know. That's the last I'm going to say about it."

She nips my earlobe and brings her face to look at me with her soft hazel brown eyes. Her lips are so close that when she speaks I can feel them brush against mine; her breath is warm and sweet.

"But I will fuck you, Faith. I think that bears repeating. You look like you can afford to lose a little tension."

She gives me a soft kiss and slowly backs away; her fingers still entwined with mine. At arms length she lets go gently, allowing my arm to fall back to my side. Her lips curl up into a small smile, and she turns to walk away.

I call out after her.

"Why won't you be my girlfriend?" I ask.

She glances back at me for a moment, and then continues on her way.

"Because I won't be second best."

I get home and take a shower. Life is a little off-kilter here on the Hellmouth. Seems like the only demons runnin' around here lately are of the emotional kind.

Which is way worse, if you ask me.

I settle back on the bed and think about what Cordelia had said.

She thinks I should make a move on Buffy?

Yeah, like that'll happen. She'd clean my clock in a heartbeat.

And the way she's been actin' lately, she'd probably take a picture and keep it in her scrapbook.

"And this one," she says, forty years in the future, "is when I kicked Faith's ass for kissing me. Black and blue really are her colors, don't you think?"

Riiigght.

I'm tired of thinkin' about it. I need to get my mind on something else. Luckily for me, Cordelia has given me lots of material to work with.

My god, that woman is smokin'!

She won't be my girlfriend, but she said she'd fuck me. And she made point of tellin' me.

Twice.

I could live with that.

So I start wonderin' about where that might happen, exactly. Can't go to hers. Parents. And we sure as hell ain't comin back to mine, cus the look I want to see on her face is pure desire, not a fear for infection.

This dump is really crampin' my style.

The only thing I got goin' for me, is the six hundred thread count Egyptian cotton linens that I have on the bed.

Texture Girl, remember? I spend my money where it 'counts'.

I bet she'd look good on these sheets.

The covers all tangled around her naked body, and her naked body all tangled up with mine.

I reach over to my bedside drawer and pull out an old friend.

Meet Richard. He's my big dick.

I unhook the harness that's attached to it, and bring the toy to the bed.

"Hey, how's it goin', boy?"

I haven't used Richard since my early days in Sunnydale.

A waitress from the Espresso Pump, and a hot redhead from the Bronze.

I haven't really had much of a reason to pull it out lately. Ever since I stopped pickin' up people, that is. It's not like I can say

"Hey Buffy, how do you feel about silicone penises? What's that you say? You've never had the pleasure? Well, step this way, cus I've got someone who's dyin' to meet you."

Oh god. Buffy.

"Out, damn spot, out!"

Right now she's a stain on my happiness and I plan on bein' happy.

At least for tonight.

I reach back into the drawer and pull out some lube.

Come on, Cordy. Make it happen.

I begin to fantasize about takin' Cordy in the graveyard.

Gettin' her naked and tonguing it up, fuckin' her as she bends over a crypt. I picture myself sliding one and then two fingers into her cunt, workin' em in an out of her hole, my wrist just covered from her wetness. I drop to my knees and spread her cheeks with my left hand, runnin' my tongue up her crack, lickin' her. I form more saliva in my mouth so I can tongue her with it, and then I stick it inside of her ass as far as it will go. I start fuckin' her ass with my tongue, my fingers still movin' in and out of her pussy...faster...harder...deeper.

I move my hand away from her ass and reach around to find her clit. I rub it with my thumb. Slow at first, but steady.

Keepin' a perfect rhythm. Not erratic, not frantic, just steady.

I continue tonguing her and fuckin' her fast, in and out, in and out and in and out...I pick up the pace on her clit. I feel her legs shake a little. She's close, but I don't want her to come yet. I slow down on her clit and her legs begin to steady.

She can barely speak, she's breathless.

"Oh...uhh...Faith...mmmm...yeah, fuck me..."

I pull my mouth away and smack her ass.

I drop to my butt and slide up backwards.

I'm under her with my back resting against the crypt. I run my tongue over her clit, giving it a slight suck. She jerks.

I flatten the length of my tongue and I start lappin' her pussy, slow, steady, and then faster. She's so wet she's drippin' down my chin, onto my neck, trailing between my breasts. I pull my fingers out of her pussy and slide my hand between her thighs and slip a finger in her ass.

She groans.

"Hhhhhhnnn...oh, yeah...hhh...hhh...harder."

I slip a second finger inside and I can feel her stretch to accommodate it. She's so fucking tight against my fingers. I start to fuck her ass with sincerity, my tongue lapping her clit with long fluid movements. She's close, I can feel her thighs begin to tense and come together on my arm. Her thighs are like a vise, restricting my movements, so I continue to fuck her ass with just the motion of my wrist and fingers. She's ready, her clit swollen and throbbing under my tongue, she starts to shudder and then goes still.

It's here.

Her legs clamp down around my head and she's fucking my face, my tongue is still flat and licking but lettin' her find her own rhythm now, her pussy bumpin' against my tongue and teeth.

She raises herself off the crypt and bends to grab the back of my head, pulling my face into her cunt. She comes hard. I keep lickin' her, lettin' her ride it out...

I pull Richard out of me and sigh.

I feel better. Cordy was right about the tension.

As I drift off to sleep, distant images form and surface, teasing my consciousness before blurring and fading away.

Buffy laughin'...Buffy holdin' a fork to my mouth...wrestling with me...dancin' at the Bronze.

The last image I see is of Cordelia, sleek and beautiful, her deep green eyes shining at me...those green eyes...green eyes...green...eyes...

"I love you, Faith," Cordelia whispers.

"I love you, Buffy," I mumble softly, rolling onto my side.

"Who the fuck is it??" I yell, throwin' a pillow at the door.

"It's me, Buffy," comes the answer.

Buffy?

I open one eye and peer at the clock. It's 6:15 a.m.

It's 6:15 a.m.??

No wonder my head is killin' me.

She pounds at the door again.

"Open up, Faith."

I groan and throw on a pair of faded Levi's. I sleep-walk to the door, scratchin' myself.

"Faith," she calls.

"Yeah, yeah, hold up a sec, B. Geez."

I rub my eyes and open the door.

It's still dark out.

She's standin' there, with two cups of steaming coffee and a bag of pastries.

"Nice look, Faith," she says, as she walks in past me.

I look down. Oh. No shirt.

Oops.

I close the door and follow her inside. I sit on the edge of the bed, watching her.

She has walked over to the opposite side of the room, where I had hauled in and set up an old table. She puts the coffees and pastries down, and says with her back still turned to me

"We need to talk."

We need to talk?

At 6:

I look at the clock.

:16 in the morning??

She must be outta her fuckin' mind.

"At 6:16 in the morning, B?" I ask.

She turns around to hand me a coffee, and she freezes.

"What?" I say. So I don't have a shirt on, big deal.

But she's not lookin' at me, she's lookin' at something on the bed next to me.

I turn to look-

Fuck.

She's lookin' at the dick.

Then I follow her eyes to the lube on the nightstand...

... and the harness on the floor.

I know what she's thinkin', so I say

"No, B, it's not-"

She cuts me off.

"Is there someone here?" She looks towards the bathroom.

"No, B. I swear."

She puts the coffee down and walks to the bathroom.

I don't know why I'm so nervous, I know no one's in there.

She goes in, and I can hear her pushing the shower curtain aside, like she expects to find someone hidin' in there.

She doesn't come back out.

I wait.

"B?" I finally say.

Nothing.

"B?"

I get up and walk into the bathroom.

B's sittin' on the toilet seat, face in her hands, crying.

I rush in to kneel in front of her. I place my hands on her knees.

"B, what's wrong? Why are you crying?"

She's crying pretty hard. I don't know what to do.

"B, come on, baby. Talk to me."

She sobs even louder, and it's just tearing me up. I reach to stroke her hair; I have a pit in my stomach.

"Baby, don't cry, okay? Just tell me what's wrong and I'll fix it."

She tries to speak.

"You...huh...can't...fix...it," she wails.

She places her forehead on her lap. Her shoulders are racked with uncontrollable sobs.

A hot tear lands on my hand, and it breaks my heart.

I pull her forward, and take her into my arms and hold her.

"Yes I can, baby," I promise her, "Of course I can."

Buffy is still crying in my arms.

She is leanin' into me with her arms around my neck.

She's calmed down some, but she's still crying.

I can feel her hot tears slidin' down my skin.

I stroke her hair and massage her back, kneading the spot I know always bothers her. She takes a ragged breath and then exhales near my ear. Her breathing begins to even out, with an occasional body jerk, but slowly it becomes normal.

She moves her head and I feel her lips graze my neck slightly.

My skin prickles.

She adjusts her head to lie on my shoulder, and now her warm breath is directly in my ear. I stop all movement. After a moment, I start again. Rubbin' her back and strokin' her hair.

She whimpers something, and I feel her lips on my neck again.

My skin jumps.

She moves her forehead to rest on my shoulder. She pulls back a little from me, and I feel the cool air come between us, makin' the matter worse.

I know what she's lookin' at.

It's been pretty obvious for a while.

My naked nipples are erect and hard as hell.

I had felt them harden the minute her lips accidentally grazed my neck. It sent chills all over me. And then with her breathin' into my ear. And then with her whimper.

Okay, so I was pretty much hard the whole time.

I had felt it and figured she might too, since she was pressed up against me.

Neither one of us says anything, but we're both aware that we're both aware. She continues to look down at them, and they continue to be hard. I keep strokin' her hair.

Finally she puts her face back into my neck and moves onto my lap.

I lean back against the wall and adjust myself, spreadin' my legs and pullin' her across them so she's wedged sideways on my lap, her butt firmly between my thighs.

She sighs.

After a moment of just holdin' her, she lifts her left hand and begins stroking my hair. She shifts her head so that it's still in my neck, but can also gaze up at me. She trails a finger from my hair and traces my cheekbone...down to my jaw...then up to my lower lip. She strokes it lightly.

I part my lips and a breath escapes me.

I tighten my arms around her as she slips the tip of her finger in farther, touchin' the part that begins my inner lip. She moves her fingertip across it, wetting her finger from the warmth and moisture of my mouth.

She hesitates, like she's waitin' for something, so I lick her finger with the tip of my tongue. I open my mouth and she puts it in all the way. Gently, I close my lips and suck on it, caressing it with my tongue. I look down and I see her lashes, still glistening from her tears. She moves her face back into my neck and she kisses it softly. My mouth releases her finger and she traces it down my chin, under my jaw and down my neck, makin' a wet trail to my breast.

She stops short of the nipple.

She kisses my neck again, and this time I feel her tongue. She begins to suck on my neck and her finger moves to my nipple to rub it, causin' it to tighten and harden even more. She closes her thumb and forefinger, and pinches it before palming the whole breast with her hand.

I groan.

I take my hand and lift her chin to look at me. My mouth is inches away from hers. I look into her green eyes, and raise an eyebrow in question. She smiles, putting her hand on the back of my head, and pulls it towards her. Her lips are parted and I can see her tongue, and I know in a moment I'll be tastin' it.

Our lips meet and I kiss her softly, and then deeply, slipping my tongue into her mouth. Our tongues touch and she's pushing against mine, lickin' it, sucking on it, and running it over my teeth. I catch it and suck on it, loving the soft feel in my mouth.

She withdraws and looks at me.

Then she looks at my bottom lip and runs her tongue across it; catchin' it between her teeth before slowly suckin' on it. She pulls back, taking my bottom lip with her, and then releases it, lettin' it fall back with a wet plop.

She buries her face in my neck and whispers

"I love your lips."

Told ya.

I smile and kiss the side of her head.

Even though I'm dyin to be with her, I won't take it any further.

I never thought I'd get this far.

I hold her in my arms, and place a hundred tiny kisses on her face and neck.

BUFFY'S POV:

Faith thinks she's so smart.

We get back to my front porch, and as usual, lately, she makes up some lame excuse about why she won't come inside.

"I've had Mickey D's on the brain all day," she lies.

Oh, don't get me wrong.

She probably is going there to get something to eat.

But that's not why she's really leaving.

I offered to make her one of my killer omelets she likes so much; thirteen egg whites loaded with jalapeno pepper jack cheese. The girl likes all of her food hot and spicy, so I always make sure I have plenty of hot sauce and crushed red pepper flakes in the house.

Mom thought I had bought the stuff for myself; so one morning I was eating a quiche she made me, and I almost choked.

Tears formed in my eyes as I coughed and reached for my milk.

Cough! Cough! Oh god. I gulped down the milk.

"What's the matter, Buffy?" Mom asked, all concerned.

I held one finger up as I downed the liquid, milk running down my chin.

"Ugh...oh god, mom," I gasped, "are you trying to kill me?"

I looked at my plate, and saw red flecks all over the inside of the quiche.

"Too hot? I thought you'd like it. Seeing how you have a case of hot sauce and an economy size shaker of chili flakes," she explained.

"Uh, no, mom. That's okay. Just took me by surprise, is all."

I'm not sure why I didn't tell her the truth.

She knew I'd been cooking for Faith. In fact, she even agreed with me about Faith's poor eating habits.

"Well, that's nice of you, Buffy," she had said, "That girl is always shoveling junk into her mouth. She should be grateful she has a friend that's concerned about her health. I'm sure it's something her mother never cared about."

She looked at me.

"What I mean, Buffy," she continued, "is that she must have picked up her habits from somewhere. At her age, you're still displaying habits taught to you from childhood."

My mom. The Psychology Major.

But I knew her comment actually had a double meaning.

First off, she was letting me know that she's aware of Faith's past. I'm not sure how much, because I never told her.

But Faith had had a heart-to-heart with her a few weeks ago. I remember seeing her stroke Faith's hair while Faith had her face buried in my mom's neck. I remember, because I had never seen Faith cry before. I backed myself into the kitchen before she could see I was there, but mom had looked up and seen me.

Second, she was fishing to see if I agreed with her. Mom has always been very careful to try and instill proper values in me; being a single mother, she's had her fair share of doubts raising a teenage daughter alone. She's worried that the divorce had damaged me, and that any childhood goodness I learned had left the day my dad did.

I smiled at her.

"You're right. Not everyone is as lucky as me, to have a mom like you."

She smiled and looked grateful.

See? I'm pretty good at the psychology stuff too.

But, back to Faith.

Yeah, she thinks she's so smart.

Before she bailed, she had made an off-hand suggestion about us getting naked on the kitchen counter. She's always doing stuff like that. Wiggling her eyebrows at me or puckering her lips.

God, I love her lips.

But I let it slide like I always do.

Cuz that's what I do.

I roll my eyes and ignore things.

I'm not adverse to a good sexual innuendo; I can usually give as good as I get. But Faith is a master at the double entendre. I never know how to respond to her.

I used to just stammer and blush, making her raise an eyebrow at me and grin as I tried to form a comeback.

So instead I just roll my eyes and ignore it.

It's worked out well, so far.

And then she does that thing with her hair.

I may be able to roll my eyes when she teases me with words, but I'm not so good when she does something sexy.

I just freeze.

You know...deer, headlights.

I'm just one big pile of happy road kill, flattened on the side of the road.

Well, not that road kill is really ever happy.

I hate it when she wins.

So she leaves me -no, deserts me- on the porch, and sprints onto the street, high-tailing it like there's a house on fire and she's the only one who can put it out.

I sigh and let myself into the house.

I go to the kitchen and grab the usual.

Non-fat yogurt, low-fat cottage cheese, and pretzels. It really is a good combination.

Faith has asked me many times why I don't cook for myself. And I tell her, every time, that it's just not the same.

What's the point of cooking something, if I can't enjoy watching someone eat it?

Oh, I tried a few times cooking for Angel. And he was a good sport about it too, looking down and seeing the steak on his plate and then looking back up at me, giving me that little "mmmm" tasty sound, with a blank expression on his face.

"Yummy," he'd say.

Yeah, right.

And I gotta tell ya, it kind of grossed me out when I'd see him cut the meat into little pieces, and then suck the blood right off of them.

Ick factor? Way off the charts.

Besides, throwing a piece of meat into a pan, ten seconds on both sides, is not my idea of cooking.

Now, Faith...well, there's a girl I could cook for, for the rest of my natural life.

Did you catch the natural part? God knows living on the Hellmouth gives me pause for concern. You never know if I might bite the dust, again, and come back as some sort of brain-craving zombie, or some kind of demon whose idea of a gourmet

meal is Filet of Kitten in Mushroom sauce.

I can't picture Faith really wanting to eat any of that.

And boy, that girl really enjoys her food. I mean, really.

She'll just look down at her plate, all wide-eyed, and then grin up at me. She'll take a fork and jab at it and stuff it in her mouth, chewing happily.

And many a time with her mouth open.

"Gross, Faith. Can you close your mouth, ya think?"

She'll smile, showing me her food.

"What, B? Don'tcha like see food?"

I'll just sigh and shake my head at her.

"That's your problem, B. No appreciation for the classics." As she munches away, happily.

Yeah, all of that is great. Seeing her savor the fruits of my labor.

Um, okay. Maybe there's not so much of the laboring involved, but you know what I mean.

She displays so much enthusiasm and appreciation, that I just can't help but feel my heart melt a little.

But another reason, and this is a biggie, is I love to watch her mouth move.

I told you about her lips, right?

They're just so perfect and full. And her bottom lip has a little cleft in it.

When she drinks her milk, a tiny drop always seems to find itself there. And I wait for her to lick it off with a slow flick of her tongue.

Don't get me started on her tongue.

I haven't even allowed myself to go there yet. I'm afraid it might put me in a state of catatonia that I'll never come out from.

But back to her lips.

Ah. Those perfect, pouty, delectable lips.

I know this sounds kind of sneaky, but I always make sure to feed her when the food is still piping hot. I'm talking steam rising, so hot that it could peel the paint right off a rocket ship.

I'll hold the fork up to her mouth and watch her blow on it. Her pursed lips just blowing warm air onto the hot food...sometimes the combined heat hits my fingers, and sends shivers down my spine.

Problem is, this is one of those sexy things she does that I'm talking about.

Hello, road kill.

She looks at me, sometimes, with that raised brow of hers, like she knows what I'm up to.

Did I mention I hate it when she wins?

Oh, and speaking of sneaky...

Faith is the sneakiest person I know. You never know what she's up to, and let me tell you, that girl can lie.

She's not always good at it, but that doesn't stop her from doing it.

And she has no shame about it.

None, what so ever.

The first time I found out she lied about something, I couldn't believe it. Why did she lie? What was she going to gain by it?

It really baffled me.

But through the course of time, I realized it was all about control. About what she could get away with. I think it's an offshoot from her childhood. If she told the truth, it could get her in trouble.

It was proven that it was better to lie.

But I also think, and I think this is the main reason, is that when she lies she's in control of the situation. By lying, she can manipulate the outcome of something; tailor it to fit her needs.

I don't think she had much control in her formative years. In fact, I know she didn't. She was left to the whims and ministrations of an alcoholic mother and abusive male figures.

When you're a child, you have no control of your environment. You're left to the mercy of your caregivers.

And I know that there wasn't much giving, and a lot less caring in her younger years.

But I digress.

I rinse off with a quick shower and then start a bath. I love to soak and eat at the same time. It not only eases my muscles and hunger, but it makes me feel decadent as well.

I am Cleopatra, Queen of the Nile. Feed me grapes.

But I don't soak for long, cus I know Faith is waiting for me to call. Oh, I know she doesn't know that I know...but I know.

She thinks she's so smart.

1:59 a.m.

I press the numbers on the phone, and pause before dialing the last digit.

The clock changes.

2:00 a.m.

I press the last number and wait for it to ring.

After finishing my bath, I had brushed my teeth and hurriedly applied body lotion and face cream. I slipped on my baggy cow pajamas and climbed into bed, waiting for the designated call time.

She picks up before the second ring.

"Thanks for calling the CDC, but we're..." I hear her say.

I let her finish her little spiel and roll my eyes.

Faith, the foul-mouthed comedienne.

I realize that she can't see me roll my eyes, so I say

"Oh gross, Faith. You kiss your mother with that mouth?"

"Well, B, it wasn't my mother I was thinkin' 'bout kissin'."

That's my Faith.

"Ha-ha, very funny," I say. But I'm smiling, cus I really do think it's cute.

So I ask her if she had taken care of her hungries, and then she asks me the same.

Our conversations always start out like this. I know her objective is to get me to keep talking.

About anything.

See, I figured out a couple of nights ago what she was up to.

We had finished patrolling, and it had been an exceptionally busy night. I say exceptionally, because lately there's been a lull in demonic activity. It's kind of weird, considering this is *the* hub for unnatural occurrences, but it happens sometimes.

A gang of out-of-towners had arrived, hoping to create havoc and sample some of the good residents of Sunnydale. There were a dozen of them. It was just Faith and me that evening. The gang was at the Bronze watching Oz play with the Dingoes; and we didn't feel the need to break up their party, seeing as how slow it's been in the graveyards and all.

When we approached the cemetery, my Slayer senses started to tingle. I looked over at Faith, and I could tell she felt it too.

"You feel that, Faith?" I asked.

"Yeah, B," she grinned, "and it feels *good*."

Although we share many of the same attributes when it comes to slaying, our approach to the activity is a whole other story. I tend to engage in verbal quips, teasing my prey with taunting witticisms. Don't get me wrong, I do play a little, getting out any pent-up aggressions that have built up during the day. But after a few moments, I move in for the kill. I'm aware of my surroundings and I don't want to risk being caught unaware.

But Faith...

Well, Faith throws her entire being into beating the unholy shit out of them. She does make the occasional remark, but she's mostly focused on the sheer physicality of it.

She's just brutal.

She can go on for ten minutes, just kicking and punching a single vamp. Pummeling and jabbing, smashing their skulls with her fists.

She likes hearing them scream.

The first time I saw her do this, it scared me. It still does. Pure uncontrolled rage at its finest.

But it's dangerous. It gives her tunnel vision, to the point that she forgets her surroundings, and the trouble it could put herself or her companions in.

I won't let the gang patrol alone with her.

We're working on this, but I don't think she realizes how much it troubles me.

After she annihilated five of the vamps -leaving me with the remaining seven- we sat down to take a rest. Both of our chests were still heaving, trying to catch our breath from the carnage. She pulled out a cigarette and lit up.

I just looked at her.

"What, B? I'm pretty worked up still. I need something to calm me down," she explained.

I didn't say anything, because I knew the alternative.

She'd go out later and pick someone up.

And as selfish as this sounds, risking her lungs to the tar and toxins, I'd rather her smoke a pack of cigarettes than go find someone to have sex with.

I can't bear the thought.

Eventually we got up and walked back to my house. She'd calmed down a little -seven cigarettes will do that for you- but I could feel the blood still pumping through her. I was worked up, too, but nowhere near to what she was feeling.

It frightened me.

When we got to my porch, I tried to get her to come inside, to keep her with me. I didn't want to let her out of my sight, for fear she'd leave me to go find release in the arms of some stranger.

Not that an acquaintance would have been any better.

But you know, finding release with anyone other than me.

I had been grappling my feelings for her for weeks, now. Ever since we had gotten close a few months ago, I had found myself growing more and more drawn to her.

She has the bad-girl-laced-with-vulnerability charisma thing down to a T.

I've always found myself more attracted to complex people.

And yeah, the whole 'gay' thing had entered my mind. But just for a second. I've kissed girls before, usually at slumber parties and always in fun. I had always enjoyed the softness of a girl, kind of in the same way you'd enjoy the hardness of a man.

And I don't mean of the erection kind.

So that part didn't bother me. The whole girl-on-girl aspect of it. No, what bothered me was the intensity of it. It was almost excruciating. The first and last time I felt this way was with Angel, and that didn't turn out so well.

Forget about the whole him-turning-evil thing.

I'm talking about a sixteen-year old girl, feeling and experiencing things she's never felt before.

It was beautiful and breathtaking...and agonizingly painful.

It was about growing up.

When he left me, it was as if my entire world had been shattered.

What was I supposed to do with all of these emotions I had?

Pretend they didn't exist?

But I managed, somehow. As well as could be expected, I suppose. Like Faith said, "Big love, Big loss."

It just doesn't work any other way.

So these feelings for Faith were exciting, and yet unwelcome all at the same time.

Was I ready for this?

I knew Faith was attracted to me, it was fairly obvious. I'm not talking just about her sexual comments, she did that with everyone...although when she did them with me, it was just...different.

It was the way she always tried to get close to me; getting in between Willow and me, for example, if we're sitting in a booth at the Bronze, and how she was always finding a way to touch me.

I have to say I liked it. That's when I noticed my feelings for her were changing. I'd wait to see how she'd maneuver herself into position, getting as near to me as she possibly could. Plus, she never cared if anyone noticed. She was just so brazen about it.

I'd caught the look on Willow's face a few times when she did it. Shock and outrage, like she just couldn't believe the audacity of the girl. She'd look at me as if to say, "Can you believe this bitch?" and I'd just shrug and give an apologetic smile.

Faith was claiming her territory, and I was it.

No, I didn't like it. I loved it.

Anyway, nothing I could say would get her inside.

She just kept moving her weight around, shifting from foot to foot, practically forcing herself to contain her energy.

So I let her go.

It hurt to see her act so caged up like that. If I couldn't –no, wouldn't- help her with her needs, then who was I to stand in her way?

I tried to be a bigger person...

...but it was killing me.

She left in a hurry, God knows where, but I'm sure that I didn't want to know.

After my bath, I called her.

I just couldn't stand it. It was ripping me up, and even though I knew I was risking possibly even more pain, I just had to find out.

When she answered, I was relieved. Unless she found someone on the way home, there was no way she had the opportunity to pick up food and cruise in the allotted time span.

But, of course, that didn't mean she couldn't go out again after she ate.

So I talked to her while she was eating, and just kept coming up with stuff to keep her on the phone. A couple of times she tried to interrupt me, something about needing more cigarettes, but I wouldn't let up.

No. She was not leaving that motel.

Finally she just sighed and gave up. I smiled...

...and then her breathing changed.

It was a small change. The average ear would never have caught it, but Hello! Slayer, here.

It surprised me at first.

Oh my god. Is she touching herself? I thought.

And then a warm flush spread throughout my body, and I became wet.

Faith was touching herself while she was talking to me.

Well, okay, I admit it. I did most of the talking.

She was mostly grunting.

Yes, the girl still grunts. It's such a disgusting sound, really. And yet, as Oz would say, strangely affecting.

It was turning me on.

So I slipped my hand into my bottoms and started touching myself, too.

I'm not a prude. I do masturbate. I do have the same urges a normal girl my age would have, and add the fact that I'm a Slayer...well, I'm not quite like Faith, but I have my moments, too.

I slipped a finger inside myself and then quickly withdrew. Okay, maybe I'm a little bit of a prude. Rubbing myself was one thing, but fucking myself was another. I find that I embarrass myself.

But Faith, I'm sure, has no such qualms.

I'm sure she was just fucking herself up a storm...

Oh.

I liked that visual.

I bet she was thinking about me.

Thinking about what she'd do to me, if she ever got the chance.

She's probably got two fingers inside herself right now. Pushing them in and out of her vagina and rubbing her button. She's probably picturing me underneath her, pulling my legs around her neck as she goes down on me, playing with my breasts at the same time. She might even picture licking lower, and then slipping a finger in "there"...

God, I suck at dirty talk.

Good thing she doesn't require it.

I'm sure Faith would just die laughing if she had heard my thoughts.

" 'Vagina', B? 'Button'?" she'd mock, " 'Going down on you'? In 'there?' "

Then, of course, she would say all those words to me as if I were a foreign exchange student.

"That would be PUSSY, B."

and

"That would be CLIT."

"In America, B, we call that EATING OUT and RIMMING," she'd tease, " And 'there', would mean ASS-FUCKING."

God, I could just hear it.

But, like I said, I get embarrassed.

It wasn't long before I heard her breathing get faster, more labored. I heard a groan escape from her lips before she caught herself and began coughing.

Good save...

...but god, that was quick.

"What's the matter, Faith? Why are you coughing?"

"Um...uh..." she gulped for air, "Cigarette...ugh...smoke...wrong pipe," she choked out.

Well, that sucks, I thought. I'm not done.

"So what else ya know, B?" she asked.

Oh.

Well, okay, then.

And I began to hear her breathing again.

After a while I finally finished. I think Faith finished two more times.

She's a quick one, all right. I'd have to remember that.

After I explain to her for the hundredth time why I don't like to cook for myself, she gives me an opening.

"Ya know, B. I love it when you cook for me. It makes me happy, too."

"Really?" I say, "I never would have guessed that, seeing how you've been so keen on running away as soon as we get to my house."

Yeah, she thinks she's so smart. Let's see her get out of that one.

I can just picture her kicking herself.

"Faith?" I question.

And believe it or not, after only a few moments of stalling, she actually pulls it off.

She brought up an instance that happened last week, where my mother had walked in on us during a grape throwing fight.

Well, walked in isn't really the right description.

More like dropped in.

It was priceless.

She kind of tripped on Faith somehow, and wound up falling down on her in a 69 position.

If it hadn't been my mother, it would have been hysterically funny...or maybe because it *was* my mother, it was hysterically funny.

But the odd thing is, is that even after a whole week, my mom still seems embarrassed by it all. I don't know why. I mean, sure, I get that it's not how you'd expect to greet your daughter's friend in the middle of the night, but it was just an accident.

I just don't get it.

So when Faith used that for an excuse, I really couldn't argue with her.

But man, that sure was funny. We both started cracking up from the memory of it.

Then just for the fun of it, I ask her one more time if that's the real reason, and then I let it go.

She starts asking me questions, and I knew this was my cue to start talking. Like I said, she doesn't know that I know...but I know.

So I answer her questions, and soon I hear her breathing pattern change. It's slight, but since I'm listening for it, I can hear it.

I pay attention, because as stupid as it may sound, I'm trying to gage where's she's at so I can time myself to come with her.

Dumb, huh?

But I think it's sexy, so I do it.

And then, not even one minute later, she comes.

Oh, come on, Faith! I think. That's just lame, even for you. But soon she starts up again and I'm happy. Maybe we'll come together this next time.

But something's different.

Her breathing is more pronounced. You wouldn't need to be a Slayer to hear it this time. So I say

"Faith, what are you doing?"

Now try getting out of this, I think.

And she does it again! I'm just no match for her.

Sit-ups. That girl is ingenious.

But it actually works out better for me, because now she's not even pretending not to breathe hard. It was much easier to gage her timing.

Well, that and the fact that the phone dropped on the floor.

Pretty much a dead give-away.

We continued on with this pattern for a few more nights. It was incredible. She'd run off, and I'd call her at 2 a.m. under the guise that I wanted to do sit-ups with her. The little sneak took advantage of my competitive nature and tried to con me into believing every time she'd orgasm, it was another hundred sit-ups she'd done.

She likes to play games, so I let her. Besides, she still doesn't know that I know.

But when she let me do six hundred 'sit-ups' and 'win' it finally dawned on me.

How much longer will this be enough for her?

Oh, she's happy now. Because she thinks she's getting away with something, but eventually she'll grow tired of it, and want the real thing.

A real body.

Mine, or someone else's.

It nags at me. I have some real thinking to do.

Am I ready for this?

The next few days, I break our routine.

Oh, I mean we still do our regular stuff; training, hanging out, patrolling. But I don't call her any more.

I just don't know what to do.

I could continue to call her and play the sit-up game, but what if I call one night and she doesn't answer?

I'd just be torturing myself wondering where she was or if she was really home, but too busy fucking somebody to answer.

Oh my god. I can't tell you how much that thought kills me.

I want to be with her.

There, I said it.

But that doesn't mean I'll do anything about it.

In every other area of life, I'm Action Girl. Got a problem? I'll solve it. Need me to kick someone's ass?

Consider it done.

But with matters of the heart, I become passive. Anti-active. I just can't bring myself to make the first move. I'm horribly insecure that way.

You know the saying, "You can't win the Lottery, if you don't buy a ticket"?

That's me. Hoping to win, but waiting for someone else to buy me the ticket.

Have you heard of anything more pathetic?

After the first night of not calling, Faith was a little hesitant around me. She kept asking everyone in general what they had done the night before. They pretty much looked at her like she was touched.

"Uhhhhh, went patrolling? Funny thing, Faith, as I recall, I'm pretty sure you were there," Xander kidded.

Faith tried to save herself.

"Uh...yeah, I mean, duh. I meant after patrolling."

They still pretty much looked at her like she was a talking fruit basket. She's never asked them before about what they did after patrolling.

"Pretty much went to sleep. Kinda like I always do. Of course, I'm speaking for myself, here. Wills? Oz? Did you guys get all gussied up afterwards and go to a winter formal?"

Willow and Oz look at each other, and then shake their heads and say "no" to Xander.

"Well, Faith. There's your answer. We mere mortals, of the non-slaying kind, need our beauty sleep. But now ya got me thinkin'...what did you do, huh? Did ya go out for some post slayage action?"

He mock leers at her.

Okay, so that really got my attention.

She just leers back at him and says

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

To which Xander says

"Actually, I would." And then he throws an arm around her, and they walk off whispering.

OKAY! OFF WITH THE SLAYER HEARING!!

I purposely tune my hearing down. Or at least turn it in another direction. I focused on a bird chirping outside.

On Willow sucking on a mint, and Giles boiling tea...I focused on Xander's OBNOXIOUS guffaws as Faith tells him something TERRIBLY funny.

Oh, that's great. Just look at the two of them laughing it up like a couple of schmos bonding at a bachelor party.

I'm not calling her tonight, either.

The next day was worse.

I managed to maintain a normal attitude around her, but now she's hot and cold. One minute she's distant and broody and the next she's living it up, like she just had the best sex of her entire life, or that she was planning to.

It's making me insane.

I just can't stop picturing Faith in bed with another person.

I say person, because sometimes I picture a guy, and sometimes I picture a girl.

Sometimes I picture both, and that just makes me certifiable.

I need to make a decision. I need to do it now. Either make a move or get over it.

But I can't seem to do either.

I decide not to call that night, too.

Did I say the second day was worse than the first?

Ha. That was a cakewalk in June compared to the third day.

On the third day, all of my insecurities decided to show up and pay me a visit.

"Hey, how ya doin'?" Just thought we'd stop by and FUCK with you for a while."

I am barely able to get through the day. She's there, but she's not there. I know she thinks she's pulling it off, and to an extent, she is. No one seems to notice but me.

And Cordelia.

What is it with that girl?

She keeps looking at me and then at Faith.

Like she thinks she knows something.

Oh god. Has she been talking to Faith??

Come to think of it, even though she's looking at both of us, she's looking an awful lot at Faith.

That fucking bitch.

I have no idea if Cordelia swings that way, but the girl knows quality when she sees it.

Her sense of style has proven that.

From her handbags to her hose
From her perfume to her clothes-
That girl knows style.

And only the best will do.

So what if Faith is a little rough around the edges? It only adds to the bad-girl allure.

Someone Cordelia can seduce with her worldliness...her French lingerie and her Perrier Jouet.

God, I need to stop rhyming.

But that's how I picture her seducing a girl from the wrong side of the tracks.

MY girl from the wrong side of the tracks.

That bitch better not even think about it.

When I get home, I call her.

I hadn't planned on it. But I couldn't sleep and I couldn't get her off of my mind.

Or Cordelia.

So I suck up and call.

She's what?? She's walking out the door??

"It's 2:30 in the morning, Faith," I tell her.

Like she doesn't know.

"You going to get something to eat?" I pray, "You need to take care of your hungries?"

God, I sound pathetic. But I don't care.

"No, B. I already ate."

And I feel all of my internal organs shifting, ready to turn inside out.

My tongue has gone numb and I don't know what to say.

"Ya need something, B?" she asks.

"No," is all I can manage.

Say something, Buffy.

She's telling you that she's going to hang up and leave now.

"Where are you going, Faith?"

Please say you're going for cigarettes. Please tell me something...

"Just out, B."

...but not that.

"Do I not wanna know?"

"No, B. Probably not," she sighs.

And just like with Angel, my whole world falls away.

She's leaving me.

Faith was supposed to meet with Giles and me to train the next day.

I got there early, since I hadn't slept all night.

After her leaving me and all.

I started out with my normal routine; a little yoga, some tai chi, but it wasn't working for me. I couldn't achieve the 'stillness within' that is critical to these types of disciplines. So I opted to kick the shit out of a sawdust bag and whatever else caught my eye.

I was in The Zone.

I never heard Giles say he was leaving, and I certainly didn't hear Faith come in.

I was too busy killing the bag.

Oh, a bag is still a bag, by any other name...

Unless it becomes the person Faith is sleeping with.

That ungrateful bitch. How could she be sleeping with *you*?? Punch, jab, kick.

Are you the one who cooks for her? Are you the one who mends her clothes for her? Goes dancing with her? Laughs with her?

Are you the one who does 'sit-ups' with her?

...of course not.

You're the one who makes love with her.

The real deal.

Punch. Jab. Roundhouse kick.

I can't see Faith, but I know she's there.

In the same sort of way I can sense vamps, I can sense her.

Giles explained it's a Slayer Connection.

Something unprecedented, because nothing has been documented about this before. Of course, there had never been two Slayers before me either. Kendra and I had touched on it briefly, but she died before we could find out any more. Even then it was vague, like an old tune you'd suddenly catch yourself humming and you had no idea why.

But with Faith, it had been immediate and it wasn't vague or subtle by any means. There is nothing subtle about Faith.

Her presence announces itself the minute she walks into a room.

I've seen it happen. People start to look around and wonder what's different. Something had changed from the minute before. And then they see her and go back to whatever it was they were doing. Like it just made sense somehow, without them even knowing to ask why.

But I can feel her a mile away.

We share dreams sometimes, too. Sometimes it's hers and sometimes it's mine. Either way, we're both in them and are aware the other is having it too.

I stop beating on the slut-bag and turn to look at her. A stream of sunlight caught me in the face, so it took a moment for me to focus. But when my eyes adjusted, what I saw took my breath away.

She was standing there, stock-still, with this look on her face.

If one facial expression could express multiple emotions at the same time, then I was looking at it.

Awe. Desire. Need...Love.

It was so intense, it made me blush.

We greeted each other, and then I grabbed a bottled water and moved out of the way so she could pass.

She looked good.

Black sports top and cut off Levi shorts.

She was both soft and hard in all the right places. I could see her abs flex when she reached down into her bag for a towel; and her triceps move when she zipped up the bag.

Trying to keep my expression neutral, I suggested that she warm up first before we started sparring.

That was a mistake.

The muscles in her legs kept drawing my eyes to them. She was doing lower-body stretches, and every time she'd move, something else would stick out. Her quads, a hamstring, a calf...her glutes.

When she started doing leg lunges, I almost lost it.

This beautiful body was sharing itself with someone who was not me.

But did she? Has she? Could she do something like that if she loved me? Does she love me?

Look at her. She's so beautiful. She's just breathtaking, really. Everyone wants her. Xander wants her. Cordelia wants her. The guys from the Bronze want her. That twink from the Espresso Bar still wants her.

Oh, yeah. I know about her. And a few of the others, too.

Everybody wants her. I want her.

And with that last thought, she turns around.

Oh my god. Can she read my mind, too?

No, she can't...can she??

I make a mental note to ask Giles about this.

- and I mark it urgent.

Something is pulling me toward her, compelling me to draw near, like iron shavings to a magnet. I put my bottle down and approach her. I feel my nipples growing hard and I see that hers already are.

I stop to look at her.

Her eyes are so warm and her lashes are like velvet. Her lips look so soft, so full...so inviting. So sexy and pouty, like after a night of unbridled sex...

I snap and lunge at her.

She ducks under, catching me with her shoulder and tossing me up over her. I spin and come back before she finishes turning and I'm on her again. She barely has time to react, grabbing my shoulders and pulling me down with her as she falls backwards and rolls me over her. I land on my feet and assume the position. I hurl myself at her with a roundhouse kick to the head, but she ducks. I try again...and she ducks.

We both assume the position, eyeing each other warily, chests heaving from exertion.

And then she blows me a kiss.

CRACK! My foot connects with her chin. Her head snaps back and she's on the mat looking up at me as I leap on top of her, holding her shoulders down with my hands.

Seconds later, I feel her abs flex underneath my ass where I'm straddling her and I start to feel a tingle. I look in her eyes and she seems just as surprised as I am. But then I see her eyes grow darker and I know she's feeling something that I'm not. She's breathing hard and I begin to feel heat rising off her body. We're looking at each other, questioning...and then I see an expression cross her face like I've never seen before.

Ecstasy, joy, wonderment.

And then it hits me.

A static current surging through her body and upwards into mine, sending shock waves of energy that electrified me.

In a heartbeat, I was gone.

I ran into Giles on the way out, he looked so startled I almost laughed. And I would have if I hadn't been so freaked out.

What was that?

And why does this stuff only happen when I'm around Faith? Why is she constantly being thrown in my face?

I gotta go.

I told Giles I wasn't feeling well enough to patrol that night.

No big, just a stomach flu or something. He said it wouldn't be a problem for Faith to go alone. In fact, he'd call the others and tell them to go ahead and make other plans.

Giles and I share the same notion about Faith patrolling alone with the Scoobs.

"Yes, you're quite right, Buffy. Faith is a bit of a loose cannon. No need to put the others at risk."

There's nothing good on TV.

I surfed all 150 channels and there's not one thing. Well, maybe the Iron Chef, but that just makes me sad.

And Beaches.

I decided to do a little lightweight reading, so I grabbed a magazine and started reading my horoscope...and Faith's.

'Someone new or an exciting change could be entering your life' for me, and 'Learn from past mistakes' for her. I look at the cover and it's from last month. Oh. I flip backwards and get to a quiz '5 Sure Ways to Please Your Man' but I see someone has already beaten me to it.

Each question was a multiple choice. A, B, C or D. But each question had an E written in pen with an answer next to it.

1. E) Feed him.
2. E) Fuck him.
3. E) Feed him.
4. E) Fuck him.
5. E) Fuck him.

Faith.

Food and Fucking. Good old H & H.

Oh, come on. You think it was my mom?

Classic Faith.

I sigh and flip through the rest of the pages. I see a few more examples of Faith's handiwork.

Horns and a goatee drawn on Martha Stewart.

A cartoon bubble with the words "I need a sandwich" above a picture of a runway model.

A caption next to an ALWAYS ad:

"New for the plus size woman. Jumbo Wings. Co-sponsored by Boeing 747."

And a K-Y jelly ad:

"Honey, if you need this, you're with the wrong girl." God, she's an idiot.

I wonder if she's home yet? No, it's too early. She'd be out for a few more hours at least. I idly pick up the cordless phone and dial her number. I walk around the house while it rings. To the kitchen to nibble on some cheese. To the front door to make sure it's locked. To the back door to check that it's locked. I sit on the couch and start flipping through channels.

I hang up.

Ten minutes later, I hit redial. I walk into the kitchen for more cheese. I drink a glass of milk. I recheck both doors to see if they're still locked. I sit back down and watch TV.

I hang up.

Ten minutes later, I dial again. I walk to the kitchen and look in the fridge. I straighten the silverware drawer. I walk upstairs and brush my teeth. I check the first-aid kit.

I hang up.

Ten minutes later I hit redial.

I hear a click.

"Buffy, what are you doing?" I hear my mom ask, on the extension phone.

"Uh, nothing, mom. Why?" Oops.

"Well, I'm reading in bed, and I keep noticing the red line-in-use button light up every ten minutes."

"I'm trying to be the 96th caller, mom. I'm trying to win tickets."

"Really, for who?"

"Bette Midler."

Bette Midler??

Why'd I say that? Oh right, Beaches was on cable.

"You're kidding. I didn't know she was performing in town. How many tickets? Because, you know, Buffy, I'd really like to join you."

"Butt-Hole Surfers!" I blurt.

"I beg your pardon??"

"I meant to say Butt-Hole Surfers."

"There's a band called 'The Butt-Hole Surfers'?"

"Yeah, they're really great, mom. Sorry about the mix up. But if I win, you're welcome to join me."

"Ah, no, Buffy, that's alright. Good luck and try not to stay up too late."

"Okay, thanks mom. Good night."

Whew.

I put the cordless back in its cradle downstairs and go up to my room. Thank god I have a private line in there.

I lie in bed and pick the fuzz off my pajama top. I rearrange the photo frames on my nightstand.

I pick up the phone and dial.

What started out as comfort has now become a compulsion.

I know it doesn't make sense to call someone when you know they're not there. Especially when they don't own an answering machine. It's not like you're calling to hear the sound of their voice.

But I don't think it's any different than driving by someone's house when they're not home.

People do that.

Crazy people.

Well, have you been paying attention?

Hello, loony-tunes, here.

Faith has finally driven me to complete insanity.

Here's a rock and here's the bottom.

Yep. Rock bottom.

And now I've convinced myself that Faith is really home, but she's hurt and lying unconscious inches away from the phone. The only thing that saves her is a neighbor who's annoyed by the incessant ringing that he hears next door.

See? It could happen.

Of course, another scenario is Faith got home early and is attempting to have earth-shattering sex, but is constantly interrupted by the incessant ringing of the phone...

...but she could have pulled out the cord.

Oh god, why do I think so much? I hang up.

I look at the clock.

I tap my fingers on the nightstand.

I pick up the phone and dial.

"Yeah?" she answers.

Yeah? What does that mean??

Instead of focusing on the fact that she answered, I'm more concerned by the way she answered.

Is that a "Yeah? I just walked in the door" answer?

Or a "Yeah? Why are you bugging me while I'm trying to get a piece of ass" answer?

I shake my head to clear it.

"Oh, that's charming, Faith," I state instead.

"Yeah. That's me, B. Prince Charming."

"Prin-cess," I correct.

"Whatever," she mumbles.

Um. Okay. So now what do I say?

Oh.

"You just get in?" I ask.

"Something like that."

What? What's that supposed to mean?

Did she or didn't she? Has she been there the whole time?? While I was making an ass of myself calling over and over?

"What do you mean? How long have you been home?"

"Like you said, I just got in...how long you been calling?" she asks casually.

"Oh, I don't know...I...What do you mean??"

She's such a sneak! I almost admitted I've been calling!

"Nothing, B. So what can I do you for?"

Dang! I hadn't gotten that far in my head yet. What can she do me for...Oh! Hungries!

"I was wondering if you wanna get something to eat?"

She got a pizza.

So, hungries was out...

...hornies. She probably took care of that too, but I say

"Hey, you do your sit-ups yet?"

We're gonna do sit-ups together!

Oh my god, I can't believe how happy that makes me. I'm such a loser.

I shut my bedroom door. No need to get mom all involved with this.

"Okay, I'm back," I say, and "You first."

And then she asks me what my goal was.

It feels like she's playing with me, and I don't like it.

Now my mood has changed. At first I was just happy that we could ignore the last few days and get back to normal. I'm tired of being confused. Let's forget about that weird thing that happened today. Let's pretend none of it ever happened.

Let's be happy.

But who was I kidding? I was right back where I had started, doing 'sit-ups', wondering how much longer it's going to be enough for her. Or worse yet, maybe it wasn't and she's already found someone else. Maybe the 'sit-ups' are like an after-dinner mint or something.

Maybe she got her five-course meal last night.

She tries to get me to start talking.

I pull an Oz and do the semi-mono syllabic thing.

"Uh-huh", "Not much", and "Fine", I answer.

I hear her breathing into the phone, playing her little game with me.

"How many you done now?" I say.

Get out of that one, Faith.

She can't say one, and she can't say none.

The jig is up. She's gotta know I'm on to her.

"I dunno, B. I'm not keeping count."

Oh, no. Not tonight. She is not gonna beat me tonight.

" *Why don't you just start and not worry about it?*" I mimic her.

Okay, I admit it was childish. But I don't care.

And we get into a verbal sparring match. She's twisting my questions around and throwing them back at me. She's nailing me pretty hard. Every time I ask something, she ignores me and turns it into something else...and each question gets closer to the truth. She's winning again and I can't stop it.

I pull out the big guns and purr into the phone.

"When you were fucking her, Faith, were you thinking of me?"

"When you were picturing it, Buffy, did you wish it were you?"

"Fuck you, Faith."

"Yeah, okay, come right over."

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"Yeah, B. And so would you."

She's won. I've been defeated. But I keep going.

"Never gonna happen." And I hang up.

I am Buffy, Queen of Denial. Feed me sour grapes.

The next day, we're all hanging out at the table listening to Willow and Giles talk about magick. Faith and I made pretty sure we stayed clear of each other. If she was on one side of the room, I was at the other. I was fine with that. Besides, I had all the good people at my end of the table.

She had Cordelia.

"Jesus, Faith. As tempting as it may be, I will NOT be anyone's second choice. Make up with her already!"

Come again??

We all look over at Faith, who has a surprised yet suspiciously guilty look on her face.

What did she do??

We all then turn to Cordelia.

"Come on, people. This has been happening for days. Am I the only one who notices things around here?"

Then she breaks it down for everyone.

"Faith craves Buffy. Buffy teases Faith. Hello, ring a bell?"

Then she looks at me.

"Whatever. You really need to handle this, Buffy. Either give the girl what she wants, or cut her loose already. I can't take her getting all moony-eyed at me."

Faith was eyeing Cordelia??

Right here in front of me? Not 20 feet from where I'm sitting?

And now everyone knows about it? And about us?

Cordelia gets up and leaves the room. Shortly thereafter, so does the rest of the gang, leaving me alone with Faith.

I don't know what to say, I can't even look at her. Cordelia is right. I really need to handle this...

...just not now.

I get up and leave Faith alone in the room.

We all meet up later that night to go on routine patrol. It was painfully awkward.

Willow kept stuttering and stammering, never quite finishing a complete sentence, looking at Faith and me. It was really annoying.

And Xander kept getting these weird looks on his face. One second he'd be all serious looking, and then the next he'd have on some lecherous grin. And that was extremely annoying.

I guess it finally got to Faith too, cus the next thing I hear is

"Can I help you with something?" Followed with

"Well, then, how 'bout you keep your fucking eyeballs to yourself, and your mind outta the gutter."

We all look at her.

"Fuck this," she says and leaves.

Cordelia makes a sarcastic comment, and I just want to kill her.

I knew it!

I told the gang to go home shortly after Faith had left, that I could handle things from there. I cruised by a couple more cemeteries before I finally stumbled upon Faith and Cordelia.

Okay, maybe not stumbled, exactly, more liked sneaked upon. I spotted Faith standing near a tombstone, and I hid behind the bushes. But then I noticed Cordelia coming my way, like she had just come from Faith's direction.

I sweep my legs and Cordelia lands on her ass with a thud.

"Oow," She looks up at me.

"Oh hi, Buffy," she says sarcastically, "I see you're still having those involuntary muscle spasms. What's the matter, medication not working?"

"I'm sorry, Cordy," I reply, "I thought you were a blood sucking vampire."

She gets up, rubbing her ass.

"What are you doing here, Cordelia?" I ask.

"Well, isn't that just turning out to be the million dollar question."

I look at her.

"I was just having a chat with a friend. In fact, I think you might know her. Goes by the name of 'Faith'. Sound familiar?"

"What are you up to, Cordelia?"

She gives a short laugh.

"What am I up to? Oh, that's rich. But then again, maybe not, coming from the mouth of the 'do nothing' girl."

"I beg to differ, Cordelia. I'm the 'do everything' girl. I'm Action Girl," I say, ignoring her implication.

"Don't beg, Buffy. It's really not becoming."

"What were you doing with Faith?" I say, finally getting to the point.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" she says, repeating Faith's words from a few days ago, pissing me off even more.

"Well, seeing as I asked, yeah, I guess I do," I say with attitude.

"Well, it's none of your business. You go around acting like everyone owes you an explanation, but I've got news for you, Buffy. You don't own me...or Faith either, for that matter."

She looks at me and continues.

"Okay. Listen up, Buffy. Seeing as it's just us girls here, let me be perfectly blunt with you."

She looks and I give her a 'go ahead' shrug.

"You ready? Okay. That girl is a primo piece of ass. I mean, just look at her, Buffy. Oops. Silly me. What am I saying? That's *all* you've been doing."

"What's your point, Cordelia?"

"My point, *Buffy*, is that Faith is a lean, mean, fucking machine. Every line of her body, every curve, was just built for sex. You don't leave a turbo charged Ferrari F60 locked up in your garage. You take her out on the road, open her up...see what she's got under the hood. But if all that power is too much for you, if it *scares* you, then throw the keys to someone else already."

I smile sweetly at her.

"Nice speech, Cordy. And as for the 'keys'...to whom would I be throwing them to, exactly? You?"

She laughs again.

"Oh, Buffy. You really are quite naive. It's adorable, really. In a *Rainman* sort of way. I don't need your keys. I have a set of my own."

And she flashes me an award-winning smile.

"First off, Cordelia, Faith is not a Ferrari. And I'm sure if I was a fifteen-year old boy, I would have thoroughly enjoyed the metaphor, but-"

She cuts me off.

"Of course she's not a Ferrari, you dink," she snaps, "She's a hot-blooded, fully fleshed female. I just thought the car analogy would be a little less threatening to your sensibilities. You really need to get it together, Buffy. A girl like that is not gonna wait forever. And what exactly are you waiting for anyway? Afraid of the stigma? In case you haven't noticed, Buffy, girl-on-girl action is still very fashionable. That was one trend that wasn't a flash in the pan. And yes, I do occasionally accessorize my arm with a hot girl on it. I just usually do it out of town. Slim pickings and all. But now that we've got our little Faith here, it looks like my days of trolling for trout are finally over. In other words, I can order in and still eat out, and never have to leave the house."

And with that last comment, I slap her.

She brings her face back to look at me, hand on her cheek.

"Sorry to be so brutally blunt, Buffy. But you need to wake the fuck up. I repeat, what are you waiting for exactly? Permission? Xander's not gonna argue. He's been dying to get a piece of her again. Giles? I doubt he'd even notice. And as for Willow and Oz, what exactly can they say? Their relationship practically borders on bestiality, anyway."

I have nothing to say. I just stand there.

"You know I'm right. Think it over. And, Buffy...if you ever touch my face again, I'll kill you."

And she walks away.

"Two Mocha-Chinos, please," I tell the counter girl.

It's that little tramp that's hot after Faith. She looks excitedly behind me, fully expecting to see her there. I see a look of disappointment cross her features.

That's right, ya 'ho. She's not here. She's at hers, where I'm on my way to, *right now*.

I had stayed up most of the night, going over the last few days and dwelling on what Cordelia had told me. I wasn't completely sure about what I was going to say to Faith, but I knew we had to talk. Time to take the weasel by the horns.

I order some pastries and pay up. I smile at the girl and say

"I'll be sure to give her your regards." And she smiles gratefully at me.

Not! I smirk to myself.

It's early. Barely past 6 a.m. The sun hasn't even come out yet.

Best to hit her while she's still defenseless. Faith requires more sleep than I do. She'll still be groggy from the lack of it.

I'm standing at her door, trying to summon up the courage to knock.

It comes out as pounding instead. Oops.

"Who the fuck is it??" I hear through the door.

"It's me, Buffy," I reply, heart in my throat.

I hear her moving around, and then feet shuffling as she nears the door. I bang again. She's taking too long!

"Open up, Faith."

"Yeah, yeah, hold up a sec, B. Geez."

She opens the door.

Oh.

Tousled bed-head hair, faded Levi's...and no shirt.

God, she's got beautiful breasts.

"Nice look," I say, as I move in past her.

I sneak a glance back and she's still rubbing her eyes.

Good. She's sleepy.

I put the goods on Faith's 'antique' table that she'd found and dragged upstairs. Antique. Yeah, right.

Brady Bunch wood veneer design circa 1972-1974.

"What, B? Early 70's? That's ancient."

I see her sitting on the edge of the bed from the reflection on the glass of her poster frame.

Two hot blondes sitting on top of a Harley. "Put something wild between your legs" printed on the bottom.

She's waiting.

I take a deep breath and say

"We need to talk."

"At 6:16 in the morning, B?" she asks.

I turn to answer and hand her a Mocha.

I freeze.

What's that on the bed next to her?

It kinda looks like...no, it *really* looks like...

Oh my god, it is-

A dildo???

I look at the thing, and then find my eyes registering on the whole sickening truth.

Lube on the nightstand...

...harness on the floor.

She's been entertaining. She's been ENTERTAINING.

She gives me a panicked look.

Oh my god. Is the bitch still here?

"No, B, it's not-"

I cut her off.

"Is there someone here?" I look toward the bathroom.

"No, B. I swear," she sounds scared.

I put down the coffee and head for the bathroom.

'Show yourself, whore', I think to myself, as I fling back the shower curtain.

Nothing. No one. Just me.

And I lose it.

I sit on the toilet seat and sob into my hands.

I can't take it anymore. I'm broken.

I feel a waft of air as Faith rushes in to kneel at my feet, hands on my knees.

"B, what's wrong? Why are you crying?" she asks, upset.

I can't.

I can't answer. I don't want her to see what a wreck I've become.

"B, come on, baby. Talk to me."

And I cry harder. Baby...I'm her baby? I want to be.

She strokes my hair.

"Baby, don't cry, okay? Just tell me what's wrong and I'll fix it."

She can't fix it. It's not her, it's me. I'm the one who's broken.

She pulls me into her arms and lets me weep.

My crying has subsided now.

I still experience the occasional body rack, but I'm much calmer. It feels so good to be held by her. I tighten my arms around her shoulders, and bury my face deeper into her neck.

She smells so sexy.

A combination of sleep, body products, and my tears. I move my face closer to inhale her scent, and my lips accidentally graze her neck. I feel her twitch slightly and I am aware of her nipples against me, reminding me that she is shirtless. I'm suddenly conscious of my arms around her bare shoulders, and how our skin sticks together where they meet.

She's stroking my hair and massaging a muscle on my lower back. It's my trouble spot, and it moves me that she knows this about me. I feel another tear slide down my cheek and land on her neck.

She feels so good to me.

I take a ragged breath and sigh near her ear. I feel safe.

She stops her movements...and then starts again.

I feel goose bumps ripple across her back and shoulders. Her nipples are hard through the fabric of my blouse.

I am overcome by a wave of longing. A whimper escapes my lips as I move my head down slightly and pull back a little.

I want to see her.

Cool air rushes between us and spills over her naked skin. Her excited nipples tighten and then harden some more.

I'm so taken by the sight, it transfixes me.

Her body is responding to my touch, to my breath.

She continues stroking my hair. She's aware that I'm looking down at her. She knows I can see her react to me. I bury my head back in her neck and crawl onto her lap.

She pulls me gently, firmly, across her legs and leans back against the wall. She shifts and moves me to sit between her thighs, pulling me closer to her. I sigh.

I wait a moment, and then tentatively reach up to touch her hair. I run my fingers through it, loving the silky texture of her curls. I shift my head so I can look at her. I see her profile, her eyes are half closed and her lips slightly parted.

She's beautiful.

I take a finger and trace her features. Her cheekbone...her jaw...her full lower lip...I run my finger along the length of it. It's

so soft. I feel her breathe against it. She tightens her arms around me.

I move the tip of my finger in farther, to the moist part of her lip, wetting my finger with her saliva. I pause, waiting, and she responds with a small flick of her tongue against it. She opens her mouth, and I slip my finger inside. Her lips close and I feel her tongue sucking at it, gently, slowly. It feels so incredibly erotic. Every nerve-ending in my finger is connecting with my groin.

I feel an ache in my jeans.

I move my face back into her neck and kiss it, pulling my finger out of her mouth and drawing a wet path down her chin...under her jaw...down her neck...to her breast. I kiss her neck again. I lick the pulse under my lips and I suck, my finger continuing its tour of her breast, and I rub her nipple, pulling it with my thumb and forefinger.

The thought of what I'm doing excites me so much, that I cup the swell of her breast into my hand and squeeze it. She lets out a groan and lifts my chin to look at her. Her eyes are dark and smoky, like that unforgettable moment during training. She raises an eyebrow for permission. I smile and pull the back of her head towards me, seeing the cleft on her bottom lip as it comes closer to me.

And she kisses me.

Her lips are soft and firm, supple and full. Her mouth is on mine and I almost lose my mind. My lips part and I feel her tongue slide in, bold, assured, not an ounce of hesitation. A wave of emotions shoots through my body.

Oh my god.

Her tongue is searching for mine and I respond. Fully, no hesitation, meeting each of her thrusts with one of my own. I push against it, lick it, and run the tip across her teeth. She catches it gently and draws me into her mouth, sucking softly.

The pressure on my tongue from her warm mouth is making me so hard. My nipples hurt against the material of my bra. I pull back and look at her. My eyes move to her bottom lip, and I lean in and run my tongue across it, taking it between my teeth and slowly sucking on it. I pull back and her lip retracts, falling back with a little wet sound.

It makes me batty.

I bury my face in her neck, suddenly shy, and I whisper

"I love your lips."

I feel her kiss the top of my head, the back of my head, and my shoulder...and then she showers my face with a myriad of tiny butterfly kisses.

EPILOGUE - FAITH'S POV:

"Come on, B. Get a move on, we gotta motor."

I glance at the sky and look back at the porch.

"Just a second, Faith. I'm talking to my mom."

Buffy looks like she's tryin' to make her escape. One foot on the bottom step and the other on the top, her backpack slung

over one shoulder. She's partially turned around, talkin' to her mom, as Joyce stands in the doorway. They continue for a few seconds, and then I see Joyce look up over Buffy's head, directly at me.

I push my sunglasses up and flash her a smile.

Even from here, I can see a blush creep up over her face. Joyce still hasn't gotten over our little entanglement.

I have that affect on people.

What can I say?

B told her mom a few days ago that we had started dating.

It was kinda funny, cus Joyce just said

"Started? I thought you were already dating."

It was really pretty cool.

But Buffy has arranged for Joyce and me to have another talk over dinner. Less heart-to-heart, more business.

This time Joyce is goin' to lay down the rules for dating her daughter. She had hinted, blushing, as to how far we'd already gone; and Buffy just told her flat out that we hadn't gone past second base; but as soon as we did, she'd be the first to know. Joyce just blushed even harder and said, no, that wouldn't be necessary. There really wasn't much more for her to say, really, cuz she already had the birds and the bees speech with her years ago.

Besides, it's not like she could accidentally get pregnant by me. I may be a lot of things, but a sperm donor, I'm not.

There was a brief moment when I could tell she was a little concerned for Buffy. The whole social 'stigma' thing. Like it might have been better if I'd had some tackle danglin' between my legs or something.

So I decided to ask her to set another place at dinner next week. I plan on puttin' Richard, harness and all, smack dab in the middle of her wedding china.

That should make her happy, don't you think?

Plus, she still doesn't have to worry about unwanted pregnancy.

Nah. Only kiddin'.

No mother wants to see what her daughter is gettin' at night...

It might make her jealous.

Heh-heh. I crack myself up.

Buffy finally gets down the steps, and in a flash she's in the car next to me. Giles had rented a car for us. We wanted to do this in style, so we went to one of those exotic car rental places. I had my eye on a sweet Ferrari F60, but Buffy just kept pullin' at my hand. I guess she had her heart set on a Mercedes SL Roadster.

It's not a bad ride.

The gang seemed pretty okay with everything. Red and Oz were typical. Red sputtered out congratulations and blushed, and Oz gave a two-syllable approval.

"Righteous."

Xander...well, the Xan-man is just beside himself.

Or more like on himself. I'm sure his mental images of us together keeps him very warm at night.

And Giles just "tut-tut"ed for a moment, and then he got pretty excited about it.

"Why of course, Buffy...Faith. It makes perfect sense, actually. The Slayer Connection is remarkably strong. It only follows that a sexually romantic affinity should develop. Umm...I hope you don't mind, but I must inform the Council at once. This may be extremely useful for the future generations to come. Ah...yes. Well done then, er...Buffy...Faith."

Everything was great.

I just had one more stop to make before we left. I looked up at the sky and said

"Okay, B. One more, and we're on our way."

Buffy didn't think it was a good idea at first. She thought I'd be askin' for trouble. So I explained that it would actually be helping to avoid trouble. But I think the thing that made up her mind the most was the symbolism I kept tellin' her about.

We pull up to the entrance and wait for the gates to open. Buffy looks troubled, so I lean over and give her a quick kiss. She brightens up a bit, but then returns to lookin' doubtful.

"Trust me, B. This is a good thing."

I steer the car up the long drive. I pull in front of the cobblestone steps that lead up to the massive front doors. I put it in park and reach over to take Buffy's chin in my hand. I lean in close and look deep into her eyes. I bring my lips to hers and give her a soft kiss.

And then I tweak her nose.

She laughs and I wink at her.

I take three steps at a time, and when I reach the top, I ring the bell.

I almost shit, it was so loud. Hello, Big Ben. I look back toward the car as I wait for an answer.

Buffy's lookin' straight ahead. Her profile looks stern and unforgiving. I smile. She's just so cute when she's jealous.

My attention goes back to the door as it opens.

"Hey, Cordy," I say.

"Hello, Faith," she responds.

I had called Cordy ahead of time, tellin' her everything I had planned on doin'. She didn't laugh at me or give me grief, she just said

"Fine, come on over."

"Uh, so. I guess you know why I'm here," I say.

"Well, seeing as you told me ahead of time, yes, that would be correct," she answers dryly.

I look up at the sky. I better hurry.

"Right. Okay, then. Let's get to it."

She lifts an eyebrow and waits.

"Uh, Cordy...I gotta tell ya. That night at the cemetery was...um...well...it was pretty fuckin' sexy. I couldn't stop thinkin' about you that night. And when I got home, I kinda let my mind wander and well..."

She smiles at me.

"...well, let's just say it was some of the best sex I've had by myself. But most importantly, I kept thinkin' about what you told me about B. About how she isn't like us and that if I wanted it, I had to make a move. But the more I got to thinkin' about it, the more I realized that's *why* I couldn't make a move. See, you and me are clearer about takin' what we want. But B's different. She had to come to her own understanding in her own time. It was the only way it would have worked for her. If I made a move and she freaked, it would have been all over. Before you said that to me, I was seriously thinkin' about just jumpin' her bones, ya know, to get it out and over with. Plus I was fairly certain she'd let me get away with it, too. But I knew emotionally she wasn't ready yet, and eventually she would have lost it and blamed me. I didn't want to risk it. My 'Get Some, Get Gone' policy doesn't apply where B's concerned."

I pause to look at her, and she's not smilin' any more. But she does have a slight thoughtful look to her.

"So, I dunno. I guess what I'm tryin' to say is thanks, and to let you know that as much as I wished we could have done more, I'm with Buffy now. I mean, if things were different-"

"-but they're not," she interrupts.

"Yeah," I say.

She takes a deep breath, and then looks me square in the eyes.

"Look, Faith. I'm not going to lie and say I'm not sorry. I am. I'm sorry that we'll never get to be together and have incredible mind-blowing sex. I know it would have been hot. I'm sorry that Buffy finally came to her senses before I made my move on you, because I know it would have been hot. And I'm sorry that you'll never get to feel my legs wrapped around you, because, well, you know."

"Yeah," I say, "It would have been hot."

"Yes, Faith. It would have been hot."

We both pause and look at each other. Then I look back at the sky.

She continues.

"But I respect you. And I care about you. You're my friend, Faith. More than Buffy ever was."

She steps closer to me and looks over my shoulder at Buffy.

"You really aren't such a tough guy, you know. I think what you're doing is incredibly romantic."

She leans towards me and gives me a soft kiss on the lips and whispers

"So, go already. Your 'girlfriend' is waiting for you."

She gives me a little shove and then walks back into the house, closing the door.

Wow.

I turn around and Buffy is staring at me. Then she turns her head away and looks straight ahead of her.

Oh shit.

I leap down the steps and hop into the car.

"Ya ready, B? Ready to motor?"

She ignores me.

I reach over and tweak a nipple.

She whirls her head around.

"Faith!" she exclaims.

I look at her with mock horror and then give a goofy grin.

Finally, she relents and gives me a smile.

"All done? Tie up those 'loose ends'?" she questions.

"Yep. All done, B."

"Good." And she turns to look straight ahead of her.

Man, she's just so *cute* when she's jealous.

I pull the car out of the drive and Buffy puts in a CD.

WHAT?? I look at her with real horror.

"The Carpenters, B? Are you kidding me?"

"What?" she says defensively, "You're the one all big on symbolism. We said goodbye to all our friends, you 'tied up loose ends', and you rented this car to-"

"No, B. You picked this car. I wanted the Ferrari or the convertible Mustang. *That* would have been symbolic."

"Whatever. My point is I get to pick out the tuneage. Listen carefully, you just might learn something." She turns up the music and sits back with a huff.

Aww. She's so fuckin adorable. Look at that.

I reach over and pull her next to me. I put my arm around her, and she puts her head on my shoulder.

I look up at the sky, and I estimate we've got about an hour of sun left. Besides, the almanac said it wouldn't set until 6:23 p.m.

See, after Buffy and I decided to start dating, I already planned on us havin' a happy ending. I wanted Buffy to know that I was sorry for anything that upset her before, and that we could have a new start.

I told her I wanted us to ride off into the sunset.

"Faith? I told the gang we'd meet them at the Bronze later. Is that okay?"

Oh, and yeah.

It was only until the sun actually set.

Then we're turnin' around and comin' right back.

What can I say?

I have a thing for the drama.

"You bet, baby," I tell her.

I got the wind in my hair, and my girl on my arm. I crank up the volume and I laugh...

Oh, B.

"We've only just begun..."

Yeah...

Life is fuckin' good.
