

# Pulp Prison

## By Oralxatn

Sex, Prison, and Faith  
...and Buffy, of course

It's finally over.

I get up casually and head back to my cell.

But everybody knows.

I'm not as slick as I used to be. Not like before I got locked up in here.

When I get to the end of the rec hall, I hear the familiar scrape of the chair and the other in-mates whispering.

Well, not that *she* helped matters either.

But I really don't care anymore.

I enter my cell and lean up against the bunk bed. I close my eyes and wait.

Not minutes later, I hear the door close softly. I feel her hands undo my belt as she's kneeling on the floor. She pulls my pants towards my ankles, tugging them to my boots.

I spread my legs and she eats me.

It's Wednesday.

I feel her fingers hold my pussy open, and her tongue flick over my lips. She inserts it into my hole and checks my fluid levels.

It's there. She just came in quicker than usual, so it wasn't seeping out of me yet. But it would have. It always does.

Her tongue finds my clit and she inserts two fingers. We don't waste time with the small stuff. She knows what I need.

Her fingers begin the familiar motion that I'm now used to.

Deep penetrating thrusts and some wrist twists. Her tongue against my clit doin dances. She moans.

"Mmmmnggh."

I glance down, and she's looking up at me. Her pink tongue moving beneath my brown trimmed short-hairs. I weave my fingers in her tresses and pull her face against my pussy. Her blue eyes aren't staring at me anymore. Just a mass of blonde hair and my hand.

It's amazing how much she looks like B this way.

"Unnnnhhh," I groan.

I close my eyes and pretend again.

This is how it started.

A couple of weeks ago I had been in the rec room watching TV with some of the others of C-Block. Some were playin cards, some readin, some were playin ping-pong, but most were watchin TV.

I usually keep to myself, so I was kinda sittin alone. They used to try and talk to me, but after seeing what I did to a few of the bolder ones, they pretty much stayed clear of me.

I don't mind the talkin so much, but gettin handsy with me is another story. A few of those idiots were still sportin casts on their arms.

So most won't even try to talk to me anymore.

Whatever.

I'm not here for a social life; I'm here to do my time.

So I was sitting alone, and then that commercial came on.

Some celebrity with her own TV show doing a make-up spot.

Blonde hair and dark lashes, framing gorgeous green eyes.

Someone went to change the channel and I barked.

They quickly sat down and then stared at me. So did everyone else in the room. The cards stopped shufflin and the eyes stopped readin. I heard the ping-pong ball clatter across the floor.

I was their source of entertainment.

Soon after that, it was over. I nodded my head at the girl, and she got up to change the channel. Everyone went back to what they were doin.

Until the fucking commercial came on again.

Four fucking channels and it was on every one of them. After a while it became a joke to them, and they'd flip back and forth to try and find it. It wasn't hard. It was mid-day, and the advertisers were focusing on sellin to the housewives.

As if they could *ever* hope to look like that.

I found myself pretty worked up. I glanced around the room, and everyone who had been starin at me quickly lowered their eyes.

Except for one.

Never noticed her before, but she was a cutie. Blonde, blue-eyed, and sweet looking. I wondered what she was in here for.

I made eye contact for just a few seconds. But she got my drift.

I got up and left the room. I started up the stairs, and paused when I heard her chair scrape against the floor and her fellow card players complain.

"Heey...whatcha doin?" one bitched at her.

"I'm out," I heard her tell them.

I pictured them all lookin at each other, and then I heard loud whispering.

From the whole room.

"Don't do it, she'll snap your wrist like a twig," I heard one warn her. Others chimed up with their agreements.

"Yeah, look at me," another one said.

She didn't respond.

Not this time, I thought. Unless you don't do it right, that is.

I continued up the stairs and went to my cell.

I was stretched out on the lower bunk with my hands behind my head when she walked in. She looked at me kinda nervous. I didn't smile or anything. I just looked at her. After a long moment, she turned to close the door.

She's got balls, I thought. I'd have to check to see if she really had a pair.

My eyes watched her as she slowly approached me. I never moved a muscle.

She musta seen that as encouragement, cus she sat herself down on the bunk next to me and leaned down for a kiss.

I let her.

Since I didn't bite her tongue off or nuthing, she began to unbutton my shirt.

I didn't stop her, I didn't snap her wrist.

When she got my shirt open, she looked at my tits. I went bra-less that day, and my nipples were rock hard. She ran her hand over them roughly. No tenderness, just want.

I liked her already.

She leaned back in to kiss me as both her hands massaged my breasts. She had a nice touch. Not timid or shy. She knew what she was doin. I tongued her up, my hands moving from the back of my head onto hers. I smashed my lips to her mouth.

Her fingers found my zipper, and I lifted my ass so she could pull them down. She crawled up on top of me and ripped her mouth away from mine and started to suck at my nipples. Back and forth, sucking and biting at both of them.

I pushed her head down, forcing her to comply. Fucking eat me, I thought.

Now.

And she did. No bra OR panties that day. Just me.

She rammed her tongue in my cunt and started fuckin me with it.

"Fuck yeah," I groaned.

Her soft hot tongue slid in and out with ease. I was wet, and my pussy juice and her saliva pooled in her mouth. I heard her slurp a little. It fucking made me nuts.

She came back up for a second and kissed me, giving me a taste of what she was tasting, and then she was between my legs again.

The fucking little girl knew her shit.

She shoved three fingers inside of me and lapped at my clit. She nipped at it, and sucked for a while, but then ran her tongue smooth and flat against it. She was goin in for the kill.

"Yeah..." I breathed.

My hips started to move on their own, and her fingers picked up on their rhythm. She matched me perfectly.

I was about to tell her to lick me faster, but then she started to anyway. Her fingers and tongue on my body sent shivers up my spine. Her fingers tore into me and I bucked hard against her face.

I could smell my cunt responding, and I knew the end was near. I clutched at her skull as she continued to pound me, licking me even faster.

"Oh fuck!" I gasped.

She slowed down her fingers and focused on my clit, and eventually, she slowed that down too. I came so hard I think I might have squirted a little. All those months of built up tension. My pussy was backed up with liquid.

Twenty-four months, and I finally got off by someone else.

What did you think would happen?

She made those slurping sounds again and it made me hot.

I said it was twenty-four months, right?

Then I needed to see how wet she was.

I grabbed her under her arm pits and pulled her up to me. I kissed her and sucked on her tongue. I felt up her ass and she ground herself into me.

"Roll over," I said, and I moved to the side so she could. She watched me as I opened her shirt, staring at me with crystal blue eyes.

"Close your eyes," I told her. She did.

It's amazing how much she looks like B, if she closes her eyes and I close mine.

I started my descent on her body in Braille.

I ran my hands over the bumps on her chest. Tits. I dipped my fingers into her navel. Belly-button. I undid her pants and slid my fingers against her pussy.

Clit.

I let her scent direct me to her snatch. It's been a while, but like I always say, it's just like riding a biker.

I know where it's at.

Her soft mound tickled my nose as I licked her. It was super wet, and it left her sticky substance all over my face. I dug it.

She moaned.

"Ohhhhhh."

Not sure if she wanted to get fucked, but she was gettin it anyway. I slid two fingers inside as I licked her clit. She raised herself against me. I guess she did. Her clit was hard and smooth against my tongue, and the inside of her pussy was so soft. She's exactly what I imagined B would feel like.

And it's amazing how much she looks like B in this position.

I moved myself so I could lift her legs and put them around me. Her pants and boots were against my back, it was snug, but I liked it. I moved my open shirt out of the way and pressed my tit against her wet snatch. I rubbed my nipple over her clit and then dipped it inside of her pussy.

I brought it back.

"Ohhh," she moaned again.

A little tit to clit play. It was fun.

I moved back down to lick at her again. She was even more wet. Her heels dug into my back and she was letting me know to stop fuckin around. She needed release as much as I did.

I slipped my fingers inside and fucked her as I sucked at her clit. She liked it. But I soon stopped and ran my tongue flat against it. It works best this way for me, so I figured she'd like it too.

All the other chicks I'd been with dug it. But like I said, it's been a while.

She came quickly, like me, and she pulled at my hair, her heels pressing hard into my back. It felt good. I liked it.

When she was finished, she got up and kissed me. She did up her pants and left the cell.

I pulled up my pants and buttoned my shirt; I ran my fingers through my hair. I followed her back into the rec room.

All eyes were on us as we walked into the room. Or I'm assuming they were on her, cus she was already sitting back at the card table and getting a hand dealt.

So they were all lookin at me.

But just for a second or two. Then they all turned their eyes away. No one said anything for a minute. It was pretty quiet.

But then the ping-pong ball started bouncing, and the paddles started paddlin, and the TV was turned up louder.

Good, I thought. Stay out of my business, and I'll stay out of your ass.

But it's Wednesday.

And she's kneeling in front of me using that tongue.

I look down again and see my fingers in her golden hair.

Buffy.

Buffy who never came to see me, was now eating me.

It really is amazing.

Her fingers continue to twist and turn, fucking me with all she's got. Her tongue is hard against my clit. She moans louder as I come against her mouth. The need in me has gotten worse lately, and I realize I have to taste her.

She kisses her way up to my face, from my abs to my breasts, planting kisses through my shirt. She stands up fully and places a wet one on my lips.

I let her play for a minute and then I push her away.

She wipes her chin with the back of her hand, and hops up to sit on the top bunk. I undo her pants and she raises herself so I can slide them off her. But I stop this time to unlace her boots and take off her socks. I slip off her pants. She looks at me curiously.

I don't say anything, I just kiss her knees and take off my shirt. I raise her legs for a moment and look at her pussy, then I put them around my shoulders. I can feel her soft skin against my back and I bury my face in her crotch.

I wanted more contact.

She moans immediately and so do I.

It's amazing how much she looks like B in this position too.

Soon after that it's over, and she dresses herself and heads back to the rec room. But I don't follow this time.

No, instead I lie on the bottom bunk and start thinkin.

Something has been different this week so far. I know it's only Wednesday, but since Sunday, I've been feelin kind of weird.

Sunday is visitor's day, and well, I usually don't have any.

Not for the last six months anyway.

Angel came a few times, but he's been busy fightin the good fight. I don't blame him. He still calls from time to time, but for the most part, Sunday's are pretty quiet for me.

Something had been naggin at me since the day before.

It was Saturday, and I was up on the roof --after seeing the commercial-- and I was sunbathing.

It's a little perk I worked out between two of the Saturday guards. A couple of pervs that let me sunbath nude on the roof top if I let them peek and jerk off watching me.

They get off and I get a killer tan. Works out for all of us.

I was up on the roof, sunning, and suddenly Blondie is up there with me.

I told you she had balls, remember? The guard looked at her like she was nuts, but she motioned at me with her head and he let her up.

I guess the screw had a few of his tightened and figured he'd see the two of us screwin.

He was right.

I glanced up at the guard tower and the other perv was lookin at us with his binoculars. He gave a thumbs up to the other guard on the roof. He thumbed him back.

If Blondie didn't care, then I didn't either. Besides, the sun and the commercial had made me pretty hot.

She took off her clothes and got on the towel next to me.

The roof guard always had a big one spread out for me, and even had a cooler with some sodas and bottled water waitin for me.

He liked to see me pour the stuff on me when it got real hot.

I kinda liked him.

I reached into the cooler and twisted off a cap, and poured the cold water onto her. She gasped from the contact.

It ran down her body and I lapped at it. The gravel on my knees made me shift a little as I got between her legs to drink her.

I felt the guard come up behind me, and I looked back to see him holding my shirt all bunched up, and then he handed it to me. I raised my brow at him, and he just shrugged as I took it.

I put it underneath my knees.

I think he likes me too.

He stepped back into the shadows that the entrance to the roof made, and I saw him move his hand to his zipper. He knows that I know, but he doesn't make me look at it.

He's a thoughtful perv.

I looked up at the guard tower, and I noticed his hand was already moving. He musta started jerkin off the minute Blondie took off her clothes. But that was cool.

It was show time.

I spread her legs wide so they can see as much as they could. My body mighta been in the way, but I knew they weren't disappointed.

I was naked, and my ass is nothing to complain about.

I've never had any.

We did the girl-on-girl thing like we were being rated. If we got a good score, we'd be able to do it again.

After I did her and she did me, the guard came back and nodded at me with his head. He was all zipped up and professional again.

I like a man who knows his job. And his place.

Which is nowhere near me, unless I said so.

The guard in the tower had his rifle slung back over his shoulder, and had put the binoculars down. He was done watching us and was now watching the yard.

It was time to go.

We dressed and left the roof top. She looked a little red from the sun, but it suited her. It would tan real nice after it cooled down.

She went into the rec room, and I went into my cell to write a letter.

I didn't plan on sending it, but when Sunday came the next day, and I was alone again, I dropped it off in the mail room.

It was out there, and I didn't know what to expect.

Nothing, probably, but that's what I'm thinking about now as I'm laying on the bottom bunk.

It's Wednesday, and it went out on Monday. I wonder if she got it yet?

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They started calling her Maybelline.

Which is pretty fucked up, since I didn't even know her real name. It was just Blondie before, but now I think of her as Maybelline as well. She didn't seem to mind. I'm not sure if she knows my name either.



Then I overheard one of the in-mates make a joke with the others.

"Did you hear about Maybelline?" she asked.

"No, what?" they all chorused.

"Max FACTor'd!" And they all started laughing.

Ha Ha, funny.

That joke is so old, it's not even lame anymore.

Max Factor. Max FACTERD her. Yeah well, Max fucked her alright.

I guess they call me Max now.

We're the closest thing to cosmetics that this joint has ever seen.

Not that Maybelline needs any. Not when she's between my legs or I've got my eyes closed. Her make-up is perfect then, and she looks just like B.

And B's face is always flawless. Her make-up accentuating her healthy complexion, and her dark lashes framing her eyes.

'...or maybe she was born with it'.

Either way, she's been on my mind a lot. More than usual, I mean. Lately all I can think about is Buffy.

And I've been dreamin about her as well.

I don't think they're Slayer dreams, but they're pretty intense. And they're not like the kinds I used to have when I first got in here.

I don't wake up cryin anymore.

Those dreams were pretty fucked up. We'd be fighting, or she'd misunderstand me and walk away before I could explain. I hated those dreams even more then the ones where she's stabbin me.

At least when we were fighting I knew what was going on.

There was communication. She hated me and I got it.

And most of the time I was right there with her.

But when she leaves me standing there, assuming the worst, and not even letting me explain, it showed she really didn't care. I guess that sounds kinda stupid, cus if she hated me, then of course she wouldn't care.

But that's not true. I hated Buffy, but I still cared.

Or maybe I'm just weird like that, but I don't think so.

These dreams were different because I woke up happy.

Sometimes my heart would be pounding so fast that it would wake me up.

Buffy would stop and listen to me, and she didn't walk away. She'd still be there after I explained myself, and she said she understood.

That's it. Not very sexy, is it?

But that's what happens, and it makes me happy.

I get up from my bunk and rummage through my cigar box. I have a few letters from Angel in there, and even one from Cordy. She had put a ribbon inside her envelope and told me to tie my letters from her with it.

But she never wrote after that. I guess she was busy too.

So I had put Angel's and the one from Cordy and some snap shots of Buffy in a pile and tied them up.

There were only three pictures, and I stole them all from Red.

One was Buffy laughing with the sun in her hair. Another where she's caught lookin kinda sad. And the last one was of Buffy and me training. Red was trying out her new high powered zoom lens and caught me and B on the floor.

I was on my back, as usual, and Buffy was on top of me, holding me down with her hands. The angle Red shot it from was really pretty wicked.

It was close up, and showed my profile and all of B's face, and her cleavage peekin out from her sports top. Her hair was loose and her lips were parted and it looked like she was about to kiss me. My lips were parted too, and by the looks of it, you'd think that after the picture was taken, she had.

But she hadn't, of course.

I can't even say I remember that day, cus I think we pretty much always looked like that. I mean, I never knew we looked like that until I saw the picture, but I remember us training and winding up on the floor like that all of the time.

No wonder Red looked at us funny. And no wonder Xander always wanted to watch us train. I guess I wasn't imagining the whole thing in my head after all. Buffy looked like she was into me.

Really into me.

I snagged the pictures when Red was arranging her photo album at the library. I grabbed three when she walked into the office for some tape. I took the ones I liked the most, but there were plenty of others. I left those alone, because she might not miss three but she sure as hell would miss fifteen.

Buffy.

All fifteen were of Buffy. They sure are close friends.

There were others with the gang too, but she was welcome to them. So I settled for the three and hid them in my jacket pocket.

You'd a thought I robbed a bank or something, I was so excited.

I used to look at them from time to time, when things were still good between us.

Then it all changed and I really hated her.

I didn't throw them away, because even though I hated her, I still cared about her. Maybe I am weird like that.

When I first got here, I didn't look at them but once.

It was after my first week to remind me of why I turned myself in. And then I put them away. So this is the first time I really looked at them. Even when I slipped them through the ribbon, I had them faced down.

That commercial really stirred up some shit for me. Even more than Maybelline did. I closed my eyes with her but left them open for the TV.

Which reminds me.

I put the pictures and letters away and head out to the rec room. I glance at the room and everyone is in their places. Ping-pongers, readers, poker players, and TV watchers. I walk to my usual seat and the girl in it scurries away.

Fuck, am I that scary?

Oh. Haha. It's one of the idiots whose arm I broke. She musta just got her cast off.

Live and learn, ladies.

I settle in my chair and look over at Maybelline. She's got her brows furrowed, and she's looking at the hand she was dealt.

It can't be nuthin compared to the hand she was dealt in here.

I found out she was in here for Murder One.

Sweet lookin thing like that, you'd never know it. She caught her girlfriend on the floor with some fuck and got a little nutty. Her girlfriend is okay, cus she didn't touch her, but the guy's dead.

She took a baseball bat to his head while he was on top of her girlfriend, fucking her. I tell ya, big surprises sometimes come in small packages. She's just a little thing.

They say her version is she thought the guy was rapin' her. She had no clue they had been fucking for weeks. When she found out that her girl had been cheatin on her, she pleaded guilty.

She killed an innocent man, she said. No one deserved death, not even for fucking her girlfriend. And I guess they agreed with her, cus the state gave her Life without parole.

Pretty harsh, if you ask me. Her lawyer musta been a fuck up.

But really admirable on her part. I guess we had something in common. We both pleaded guilty because of our girls. But her girl fucked her over. I did all the fucking over with mine.

Anyway, my commercial comes on and the volume suddenly goes up and all eyes are on us again. You'd think they'd get tired of watching us, since we've been doing this for almost three weeks.

But they're not, so I ignore them.

I watch the spot and sigh softly to myself. When it's over, they flip the channels looking for it again. They find it. And then they find it again. After the fourth time, I get up and head for the showers.

It's Thursday. It's always the showers on Thursdays.

I hear the chair scrape behind me and then a couple of low whispered cat-calls. That was for their benefit, not mine. If they knew about my Slayer hearing, they wouldn't have done it at all.

I'm a scary mother fucker, remember? But I ignore that too, and start taking off my clothes.

It's another perk I worked out with a guard.

Female, this time, but just as pervy. But she doesn't give us a lot of time, so I usually start taking off my clothes the minute I walk into the shower area. I place my clothes and boots in a pile, and walk onto the tiled surface and turn on the water. I let it heat up for a second and then step into the spray.

I'm running my fingers over my hair when I feel her fingers run down my back. She steps closer and presses herself against me, moving her hands to my breasts. She licks at the drops on my neck and then works her way downward.

Like I said, we don't have a lot of time.

She moves her hands down my sides and slides her wet tits against my back. She holds my hips as she lowers herself to kneel on the tiles, and then spreads my legs to rim me.

I place my hands on the wall and lean in, the water coursing down my back and onto her face. I can feel the water and her tongue in my ass. But soon she sounds like she's drowning so I straighten back up.

Poor thing. I think she'd let me.

I look over my shoulder and she's fingering herself. Fuck that turns me on. I push back into her face and she holds herself steady with one hand on my hip. After a moment, she takes it and starts fingering my clit.

"Uhhh," I groan.

She slips two fingers inside my pussy and pumps me, pressing her face harder against my ass and tonguing it up. Her tongue and lips feel so hot and wet. Her hand moves quickly and her fingers slide in and out of me, making loud smacking noises that would have echoed off the walls if the water was off.

I reach back and hold onto her head. I pull her closer.

"Unnghh," she exhales.

I hold onto her head and grind myself into her face as she eats my ass. I reach between my legs and finger my clit, then I slide it into my pussy meeting her two fingers.

I'm getting fucked from both sides.

The strain on my legs makes them bend a bit more; I'm almost crouched on top of her face. I run my hand up over my tits and I squeeze them, pinching the nipples, and then slide it quickly back down to my clit.

I need to come now. I still have her to do.

I squat a little lower and I feel her face support me. She had stopped fingering herself and was holding my hip again.

And her fingers never lost its pace in my pussy.

She's good. Her girlfriend was a moron.

The guard approaches and says

"Ladies..."

"In a minute!" I bark. She steps away.

I hold onto her head and come violently. The spray from the shower splashing over my body as I keep jerking under the water.

Fuck. That was HARD.

I lean forward and she takes herself out of me. I turn around and pull her up, smashing my lips against hers.

I turn us around and lean her against the wall, the water hot on my back as I nuzzle her.

Her ears, her neck, her breasts.

She gasps and puts her fingers in my wet hair. I lick her skin and move back to her lips. She opens her mouth and I slide my tongue inside. I massage both breasts as she sucks on my tongue, then she catches my lower lip in her teeth and holds me there. I run circles on her nipples with my thumbs and look at her.

She lets go of my lip and whispers

"I'm not her."

"I know," I whisper back, "I'm not her, either."

But we both wished the other one was, and that was okay.

We were here, and they weren't. It was the best we could do with our fucked up situation.

I kiss her softly on the lips and move my head to take a nipple in my mouth. I lick at it, curving my tongue and then sucking real hard. I cup her other breast and rub the tip of her nipple with my index finger. She moans and puts her hands in my hair again.

I let go of her nipples and head down to her pussy. I lick and suck along the way. I stop at her navel and stick my tongue inside. I move it around and she starts moving her hips.

She likes that. I'll have to remember.

I give it a suck and then move towards her pussy again. Her soft pubes are wet, but it's not just from the water.

She's wet for me. I can smell her excitement and it excites me even more.

I spread her pussy open with both hands and run my tongue along its length. I stop to put myself inside her and pull out her moisture with my tongue.

There is a lot of it, but it's clean and clear and she tastes like fresh pussy. I watch a string of her pussy juice mix with my saliva and I pull it towards me. She looks down and sees what I'm doing, and she gasps.

I can't help it. I love clean pussy.

I play with the string with my tongue. I bring it to her pussy and then pull it out again. It plays back with me.

"Oh god..." she moans. It's nasty, I admit, but that's why I like it.

I slurp it up and start licking her clit. We don't have a lot of time. But I guess we could go back to my bunk...

I suck and nibble and then lick at her clit. I run my tongue flat again and work it up and down. I keep one hand spreading her open, running the other one up to her breast. I massage and knead it and play with her nipple. I lick faster on her clit.

"Ohhh...God, yes..." she moans.

I move my hand to her other breast and do the same thing. I lick her and she begins to tremble. She releases one hand from my hair, and quickly grabs at my wrist to bring my finger to her mouth. She sucks on it with her hot tongue. I slip in another and I groan.

"Unnnngghh," I lick faster on her clit.

She sucks on my fingers and clutches my skull, she shakes as she comes, bumping against my teeth.

"Mmmmmnngghh," she moans onto my fingers.

"Mmmmmnngghh," I echo against her cunt.

"Ladies..." the female perv says again.

I look at her as I'm wiping my mouth and say

"Yeah, yeah, keep your pants on."

And believe it or not, we all three start laughing.

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It's Sunday and I have a visitor.

Buffy got my letter and signed up to see me.

Now.

Of all the fucking times she could have picked, she picks now.

I swear, our timing always sucked.

And just like every other time, I mean Slayer size sucked.

I run my fingers through my hair one more time and re-tuck my shirt. I adjust my belt and tug at my pants.

I gotta look good.

I glance at my reflection in the tin foil I've got wrapped around cardboard, and I give myself a cocky grin.

Yeah, you're cool. Just chill, Faith, stay frosty.

"It's only Buffy," I say out loud.

I shake my head and smirk at myself. Riiight.

Okay. Here goes.

They lead me into the waiting area and do a quick scan of my body. I hold my hands over my head as the metal detector is moved around me. Torso, legs, feet, and ass.

Yeah, some people place metal objects in their ass. I'm not kidding. But prisoner 431009 isn't one of 'em.

They announce the all clear and motion me in.

"Thirty minutes, no more," the guard tells me.

I get thirty minutes cus I worked out a deal with another screw.

It's a perk for...

Nah, I'm only kidding.

They let you get away with a lot of stuff, but visiting hours they don't play with. And what's with callin it visiting *hours* when the most you can get is thirty minutes?

I'm not an idiot. I can count, you know.

But I got thirty minutes cus I hadn't had a visitor in over six months. I figured they owed me four hundred and eighty minutes, *plus* the twenty I would normally get for today, seein as I had six months of Sundays I had comin to me. But again, some idiot who ditched basic math was runnin this place.

See? I told B education was over-rated. He may not be a rocket scientist or a brain surgeon, but he was still runnin one of the largest correctional facilities for women in the state. All that, and with no skills in basic math.

Go figure.

The buzzer goes off and I enter the room. I look at the one empty booth available. It's at the end, and I guess Buffy's on the other side.

I hear one-sided conversations and suddenly everything seems to slow down.

I hear pleading and crying, and even some laughter. But everything seems sad and surreal.

My legs feel heavy and my boots begin to drag against the floor. I hear them scrape, and it reminds me of Maybelline.

Maybelline, who will be visiting with her own girl in twenty minutes.

I finally make it to the last booth and I close my eyes for a second. She's here, she came to see me...

But now what?

I turn myself and open my eyes...and she's there.

I'm not numb anymore. I feel my blood begin to circulate and it's running hot through my veins. Check it, Faith.

Keep it in check.

She looks at me as I sit down. We both pick up the black phones at the same time.

"Faith," she says.

"Buffy," I respond.

She looks so fucking good I want to cry. Her face is flawless and her eyes are gorgeous. She hardly has any make-up on.

She really was born with it. But the thing that got me the most was her voice. Her voice saying my name.

"Say it again," I whisper.

"Say what again?" she asks me. She makes that little confused face, and I melt. She's still so cute.

"My name, B." I whisper again.

"Faith." I close my eyes and let it wash over me. Faith.

"Faith?" Listen, she said it again.

"Faith?" God, that sounds good.

"Faith!" Oh.

"Sorry, B." I grin at her sheepishly.

"Well there's a face I've missed," she says smiling softly.

I smile back at her. Hell, this isn't so hard.

"Why did you want me to say your name again?" she asks.

"Cuz it's been six months since I've heard it," I tell her.

"What do you mean? Do you have a nickname or something?"

Max, I guess. But no one has ever called me that. Not to my face, anyway.

"No, B."



"What, then?"

"The guards call me by my last name, and the in-mates don't call me anything."

"Don't you have....friends in here?" she asks hesitantly.

"Not really."

"You haven't heard your name in six months?" She seems a little confused.

"Yeah, the last time I heard it was when Angel came to visit me."

"Oh," she says. She looks a little uncomfortable.

She *can't* be thinkin I'm scammin' on Angel, can she?

God, I wasn't back then either. Or with that bore Riley. Or Xander, even.

I never wanted any of them. I only wanted her.

"Buffy, I-" and she interrupts.

"Are you saying you've gone without visitors for six months?"

Oh.

"Yeah."

"Angel was the last person to see you, and then he stopped?"

"Angel was the *only* person to see me, and then he stopped."

I didn't mean for it to sound the way it did. I can see her feeling guilty.

"Hey, it's cool, B. I'm not complainin'. Sorry if it sounded that way."

"It kind of did, Faith," she thinks on it, "No, it *really* did, Faith."

Okay, now she's sayin my name and it sounds an awful lot like bitching to me.

"Fuck, B, take a pill. It's not my fault if you're feelin guilty."

"Don't start your shit with me, Faith."

"Don't start bitchin at me, Buffy."

"I did not drive all the way out here for your shit."

"Oh please, Buffy. This is Stockton. Sunnydale is not *that* far away. You've probably spent more time getting your legs waxed than the amount of time it took you to get here."

"Yes, and it was just as pleasant too. I enjoy putting myself in situations where I get the skin ripped off me. Should I leave you a tip?"

"Yeah, in the jar by the door. See yourself out." I hang up the phone.

Bitch.

Take it back to Bitchville where it belongs. Where you LIVE.

She raps at the glass with the phone. I flip her off.

She raps harder. The other in-mates all lean back to look at me.

Fuck. If she starts shit, we all get taken away.

I pick up the phone.

"What?" I say.

"God, you're still the same. Impossible and pig-headed."

"And you're still a baby. Self-righteous and predictable."

"Oh, I think you're the one being a baby, and you are *so* predictable. I bet you want to hang that phone up right now."

Bitch. She's right, I almost did.

"No, I can take whatever you dish out." I look at her smug.

"Oh really?" she asks.

"Yes, really." I confirm.

"Okay. Well, I've missed you and I want you to be my girlfriend."

Whaaaaaaaaaat?

The look on my face must be very amusing, cus she suddenly bursts out laughing.

"That's not funny, Buffy."

"Oh god, yes it is," she laughs, gasping.

"Gee, Buffy, you really know how to brighten a girl's day."

"Oh god, Faith, take a *pill* and lighten up already."

She attempts to calm herself, and then looks at me seriously.

"Look. I really do miss you, and you *are* my girlfriend. You always have been."

"Haha, Buffy. It wasn't funny the first time I heard it."

"Faith, I'm serious."

"Sure, B. And I'm in love with Red."

"No you're not. You're in love with me."

Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat??

What the fuck is goin on around here?

I look around the room to see if there's a camera. Oh. Of course there is, state pen, remember? I wave to the camera.

"Where's Allen Funt, B? I thought Candid Camera was cancelled years ago. They bring it back or something?"

"I have no idea, Faith. I told you, I'm serious."

Okay, sure. Fuck.

"Well, if I'm your girlfriend why didn't you come see me before today?"

"Because you're an asshole and you never asked me to."

I never asked her to??

"I'm sorry, B. My stationer ran out of the invitations I liked, and I couldn't bear to see my monogram engraved on any other type of paper. Are you fucking kidding me? You don't wait for an INVITATION to see someone in prison, you JUST GO THERE!"

God, she's so smart, maybe *she* should run this place.

"You don't have to yell at me, I have Slayer hearing, remember?"

"Well, use your Slayer common sense, would ya?"

"Let's not start on Slayer common sense, Faith. If your current mailing address is any indication, I'd say Slayer common sense isn't very common at all."

God, I want to hang up this phone. Or smash it through the glass, so I could grab her by the neck and kiss that smart-ass mouth.

Sometimes she gets so sassy with me, it just gets kinda sexy.

"Oh, you liked that, did you?" She noted the change in my expression. Okay, she knows me, but now it's pissing me off.

"Oh, there you go again," she says, noting the next change on my face. Dammit! Stop doing that.

"Stop doing that!" I tell her.

She laughs.

"Oh god, Faith. I said you were my girlfriend, how else could I know these things about you?"

I give up.

"I don't know, B. You tell me," I sigh.

"I couldn't. But since we're girlfriends, I can."

"What's your definition of girlfriends?" I ask her.

Here we go. Two girls who enjoy each other's company, have similar interests, paint each others toenails, and talk nonstop on the phone about boys. Something that described her and Red.

"Two girls who enjoy each other's company, have similar interests, paint each others toenails, and have phone sex when they're not busy doing it in person."

See? That's what I-

Whaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaat?

She smiles at me.

"I told you, Faith. So, am I your girlfriend or what?"

"Buffy, we've never done any of those things."

"We have the first two down, we just have to work on the other three."

"When did you start feeling this way? I mean, for how long?"

"Probably that time at the Bronze, but definitely within the last five months. I didn't write or come to visit because Angel told me not to. He said you'd let me know when you were ready, and so I waited. He told me that he came to see you, and I just assumed he still was. He stopped returning my calls a few months ago when I kept asking him how you were, and what you looked like. He said it wasn't healthy to dwell on something I had no control over, and that the healing needed to be done on our own. Me alone, you alone. He's such a fucker."

I laugh. *Never* thought I'd hear Buffy calling Angel a fucker.

"Well, don't be too mad at the guy, B. He was kinda right. I hated you for a while there. I guess he picked up on it."

"Yeah, but you still cared about me, didn't you?"

Oh my god. She really is my girlfriend. If I'm weird like that, then she's weird like that too.

"Yeah, B, I did."

"Me too," she says, relieved.

"Aren't you seein fuck-face Riley anymore?"

"Um, no...." She starts to blush.

"Okay." See, I don't really care about the details with Riley.

I'm sure I'd be bored to death.

But she's still blushing. What's that all about?

"What's up, B? What are you not tellin me?"

"Well...I am sorta seeing someone. Well, we're not really 'seeing' each other so much as..." she trails off.

"Fucking?" I finish for her.

"Um. Yeah." She looks embarrassed again. Fuck, who is it?

"Who is it?" I ask.

"Spike."

"Who???"

"Spike," she says again.

"What, he some singer in a punk garage band or something? Spike? That's pretty lame, Buffy. Is he some Johnny Rotten wannabe?"

"No, his real name is William."

"Well, I figured he had a real name, Buffy. No mother can be that fucked up....well, besides my own that is. But she gave me a pretty cool name." I add.

"Faith," she says again, smiling. I love when she says my name.

When she's not using it to bitch at me, of course.

"William what?" I ask.

"Um...The Bloody." God, that name sounds like a garage punkster too.

Then it hits me. The fuckin vamp that killed two Slayers.

"What? Did I hear you right? Are you fucking vamps again, Buffy? And a vamp that killed two Slayers?"

"Yes, Faith. The same vamp you teased when you car-jacked my body, and then took it for a test drive with Riley."

Shit. Walked right into that one.

"He still got that thing in his head he told me about?"

"Yes."

"Does he treat you right?"

"When I let him."

"I'm not talking about sex here, Buffy. I mean other times."

"So was I, Faith, but he does treat me right during sex, since you mentioned it. But aside from that, he treats me nicer than I treat him."

"Good, glad to hear it." Fucking Billy Idol wannabe...I know he's been around for a century or so, but can't he at least remember what *decade* he's in?

I shrug at her.

"Well, I really don't know what more to say about that."

I really don't. He seemed like a nice enough neutered vamp. The only nice kind, actually. And Angel.

"What about you?" she asks me.

"What about me? I'm not fucking any vamps, if that's what you're asking."

She makes a face at me.

"Are you 'fucking' anybody?" she asks, more specific this time.

"Yeah, B. In fact, I am."

And right then the buzzer goes off, and Maybelline walks through the door.

My Slayer sized sucky timing pretty much still did. But now it's got the twist of irony thrown in. Beautiful.

Fuck.

"Did she just walk in or something?" She looks at me.

God, she's startin to creep me out.

"Yeah."

"Where? I want to see her." And she jumps up before I can stop her. Oh shit.

I look over at Maybelline, and she's got the phone to her ear and she's talking to someone. A few seconds later she stops talking, and gets a surprised look on her face.

Oh no. Please god, no.

And then she says a few words and then stops talking again. She looks over at me in shock.

Oh yeah. She did it. Buffy went over there and introduced herself. Fuck, she's such a pain in my ass sometimes.

I look over at Maybelline and smile. I shrug my shoulders at her.

Buffy returns and she's not alone. She's dragging some poor brunette by the fingers, and then she shoves the phone in her hand.

I see her mouth say the words

"That's Faith. She's *my* girlfriend. Tell her hi."

She takes the phone and looks at me. I feel bad, but not that bad. This is the moron that fucked up on Maybelline, and now she's doing Life without parole because of her. Yeah, take a good look at me.

I'm fuckin your girl.

"Uh, hi Faith," she says.

"Hey, how ya doin, slick? Still crammin some cock up your cunt?"

"Fuck you," she says.

"No thanks, too busy fucking her." And I nod my head in Maybelline's direction. Maybelline is looking at me and shaking her head. She looks worried like I'm gonna say or do something to embarrass her.

Too late.

The slick chick drops the phone and it clatters on the booth top. Buffy picks up the receiver.

"Well, that was nice. Now we all know each other."

"You need to get yourself checked out, Buffy. That tumor in your head is starting to spread."

"Oh, Faith. It was all friendly. Well, my part anyway. She seems nice, your little girlfriend. She's pretty, too."

"She is nice, B." I wanna drop the subject.

"What's her name, Faith?"

"I have no idea."

"What? Are you kidding me? You SLEEP with her and you don't know her name??"

"No, and she doesn't know mine either. But she will now, since you told her idiot girlfriend what it was."

"Doesn't it bother you, Faith? I mean, forget common courtesy, we all know how that's not important to you, but I thought sexually it might hinder you. What do you call each other when you're having sex? Or when you're coming?"

"We don't. I grunt and she moans. Done."

"God, Faith. You make me want to climb over this glass and have you make love to me. You can grunt sweet nothings into my ear."

"I know your name, B. I mean, Buffy."

"Very cute, Faith. You know what I mean."

"Look, B. We only started this thing a few weeks ago, so it's not like we're married or anything. Give me a break. I saw something that made me feel like gettin some, and she was there. I'd been in this place for twenty-four months without having sex with another person, and you *know* that's long for me."

"Yeah, that is. For anyone. I'm impressed. So what did you see that made you decide to get some?"

"Someone who looked like you," I tell her flat out.

"Where, in here? There's a girl that looks like me in here??"

"Relax, B. She was on a commercial, okay? A mascara commercial. What are you so freaked out about? What if there was a girl that looked like you in here? So what?"

"It would bother me, that's all," she says hedging.

"Why's that?"

"Because then you'd probably have sex with her too."

"I'm already having sex, what's the difference?"

"Would you like me to have sex with someone who looks just like you?"

I didn't have to think that one over.

"No."

"Why?"

"First, it's just creepy. But then you'd have your fill of faux Faith and not need the real thing."

"Exactly."

"Oh."

I look at her.

"So what are we gonna do, Buffy? I'm in here, and you're out there. We both want sex, and we're getting some. Are we supposed to stop now? Is that even practical?"

"I don't know. But I know I don't like this. How much longer do you have?"

"A few minutes, B."

"No, Faith. I mean in here. In the *joint*."

"Don't really know. You'd have to check with my attorney; Angel hooked me up with her. I told her not to contact me unless she could get me out. I guess she can't, cus she hasn't tried to reach me."

"That doesn't mean anything, Faith. I'll have Willow check on it. Maybe we need to get you another lawyer."

"This one works for free, B. I can't seem to find a lawyer that will take cigarettes as payment."

"Don't worry about it. We'll come up with something. Willow is still good with the computer. In fact, she pretty much rules the net. She can find and do anything on it."

"Hey, how is Red anyway? She still with that cutie or is she back riding the ponies again?"

"She's with Tara still, and they're really happy. They both live with me now, and we're like a real family."



I find myself getting kind of jealous. But I suck it up.

"Oh, well that's nice, B. Tell Red hello for me, and sorry about everything I did; and for stealin those pictures. She'll know what I mean. And tell Tara I'm sorry for bustin her ass at the Bronze that night. I kinda wasn't feelin myself that day."

"Nor was I, Faith," Buffy smiles at me. That's cool, at least she doesn't think I'm a jerk for mentioning that incident.

"But you're a jerk for mentioning that incident. I still can't see that shade of lipstick, and not picture my mom being held hostage by you."

"Oh my god, Buffy. I totally forgot. I'm so sorry about your mom. Cordy wrote me about it, and I never even tried to contact you."

"I know, Faith. But trust me, I had all the support I could stomach from Riley at the time. I did wish it came from you though. But...we weren't there yet, so I understand."

Oh my god. Those dreams.

"Buffy...have you had any dreams about me lately?"

"Every night, Faith. For like the last five months."

"But what about lately? Have they been different?"

"Sorta, I guess. I dream about you every night, Faith. But you're right, the last few days were different."

"In what way?"

"Um...kinda like you were really there or something. Kinda like a Slayer dream, but not. I mean, you seemed present in the dream. Like whatever you were saying was real and important. I can't really explain it."

"No, you just did. That's how it felt to me too. Except when I was talking to you, you seemed really there and listening to me. Like it was important."

"You're my girlfriend, Faith," she smiles, "I told you. We may not have had sex, or admitted our feelings back then, but everyone knew."

The red light at my booth starts to blink, signaling me to make my goodbyes. My time is almost up.

I wish I could just put more coins in a slot and talk longer. Or charge it to my calling card. My stomach starts to lurch.

"What does that mean, Faith? Is our time almost up?"

"Yeah, Buffy."

"I'm glad you finally wrote me, Faith," she says seriously.

"I'm glad you finally came," I tell her just as seriously. "So now what? No sex with others? I can stop, B, if you want me to."

"No, Faith. I won't ask that of you. But you can ask that of me, if you want."

"No, B. That wouldn't be right. I'm bored and lonely in here, and you're hungry and horny from slaying. Do whatcha gotta do."

"Okay. I will. You, too." But we both feel funny about it, and it kinda shows on our faces. I see my reflection on the glass in front of me, and I look like I'm gonna be sick.

First Angel and now Spike? Mother fucker!

The light flashes again, and now it's really time to go.

"I gotta go, Buffy."

"Okay." She looks really sad.

"Don't, B. I can't handle it."

"Okay," she says again, but she looks the same.

She brightens up.

"I'll see you next Sunday, though. Is that okay?"

And a strong realization finally hits me.

I have someone who cares, and she wants to see me. I have a girlfriend.

"Sure, B. That would be great."

"Good. I'll cancel my waxing appointment and schedule a visit."

She's such a brat. But I love her.

"That's nice, B. I gotta go now."

"Okay." She looks sad again.

"Bye, B."

"I love you, Fai-"

And the phone goes dead.

I start to feel my eyes well up, and I blink my tears away.

I put my hand on the glass and she does the same. It's what people do when they love somebody. Everyone in here does it.

The lucky ones, anyway.

I get to my cell and I pull out Buffy's pictures. She's my girlfriend and I want to remind myself. She really was into me and she told me so. I'm not crazy.

I chew on some gum and then stick pieces of it behind the photos. I press it up against the wall and rub on it. It sticks pretty good.

She fucking loves me and we're going to be together.

I need out of this place.

I pull out some paper and start drawing my monogram at the top. It looks pretty fucked up, but I think she'll get the joke. Maybe she can read my letters while she's getting her legs waxed.

I'm starting on my third monogram, when I hear someone at the door. I look up and it's Maybelline. I motion her inside.

"Hey," she says.

"Hey," I reply, putting the paper back in the cigar box.

"So that's your girl, huh?" she asks.

"I guess so," I return.

"She looks just like that actress on the commercial."

"I know." I look at her. She seems sad and...something else.

"You mad at me?" I ask her.

"No, not really. I can't believe you told Lisa what you did."

"Well, Lisa looked like she had it comin to her."

"She's really sorry, you know...Faith."

She knows my name now. Okay.

"Well, that's something, I guess."

"Can I call you Faith?" she asks cautiously.

"Sure. That would be nice. What can I call you?"

"Well, roommate, for one. Before I went to the visitors station they asked me if I would bunk with you."

"Is that right? No one approached me. Why is that, you think?"

"I think they wanted to see if I was afraid of you, since everyone else in here appears to be. But I think our perv shower guard told them we were friendly."

It made sense, actually. Three of the seven girls whose wrists I'd snapped had been former cell-mates. They suspected I had done it, but had no proof. The idiots weren't going to tell them, since I could have easily snapped their necks as well. So I was alone for four months.

But now I had a girlfriend *and* a cell-mate. It never rains in California....it fucking POURS.

"When do you move in?"

"Pretty much now, I think. But I wanted to warn you that they were going to ask you. They need the space, new people are coming and all beds need to be filled."

"Yeah, sure, Roomie. Go get your stuff and make yourself at home. You a top or bottom?"

"I think you know the answer to that." She smiles cutely at me.

I laugh.

"I guess I do. Well, I prefer top, but you can have it if you want. It will be nice to have some nice company for a change."

"Be right back, 'Roomie'." And she shuts the door as she leaves.

This day is just unbelievable. I find myself chanting that moto-cross/drag racing slogan.

"SUNDAY SUNDAY SUNDAY" with that announcer's loud and dramatic voice.

But I still don't know her name. Wonder what it is?

---

Her name is Julie and I'm saying it over and over.

"Uh, fuck Julie, that feels good....oh yeah, Julie, do it."

She's fingering my ass and sucking my nipples. She's on top this time. The bottom is good.

After I was officially told I'd be sharing my cell with her, she and I went to dinner and then set up her stuff. She had some pictures of Lisa and I put them up for her. I showed her the trick with the gum. She had a few things and I made room for them. She also picked the bottom bunk, but I kinda figured she would.

We're not the source of entertainment at mid-day anymore. But we're still the topic of gossip. Ever since people found out we were bunkin together, rumors have been flying all over the block.

All were pretty lame, but the one that really got me was that I was pimpin Julie out on the side.

They said I'd beat her if she wouldn't do it.

I actually found out about it when one idiot had her cornered in the laundry room. She had her pressed up against a counter and was trying to get her on top of it. She had been feelin her up and was saying some shit in her ear. I had just walked in, looking for Julie, when I heard her struggling and whimpering. At first I thought I walked in on someone gettin off, but then I saw that it was her.

And she didn't look like she was havin fun.

Then I heard the cunt say

"Give it up. Everyone knows Max is pimpin you out. I just want a little sample before I waste my money on you. Max doesn't need to know. Spread your legs or I'll break them."

Well, guess whose legs got broken?

Julie stood behind me as I looked at the broken figure on the ground. Blood was seepin out of her pants and was poolin underneath her; a bone was pokin through one pant leg. She's lucky it was just one. But both were broken, I made sure of that.

"I guess your legs will be spread open for a while. Too bad you'll have casts on them. Can't see anybody wanting to fuck you like that. Or maybe they'll all fuck you, and you can't do anything about it."

"Max...I..." the cunt tried to speak.

"Max, what? You cunt."

"I would have paid you. A few of the girls said you let them have test drives before you made them pay you...I...fuck." And she passed out.

"I guess I'll have to 'pay' those girls a visit," I told Julie.

"I'll go with you," she told me back.

"No, you just find out who they are, and I'll do the rest."

And she did. And now four girls were sportin casts on their legs in the infirmary. First wrists and now legs. It's seasonal.

But now we're in the cell, and it's Saturday.

She's been with me for almost a week and things were pretty good with us. I told her about Buffy and the Scoobs, but without the slaying part, of course, and she told me about her and Lisa.

We were sunning up on the roof again today, but we didn't put on a show for the guards. Well, a little, maybe. We had both been playin with ourselves and the guards got off on that. We got off, too.

I teased her with that old song I used to hear, one my mom used to sing from the radio.

*"I'm not Lisa...my name is Ju-lieeeee. Lisa left you...years ago..."*

I actually have a pretty good voice, but I let it crack and whine when I sang it. I was just funnin with her anyway.

But after we showered and got back to our cell, she started to sing that song to me. We were foolin around and she stopped to sing it.

*"I'm not Buffy, my name is Ju-lieeeee. Buffy ...."*

And I put my hand over her mouth. Buffy did not leave me. In fact, she was coming tomorrow.

"Shhhh," I told her, her clear blue eyes looking up at me.

"I know you're not Buffy. That's okay, cuz I'm not Lisa."

And I moved my hand away to kiss her. She got my point and soon started gettin aggressive on me. It was nice.

And now she's on top and I'm callin her name. I know who she is.

"Julie...unnnh..."

She moves her mouth to the other nipple, and moves her finger in my ass. I fucking love it.

"Julie, faster...." And she starts pumpin my ass with her finger.

"Julie...eat me." She lowers herself and flicks my clit with her tongue. Then I don't have to tell her anything else.

She knows my name and she's got my number, too.

I move my hips and assist her with her penetration. I love ass fucking. Giving and receiving. You don't have to have a prostate to enjoy it.

She slips in another finger.

"Unnnnghhh," I groan. She's really good.

She licks my clit and then pulls her head away. I lift my head to look down at her and she's got a string of my cunt juice and her spit on her tongue. She plays with it, pulling the string back and forth. You can see the tiny bubbles on them too.

Fucking nasty as hell.

I was gonna say "rinse" like in the dentist's office, but I didn't want to break the mood. It was too fuckin hot.

She takes the string and spreads it around my pussy. She lowers her head, and licks around her fingers in my ass.

"Oh fuck..." I gasp.

She moves back up to my clit and brings me home.

"God, fuck yes, Julie!" I think I screamed it.

I say that because we hear cat calls and clapping after I said it.

I look at her a little sheepishly.

"Oops." I say.

"Oops, nothing. That was hot." And I pull her up to kiss me.

She lifts her head up and looks down at me tenderly; she wipes some hair away from my forehead. She leans down to kiss me again and it's soft and sweet.

"I think I really like you," she whispers in my ear.

"I like you too." I tell her, caressing her butt.

And I do, too.

---

"Do I look okay?" I ask Julie for the tenth time.

"You look great, Faith." She tells me, for the eleventh time.

She told me the first time on her own.

"You look great too, Julie." I lower my head to kiss her.

She's sitting on the bottom bunk and she's been watching me.

"Don't you think this is a little weird?" she asks finally.

"Yep, big time. But whaddaya gonna do, you know?"

I smooth the material of my shirt over my abs. I undo two top buttons, and then button them again. It's not right to tease Buffy.

"What time is Lisa gettin here again?"

"Same time as always. She's been really consistent since I got here."

"I guess she really is sorry then, isn't she?"

"Yeah, and I appreciate her timeliness. She hasn't been late once."

"How long she been comin to see you?"

"Nine months here, and two months when I was at that other facility."

Wow. Eleven months of Sunday visits. And some holidays too.

"She fuckin anybody that you know of?"

She gets this look on her face, like she's bothered.

"Sorry, Julie. None of my biz."

"No, that's okay. She says she's not, but I'm not sure if I believe her. I don't think she's lying to me on purpose to hide something this time; I think she doesn't want to hurt my feelings. Since I'm locked up in here and all alone."

"But you're not anymore, Julie. And she knows that. I made sure to tell her last week."

She smiles wryly at me.

"You sure did. She was pretty shook up about it."

"Well, alright then. It's good for her, ya know?"

She laughs.

"Well, I don't know about that, but it's definitely good for me."

I turn from the 'mirror' and look at her.

"It's good for me too."

"It's time for you to go now, Faith. You only have twenty minutes this time. Make them count."

"Oh, I can count, believe me. I'll see you in there then?"

"Part of the time, at least."

They stagger our visiting hours. They forgot to schedule me, cuz they weren't used to me gettin visitors. But Buffy made a stink, so they squeezed me in on someone else's time.

It was one of the 'cast of liars' that I had put into a cast. Her visits usually overlapped with Julie's.

There was double irony in that one. I loved it.

The buzzer goes off and I'm let into the visitor's station. We have our 'usual' booth at the end. I approach this time with butterflies in my stomach. Or those furry caterpillars or something, but I'm not slow or dragging my feet this time.

I'm seeing my girlfriend!

I quickly turn into the booth and Buffy is checking her teeth in the reflection. She's got her top lip curled up and she's running her finger across her teeth. She's so goofy.

She sees me and picks up the phone.

"Hey baby," she says, all happy.

Baby. Mmmm, gotta love that.

"Hey, doll face." Yeah, and I sound like a gangster gettin a visit from his moll. Dork.

She smiles big at me. She's got such great teeth. So white. I wish I could run my tongue over them.

She says

"How are you, are you feeling okay? You look great; I wish I could kiss you. Are you happy to see me? I'm really happy to see you. I was so extremely excited that I didn't eat all day yesterday. Did you eat okay yesterday? I hope that you did. I couldn't sleep all night, so I masturbated until I was raw. Willow found some good stuff on the net and I called Angel and told him he was a fucker. Oh, and I bought you some new pants."

I blink at her.

She masturbated until she was raw?



"You masturbated until you were raw?" I ask with both brows raised.

She makes a face at me.

"I knew I shouldn't have thrown that in. That's the only thing you heard, wasn't it?"

"Did you say more?" She did? No she didn't.

"I'm pretty sure, let me check." Then she makes that noise that sounds like a tape recorder on rewind. She's a dork too.

"Okay, here we go." And then she repeats the stuff she said in slo-mo. Sounds kinda like a fat man sittin on the toilet, talkin while he's squeezin out a log.

"Damn, B. Don't know how I coulda missed that. Guess I'll masturbate myself thinking of the sexy fat man voice you've got."

"Have you been masturbating a lot this week?" she asks with a look.

"Uh, no. Just once." The rooftop with Julie.

"Oh. Well, that's good." Then she narrows her eyes at me.

"Have you been masturbating anyone else this week? With your hands *or* your mouth?" she asks, eyes still narrowed.

"Uh...um...that's one way of putting it, I guess." See? I wasn't fucking or sucking someone else. It was masturbation.

"Oh. Well, me too." UGH! Gross.

Now I got visuals of Buffy sucking off that dead meat. Eeeew.

"Okay, since you mentioned it, got a question for ya."

"What?" she asks. I think her eyes are stuck in the narrowed position.

"Is Spike, aka William *the Bloody*, cut?"

"Cut?"

"His dick. Is it cut...you know, circumcised."

"Oh." She thinks about it, and now her eyes are looking up, like she's thinking hard.

"No, I guess not. It looks like Angel's, though. I guess he wasn't cut either."

"So they got the turtleneck thing goin. Okay, just wonderin."

"Don't wonder about it, Faith. Don't think about it at all, okay?"

"Why? Don't you think about me?"

"Not if I can help it. She looks a little too much like me for my taste. It bothers me."

"Buffy, I have to tell you something." I might as well.

"What?"

"Julie is my cell-mate now. Since last Sunday."

"Oh. You took the time to find out her name. That's good, I guess." But she doesn't look too happy about it.

"Did you hear the rest of it?"

"Uh, yeah, I did. Am I supposed to get you guys a cell-warming present? What do you need? Her and Hers matching pillows or robes?"

"No, B. Nothing like that. Just thought you should know."

"How did that happen, exactly? Did you rush off after our visit and invite her to move in?"

"No, B. Nothing like that." And then I proceed to tell her how it happened and what happened since then. Not the sex part, but the rumors and stuff.

"Well, I guess we could get you a job as a loan shark when you're on parole, since you're so good at breaking legs. Think your parole officer would accept that as a valid occupation?"

"I had no choice, Buffy. You would have done the same thing."

She thinks about it.

"Maybe I would. Not sure, though. But if I were you, I guess I would."

"That's all I'm saying." Good, she understands me again.

My girlfriend.

"So enough about me, I wanna hear about you and the Scoobs."

"Okay, let's see. Well, after I left you last week..." And she proceeds to tell me about her week.

Her week without me.

I'm watching her mouth and her eyes and every facial expression she's making. I want to burn it in my memory. I'll hit rewind and play it over later. Then I'll put it on repeat. She's so adorable.

My *girlfriend* is adorable.

"...but you look a little thinner, so I hope they fit right. We can always have them taken in, I guess. Don't they feed you around here?"

Her lips look so soft. If I could just get myself a little taste, I swear I'd be good for a month. Just one kiss, and I'd be set for a whole month.

"Faith?"

"Hmmm?"

And if she slipped in some tongue, I'd be set for *two* months. *Three*, even. And if I could get my tongue inside her wet-

"Faith!"

"What??"

"Stop it. Get your mind out of my pants and listen to me."

I scowl at her.

"I wasn't there...yet."

"Okay, well stop before you do. We don't have much time."

"You're right, B. Sorry, go on."

"I said, do they feed you in here?"

"Yeah."

"Well, you need to eat more. I'm going to send you a diet that I want you to try. You're not getting enough protein, and you're starving your lean muscle mass."

"B, they have shit in here for food. Mostly starches. You're lucky I don't look like Baby Huey."

"Well, I don't care, just eat more of it. But I want you to get more protein too, okay?"

"Sure, B."

"And I want you to start working out again."

"What makes you think I've stopped?" I look good, what is she talkin about?

"Are you?"

"Well, no, but still..."

"I can tell, Faith. Don't get me wrong, you look good. And really sexy, but you're a lot thinner. A girlfriend knows these things. And that's what I am. Your girlfriend."

Awww...

...I look sexy?

I grin and wiggle my eyebrows.

"You think I look sexy, B?" I unbutton my top two.

"Faith, you don't have to unbutton your shirt. I know what you have under there."

"Oh?" A-ha! See? She was really into me. I knew it.

Then she sings that Shakira song softly to me.

*"Underneath your clothes, there's an endless story. There's the girl I chose, there's my territory..."*

And I sing back. With my real voice.

*"...and all the things you deserve, for being such a good girl, honey."*

"That was nice, Faith," she smiles. But she looks a little sad now.

I need to get out of this place.

"It won't be long, B. I'll figure something out. I'll call my lawyer this week, okay?"

"Okay."

And of course, the buzzer goes off and Julie enters the room.

Can't I ever get a break?

Buffy glances over and she notices Lisa a few seats down from her. Same spot as last time. I guess they have their 'usual' booth too.

"You okay, Buffy?" She's still looking over at Lisa. I think.

"You may be my territory, but I've got someone squatting on my acre of land," she sighs.

I don't *think* she means 'squatting' in the literal way...but either or, it's still the same meaning.

"Buffy, I'll stop. It's not that important to me. You are."

And I kind of mean it. I mean, I'm pretty sure I mean it. What the fuck...

OF COURSE I MEAN IT. Goddammit, Faith, she's your girl!

"Internal struggles, have you?" She's looking at me sad again. Or still. I don't know.

"Not at all." I mean it. I'm pretty sure I do.

"Well, it's important to me," she says, "You're in here and I'm not, and I want you to be happy. That's it, okay? It's done."

But I know it's not.

"I guess I really shouldn't want you to work out. It'll only make you hornier, and I can just imagine how that will be," she says, sighing again.

See? So I say

"Don't imagine it, Buffy. Don't even think about it, okay?"

"I'll try, Faith. But when Spike has me in his arms, all I can think about is you."

Did I just get fucked?

It sure feels like it. But I guess I deserve it. It feels like shit, though.

"Thanks for another visual, B. I'll treasure it."

"Baby, let's not fight. This is the way it is right now, we're both adults. Let's talk about how we're getting you out of here, and what we're gonna do when you are."

"Sounds good, B."

And then she tells me what Red found on the internet, the pants she bought me, the wardrobe she's putting together for me piece by piece, our room she's painting, and her little sister.

"Your *what??*?"

"Dawn. My little sister. I was wondering if you'd 'remember' her."

I think on it, and it seems vaguely familiar. Like a movie I saw when I was ten or something.

"You mean she's real? I mean, flesh and blood, real? Not like an off-shoot of a Slayer dream?"

"Yep, real. Every annoyingly bratty, and extremely *whiny*, fifteen year old inch of her."

"And she's fifteen? I wasn't that much older when I met you."

"I know, Faith."

"Okay, lemme think for a minute." And I think hard.

Yeah, she's there.

"Holy fuck, Buffy. I remember her!"

But then I get confused.

"Let me explain," she says. And she does.

Wow. That's like an acid trip. With mushrooms.

"Glory is gone and you were dead." I can't even picture it.

My B was dead?

No wonder I felt so empty. That's around the same time Angel stopped seeing me. The poor fuck.

"Is that when you started with Spike?"

"Yeah."

"I get it, B. You were dead, you came back to life, but you were still dead inside. What better person to connect with than another dead person? And a dead person that could make you feel, even. You had a connection."

"Yeah, but it made me look back at my life and search for the times I had felt really connected, and it was with you. When we used to hang together and train and patrol. A connection of life, not death."

"I don't know, Buffy, we killed a lot of things together."

"Not that kind of death, Faith. Dead heart, dead soul. Your heart beats and you have a soul. I need both of those things."

Angel has a soul. But not a beating heart. Fuck, I really do win this time.

"And it beats for you, Buffy." Did I just say that?

Oh, what the fuck.

"And it always did," I add. I can do this. Girlfriends like this sort of stuff.

"Working on your girlfriend skills, Faith? That's nice."

"I thought so." I feel a little dippy, but she seems happy.

"I'll tell you more about Dawn and the gang in a letter. Did you get the ones I sent you last week?"

"Yeah, B. They were great. I've read them over and over."

"I'll send you some comics next time too."

"You will? Oh, fuck, B, you're the greatest!" I can't believe how excited I am!

"Or would you rather have a copy of Hustler?"

"Comics, B, comics!"

She smiles at me. God, I love her.

"I love you, Buffy."

She looks surprised and then really happy. I've got skills!

"I love you too, Faith. I'm glad we didn't get cut off this time."

Hello Slayer sized sucky timing. The light starts to flash.

"We made it this time, B."

"We really did, Faith." she whispers.

I soften my eyes and I smile.

She's right. We really did.

---

I don't know what to do.

Every time I see Buffy or get a letter, I can't wait to be with her. To live with her. To love with her.

But every time I'm with Julie, I want to sleep with her. Play with her. Stay with her.

We rarely leave our cell.

She knows my body so well, it's like she's got an entire map memorized.

The Grand Tetons and Deep Valley or Flowing Springs.

And I know hers by heart too. Or by touch, really.

I can read Braille, remember?

But she's in here for life and I'm leaving in a week.

Yeah. A week.

Don't ask me how, but after a few months, Buffy said Red had found or did something on the net. She said she just needed to hammer out a few things, but she was sure it would work out.

She was makin a deal with someone. And it all depended on their willingness to follow their heart.

I guess that meant she found a bleeding-heart attorney that would take my case for free. Angel even called me and told me he thought they were on to something, and for me to sit tight and think about Buffy. She told him, and he was dealin with it.

I think he does have a heart.

Then a week ago I got called into the warden's office and he told me what was going on. He apologized and said the state would make it up to me somehow, but that sometimes mistakes happen. I lost him there, but all I really cared about was I gettin out and was going to be with Buffy.

And her bratty sister, Dawn.

She had come a few times with Buffy on visitor's day. Her memories of me weren't all that nice, but Buffy reminded her that they weren't real. But then the kid said

"Well, sure, *my* memories may not be real, but the facts still are." But then I got to complimentin her and telling her how mature she looked, and if I was a few years younger she'd a been in trouble. I told her I still would have wound up in prison, on account of her being jail-bait and all.

So now I think she's crushin on me. Just a little.

Buffy thought it was funny, cus after that visit, Dawn started painting her room, asking Buffy what my favorite color was.

She told her not to do it, but now Dawn's room is Midnight Black. She says it's like a cave in there and she needs a flashlight and a coal miner's cap to find her.

And Tara and Red are super cool. Red forgave me. I think Tara had something to do with that. And the fact that Buffy was now family. One big happy family. And gay, too.

But I think this really is a phase for Dawn, cus Buffy says she's got one wall with my pictures on it and one with Spike's and Xander's.

Well, Spike's are all make-believe. Empty frames with pieces of his Billy Idol hair where his head would be.

That kid really wasn't born normal.

Red had rolls of film that she had developed after I had turned on them. She never bothered to show them to Buffy, thinkin it wasn't the wisest thing to do. But she held onto them. She brought them out after Buffy had told her she was serious about me. And then Dawn snagged a few.

I wonder how many pictures Red really had if all of the ones gone missing turned up. I bet Xander has some stashed away.

Oh. And Xander has a girl. His very own girl. A quirky and extremely odd girl, as Buffy tells it, but still a real live girl. I hope he's matured some, and not so excitable.

I mean, he was decent enough but....seven minutes is still seven minutes.

I've had gas that lasted longer than that.

So I don't know what to do. I can't stay with Julie, but while I'm here, I can't tear myself away from her.

She's being really brave about it too. She knew I'd be gettin out sometime, but we both thought it would be years away from today. Certainly not next week. My sentence was 25 to Life.

I made sure nothing would happen to her when I left. I went around and scared the living shit outta the ones I thought would harm her. Had to break a few heads to make my point.

But I hear neck braces are making a comeback this season.

Kinda like a big choker. Very chic. A couple of dykes...okay, five or ten...were already in fashion.

Now if they got a little make-up in this place they'd all be the cat's meow. But they don't, so they're pretty much all still butt-ugly.

But the real thing Julie was scared about, was being alone.

Alone and lonely.

Living her Life term by herself. Lisa still comes to visit, but Julie thinks she's fuckin somebody. She seems preoccupied when she comes and gets real quiet. She's not really tellin Julie what's goin on in her life anymore. And then last week she told Julie that she wouldn't be comin this Sunday. She had some things that 'needed to be done' and was pretty vague about it.

She's probably crammin more cock up her cunt. I never really liked her. Julie's too good for her.



So, for the first time in fifteen months she's not comin...and now I was leavin.

My Slayer sized timing still sucked.

"Faith, what are you thinking?" Julie asks, running her fingers through my hair.

"I'm thinking about you," I tell her. I run my thumb over her lips.

She kisses it and says

"Don't. Think about Buffy." And then she starts to cry.

Just soft tears at first, but then a little bit harder. She turns her face into the pillow. I think she's embarrassed.

"Come on Julie, don't cry. I'll come to visit you all the time."

She doesn't answer, she just cries quietly into the pillow.

I stroke her hair and place soft kisses on her cheek. I lie down next to her and pull her in my arms. She sobs gently into my neck, attempting to still herself. She's trying not to upset me, to take away from my happiness of leaving next week.

She's such a good girl.

"I'll visit you every Sunday. I promise. Until the day I die."

And I mean it. And I know that she knows that I do.

She turns her head and I kiss the tears from her clear blue eyes.

She's beautiful.

I know she's not Buffy, but she's beautiful.

I start to regret all the times I kept my eyes closed with her.

"Faith?" she finally whispers.

"Hmm, baby?"

"Do you...love me?" She's suddenly shy now.

"Yes, I do." I kiss her lips.

"Like you love Buffy?"

"No, baby...like I love Julie."

She puts her arms around my neck and pulls herself into me.

"I love you too. And not like Lisa, like Faith."

And it's okay.

She's not Buffy and I'm not Lisa, and it's still okay.

So like the last four nights, we made love. We know what it is now. We know what to call it.

And it's okay.

---

The guard had informed me that Buffy was in the warden's office and they were sorting out paper work. I guess she was in there with my new attorney. I think he was a high profile type and did this to make himself feel better for all the scum he had defended.

People like me.

The warden musta been impressed, because he escorted me to processing area personally. I gotta hand it to Red, she's sure a wiz on that net. She found me a good one.

I had left Julie in the cell. We had said our goodbyes earlier by making love all morning and all through the night before.

She knew I was coming to see her on Sunday and every Sunday after that, for as long as I lived. Which hopefully is a long time, but I got my doubts, with me being a Slayer and all.

But she doesn't know that, and I sure wasn't about to tell her.

When I was leavin, the alarm sounded and she was forced to go line up for a head count. They do this every once in a while, but today we had some more prisoners comin in. They make us all stand in line, on either side, when they walk through the place. I think it was to scare the shit outta the new meat.

And they were definitely new meat.

I hoped they bunked a new fish in with Julie. Someone who's not jaded and toughened yet. Maybe she won't be so lonely if she got someone decent like herself. But the chances were slim. Most of the fish deserved to be in here, and then some.

They processed my papers and I was told Buffy was waiting for me outside. I can't wait to see her and to thank my new attorney.

Buffy obviously got him to listen to his heart after all.

I watched as the prisoners lined up. I found Julie and she was lookin over towards me. She gave me a brave little smile.

I noticed the other prisoners gave her some space. No one tried to crowd her or get fresh with her. I guess my technique worked.

Then the cat-calling started. Hootin and hollerin.

The new meat was just ushered in and they were all walking with their bed linens and blankets in their hands. They all had their heads down, afraid to draw attention to themselves.

Except for one.

"Julie!!" she cried out.

I looked at the girl and then looked over at Julie.

"Oh my god, Lisa!!" she cried back.

And then I cried. God bless her, that Buffy.

Buffy got the girl to follow her heart.

And it led her right into here.

---

"Hurry up, Faith, we're gonna be late!"

"I'm hurrying, B, where'd you put my pants last night?"

"You mean these?" the teenager says, looking behind the couch.

"Oh, well throw them up here, will ya?" I'm staring at her from the top of the stairs. She stares back.

"Get them yourself," says the brat, walking into the kitchen.

"Buffy..." I whine.

"Oh Faith, for god's sake, just come downstairs already. Nobody cares if you're in your underwear."

I slide down the banister on my bare ass.

"Not wearin underwear today, goin commando."

"If I have to pick splinters out of your ass one more time..."

"Relax, B, I waxed the fucker."

"The banister or your ASS?" yells the mutant teenager.

"I'll wax your face with my ass, you brat."

"You're as bad as she is," Buffy says, shaking her head at me.

"No, I'm not."

"Yes, you are!" yells the idiot child.

"I guess the honeymoon is over, huh, B? She got over her crush real fast."

"I NEVER had a crush on you, you leave-your-pants-behind-the-couch tramp!"

"I think it's morphed into genuine love, Faith. She's jealous."

"I am not, *Buffy*, you take-the-pants-off-the-tramp-and-leave-them-behind-the-couch-so-impressionable-teenagers-like-ME-will-need-therapy-and-question-their-own-sexuality-for-life, SISTER of mine!"

"Damn, B, with a mouth like that, she could support us all with a career in porn. She can sure fit a lot in it."

"I hate you!" And we hear the kitchen door open and slam shut.

"Get your ass in those pants or we'll be late."

"What time you schedule the visit for?" I pull my pants up and grab my boots.

"The same as always, Faith. You know Julie likes consistency."

"Well, fire up the car then, let's motor."

We're going to see the happy jail birds. And they really were happy. Prison or no prison.

Buffy had started talking to Lisa a few months before I got out.

She waited for her in the parking lot after visiting me once.

She knew their situation, and she had always noticed the look of sadness and pain on Lisa's face after visiting Julie.

Buffy said she looked like a woman with regrets, a lot like herself. She had to talk to her.

They had started going to diners afterwards, talking and telling each other about the things they would have done differently, if they could have.

She also told Buffy that if she could, and if she had the balls for it, she would have killed somebody just to get herself inside the pen.

But Buffy knew she didn't really mean it. But she also knew that she was serious about spending her life in jail with Julie.

So they started thinking. And then Red came up with the idea of switching places. Not our bodies, literally, like with me and Buffy and the gizmo the mayor had left me.

But by taking my place.

Buffy, Red, Giles, and Angel decided to trust Lisa with the truth. Slayers, vamps, demons and Alan Finch. And how much I was needed to do good in the world. I could make up for my crimes on the outside better than I could on the inside.

The kicker is Lisa once lived in Sunnydale.

In fact, she went to Sunnydale High. She was a transfer student and had only missed graduation because her school files never made it over in time, so she was not allowed to join in the ceremony.

She had her cap and gown and everything, but the files were late and just never got there in time.

Talk about timing. Bad timing that turned out to be good.

After the whole massacre went down, she and her parents left Sunny D and found a new place for them to live. That's where she met Julie. And they became sweethearts on and since the day they met.

She told Buffy that she had the affair because she started having doubts about her sexuality.

She had only been with Julie, and thought she really hadn't given guys a real chance. She had met the poor guy at a training session, and he was nice and sweet and really into her.

She was going to break it off with him that very day.

But then one thing led to another, and she was giving him one last goodbye fuck.

And it really was a goodbye fuck.

Goodbye boyfriend, goodbye girlfriend, goodbye any chance for a happy life.

They were all fucked.

But she did remember reading and seeing the news about Alan.

Red was able to do some things on the internet; changing and rearranging some files on the police report. She also found Lisa's files from her other school and switched them with mine. We thought ours had all been lost when the school blew apart, but there they were, on the net.

Like anything else you'd ever need to find. Computers are fuckin scary.

Plus the description of me could fit Lisa --if they really wanted it to-- so she turned herself in, saying she found Jesus and he told her to make things right.

She told them that she was a strung out kid at the time, and that she was turning tricks for money and rollin the guys afterwards for more cash. She said Alan wasn't buying, and she freaked out and grabbed a piece of crate and went psycho on him. When she saw what she had done, she split. She thought she had left him there, wallet and all. She had no idea how he wound up in the water. It was all a blur.

But what convinced the police to believe her, was when she admitted to killing the professor who studied volcanoes.

She said she was trying to break in, but he answered the door and she freaked out again.

She got two Life sentences without parole, back to back.

And she couldn't be any happier.

The police and the new mayor's office were willing to accept her confession. They were afraid the media would find out, and cast a shadow on their new administration.

They were still recovering from the old one.

Funny thing is, in all their hurry to get this over with, nobody bothered to question my confession.

I guess B and Red know their town pretty well.

And the corruption that laid within it. Just like with all big institutions, you can't always trust em.

Just look at The Watcher's Council.

But paperwork is always slow, so that's why it took three weeks to get me out. Thank god for red tape. It gave me and Julie time to realize how much we cared about each other, and how much we wanted for the other to be happy.

We've been visiting them now for two months. Every Sunday.

And yeah, that's how long I've been out.

I got a 'job' with Xander and his construction crew. I work like a horse, or an ASS, if you listen to Dawnie, and do the work of ten men. I'm up for supervisor now.

It's even kinda fun. I can't believe I get paid for it.

And Spike. Spike, Mr. William the Bloody, Spike.

He still hangs around and all that. He's real good with Dawnie, and the brat seems to love him and stuff. When she starts workin our nerves, we send her over to his place for a while. She comes back all starry eyed and pretty much bearable again. But just barely.

Spike. Dead Man Walking, Spike. Go figure.

But I guess if I was into fuckin dead things, I'd a gone for it myself. Maybe. Not really into turtlenecks so much.

More of a V-neck kinda gal who likes cleavage.

So... how ya like them apples? Pretty wicked, huh?

But I got melons on my mind right now. And Buffy's cleavage.

I'm feelin her up while she's drivin.

"Faith," she breathes, trying to keep the steering wheel straight.

"Mmmm," I have her shirt open and a tender nipple in my mouth.

She's still a little sore from last night.

"Baby, if you don't stop, I'll have to pull the car over again."

I keep nibbling, tender little kisses with a lot of tongue.

"Mmm-hmmm!" I respond. We're not late.

We always leave early, givin us time to fool around on the way.

That's what she was complainin about. I cut our foolin around time down by five minutes.

I can still count, you know, and I know these things.

"Faith, I already pulled this car over once, if you don't stop, I'll have to pull us over again."

And?

We always stop twice on the way up, and twice on the way back.

Julie's not the only one who likes consistency.

I slip my hand to her crotch and start rubbin her. She weaves the car.

Another driver swerves by, this one honking his horn and screaming out the window.

"Fucking Sunday drivers!!!"

Hmm...I wonder if that's how the expression got started?

"I guess I better pull over," she sighs.

"I guess you better," I muffle into her breast.

Buffy pulls over and finds a nice spot under a tree. I love this highway.

She turns off the ignition and looks at me. I look up with a nipple in my mouth.

"Whnmp?" And I suck again.

"You are in so much trouble."

She pulls the lever by her side and the seat folds backwards.

No, I'm not. She is.

I move my body so I can kiss her, my hand pulling down her zipper. She never put her panties back on from last time, so access is free and easy. I slip a finger in her pants and run it up her snatch.

She's so wet, it slides in by itself. I start usin it.

"Mmmm," she moans in my mouth, raising her hips with my thrusts.

Buffy is horny 24/7. I knew we were meant for each other.

She takes her hands and begins massaging my back, then her fingers start pulling at my shirt. I break the kiss so she can lift it off of me. I'm not wearing a bra. I know better.

She puts her hands under my pits and hauls me up, taking one of my own nipples into her mouth. I groan.

"Unh," She's got such a nice mouth. And a pretty mean tongue.

She starts licking me up with it.

"Yeah baby, I love that," I breathe looking down at her.

She thrusts harder against my finger, letting me know she wants another one.

But I give her two. Nothing but the best for my girl.

"Nnnngh, oh Faith," she gasps against my breast.

She grabs my waistband and tugs my pants down. I was already unzipped and prepared for her.

Like a Boy Scout.

She slides the back of her hand between my legs and starts rubbin me with her wrist and knuckles. It opens me up.

"Stick it in," I tell her roughly. But she doesn't.

We still have a little bit of a control issue.

The fact that she has it and I don't.

Not much, anyway.

"Baby," I urge her.

She ignores me, moving her mouth to my other nipple. She keeps using that mean tongue of hers.

I stop moving my fingers in her pussy and take them out. She immediately places three fingers inside me.

Yeah, *I'm* the boss now.

I put my fingers back into her pussy and we start fuckin each other.

See, oral is a little hard to do in a compact sized car.

Don't get me wrong, we've done it, but Buffy doesn't seem to appreciate the nice little imprint the steering wheel leaves on her back.

She's such a wuss sometimes.

I move my hand to her breast and start rubbin the tip of her nipple with my thumb. I cup her breast with the rest of my hand.

I give it a squeeze.

She bites down on my nipple and I shudder against her mouth.

I'm still a little sore too, but I can take it. I'm no wuss.

I pull my hand up from her pussy and start rubbin her wet snatch with it. I run it up and down her clit and then plunge back inside. I do it again and again.

I do it one more time and then...

She copies me.

Cheater.



I tear my nipple from her mouth and start kissin her, she moves her free hand to my breast and starts rubbin my nipple with her thumb and squeezin the rest of it with her hand.

Big time cheater.

But I don't mind, and I let her know.

"Copy cat," I murmur, purring and licking her ear. I start humpin her hand with my hips.

"Monkey see, monkey do," she murmurs back, and turns her head to kiss me.

We hurry it along, groaning with each other as we mirror our movements. I come first, but she's right behind me. I kiss her softly as I wait for her to finish.

"I love you, Buffy." I whisper, using my skills.

"I love you too, now get off me," she says, and pushes me away.

We still gotta work on hers a little. I'm not Spike, after all.

But I say

"Damn, B, gotta love a girl who doesn't need to be held after."

She makes a face at me.

I'm kiddin, cus she's a big time cuddler. With me, anyway.

And I'm pretty good doin the spoon thing myself.

She fires up the engine and speeds off onto the highway. She leaves a little rubber, too.

Yeah, we better motor or we really will be late.

My Chim-Chim turns into Speed Racer as we peel our way down the road.

---

"Oooo, that's really nice, Lisa!" Buffy exclaims into the phone.

I look at Julie cus I don't know what Lisa's doin.

"She's flexing her bicep, Faith. She's been doing Buffy's diet and working out a lot," she says. We both roll our eyes.

Yeah, B and Lisa are thick as thieves. Or two con-artists, actually.

"She gettin real buff now?" I ask Julie. She shakes her head.

"No, not really. She has put on some muscle, though. It looks good on her."

"I bet she looks good on you, too." I say smiling.

She blushes a little. It looks great with her tan.

Julie and Lisa took up where we left off. They get the same perks that Julie and I used to get.

Nude sun bathin and showers.

"You look good too, Faith. You have that flushed look you used to get after we just had sex. I remember that look. You and Buffy been consistent so far today?"

"I remember how you looked, too. All sexy and breathless...and yep. Gonna get even more flushed on the way home."

"Of course you will. And then after you get home too."

"You know it. Hey, you guys work out that problem yet?"

"Sorta. But she still gets pissed when people call her Max junior."

I laugh.

"Yeah, well, she's got two Life times to get over it."

"And it just may take that long, Faith. It already feels like an eternity to me," she sighs.

But then she smiles. She's kidding.

"So you guys are still pretty happy then?"

"Yeah, the happiest we've ever been. Even before I got locked up in here."

"Us, too. Well, I am at least. I hope Buffy is."

"I'm sure she is, Faith. You're kinda hard not to love. But everything takes some adjusting. You've got a new home and a new family, and she's got her territory back. You've got your freedom now and we don't. But it will all work out okay."

I know it was Lisa's decision, but I still feel a little guilty.

But luckily, Lisa adjusted pretty quickly to the joint. She was familiar with prison life because of all the things Julie had written and told her about it. She was a martial arts instructor so she could take care of herself, plus Buffy had taught her a few moves as well. She was probably the toughest chick on the block.

But in bed she still got a little whiny.

Julie had picked up a few moves of her own, having been with me all those months. Lisa loved it, but afterwards got insecure about how Julie had learned them. I guess their sex used to be somewhat vanilla.

So she tried to butch up her own technique, but looked really stupid doin em. Julie told her to just be herself, that 'Max' was gone and that 'Max junior' didn't exist.

She was Lisa, her sweetheart from High School.

"How's Buffy doing with it?"

"Oh, well, you know..."

I told Julie that Buffy has trouble with it from time to time as well. Like if I had my eyes closed, or if I spent too much time between her legs.

Which I have a tendency of doing.

She wants me to keep my eyes open, which I always do now, cuz she wants me to know who I'm with. But I still have a little trouble comin up from her thighs.

It's nice there.

She'll say

"What color are my eyes?"

She'll even ask it when I'm eatin her.

I think I'm gonna wear a little hat that says 'Green' on it.

Or a Carl's Jr. cap that says

'Don't bother me, I'm eating.' It really is a catchy slogan.

"Don't worry, Faith. She has her lifetime to get over it," Julie smiles.

"Oh my god, Lisa, that is sooo funny!" Buffy says suddenly.

Blah blah blah, Lisa, blah blah blah. Whatever.

"Faith, you really need to get over it," Julie says to me.

"Get over what?"

"Your attitude. You're sitting there making faces into the phone. I don't know what Buffy is saying, but Lisa isn't doing anything right now."

So right then Lisa slides herself next to Julie, plants a wet one on her lips, winks at me, and then she's gone.

"What was *that??*"

"I have no idea," Julie says surprised, touching her lips.

"You're not very slick, Faith. Lisa can hear what Julie is saying, you know," Buffy says to me smiling.

"And you can hear everything that I'm saying. In fact, between the two of you, you can hear our entire conversation!"

Julie looks at me surprised and then looks over at Lisa.

"Yep. And don't you forget it," Buffy turns back to Lisa and she's laughing.

Julie and I look at each other.

"For two months," Julie says.

"For two months," I echo.

Yeah, they're thick as thieves, those two. Con-artists.

Julie and I will just have to write more letters.

---

"So then I tell her, 'Spread your legs and play with yourself'."

"Like this?" Buffy breathes.

"Yeah, B. Like that, but wider."

She spreads herself wider and fingers herself.

"Then what did you say?"

"I said 'Listen, bitch. If you want me to eat you, you're gonna have to do it faster'."

She starts fucking herself faster.

"Like this?" she breathes, a little harder.

"Yeah, B. Just like that."

I watch her fuck herself while she's lookin at me. Fuck, if prison was really like this for me, I mighta never left.

She watches me as I start takin off my dungarees. It's actually my construction clothes, but we like to pretend.

I still know how to pretend. Buffy is pretty good at it too.

"What do you think you're doing? Did I tell you to stop?"

"You told her that?" she asks.

"No, I'm tellin you."

"Oh." She gets really excited and starts fucking herself again.

She stopped for a second to admire my ass when I bent down to slip my pants over my boots. I'm naked with my Doc's on.

"I'm just gonna act like you're her and I'm me, okay?"

"Okay." Yeah, she's super turned on now. Her pussy is makin noises and I can smell it.

I crawl up to the bed and place myself between her legs. I watch her fuck herself. She's so wet, her pussy is splashin on me.

But I am pretty close.

I flick out my tongue and lick at her fingers. She's got two shoved up in her snatch and she's workin em.

"Slower and rub your clit."

She rubs her clit and lets out a moan.

"Ohh, Max..." she moans, breathing out the name.

"That's right. I'm Max and who are you?" I run my tongue up her slit.

"Oooohh, I'm Jane," she gasps.

"Jane who?" I demand.

"Jane Doe."

"That's right. You're Jane Doe, cuz you're nuthin."

"I'm Jane Doe and I'm nothing."

"No, that's wrong."

"It is?" she gets confused.

"Yes, cunt, you're Jane Doe and you're my bitch."

She gets really excited again.

"I'm Jane Doe and I'm your bitch."

"That's right, bitch, now eat me."

I move myself up her body and squat above her face. I rest the tops of my boots on her shoulders, my knees on both sides of her head.

I look down at her.

She's looking up at me and her eyes are half closed. She's making little gasping sounds and fuckin herself good.

"You're gonna do this right, or I won't eat you."

She lifts her head and plants her mouth on my snatch. I lower myself onto her and she lays her head back onto the pillow.

"Eat me, cunt."

She grabs my hip and buries her tongue in my pussy. Her teeth are hittin my clit and her tongue feels like a finger.



...and all my air escapes me.

"Baby...god...stop," I whisper. I can barely speak.

"Baby..." And now I just whimper.

She broke me. Buffy broke me.

She finally releases me, and I collapse backwards onto her body.

I look up at the ceiling, and I swear I see stars.

Are we outside or inside?

She raises her knees and I turn my limp head to kiss her thigh.

She cradles my head between her legs, and I feel her raise her own head to kiss my pussy softly.

My boots are still on her shoulders but my legs have spread wider.

Lying upside down, backwards, on top of your girlfriend, will do that sometimes. You should try it. You could win a limbo contest that way.

So then she says

"Who's the bitch now, Max?"

And then she starts giggling.

The goof.

---

So that's pretty much it.

It's not your typical pulp prison fic story, but it's mine, plus it's real, and there was still lots of sex in it.

But this one had love too. Inside and out.

Julie and Lisa are doin great. We still see them every Sunday, and now the brat insists on comin with us too.

We think she's crushin on both of them now, cuz she took a picture of Lisa's bicep and then wrote the name 'Dawn' with a heart drawn around it.

It's on her wall. And she cakes her eyelashes with tons of mascara these days. Maybelline, of course.

Buffy thinks we should stop being affectionate around her, thinkin that we were the cause of her behavior.

Not Red, not Tara, us. But I told B that just like she was born with it, Dawn was born with it too.

And I'm not talkin about beauty or the 'gay gene' here, either.

I'm talkin about weirdness.

Oh yeah. She was definitely born with it.

But she's still our kid sister, so we want to do right by her.

Family is what's really important to us now. And family isn't always blood. In fact, a lot of the times it isn't.

It could be life long friends, new found friends, a Watcher, an ex-demon or a vamp.

Even strange glowy green stuff.

So instead of a college fund, we started one for therapy.

We think it's going to be a life long endeavor for her.

But with family and friends and lots of therapy to help her...

Well, let's just put it this way:

We know we've found the key.

The End.

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