

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

Part Two

Veni Vidi Vici Vegas

FAITH'S POV:

"ROADTRIP!!" Xander and I exclaim, slapping our hands together in a high-five.

Buffy and the rest of the Scoobs just smile at our inanity.

The Watchers Council had phoned up Giles, notifying him that the annual International Wicca Conference was bein' held in the United States this year. And, of all places...Las Vegas, Nevada.

I love Vegas!

But there were two things that kinda dampened our enthusiasm though.

One, Oz couldn't go with us. He had an out-of-town gig that weekend, and he couldn't let the rest of his band down. And two, it falls on Valentine's Day weekend.

Not that I minded, mind you, but I kinda think Buffy's idea of a romantic weekend would be at a secluded country Bed & Breakfast, not at some fast paced city that's known for its loose slots and looser women.

I love Vegas!

But we were definitely better off than poor Red. She had to choose between the most prestigious magick conference in the world or spendin time with her honey.

"No, it's cool, Will. You should go," was Dog-boy's response.

He's an understandin' guy, that Oz.

No way I'd be away from my girl on that weekend!

No sooner had we decided to go, when my mind started formulatin' a plan.

Yeah, I'd make it work.

So Xan and I started goin' over all the details. Mostly about the road trip itself; cus once we were in Vegas, we were on our own.

Oh, and the best part is Giles got the Council to fund the entire trip. Not a small trick, if you ask me. Everyone knows how tight they are. I'm pretty sure they all squeak when they take a shit.

So the only thing we needed to worry about was a little pocket change.

Besides, I plan on makin' bank at the roulette tables.

"I don't see how, Faith," Buffy says to me, "Last I recall, you need proper identification proving you're of legal age."

I grin at her.

"Oh, come on, B. You don't think I have that covered?" And I flash them all my fake I.D.

I pass it around the table so they can all take a good look at this masterpiece. It's a beauty.

Xander lets out a slow whistle.

"Wow. That's great, Faith. Where were you when I needed one of these babies?"

"I don't know, Xan," I say, "but it's a criminal offense anyway, and it would've put you at risk."

"Oh, but it's okay for you," Buffy states dryly.

"Well yeah, B. I can take care of myself."

Xander gives me a look.

"Uh...not that I'm sayin' that you can't, X-man," I say quickly.

Xander puts his hands up, "No. No, that's okay, Faith. I'm sure I earned that comment."

We all stop to remember an incident that happened last year; involvin' a liquor store, a bottle of Asti Spumanti and a rather laughable fake I.D.

I could get over the lame I.D., but a bottle of Asti Spumanti?

I mean, if you're gonna get busted, it better be worth the hassle.

When the I.D. finally gets to Buffy she raises an eyebrow and says

"Faith Knight?" Questionin' my choice in fake last names.

"Yeah, B. Like in 'shining armor.' "

She rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

Yeah, she digs me.

Buffy and I are gettin' along great.

After we did the symbolic ride into the sunset, we came back ready for a fresh start. We got back to our old routine, but with a few major changes. When we train, it's easier, more light-hearted. We can really focus on gettin' our moves down and pushin' each other to the next level. We're not weighed down by all of that sexual tension.

And when we patrol at night, I really try to work on my rage. Not the fact that I have it, but what it causes me to do. Like the fact it puts myself and the people I care about in danger. Buffy had said she could deal with my rage issues if I promised to keep it all in perspective. You know, either lose myself in the screams of a vamp as I'm smashin' his face in, or make sure my friends are out of harm's way.

It made sense to me.

But my favorite change is what happens after we patrol.

Oh, and B's back to cookin' for me. I love it.

Now there's no question about me comin' inside or not. Mickey D's is a thing of the past. After we're done patrolling, we usually walk everyone home, and then take the long way back to B's house.

Well, goin' back the long way is my idea...

...see, I still have a few cards up my sleeve.

We walk back holdin' hands; talkin' about things we've done or would like to do. When we get to her front porch, I always give her a kiss on the forehead before going inside.

For good luck.

I don't know when I started this, or why I even say it's for good luck, but I just do it.

It feels right.

B still likes to see me blow on the fork, so her food is still always hot and super steamy. I told her I would still blow on it for her, that she didn't have to take the enamel off my teeth, but she just pouted and said it wouldn't be the same.

"Okay, B. Whatever makes you happy," I blow on the fork in her hand, "but it's really startin to damage my tongue," I add off-handedly.

I open my mouth and wait...I watch her process this information as she holds the fork in front of me.

I win!

She hands me a cold glass of milk instead, and she starts blowin' on the fork herself.

Not that B has experienced my tongue completely yet. We still haven't gone past second base.

Well, depending on who you're talkin' to, that is. See, sometimes we find ourselves just makin' out. Anywhere. I mean, not usually in front of people, we like to have a little privacy, but sometimes that happens too. Anyway, we'll be makin' out, gettin' all worked up and wicked horny, just tonguing it up and stuff. We've been doing "above the waist" stuff since she came to the motel that one morning.

Over *and* under our clothing. And seein' as she saw me without a shirt on, it was only fair I got to see her without one too.

So, okay. I guess over, under, and without any clothing. But sometimes I get a little carried away and I start rubbin' her through her pants...and sometimes she lets me slip a finger inside.

For like a whole minute.

"What's wrong, B? Don'tcha like it?" I ask, breathin' heavy.

"Uh...um...yeah, I like it," she pants, stopping my finger with her hand.

"So what's the problem?" I lick her ear.

"I'm not ready to go all the way yet."

"B, that's only third base," I say.

"No, Faith, it isn't."

"How so?" I ask.

"Well, you know, seeing as we're both girls, and there is no penis involved, third base is really a home run for us."

I guess she forgot about Richard.

But I let her slide for now.

Besides, when she realizes what a home run is like with me, she's gonna kick herself for stoppin' me at third.

Anyway, lately I've noticed the food isn't half as hot as it used to be. And just to be safe, she makes sure that the milk is always nice and cold. But since I've taken one of her joys away, I compensate by leavin' more drops of milk on my bottom lip. So I can lick it off nice and slow. You know, have her focus on my tongue...

I'm gettin' in them pants in Vegas if it kills me.

No, B hasn't experienced my tongue in that way yet. But she pretty much knows what to expect.

See, I'm a firm believer in the school of thought, that you can tell what a person is like in bed by the way they use their mouth when they're kissin' you.

And I don't just mean oral sex, although that's a given.

Another reason why she knows what it will be like, is because is we tell each other. In complete detail.

Our "sit-ups" have morphed into some wicked nasty hard-core phone sex.

Here is how it goes.

We hang out all day. We kiss, we touch, and we flirt. We meet up later for patrol. We kiss, we touch, and we flirt.

And if it's an extra busy night?

Well, that just heightens everything. Each kiss, each touch, each flirtation is amplified...yeah, those nights are really fun. Okay, so we get in her house. We kiss, we touch, and we flirt. I blow on her fork and I lick my lips. She gets a glazed look on her face...and then we make out.

I mean some serious tongue-on-tongue action.

And that's when I try to slip it in.

After a minute or so of B lettin' me finger her, she makes me stop. So I do. But it's already too late, 'cus now she's horny as hell.

"Faith..." she breathes into my mouth.

"Hmm?" I respond.

"You have to stop...uh..."

"Mmm...stop what, B?"

"Ooh...that," she says.

"Mmm...what? This?" And I suck a nipple.

"Oh god...uh...no..." she whispers.

"What then?" I ask, as I slide my knee between her legs, pushin' my finger deeper inside of her, rubbin' my palm against her clit.

"Uh...that," she groans.

"This?" I push harder.

"Uh...yeah."

"Okay," I say, pulling my finger out.

"Wha?...uh....oh."

"I'm still hungry. Make me something else to eat?" I say, as I get up and leave her on the couch.

"No, I think you need to go home now."

I act stupid.

"Why? Don'tcha wanna cook me something?"

She gets up and pulls me to the front door.

"No, you need to go. Now."

"Uh, okay. Sure, B. Can I have a kiss first?"

She goes to give me a peck, but I pull her into me and start really kissin' her. I put my hand up her shirt and start massaging her breast. I grab her ass and position my thigh against her groin.

I grind a little.

I smile as I feel her reach behind me; but a second later, I'm shoved out the door, flyin backwards, past the steps and onto my ass on the walk-way.

Oomph. Ouch.

I look up at her surprised.

"Go. Now."

I get up, dustin' off my ass. I get to the sidewalk and I hear her yell

"...and *HURRY!*"

I grin and start sprintin' toward the motel. B's sure gotten to be a real horn dog!

I get to the motel and I can already hear the phone ringing. I leap up the stairs and let myself in.

"Hello?" I answer breathless.

"What took you so long?" B asks annoyed.

"B, I left ten minutes ago."

"Well, you're late. You got home yesterday in nine."

Oh my god. What have I created?

Heh-heh. I love it.

"You all comfy yet, B?"

"Yes."

"Okay, give me a sec to wash up, and I'll be right back with you."

"Hurry up."

Oh my god.

I strip off my clothes, wash up, and jump into bed. I pick up the receiver and I hear B breathin'.

"Start without me?" I grin.

"...yeah...you were taking too long."

She's crazy.

"Well, I'm here now," I say, putting a finger in myself.

"So what am I doing to you?" she breathes.

"No, B. I wanna know what I'm doin' to you first."

When Buffy and I have phone sex, we like to describe what we're receiving from each other.

That way, when we're finally together, we already know what the other one really likes. I've learned a lot about Buffy this way. It's a really good learning tool. Kinda like that commercial, with a twist.

"Hooked on PhoneSex," we like to say.

"Um...you're kissing me...there."

"B," I say.

"What?...oh...I mean, you're ...um...licking my ...pussy."

Don't get me wrong. The phone sex is great...

...if I can get her to talk dirty to me.

"Come on, B. You've done it before," I remind her.

"I know. I just forget sometimes."

Buffy still gets a little embarrassed. Oh, she loves it when I talk trash, but she freaks herself out when she does it.

So I did it for her one time.

"Yeah, B...uh...and then...uh...you slip your finger in my cookie...and...suck...on my nubbin."

Or

"You've got me so warm, I...uh...just want you...to...spread my bottom...oh...and...penetrate...me."

"Very funny, Faith," she said.

"What B? Doesn't that get you all warm? Isn't your cookie all *dewy*, now?"

"I do not say 'dewy'."

"Sorry, damp, then...or moist."

"Okay, I get it. I'll try harder."

No. It's better when I start.

"God, B...I love it when you rub your tits all over me...your nipples are so hard...oh...and I love...when you put one...in...uh...in my...pussy...and get...it...all...wet...and...then...put it...um...in...my mouth."

"Yeah?" she breathes, "What else?"

"When you...hfff...fuck me...in the ass...with...your hot, pink tongue," I tell her.

"And..." she interrupts, "I love it...when...you suck my clit and fuck...my pussy...hfff...at the same...time."

Yeah. *That's* my girl.

It's not always as stilted as that. We normally have a pretty good flow. Once I start off, she usually follows suit pretty well.

"...and you're just *fucking* me, Faith. Fucking me hard. And it's making me crazy. I can feel your fingers inside of me and my pussy just cries for you. I'm so wet. Your fingers going in and out of me feels so good. Can you hear it, baby? Can you hear my pussy making those nasty little noises? It's because of you, Faith. *You're* doing that to me. *You're* making me feel this way. I need your mouth on me. I want you to taste me. I want you to feel my wet hole against your face and drown in

me. I want to reach down and feel your neck and face all sticky with my come on you. I want you to lick my clit and put two fingers in my ass and ride me. Can you do that, Faith? Can you ride me? Oh, god, Faith, you fuck like an animal! You're so good. You're so good. And you're mine, Faith. You belong to me. No one else gets to feel this way with you. No one. I want you to sit on my face. I want you to bury it with your pussy...uh...oh yeah...just like that, baby...like that...fuck my face just like that...you make me so horny for you. You taste so good, so sweet...You're mine, Faith...your fingers, your tits, your ass, your pussy, and your mouth. You belong to me. Is that right, Faith? Do you belong to me?"

Uh, yeah I do.

When B lets loose, she lets loose. Like I said, I've learned a lot about B this way.

"Faith?" she says, after we finish.

"Yeah, baby?" I answer.

"I want to spend the night with you tomorrow."

Oh...? I raise an eyebrow.

"Faith? Is that okay? Can I come stay the night?"

"Well, sure B. What's the occasion?"

"Well, us, I suppose. I mean, I know that *we're* not an occasion, but I'd like for *it* to be."

"I'd love for you to come over, but why now, B? You've never wanted to stay before."

"I just need something afterwards. I want you to hold me. I want us to sleep together."

Oh...?

"No," she reads my thoughts, "I don't mean sleep together, sleep together. I just mean sleep together."

...oh.

"Sure, baby. That would be cool. But you know, I can hold you and all, but I'm kinda unclear about the 'afterward' part. After what? We can't have phone sex if you're here."

"Yeah, I know, Faith. We'll figure it out."

I don't know about this, but I'm game if she is.

Buffy is just so...affectionate. All day long she's been hangin' on me and sneakin' kisses. Every once in a while she'll cop a feel. I'm not complainin', but I just don't know what to make of it. She's not usually this obvious. At one point I bent over to do...I can't remember what...but I suddenly feel her hand slide down the crack of my ass as she caresses my left butt cheek. I straighten up in surprise; and she turns me to face her, stepping up on her toes to give me a deep kiss.

"Oh my God, Buffy. Get a room!" Snaps Cordelia.
Buffy breaks off the kiss and faces Cordy.

"Already got one, thanks," she smiles sweetly, "What room are you in again, Faith? Oh yeah. Room 'Y' don't you eat your

heart out."

God, she can be such a bitch sometimes...

...but that was funny.

"Oh, you slay me, Buffy. Keep your night job," Cordy returns.

Hey, Cordy's pretty good too.

Oh. I get it.

Cordelia hasn't been around much lately.

After we tied up "loose ends"- -which we really didn't, if you ask me-- she kind of opted to stay away. Then she went to Acapulco for three weeks and she just got back. She brought us all back souvenirs, and herself a killer tan. She brought me back a lei --which kind of confused me, cus I thought she had gone to Mexico-- and she got Buffy a little plastic crab.

When they saw the gift, Xander and Red almost started choking, trying to keep from laughing. Giles just wiped the tears from his eyes and cleaned his glasses. Oz smiled.

"What's the matter, Cordelia? Jealous, much?" Buffy taunts.

"Oh, please. You don't think I realize all that groping was for my benefit? You're so transparent, Buffy, I can see right through you. Which is a good thing, cus I like what's behind you. Hey, Faith. *You're* looking good. Been working out?"

Everyone's eyes have been movin back and forth between them. All eyes were on B now, as the ball had bounced back into her court.

Oh...and on me. Since I was right behind her.

Buffy just stares at her, and then she turns to look back at me like I did something to encourage that remark. She shakes her head at me and leaves the room.

Poor B. She's not always so quick with the comebacks.

I look at Red, and she makes a motion with her head for me to go after her.

And I do.

As I leave, I hear Xander say sarcastically

"Well, it's certainly good to have *you* back."

"Right. Like she wasn't asking for it." Cordelia replies smugly.

I run outside, expectin' to see the back of her head as she turns around the corner, but instead I run smack into her.

"Uhhh," I say, as I bounce off of her.

"I have to ask you something, Faith," she says.

"Yeah? What's that, B?" I ask, as I rub my shoulder.

"Have you thought about being with Cordelia?"

"Uh, no, B," I lie, "I'm with you."

"I know you're with me. I asked if you thought about her."

Okay, she caught me.

"Um, maybe once, B...or twice," I cringe, waitin for it.

"When? Lately?"

"No, B. After that night in the cemetery, that's all."

"That's all? Not since then?"

"No, B. Not since then." Which is true.

She pauses for a moment and says, "Okay, Faith, I believe you. Now let's go to mine and pack for tonight."

That's it? Oh, praise the merciful gods.

We go to B's house to pack an overnight bag. That way we can go straight to mine when we're done with patrolling. We had told the gang earlier that we wouldn't be walkin them home tonight.

"And why's that, pray tell?" Xander had to ask.

Cordelia paused in mid-flip of a magazine page, but never looked up.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Buffy said, lookin' right at Cordelia. Cordy resumed flipping through the magazine.

I'm startin' to regret that phrase.

"Nah, Xan. We just got other plans, is all," I offered.

Red and Dog-boy gave each other a knowing look.

"Right, then," Giles said, changin the subject, "I trust you children have made accommodations for Las Vegas next week?"

"Yep. All done, Giles," Buffy said, "Mom booked us two rooms at Caesar's Palace. She did want me to ask you if the Council would reimburse her for rooms like that..."

"Um, yes, Buffy. I assured the Council that the Econo-Lodge was indeed booked for that weekend. I also reminded them that since Willow had been good enough to agree to represent them this year, that a bit of prestige would be in order."

We all smiled at Willow, who blushed but beamed proudly.

"Nothing but the best for my girl," Oz said softly, squeezing her hand.

"Yeah, Giles," I said, "The only thing left is a car rental. Think you can help us out again?"

Cordelia interrupted.

"Take the Beemer," she said flatly.

We all turned to look at her.

"What's that, Cordy?" Xander asked.

"I said, take my Beemer. Daddy got the Mercedes out of the shop. I won't need it."

Xander, me, and Red all exchanged excited looks. Not so much, Buffy.

"Well, that would be great, Cor," I said, "It'll keep a little extra spending money in our pockets."

"Exactly," she replied.

Buffy said nothing. I looked at her, and she just shrugged.

Sweet.

"Okay, we're all set then," Xander said, happily, "All we need now is some road trip munchies."

"Beef jerky," I threw out.

"Beer-nuts," Xander added.

"...and trail mix for B," I said, and smiled at her.

She smiled back.

"And fruit roll-ups for Will," Oz said.

Red grinned at him.

"Very well. Yes, Buffy, please advise your mother that I will have the Council cut her a check posthaste."

" 'Posthaste'...Cool." Buffy and I said together.

We've finish patrolling, and we're on our way back to mine. We're sort of rushing, and I'm not sure why, exactly. I'm sure gonna miss our phone sex.

But, Buffy in my arms, all night, more than makes up for it.

We get inside of the room and Buffy is on me. She's got her hands everywhere, tuggin' at my clothes and at her own, kissin' me the whole time. Soon we're both down to our underwear.

Black lace for me, and...deep green lace for her.

Nice.

Her emerald eyes just jump out at me. Fuck, she's sexy.

She finally stops attacking my mouth long enough to whisper

"How you feeling, baby?" she rubs my stomach.

"Uh, you know. Five by five, B."

"Good," she smiles at me softly, "Why don't you start eating the pizza, while I get ready?"

While she gets ready?

"Uh, sure. Okay, B." She pushes me gently onto the bed and straddles my lap. She opens the box and takes out a slice. She brings it to her mouth and blows on it, lookin' me dead in the eyes. She begins to slowly rub the lower half of her body against my lap and thighs.

Fuck!

She takes a small bite, blowin' hot air through her teeth. She's lookin' at me so deep I can feel her in my head. She takes the slice away from her mouth, and feeds it to me. I take a bite, never losing eye contact. She smiles at me. Then she runs her hand down my arm and picks up my hand and brings it up to take the pizza from hers. She gives me another soft kiss and says

"Be good." And she grabs her bag by the door and heads into the bathroom.

I'm still sittin' at the edge of the bed where B left me. The pizza slice is uneaten and back inside the box.

I hear the curtain being drawn back, and the sound of the shower turnin' on. I can hear her moving around, but her movements are quiet. A few minutes later the door opens, and she leans into the doorway.

A warm glow of candlelight spills out from the bathroom, casting soft shadows against her silhouette.

She's naked.

It's kind of hard to breathe.

She stands there for a moment, and then turns to go back inside. I get up, takin' off my underwear, and follow her like a drugged person. Buffy is already in the shower, her figure outlined behind the curtain.

She has placed candles everywhere. Tiny little votives that cast a soft light, even though there are many of them.

It's beautiful.

I pull back the curtain and look at her. Her hair and face are already wet from the spray, and she runs both hands over her head, pullin' her wet hair back behind her...she looks at me.

I enter the shower and close the curtain behind me. I take her into my arms and we kiss. The hot spray against my back pushes me closer to her, and I can't stop myself. I start running my wet hands over her, touchin' her skin, feelin' the silky softness of her.

Her body is amazing. Small perfect breasts...lean flat stomach...and soft round hips that mask the solid muscle I know lies underneath. Her curves are all woman.

My woman.

I can feel her watchin' me through the steam. She takes my hand and squeezes a dab of liquid soap into it. She brings my hand and draws it against her, starting on her chest, spreadin' my hand over her breasts, stomach, and to her pussy. She rubs my hand against her, causing the soap to froth up and foam over my fingers and her soft pubic hair. The fragrance of the soap and the steam mix, and a subtle combination of peaches and vanilla fills the air.

She takes my hand and slips my finger inside of her.

She feels so soft and hot...she takes it back out, and then places more soap in my hand. She brings it to my pussy and begins movin' my hand, rubbin' it against me, and then she maneuvers it so that she's able to slip my finger inside myself.

She holds my wrist and starts fuckin' me with my own hand.

She leans her head down and licks the water off my nipple, then places her lips on it and sucks...oh...god...I reach in between us and tease her nipple with my thumb. She moans into my breast.

I pull my hand back and grab the back of her head, pullin' it backward so she can look at me.

I push her head so her lips smash against mine, and I suck on her tongue. After a moment, she pulls back and takes my hand away from my pussy, and raises it to her mouth. She runs my finger across her bottom lip, and then slips it inside, sucking it.

I reach down with my other hand and try to enter her, but she steps back. I look into her eyes and I see a gleam.

Oh.

I take her hand and bring it to her pussy, sliding two of her own fingers inside herself, and start pumping her with them. She releases my finger from her mouth and puts it back inside me, doing the same. I move forward, leanin' her against the shower wall, pulling her hand up to run it up and down her slit, and then plunge her fingers back inside hard.

She does the same with me.

She catches my lower lip with her teeth and sucks on it, then jabs her tongue into my mouth and lets it go crazy.

She pulls back suddenly and whispers

"I love the way you fuck me, Faith." And I come.

Short, hard, and fast.

"Uh, B..." I groan and lean against her, putting all my weight on her.

She reaches down with her other hand, grabs my wrist, and helps me fuck herself. She's moving my hand so fast that I'm slammin' her fingers inside of her, faster and faster, harder, and then she says

"My clit, Faith, oh my god, my clit." And I pull my hand upward and feel her fingers slide with mine, and I rub her whole hand on her clit, my fingers laced between the tops of hers.

She starts to come.

"Yeah, B," I breathe, "Come for me, baby."

"Uh...oh...Faith...I'm..."

Moving her hips, she jerks against me, movin' back and forth as she finishes. I hold her tight until she's done.

I lower us into the tub, pulling her close to me. I kiss her face as the cool water bounces off of us.

"You're such a pig, Faith." Buffy says, as she eats a slice of pizza.

We're back on the bed, and I just got done cramming five pieces of pizza into my mouth. I'm startin' on my sixth.

I look up with my mouth full, and mumble, "Who, me?"

"Yes, you," Buffy says, "You're the only pig here. I left Mr. Gordo at home."

I swallow the last bite.

"I can't help it B, that shower made me hungry."

"I know, baby, me too. It was a *nice* shower though wasn't it, Faith?"

"Uh huh."

"The shower is our friend," she jokes.

"Yep, B. I don't think I'll ever look at the shower in the same way again."

She raises an eyebrow.

"Are you saying I'm 'Psycho' or something?"

"Well, B. You did get a little nutty in there," I say, as I reach for another piece of pizza.

She slaps my hand away.

Now I raise an eyebrow.

"Save some for later," she says.

"Later?" I ask.

"Yeah, later," she murmurs, as she clicks off the bedside lamp.

Buffy is lying against the headboard fingering herself.

"Faith...stop," Buffy breathes.

"No," I murmur, and continue what I'm doin'.

"I...uh...mean it...stop."

"No."

"Oh...um...that's cheating..."

"No..." I whisper, "It's not."

We had started up again. Buffy was leanin' up against the headboard and spreading herself, runnin' her fingers up and down her pussy, lookin' at me.

I crawled up to her and got between her knees and leaned over her, lowering myself so my stomach was resting on her hand. I could feel her fingers movin' under me. I kiss her lips, and then move down to take a nipple in my mouth, my hand massaging her other breast.

"Oh yeah, baby. That feels good."

I suck harder, takin' it between my teeth and biting it a little. I rub my face on it. and then move to suck on the other nipple.

"Faith...uh..."

I lower myself and begin to slide down her body, her finger still movin' fast beneath me. I slide down until my face is between her legs, and I watch her rub herself.

"Stick it inside," I say, and watch as her finger goes in.

"Fuck yourself," I tell her, and she does.

"Faster," I say, as I breathe in her scent.

I watch as her finger moves in and out. She's so turned on.

Her pussy is dripping, and her fingers are covered in it. It's started to seep down the inside of her thighs, and I can smell it.

It fucks me up.

I run my tongue along the side where it's spread. She shudders.

I begin to lick her, moving up to the hollow part on the inside of her thigh. She tastes so good. Vanilla, peaches...pussy...

"Faith...stop."

"No."

I move my face closer to her pussy, and press it against her finger.

I breathe in.

Mmmmmm...

I begin to lick her finger as she's rubbin' her clit. I grab both her legs and spread them wider. I suck on her knuckle.

I use my teeth to pull her finger up, and she slips it into my mouth. I close my lips around it, and move my head back and forth, letting her finger slide in and out of my mouth. I release her finger, and she's rubbin' herself again.

"Put it inside. Use two," I say.

She does.

"Take them out, put them in my mouth."

She does.

I move my head, her fingers slide in and out. I release.

"Fuck yourself."

And she does.

"Fuck my mouth." She puts both fingers in, and slides against my tongue.

I let go and bury my face in her pussy.

She pushes my head away.

"No," she says.

I groan. I move up, linking my arms under her knees and pull backwards, sliding her down the bed and flat on her back underneath me. I wrap her legs around my waist and kiss her. I press my stomach into her pussy and start to move.

I can feel her slick against me.

We rock back and forth as she moans into my mouth.

"Buffy..." I whisper, "Buffy, I want to eat you."

She shudders.

"No," she whispers back, movin' her pussy against my stomach.

"When?" I ask.

"...soon."

I bury my face in her neck and start movin' faster. She puts her fingers in my hair, and scrunches down hard on my scalp.

"Uh...I'm...close...Faith...uh...uh...don't stop..."

I keep movin', and I feel her legs tighten around me; she comes rubbin' herself hard against me.

"B?" I say, lookin down at her.

"What, baby?" she says, eyes closed.

"I don't think I can take it much longer."

She opens her eyes.

"Are you saying this was a mistake?" she asks, worry in her voice.

"No, B, of course not. I'm just sayin'," I mumble.

"Soon, Faith," she whispers, "I promise."

And she pulls me over and takes a nipple in her mouth.

We're so happy, it's almost sickening.

Buffy has stayed the last three nights with me, and each time it just gets better and better.

I could get used to this.

If our sexual tension had been lost on everyone else before --besides Cordelia, that is-- this new development has certainly not.

" 'Animals strike curious poses...' " Oz sings softly.

" '...they feel the heat, the heat between me and yooooou.' " Xander and Willow finish loudly, grinning like idiots.

I always liked that Prince song.

Yeah, we reeked of it.

Cordelia blandly looks at her nails and says

"I see you took the Ferrari out for a spin, Buffy."

"Yeah, something like that, Cordy," Buffy smiles, not mad at all.

Ferrari? What are they talkin' about?

Oh...me.

I grin, liking the comparison.

"Well, good for you. It's nice to know someone's getting a little drive time in this hole of a city."

"Maybe you need to find yourself a new set of keys, Cordelia," Buffy suggests helpfully.

"No, that's okay, Buffy. I think I'll hold on to the set I already have."

Buffy stops smiling.

Oh god. What's happening? The mood has suddenly changed.

"Outside, Cordelia," Buffy says, "I want a word with you. Now."

Buffy and Cordelia glare at each other for a moment.

"Fine," Cordelia says finally, getting up to follow Buffy outside.

The rest of us just look at each other.

"Chicks," Oz murmurs, under his breath.

Xander grins.

"Chick fight! Damn, you're my hero, Faith."

We all move quickly to the window.

Buffy and Cordelia stand facing each other. The words exchanged apparently already heated. A few of them drift through the window.

"No, *you* listen..." Buffy exclaims, pointing a finger in Cordelia's face, responding to whatever was said.

Words like "mine" and "get over it" come through.

Cordelia interrupts, now pointing her own finger in Buffy's face. Her words drift over.

"You wish" and "rank amateur" and "...if I felt like it."

Both girls are shouting, fingers jabbin' the air close to each other's faces.

Buffy's words:

"Better than being a *skank* professional" and "Faith doesn't seem to mind" and "...so what's stopping you? I know you *feel* like it."

Both of their faces are full of fury, eyes blazin', chests heaving.

Fuck. They look hot!

Xander nudges me with his elbow. I nudge back.

Cordelia's words:

"...tired of being with a rookie" and "finally wants a pro"

And

"...you'll see. It's just a matter of time."

Buffy snaps, and her arm swings back to slap Cordelia's face.

Cordy catches it before it connects.

"What did I say about touching my face? Don't make me have to kill you," Cordelia says with venom.

She glares at Buffy a bit longer before dropping her hand and walking away.

"I hope you enjoyed the peep show," she tosses casually, as she walks past the window.

Buffy glances over and sees five faces lookin' at her. Giles had come up during the last part of the confrontation. She looks at me and then leaves.

This can't be happening...*again*.

I turn to go after her, but I catch Red's look as she's starin' at me.

She looks confused and...curious.

"What?" I question.

She catches herself, and then quickly slips into resolve face.

"This is bad, Faith," she says seriously, but lookin' at Xander.

His grin freezes and his elbow stops pokin' my ribs.

"I know, Red," I say.

"Buffy told me you tied up loose ends. But if that's what loose ends look like after being tied up, then I think you need a thicker rope."

I know she's bein' serious, but now I picture myself tying Cordy up, and a grin splits my face.

I can't help it.

Red's eyes widen at me.

"Faith, I mean it. Stop whatever you're thinking," she admonishes.

"Yeah," says Xander, "Get your mind out of the gutter. Mine's already there for you, remember?"

"Fix it, Faith," Willow says. Oz and Giles nod in agreement.

"I will, Will," And I go to walk out the door. Before I actually leave, I sneak a peek at Willow's face.

It's still curious, but it's a thoughtful look now.

And she doesn't look confused at all.

I walk up to Cordelia as she's sipping a cappuccino at the espresso bar.

I had walked around for a while, tryin' to figure out what I should do. I decided I needed to find Cordy to set a few things straight.

It wasn't going to be easy.

"Hello, Faith," she says, putting the cup down.

I pull up a stool at the table.

"Mind if I join you?" I ask.

"Not at all," she replies.

Using both hands, elbows on the table, she blows into the oversized cup as she brings it up to her lips. Her eyes are downcast, and I can see her long lashes as she looks down into her cup. She blows at the foam for a while, and then raises her lashes to look up at me.

Oh.

She's a master of subtle flirtation. A mere look, a casual touch...I can feel her seduction creepin' all over me.

She waits.

"Um..." I start, "...I...um..." And finish.

She raises an eyebrow.

"Yes?" she says softly, putting the cup down.

"Um...that little show was something else," I mumble, wondering if she would mistake my meaning.

"Yes, it was, wasn't it," She states, not givin' anything away.

"Um...yeah. But I gotta tell ya. As hot as it gets me, seeing two honey's fightin' over me-"

"-go ahead, you *should* flatter yourself," she says, cutting me off.

"Well, how can I not, Cordy? Xander and I were practically creamin' our jeans at the window."

"Yeah, Xander," she scoffs.

"Whatever, Cor. My point being, is that I can't have you baitin' Buffy like that. It just isn't right."

"Well, maybe I wouldn't bait her so much, if she'd stop throwing it in my face."

"She's just insecure, Cor. She doesn't mean it."

"Really? What's she insecure about?" she asks pointedly.

Suddenly I feel someone come up behind me. I look over, only to have the waitress brush her breasts against my face as she reaches across to wipe at the table.

"Hey, Faith," she purrs, "Can I get you something?"

"Um, mo fanks." I muffle into her tits.

She pulls back smiling at me.

"You sure?" she asks suggestively.

Oh, no...not *now*.

I look around and I see a couple of guys staring at us, mouths open. Embarrassed, I look at Cordy, who seems very amused.

"Listen, Twinkie." Cordelia says, "Just get her what I'm having and stick it on my bill. Now run along and leave us big girls to play...go on now. Get."

The waitress looks at Cordelia's fake sweet smile and then back at me. I can tell she's wondering who *this* bitch is.

She was probably expecting Buffy.

She narrows her eyes suspiciously, and then leaves to get me my coffee.

"Well, I guess that answers my question," Cordelia drolls.

"What question?" I ask, forgettin our conversation.

"What she's insecure about."

"No, Cordy. B knows that girl doesn't mean anything to me."

"Oh..." she says. "...but I do?"

Ahhh, she's good.

Okay, no more fun and games. Time to set her straight before someone loses an eye.

I reach across the table and put my hand on top of hers, ignoring the whistles from the two tables beside us. Cordy throws them a withering glare, and they all shut up, finally lookin' away. Sorta.

I see them peekin' from time to time.

"Of course you do, Cordy." I say, brushing my thumb across her hand.

She doesn't say or do anything for a moment, watching me run my thumb across her knuckles. Then she entwines her fingers with mine, placing her thumb underneath my hand.

She looks down for a second and I see her long lashes again.

"What then?" she asks looking back up at me, tracing her thumb lightly against my palm.

Uh.

I trap her thumb with my own.

"Please, Cordy, you have to stop," I plead.

"Why, Faith?" she whispers.

"Because I'm only human, and you're fuckin' killin me," I groan.

Right then the waitress returns, and she slams the cup down on the table.

Drops of hot liquid splash across my face and onto our hands. I look up at her, one eye closed, as the foam collects on my eyelid. I squint at her as she stares down at our entwined fingers.

"Nice move, Grace," Cordelia says.

"If that's all..." the waitress says, ignoring Cordelia, "I'll be back at the register. It's not my turn to wait tables today anyway."

"Um...yeah, that's all, Candy. Thanks." She leaves, bumping into Cordelia on the way.

Cordelia laughs.

"Candy? *Candy*?" she exclaims, "That's just perfect. The only name more Bambi than that is Buffy."

I pull my hand away from hers and grab a napkin. I wipe at my face as she wipes off her hand.

She looks at me, all serious again. Her tongue moves slowly across her lips, licking a tiny drop of foam that has landed there.

"Stop it, Cordy," I say firmly. I can be serious too.

"Stop what?" she asks, knowing full well.

"Stop the seduction. Your vibe is crawlin' all over me, and I just can't take it."

"Really, Faith?" she says, and the vibe stops. "That's just too bad. This thing between us isn't going to go away just because you say so. It's getting worse and worse every time I see you. And don't bother denying it, because you'll simply be insulting the both of us."

I remain silent.

"Good. At least you're not denying it," she says quietly. "Don't you think about being with me?" she continues, "Doesn't it drive you crazy wondering what it would be like...or am I the only one?"

"I'm with Buffy," I murmur, lookin' at the table.

"Oh god, Faith. Not you, too. Don't start acting stupid like the rest of them."

I can't look at her.

Of course she's right. I've thought about it ever since Buffy brought it up the other day. I can't help it.

When someone puts something in my head, I play with it.

But it's nothing serious. I don't plan on *doin'* anything about it. It's just a warm little fuzzy I allow myself from time to time.

A girl's gotta have a hobby.

"I'm with Buffy," I say again.

"You know, whatever, Faith. I know what you're trying to do and it's not working. Trying to piss me off is not going to change anything. But I will give you this. If you can get Buffy to stop throwing it in my face, then I'll promise to stop baiting her. I'll *try*. But other than that, I promise nothing. This is just the way it is between us, Faith...so live with it. I have to."

And she pushes herself away from the table and walks up to the register.

I throw a few bills on the table and leave the other way. As I near the last table, I hear a guy say

"She must be nuts. I'll have one of each, please." Looking at Cordelia and Candy at the register.

"Ooow!" My elbow connects hard with his head.

I hear his friends laughing as I stroll out the door.

Buffy's not at home.

I went to her house after leaving Cordy, hoping to do some damage control since I obviously wasn't able to fix anything.

B's gonna be hurt, and Red's gonna think I didn't really try.

I did try.

But the only thing I succeeded at, was stopping myself from acting on Cordelia's vibes. Because her seduction did work. I was tempted.

If it wasn't for Buffy, I'd have been all over her like a second skin.

You think I can tell Buffy that? You think I'm proud of that?

Joyce looked surprised when I showed up.

"I thought she was with you," she said, "You girls aren't fighting, are you?" she asked, accusingly.

"Uh, I'm not sure," I replied.

"Well, fix it."

Great. Another one.

Then she looked at me like she just *knew* that whatever it was, musta been my fault.

I swear. I'm always the one in trouble.

When I get to the motel, I see Buffy sittin' on the steps. I walk up and sit next to her.

"Hey, B," I say, "Whatcha doin sittin' out here on the steps?"

"Waiting for you."

Oh. Duh.

"Why didn't you let yourself in?" I ask.

"I dunno. I didn't wanna invade your space, I guess."

I put my arm around her, and she leans into me.

"Our space, Buffy. I made you a key so you'd use it."

She doesn't say anything.

"You wanna go in?" I ask.

"Okay," she says.

I put my arm around her waist and we go into the room.

Buffy is on the bed, lying on her stomach, watchin' TV.

She's got her elbows propped up and she's eatin' grapes, naked. I am too. Naked, that is, but I'm straddling her ass and givin' her a massage.

"Uh, baby...lower...yeah, ouch," she winces.

"Sorry, B," I knead her tender spot gently.

"Mmm, that's okay. You've got great hands, Faith."

I lean down and whisper in her ear

"Yeah, but you knew that already."

She reaches behind and smacks my ass.

"Hey!" I laugh.

"Um...Faith?" she says, after a while.

"Yeah, baby?" I say, digging my fingers into her lumbar.

"Ugh...deeper," she instructs, "What's that tape sticking out of your VCR?"

I glance up at it, and see the title. I smile.

"Oh, that? It's nuthin'."

"Well it must be something, because it's the only tape I think you own and it's always in there."

"It's not the only tape I own, B," Rubbin her tailbone, "It's just a little girl-on-girl action," I add smiling.

She stiffens.

"Porn?" her voice goes up, "You have *porn*?"

Uh-oh.

"Um, yeah, B."

"You have porn..." she flips over and gives me a look. "...and you didn't *tell* me?"

Ohhhhh.

"You're not mad at me?" I ask.

"No, why would I be?"

Hmmm.

"You wanna watch?"

"Okay," she says excitedly.

"You surprise me, B. I thought you'd be against it."

She frowns.

"Why does everyone think I have a giant stick up my ass? I had that removed a long time ago."

I smile, rubbing her breasts.

"No, B. Not that long ago," I correct, "You ever watch one before?"

"Um, no. I mean, I could have, Xander has enough of them. He's offered to loan me some if I wanted, but the idea of watching it with Willow was kinda oogie. Not that she'd actually be doing much of the watching, hiding behind her hands and peeking through her fingers and all."

I laugh. I could just picture it.

"Yeah," I say, "You'd think she was watchin a slasher flick instead of a porno."

"Totally," B says.

"So, you wanna watch it?" I ask again.

"Sure. What's it called?"

"HIDDEN OBSESSIONS," I say with drama.

"Oooo, nice title," B says, "You sure it's a porno?"

I smile.

"Yeah, B. I'm sure."

"It's just that all the titles I've seen at Xander's were lame. Mainstream titles with a twist. Like 'Good Will Cunting', and you just *know* I wasn't gonna watch that one with Wills."

I laugh, "Good call, B. What else did he have?"

"Let's see," She thinks a second, " 'On Golden Blond' and 'E3-The Extra Testicle'."

I laugh, holdin' my sides, "Shut up, B."

"I'm serious, Faith."

"No, I know you are," I wipe tears from my eyes, "I'm just laughin' at Xander. Can 't you picture him? A bottle of Asti Spumante, a bottle of lube, and a copy of 'Muffy, the Vampire Layer'?"

She starts laughin' with me.

Xander. He's such a dork.

"Well, you're in luck, B. I just got a new copy, so you won't miss a thing."

"What do you mean, 'new copy'? I've seen this same video in your machine since the first day I came here."

"Actually, it's my third," I clarify, "I only watch the same scene over and over, so it messes up the tracking. But I think the old manager of this dump stole my last one. Serves him right. What you'll be lookin' at is a brand new tape. Barely been watched at all."

"How many?" she deadpans.

"Oh, I dunno. Fifty times, maybe?" I see the look on her face. "Over a matter of weeks, Buffy. I'm not a freak."

"Weeks? Well, that's much better then. Thanks for clearing *that* up," she says sarcastically.

I laugh.

Cus I'm really not kidding.

What can I say? It's hot.

"Ready?" I say, as I turn to lie on my side.

"Ready," she says, and crawls underneath me. I've got the left half of my body thrown over her, my left knee wedged between her ass and thighs, my arm slung across her shoulders.

Our favorite lying-on-our-stomachs-while-watching-TV position.

I hit play on the remote.

The familiar strain of music comes through the speakers, and I watch B get sucked in immediately. I can see some of the images reflect off her face. I'm not worried about missin' anything, because

A.) Seen it a thousand times before, B.) She's gonna wanna watch it again, and C.) She's gonna wanna watch it again.

Yeah, I'm *that* sure about that scene.

I watch her face as it registers what she's lookin' at. She looks like a kid on Christmas, lookin' at all the presents under the tree, and seeing that the biggest and best wrapped package of the *entire* bunch has her name on it.

Yep. I know the feeling.

Why else do you think I watch it so much?

I glance at the TV to see what part is on.

Uh-huh. That explains why her eyes got all wide.

I grin and rub her back.

I lay my head down on the bed and look up at her.

I know the scene will be over soon, I can tell by the music and the sexy breathing and moaning the two girls do towards the end. The images continue to bounce light off her face, and I stare intently at her features. Deep green eyes, framed by thick lashes...perfect pink lips, that are now slightly parted...and a nose so cute, I always want to kiss it.

My girl. She's perfect.

And she lets me watch porn, too!

The music changes, signaling that the scene is over and has now moved on to the next one. I hit stop. She's still got her eyes on the screen.

"Buffy?" I say.

"Huh?" she says absent-mindedly.

"Buffy, it's over," I say.

She looks down at me, "Huh?" she says again.

"You nut," I ruffle her hair, "Wanna watch it again?" I say.

"Uh, yes please," she finally responds.

I rewind the tape counter to 00000. I have it set starting at that scene.

I told you.

I'm serious about this movie.

"What's the rest of the movie like?" B asks.

"It's good, B. But I'm not into that stuff. I really only like to see Janine and Julia Ann together."

"Wait, you know their *names*?" she asks me surprised.

"Damn straight," I say.

And I tell her more about what I know of them.

"So Janine is the one in the blue dress, and Julia Ann is the one in the red?"

"Yep."

"And they were really girlfriends in real life?"

"Uh-huh."

"But not now," she says.

"Right."

"What else do you know about them?"

"Well, let's see. They both have tattoos. Lots of them. Janine likes car racing and paintball, and she loves to paint ceramics. She's got a beautiful little boy, and she's from Orange County."

"And Julia Ann?" she asks.

"Well, Julia Ann is from Silverlake, and she's a huge animal lover. She's always stoppin' for strays, and she has a few of her own. She owns a Friesian, a beautiful black horse like the one in 'Lady Hawke'?" I ask, not knowing if she knows the breed.

Buffy nods.

"Okay, and she loves to cook. In fact, she made Janine some French toast for breakfast in bed after their first night together...at Julia's Grandma's house." I throw in that last part.

"That's so cute," Buffy smiles, "So she likes to cook for people she cares about. Just like me," she says happily.

"Yeah, baby. Just like you," I smile, and give her a kiss.

"Okay. Again, please."

I lean in and kiss her again. She giggles.

"Thank you for that, but I meant the movie."

"Oh," I grumble, and give her a scowl.

"Oh, come on. I know you wanna watch it again. Besides, it's given me ideas. Got any ice dildos lying around?" she asks suggestively.

I smile and wiggle my eyebrows.

"Well, not *ice* dildos," I specify, "Besides, don't you think that would hurt you?"

"Oh, I dunno. Maybe. But they make it look so hot."

"You're hot," I tell her.

"No, you are," she says.

"No, you are," I smile.

"I know you are, but what am I?" she jokes.

"You're hot, B!" I yell.

We start giggling. God, she's so great.

She snuggles underneath me, and then reaches over to press play on the remote.

"You take too long," she scolds.

Thank you, Janine and Julia Ann!

After watchin' the girls do their thing for the sixth time, Buffy jumped my bones.

Well, we kinda jumped our own bones, but you know what I mean. We could have won our own best Girl/Girl sex scene award.

The category would be:

"Best Girl/Girl scene with Seriously Severe Limitations"

Or

"Mutual Masturbation with a Little Extra in the Mix"

Hey, I've seen some of those categories.

Mine aren't so far fetched.

Then Buffy tells me afterwards that we're not havin' sex again until Vegas.

"WHAT??" I shout. Shock. Denial. Confusion.

"You heard me."

"WHY??" Anger. Betrayal. Frustration.

"Faith, stop being such a baby. It'll be worth it."

"HOW??" Suspicion. Doubt. Delusion.

"Because if you play your cards right, I'm letting you slide into home."

Oh.

A more beautiful mixed metaphor has never been spoken.

Acceptance. Aspiration. Obsession.

"...okay, so if we take the I-5 and cut across-"

Xander interrupts.

"What's the deal, Faith? I thought half the fun of going to Vegas was the road trip. Now suddenly you're acting like it's a major inconvenience. If that's the way you feel about it, then why don't you just hop on a plane and fly out there?"

A plane...Oh my god, why didn't I think of that!

I excitedly turn to Buffy, opening my mouth to suggest we fly out there-

But then I close it again.

She's lookin' at me, shakin' her head.

Damn.

I silently plead with her, using my best puppy dog eyes.

She takes two fingers, goin' for my eyes, and acts like she's gonna poke me with 'em.

Double damn.

"So what's the deal, Faith? What's your hurry?" Xander asks again.

"Yeah, and what's with the Basset Hound eyes? I've never seen you do that before. It's kinda adorable, Faith," Willow smiles.

They all look at us, waitin' for an explanation.

Cordelia is lookin', too.

"Uh, nuthin'," I say.

"Actually, if you must know, I told Faith I'd fuck her brains out once we got there," Buffy says, matter of fact.

Xander looks at us surprised.

"Well, alrighty, then. I'm in for the 'Helping Faith Get Laid' foundation."

He reaches into his pocket and throws out some bills.

"Here's my donation toward two plane tickets. Anybody else? Willow? Oz?...*Cordy?*"

Dammit. I never told B not to throw it in Cordelia's face. In fact, I never told B anything.

She never asked.

I'm just waitin' for the other shoe to drop.

A size seven Jimmy Choo, with a three inch heel.

No one expects it when Cordy says

"I've got some frequent flyer miles left over from Mexico. They're yours, if you want them."

"What?" Buffy says surprised.

"I said they're yours, if you want them."

"What's the hitch, Cordelia?"

"No hitch. Just think of me when you get there." But she addresses this last part to me.

Goddammit, she's good.

She's so devious.

Now when Buffy finally gives it up to me, she'll never be sure if I'm thinkin' of Cordelia or not. Ya put something in my head, and I can't stop playin' with it.

Why does everyone have to know how my mind works?

"Um, no, Cordy, that's okay," I say, haltingly.

"Whichever," she says, "You'll either be in my car, or flying with my miles. It's up to you. Just trying to help out, is all."

"What about us?" Xander asks.

"You'll take the Beemer," Cordy answers.

"Cool," Xander says, glad that was still a plan.

"Just let me know, and I'll have someone messenger it over. And Faith? Use your real I.D."

"We haven't said yes, yet." Buffy protests.

"Oh, but you will," Cordelia states confidently.

"What makes you so sure?" Buffy sounds pissed.

"Because if it were me, I'd have been on that plane yesterday. I take that back; if it were me, I'd have fucked her brains out a hundred times by now. But we're talking about you. Don't be a twit, and accept the tickets *posthaste* already."

And she walks out. Oh, the drama.

But she sure knows how to make a great exit.

"Well, I guess we all know why she really dumped me, huh?" Xander jokes.

"No, Xander, that's not why," Oz says quietly.

Willow looks ashamed, and grabs Oz's hand.

"Oh man, I'm sorry Oz. Of course that's not why. I just can't believe how bad she's got it for Faith."

Oh great.

"Uh, you're not really helpin' over here," I say.

Xander looks over at Buffy.

"Oh god. I'm sorry, Buffster. I'll shut up now."

"Good idea," she says softly.

"Come on, B. Let's go to mine. I wanna talk to you," I say, pulling her out the door.

"Oh, and let us know if you're flying out or not," Xander calls out to us.

"Shut up, Xander," Willow sing-songs warningly.

"Oh. Right."

Buffy and I are sitting in the tub.

We had stopped at the store, and picked up some fruit and beef jerky and a box of bubble bath.

"Calgon, take me away..."

I know that's one of B's favorite things to do, and I knew I'd be needin' all the help I could get. I got an extra bunch of grapes, too.

I rinsed the fruit and ran the bath. I lit candles.

I had put Buffy in front of the TV with Janine and Julia Ann.

I hear the music start again, as she had rewound the tape to the beginning. For the second time. Good. Keep her occupied, girls. I owe ya.

I set a fresh towel on the toilet seat and place the bowl of fruit there. Peaches, strawberries, and grapes. All of B's favorites. I turn off the bathroom light and the candles come to life. It's still light outside, but my motel room is so dark you can hardly tell.

I walk over to the bed and sit down next to her. I kiss her shoulder, and slide my arm around her waist. I pull her to me. She rests her head on my shoulder, but leaves her eyes on the screen.

We watch together.

"They're both so beautiful, Faith. Don't you think?"

"Hmm," I answer, and kiss her head.

"And they both look so hot in those outfits."

"Umm-hmm," I kiss her cheek.

"I like what they're wearing, Faith, don't you?"

"Mmm-hmm," I kiss her ear.

"Those strappy heels look great with their long legs."

"Hmm," I push her hair back and kiss her neck.

"Janine would look like Cordy if she had a brown wig."

What?

I pull back and look at her.

"What are you talkin' about? No, she wouldn't."

"Just look at her, Faith. Put her in a brown wig."

"No, Buffy, I won't."

"Look at the TV, Faith."

"No, B, I won't."

"How can you tell if you won't look?"

"Because I've seen this tape hundreds of times, and I just know."

Besides, I've seen Janine with brown hair and she looks nuthin' like her.

"Okay, well, her body then. Cordelia would look like that, in that dress and those shoes."

Well, she may be right, there. Cordy *has* that dress and those shoes.

Goddammit!

Why'd she do that? Now I'm gonna think of Cordy whenever I watch this tape or hear the music.

Fuck!

"No, Buffy, you're wrong," I say instead.

"No, Faith, I'm right. And I don't want to watch this anymore."

And she clicks off the VCR.

I stand up and look at her.

"Buffy, this is insane. You love this tape. You shouldn't ruin it because you're mad at Cordelia."

"I'm not mad at Cordelia, I'm mad at you."

And she is, too.

Wow. Look at that face.

I get on my knees in front of her.

"Baby, I'm sorry," I say.

And she slaps me across the face.

I blink a tear out of my eye and peer at her.

"B?" I say. And she slaps me again, on the other side.

Okay, Ow.

That hurts. She is a Slayer, after all.

She's so pissed off, that she hauls off and slaps me again.

This time I taste blood in my mouth. I cut my lip on a tooth.

I poke my tongue out and touch it. I wince.

Buffy's face changes to shock.

"Oh my god, I have to go." And she leaps for the door.

I jump up and grab her from behind.

"No, B. Stay." I slide my arms around her stomach, and pull her into me. I bury my face in her neck, and say

"I'm sorry, baby. I really am." And I hold onto her, rockin' us back and forth.

After a moment, I break away, pullin' her to the bathroom.

She looks at the bubbles and the fruit and the candles...she looks at me, and raises her fingers to my face, tracing my cheekbone and my lip that's startin' to swell up.

She gives a little pout.

What? Oh my god.

She's not upset that she hit me, she's upset because my lower lip is fucked up!

She's unbelievable!

I smile and shake my head in disbelief.

"Don't worry, B. I can still kiss you with it. You could probably even suck on it still, if you don't pull too hard."

She smiles at me. She's shameless. That's my girl.

She's gettin' to be more like me by the minute.

We take each other's clothes off, givin' little kisses here and there.

A neck. A shoulder. A nipple or two.

I get into the tub first, leanin' back against the porcelain. Buffy gets in and I pull her back between my legs. She settles in, the water sloshing over the rim, and leans back into me.

She sighs.

I run my soapy hands over her thighs and stomach, and up towards her breasts. I play a bit. Buffy's spine is pressed against my pussy, and I move a little.

Oh. That feels nice.

"Oh my god, Faith. Please tell me you're *not* humping my vertebrae."

I stop.

Why she gotta go and put it like that?

I start crackin' up. I guess that was what I was doin'.

But it just sounds so gross.

Buffy leans forward to add more hot water. Her spine sticks out and pokes my clit.

Uh, hello!

She leans back into me and it retracts. Then she leans forward to adjust the tap and it pokes at me again.

Uh.

She leans back and it settles. She leans forward to let some of the water out of the drain, and the fuckin' thing is back pokin' at me. I lean my head back against the wall, put my arms up on the rim of the tub, and close my eyes.

I give up.

Buffy leans back against me. Now she's forward again, fidgeting with her toes. She had hooked her big toe into the chain on the stopper, and now it was stuck. She's moving back and forth, tryin' to get it off.

But she's getting me off, instead.

"Uh, look here, Buffy," I gasp out, "I think it's your vertebrae that's humping *me*."

She stops and looks back at me.

"Really, Faith, that's just sad." And she scoots away from me.

"Hey, where'd you go? Why'd you stop?" I complain.

"I said no sex until Vegas."

Why did I say anything?

"That's not sex, Buffy," I reason, hoping she'll buy it.

"No, you're right. Not for a normal person. You're not normal, Faith."

Yeah, well. When she's right, she's right.

Buffy finally wins the battle of Toe VS. Drain Chain and leans back into me.

"That's the right temperature, don't you think, baby? Not too hot, not too cold."

"Hmm. It's perfect, baby," I trail my fingers up her arm.

"Feed me grapes, Faith?" Buffy asks.

"Sure, B."

I flick off the suds from my hands, and reach over and wipe it on the fruit bowl towel. I pluck a grape and put it in B's mouth.

She moves against me, shifting a little so her head is facing mine. She sucks on the grape and then bites down into it with her front teeth, her lips opening as she does it. That middle thing in the grape comes flyin' out and lands on my chest.

"Eew, gross, B." I say.

She chews with her mouth open and smiles at me.

Man, she really is pickin' up some of my bad habits.

"Uh!" She grunts, mouth open, indicating she wants another one.

I put another in her mouth and watch a repeat performance. I look down, and now I have two grape...vertebrae on my chest.

Vertebrae is okay, right? I mean, it's like its spinal column. I don't want to say umbilical cord, cuz that's just too gross.

"Nifty little trick ya got there. You got skills. How'd ya learn that?" I ask her.

"Years of practice," she says, "Since I was a kid."

"Hmm. I see. And you can aim those little suckers anywhere?"

"Sorta. Sometimes I accidentally suck the stem out, so when I bite down nothing happens."

"Oh? Those things are called stems?"

Vertebrae. Duh. What was I thinkin'?

"Not a clue. But it's in the same place where the stem was attached, so that's what I call it."

Oh. Well, I say it's called vertebrae. Prove me wrong.

I feed her more grapes and she shoots out the vertebrae stems, actin' all happy and goofy. She's so cute. She puts a few in my mouth, and I try her trick, but I'm not very good at it.

I got one on my chest, next to Buffy's, but I wasn't aiming for it. It just kinda fell out. But we're both smilin', munchin' away. I lean over and kiss her, stealing a grape from her mouth.

I just sucked it right out.

"Heeey...thief," she accuses. She puts one in my mouth and sucks it out, but it plops into the water.

I grin.

"I guess I just suck more than you do." I frown, knowing that came out wrong.

She smiles, seeing my face.

"Yeah, you suck alright."

She puts another grape in my mouth and tries again. She gets it. She grins like an idiot.

We do this a few more times, but now we're just kissing. She's got her tongue in my mouth, runnin' it all over the place. She had moved onto my lap earlier, so she's a little above me. When we're kissin', I have my head back at an angle and she's comin' down at me. She's holdin' my chin with her hand and caressing my jaw with her fingers.

She's kissin' me very aggressively, and it's turnin' me on.

I feel like such a chick suddenly.

Wow.

That rarely happens. Not that I feel like a dude, but I rarely feel like this. Even when I bottom during sex, I'm really not. I still have a sense of control and my partner knows it. I may be receiving, but I'm still the aggressor.

This was different.

I was feeling dominated and I was so turned on. Fuck, this was hot. I let Buffy take control. Not just with her actions, cus she's done that before, but of the moment.

She has full control of this moment.

She must have felt it, cus she grips my chin tighter and pulls my head back as far as it'd go. She is tonguing me hard, runnin' it across my teeth, pushing against my tongue and suckin' on it.

She is filled with strength, and I was giving her mine.

It feels incredible. She starts sucking on my bottom lip and I feel pain...but it feels *good*. I push my mouth up against hers and her teeth bump hard against the cut on my lip...

...it feels so good.

I can taste the pain and the blood and her power and I come.

My eyes are closed, but I can feel her lookin' at me in surprise. I let her hold me, and she continues to suck on my lip, makin' it bleed.

I come...and I come...and I come.

My body is jerkin' in the water, the water flowin' onto the floor. It doesn't stop. She doesn't stop. She keeps on sucking, and the pain is so exquisite that I think I'll pass out.

I lay limp in her arms and I revel in it.

I feel safe. I feel protected.

I feel loved.

When my body had finally stopped its motion, I was completely spent.

Every nerve, every fiber, was relaxed.

It was euphoric. I felt done.

Buffy pulls back to look at me, her hand caressing my cheek. Tears spill from my eyes as I open them to look at her. I hear her sharp intake of breath. She traces my tears with her thumb.

"Baby?" she whispers in wonder, "Baby, what was that?"

"It was you," I whisper back, closing my eyes.

We're still sittin' in the tub, but B's sittin' across from me now. Buffy had added hot water for the third time, and our skin was gettin' pruny. I gnarl my fingers and move my wrist back and forth, dancin' my hand towards her face.

"Grrr. Aaaargh. Invasion of the Pruny People."

"Dork," she says.

"You are," I say.

"No, you are."

"I know you are, but what am I?"

"You're a big fat dork, Faith!" she yells.

Yeah, we're losers. But we love it.

"Want some beef jerky?" I ask.

"I'll have some of yours," she says.

I hand it over.

She's always doin' that. She rarely wants her own anything.

It's always

"I'll have a bite of yours" or "I'll take a sip of yours" or "just let me try some of yours" or "I'll take a drag off yours".

Like right now? Same thing.

If I get myself another piece of jerky, she'll be hurt.

I casually reach into the bag.

She's eating the jerky and watching me.

I look anywhere but her face, or I'll start laughin'.

I slowly pull out my hand with a piece of jerky between my fingers.

I pull it out all the way, and bring it slowly to my mouth.

Then I slowly open my mouth.

Every motion is like a slo-mo movie. I time my mouth to open completely at the exact same time my hand reaches there. The jerky barely touches my lips, when a huge splash of water hits my face and goes up my nose. I start sputtering.

"Serves you right," B says.

"Why, what I do?"

"Making fun of me. You already have a piece of jerky. Here, put that one back." And she hands it over.

She's nutty like that.

"Faith?" she says.

"Hmm, B?"

"Um...that thing that happened a while ago...?" she asks, tentatively.

"Yeah, B?"

"Um...that was kinda intense, no?"

"Big time," I agree.

"Um...well...has that happened to you before? I mean, I wasn't even touching you anywhere, really."

"But you were, B. You were everywhere."

"I was?" she whispers.

"Yeah, B. You were inside of me. Inside my entire body. I could feel you from my toenails to my scalp. I could feel you in my pores...I could feel you in my heart." She's lookin' at me with awe.

"I felt you give over to me," she whispers.

"How'd that make you feel, baby?" I ask.

"Oh my god, Faith. I can't describe it. It was like all this...this *power* was everywhere. But it came from me. And then I felt you let go and suddenly I had more. And it made me stronger." She pauses.

"You think it's like how a vampire feels when he drains someone?" she asks, scared.

"Maybe. Yeah, you could be right," I agree.

"Oh my god, Faith. I'm a vampire. I sucked you of your energy." She's upset now.

"No, baby. It was different. I *gave* my power to you. I gave it, and you absorbed it. Vamps take victims. Against their will. I allowed you to do it. I wanted you to do it. It was the most freeing moment I've ever experienced."

She thinks this over.

She traces a finger up my knee.

"Baby...?" she says.

"Hmm?"

"I think..." she pauses, "...and I don't want you to think I'm taking away from your experience...but...maybe in a similar way, that's how you make me feel all the time." She blushes.

I look at her in surprise.

"I do? Like that?"

"Um...I think so." She's embarrassed.

I keep quiet. She's tryin' to tell me something.

"You make me feel like I'm someone else. Like I'm *something* else. When we talk dirty or have sex, it's like I can not be

me. Like I can let go of all the 'Buffy' limitations I've had all my life. Like I stepped out of the box or something. But then, after that, *more* than that, I feel so alive, just a force...no body to restrict me, no personality to inhibit me. Just some incredible force that's vibrating with life."

Wow.

"Do you think it's our Slayer Connection?" she asks.

"It must be. Cus that's exactly what I felt like. Exactly. Until I heard you say it that way, I still thought it was sex. Uber sex, maybe, but still sex."

"So even if you have sex with Cordelia, you'll never feel that way?"

My stomach lurches.

"Buffy, I don't want Cordelia."

"Yes, you do, Faith. I can feel the vibe between you. I'm sensitive to it."

Oh.

"It's just lust, B." I admit finally.

"But it's so strong, Faith. It creeps over the whole room. It frightens me."

"It doesn't scare me, B," I say, "It appears intense because she and I have no other focus. All the energy is channeled into one area."

She accepts this explanation, but she wants more.

"I know what it feels like to me, the vibe, I mean. But what's it feel like for you?"

I think it over.

"It's like what you said. It creeps out at me. It's subtle at first and then it grows. Remember how Oz described it? It's a lot like that. It's like a full moon pullin' at me, callin' me out to run wild in the night. It's primal."

That's exactly how it is. In a nutshell.

"I can sense that. You're right, that's what it's like. I can feel her pulling at you, and your desire to go."

God, she can sense that?

"How can that not frighten me, Faith?" she asks.

"Because I don't give in. It pulls at me, but I won't release my power. My will stops me. Oz has seen the destruction he can cause. It's damaging and it's deadly. The urge is powerful, irresistible, and on his own he *can't* stop it. But he built himself a cage to refuse his Animal whenever it takes over."

"Am I your cage, Faith?" she asks quietly.

"Yes, B," I admit, surprised, "You're what keeps me safe from destroying what I love."

"Why does she have that power over you?"

"She doesn't. You do. She has a pull, I can't deny that, but it's your power that stops me."

I pause.

"But I don't know what it is. I don't even want to think about why. It doesn't matter."

"She knows I'm your cage," she states.

"Yeah."

"And it makes her angry. If it weren't for me, she'd have you. You'd go to her."

"Probably."

"That's not really comforting me, Faith." she says.

"Buffy, it is what it is. I don't want to be with her. If I wanted to, I could. But I don't. I'm with you. I want to be with you."

I look at her.

"I'll tell you what she told me. She told me that it's just the way it is between us. So deal with it. She has to."

Buffy gives me a look.

"You had this conversation with her?"

"Yeah."

"When?"

"After your chick fight."

"So that's where you were." Realization dawns on her face.

"Yeah."

"What else did she say?"

"Not much. Just that she'd stop baiting you, if you'd stop throwin' it in her face."

"Oh. If I stop throwing *my* girlfriend in her face?" She's pissed.

"Yeah, B. Put yourself in her place for a minute."

"Why? So you can pretend I'm her when you're fucking me?"

"Buffy, stop."

"No, Faith, I won't."

"Stop twisting my words. Why do you have to make this so ugly?"

"Fuck you, Faith. You just got done telling me you're drawn to her like some irresistible force of nature, and I'm supposed to accept that? Then you expect me to put myself in her shoes? Well, okay. I have. And it looks pretty fucking promising. It's just a matter of time."

"It's not."

"It is."

"You're missin' the point here, Buffy. Stop focusing on her pull. Focus on your power. Have you been listening? *You* keep me here. She can't touch that. She's not angry, Buffy. She's hurt. She understands your power better than you do."

Silence.

"I love *you*, Buffy."

Silence.

"I want *you*, Buffy."

Silence.

"I love *only* you, Buffy."

Silence.

"I want *only* you." I lean forward until our foreheads touch.

I look into her eyes.

"I need you to feel that. I need you to trust that. I need *you* to know me," I whisper.

And I think she finally does.

BUFFY'S POV:

"Everything is in order. Your flight departs at five p.m. this very evening, and Xander and Willow will rendezvous with you on the morrow."

"God Giles, you're in America now, speak English already," Cordelia drolls.

We all laugh.

"Um. Right then...er...um...your ride...will boogie down...around five-ish, and the Xan-man and Red will...hook up...wit'chew...on the flip-side," he says awkwardly.

"Quick! Somebody kill it before it multiplies!" Xander shouts.

I look toward Cordelia who's smiling. It's a genuine smile. We haven't seen that in a while.

After Faith and I had gotten out of the bath, I thought long and hard about what she had said.

I didn't like it, but it made a lot sense. And she needed me to understand her. I needed to understand her. My insecurities were preventing me from fully knowing the most important person in my life.

I had to change that. I had to try.

I owed that much to the both of us. After I thought on that a while, I allowed myself to try on Cordelia's shoes.

It wasn't pleasant. And I don't mean because she can be bitchy or catty or sarcastic.

It wasn't pleasant because it hurt.

To feel so drawn to someone you couldn't have. And to have that someone be drawn you, only to have nothing come of it because someone else stood in the way.

It wasn't so long ago that I really was in her shoes. And the same person stood in the way then too.

Me.

When I had finally gotten out of the way of myself, I had obtained what I desired. But I'll never get out of Cordelia's way, and she knows it. Faith's mine, and it hurts her.

I could almost cry for her.

I've made a conscientious decision to stop throwing that fact in her face. It's just cruel. She can't help her attraction for Faith any more than I can. Oh my god, when I think of the hell I went through...that she's *still* going through...I want to hang my head and weep.

I had also decided to accept her offer of the plane tickets. I know she had motives behind it, but I decided to ignore it.

I had to start somewhere.

I look at her smiling face and I soften. In a weird way, her feelings for Faith bonded us. Although it's not of the Slayer kind, it's still just as much of a connection.

As far as I know, no one else besides us feels this strongly for Faith. Not like this. Forget about the girls from the Espresso Pump and the Bronze.

Only Cordy and I felt love.

Oh my god. Yes, I do believe she does *love* Faith.

I look over at Faith, who has purposely placed herself far away from Cordelia. There's tension, and I'm the cause of it.

It's no wonder Cordelia calls to Faith. Faith feels the love, but is unable to recognize it for what it is.

Lust, she understands...desire, longing. But not love.

She had been denied love her entire life. The only reason she saw it from me, was because she was looking for it. Because she wanted me to love her. Because she needed me to love her.

Because she loved me.

I look at both of them and a feeling of such tenderness overcomes me. Tears spring to my eyes.

I can't take it.

I walk over to Cordelia who is laughing with Xander. Haven't seen that in a while either. Xander's laughing face slowly changes expression as I approach them. His eyes follow me as I get closer. Cordy sees his face change and she stops laughing to see what he's looking at.

Her whole body stiffens as I sit down next to her.

I feel the entire room looking at me. It's gone completely silent.

I put my arm around her shoulders, and I lean over to whisper in her ear.

"I understand it now, Cordelia. I understand everything. And I'm okay with it. You love her, and I love you for it."

And I kiss her cheek.

Cordelia remains stiff. I keep my face close to her cheek and slowly she relaxes. She turns her head slightly to look at me. I see her long lashes framing her soft hazel-brown eyes.

Oh.

My God.

She's not even trying and I feel it. Her pull spills over me and I feel a tug. I know it's not intentional, she doesn't seem to be aware it's happening. How did Faith resist this? And this was unintentional. What she threw out at Faith was a hundred times more powerful.

Her eyes glint.

Okay, so maybe she does know what she's doing.

But I don't think it started that way. But she knows that I know.

She gives a slow smile, and mouths the words "thank you" to me.

I smile back.

The room is deathly quiet. Everyone is holding their breaths.

Cordelia and I share this moment, and I feel it draw us closer.

It's amazing.

Xander finally breaks the mood and says

"I'm paraphrasing here, but to quote Cordelia's infamous words, 'Oh my god, ladies, get a room!'"

Cordelia and I both smile, and then we look over at Faith.

Poor thing.

She's just standing there, frozen. The shock and fear on her face is suddenly hysterically funny to me.

And to Cordelia too, because she says

"Relax, Faith. I'm not going to bite her...unless she wants me to, that is."

I rib her with my elbow.

Faith looks confused. Then her expression changes as she finally gets that Cordelia is kidding, and that we're only teasing her. She grins, looking relieved. *Very* relieved.

I give Cordelia a gentle shove on the shoulders as I get up and to go Faith.

"Everything okay, B?" she whispers, putting her arms around my waist.

"Perfect," I say as I kiss her.

Xander interrupts again, clearing his throat.

"Ah-hem! Okay, this stuff stops now before I have to get myself a room!"

"Dork," Cordelia smiles.

"Yeah, I know you are, but what am I?" he says suavely.

Cordelia just rolls her eyes.

I guess not everyone plays the game like Faith and I do.

I'm standing by the window, looking out into the courtyard, when I feel it.

I turn slowly to face where it's coming from.

Cordelia.

Cordelia is still sitting at the table but she's looking across the room at Faith, who is going over some maps with Xander for his precious road trip. She is casually looking over at them, but I can sense an intensity in her gaze that's directed only towards Faith.

I feel her pull creep across the room to Faith, whom I can tell feels it too. When it finally reaches her, I can see her body twitch, but she continues talking to Xander running her finger over a map. She's ignoring it, but she's very aware of it, and Cordelia is very aware that she's aware of it. I can feel it grow in intensity, almost like a humming without the sound.

It's unbelievable. It's completely compelling.

I see Faith shift herself, moving her body at various intervals, as if she's trying to avoid it or shake it off. She continues what she's doing, trying her best to act oblivious to what's being done to her. She's so strong. She's determined not to give in. I see what she means now. She's in complete control, even though the pull is getting stronger, pushing itself up against her, making her shake. She steadies her tremors and keeps talking to Xander.

She's so poised. She's beautiful.

She's made me her keeper, and her belief and trust in that is what keeps her safe. She needs me.

She needs to know that I believe in her.

I step forward slightly and direct myself towards her. I let all the power she told me I had --that she said Cordelia *knew* I had-- flow out towards her.

It was indescribable.

Just like our intense moment in the bath when she released herself to me and I absorbed it, adding to the power that was already spilling out of me. I focus my power toward the pull I felt was shrouding her, and I feel it give. I continue, pouring all of my love for her into it. It isn't meant to reject Cordelia, only to save Faith from her struggle with it. She's been struggling with this for so long and she never told me...

A sudden burst of love flows out from me, and Faith stumbles, catching herself before falling backward.

She looks up in surprise, her eyes immediately connecting with mine. She's stunned. I hear two gasps.

I look over at Cordelia, whose mouth is slightly open. Her pull is completely gone. She looks at me with an eyebrow raised and then her lips curl into a slow smile. It's genuine. She moves her head down slightly, giving a nod of acknowledgement, as if to say

"Well done, Buffy. You finally found it."

Xander says to Faith

"Hey, Grace. Stand, much?"

Cordelia's vibe has changed. It's no longer overwhelming and ensnaring. It's soft and embracing.

She smiles warmly at me.

But...

I heard two gasps.

I glance around the room to see Willow in a chair with a book near her feet; its pages creased and facing downward. Her mouth is open and her eyes are wide. She's gasping.

She's looking at me in amazement.

"What? What'd I miss?" Xander exclaims, taking in the room.

I walk over to Faith and put my arm around her waist.

"Let's go to yours, baby. We need to pack." As we walk by Cordelia, I run my hand across hers as it lies resting on the table. She entwines with my fingers for a second, and then lets go.

We leave Willow gasping in the corner.

"There must be some sort of mistake," I exclaim at the check-in clerk at Caesar's Palace.

"No, Madam," he says with a stiff English accent, "I received the call myself. You have indeed been upgraded to a penthouse suite. All accommodations have been provided for yourself and your companion, as well as..." He looks at the computer screen "...a Miss Willow Rosenberg and a Mr. Alexander Harris. They will occupy the suite adjoining your own. In addition, the management would like to express its sincere pleasure at your decision to stay at Caesar's Palace. Anything and everything the hotel can provide for you will, of course, be complimentary. We hope your stay at our establishment will be most enjoyable."

"What?" I say stunned.

"They're comp'ing us, B. It's on the house," Faith says excitedly.

"Precisely." he concurs. He slides a rack of casino chips across the counter towards us.

"Something to get you started with," he explains.

"But-" I say, before Faith interrupts me.

"Hey, what name do you have me registered under?"

He punches in some keys on the computer.

"I believe you are a 'Miss Faith Knight'."

"Damn straight," she grins.

Un-believable.

"...and of course, a spectacular view of the Strip," the bellman says. He pushes a button that electronically opens some curtains that cover the entire wall of the room.

Oops. I mean penthouse.

It *was* spectacular. It was mid-evening, and all the lights on the Strip were at full blaze.

He lets himself out with a slight bow, and Faith slips him a hundred dollar chip.

We look at each other in amazement.

"This is fucking rad, B! Wicked cool!"

We gaze around the room and see opulence everywhere. Marble floors, tabletops, and bureaus. Expensive wood furniture with velvet upholstery. A fully stocked bar with ice maker, and a table large enough to seat eight for entertaining...candles and crystal abound.

"Hey, B...look at this," and she gestures towards a small room.

Which turns out to be a large bathroom.

"Fuck, B." Faith exclaims, "This bathroom is as big as my entire motel room."

"Bigger," I say.

Again, marble everywhere. Gold plated fixtures on all the amenities.

"I bet that bath tub is makin you wet," she jokes.

Can I tell you?

The marble tub was bigger than Faith's whole bathroom.

"Hey, B. Look what they gave us."

I turn to look at Faith as she's turning on the bidet. Both jets start shooting out water.

"Water toys," she grins.

And the shower? Well, it could fit six people... *lying down*.

Faith runs the two faucets full blast on the tub. "Wanna?" she says, running her hand under the water.

"Oh yeah," I smile.

Faith has already got one boot off. Soon the next one comes off with a thud, and within ten seconds, she's naked.

Besides the black socks with a hole in the right toe.

She's grinning at me like a chimpanzee.

"Vegas, B. Remember?"

"Oh god, baby. Can I tell you how hot you make me?" I say with a straight face.

She grins wider, pleased with herself.

She starts wiggling her eyebrows at me, and I swear, I don't know how, but the hole in her sock appears to get bigger.

Maybe it was the lighting or something. But suddenly, before my very eyes, the material of her sock just seems to shrink away until her entire big toe is sticking out.

I tried to recall where we were.

What with her chimpanzee grin, her wiggling eyebrows, a big toe sticking out of a black sock...and all of this is naked, mind you...

We weren't at Caesar's Palace...we were at Circus Circus.

And now it was walking towards me!

I can't take it anymore, and I burst out laughing. Oh my god. It's a sideshow freak.

A sideshow freak with a killer body, maybe, but still a sideshow freak.

She stops and looks at me kind of confused.

And then she gets a look at herself in the mirror. All of the mirrors. The entire room has mirrors, wall-to-wall *and* ceiling. She gets a good look from all angles.

And then she's grinning at me again.

She begins to walk towards me again; but now she's got a swing in her hips, and every three steps she stops to place her right foot in front, big toe out, and leisurely trails the toe back and forth across the floor.

"You want this?" she says, all sexy.

"Baby! The Big-Toe Seduction? Take me now!" I exclaim.

And she grabs me in her arms and carries me back to the tub, laughing.

"Faith, don't!" I say.

Too late.

We're in the tub. My clothes, her socks.

I look at her.

"B, it's customary to remove ones clothing *before* entering the bath. Here, let me help you with that."

And she starts taking off my wet clothes.

The buttons aren't coming undone fast enough for her. They're wet, so she can't get a good grip on them.

She grabs the top part of my blouse instead, and pulls with both hands.

Buttons fly everywhere.

"What?" she says, "I'll buy you a new one." And she starts tugging at my bra.

"Faith, you can't just go ripping off my clothes. Are you gonna act like this all weekend?"

"Not if we stay naked, I won't."

"Faith," I say, pushing her hands away.

"Naked," she says, putting her hands on the straps.

"Come on, stop." I push her hands away, and the straps snap off in her fingers.

My eyes go wide.

"Faith!" I scold.

"Naked," she says, and undoes the clasp.

She buries her face in my breasts and starts tugging at my pants.

"Naked," she mumbles into my chest. I give in.

I like these pants.

"Better?" I say, after everything's off.

"Better!" she smiles.

God, she went from chimpanzee to Tarzan.

At least she's moving up the evolutionary ladder.

But just barely.

The bath was relaxing.

Well, for me anyway.

I'm sure Faith would describe it some other way.

"But, Buffy..." she whines, "...we're in *Vegas*."

"I realize that, Faith." As I soap up her back.

She's hunched over, her body moving with the motion of my scrubbing.

"But you *said*," she whines again.

She really is a petulant child. A horny petulant child.

"And we will," I say, smiling at her back.

She's quiet. Then

"Don't you love me?" Oh no. Not that old trick.

"Stop being such a baby. I swear no one would believe me if I told them you acted this way."

"Well, I bet they would believe *me* if I told them you tricked me."

"I didn't trick you, Faith." I say soothingly.

"Oh yeah? You promised we'd have sex in Vegas," she says, "Oh!" she remembers something, "And what about you comin' on to me on the plane? Teasin' me and stuff. Huh? What about *that*?"

I think on it. I don't remember doing that.

"When?" I ask, puzzled.

"Right after our meal. Don't act like you don't remember."

I close my eyes and shake my head.

"Faith, I was flossing my teeth."

"Yeah, but you were doin' it all sexy like."

Only Faith would think dislodging meat from a bicuspid was sexy.

I sigh.

"Maybe from your planet, but here on earth it's used for dental hygiene, not as a form of seduction."

"Okay, deny it, I don't care. But we both know what you were up to," she says, all smug like.

I roll my eyes at her back.

She's quiet.

"Ya sure got some industrial grit on that there sand paper. Ya know, pain is a stimulant for me, Buffy. You're teasin' me again, aren't you?"

"It's just a loofah, and you're long overdo, you freak."

"No, you are."

"No, you are."

"I know you are, but what am I?"

"You're a huge freak, Faith!" I yell.

She starts laughing and leans back to kiss me.

She truly is, you know.

"Come on, B, just for a second." Faith is at it again.

She's sprawled against the throw pillows on the enormous structure that appears to be our bed. It's not a king. It's an emperor, and it commands the room like Caesar himself.

"B, you really gotta feel the texture on this." She runs her hand across the spread.

"Uh-huh," I say. I'm not falling for that.

She looks at me suggestively, and says with a deep Italian accent

"I am Gianni Versace. Come to bed, Donatella."

I laugh.

"Eew, gross, Faith. Donatella's his sister."

Without missing a beat, she spins on her ass and slides seductively down the bed on her stomach, never breaking eyes with me. In the same throaty voice she says

"But of course you are. Come and give us a sisterly kiss." I throw a boot at her head. She ducks, laughing.

"Come on, get dressed. 'The Donger need food'."

Sixteen Candles. Great movie.

"B, ya know, I hear they have great room service. Come here and have a look."

"Give it up, Faith." I say.

"I'm tryin' to, but you're just not biting, B."

She's quick, that one. "If you don't stop with the sexual harassment, I'm gonna take it back."

"You wouldn't do that," she says, unsure.

"You willing to gamble on it?" I dare.

She groans and puts her boots on.

See? I'm quick too.

We immediately get seated, bypassing the long line of people waiting to get a table. We get more than a few curious stares as Faith struts by holding my hand.

She's such a show-off.

We had left the room hungry for Italian. We decided on Terrazza here in the hotel. I had looked at the long line and rethought the whole room service idea.

Faith just said

"Wait here." And she strolled up to the Maitre d'.

All heads turned in her direction as she passed them, men *and* women. She's hot like that. I saw her give a killer smile to the guy and he smiled back, obviously charmed. She said a few words to him, and he punched something up in a computer nearby. He unhooked the velvet cord, and with a flourish, motioned her inside. She said a few more words, and then the Maitre d' looked up to where she was pointing.

At me.

I felt a deep flush creep over me as all heads turned in unison to look at me.

Like human dominos.

At me...

The dork at the end of the line.

Faith smiled and strolled back in my direction. All eyes were on her and her apparent destination.

She's such a spectacle.

She leaned in and gave me a kiss on the lips, fully aware we were being watched. She took my hand and strutted her way back to the front.

The Maitre d' beams broadly as we approach, clearly pleased by the sight of us. He waits for us to enter and then he replaces the velvet cord with a click.

Successfully keeping the hoi polloi at bay.

The table he seats us at is poolside. It's lovely. He snaps his fingers, and two waiters appear instantly to clear the extra settings and to hand him two menus.

He lets Faith seat me, and then he pulls back a chair for her. She smiles warmly at him, and I see him raise his eyebrow in appreciation. He hands us the menus, suggesting a few courses, and then leaves us alone.

I see Faith slip him a chip.

"Big tipper, Faith. What's that, two hundred dollars so far?" I ask.

She shrugs.

"When in Rome, B." she explains.

It was beyond romantic. The candles on the table, the lighted pool, the way the waiters fussed over us.

You wouldn't think it, but Faith was really in her element.

I watched the way she so smoothly handled it all. She was courteous and flirtatious, but not overly so. She discussed the various specialties with the head chef who had come to take our order personally. It was impressive.

Her coloring is flushed, the candles merely enhancing her natural glow. Her lips are slightly parted as she listens to the gentleman's compliment that is seated at the table next to us. She graciously declines an invitation for us to join his party for drinks later. She slides her hand across the table and takes hold of mine. He notes this and nods his understanding. Then he too gives an appreciative look.

She's amazing.

She turns away from him with a smile, and rests her eyes on me.

"What, B?" she asks.

"You take my breath away," I whisper.

She looks surprised at first, and then her face softens into a tender smile.

She leans across the table and gives me a kiss.

A yummy kiss.

My heart starts racing from the touch of her. She pulls back slightly and whispers into my lips

"No..." she murmurs, "...you do."

Dinner was phenomenal.

Each course was delicious. The head chef made us promise we'd come back. He wanted us to try another specialty of his, Shrimp alla grigiglia.

We promised to come back with Xander and Will.

It's a cold night, but we walk the strip anyway. We went up to the room to get jackets, and I half expected for Faith to make a move on me again, but she didn't.

I guess she's not such a gambler after all.

The strip was crazy as usual. All-you-can-eat buffets, loose slots and gimmicks galore, all competing with each other. It was garish and gorgeous all at the same time.

It was Vegas.

We stopped to get tickets to a show for when Willow gets here. We knew Xander wouldn't go. He'll be in strip joints the whole time.

We stopped at some shops to get mom, Giles, Oz, and Cordy souvenirs.

Faith wanted to get Cordelia some tassels and a G-string as a gag gift, but I think she was afraid I'd gag *her* if she went through with it.

"Go ahead," I said.

"Really? It's just a joke, B."

"I know, Faith. The stick from my ass was removed a long time ago, remember?"

"Not that long ago," she mumbles, but loud enough to know I can hear.

She flashes me a smile.

I got my mom a T-shirt that says

"My daughter went to Las Vegas and all I got was this lousy T-shirt...and a couple grand in debt."
Lame, I know, but she likes those kinds of things.

Faith got her a T-shirt with a fluffy cat on it.

I don't know why.

"It doesn't even say Las Vegas or anything, Faith." I say.

"I dunno, B. It just reminds me of her." was all she said.

We walk around some more, and she flips off a bunch of guys that whistle at us. Just a bunch of yahoos on their way to a strip joint. Cheetahs or something.

She looks at me after awhile and says

"Feel like gettin' wet?" Eyebrow up.

"Whatcha got in mind?" I ask.

"You. Me. King-sized tub."

"Sure," I say.

We get back, and again I expect her to make her move.

But she doesn't.

Instead, she runs the bath and walks over to the colossal fruit basket that had been delivered while we were out. She lets out a slow whistle.

"Damn, B. The Council is suckin' up, big time."

And she hands me a card that reads

Chosen Two:

**Best regards. We hope this card finds you well
and comfortable in your accommodations.**

In gratitude,

T.W.C

She looks over the basket and starts pulling it apart. She piles up an armload of stuff, a bottle of champagne hanging from her fingers.

"Some good stuff, B. Dean & Deluca." And puts the stuff on the bathroom counter.

She goes out to the bar and gets a bucket and fills it with ice, two champagne glasses resting on top. I watch her as she sets everything up.

She pulls in two chairs and pushes them together facing each other. She gets a clean towel and drapes it over the chairs.

She goes back out and comes back with a large flat plate and a very sharp looking knife.

She rinses the fruit, dries, and then slices them. She arranges them on the plate. Kiwi's, pears; sliced. Strawberries, whole.

And the biggest bunch of grapes I've ever seen.

She sets a small jar of caviar next to it with toast points. She places the plate on the chairs and the ice bucket next to it. She eyeballs the ice and then dumps some into the tub.

She puts the bottle of champagne in to chill.

She walks back out and comes back shortly with three medium sized candles. She sets two on one side of the bath and one at the other. She lights them, burning her finger in the process.

"Fuck!" she says, putting her finger in the bucket of ice.

After a moment she takes it out and sticks it in her mouth, sucking on it. She goes back to setting things up and doesn't even look at me.

She goes to a cabinet and starts looking around, pushing things aside. She finds what she's looking for, and goes back to the tub and starts filling the bath with a liquid.

Bubbles begin to form, and soon a floral bouquet scents the room.

She runs her hands under the water to test the temperature. She adjusts the tap. She stands back and looks at everything and then walks past me, grabbing a big fluffy white robe on the way out the door.

A few minutes later she's back, in the robe, barefoot, and hair tied back in a high ponytail. She flips the light switch and the room is aglow with multiple candles, the mirrors haven't given the appearance that there are many. She walks up the three marble steps that lead to the bath, and lets the robe slide off her body.

She stands there for a moment, her back to me, and then sticks a foot in to test the water.

I feel butterflies in my stomach.

She lowers herself into the tub and leans back, only her head sticking out. She closes her eyes.

A moment later.

"You comin'?"

I approach the bath and look at her. She's completely submerged to her neck, the back of her head leaning against the edge of the marble counter that runs along all four sides. Her eyes are still closed, her lips slightly open and her breathing is quiet.

It's a trick. I know it.

I start to take off my clothes, letting them lie where they fall. I look at her. Eyes still closed, breathing quietly.

I step in and put myself across from her. Only my head is sticking out too. I watch her and her breathing changes. It's slower, more regulated. I watch her for a while longer and wonder when she's going to jump me. I reach over and turn off the water.

She's sleeping?

She's not breathing quietly at all, she's snoring! I just couldn't hear it because the water was running.

She's kidding, right? She's just playing with me.

I look at her closely, expecting any second for her eyes to fly open and scare the hell out of me.

Nothing.

I look at her some more.

She's really sleeping!

Oh, we were gonna have sex and she's sleeping??

Actually my plan was to say no, but she doesn't know that!

I can't believe her!

I move quickly towards her and a large wave of water comes with me, catching her in the face and going into her open mouth.

Her eyes fly open and she sputters.

"Wha?" she chokes.

Yeah, you're awake now, I think.

"What happened, B? Did you fall in or something?" She wipes her face.

Uh-huh. Or something.

"You want some fruit, Faith?" I ask.

"Yeah, baby." she says.

I move to step onto a small ledge at the bottom of the tub, and reach over to get us some fruit. My back and part of my butt comes out of the water close to her face, and again I expect a hand or a kiss or something on my ass, but instead I just feel air.

I look into the mirror and I see her eyes are closed again.

Is she kidding me?

I move over to let my butt brush against the side of her face...and she moves her head away!

Okay. She loves my butt. She's always staring at it. This is just weird.

I get some kiwi and pears and reach over for the champagne, when I suddenly feel her hand on my ass.

Now we're talking.

I look back, ready to make a sarcastic remark, but I stop.

She's looking at her hand on my ass and her expression is serious. Then she takes her hand away.

"Faith? Give me a hand?" But she ignores my tease and comes over to stand next to me instead.

I put a kiwi in her mouth. I reach back over for the bottle, leaving the glasses. She takes it from me and opens the cork slowly so it doesn't pop off. It fizzes over, and some spills on her breasts and into the water.

She doesn't say anything.

She raises an eyebrow and looks at the glasses. I shake my head and she shrugs, taking a swig from the bottle. She hands it to me and I take a drink.

It's not really warm, but it's not really cold either.

It wasn't iced long enough. I offer it back to her and she shakes her head. Yeah, me neither, I think, and put it back on to ice. I feed her more fruit and let my fingers linger on her lips. She kisses them, but doesn't try to take them into her mouth. She looks so solemn.

"Are you okay, Faith?" I ask.

"Yeah, B. You?"

"Okay, I guess. Whatcha thinkin'?"

"About us," she says.

And I get a butterfly.

It's not really bad, but it's not really good either.

"What about us?" I ask.

"Nuthin'."

"You're acting really strange, Faith. What's wrong?"

"Nuthin', sorry, B. I'm just really tired, I guess. I don't think I want a bath after all. I think I'll go to bed if that's okay with you?"

I nod my head and watch her get out of the tub and put her robe on. She pads out of the bathroom with wet feet and then closes the door.

She's left me alone in a bubble bath with fruit and champagne and candles.

I decide I'm not in the mood either. I get up and dry off, putting on an identical robe, and I brush my teeth.

The lights are off when I get to the room. I see a lump in the middle of the bed. I slide in and crawl towards it.

I put my face close to hers and her eyes are open. I almost jump back from surprise. After my heart stops racing, she reaches out and pulls me down on her. She brushes hair away from my forehead and kisses it.

For luck.

And then she's asleep.

She's starting to weird me out.

I wake up and I'm alone. I look over at the clock and it shows 7:46 a.m.

She must be in the bathroom.

I close my eyes and I drift back to sleep.

Images run through my head, disjointed and random.

My mom. Xander, Angel. A pair of flowered sneakers I had as a kid. A rat. Principle Snyder. Amy. Cordelia's breasts. Faith's breasts.

My eyes snap open as I awaken with a start. I look at the clock and it's 8:30 am. She's definitely not in the bathroom. I get up.

"Faith?" I say. Nothing.

"FAITH??" I yell. I walk into the bathroom and she's not there.

I walk back to the bedroom and notice her jacket is gone. And her boots. Maybe she went to get something to eat. I go back into the bathroom and look at the burned out candles and the flat champagne. I remember how weird she was, and now I'm worried.

I dial the front desk and ask to be put through to Willow's suite. She picks up.

"Oh hi, Buffy. We didn't think you guys would be up yet. We just ordered breakfast. Whatcha doin'?"

"Have you seen Faith?" I ask.

"Um, no. Were we supposed to?"

"She's not here," I say, and then I explain what happened.

"I'm sure it's nothing, Buffy. Maybe she went shopping for a Valentine's Day present. It is tomorrow, you know."

Oh yeah. Valentine's Day.

But I didn't think so.

"I should have had sex with her," I blurt.

"Uh...um...okay." Willow stammers.

"I should have had sex with her!" I say again.

"Um, Buffy calm down." I hear her put a hand over the mouthpiece and say something to Xander. I hear a struggle with the receiver and then I hear

"Hey, Buffster. What's this I hear about you not having sex? I thought the whole point of-" and he cuts off.

I hang up and ask to be put through again.

It rings. And rings. After the fourth ring it picks up, and I hear in the background

"Xander, give me the phone! Stop being such a putz." And I hear more struggling.

Finally

"Sorry, Buffy. Xander insisted on driving the entire way. He's a little punchy. What were you saying?"

"I said I should have had sex with her."

"Oh yeah. Right." Silence. Then, "You mean you haven't *yet*, or you mean you should have had sex *again*."

"The first one," I say.

"Oh." Silence. "I'm sure she'll be back any minute. Do you wanna come over for breakfast? We can order you something, and...and you could leave a note for Faith."

I hear a pounding at the door.

"There's someone at the door, Wills. I gotta go."

"Okay, well, call us back later and let us know what happened."

We hang up. I throw on the robe and walk to the door. It's banging again. The only people who can get up here are people with a penthouse key for the elevator or personnel of the hotel.

I doubt they would be banging.

I open the door and a gorgeous man, tanned and muscled, is holding up a very drunk Faith. He grins at me.

"You must be Buffy," he says, and swings her into his arms and carries her inside.

Faith is drunk and asleep in bed. I left her clothes on, boots too, and just threw a cover over her.

I was in the sitting room with Guy.

The guy that carried her in.

His name was Guy.

I had ordered room service for a pot of coffee and we were talking.

"...yeah, it was great," he finishes, grinning.

Apparently "Guy" is a guy Faith knows from Boston. They used to date.

Or as Guy put it

"Fuck up a storm."

"...well, whenever she'd let me that is. She always kicked me out before morning, but I always kept comin' back. She's like

a drug, ya know? You keep wakin' up in the gutter, but the next thing you know, you're out lookin to score again. Wheew, that girl..." he smiles nostalgically, "...yeah, it was great."

Great.

"Oh, but *you* know that," he adds, remembering to whom he's talking to.

I just smile...a Cordelia smile.

"So you ran into her where, again?" I ask casually.

"Right outside my job. I'm a stripper over at Olympic Gardens and I was gettin' off my shift around two a.m. or so? And I got outside and I hear this ruckus around the corner. Well, I go check it out, cus a lotta the girls I work with get hassled by the guys and sometimes I gotta go kick some righteous ass, but when I turn around the corner I see five guys and two girls and one of the girls was doin' some major remodeling on some dudes face and the four other guys were down on the ground already..." he takes a breath.

"...well, this other chick, I think I work with her, she might be new, but anyway, she's just standin' there. So then I hear the badass chick say 'Listen sweetheart, this is worse than you think. You better motor.' So I think to myself 'Is it? Nah, it can't be.' But then the statue chick? She comes flyin' at me and knocks me to the ground. Well, when she finally gets off of me and I get up, I see Faith standin' there all by herself. The guys just disappeared or something. She looked wicked hot, breathin' all heavy and shit. She was holdin' something, like a stick, maybe? But then it was gone and she comes flyin' over at me, wrappin' her legs around my waist, huggin' me and shit...yeah, I'd know the feel of those legs anywhere."

He stops, remembering to whom he's talking to.

"Oh, but *you* know," he repeats, smiling knowingly.

Okay, too many thoughts in my head.

1. Vamps in Vegas 2. Tramps in Vegas 3. Explains Faith's cuts and bruises 4. This "Guy" better remember who he's talking to, *before* he tells me another story 5. What happened next?

"So what happened next?" I ask, off-handedly.

He grins.

"Oh god, you name it. We went to a couple of strip clubs, we went dancing, we gambled; we got something to eat. It was like old times. Oh. And we got drunk. Well, she got drunk, cus I'm on a low carb diet and alcohol is just pure sugar," he explains helpfully.

"Well, thanks for bringing her back," I say, wanting to end this conversation.

"Sure, it was great seein' her," he looks at me, "Hey, can I ask you something?"

"Okay."

"Why won't you have sex with her? Are you mental or something?"

Wow. Didn't see that coming.

"Not that it's any of your business, but we have sex, we do stuff."

He grins.

"Yeah, but that's not really sex, sex." he smiles.

Of course she told him. I mean, why wouldn't she?

"Okay, one last thing before I go. This is what I know about Faith. She has sex with dudes, but she's basically a dyke at heart. And if you don't give her some pussy, she's gonna get cranky."

Well that was interesting, I think, shutting the door behind him.

I call Willow to tell her Faith is back.

"See? I told you she'd be back, Buffy." she says.

"Yeah, but you forgot to mention the drunk part and the hunk part."

"I'm a Wicca, Buffy. I don't own a crystal ball."

"You own a Magic 8 ball," I remind her.

"That is decidedly so'," she quips, "So he was hunky, huh?"

"Pretty much."

"And he had rad sex with her, huh?"

"Evidently."

"How many times, ya think?"

"Oh my god. Xander, is that you again? Put Willow back on."

She laughs, "I'm just saying, Buffy."

"What *are* you saying, Will?"

"Nobody wants a cranky Faith. Give it up already." And she hangs up the phone.

Everybody's got an opinion.

I hang up and go check on Faith. She's kicked the cover off and she's sprawled on the bed snoring.

She's got some cuts and bruises on her face, but they should be gone by morning. I look at the clock and it's only 9:15 a.m. She'll be out for a few hours at least. Then she'll be hungry.

Hungry, horny, hung-over and...cranky.

I start pulling off her clothing. Boots. Socks. Leathers. Jacket and tank. She's got some bruises on her ribs and her knuckles

are raw. That should be gone by tomorrow afternoon.

We only get marked like that if we take a severe beating or give one. I throw the cover back on her, and put her clothes in a pile to be cleaned.

They reek of smoke and alcohol.

I empty out her pockets; cigarettes, lighter, a *phone number*, oh, Guy's, and some casino chips. I reach into her other pocket and find a box.

A small blue box with the words Tiffany & Co. on it.

Oh my god.

I look over at her and she's still snoring.

"Faith?" I whisper, "Faith, I'm just gonna open up this blue box for a second. If that's okay, keep snoring."

Permission granted.

I untie the white ribbon and lift the lid off the cardboard box. Inside is a smaller velvet box. I lift it out and look at Faith.

"Faith? I'm just gonna open this one too, okay?" I whisper.

"Please do," her snores tell me.

I open the lid and bite my lip from squealing.

It's a ring...

...and it's *gorgeous*.

A Solitaire Diamond in a platinum band.

Next to the Tiffany & Co. imprint is an inscription: B mine 2/14

I blink at the ring and wake up from my stupor.

Did she rob a bank?

And I panic.

Oh my god oh my god oh my god.

I go through her pant pockets and find a sales receipt.

Oh my god!

I keep digging deeper but a glint catches my eye.

Coming from her boots. Buckle, maybe?

I pick up the boot and look into it. Nothing. I hold it upside down and shake a little. Out falls a wad of cash and the very

sharp knife from last night. She had it tucked into a thin slit of leather at the opening of her boot.

At first glance, you assume it's a fancy buckle, but on second glance you see it's the top portion of a knife handle. She's clever, that one.

I look at the wad of cash. I grab her other boot and shake it. More cash. This is insane. Then I start thinking.

What if the vamp story was made up? Maybe Faith told him to say that. Maybe they really did rob a bank.

Right Buffy, and she let Guy beat her up to cover her story.

But what, then?

I count the money. It's in twenties, fifties, and hundreds. I look at the receipt, it's paid for in cash.

I calculate.

The cash in her boots and the price of the ring...plus they went dancing, clubbing, eating and drinking.

Faith had over fifty grand on her at one point tonight??

But...?

...they went gambling.

Hello, in Vegas, remember? That's what they do here, plus Guy told you that's what they did. But he said it so casually. You'd think he'd mention if she'd won fifty grand!

Her snoring stops. I look over but she's still sleeping, thank God. I quickly put back everything the way I found it. I put her clothes back in a pile.

I need to talk to Willow.

"Buffy, relax. I'm sure she didn't 'pull a heist'," she quotes me.

"But Will, that's a lot of money."

"Not in Vegas, it's not."

"Willow, fifty grand is a lot of money anywhere."

"To us, maybe. In Sunnydale, maybe. But Buffy, you can't even open at some tables for fifty grand. Not your average table, sure, but I'm just saying it's not uncommon in Vegas. Yeah, if you had found that kind of money anywhere else, I'd say 'bank job', but in Vegas you think 'she got lucky'." She looks at me.

"Buffy, trust me. It's all okay."

I smile and hug her. She's trying to comfort me, but I just don't know if I buy it.

"Okay, you gotta go. My very first Wicca symposium starts in an hour. Then there's a discussion group after that, followed by a 'Magick Mixer' tonight," she says proudly.

"That's great, Will. I'm glad the Council finally realized what an asset you are to me. And to them. You deserve it."

Willow was being wooed by the Watcher's Council. Besides having Watchers, they also employ a few other types. Wiccans, for one. They want her to be a Watcher's Wicca.

Willow was still considering it, but her love for magick is making it pretty easy to decide. They had so many resources to offer her.

And now she's representing them at the International Conference.

Or "Wicca-Stock" or "Wicca-Faire" Or "Witch-Fest" as Faith sometimes calls it.

It was a pretty big deal.

"I know, Buffy," she whispers, eyes all wide, "Can you believe this room? And the fruit basket? Xander told me to pull up a broomstick, cus he's hitching a ride."

She looks around the suite in awe.

"I understand for you and for Faith. You're the Chosen Two. Without you, there would be no need for Watchers. But for me?"

"Yeah, for you, Wills. You really do deserve it." And we hug.

I leave her room and go down to the shops. I had called ahead and was on my way to pick up my purchase.

I hope Faith likes it.

I get to the shop and the sales clerk gets the manager. After introductions, he leads me behind a velvet curtain in the back of the room. Behind the curtain was a door with a push code entry lock. He punches in some numbers and leads me inside to another door. This one is reinforced in some type of metal; the type they use on bank vaults. He punches in more numbers and then spins the metal wheel and it clicks open.

We go inside.

Angel would shit. Well, if he could, that is.

Inside, hanging on velvet and under glass cases, was the most elaborate display of weaponry I have ever seen. Every type of blade imaginable. Widow-maker axes to the smallest of daggers; cold and lethal, glinting under the bright florescent lights.

He pulls out three ornately carved boxes and sets them atop a velvet cloth on the counter. He opens the lids and then steps back, letting me experience the sight before me alone.

Three beautiful gleaming knives sharpened and handcrafted with deadly deliberation. All three were equal in diameter and length. Six inch blade with a four-inch handle. Only the metals varied.

I pick up each blade and test the bulk of its weight. The handles felt good in my hand, but they'll feel even better in Faith's. My grip is smaller than hers.

I opted for the silver blade with titanium reinforcement. Silver seems to be the poison of many unnatural creatures.

I'm sure Oz would agree.

The manager doesn't seem surprised by my choice. He nodded his approval as if he expected as much. He closes the box and leads me out to the main shop, reassuring me the knife would be ready in a few hours.

He takes both my hands into his and conveys his deepest gratitude for me.

From himself and every other living creature on the planet.

I leave the shop, musing.

I had called Giles earlier, telling him what I wanted to get Faith for Valentine's Day. He agreed it was the natural choice for a girl like her.

"Ya have any idea where I'd find something like that?" I asked.

"Buffy," he said, "You're in Las Vegas. Anything in the world can be obtained there, if you know where to look," he chided me.

"Like where, Giles? Where do I start?"

"Perhaps Winston can be of service," he suggested.

"Who's Winston?" I asked.

"The manager at the front desk," he responded.

Oh. The English guy who comp'ed us the rooms, I think.

"You know him or something?" I asked.

"Buffy," he sounded flustered, "Are you daft? He works for the Council. He's one of our operatives."

"What?" I said defensively, "Am I supposed to assume every guy with an English accent knows each other?"

"Oh, Buffy," he sighed. "I'll ring him up and have him look into it. He'll phone you when he finds something."

"Okay, and Giles? I want an inscription on it."

"Buffy, I understand Valentine's Day is a romantic observation, but do you really think it's appropriate on a killing device?"

"It is if you're a Slayer," I said.

He paused, "Quite right," he finally agreed.

I told him what I wanted inscribed and we hung up.

After having left the knife shop, I stopped by to pick up my last major purchase. It was a jewelry shop known in inner circles for its unique and unusual designs.

You really could find anything in Vegas if you knew where to look for it.

This shop, however, was not as elegant as the previous one. In fact, it was pretty creepy. The small shop had a dark and dank look to it. The "jeweler" was so pierced and tatted up that he didn't look human. Maybe he wasn't. Nothing about the shop looked sanitary. Before showing me my order, he opens a book of Polaroid pictures he had catalogued.

Page after page of designs that fairly turned my blood cold.

Chokers and piercings and vises. I never imagined someone could mistake a vise for a piece of jewelry. But there it was in front of me, modeled by some poor unfortunate like in all the other pictures he showed me. Sensing my distaste, he closes the book and quickly hands me my order.

You don't want to piss off a Slayer.

The shop may have been substandard, but the packaging was inspired. A long black leather case with deep blue silk lining.

The platinum necklace leapt out at me.

A quarter inch thick chain with flattened links, and a two inch platinum stake attached to it. I had chosen the length with slaying in mind. She could either wear it over her clothing or tuck it underneath in the beginnings of her cleavage.

It'll be a happy little stake.

I had the stake inscribed as well. It was tricky, but he did a good job. Down the length on one side it said

I 'heart' U.

The tiny heart in the middle looked perfect.

I paid up, and when I went to leave he slipped me his business card.

It read:

The Little Shoppe of Horace

Not for the Faint of Heart

****702-555-**STAB******

He got that right.

After leaving, I stopped for a late lunch. I hadn't eaten breakfast and I was pretty hungry. I ate Chinese at a restaurant close to the knife shop. After a leisurely meal, I decided to take a chance and see if the knife was ready. It was. The manager took me back and proudly displayed the handiwork.

Across the length it read CHOSEN in large gothic script. On the reverse it read 4 ME 2/14 .

It was perfect.

Beyond corny, I know, but both gifts needed a light touch. It was Valentine's Day, after all. Besides, her gift to me had a similar play on words.

I tried to pay, but the manager went on about how it was an 'honor and a privilege to provide a Slayer with the tools to help rid the evils of the world, and since it was to be a gift from one Slayer to another, on Valentine's Day no less, well, it was simply beyond the unquestionable. It would be a sacrilege to accept monies from the Chosen.'

So it was free.

Who knew?

Slaying is mostly an all-guts-and-no-glory type gig.

No one is supposed to know that you even exist, so it's really nice when someone notices.

Kinda like my Class Protector award.

Yeah, sometimes it really is good to be me.

I run into Xander by the elevators. He was dashing off to do a quick strip club run before he met up with some guys later to do a serious strip club run.

"Your girl's up..." he says, as the elevator doors start to close. "...and boy, is she hung." he adds, wiggling his eyebrows and flicking a fake cigar.

Faith is awake.

I feel a pang in my chest. Suddenly I miss her so much.

And I run to let myself into our room.

She's lying in bed with the TV on.

Three room service carts laden with plates and remnants of food.

The first cart had carbs. Pancakes. Waffles, French toast, hash browns, muffins. Three carafes of juice; tomato and orange, and two pots of coffee. The second cart had proteins. Bacon, eggs. Sausage, ham and steak. The third was a jumble. Hamburger, fries, pasta and a banana split. And a large bottled water.

She hadn't finished all of it, of course, but at least half of each thing had been eaten.

She's such a pig.

I put my bags in a dresser, and then approach the bed quietly.

She looks at me with glazed eyes.

Her robe is wide open, naked, with her belly puffed up like a little melon.

"Buffy, I don't feel so good," she whines, putting her hand on her stomach.

"Oh, baby," I say, and rush to her side, "Are you hungry? You need something to eat?" I ask, all concerned.

She groans at me.

I smile and slide in next to her, pulling her to me. I rest her head on my breasts. I reach over and stroke the hard little melon. I feel like thumping it to see if it's ripe.

So I do.

"Not funny, Buffy. It hurts," she muffles into me.

"Yep, it's definitely rotten," I say, thumping some more.

"Rubbing not thumping," she tells my breast, as she moves her head to look at it.

"Baby, I've told you before. It can't answer you. You have to speak to my head if you want a response."

"Head mean, breast nicer," Tarzan says, rubbing her face against it.

I laugh and rub her belly. I know I'm asking for trouble because it's mostly a giant bubble of gas, and rubbing it is just going to encourage the genie to come out of the bottle faster. I know, cus we've done this before.

Not five minutes later.

"Incoming!" she warns.

I pull the sheet over my face and she yells

"Dive! Dive! Dive!" In her submarine captain's voice.

I dive under the covers.

"Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!" she warns again, making bells and buzzer noises.

"Five seconds 'til impact. Four...three...two...one..."

And she lets loose the most revolting sound any human body should *ever* be allowed to make.

"Impact!" she yells, still going.

I hold my breath and cover my ears.

At least she warns me now. She didn't used to. But now it's a game, and my baby loves games.

She really is quite disgusting.

"All clear. Please resume normal activities."

And I poke my head out, fanning the air with the sheet.

"The coast is clear, baby?" I ask, doubtful.

"Yeah, baby." she smiles, happily.

"All better?" I ask.

"Much better," she answers.

And I lean in for a kiss.

Faith *is* feeling much better.

Actually, she's pretty much feeling me up.

So that proves that she's better.

Her hangover's gone and her hungries have been sated.

And now she's lookin' for lovin'.

And I let her. But just a little.

"Only above the waist stuff and no touching yourself," I tell her.

"I can't touch myself either?" she whines, "We're going backwards, Buffy. I think we should go home."

"Come on, Faith," I say, all sexy like, "Remember what you said earlier? 'Head mean, breast nicer'?"

"No fair, Buffy." she says, ignoring my pun.

"Okay," I say, "Have it your way." And I push my bra straps back up.

We had decided to stay in the room for the rest of the day.

Even though Faith was feeling better, she didn't feel like hitting the strip tonight. She had enough of that earlier this morning. I haven't asked her about it yet, and she didn't offer, but I was going to later. It was early still. I really just wanted to spend some alone time together. Hang out, watch a little cable, cuddle, and engage in some serious smoochage.

I miss kissing her.

I turn over on my side and start watching TV. I was flipping through the stations looking for the movie listings, when I feel a hand slip up my back and snap open my bra.

Before I could even react, the hand was on my breast kneading it and I feel Faith's hot breath in my ear. She had slid up behind me and was spooning me. Her breath in my ear sent immediate goose bumps over my body and my nipples become erect.

A small noise escapes my lips, and Faith reacts by grinding herself against my ass. Her tongue slips in my ear and I push back against her, meeting her thrusts. She takes her hand away from my breast, and moves lower to the buttons on my pants.

She pops them open, one by one, as she continues licking and tonguing my ear. When the last button is undone, she slips her hand towards my pussy and I grab her wrist.

She stops all movement.

And then resumes.

Her hand moves slowly up my stomach and back to my breast. She begins massaging it again, and grinding my ass.

She whispers in my ear.

"Come on, baby. I want you so bad. Don't you want me to?"

And she starts kissing my neck, not waiting for an answer.

She finds my pulse and licks it, then clamps her lips on it, sucking. I feel myself getting very wet, and I roll over onto my back and she lays herself on top of me. She's naked under her open robe, and her breasts are pressed against mine where my bra has fallen open. She nudges my thighs apart with her knees and she's between them, half kneeling, and she links her arms under mine, sliding them to my hips, and pulls me forward.

Her actions are so quick, that my back arches upward and my head is thrown back, exposing a long line of my neck.

I groan.

She presses herself against me, kissing my neck, licking and biting and sucking my skin. My bra falls off. I push at her shoulders, grabbing at the robe to slide it off of her. Her hands are underneath me, and I feel her fingers tug at the waistband of my pants to pull them off me. I raise my butt and let her slide them down. She lifts herself off me, and maneuvers my pants past my knees and down around my ankles.

I kick them off impatiently.

She's on me, pressing her pussy to mine, and she finally kisses me. Her lips are still cut and bruised from fighting the vamps, and I'm careful not to hurt her. Her tongue slips into my mouth and pushes against mine. She's licking my tongue and I suck on it, stilling its motion.

Her saliva mingles with mine and I feel myself getting wetter.

I break the kiss, and slide myself down the bed so she's leaning over me. Her breasts sway and press into my face. I rub my face across both of them, taking her left nipple into my mouth, and I suck on it, rubbing my hands over her hips and her thighs.

She puts a hand under my head and presses me close.

"Oh fuck, baby, yeah," she whispers.

I take her nipple between my teeth and hold it there, applying a small amount of pressure as I flick my tongue up and down it.

She pulls me closer.

"uh...fuck, baby...suck it," she breathes.

I move my head away from her breast and lick my way down to her stomach, sliding farther down between her legs. I raise both hands to massage her breasts, rubbing her nipples between my thumb and forefinger. I continue to slide down, sucking her skin until I reach her pussy. I release her nipples, and run my hands down her sides; grabbing hold of her hips and pulling her pussy to my face.

I inhale deeply, drawing in her scent through my nose and tasting it in my mouth.

It drives me wild.

I feel my clit twitch and I pull her closer. Her pubic hair is wet against my nose. I inhale again, and I feel her wetness seep onto my lips and I catch it with my tongue, accidentally touching her outer lips. She groans.

"Oh god Buffy, I want to eat you!" she says passionately.

She flips herself over and puts herself into a 69 position, burying her face in my pussy. She licks the opening of my slit, and I feel her tongue against my clit.

I jump.

I grab her thighs with my hands, and roll us both over onto our sides, breaking her contact with my pussy.

She lies there, blinking at me.

"What the fuck, Buffy?" she says.

"It went too far. I'm sorry, it was my fault," I say.

"Are you kidding me?" she asks, in disbelief.

I slide over to her on my stomach and crawl on top of her. I bury my face in her neck.

"Don't be mad, baby. I really just wanted to kiss you, but then I went too far. Can we go back to kissing?"

"Buffy, I don't understand you. Why are we stopping? Why can't we kiss *and* have sex?"

"I'm not ready, Faith."

"You seem pretty ready to me," she smirks, and then, "Buffy, you're never gonna have sex with me, I know it. You told me 'when we get to Vegas' but it's been two nights already. And now I can't even touch myself? This is gettin' worse, Buffy, not better."

She sounds very upset.

"Baby, I want it to be special, that's all."

"Why can't it be special now? How is waiting going to make it more special? What are we waiting *for*?"

She's hurt and frustrated.

"Valentine's Day," I finally say.

She looks at me.

"Really, B? You've been waitin' for Valentine's Day?"

"Yeah. But I wanted it to be a surprise. I didn't plan it out right," I say sadly.

Her bottom lip comes out in sympathy.

I guess I must be pouting.

"Nah, baby. That *is* special. I just wish you would have told me, so I wouldn't have gotten so nutty."

"But then it wouldn't have been a surprise," I tell her.

"You're right, baby. You're right." She pulls me up, so that I'm now looking down at her.

"Valentine's Day is tomorrow, B." she says, looking at me closely.

"I know, baby." I say.

She smiles, then gets all excited.

"I'm not gonna be able to sleep tonight!" she says, like a little kid.

"...her line's still busy," Faith says, as she hangs up the phone, "I'm just gonna go over there for a second, and tell her. I'll find out how the conference went, too."

She gives me a lingering kiss, and then breaks the mood by tweaking a nipple. She laughs at the outraged look on my face.

"Be right back," she says.

She was trying to catch Willow before she leaves for her Magick Mixer. Not that they were all going to dance naked in the woods at midnight, but 12a.m. was the scheduled time it started.

Tradition, maybe?

Anyway, the head chef of Terrazza had called earlier, saying he had reserved a special table for us tomorrow evening. He said Valentine's Day had already been booked solid for two weeks, but that he happily pulled some strings for us, and now we had a table for four at eight p.m.

Faith had thanked him and then smiled, amused as she listened further.

"I certainly will, Salvatore, and bella bella to you too."

She hung up and turned to me.

"He says you're 'bella bella', baby, and he sends you a big hug and a big kiss."

I raised an eyebrow at her.

"He thinks I'm beautiful?" I said, surprised. "I didn't think he noticed me much, he could barely take his eyes off of you."

"Nah, baby. He was just lookin' for pointers. He was wonderin' how a chick like me could bag a honey like you."

"Yeah, right." I said.

She grinned.

"So 'bella bella' means beautiful? I thought it meant 'hubba hubba' or something, and I really didn't want to have to hurt the guy."

"Just bella, baby. I think it's said twice for the effect."

"Cool, cus I really like the guy."

Which led me to say

"So Guy's an old boyfriend, huh?" I asked casually.

Her eyes got wide.

"Faith?" I asked.

"Um...yeah, you could say that...um, did I talk in my sleep or something?"

"I don't think so," I said.

"Oh," she said, confused.

"Faith, don't you remember how you got home this morning?" I asked, surprised.

"Not really," she replied, sheepishly.

But then I saw her expression begin to change. And I could only assume that her mind was racing over last night's events. Each fleeting expression a different glimpse of her night on the town.

Vamps. Guy. Gambling. Drinking. Dancing, and god knows what else...

...and then I saw panic as she pondered the possibilities of what I might know.

I gave her a break.

"Oh-oh. Potty!" I said, and rushed to the bathroom.

I stayed inside the bathroom for about fifteen minutes.

Flushing the toilet and running the water, letting her collect herself and figure out an explanation for me. I wasn't trying to get her into trouble. I just wanted to know what had happened.

I hoped she wouldn't lie to me.

When I got back to the bedroom, I noticed her pile of clothing had been gone through. I noticed because I had placed her clothes on top of the boots, but now the boots were exposed.

I can't believe she'd forgotten a thirty thousand dollar ring and huge wads of cash.

She must have been *really* drunk. Faith had slipped on some faded Levi's and was pulling on an old gray sweatshirt over her head. She lifted the telephone receiver and dialed a few numbers. She hung up and said to me

"I've been trying for ten minutes, but her line's still busy. I'm just gonna go over there for a second, and tell her. I'll find out how the conference went, too."

That's when she gave me the really yummy kiss, and then ruined it by tweaking my nipple.

Okay. She needs more time to think.

I confer with the panel of judges...

We'll allow it.

I order us some room service. I already know what Faith wants without having to ask.

One of everything...

...and a diet coke.

I take the opportunity to wrap Faith's Valentine's gifts. I call Willow to give me a heads up for when Faith returns.

"Hello?" Willow answers.

"Hey Will, it's me. I'm wrapping Faith's gifts. Call me when she leaves your room, okay?"

"Um, okay. Ring. Buffy, it's me, Faith left already."

"What??" I panic.

"Yeah, like a minute ago, she's probably almost there."

"Oh my god, Willow, do something!" I exclaim.

I hear the auto locks slide open on the door, and then click as it cracks open.

"FAITH!! Wait!!...uh...um...I need your help with something," I hear Willow yell from outside in the hall...

...and loudly through the earpiece that I hold gingerly away from my head.

Damn, she's got some lungs, I think, blinking.

I hear the door click closed again.

I quickly wrap the two packages and the other various little gifts I brought from Sunnydale. It's our first Valentine's Day together. I want her to remember it. Of course, my biggest gift to her comes later that night. I picture her removing the wrapping from that one, and I frown a little.

I'm going to have to rethink my outfit. I don't want my new dress winding up like my blouse.

I hide all the gifts in one huge pile in the bureau by my side of the bed. I climb back beneath the covers and watch TV.

I hear the door open shortly, and Faith padding back inside with bare feet.

She stands near the bedroom door, head down a little, and raises her arm to run her fingers through her hair.

Her sweatshirt rises to reveal her toned stomach, and the top button left open on her faded Levi's.

My heart misses a beat.

She's so sexy.

And I know that I won't be able to sleep tonight either.

She stands there, looking down at the ground for a moment, and then walks into the room looking at me.

She stops at the side of the bed.

I look at her.

"So you met Guy, huh?" she finally says.

"Yeah, he seems like a nice kid," I say, watching her.

"Um...yeah, he really is...um, so...he told you...um...stuff about us?" she says cautiously.

"Uh-huh," I say.

"He really wasn't a *boyfriend* though, B," she says hedging.

"No?" I ask.

"Nah...it wasn't all serious like that," she says more confidently.

"No?" I ask again.

"Nope, B." she says, smug now.

"Just some serious fucking action, and many at that?" I assist.

The look on her face says "uh-oh."

"Well, I wouldn't put it like *that*, exactly," she lies.

"No?" I say.

"No." she says.

"How would you put it?" I ask.

"Um...well..." she hedges, "Okay, maybe it was like that, but I swear it was nuthin' *more* than that. I mean, for a guy he was pretty good, ya know? Not hairy, all smooth, and he has a great ass and his basket ain't nuthin' to complain about either. And that boy could keep up with me, just goin' and goin' until I was ready to kick his hot ass out-"

"Uh, Faith?" I interrupt.

"Yeah, B?"

"I get it. No need to elaborate, really."

"Oh. Okay," she says, "Sorry."

"So what happened? He said he saw you saving some girl and dusting some vamps."

"Yeah, B. He didn't see me though. Dusting 'em, I mean. But this girl was just gettin' off her shift or something and she was walkin' towards this alley and she wasn't even payin' attention to *anything*, and she walks right into these five vamps. I mean, even if they hadn't been vamps, you just don't go *walkin'* into an alley with five guys in there."

She looks at me for confirmation.

"What were you doing there?" I ask.

"Uh...oh...well, I had been trackin' 'em for awhile, ya know, but keepin' a safe distance," she lies to me.

Faith never keeps a safe distance. She'll either throw herself right into their path, or she'll lure them somewhere, using herself as bait. Like the first time we saw her at the Bronze.

Or like last night.

"Don't lie, Faith. You lured them into that alley, and you could have gotten yourself killed. Five vamps, Faith? What were you thinking?" I say, upset.

"Well, it would have been fine, B, if that stupid girl hadn't come along. Then I had to worry about her too."

"Faith, what were you doing out anyway?" I finally ask.

"Nuthin', B. I just woke up and felt edgy and stuff. I figured I'd go out for a quick slay is all."

"But then you ran into Guy?" I offer.

"Yeah, right. It was just so wicked cool to see him after all this time. Last we saw each other was Boston, and suddenly here he was in Las Vegas, like standin' all in front of me and stuff. It was crazy, B."

She looks very excited.

"So did you fuck him? You know, for old times sake?" I know she hadn't, but I asked anyway.

"Oh god, B, no," she says quickly, "That's so way done. He's still a hottie and stuff, but we didn't do that. Not that he didn't try, of course, but -"

I raise an eyebrow. Oh?

"-but, ya know, I said *no* of course, and I told him about you and how happy we were...so, we just went and got something to eat and caught up with each other and stuff," she says in a rush.

Well, I think to myself. He obviously knew we hadn't had sex yet, so it makes me wonder about the "how happy we were" comment.

But of course, I let it go.

"That's it?" I say.

"Pretty much," she says.

Okay. So that leaves out the dancing, and gambling, and strip clubbing parts that Guy told me about.

"How'd you get so drunk?" I ask.

"I guess I wasn't payin' attention to how much I was drinkin' with my meal," she answers.

"What were you eating?"

"Uh...chicken strips and buffalo wings," she blushes.

Uh-huh. Standard strip club fare.

"Okay, okay, we went to Crazy Horse 2, but only cus Guy said that he was so amped up from givin' the lap dances, that he wanted to get some instead. He said it helps him unwind."

"Did it help?" I ask.

"Yeah," she grins, "Fifteen dances later."

And then a thought occurs to me.

"So what were you doing while he was getting dances?"

Silence. Then

"Nothing."

"Faith, did you get dances?"

"Guy got me a couple," she says, not looking at me.

"A couple?" I ask.

"Okay, six, but never with the same girl, so it's not like it was one continuous friction dance or anything."

"Oh, so six *different* girls were all over you instead. Great. That makes me feel a lot better. And what do you mean by friction dance? Is there a difference?"

"Uh, no. Not technically. I just use it when I feel the intent is different."

"What? What's the difference?"

"Uh...more contact?" she offers.

"More *friction*?" I specify.

"Uh...yeah."

"So the intent was not just to tease, but to actually get you off??"

"Not my intent, B," she says quickly, "That's why I didn't stick with one girl, ya know, I broke the momentum."

Another thought occurs to me.

"Is this a topless, or all nude club?"

"Nude," she says quietly.

Okay, now I'm getting pissed. Six *different* girls were rubbing their body parts all over my girlfriend, with the *intent* of getting her off!

I begin to come unglued.

Just picturing six separate girls, *rubbing* and *touching* my girlfriend, possibly giving her more than I am --never mind that it was my idea, that's not the point-- and my girlfriend enjoying it enough to get *six* of them.

I must look like I'm gonna snap, cus suddenly Faith is on the bed, on top of me, holding my face in her hands.

"Baby, baby, relax! It was nothing. I don't care about them, I love you. Guy just kept buyin 'em for me. I didn't want to embarrass the girls by saying no."

"I don't believe you, Faith. I think you enjoyed it. I think you enjoyed all SIX. Did you get what you wanted? Did you get six different kinds of pussy in your face? Was it like an all-you-can-eat buffet? *Did you get a MINT on your way out???*" I shout the last part at her.

She blinks at me.

I was shouting so loud and so close to her face, that I got some spit on it.

"Geez, B, say it don't spray it."

Not a good time to be making a joke.

I close my eyes and say nothing.

I just lay there.

She's still holding my face.

"B?" she says.

Nothing.

"Baby?"

I feel so mad and humiliated.

"Baby, look at me."

I fucked everything up. I had to have sex *my way*, on *my terms*, on *my special day*.

What did I do?

But...

She couldn't wait?

She couldn't wait for *me*?

I feel a tear slip from my eye and slide down my face...

...and then another.

"Baby, no!" Faith says, and she starts kissing the tears that have spilled onto my cheeks, and down around my neck.

She licks my throat.

I didn't mean to. I certainly didn't plan on it.

But a very audible moan escapes from my lips.

For a split second I feel Faith's tongue freeze. And then her hands are everywhere, and her tongue moves quickly to my mouth.

I am so overcome by a need for her, that I knew this time I wouldn't stop her.

Her tongue is so far in my mouth and moving so forcefully that I literally can't breathe. Another groan escapes but is muffled by her mouth and it makes her crazy. She rips her tongue and lips from mine and moves them to my ear. She licks and sucks my earlobe and grabs both of my breasts and massages them roughly.

She whispers hoarsely into my ear.

"I'm not waiting, Buffy," she says, "I don't care what you say. I'm taking it...now."

And a thrill runs through my entire body.

Thoughts of various girls grinding on Faith, touching her, putting their tits and pussies in her face, makes me feel so horny that I'm almost ashamed.

I'm pissed...but it's turning me on.

In a flash, Faith has my clothes off. I'm naked, breathless, and wet.

Her clothes are still on.

I whimper and tug at her sweatshirt, but she moves away from me and pushes herself between my thighs, spreading my legs with both hands. She gives a small groan and buries her face in my pussy, running her tongue flat along the opening of my slit. I feel her flick my clit before she plunges her tongue deeply into my hole.

I gasp.

Her tongue suddenly feels large and thick, filling me entirely. She moves her tongue in and out of me, varying her pace. Slow and steady, then fast and frantic, going back and forth with her speed. Her tongue feels so soft and firm, steely, yet supple, and I can't believe I've lived this long without it.

Faith's face is buried so far in my pussy, that I can feel her nose bump my pelvic bone and her top teeth bump into my clit. She's using her tongue on me with so much force that I can't even describe the way it makes me feel. The same simple thought keeps running through my head...I can't seem to wrap my brain around anything else.

This feels *really* good.

Both my hands find their way into her hair and scrunch down onto her scalp, pulling her face hard against my pussy. I can hear her low moan coming from between my thighs.

"Unnnngggghhh..." she moans, tonguing me harder and deeper.

"Oh, baby..." I groan, "Your tongue...oh my god, your tongue..."

I can't even finish my sentence.

My pussy is so wet, and Faith's face is completely covered in it.

I don't know how she can breathe.

She pushes back with her head, breaking the grip I have on it, and suddenly her tongue is gone, leaving me empty and cold, when I feel two fingers slide inside of me and her tongue move up to my clit.

She starts pumping her fingers and licking my clit all at once, and I begin to lose my mind.

If I thought it felt good before, I can't even begin to attempt to describe it now.

I've lost my fucking mind. I can't even remember my name.

But I remember hers, and I say it over and over.

"Oh...Faith...Faith...Faith...oh."

She fucks me even harder; slamming her fingers so deep into me I can feel the knuckles of her hand smack into my pubic bone. Her tongue is smooth and flat, wide against my clit. Her pace is slower there; not as vigorous, giving it time to get used to her pace instead of forcing it to react right away.

But it's already reacting. Her steady rhythm against my clit and her relentless attack with her fingers is beginning to build sensations that want to break above the surface.

I say her name.

"Faith...Faith...Faith..."

She's fucking me so hard I see stars from closing my eyes so tight. Faith loves to hear me say her name during sex, and I always do, but this time I'm not saying it for affect.

It's all I can say. It's all I can feel.

It's all I can think.

"Faith...." I moan, "...Faith..."

Her fingers slow to a less brutal pace, bringing it down by a steady, yet deliriously delicious degree. Her tongue on my clit matches the rhythm perfectly. Her free hand now teases a nipple. The sensation within begins to turn into a tingle.

It vibrates low inside of me, but is steadily rising to the surface; everything about me is alive and alert on my body.

Something is coming, and it virtually sings its arrival. Her tongue stops all movement and pulls away from my clit.

For a brief second I feel alone and confused, but then her tongue is back and my clit begins to throb out its welcome with such joy for its return, that my whole body jerks and joins alongside with its coming.

It's here and it's not stopping.

All my limbs react as a single unit, wrapping themselves around her back and neck, pulling her closer into me, molding my pussy into her face.

I feel like a tip of a wave hitting the surf, roaring, as wave after wave comes crashing down around me...

...deafening me...drowning me...dragging me gently to wash upon the shore.

I realize the roar is me, screaming her name.

"Faith! Oh my god, Faith, fuck me! Fuck me, Faith, oh my god, Faith... I love you!"

I'm not a screamer.

I don't even know where that came from.

But I screamed tonight.

I screamed until my movements were stilled and my soul was spent. I screamed until all shreds of reasoning had left my mind...

...and left me to incoherently repeat the same four words until they came out in a whisper.

"I love you, Faith. I love you. I love you. I love you, Faith, I love you," I sob, "I love you... I love you...I love you."

And my entire being let go, leaving me quietly content...and complete.

"I hadn't figured you for a screamer, B." Faith grins at me while eating a cold french frie.

We are sprawled on the bed, me naked, her fully clothed. Her head is on my lap, looking up at me as I feed her cold french fries. Our room service had arrived and had been left outside our front door, having grown colder by the hour.

Yeah. Hours.

Faith had lavished hours of lascivious lovin' on my small and thoroughly satisfied frame. The woman really is built for sex, Cordelia was right.

And all of this attention was focused and directed at me.

And only me.

She never took her clothes off, and she didn't touch herself either. And every time I tried to touch her, she'd either push my hands away or hold them together in a death grip.

No.

Touching was not allowed.

Unless it was her touching me.

I wasn't even allowed to touch myself.

"No," she'd say. And I'd try again.

"No," she'd repeat, and push my hands away.

It was odd, because Faith always loved it when I touched myself.

Usually it was "spread yourself with your fingers" or "fuck yourself really slow".

But now it was just "No."

I looked at her inquisitively, and she just said

"Me. *My* turn. *My* way."

I guess she was tired of playing by my rules, so she was making a few of her own.

I really didn't argue too much.

She was just too good.

After that one night of complete happiness with Angel, he and I knew we could never have sex again. What we did instead was some heavy petting, usually ending with him going down on me. I never touched him, for fear of going too far and he'd get all evil again. No, instead he would go down on me, and after I left, he'd jerk himself off.

It was the best we could do considering the circumstances.

But even that was different.

Angel did give me pleasure, and I had enjoyed his technique.

But it really didn't --no, couldn't-- compare to Faith's oral skill and the way she threw herself into it.

And she did throw herself into it. Head first.

I'm not sure if it was because I had denied her so long of it, or if it was because Guy was right in saying she really was a dyke at heart.

If she didn't get pussy, she'd get cranky.

And now she had full access without any limitations.

Faith shouldn't be in a bad mood for months, I surmised.

"I'm not," I finally answer her, "So don't get used to it."

She grins at me.

"Right, B," she jokes, "I mighta bought that, if you hadn't screamed the other eight times we did it."

Eight times? Oh.

Well, who's counting?

I smack her on the lips with a cold frie. She smiles at me before opening her mouth and giving head to the thing. I pull the wedge in and out of her mouth as she closes her lips around it.

Her lips...

Oh my god, can I tell you?

I'm seriously considering having her lips and tongue insured at Lloyds of London.

They're such *nice* lips.

"Hmm," I say, "I have a feeling we haven't heard what real screaming sounds like, what with you being so skittish and all."

I'm referring to the fact I've been a big old pillow queen and haven't touched her yet.

She smiles and chews the frie.

"Nope, B," she says, swallowing, "I'm not really a screamer."

"No?" I ask.

"No, I'm much more of the grunting type," she says with a big grin.

You know, I believe her. I don't think she's kidding at all.

"Well, baby, there's only one way to find out," I say, and bend down to kiss her lips.

She lets me, but then stops my fingers from unbuttoning her pants.

I whimper.

"No," she says, thoroughly enjoying the role reversal.

"Come on," I whimper again.

"No, B. And stop being such a baby. I swear no one would believe me if I told them you acted this way."

Her words sound very familiar.

I pout and she laughs, catching my bottom lip with her teeth.

"Don't you love me?" I say.

"Oh, yeah...." she says, before putting herself between my legs, "...let me show you."

Xander was nowhere to be found.

Willow said she only knew he was okay, because every once in a while she could tell he'd been by the room. The shower would be wet or something else would be missing from the fruit basket.

"I hope he's gettin' some real action with a live girl," Faith says.

"As opposed to some fake action with a dead girl?" I respond.

"Eew," says Willow.

"Sorta," replies Faith, "I mean, the next time we see him, he could be blind and have the hairy palm thing goin'."

The girl sitting with us just blushes and then looks away.

Her name is Tara Maclay and she's a new friend of Willow's.

They met at the Magick Mixer. She's a Wicca, too.

We had just left watching Siegfried and Roy. Faith and I had only gotten three tickets originally, because we hadn't figured on a fourth. But Willow looked so pleadingly at us, with big puppy dog eyes, that Faith went to the counter asking for another ticket.

The only seat they had left for the same price was a single that was nowhere near ours.

Willow kept looking at Faith like she had just heard the *saddest* news, ever.

And Faith just kept looking back at her like she was the most *adorable* thing, ever.

"Uh...um..." Faith said, mouth agape and eyes all wide.

"Fuck it," she finally says, and pulls out a wad of cash and plunks it down on the counter.

"Give me four of your two hundred dollar seats."

Wow, I think. I'll have to remember that look.

Willow just squeals and throws her arms around Faith, kissing her neck and cheeks.

"Relax, Red. You're turnin' me on," Faith grumbles.

I raise my eyebrows, amused.

Tara just blushes as Willow takes her hands and jumps up and down.

"Willow...I don't th-think I ca-can accept that," she stammers.

"Aw, gawd...now there's two adorable Wiccans in front of me? I swear I'll be broke before the night is through," Faith says, obviously thinking Tara's stammering is cute.

Tara just blushes.

Willow just beams.

"That's okay, Tara. Faith takes good care of us girls. Doesn't she, Buffy?" Willow says with a twinkle in her eye.

Now it's my turn to blush.

What?

I had to tell my best friend about the incredible stud muffin I had in my bed.

That's what girls do.

The show was great, and Tara kept thanking Faith for the ticket.

"My pleasure, T. If you hadn't decided to join us, we never would have gotten those killer seats."

She's right. The seats were fantastic.

Tara blushes at the new nickname she's acquired. She looks shyly at Faith.

I think she has a little crush.

I'm not worried, but I slip my hand into Faith's anyway. I'm just so proud she's my girlfriend.

We get to Terrazza and we have a repeat performance of the other night. Faith brazenly puts her arm around my waist, strutting past all the bemused onlookers as we steal past them to the front of the line.

Willow looks shocked at Tara and me, but then she falls into the spirit of things, and puts her arm around Tara and struts up behind us. Tara giggles.

The same Maitre d' is there, and he smiles warmly at us.

"Ah, signorina Faith and signorina Buffy. It's so lovely to have you with us again. I see you have two beautiful friends with you. Salvatore will be much pleased to hear of this news," he gushes.

He unfastens the velvet cord, elaborately gesturing us to come inside. He replaces the cord with a click, dismissing the people in line.

Faith grins at me, nodding in Willow and Tara's direction.

Willow has swept Tara inside with a look similar to her resolve face, but with a slight difference. This look gave off the impression that she was used to this kind of treatment, and that Tara had just better get used to it if she planned on spending any time with her.

Faith whispers in my ear, "Last I remembered, Red liked driving stick. Ya think she's changin' transmissions?"

I look over at Wills and Tara.

I just don't know. Willow is acting all giddy around the shy girl. Almost like there *is* something going on.

"I don't know, baby," I say, "Maybe hanging around us is starting to rub off on her."

"I'd like to rub off on you," she says devilishly.

"No, I would," I say, smiling.

"No, I would."

"I know I would, but what would you?"

"I'd like to rub off on you!" she whispers loudly in my ear.

"Plan on it," I say.

She smiles and gives me a quick kiss.

I love our little games. They're just so us.

We were seated again near the indoor pool. The same table too.

In fact, the Maitre d' even said as much.

"*Your* table, signorinas."

He seats Tara and Willow, and then waits for Faith to seat me before holding out a chair for her. She smiles gratefully at him. Willow seems visibly upset that she hadn't held Tara's seat for her.

Faith raises another eyebrow at me.

Are Wills and Tara on a date?

I shrug and give a smile.

Salvatore rushes over almost immediately. He had been informed of our arrival, and he brought four long stemmed red roses with him, handing one to each of us.

"Bella, bella. So beautiful, so *beautiful*." Making all of us blush.

He inquired how our Valentine's Day was going so far, and Faith gestures for him to lean in. She whispers something in his ear, and his eyes go cartoon wide and a large smile appears on his face.

He looks directly at me.

"Ah, signorina Buffy. Si, si. Bene, bene. Signorina Faith. You are an honorary Italian, si? I will call you Valentina, in honor of our country's most famous lover. It is very fitting."

She smiles at his compliment.

I barely have time to respond, when he redirects his gaze at the other two at the table.

His look is expectant.

"Uh...um...No," Willow stammers and Tara blushes.

"No?" he seems disappointed, "Ah well, perhaps later. The night is still young." And he proceeds to tell us what he has planned for our courses.

I sneak a peek at Tara and Wills, and they both seem painfully embarrassed.

I guess they hadn't picked up yet on what was so glaringly obvious to Faith and me.

Faith saves the moment by asking Tara some questions about the conference, and how long she planned on attending.

"I-I...planned on leaving tomorrow...b-b-but Willow asked me t-t-to stay," she gets out.

"Oh definitely," Faith says, "It's not officially over 'til Sunday anyway. You should stay until then. We'll all get together again tomorrow night and paint the town red." She wiggles her eyebrows at Willow, making a pun on her nickname.

Willow looks nervous.

"Don't look so worried, Red. Nothing's gonna bite you. Unless you plan on joinin' B and me tonight," she grins.

I smack her playfully on the arm, "Behave, Faith. We don't want to give Tara the wrong impression of our relationship."

I look at Tara.

"We don't bite," I say seriously.

"B, this is Valentine's Day, not April Fools. Now who's giving her the wrong impression?" she jokes.

Luckily Tara laughs, lightening the mood for all of us.

Willow looks relieved.

"But seriously, T," Faith continues, "We'd love to have you stay. Hang out with us some more, okay?"

Tara nods as she smiles at Faith and Willow.

Willow's face beams with a big grin.

"Yes," I add, "And you should stay in the penthouse with Wills. I'm sure she's very lonely in that big room all by herself."

Faith gives me a "good one, B." look, impressed.

"I already am," says the not-so-shy-anymore-girl, "Willow asked me."

Willow looks a little sheepish and nods her head.

Well.

Okay then.

We finish dinner. It was delicious, and now we're stuffed. Faith looks at me from beneath her eyebrows and rubs her belly.

"Mayday," she says.

I smile and shake my head. She's kidding. She would have had to have eaten six times the amount that she had for dinner.

"Have you guys tried the whirlpool Jacuzzi in the bath?" Willow asks.

"Yes we have, Red," Faith says, stifling a burp.

"Is it nice?" she asks.

"You'd have to ask Buffy. She became pretty friendly with one of the jets. I think she named it, even."

I roll my eyes.

"No, Faith. That was you."

"No, B. You wouldn't let me."

True. She tried, but I said no. That was when I still had the 'no sex' rule.

What was I thinking?

"You'll like it, Will. It's very relaxing," I say.

Willow blushes.

"In a *non-sexual* way. However, I did see the possibilities," I add.

Faith grins at Tara.

"Yeah, T. Let us know how you like it."

And Tara grins back.

She's loosening up by the minute. I guess five glasses of wine will do that for you.

"Well, I don't know about you guys, but I need to go spend some time with my girl. I hope you don't mind if we eat and run?" Faith says.

"Not at all," I joke, "Be sure to give her our regards."

She slides her hands across the table and grasps both of mine.

"Signorina Buffy. I am the great Valentina, and I am here to take you to bed." In that accent again.

She lifts both hands and draws them to her lips, kissing them sensuously and looking me in the eyes.

"Come bella, come to my bed."

"Are you sure you don't mean coffin? You're sounding a lot like Dracula," I smile.

She shrugs, unconcerned. In the same horrible accent she says

"Eh. It is of no matter. Coffin, bed...restaurant table..."

Tara breaks in.

"You guys are great together," she blurts out and then blushes.

We both smile at her.

She's right. We are.

I lean across the table and kiss Faith on the lips.

"Come then, Vlad. We've got some impaling to do."

Yes. I've had some wine, too.

We say our good-byes to the potential Wiccan lovebirds at the elevators.

Their door is a little down the hall from ours. We promise to hook up tomorrow, maybe brunch, but definitely dinner and dancing. It was our last night in Vegas and we wanted to go out with a bang.

Or eight.

But who's counting?

Faith has her hands all over my ass as I try to open the door with the slide key. She's made me drop it a couple of times, which of course, gives her reason to grab my ass even more. During the third time I bend over, her hand strays from my ass and slides to my pussy, my ass crack giving her a nice groove to slide her hand down. I wasn't expecting it --which I know, silly, cus hello, Faith-- so it took me by surprise.

I straighten myself up right into the door handle.

It made a nice dent in my head.

"Oh baby. Are you okay?"

I had dropped to my knees from the unexpected pain. Don't get me wrong, I've felt worse, but it was the element of surprise.

I rub the top of my head. I feel a lump forming. The dent has turned inside out. Faith picks me up and takes the key from my hand, and she carries me through the door.

"Here, B," she says, "Hold this ice packet to your head."

I am sitting on the bathtub ledge with some ice wrapped in a towel.

"I'm gonna go look for a plastic bag before this thing soaks through."

She leaves, closing the door softly behind her.

That's great, Buffy.

Faith wanted to play Casanova, but now she's Florence Nightingale.

I sigh and hang my head between my legs. I groan.

Please, no.

Just when I think things couldn't get worse.

First, a near concussion, and now this.

My period.

I wasn't supposed to start for a few more days, but I guess all that sex today brought it on. God, I'm surprised I didn't start right then and there.

I take off my clothes and clean up.

I'm so depressed. My perfect plan was unraveling before me.

I put on a robe and brush my teeth. I apply moisturizer to my face...

...and what's taking Faith so long, I wonder.

I open the bathroom door, and all the lights are out.

Instead, there is a double line of votive candles leading a path from the door to the bedroom.

I don't care what you say.

She may act tough, but that girl is a hardcore romantic.

Down the path, every few feet, is a tiny candy heart illuminated by the candles on either side.

The first one says "B MINE" with the E scratched out where it should read BE.

The second one says "U SLAY ME".

The third one says "EAT ME". She wrote that one in with ink.

There were about fifty of them. All fifty had the same three messages. When I get closer to the bedroom, the last ten all say "B MINE".

When I get to the bedroom, my breath catches in my throat.

The entire room is glowing from dozens of soft candles.

On the floor. On the dressers. On the walls.

The Italian decor already gave the room an old world feeling, but the glow from the candles made it seem surreal.

Italy during the Renaissance.

I don't think I've ever seen anything quite so lovely.

A fragrance catches my attention, and I walk in, wondering what could be the cause of it.

My eyes widen as I look at hundreds of rose petals strewn across the bed, covering the entire mattress in a blanket of deep red.

I catch a movement from my periphery.

I adjust my eyes to see Faith sitting in the shadows. The chair she's sitting in is large and deep. She looks so small sitting there.

She waits a moment and then rises from the chair. She doesn't look so small anymore.

Her presence fills the room.

And she's changed her clothing to lingerie.

She's wearing a red lace low-cut bra under a long black lace duster, a single button done below her breasts. A long line of stomach is exposed from her ribcage to her navel. Black lace pants ride snugly on her hips, tapering down to her thighs before widening past her knees, ending atop a pair of black strappy heels.

Her make-up is smoky, and her hair is loose and wild about her shoulders.

She looks at me and her mouth curves into a soft smile.

And now I know I have never seen anything quite so lovely.

She approaches me, and I am overcome by her beauty.

"You're so beautiful, Faith," I blurt out.

"No, you are," she smiles.

"No, I mean it, Faith. You're just so beautiful."

And I start to cry.

She rushes over to me and takes me in her arms.

"Baby? Are you okay? Is it your head?"

I'm crying and I can't stop. I'm such an idiot. She planned all of this for me and I'm ruining it.

She planned all of this for *me*.

"Baby, what's wrong? Does it hurt?"

I nod my head.

"Where, baby? Here?" And she touches my head gently.

I shake my head. I point to my heart and sob into her neck.

She smooths my hair, kissing it.

"Oh, baby. Does it hurt bad, or does it hurt good?"

"Good," I muffle into her neck.

"Baby, I told you. It can't answer you. You need to look at my face when you talk to me," she gently teases.

I snuffle, then raise my head to look at her.

"Aww, sweetheart. Look at you," she says, kissing my eyes, "Is it too much? Don't you like it?" she asks, concerned.

Now I've got her upset.

"No, Faith. It's just so beautiful. You're so beautiful. It just hit me all at once. I can't believe you're with me."

She looks surprised.

"You can't believe I'm with you? Is that your concussion speaking? Buffy, I can't believe that you're with *me!*"

And she looks at me intently, taking all of me in.

I feel extremely self-conscious.

She looks so drop dead and I look like death warmed over.

My mascara is running, I'm bleeding, and I have a lump on my head.

She's wearing lacy lingerie and I'm in a terry cloth robe.

Yeah, I'm the stuff fantasies are made of.

"Baby, now what's wrong?" she asks, seeing my discomfort.

"Nothing," I mumble.

"Tell me."

"You're so beautiful," I say, glancing at her and then looking back quickly at my robe.

"Aw, baby. This isn't really me. I just thought you'd like it, is all. You know I'd feel much better in my wife beater and leathers."

"No, you'd still be beautiful. But I must admit I feel underdressed for the occasion."

"Actually, B, you're perfect. The less, the better. I'm feelin' a little overdressed right about now," she frowns.

"Let's take it down to a level playing field then," I say, as I drop my robe.

"Now I'm really overdressed," she grins.

"Let's fix that," I say, as I start to undress her.

I begin to remove her clothing slowly. Stopping now and then to admire her curves and to kiss her soft skin.

She's standing there, letting me take my time.

She enjoys being admired. As she should.

She's a looker.

After I remove the last of her clothing, she takes my hand and pulls me gently onto the bed of petals.

"Oow," I say, looking around for what bit me.

"Sorry, B. I left a few stems on the roses. I thought a little bite might be nice amid all the softness."

Texture Girl.

But that does sound kind of interesting. I'm already a walking casualty, so why not?

I push her down onto the flowers, and marvel at the contrast her hair and skin makes against the blood red of the rose petals.

She looks luscious.

I want to eat her.

I press her deeply into the petals and kiss her, her hand pulling my head close to hers.

Those lips.

She lets me play, licking and sucking, biting gently. I move lower and kiss her neck and suck at the hollow on the base of her throat. I continue downward, alternating my kisses with licking and sucking, lips and then tongue, tongue and then lips.

I trail my tongue to her chest, lapping at the hollow on her breastbone, and then I take both of her breasts and bring them together, meeting my tongue in the middle. I caress and suck each nipple.

She groans.

I take her left nipple and hold it with my teeth, running my tongue flat against it in an up and down motion.

She groans louder.

Excited, I press my face hard into her breast, my teeth digging into her flesh as I suck hard on her nipple, my tongue curving around it.

"Umm, Buffy," she moans, digging her fingers into my skull.

I briefly move to her other breast and do the same thing before raising myself quickly to capture her lips with my mouth.

"Uhhh," she gasps, as my sudden movement surprises her. I rip my mouth away from hers and return to her breast and suck on her nipple, my hand stroking and pinching her other one.

I'm not worried about being too rough. As Faith implied before, she likes a little bite to her sex.

I release my mouth and hand from her nipples, and run them roughly down her body as I slide myself down between her

legs.

I take both hands and spread her, burying my face in her pussy.

"Oh god...Buffy!" she shouts.

I spread her legs wider, my face in her pussy, licking and breathing her in...

Roses, lotion, and...Faith.

I run my tongue quickly over her clit, agitating and teasing it. I suck roughly on it.

"Fuck," she breathes. I look up and she's pinching her nipple, eyes closed.

It makes me insane.

I slide two fingers inside of her, stroking a few times before quickly putting in another.

"Oh god..." she moans, drawing out both words.

I move up to her nipple and suck hard on it as she pinches the other one.

I fuck her mercilessly.

"Ooh...uh...uh...fuck...Buf...fy." I'm slamming my fingers into her hole and I can feel her open up for me.

I tear my mouth from her breast and lean up to kiss her again, my tongue ramming down her throat, pushing her tongue and sucking on it.

I pull back and whisper huskily

"Yeah, baby? You like it? Do you like the way I fuck you?"

She groans.

"God, yes...fuck...."

I push myself back down and take her clit into my mouth. I lick now, not sucking. I flatten my tongue and lick her from her ass to her clit. She's soaked. I tongue her pussy and then slide it inside her ass. I push in as far as I can go, then pull it back out.

I do it again...and again...and again.

I'm ass fucking her with my tongue and I can't get enough of it.

"Fuck, baby...you're so nasty," she breathes, as she fingers her clit.

I slide my tongue out and slip in my thumb and fuck her pussy with my index and middle fingers. She's so tight. I look up at her as I fuck both of her holes. She's rubbing her clit fast and hard. Her eyes are closed and her lips are parted.

She twitches and I know she's close. I fuck her hard and reach up to play with a nipple.

"Unngghhhh!" And her whole body jerks, her fingers still moving fast on her clit. I remove my fingers from inside of her

and push her hand away with my face. I take her swollen clit in my mouth and suck gently, running my tongue up and down, over and over, until she finishes. Her hips jerk a few times, and then she gently pushes my head away, twitching. I lick at the insides of her thighs where she's wet. I suck on it, leaving a hickey.

"Ahhh...um..." she breathes, trying to catch her breath, "You... uh...marking...me?" she huffs out.

"Mmmm-hmm," I murmur, sucking some more, "Is there a problem?"

"No, baby..." she smiles, putting her hand in my hair, "...mark away."

And I do.

"Baby, did the thorns hurt you? You're bleeding," she says.

We're lying next to each other, her head to my toes, side by side on the bed.

I kiss her ankle as she trails her fingers over my hips and thighs.

"I don't think so," I say, kissing a calf.

"Hmm. I guess not, you're not scratched up, but there is blood on your legs."

She runs her fingers softly over the insides of my thighs looking for damage. She pulls back her hand and looks at it.

Then she looks at me with her mouth open.

She shows me her hand.

Uh-oh.

Her fingers are sticky with blood.

"Uh, oh yeah. I forgot to tell you...baby, I have some bad news," I say, embarrassed.

"Bad news? Fucking, this is *Christmas*."

And she gets this feral look on her face; which, quite frankly, alarms me.

She sees the expression on my face and then softens her own. But her eyes have a glint and her smile is Cheshire sexy.

She crawls up to me and leans to whisper in my ear.

"I want my Redwings, and you're gonna give 'em to me."

I question her with my eyes, but she just smiles and kisses me all soft and sexy with those lips. She looks at me and slowly lowers herself, kissing my chest, kissing my stomach.

She positions herself between my legs, gives me a smoldering look, and then lowers her head to my pussy.

Aaaaaaaaaaahh.

Her tongue is lapping at my clit, running it up and down, sucking gently. She takes her hands and spreads me with her fingers. I feel cool air against my clit as she pulls away and then a velvet warmth as she returns. She's gentle at first, almost cautious, but with each flick of her tongue she becomes bolder, more confident, and soon she's sucking at me like her life depended on it.

I hear happy little grunting noises, like a pig rooting for truffles.

The visual suddenly strikes me as hysterically funny and I start to giggle. She's grunting some more and I giggle louder. Soon my body is racked with laughter, but my hand holds her head to my pussy cus it just feels too good.

I don't want her to stop.

Eventually my mirth subsides, and her grunting noises take on a distinguishable erotic quality for me. A new visual appears in my head. The one that's actually happening.

Faith's gorgeous face, covered in my blood, licking my clit and grunting because she's so turned on by it.

A wave of pleasure hits and I raise my knees up, pulling her face closer to my pussy, and I clamp my thighs around her head as I come with astonishing force. I buck my hips and slide my pussy against Faith's mouth and chin, covering her face with my blood and come.

Many breathless moments later, I tap her skull with my fingers as I look down at her.

She raises her head and looks at me, grinning.

Her face is slick with my come, but there is surprisingly little blood. And most of that is on her chin.

"I earned me some Redwings, baby," she grins, "Pin me."

She crawls up me to give me a kiss. I stop her for a second to wipe the blood off of her chin with my fingers. I lean forward to kiss her.

My Bloody Valentine.

"Yes, you did, baby," I smile, "Are these your first pair?"

"Yep. My very first. I've always wanted to, but I was never into the girl enough to go through with it. I'm not a virgin anymore," she grins, "How 'bout you, B? Is this your first?"

"I've never been with a girl before you," I remind her.

"No, not that. I mean with Angel."

Oh.

Yeah, right. Angel.

"Uh, well, not really. I always avoided it."

"Really? I thought he'd be into it, bein' a vamp and all."

"Yeah, well, that's my point, Faith. He wanted to, but I didn't. He'd get this look on his face that would freak me out. I

could picture him getting carried away and taking a chunk out of me or something. Like it would become more of a need than a desire. I didn't want to imagine him thinking of me as a Happy Meal instead of his girlfriend."

I remembered how Angel would suck the blood off the little pieces of steak he'd cut up.

It gave me the wiggins.

Faith looks at me, sympathetic.

"Yeah, baby. That would be gross."

I touch her face with my fingers.

"Only with you, baby. No one else." And I smile as she kisses me.

We had ordered room service and were waiting for its arrival.

We had both taken quick showers and were back in the bedroom with our robes on. We had cleared the petals off the bed and off our bodies from areas where they'd stuck to us.

I watch her as she moves to the closet and rummages through her suitcase. I see her slip something into her robe pocket and then she pads back over to me. She climbs up onto the bed and kneels facing me. She composes herself, taking a deep breath, and she looks me in the eyes.

She says

"Baby. I'm not very good with words, so I hope you can look into my heart when I say this."

I nod.

"Um, well, when I first came to Sunny D, I was lookin' for you. I had heard so much about the infamous Buffy Summers and her gang of friends that I had to come check it out. I had to see for myself why everyone thought of you as the Chosen One, and why I was just the sloppy seconds."

She pauses.

"And I got it. It pissed me off, but I got it. You had friends, a family, and a great Watcher. And you kicked ass too. You didn't take shit from anybody. You were all that and a pastel sweater. So, you know. I wanted to hang out with you. Get to know you better. See what made you so different from me. Pretty soon it did a number on me, and I started to get so jealous about everything you were that I wasn't. That's when we started havin' our problems...but as crazy jealous as I'd get, there was always this other thing right behind it, and it was like shovin' at the jealousy, tryin' to get it to move out of the way so it could step up. It might have been one of our first Slayer dreams that made me see the light, but it all became really clear for me then. That thing naggin' at me was tryin' to tell me about all the things that we did share. And not just the regular kind of sharing either. I'm talkin' about things we share that no one else in the world can share. Our strength, our Calling, our Connection. I don't share that with anyone else, B, and neither do you. We're the Chosen Two. There's no one else in the world at this point in time who can say that."

She pauses again.

"So when I allowed those feelings to step up, all my jealousies got kicked to the curb. It was like they didn't exist. And you

know what? Maybe they never really did. Maybe it was the only reason I could understand for why I'd come lookin' for someone I'd never met."

She takes both my hands into hers and she looks me deep in the eyes.

"Buffy, I was lookin' for you before I even came to Sunnydale. Before I was Called, or ever knew you existed. Buffy, I think maybe I've been lookin' for you my whole life, but it was our Slayer Connection that finally led me here."

She takes one hand and reaches into her robe pocket and takes out the velvet box. She opens it up, and the facets on the diamond sparkle and glitter in the candlelight.

She takes my hand and brings it to her heart.

"Buffy...baby? Will you be mine? Because I'm already yours."

I'm lying on the bed admiring my diamond ring. It looks so good on my hand. I keep spreading my fingers and turning my hand, letting the sparkles dazzle my eyes.

Faith is smiling at me and running her thumb carefully down the edge of the knife I gave her. Her chain clasped around her neck, and the platinum stake nestled firmly between her breasts.

Happy little stake.

"Ouch!" she exclaims, and then looks sheepishly at me, holding up her thumb. A drop of blood forms at the tip.

"Baby, be careful," I say, "It has a real bite."

She sucks on her thumb and nods her head at me.

After Faith had delivered *the* most romantic speech *ever* given in the history of the spoken word, I had thrown myself babbling into her arms, knocking her back onto the bed.

And crying. I was babbling and crying.

Babbling and Crying Buffy.

A new doll by Mattel. Available at a store near you.

My ramblings were more incoherent than usual. I kept kissing her face and telling her yes and a whole bunch of other things. She was kind of pinned under me in an awkward position, but she took it like a little kid with a puppy licking her face.

Shortly thereafter our food arrived, and I went to get Faith's presents while she went to answer the door. When she wheeled the two carts into the room, she spotted the pile of presents I had put in the middle of the mattress.

She let out this loud "Whoop!" and both carts went flying as she pushed them out of the way to leap onto the bed.

She started jumping up and down, "Me! Me! Me!" she exclaimed, face all excited.

She really has no dignity when it comes to receiving presents.

At least not with me anyway.

She's as cool as an igloo in front of other people...with me she's like a left-in-the-sun Otter Pop.

"Yes, goof. All for you," I smiled. Then I said

"No, baby. Those two, last. Open the others first."

Big eyed she said, "Okay, B."

And paper and ribbons confetti the air.

The smaller gifts were mostly clothing and costume jewelry.

A couple of West Coast Chopper T's, an Iron-Cross belt buckle, a skull and daggers ring.

"Baby, I love it," she said, pulling on a CFL skull beanie.

Choppers For Life.

She stopped and eyeballed the remaining two gifts.

She looked at me.

"Now?" she said, very cute like.

"Now," I said smiling.

She went to open the knife first, but I made a small sound. She stopped and looked up at me. I motioned my eyes to the other gift, and she grinned and moved her hand to reach for it.

"This one, B?" she asked.

"I suppose," I said, glancing around the room innocently.

She laughed, "Okay, B."

She took the package and opened it carefully, taking great care not to rip the paper.

Her eyes admired the leather casing and she said

"I like it already."

I smiled and said, "wait 'til you open the other one."

She opened the case.

"Oh my god, baby. This is beautiful...and butch too."

She lifted the chain from the silk lining and ran her fingertips over the links.

"This is nice, B. Silver?"

"Platinum," I said. She raised her eyebrows and fingered the stake.

"Great minds think alike," And she looked at my ring.

My ring!!

"Read the back," I said.

She turned the stake over and said

"I 'heart' you, too, B." And leaned over to give me a kiss.

"The other one!" I said excitedly, "Open the other one!"

She smiled and reached for the box.

She opened the wrapping with equal care, and stopped to stare at the ornate carvings on the wooden box.

"Baby, this is bitchen. I can keep my rings and buckles in it."

"No, baby. Open it," I said, making a face at her.

She raised the lid and her expression told me everything.

"Baby, no way. Are you serious? This is fucking hardcore!"

I got excited and couldn't wait. I reached over and took the knife out of the case and handed it to her.

"Feel! Feel how it fits in your hand."

She held the handle and moved her hand up and down, testing the weight.

"Buffy, it's a perfect fit. And the weight's right too."

It looked good in her hand.

And her hand will look good plunging it into some skank-ass demon.

"Platinum?" she joked.

"Nope, silver with titanium reinforcement."

"Baby, you thought of everything. This will kick the shit out of those furry McBastards."

"Read the inscription."

She read both sides of the blade, smiling at the Valentine's Day motif. She put it back in the box and looked at me seriously.

"I am, B. Chosen for you. I'm glad you think so too."

"Yeah, I do," I grinned. I slipped her robe off one shoulder and slapped a custom made tattoo sticker on her arm, rubbing it.

She looked surprised.

It's a red heart with three letters inside.

"Uh, ya know, B, from this angle it looks a lot like it says 'O.P.P.'"

"It does," I said grinning.

"Um...you know what that stands for?" she asked.

"Yep. Other People's Property," I said proudly.

"Yeah, the P.G. version," she leered at me.

My eyes narrowed and I asked suspiciously, "What's the other version?"

"Other People's Pussy," she grinned.

Oh.

I looked down, a little embarrassed.

"Don't worry, B. It's only temporary. Besides, it doesn't specify to who this pussy belongs to."

I gave her a tiny smile.

I slipped my robe off my shoulder.

"Oh, B! That's priceless!" she started laughing hysterically, holding her sides.

My arm sported its own tattoo.

In a similar heart it said "People".

I sighed.

I really do suck at planning.

"So you're telling me Willow and Xander were in on it?"

"Yep, B. From the get go."

"And Giles too?"

"Uh-huh."

It seems everyone was involved in helping Faith get laid.

Okay, maybe that was too specific, but in helping Faith plan a romantic weekend for us.

She asked for help.

From my friends.

Huh.

Now why didn't I think of that?

See? I really do suck at planning.

Everyone helped out in one way or the other. Well, except for my mom, cus that would have just been creepy.

But even Cordelia lent a hand, if you can believe that.

She picked out Faith's lingerie.

Yeah, I bet that was just really awful for her, having Faith all naked and trying on different bras and panties. I'm sure she was horribly put out.

The conniving little sneak.

"Was Guy in on it too?" I ask.

"No, B. I ran into him after I won all the money."

Faith had won all that cash at a poker game.

In the suite of the Prince of Brunei.

Everyone knows he's got an eye for the ladies. He usually keeps about a hundred or so on his palace grounds.

He was passing by the roulette tables on his way to play baccarat, when he stopped his entourage to see what all the commotion was about. Faith was holding the table and was up ten grand. A large crowd had gathered and was cheering her on.

He was impressed by her skill, but he was in awe of her sexuality.

When Faith does anything that excites her --slaying, dancing, fucking, gambling-- her pheromones exude a powerful calling to those of a similar nature.

Needless to say, being in Vegas, she was knee deep in the thick of things. Every hormone junkie in a hundred yard radius was attracted to her.

The Prince could smell it.

"B, it was just wicked weird. It was almost like he was sniffing the air, like Oz does sometimes."

Anyway, he asked Faith to join him later for drinks in his suite, but she asked flat out if he was running a game. She wasn't worried if it was a pick up line, cus she already knew that it was, she wanted to know if he was going to run a poker game.

He said, "Yes" and she said, "I'm there."

Anyway, long story short, she cleaned up.

She had a little over seventy thousand when she left. She said she could have won more if she had stayed, but she had to go to the Bellagio to meet the guy at Tiffany's who had opened up the shop for her after hours.

For a price.

"That's just the way it is in Vegas, baby. Money talks."

Willow had known Faith went out that night before I even told her. She and Xander had actually arrived earlier than she let on, and Xander and Faith had gone out together. He was itching for some action and he figured Faith was just the girl who'd attract it for him.

He was right.

He was with her at the roulette table, cheering the loudest of them all. He had sat with the Prince's bodyguards while Faith played poker. He had gone to Tiffany & Co after hours and played with expensive jewelry. He had stalked vamps with Faith, and he went clubbing with her and Guy.

In fact, he had just walked into the room minutes before I called Willow.

No wonder Willow was so sure that Faith was okay. She already knew what she was doing.

For the most part.

"So, baby, when you were acting all funny in the bath and went to bed early, that was all an act?"

"Well yeah, B. I had to get you in the bed somehow. I mean, I figured we wouldn't be havin' sex, so I needed you to fall asleep so that I could go do my thing."

"So you really weren't tired and un-"

"-interested in you?" she interrupts, "Nah, B. Did you notice I couldn't even look at you? I knew if I did I'd get all horny and stuff, so I kept it in check."

"Except when you put your hand on my butt," I remind her.

"Oh! Right. After you put your ass in my face! That was classic, B. I almost started crackin' up."

I get embarrassed.

Was I that obvious?

"Well, you just weren't acting like yourself," I mumble.

"Why? Cus I wasn't all over you like a cheap suit? You told me to quit the harassment, remember?" she grins.

"Never stopped you before," I mumble again.

She laughs, "Face it, B. You love it when I'm on you. You can't get enough of it."

She really is conceited.

...but she is really right.

She sees the look on my face and puts her arms around me.

"Aww, baby. I'm teasin'. I'm just sayin' that you know me, is all. So when I act different, you notice. I love that."

I punch her in the arm.

"Oow, B. What was that for?"

"Don't scare me like that again. It freaked me out, you acting all uninterested and stuff."

"Baby, I'm *always* interested."

She tweaks my nipple.

And laughs.

I swear she does it just to see me get aggro.

"Buffy, you almost ready?" she asks.

"Give me a sec, baby. I'm doing my hair," I tell her.

It's our last night in Vegas, and we're doing the town.

We're going to a strip club!

Well, two, actually.

Olympic Gardens and Little Darlings.

Xander had plopped a newspaper down in front of us advertising the local strip clubs, and guess what?

Our girls, Janine and Julia Ann, are performing right here in town.

Aka: Blondage.

"That's a way wicked name, don't you think, B?" she asked excitedly.

Xander just grinned.

"You think it means two blondes in bondage?" he asked hopefully.

"Nah, Xan. I think it's just a clever name. But who knows, you could be right."

"That'll be a first," I quipped.

Xander pretended to look hurt.

"Yeah, Buffy. Like the other night when he almost experienced the 'Crying Game' first hand," Willow laughed.

Xander got defensive.

"Hey, they looked like real girls. When they asked if I liked trannies, I thought they were talking about the car. I always wanted a Trans Am."

"Uh-huh, Xan. And the giant Adam's apples and size fourteen high heels didn't give it away?" Faith teased.

"Or the five o'clock shadows and deep voices?" added Willow.

"Or the *name*?" Xander threw back.

"Heeey," I protested, "That's not fair. How'd I get involved?"

"You started it," he smiled.

One of the drag queens name was Buffy. Go figure.

Anyway, we're all very excited to see Blondage.

The plan was to see their show and to visit Guy at Olympic Gardens.

"Cool," said Xander, "He seemed like a nice enough...um...well, guy."

"Maybe he'll give you a lap dance," Willow teased.

"Please. He's not a drag queen...." he paused, "...is he?"

Faith laughed.

"Not as far as I know, Xan. But it's been a while since we've hung out. People change, ya know?"

"Yeah, we know," Willow and I said at the same time.

We both blushed.

"Well, that's just great for you *girls*," Xander said, looking at Faith and me and Willow and Tara, "But I'm a manly man," he puffed out his chest, "Only women for me."

"And me," I piped up, raising my hand.

Faith grinned and gave me a kiss.

"That's my girl," she said.

We all head out to get something to eat before we catch the girls. We hurry to make the midnight show.

Willow wasn't sure about joining us, but changed her mind as soon as she heard Tara say

"That sounds like fun, F-Faith. It's like an adventure." Smiling broadly.

"Sure, that's one way of lookin' at it. Maybe you and Red can find yourselves knee deep in some bush," Faith leers.

Willow looks shocked and dismayed at Faith.

Tara just says

"Maybe." Grinning.

God. Faith is just so bad sometimes...

...and what's up with Tara?

I look over at Willow. She looks back at me and shrugs.

I guess she doesn't know either.

We get to the club and Faith pulls her usual number. Shaking her hair, biting her lip, and looking at the bouncer from underneath her lashes.

He looks bored.

She slaps down some bills and says

"Yeah well, I guess it can't work all of the time."

We girls laugh and Xander guffaws, slapping Faith on the back.

"Don't sweat it, Faith. He sees hot naked women all night long. He gets *paid* to look at them all night long. He's jaded." Then he sings wistfully "I wanna be ja-jaded" Playing off the Ramones Classic.

"Well, I plan on getting sedated, boy and girls. Who wants drinks?" Faith asks.

I whisper in her ear.

"Not too sedated, baby. I want you up later."

She looks at me and winks.

"Oh, I'll be up, B." And then she pokes her tongue to the inside of her cheek, making it bulge out.

What??

Xander laughs with acknowledgement, "Now there's an oldie but a goodie. The allusive lesbian hard-on."

The lesbian what??

I look at Willow & Tara, who giggle at me and then look away.

Faith wiggles her eyebrows at me, "As long as it's not *elusive*, right B?"

She's just so bad.

Faith was right. Money does talk.

The manager cleared five seats from the rail, moving the unsuspecting men, and sets "RESERVED" placards in their places. He motions for us to come over, and we all grab our drinks and head in his direction.

"Be good to the girls," he says, "Perverts Row is where they make most of their tips. Make sure you take care of them."

"You got it, man. Thanks a lot," Faith says.

We all take our seats at the rail. Faith stands up and reaches into her pocket. She pulls out a wad of cash and starts counting.

"Here, Red, T. Be good to the house dancers. Fives are good, tens are better. And knock yourselves out when the feature's on stage."

She looks at Xander and gives him cash.

"And the same goes for you, my man."

Xander looks surprised.

"Two hundred dollars, Faith? Each?" he looks at us, "Cool," he continues, "Can I get some lap dances, too?"

"As long as you tip nice when you're at the rail."

"You got it, boss," he grins happily as he goes off to find a dance.

She hands me two hundred dollars.

"What? I'm loaded, B. Let's have some fun."

The different house dancers varied in their style. Most did slow, moody moves no matter what the pace of the song was. Some were more energetic, climbing the poles and sliding down.

But all of the girls spent most of their time in front of us.

Us being the big tippers and all.

Faith leans over and kisses me.

"Having fun, baby?" she whispers.

"Oh yeah," I smile.

A waitress comes over and places a drink in front of Faith.

She looks up and raises a brow at her.

"From the lady by the door," the waitress says, gesturing to a cute blonde girl standing by the feature's dressing room.

"Who's that?" Faith asks.

"That's Jayme. She's the feature's roadie."

Faith holds up her drink and smiles at the girl.

"Thanks!" she shouts, over the noise.

She puts her arm around me, letting the girl know she's with someone.

The cute girl smiles and gives a thumbs up.

A few minutes later, the waitress returns and places a drink in front of me.

"From Jayme," she says, "She says she hopes no offense was taken."

I raise my glass, letting her know that none was.

"This is nice, Faith," I say, snuggling up to her.

"It gets better, B." And pulls me close.

Tara and Willow have two house dancers gyrating and spreading themselves in front of them onstage.

They're eating it up.

Not literally.

"W-w-wow," says Tara.

"Ditto," says Wills.

After the girls finish, the music changes and the energy of the room becomes electric.

The music blares the familiar cords of "Get Ready for This" heard at many sporting events, and, according to Xander, a staple of all strip clubs across the nation.

The D.J. begins to read the feature's introduction.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

The moment you've been waiting for. You've seen them grace the pages of countless men's magazines. You've heard and seen them on shows such as KROQ, The Howard Stern Show, and Mark & Brian. Their television appearances include, but are not limited to, Jerry Springer, Montell Williams, and again, the Howard Stern Show. But these lovely ladies are widely known for their sizzling on-screen performances in hit movies such as Blondage one, two, and three. Where The Boys Aren't six, seven, and thirteen...and of course, my personal favorite, and I'm sure many of yours, Hidden Obsessions, when the world was forever changed by the now infamous Ice Dildo scene."

Loud cheering and clapping interrupt the D.J.'s introduction.

Faith puts her fingers to her lips and whistles.

"It changed my world!" I yell, laughing.

Willow and Tara look surprised, but amused.

The D.J. pauses, then says

"Hey, unless you've been living under a rock, you know what I'm talking about...AM I RIGHT??" he shouts into the microphone.

"You got that right, brother!" Xander yells to him.

The place gets so loud from cheering, it's exhilarating. It was like a rock concert.

With naked girls.

"Ladies and Gentleman, Little Darlings in Las Vegas, Nevada, proudly presents

JANINE AND JULIA ANN...

...OTHERWISE KNOWN AS B L O N D A G E !!!!!!"

Faith and Xander start to scream as the first song starts to play, the entire room joining in with them. White Zombie's More Human Than Human, when suddenly the curtain on the stage gets thrown back and Janine and Julia Ann come strutting out, oozing sex and energy. Both are wearing matching outfits of Black vinyl, consisting of a long duster, a bustier, short-shorts, long black gloves and thigh high boots with four-inch heels. Both girls are wearing a choker around their necks. Janine and Julia Ann split up, each taking the opposite ends of the stage to swagger and strut to the audience members, dipping down to the rail and back up again, teasing the patrons, and then crossing over to do the same on the opposite side of the stage.

The girls danced to four songs.

On the first song, they had stripped down to their boots and g-strings. Truly teasing us as each piece of clothing came off, kissing and touching each other. It was hot.

The second song was Marilyn Manson's version of Sweet Dreams. The girls came out and did a strobe/lotion/candle act.

Very, very hot.

The third song was Closer by Nine Inch Nails.

At one point in the song, where it goes "I wanna fuck you like an animal", Janine had Julia Ann in an upside down scissors position. Julia Ann was on her back by the pole, with one leg wrapped up it and the other one straight up and held out to the side. Janine had lowered herself, straddling Julia Ann's pussy with her own. She grabbed the pole with one hand and then started rubbing her pussy against Julia Ann's, massaging her own breast and throwing her blonde head back with abandon...her face was ecstatic as she moved her hips back and forth, sliding their pussies against each other.

I felt Faith's hand on my thigh and I grabbed it, squeezing.

We were both turned on.

She motioned with her head for me to look over at Willow and Tara, and both of the witches looked like they were under a spell. I already know they're gonna wanna borrow Hidden Obsessions.

But they'll have to get their own copy.

They continue this scissors-type motion, and then Janine reaches behind her to smack Julia Ann's ass, signaling they were done.

Julia Ann flips from on her back to her knees and she grabs her breasts, head low and hair in her face, looking deeply into the audience and making eye contact with all of us in the front row.

Her chest is heaving and her look is wild.

I think my heart stopped for a moment.

She crawls over to where Faith and I are sitting, and she leans over the railing and pushes me back into my chair. She puts her hands on my shoulders and she leans in to kiss me, running her tongue across my lips. Her hand reaches over to grab Faith by her shirt, and she leans back onto the stage, bringing Faith to rest on top of her. She holds Faith's face against her breasts, running her fingers through her hair. She lifts Faith's head up and then gives her a soft kiss and then gently shoves her back up.

Faith rises and grins like an idiot.

The entire room had been cheering when Julia Ann had slid up to me, but now they were cat-calling out encouragements and demanding the same treatment.

Faith laughs and turns around. She faces the room and takes a bow, first in one direction, then the next, and then another. A hand comes out and slaps the back of Faith's head, causing her to stop smiling and scowl.

She turns around to see a smiling Julia Ann retrieving her hand, shaking her head at her. I laugh, and Julia Ann winks at me.

Oh, I like her!

She then moves on next to me to a frozen Willow and Tara.

She sees the fear on their faces and simply leans in to give them each a gentle kiss on the lips. She doesn't push it, and I can see both girls blushing, but smiling with gratitude. She runs her fingers softly under Willow's jaw and then pulls back, moving across the stage to treat the other side to some fun.

Xander leans over and frowns.

"Sometimes I really hate having a dick," he says, disappointed.

We just smile at him and nod in agreement.

Sorry.

The girls retreat behind the stage, and the music changes to what was to be their final song of the show.

Rage Against the Machine's Killing In The Name Of.

Faith gives out a loud whoop and starts bobbing her head up and down, looking like a deranged eighties rocker. Xander joins her.

"It's my song, B! They're gonna dance to my song!" she says excitedly.

"KILLING IN THE NAME OF!" she screams with the rest of the crowd as the song starts its lyrics.

The girls rip the curtain aside and come out forcefully, strutting naked, thigh high boots and chokers their only attire.

The lights strobe and flash, enhancing the long graceful lines of their bodies. They're spectacular.

*Some of those that were Forces
are the same that bore Crosses. Huh!*

*Killing in the name of
And now you do what they told ya
But now you do what they told ya
Well now you do what they told ya...*

*Those who died are justified
For wearing the badge
They're the Chosen Whites*

*You justify those that died
By wearing the badge
They're the Chosen Whites...
You've justified those that died...
And now you do what they told ya...
But now you do what they told ya
Well now you do what they told ya*

Ugh!

*Killing in the name of
now you're under control
Now you're under control...*

And now you do what they told ya

Come on! Come on!

*Fuck you I do what you tell me
Fuck you I do what you tell me...
FUCK YOU I WON'T DO WHAT YOU TELL ME!
FUCK YOU I WON'T DO WHAT YOU TELL ME...*

MOTHER FUCKER...

"UGGH UGGH UGGH," Faith screams the lyrics with feeling. Faith's song.

It was perfect.

Her feelings of rage against the machine were justified.

The machine being the Watcher's Council.

She had always felt a deep sense of hypocrisy where the Council was concerned.

I can't say she wasn't right.

They had always professed to be the head of the White Hats and had named us their Chosen Two.

But they often treated us with disregard and contempt.

Drugging me on my eighteenth birthday, and sending operatives to capture and destroy Faith.

They said it was for rehabilitation, but we all knew better.

Her anger and then reluctant acceptance of being under the Council's thumb goaded her.

She had been Called to protect and defend the masses from the unspeakable evils that roamed this world.

She was determined to do that, even if it meant being controlled by an uncaring and corrupt regime.

My feelings were similar, but in no way compared to the rage it instilled in Faith.

Watching her face as she chanted the lyrics with the crowd, only reminded me of how far she'd come. She had never put her feelings aside before to help others. It was a positive sign of my influence, and I felt grateful that she had trusted Angel and myself enough to let us in, to let us get through to her.

She was a remarkable young woman.

After the show ended to a thunderous standing ovation, we sat back looking at each other. We were charged up and excited and still not quite comprehending what we saw.

It was like the first time I watched Hidden Obsessions, except that the lovely women had been here, in front of us.

I still had trouble wrapping my brain around the concept.

We sit back sharing our favorite moments with each other, when twenty minutes later, Jayme, the roadie for the girls, comes over and says for us to follow her to the long line of customers who are waiting to meet and take pictures with them.

A bouncer had taken over Jayme's duty of Polaroid taker when she came to get us. Flash bulbs go off as we approach, the girls busy posing and visiting with their fans. Both girls had put on g-strings, but were topless. Julia Ann had on a blue sarong that exposed her long legs to her feet, which were encased in clear high heels that showed off her French pedicure toes.

Jayme tells them we're here, and they graciously ask the people in line to wait for a moment. They gesture us to come behind the booth and we all go in, our hearts in our throats.

We must have looked star struck, because suddenly Janine and Julia Ann both look over their shoulders to see what could be causing our expressions. They glance back to see their own reflections gaze back at them from the mirrored wall.

Julia Ann smiles and blushes a little, realizing that it's them that's causing our reaction. Janine just laughs and places a knuckle under Xander's jaw, gently closing his mouth.

"You're gonna make me not want to eat sushi again," she laughs.

Xander grins, thinking that maybe it's good to have a dick after all, but he had misunderstood her meaning.

Xander pretty much looked like a fish out of water, mouth gaping open, with eyes bulging and gasping for air.

Julia Ann starts cracking up and she shoves Janine, who turns around and starts shoving back. A shoving match ensues and we just watch in amazement as the girls push and jab at each other, grabbing a breast or tweaking a nipple, until Janine finally pushes Julia Ann onto a couch in front of the mirrors.

She straddles Julia Ann and starts tickling her. Julia Ann is laughing, trying to shove Janine off of her and trying to stop her fingers from tickling her at the same time.

"What's my name, Julia?" Janine demands, poking at Julia Ann's rib.

"Fruit cake!" gasps Julia Ann, fending off Janine's fingers.

"Wrong answer. What's my name, Julia?" she asks again, tweaking a nipple.

"FUCKING fruit cake!" Julia Ann yells, laughing.

"No, one last time. What's my *name*, Julia?" Holding both of Julia Ann's wrists above her head.

"Weasel," Julia Ann concedes, shutting her eyes and anticipating Janine's next move.

Janine jumps off of her, smiling, and turns Julia Ann around on the couch, poking two fingers at her ass.

"That's right. And if you mess with the weasel, you're gonna get the horns."

After a nice visit with the girls and many Polaroid's later, we all head off to Olympic Gardens.

When we get there, we split up. Xander goes downstairs looking for girls, and we go upstairs looking for guys.

Well, just the one, really.

Guy.

Wills, Tara, and I find a place to sit while Faith goes looking for Guy. She's on her way to the middle of the room where a crowd of women had clustered around something, or someone, more likely. She's pretty sure that Guy is in the center of it all.

"If I know Guy, he's doin' one of his signature moves. That boy can shake his money maker," she smiles, excited.

"Is that experience talking?" I ask dryly.

"Yeah, I've seen it a few times," Not taking the bait, "And now you will too," And she takes off to find him.

Willow looks at me, reproving.

"Buffy, play nice. She can't help it if her past includes a hunky male stripper. Besides, that was a long time ago. You have nothing to worry about."

"Right. And it's not like Faith gets cranky if sh-sh-she doesn't get penis," says Tara.

"Willow!" I exclaim.

"Sorry, Buffy. Tara was there when Xander brought it up."

"Xander knows, too?"

"Buffy, he was with them the whole time. He heard things."

Of course he did. I bet he saw things, too.

Like Guy making a move on Faith, and Faith's six friction dances.

Was he going to tell me? Or was this some sort of frat-boy type bonding that you kept from the girls?

Well, Kappa Fuck A.U., Xander Harris.

A waitress comes by and we order some drinks. I get Faith a Virgin Bloody Mary.

You know, just a reminder of why she shouldn't get wasted tonight.

A few minutes later, we hear a roar from the direction of the horny women. We look over to see the cluster open up to a near-naked Guy, with a grinning Faith on his shoulders.

He's gripping her thighs around his neck as he bounces his way through the crowd, making Faith laugh and hold on tight to his head. They're coming our way.

"Whoa, there, Bronco Billy. You know better than to try and buck *me* off," she says laughing.

"Yeah, F. Your legs got some grip. I always remembered feelin' like a tube of toothpaste."

Slayer hearing sucks.

Willow sees the look on my face. She hadn't heard them.

"Buffy, they're just playing."

"I'm sick of their games," I say, as I stand up and brush past them.

Faith slides down Guy's back, her smile is gone.

"I dunno, Faith. You better go after her...again," I hear Willow say.

I slam open the door to the restroom.

It bangs hard against the wall, and the seven girls in line jump. A stall opens up, and the girl next in line looks over at me, eyes big.

"Uh...you can go," she says to me.

I must look pretty scary, because the other six girls all chime in with

"Yeah", "Sure", and "Absolutely's".

I glower at them as I rush past and lock myself in the stall.

A few seconds later the door slams open again.

The poor girls cry out, startled. I can just picture them coming out of their skins.

"B?" Faith says loudly, "BUFFY??" Even louder, then

"GODDAMMIT, BABY, ANSWER ME!!" she yells.

The girls whimper.

I'm surprised they haven't run out yet. Oh. Faith is probably blocking the door.

"Sweetheart?" she says, softer. Then I hear her whisper to one of the girls, who does not answer back.

"Okay, thanks," I hear Faith tell her.

I look down and I see Faith's boots approach the bathroom stall.

They stop when they reach the door.

"Baby, open up," she says.

"No."

"Baby, I'm not playin' , please *open up*."

"Go away," I step back and wedge myself into the corner.

I know Faith.

With a loud bang the door comes crashing open, her boot planted firmly in the middle.

I give her a disgruntled look. She shuts the door behind her.

"Where's your boyfriend?" I ask, dead in the face.

"I don't have a boyfriend. Never did."

"Where's your fuckfriend then?"

"I don't have one of those either."

"But ya did, didn't you, Faith? You had a lot of them."

"Yes I did. I have a past, I can't change that."

"Oh yeah? Well, I don't appreciate your little rodeo games from the *past* being thrown in my face, *or* my friends, in the present. So why don't you take your *stud*, and your *lasso*, and your *spurs*, and go *hog-tie* each other up somewhere or whatever else it is that you two do," I spit out the words.

"Baby, the last person to play rodeo with me was you. You branded me with a tattoo and you marked me with your mouth. Remember?" And she starts to unbuckle her belt and pull down her zipper.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" I ask.

"Showing you," she says, pulling her pants to her knees.

My eyes move to her legs.

The marks were plainly visible on the insides of her thighs, and even higher near her pussy. The hickeys and bite marks had faded some, but not much. Her Slayer healing helped, but I had sucked and bitten pretty hard.

A normal person may have considered Urgent Care.

I look back up to her eyes.

"See, baby? I'm O.P.P. and I know it. Why don't you?"

We're still in the bathroom stall. I'm wedged in the corner.

We eyeball each other warily, then she pulls up her pants. She tucks in her shirt and pulls up the zipper.

She's about to buckle her belt when I say

"Faith."

She stops, and I make a small noise in the back of my throat.

In a heartbeat she moves her hands from her buckle and reaches out for me, pulling me out of the corner and into her arms.

She kisses me and says

"Baby, you've got to stop. I don't know what else I can do to prove I only want you."

I think about her beautiful speech, and the beautiful ring, and the beautiful way she sounded when I marked the beautiful skin on her body.

And how soft it felt against my mouth.

I realize I'm not unlike how Willow was when she needed constant reassurance that she was still my best friend, and how frustrated it had made me feel.

"Just one more thing," I whisper, as I pull down her zipper.

Ten minutes later we've rejoined our party in the club.

Faith has always been quick to pop, and tonight was no different.

Guy is sitting with Willow, who is sideways across his lap. Tara is seated next to them, and they are all laughing.

Faith and I approach them, but she stops to give me a toe-tingling kiss before proceeding forward.

Guy grins as he watches us near them.

"I see you've picked up a couple of souvenirs from your trip to the bathroom," he says, noting our matching hickeys.

"You seem better, Buffy," teases Willow, playfully.

"Yeah, but I feel waaay better," says Faith, licking my finger that still has her pussy on it.

A shiver goes through me.

I had fucked Faith quickly in the stall, but it wasn't enough.

I wanted more.

After I pulled her zipper open, I had leaned her against the door and slipped a finger inside her. I rubbed her clit as I sucked on her neck, her cologne tasting bitter on my tongue. I sucked hard, making sure the mark was not only visible, but loud as well. I lowered myself back to the toilet seat and straddled it with my thighs, looking at Faith.

She quickly assessed her options and then stepped forward, tugging her pants down around her boots. She spread her legs and straddled my thighs, holding my shoulder to steady herself.

Her legs were trapped, but she had no need for them. All the movement would be coming from my hand.

She leaned forward on me, and it forced her legs open even wider.

I gripped her tightly about the waist, taking the bulk of her weight against my body. My arm muscles stood out from the exertion. I slipped two fingers between us and stuck them up her pussy. She let out a sharp breath and leaned her forehead against mine.

I began to fuck her.

My wrist moving my fingers in and out of her hole, which had been completely spread open from the angle of our position. I put in a third finger. Her lips moved against my forehead, and they felt parched. But soon I felt a flick of her tongue as she licked them.

"Hhhhhh...baby...." Her lips brushed against my hairline.

I pulled out my fingers, and rubbed her slit up and down with my hand. My fingers were slick from her. I moved my hand so it rubbed her clit on the up motion, and slid back into her pussy on the down.

I did this as she began to come.

She dropped her head into my neck, and latched on with her mouth.

Some of my hair was trapped between her lips and my skin, and I could feel a slight tugging sensation as she sucked even harder. She sucked so hard I thought I felt skin break. It reminded me of the time Angel almost drained me after Faith had tried to kill him.

In our Dark Days.

I pushed the unpleasant thoughts from my head, and concentrated on whose mouth was on me currently. Faith's mouth.

My lover.

She came with a grunt and leaned her full weight against me, pushing us back against the fixtures. I was glad to notice my ass hadn't gotten wet from the bowl.

I kissed her head as she still leaned into me.

"Baby?" I questioned.

"Uh, I think we're stuck," she mumbled into my shoulder.

Guy actually was a pretty nice guy.

I guess he knew Faith well enough to know that if she let someone mark her, then she must be serious about that person.

Of course, he could only see the one on her neck.

If he had seen the ones on her thighs and near her pussy, he probably would have started picking out china patterns for us.

Which reminded me.

I hold my hand out so that the overhead track lighting catches the diamond. It sparkles.

Guy looks at me, amused.

"That's some rock, you got there, 'B'," he says, emphasizing Faith's nickname for me.

"What? This old thing?" I say nonchalantly.

"Yep. That 'old thing'," he affirms.

"It's just a bauble of her appreciation," I say casually.

"Yeah, a nice one and a half carat, VS2-I Tiffany's solitaire, in a platinum setting. That's some bauble."

Whatever that means.

I think it's pretty.

"Oh, you've seen it?"

He laughs, "Kind of hard to miss. Besides, she showed it to me the other night."

He looks at me thoughtfully.

"I gotta admit, Buffy. When I heard you guys hadn't had real sex yet, and she *still* got you that ring, I was pretty amazed.

I'm assuming that's changed now, since she doesn't appear to be quite as cranky anymore." He looks at me questioningly.

"You could say that," I say slyly.

"Well, I expect to hear on the news any day now that the Hope Diamond has gone missing".

I smile at him, "No, I don't need Hope, I've got Faith," I say.

He laughs and puts an arm around me.

"Good answer, B. Good answer."

He looks over to where Faith is standing with Willow and Tara. She's listening intently to what Willow has to say.

"She's a real firecracker, Buffy. Most of the time people get burned if they try to hold on to her too long."

"People change, Guy," I say seriously, looking over at Faith and then back to him.

"I can see that. And I'm glad. She liked to live her life like a Roman candle, and I was always afraid that she'd burn herself up. You must be really special to bring out the 'softer side' of Faith."

Hmmm. I like that.

And at that exact same moment we hear a loud crash, as chairs, tables, and glasses go flying into the air.

We look up to see Willow and Tara with their hands over their mouths, as Faith is pummeling a very large man.

A *very* large man.

She is literally lifting him up and then throwing him across the room, sending more than a few people scurrying for cover. More tables and chairs crash, and then splinter, as the force of the onslaught continued.

Faith is pissed and is letting the guy know it.

Guy jumps up and says, "But it's good to see she hasn't lost her edge," And he takes off to help his old friend.

I run over to Willow and Tara to see what's wrong.

"He deserves it, Buffy," Willow says, "But I had no idea she'd go after the guy like that."

"What happened, Will?" I ask, looking over as Faith lifts the guy up and heaves him onto the stage.

"He kept harassing Tara. She said she didn't want a dance, but he started to give her one anyway. Then he started grinding his...meat...in her face. It was disgusting, Buffy."

Tara looks upset.

"I-I-I'm sorry, Buffy," she says, embarrassed.

I get pissed.

"It's not your fault, Tara. If you had told me, I would be kicking his ass right now. In fact, I think I will."

And I run over to assist my girlfriend.

"You fucking scum-bag. I'm gonna rip your dick off, and stick it in *YOUR* face!" I hear Faith shout at the bloodied stripper.

Guy had tried to restrain Faith, but she easily tossed him aside. He motioned to the bouncers to back off as they tried to encircle her. They paused and then retreated, but ready to jump in if things got any worse.

"Baby," I say, stopping her arm in mid-swing.

She looks at me. Eyes and hair wild.

"What, B? This cocksucker tried to stick his dick in T's mouth!"

"I know," I say, "Save some for me."

And I grab the jerk by his package and squeeze.

His eyes bulge out, and a loud groan escapes from his mouth.

" 'No means no', you get that? Or maybe you're deaf. If that's the case, let me help you with a little sign language."

I flip him off with my middle finger, and then twist hard with my other hand.

He groans one last time as his eyes go glassy and he passes out.

"Damn, B. You sure get right to the point," Faith says admiringly.

"Yeah baby. You take too long. I like to go straight for the heart. Or in this case, the groin."

Guy signals the bouncers to move in and remove the unconscious offender.

We look around at the damage.

"Don't worry, B, I'll take care of it," she says, and then leaves to look for the manager.

Guy walks up to me concerned.

"She split? Okay, I'll try to cover for her," And he takes in the destruction around us.

"She's looking for the manager. She's taking care of it."

He looks surprised.

"What? Faith never takes responsibility for her shit. Are you sure?" he asks skeptically.

"I'm sure. I told you, she's changed."

"Baby," he says, shaking his head, "Now I've seen everything. I need to get me one of you."

I smile, "Sorry, Guy. There's only one of me, and I'm already taken."

"Lucky bitch," he grins, and pulls me over towards Willow and Tara.

Faith had settled up with the management.

She also approached the customers that got caught in the line of fire, and paid for their drinks. She apologized for losing her head.

"Don't apologize, dude," A southern Californian surfer type said to her, "That jerk-off deserved it. We'd been watching him rub his dick in a lot of girl's faces tonight. I guess he finally picked the wrong one," He looks over at Tara who had recovered, somewhat.

"You got that right. Nobody messes with my girls," Faith says protectively.

He flips his long blonde hair and says

"Girls, huh? If you can overlook one small thing, I'd like to be your bitch."

Faith grins, "I don't care how small it is, sweetheart. I don't do outties anymore, just innies."

"I wasn't implying that it was small," he says quickly.

"Yeah, I know, I'm sure you're packin'. But unless it's silicone, I'm not interested."

He smiles wistfully.

"Didn't think so. Anyway, thanks for bein' so understanding," And she leaves, smiling.

She takes my hand and says

"Ready to motor, B? I'm just about done with this place."

"Not taking your bitch with you?" I ask, letting her know I overheard.

"No, baby. There's only one bitch here, and she'd like to go home with you. I'm pretty worked up. You ready for me?"

"All the time," I say, feeling her ass, "Let's motor."

And I grab my bitch's hand and head out the door.

"...Uh...Faith, lower...I can't reach you..."

She's straddling me in a sixty-nine position.

Her knees are on both sides of my face, but her pussy is just out of reach. I try to get her closer by pulling her ass down to me. She keeps straining against my hands as I pull harder. She continues licking my clit, ignoring me.

"Uh...baby...come on...hhhhngg...don't be such a tease."

She dips her pussy against my lips and lets me lick it, and then she's gone again. I groan, frustrated.

I momentarily lose concentration as I feel her tongue slide hotly into my hole. She fucks me with it, stopping to suck my clit every so often. It's insane the way she can make me feel.

She had pulled my tampon out by the string earlier, and had flung it away with her teeth.

"I got the mouse by the tail, baby. I'm not flying a kite anymore." Mixing her metaphors.

She never got to drink that Bloody Mary. She's making up for it.

"Doesn't that gross you out, baby?" I asked.

"Fuck no, B. It turns me on." And I make a mental note to try the same with her. I want my Redwings too.

"Baby...sit on my face...I can't take it," And I pull with all my strength to bring her pussy to my lips.

Her knees slide to the side and her pussy lands on my face. I grip her ass with my hands to keep it there.

"Uhhhh," she moans into me. I run my tongue up her slit and nibble on her clit. It's hard and swollen. I suck on it, making her legs tremble against my cheeks. I spread her ass with my fingers and slip the tip of my index finger inside, rubbing the rim.

"Uhhh....fuck...Buffy..." she says.

Faith likes anal penetration. I learned that from our phone sex conversations. I found that I liked it too.

A lot.

I feel her put a finger in my ass, and it slides all the way in. Her long finger making it seem like it's an eight-inch cock.

It's such a nice finger.

A lesbian's dream.

She starts to pump me with it, in and out, slick with her saliva and my own wetness. She licks hard on my clit.

"Oh god, Faith...." She does this for a while, then breaks her hold on me and flips herself around. She looks in my eyes and then spreads my legs open. She straddles my right thigh and grabs my left ankle, lifting it into the air away from her body. She moves so that her pussy is on top of mine, and then places my ankle on her shoulder, holding my shin.

She grinds.

Scissors.

A move we saw tonight watching *Blondage*.

A very *nice* move.

She leans down to kiss me, and then whispers in my ear.

" 'I wanna fuck you like an animal'."

She reaches down between us, and spreads both of our pussy lips so that our clits make contact.

She moves.

She grinds herself into me, kissing and licking my lips...kissing and licking my leg that's resting upon her shoulder. She rubs my breasts, pulling at my nipples.

"Uhhh, that feels good, Faith...oh god, baby, that feels so good," I groan. I look up at her, her eyes are half closed and her lips are parted. Her face is overcome with pleasure.

She looks so fucking sexy.

I reach up and play with her breasts, leaning up to catch a nipple in my mouth. I suck and bite on it.

"Suck it, baby...yeah, fuck, suck on it," She grinds harder, and then moves her pussy to slide up and down against mine.

She picks up the pace, and I can hear our pussies making love.

Does that sound gross?

I don't think so, I think it sounds hot, but her nasty mouth makes me feel even hotter.

I encourage her.

"Baby, you hear our pussies?" I whisper, "They're talking, baby...they're talking to each other. They're telling each other how good we make them feel, how good they make *us* feel. They're making love, Faith."

She grunts.

"They're fucking, Buffy. They're fucking the come out of each other. I can feel how sticky your cunt is," She grunts again.

"They're making love," I goad her.

"They're fucking."

"Making love," I say again.

"They're fucking. Just like I'm fucking you. I'm fucking you, and you love it. You love the way I rub my pussy on your clit... you love the way I'm gonna make you come..."

She lowers her mouth to mine and starts sucking on my tongue, her hand reaches down behind her and she sticks a finger up my ass. I jerk in surprise. She sucks hard on my tongue, and then whispers hoarsely in my ear.

"...like right now."

And I do...my hips rise up against her, lifting her off of the bed. She holds on tight, coming with me, her finger still tight in my ass.

"That's right, baby. Ride my finger, suck on it with your tight hole," she gasps, her body jerking.

I feel myself clench and then spasm around her finger.

She keeps talking.

"You're so wet, baby. Does your pussy know what your asshole is doing? Is it jealous? Isn't my clit good enough for it?"

she says, rubbing herself hard against it.

"Oh, fuck me, Faith," I groan.

"No, baby...I'm making love." And she pulls her finger out and grabs my head, kissing me passionately.

I'm packed and ready to go.

Faith is looking in her suitcase at something she had just put inside it.

"You're a pretty nasty little girl, you know that, baby?" she says grinning.

I blush.

"You're not exactly Pollyanna, yourself," I return.

"I know, but you'd expect that from me. You, on the other hand..." she trails off.

"Yes, I recall I *was* on the other hand. Both, in fact."

She laughs, "My point exactly, B."

"It's a throw back from our phone sex days," I explain, "When everything was done orally, in the strictest sense of the word."

"This is much better, don't you think, baby?" she asks, already knowing the answer.

"Yeah, baby. But I still like it when you talk trash to me."

"I know. I can tell, baby," She looks back in the suitcase.

"Whatcha lookin' at, Faith?" I ask, curious.

"Oh, nuthin'. Just something I'm gonna hang off my balcony railing. You know, for tradition."

I peer into her suitcase and make a face.

"Oh, I think not," I say, grabbing the blood stained robe from the case.

"Come on, B. You shouldn't mess with tradition."

"In case you haven't noticed, Faith, we are not living in some old world country. And it's not proof that I lost my virginity, because that was lost a few years ago."

"No, B. It's proof that I lost *my* virginity. I earned my Redwings, remember? I'm not a virgin anymore."

She smiles at me, "But seriously, B. It's also a memento of the first day we had sex together. I want it."

She looks so sweetly at me that I relent.

"Okay, baby," I say, handing it back to her, "But no hanging it off of the railing, okay?"

She pretends to look disappointed, and then smiles.

"Okay. I'll just model it for the gang."

And she ducks as I take a swipe at her head.

"You sure you don't wanna drive? We can split it up between the two of us," Xander says, looking at Faith.

"No, my man. She's all yours," she replies, slamming the trunk of the car.

We had decided to drive home with Willow and Xander. We had missed out on the first half of the road trip, but were now looking forward to the long drive home. Willow was quiet in the front seat, wearing oversized dark sunglasses, looking a lot like Jackie O.

"Are you okay, Willow?" Xander asks his oldest and dearest friend.

She snuffles and shakes her head.

The three of us look at each other.

Willow has a lot of thinking to do on the drive home.

She had found herself feeling a powerful attraction to her fellow Wiccan, but had the resolve to resist the urge to act upon it.

It was tough.

After having said her good-byes to Tara early this morning, we haven't heard another word come out of her.

She was leaving someone who she knew she could love, and going home to someone she knew that she loved.

It was heartbreaking.

I reach over the front seat and hug her around the neck. She pats my arms and doesn't say a word.

Faith gets in the back seat with me, and puts her arm around my shoulders. I snuggle in.

Xander shuts his door and starts the engine. We drive in silence.

As we pass the Nevada state line, Xander looks in the rear view mirror and says

"Well, Faith. Any famous last words you'd like to say as we leave the city of sin?"

She thinks for a moment and then grins, pulling me closer.

"Vidi Vici Veni" she says.

Suddenly a giggle is heard from the front passenger seat.

Willow?

Xander turns to her and says

"Help me out here, Willow. My Latin is a little rusty. Doesn't she mean Veni Vidi Vici?"

"No, I think she's got it right," And she starts giggling louder.

"No, I think you're wrong on this one. I'm pretty sure it's Veni Vidi Vici", he says confidently.

Faith speaks up to explain, the laughter barely contained in her voice.

"No, Xan. That was Caesar. Vidi Vici Veni, is my version," she grins.

"I saw. I conquered. I came."

And we all start laughing. Willow, the loudest.
