

**Rating:** No sexual situations, no bad words – just a hell here and there. So I'm going for PG.

**Pairing:** W/K B/F

**Disclaimer:** They're not mine, the characters that is. Almighty Joss owns them, he and ME, UPN, WB, whatever you wanna throw at me, I do not own them. Cos if I did, I wouldn't be here right now! Ha!

**Notes:** Okay, because of the lovely feedback I got and the much inspiring e-mail Miss Oral sent me, I just had to write another chapter. So here it is, folks! Enjoy!

**Notes 2:** Okay bear with me here, I wrote this fic in the middle of the night. Even though Word comes with a nifty spellchecker, there still could be some typo's, spelling or grammatical errors. Don't sue me for them; keep in mind I am not a native English speaker, far from even! Thank you for listening, now go on and read it. This story is NOT beta'd. Why? Cos my beta is busy and I don't wanna disturb her. Haha!

**Spoilers:** This is Post-Season 7. And a sequel to Wee Ones, which is a sequel Fruit Loops.

**Summary:** Another spur of the moment. No, a drabble of the moment, more. Faith and Kennedy are on a trip to a pissass country called Belgium and they're on a rock festival (Rock Werchter 2004). Note that this is indeed a real Rock Festival and that indeed the singer mentioned in this fanfic performed on this festival this weekend and that I did indeed see her. She rocked serious ass. The girl and boy are real: they're yours truly and her best friend, Lester. Hahaha, just had to include myself for a bit :p Now go read!

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"I can't believe you talked me into this, Smurf." Faith grumbles when trying to avoid the oncoming people. You'd start to think these people don't have eyes going on how much they bump into Faith. She'd be sporting bruises by the end of the hour. Which of course would've been faded by the end of the next hour, but hey!

Kennedy laughs and pats her friend on the shoulder. "Stop being such an ass. This is a great idea and you know it." She realized her best friend desperately needed a break and spoke about it to Buffy and Willow. Their wives agreed the two best friends should take a small break and get on a plane towards a wacky destination. Belgium was where the dart ended, courtesy of little Kayley throwing it. Though Belgium was the third choice - the first and second choice was the middle of the Antlantic. Kennedy decided against that idea because she knows how seasick Faith can get.

When Kennedy had suggested a date and Faith had agreed, she found out at the time they'd be in Belgium a rock festival would be going on. Knowing Faith loves music, she thought this would be a great idea.

"Going to a rock festival, sure but Belgium? What a pissass country!" The brunette ignores the several dirty looks thrown her way after her comment and quickens the pace a little.

"Chill out Cubs, sjeez. It's not cause we don't understand their language that they don't understand ours." Kennedy rolls her eyes and grabs Faith's arm to slow her down a little. "And stop walking this fast. It isn't going to make time go quicker."

"Whatever Smurf." The older woman mutters. She eyes the big entrance that leads them to the field with the main stage on it and sighs. "Let's just go in. The faster this deal is over, the faster we can leave this pissass country and get back to B and Angie."

"Will you cut out dissing this country? Sjeez. Come on, it'll be fun. I have mentioned Joss Stone is on tonight, right?"

At this Faith seems to lighten a bit up. "Yes you did. You're lucky she's blonde and damn hot. Roar." She pokes Kennedy in the belly and winks. "And I know you agree."

Kennedy nods. "I do, you moron. Now let's go in. And stop insulting this country! We agreed wherever the dart would end, we'd go. It's not my fault Kayley's has her mother's way of throwing things." She pushes Faith towards the entrance and ignores the mutter reply of Faith saying the kid's lucky she also got her mother's brains. She fishes out their tickets when they reach the first bit. After the security guards check them, they move on to the second bit where they have to show their tickets. Both women get a yellow bracelet put on their wrists and a funky looking pass to hang around their necks.

"Hierdoor kunnen-" The girl behind the counter starts to say but gets cut off by Kennedy.

"Sorry we don't understand... uh... that. We're American." Kennedy frowns. She doesn't remember ever hearing a language called Belgian so she wonders what language it is that they speak here.

The girl raises her eyebrow but shrugs. "Okay, sorry. You use the bracelets to get on the field and you use the passes to get backstage and stuff. Don't lend them out to anyone. Understood?"

Faith rolls her eyes at the authority in the girl's voice. Chick's like ten years younger. "Whatever kid. Can we go in now?"

The girl nods and waves them along. Faith and Kennedy walk onto the big field and watch a bit in amazement at the dozens of food and drinks stands, the huge mainstage and the somewhat smaller field next to the mainstage one.

"This is huge, dude."

"I know." Kennedy agrees. If her eyes would be a little wider her eyeballs would fall out for sure. She drags Faith along to the first food stand in their reach: the pizza stand. "I say we eat something. The damn smell is making me hungry."

"I know how you feel." Grabbing her wallet she pulls out, what she calls a funny looking bill and slaps it on the counter at the stand. "That enough to buy a pizza?"

The nerdy looking guy behind the counter eyes the 500 euro bill and blinks a few times before answering in a meek voice, "Nee. Uh, I mean, uh, no." He points at a booth that says 'KASSA'. "You need to buy tickets."

"I don't quite get it, Smurf." Faith says over her shoulder to Kennedy, still looking at the guy.

Kennedy shrugs. "Let's go check out that booth then." When Kennedy turns around her eyes spots another booth far on the other side of the field with a sign above it: Food tickets. "Never mind Cubs, I get it. Come on." They both walk over to the booth that the boy pointed at. "Hi, we'd like to buy some food tickets."

"Sure. How many do you want?"

Faith bumps her shoulder against Kennedy's one and smirks. "These people really do have the worst accent ever."

Kennedy shoots her friend a mean look and gives the guy in the booth an apologetic look. "I think uh, 50 or something like that will do."

"That's 30 euro please for 48 tickets, please."

Faith gives the guy the bill and doesn't notice the surprised look on the guy's face. "Not from around, huh?"

"What's it to you?" Faith sneers but backs off when Kennedy pushes her away.

"Forgive her. She was raised in the gutter." Kennedy accepts the change and tickets and politely nods at the guy. She drags Faith along towards the pizza stand again and orders two huge slices of pizza. Spotting the piece of paper hanging on the side of the stand saying '6 tickets/pizza' she drops 12 tickets on the counter, grabs the carton board plates and hands one to Faith. "Eat it so this country will have like one minute of Faith not dissing it."

"Pissass is what it is, and you know it." The older brunette grabs the slice of pizza and brings it to her mouth to bite a big chunk out of it. "Okay gotta hand it to the pizza guys, they know how to make a mean pizza." She says with a mouthful of pizza.

"Eew! Faith! At least swallow before you start talking. I don't need a pizza-shower." Kennedy shakes her head and wonders how little Angie's ever gonna learn manners with a mother like Faith.

"Hey watch where you going, you punk kids!" Faith exclaims when a teenage looking guy bumps into her almost tripping over in the process. He straightens himself and half smiles.

"Sorry." He says and shrugs. A girl, who was walking behind him, catches up and slaps him on the shoulder making him stagger a little.

"Goe bezig Lester jonge, goe bezig." She laughs and keeps her right hand on the boy's shoulder. "Loopt de mense veu de voete."

The boy rolls his eyes but chuckles. "Gohja Inge, kent mij e."

"Damn. Has anyone ever told you people your language is one weirdass lingo?" Faith says when she finishes her pizza. She eyes the plate in her hand and wonders where the nearest bin is.

"Die pipo's zijn Amerikanen? Da's gewoon erg, jonge." The girl says. She steps in front of the boy and with a cheesy grin she says, "Has anyone ever told you people your president has a stick up his ass?" The boy and girl snicker at the comment and give each other a high five.

"Who do you think put that stick up his ass?" Faith retorts and smirks. She likes the attitude this girl has. It reminds her of herself.

Kennedy smiles and shakes her head. Of course Faith would wanna pick a semi-fight with one of the locals, it's her thing. Nothing physical of course, purely verbal. "Leave the young teenagers alone Cubs and stop annoying them."

"Nah Smurf, I'm not annoying them. Or am I?" Challenges the brunette. Crossing her arms, she gives the girl her 'give me your best shot kid' look.

"I've met more annoying people. That you belong in the annoying category is a definite yes right now but you're not up with the big players... yet." She looks behind the first brunette to look at the second one and raises her eyebrows. "Smurf. For a smurf you look awfully pink, you know that?"

"I'm aware of that fact." Kennedy says with a bit of a sarcastic tone. She grabs Faith's hand and pulls her back a little. "Let's go Faith. Joss Stone is on in bit."

"Aww, you never let me have any fun, Pinky!" Faith pulls her hand free and turns around to face the younger girl again. "In case I bruised your ego, your accent's not as bad as most people I hear around here. Keep it up." She pats the girl on the upper arm and winks. "See ya, kid." She turns around and drapes her arm over her best friend's shoulder. "Let's go, dude."

"Wait, I have no idea if she's performing on the mainstage or in that tent thing over there." Kennedy says and scratches her forehead. "The little piece of paper said it but Miss Leather thought it'd be best to chuck it away."

"Dude, I didn't know your bill for this week's groceries had our entire schedule on it! Should've told me sooner, you know."

"Yeah, whatever. Come on, let's ask someone."

"Hey wait, I'll go ask the bumper guy and miss attitude over there." Faith laughs and jogs on over to the two teenagers. She taps the girl on the shoulder and smiles at the forced annoyed look on the girl's face. "Got a question for you."

"I don't have any money; the only Americans who have my phone number are weird but not as weird as you and I'm not gonna buy you a drink." She points at the ring on Faith's ringfinger. "I'm a waffle, not a homewrecker."

Faith raises both her eyebrows and starts laughing. "Kid, you're the weird one here you know. Well I guess you're mute boy over there might win in that competition." She smirks at the lovesick look on the boy's face. "Married for over 5 years, happily may I add and I'm still very much in love with the misses." She stresses the word misses for some reason she can't get herself but mentally shrugs it off. "I've got a job so I've got the money bit covered. The only

thing I'm confused about is the waffle bit but I guess I'll let it slide. I just wanted to ask you if you have any idea where Joss Stone is performing today."

The girl turns around and asks the boy a question, which Faith can't understand anyway. Directing herself at Faith again, she says, "Pyramid. In about ten minutes. I'd hurry if I were you, thing's gonna be packed."

Faith nods and winks. "Thanks kid." She jogs on over back to Kennedy and starts running to the tent on the other field. "Gotta hurry Smurf, she's gonna be on in a bit."

Kennedy rolls her eyes and mutters, "That's a reason to act like a spaz between rockers? Great." She starts running as well and quickly catches up with Faith. When they reach the pyramid in record time - age didn't affect them that much, still quicker than a normal human being - they spot the entrance to backstage of the Pyramid. "Hey Faith, this is an all-areas-pass, right?"

"Yes rich ass, it is. And I know we got it through your daddy's contacts. I'll remember to send him a bottle of bourbon for Christmas."

"Shut up Cubs. I'm just saying, what's the point in standing in the back and seeing this hot chick from afar when we can easily see her from the front of the stage and maybe even meet her afterwards."

Faith thinks for a moment, a frown plastered on her face but it quickly turns into a smile. "Good thinking, Smurf. Let's go."

"Just don't go jumping her bones if we meet her, Faith! I'm not explaining Buffy why on earth you got kicked out of a music happening again."

"Dude! I didn't jump Michelle Branch! I'm telling you, she totally jumped me. I was wearing my red leathers - who wouldn't wanna jump me then?" She shoves her friend using her hip.

"Right." She looks down to see what Faith's wearing this time. Tight jeans. 'It's better than leathers, I guess.' The younger brunette thinks and shrugs. She follows a giddy Faith to the backstage entrance and inwardly hopes her friend will be able to contain herself.

### The End

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Man, this is just... me drabbling. I just got back from Rock Werchter 2004 - in 2003 they got the award of best European festival - and someone sent me an e-mail which inspired me to write another chapter to this and include the festival bit. She also made me think of another chapter. Expect it in a few days IF my mind wants to cooperate. Thanks Oral ;)

**Translations NOTE:** The Dutch used in this fic was dialect Dutch. The one I use and the one my friend Lester uses. Don't learn this crap dude :p

"Goe bezig Lester jonge, goe bezig." Good going Lester, good going. "Stoempt de mense ma op de grond, wer." Hit the people on the ground, why don'tcha. "Gohja Inge, kent mij e." Oh

well Inge, you know me. "Die pipo's zijn Amerikanen? Da's gewoon erg, jonge." These goobers are Americans? That's just bad dude.

Again, dialect Dutch, don't learn this! Haha! Anyone, do you or do you not want another chapter on this one? This is what you're getting - take it or leave it :p