

## **Part 1: Locked up**

Buffy approached the vampire slowly, aware that any sudden movements might cause him to kill the child.

"I swear, if you hurt him, I'll- "

"You'll do what slayer?" the vampire asked, with a smile.

The child in his arms began to cry louder than he already had been, blood starting to pour from the fresh puncture in his neck.

"God! He's so annoying! Shut up!" the vampire ordered shaking the boy and causing him to cease crying.

Buffy moved closer to them, keeping her stake hidden. "Just let the boy go, it's me you want."

The vampire laughed. "Why can't I have both of you?"

Distracted by distant sirens that were becoming louder, Buffy took her eyes from the vampire for a split second. The vampire took its chance and snapped the boy's neck.

Hearing a crack, Buffy spun around, watching in horror as the child's lifeless body fell to the ground.

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The van jolted to a halt and caused Buffy to open her eyes after yet another nightmare of the murder. Hearing keys in the door, she turned around and sat up in her bed. The door swung open letting in a large amount of sunlight in and revealing an armed police officer.

"Get up!" he yelled at her.

Buffy obeyed and slowly stood. Following the silent order to follow him, she followed the officer and stepped off the van. Her arms were immediately grabbed and handcuffs shoved on them. She winced, as another entourage of officers surrounded and led her towards the prison.

Once inside, they were approached by a warden.

"This Summers?" she asked, pointing at Buffy.

"Yeah," the officer replied.

"D-17," the woman instructed.

Buffy was walked down the hall of cells each containing inmates that stood glaring at the latest addition to murderer's row. The slayer was stopped outside a cell and unchained. She watched as the officer was handed a key by the warden and used it to open the cell door.

"Enjoy your stay," he cooed, gesturing inside like some sort of hotel porter.

Buffy entered, immediately noticing another inmate. She searched the room, its contents only a barred window, a bunk bed and a bucket.

"Behave yourself Gypsy," Buffy heard as the cell door slammed.

"Fuck you!" The inmate yelled back. She waited for a reply and after hearing none, turned to Buffy.

"Brown's a fucking retard," she told her, standing up and eyeing the blonde. Sticking out her hand she said, "You probably gathered that I'm Gypsy."

When not given a reply, she pointed up saying, "you got top bunk," before sitting back down.

Buffy nodded slightly and climbed the bunk bed. She was tired. The journey from Sunnydale had been lengthy and she wanted to sleep. She lay down and looked up at the yellowing ceiling. A tear fell from her eyes.

"So," she heard. "What you in for?"

Buffy didn't reply. She lay silently hoping to fool her inmate. Hearing no more that night, she concluded her plan had worked. She closed her eyes and fell into a deep sleep to be riddled with nightmares.

## **Part 2: Introductions**

Gypsy shook her inmate vigorously.

"Wake up! The wardens'll be here soon," Buffy was told.

She opened her eyes and climbed out of bed as the cell door swung open.

"Out!" The warden shouted standing in the doorway. She handed both women fresh clothing as they left the cell. Gypsy led Buffy to the courtyard. She put down her things and asked Buffy to do the same.

"We have to rake the field for a few hours and clean up before breakfast at eight."

Buffy was silent as she was handed a rake. It was still dark and the sun was only just coming up, but she could just about make out armed officers spread sparingly around the field. She watched and then copied the other women as they raked the field, which was full of an unusually large amount of leaves. The rake was heavy and after a few hours of raking Buffy felt tired. She slowly ran the tool through the leaves, driven to continue only by the thought of measures the officers would take against defiant prisoners. The sun had come up and was shining very brightly on them. The slayer wiped the sweat from her forehead, relieved to hear an officer shout,

"Break!"

Buffy watched the women drop their rakes and head off the field. She was approached by her cellmate.

"C'mon," Gypsy told her, rubbing her palms together. "Breakfast time!"

She led Buffy inside and into what looked like some sort of common room. The women were sitting around tables and serving themselves food. Gypsy picked up a tray at the entrance and walked over to a crowded table. She looked around to talk to her blonde friend, only to find her having already taken a seat in a different place by herself. The woman shook her head and sat down. "Hey girls," she greeted those at the table.

"How's it going Gypsy?" one of the girls asked.

About to answer the question, the entrance of one of the other prisoners stopped her. The red headed stocky woman entered and sat down at the nearest table.

"Hey Bertha," everyone chimed.

"What's up ladies," Bertha replied. She looked around the room. "How was field duty?" she asked with a smile, causing the others to laugh hysterically.

"Oh it was tiresome, Bertha," one of the inmates replied.

"Did you sleep well?" another asked.

Ignoring the question Bertha searched the room. "Steel not down yet?" she asked.

"No," someone replied. "She's probably busy with that Venezuelan chick that came last week."

The redhead smiled. She caught sight of a pretty blonde sitting at a table by herself.

"Who's that?" she asked.

Gypsy followed her gaze. "Oh her? The new girl. I dunno her name. She don't talk much. I think she's shy-"

"Hey you, sitting at the table by yourself!" Bertha called at Buffy.

The room became silent as if all were waiting for the blonde girl's response. The inmates all watched as Buffy didn't respond and continued to poke at her food.

"Blonde girl!" Bertha tried again, with no response. Embarrassed at being ignored, the red head left her table and walked towards Buffy's. "Hey blondey, I'm fucking talking to you," she told her.

Buffy continued to look at her plate.

Bertha, getting angry at the coos and snickers coming from the other inmates, moved in and grabbed Buffy by the collar. "You fucking deaf, bitch?" she asked, attempting to pull Buffy to her feet.

Buffy grabbed the woman's arm and twisted it until she heard a crack, causing Bertha to scream in pain. Tears welling in her eyes, she rushed towards Buffy who dodged her attack.

About to swing again, Bertha was stopped by the prison's alarm bell. She got up and back-stepped towards the main building, keeping her eyes on Buffy who continued to stare at her table.

"You're dead bitch!" she yelled at her. "Fucking count on it!"

Buffy remained unresponsive. She didn't care. As far as she was concerned, she was already dead.

### **Part 3: Steel**

Having spent the day digging a pit and completing other stressful tasks, Buffy found it exhilarating to have a rest. She left the other girls, who were heading for the common room, to go and sit in the shade of a tree behind the shower room. She closed her eyes and took in deep breaths fighting back the tears that were ready to emerge. She thought about Dawn, Willow, Anya, Giles, Xander, even Spike. She'd have given anything to be with them at that moment.

Chastising herself for having taken freedom for granted, the slayer picked up a clump of grass and hurled it a few inches from herself. Tears rolled down from her eyes and she remembered the little boy that died as a result of her carelessness. \*I let him die,\* she thought, silently sobbing. She buried her face in her hands and cried, until a shadow cast upon her, causing her to stop.

"There you are, blondey," she heard.

Buffy looked up to recognise the beefy, ginger-haired woman from the day before, surrounded by some other prisoners. She wiped her eyes.

"I warned you yesterday that you were mine," the woman told her, shaking her bandaged arm and stepping towards her.

Buffy stood, looking from the woman to the gang around her. Most of them were armed and sneering at her.

"Cut her open Bertha, I wanna see if she bleeds red," Buffy heard.

Bertha opened her hand to reveal a chain and let it dangle to full length. "So what d'ya say blonde?" she asked. "You wanna go at it?"

Buffy contemplated trying to fight. There were around fifteen armed women and she felt that she wouldn't get far without a serious injury or worse. Realising the fact that she had nowhere to run to, Buffy squared up. She decided that if she was going to die, she'd do so with a fight. She raised her fists, causing Bertha to roar with laughter. The redhead swung her chain at Buffy who caught it and swung it back, knocking Bertha off balance.

In the process of disarming Bertha, Buffy felt a sharp blow to her back. Not having enough time to react, she felt another blow to the legs from another prisoner. Buffy attempted a roundhouse kick, but her leg was caught and she was forced onto her hands and knees. She could barely cover her body from blows, for the pain.

Bertha stood up and wiped the blood from her mouth. "You bitch!" she called, kicking Buffy in the stomach. "Who the fuck do you think you're messing with!"

About to punch her victim, Bertha was stopped by someone shouting,

"Whoa Big B! Don't you think you've done enough?"

Bertha stopped, her anger deflating. She smiled. "Steel." She addressed Buffy, "Blonde's a trouble maker. I was just explaining to her how things work around here."

Buffy remained on all fours, trying to catch her breath. She listened for a moment when she could make an escape. If she could only lure Bertha away from her crew, she could show her some slayer strength.

"Let her go Bertha," she heard. "I think I can explain how things work from here."

Bertha laughed. "Come on girls," she told the others. "We don't wanna be here when Steel has to clean blood off the ground." She began to leave, stopping to say to Buffy, "Later Blonde."

Buffy was relieved as she heard Bertha and the others leave. She knew she could take this 'Steel' as long as she was alone. She heard footsteps approaching and when she felt the person right above her, she looked up, shocked by what she saw.

"Hey B."

"Faith?" Buffy asked confused.

Faith smiled. "I heard you were in here. I had to see for myself."

Buffy felt sick. She clutched her stomach, her mind torn.

Faith offered a hand to the winded slayer. "C'mon," she told her. "Let's get checked out."

Buffy ignored the hand, stood and stepped away from her. She turned and walked away, heading back to the main building and leaving Faith staring at her disappearing form.

#### **Part 4: A friend**

The inmates were told to retire for the night after an evening of scrubbing the grounds and filling the field with leaves. Buffy wiped her face with the sleeve of her orange overalls, wincing as she wiped over a bruise from earlier. She took a deep breath and left the field to go to inside.

"Hey," Gypsy greeted, leaving the cell as Buffy entered. She looked at Buffy's swollen face. "Oh my God, what happened to you?" She asked, reaching to touch the blonde's face and causing Buffy to turn away.

"You should get yourself seen to," Gypsy told her. "If you go to the officers' block they can have a nurse take a look at you. I'll take you if you want."

Buffy moved past her. "I'm fine," she told her, mounting her bunk bed.

Gypsy shook her head. About to leave, she turned and said, "everyone's meeting in the common room for poker, why don't you come? It'll take your mind off things."

The blonde remained silent.

"Suit yourself," Gypsy replied, before she left.

When Buffy could no longer hear her footsteps, she jumped down from her bed. She was filthy and if everyone was in the common room then she'd be able to have a peaceful shower and get back in time for lock-down.

Gypsy left the prison ward and headed for the common room. She entered, hearing the women discussing someone.

"Hey girls," she greeted, sitting down with them.

The others paused to look at her for a moment, before continuing with their conversation.

"So anyway, Steel, what d'ya do to the bitch?" Bertha asked.

"I just explained to her who's boss."

"You explained? Why? You usually just show them," another inmate said, punching the air in demonstration.

"Yeah. But I didn't need to, she got it," Faith replied.

"Really?" Bertha asked suspiciously. "I'm sure it has nothing to do with the fact that she's a total b.u.l.f."

"What? No."

"Give it up Steel. Everyone knows you have a thing for blondes."

Faith laughed. "Stop talkin' out your ass Bertha and deal me another hand."

Bertha dealt the cards for the players. She looked at her own hand, before asking, "So, what are the prizes?"

"Ten pack of cigarettes," one of the prisoners replied.

"I got a gold lighter," another added.

"A bottle of gin," said another.

"Bar of soap," added someone else.

"I'll put up my silver ring," Bertha told them, showing off the ring on her hand.

"Nice," Faith approved. "I'm putting up my tv."

Bertha grinned, looking at the four queens in her hands. "Okay, what's everyone got?"

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Buffy left the shower upon hearing the alarm bell. She quickly got dressed and ran back to the ward. The slayer made it to her cell and climbed her bunk, in time for the warden's entrance to check on the inmates.

"Bush!" she called.

"Present," Gypsy responded.

"Summers!"

"Present," Buffy replied.

The warden left the cell and pulled the door forward before locking it.

"That was close Summers," Gypsy called up.

Buffy turned around in her bed, facing the wall.

Gypsy stood up and faced Buffy's turned back.

"Look Summers, I dunno what you're in here for or what your first name is for that matter, but I bet if you tell me, you'll feel better."

The inmate received no response.

"Ok. How 'bout I start. My name is Gypsy Bush and yeah, I did get bullied at school."

Buffy smiled.

"I grew up in Texas and moved to LA when I was sixteen. I got mixed up in the wrong crowd and fell for this real sleaze ball. He was an alcoholic, slapped me around. Then one night, I'd had enough. Went to the store, bought a gun and shot him in the head. That's how I got my one-way ticket to the LA pen." She stopped. "How 'bout you?" she asked.

When met with no reply, she left Buffy's bed side, sighed and got into the lower bunk.

"Buffy," she heard.

"Huh?"

"My name. Buffy."

Gypsy smiled. "Where you from Buffy?"

Buffy contemplated sharing, but eventually remained silent.

Gypsy's smile became wider. "It's alright Buffy, we'll take it a few words at a time." She turned in her bed. "Night."

Buffy stared up at her ceiling. Unable to see it after a while, when the lights of the building went out. She closed her eyes tightly, squeezing back the tears.

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Faith entered her room shutting its door behind her. She took a packet of cigarettes from her pocket, opened it and took one out. Using her gold lighter, she lit it and took a drag. \*Buffy Summers in jail for murder,\* she thought with a laugh.

"Who'd have thought it?"

She remembered the night she'd first killed. Slaying was a risky business and sometimes it was hard to tell a freakin' guy from a vamp. \*B's probably feelin' like shit right now,\* she thought, sitting on her bed and deciding that she was going to give Buffy what she'd never had; a friend who understood.

## **Part 5: Favours**

Buffy was getting used to waking up at five in the morning. It had been almost a week since she'd first arrived and she felt like she'd been there for months. She got off her bunk bed and wiped her eyes.

"Hey Buffy." Gypsy smiled. "How'd you sleep?"

"Ok," Buffy replied.

"Good."

Hearing the door open, Buffy moved out and left the cell. She walked into the yard, picked up a rake and began to shovel the leaves. She raked harder and faster than the other women and had finished an entire length of the field by the time an officer announced the break.

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Faith got up early and got dressed. She headed down to field determined to make things right between her and Buffy. As soon as she stepped onto the field, she was greeted by women left, right and centre trying to find out how she was and whether she'd slept well.

"I'm great," Faith answered, looking around for Buffy. Locating the slayer and seeing her about to leave the field, she separated from them. "Girls gimme a sec, will ya?" she asked them. "I'm gonna go take a leak. I'll meet you all inside."

Faith waited until they had all filed inside and took her chance. She approached the blonde, stopping when she saw Buffy speed up towards the officer on duty. The brunette stood hidden and listened intently.

"Excuse me, er, sir," Buffy began. "About that phone call to my sister, if I can still make it?"

The officer eyed the blonde up, "what phone call?" he asked her.

"I-I spoke to an officer earlier who said that I should ask you if I could call home. I never got my one phone call- "

"I'm sorry," he told her, leaving.

"Please sir," she begged, walking after him. "I really need to talk to her."

The officer paused. "I'll think about it," he lied. "Now if you'll excuse me."

Buffy felt like crying as she watched the officer walk away.

Faith watched as the slayer covered her face as if she was about to cry. She came out of hiding and moved towards her.

"Hey B, what's up?" she asked.

Buffy wiped her eyes. She looked up at the younger brunette and stood up to her full height. "What do you want?" she asked through gritted teeth.

"Just wanted to help."

"I don't need your help. Stay away from me Faith," the blonde half-whispered, walking past Faith and heading for the main building.

The brunette slayer watched Buffy walk away. \*Same old self righteous-\* she thought, stopping herself. She decided to walk down to the officers' block before Buffy pissed her off so much she changed her mind. Once there, she located a specific office and knocked on the door.

"Yeah," she heard.

Faith opened the door and let herself in.

"Steel," the officer said with a smile. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"I wanna use the phone," Faith replied, closing the door behind her.

"What's wrong with the ones in the hall?"

"They're not working as usual and besides it only gives you about five seconds before you get cut off. I wanna use a proper phone."

His smile widened. He got up and put a cap on the security camera taping the room. The officer undid the top button of his trousers. "Well, you know the price," he told her.

Faith moved towards him as he unzipped his pants. She got on her knees.

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Buffy turned around as a warden, burst into her cell.

"Summers, officer Brown has requested you see him," the woman told her.

Buffy got up out of her bed and left the cell, following the warden to the officers' building block. There, the warden knocked on the officer's door and when he responded, she led Buffy inside.

"Buffy Summers," she announced to the officer Buffy recognised from before, taking a seat.

"Thanks." He turned to Buffy. "Summers, the phone's all yours," he told her, indicating the phone on his desk.

Surprised, the blonde replied, "uh, thank you, so much."

He laughed, whispering to her. "Honey, thank Steel. Girl's got a mouth like a motor."

Too grateful to be disgusted, Buffy picked up the phone.

"Dial nine for the outside line," the officer instructed, taking a seat.

Buffy took the receiver, pressed nine and then and dialled her home.

Willow picked up the ringing phone. "Hello."

The slayer smiled upon hearing her friend's voice. "Will it's me."

"Oh my God, Buffy," Willow replied. "How are you?"

"Good. How are you?"

"We're all fine. Listen, we're getting the best lawyers in Sunnydale to work on your case. You'll be back home soon."

Buffy's smile widened. She listened as Willow asked her, "How are they treating you in there?"

"Ok," Buffy replied. "How's Dawn?"

"She's ok. She misses you so much. We all do."

"I miss you all too."

"She wants to talk to you," Willow told her, before handing the phone over to Dawn.

"Buffy!" Dawn exclaimed, once with the phone.

"Dawn. How are you?"

"I should be asking you that. How is it there?"

"Well, I'd much rather be home."

"Willow says you'll be home soon. Is that true?"

"Sure Dawnie."

The officer got up and gestured at his watch. "Time's up Summers," he told her.

Buffy nodded. "Dawn, my time's up. I love you so much," she told her sister.

"I love you too Buffy. I'll see you soon."

"Ok. Tell-" the blonde managed before the officer pressed down on the phone pedals, cutting her off.

"You're due back Summers," he reminded her. "I aint sticking my ass out for you."

Buffy replaced the receiver and got up. "Thanks again," she told him, before she and the warden left his office and headed for her cell.

Once there, Buffy mounted her bunk bed and lay down. She smiled, grateful that her family and friends were alright. She held on to the fact that she'd be out of prison soon. Dawn's words 'I'll see you soon' resounded in her head, as she closed her eyes and fell asleep.

## **Part 6: A plan**

Buffy scoured the common room during breakfast. Locking her eyes on her target, she remained inconspicuous until she found her alone.

Buffy closed in.

"Hey," she said to Faith, standing opposite her carrying her tray of food.

"B."

"Can I?" She asked the brunette, motioning at the empty seat in front of her.

"Sure," Faith replied. She glanced around to make sure Bertha and the others had left the common room.

Buffy sat down opposite her. "I just wanted to say thank you. For the phone call."

"No sweat," Faith replied.

"Seriously, thank you. I can't believe you kissed that guy for me, he's really gross. That was really...thanks."

"Yeah," Faith replied, desperate not to go into the topic. "So how are Red and Xander?" She asked changing it. She took a bite of some of her breakfast.

"They're ok," Buffy replied.

Faith smiled. About to ask something, she was interrupted by someone shouting,

"Steel!"

Faith spun around to see Bertha and her gang of girls, staring at her from across the room. She got up leaving her food and Buffy, briefly turning to say, "I'll see ya round," before leaving to meet up with the stocky red head.

"Hey big B. 'Sup?" She asked, upon reaching Bertha.

"What the fuck was that?" the older woman asked, angry.

"What the fuck was what?" Faith replied.

"You, talking to the blonde. Didn't you hear that everyone who allies with her has to answer to me?"

"Hey, it's a free country big B."

"Are you forgetting that lethally blonde damn near broke my fucking arm?"

"No," Faith replied, smiling. "But from what I heard, you started it."

"You defending her Steel?"

"No."

"Good," Bertha replied with a smile. "Cause I'd really hate for us to fight over the same girl."

Faith faked a laugh.

"So what were you two talking about?" the redhead asked. "It looked pretty friendly from over here."

"If you have to know," Faith replied. "Brown wanted me to give her a message."

Bertha paused searching the brunette's face. "Ok," she decided. "It's just that I thought you might be into her."

"Big B, we've been over this."

"So she's fair game?"

"For all I care," Faith told her.

"Good," Bertha replied. She turned to the other prisoners. "Plan's on girls."

Faith looked to see the other girls smiling to each other. "What plan?" she asked.

"Plan: tame the bitch," Bertha informed her.

Faith laughed. "And how exactly are you gonna do that? She's already whooped your ass once."

Bertha ignored the comment for a moment, before smiling and replying to Faith. "The same way I tame all the trouble makers." She turned to the other women. "I want everyone to meet ten minutes after lights out tonight outside my cell. Then we'll find out if our friend's as good a fucker as she is a fighter."

Faith paled as the others laughed hysterically.

"Doesn't she bunk with someone?" one of them pointed out.

"Yeah," Bertha replied, thinking. "Bush. I need someone to make sure she's late to her cell tonight so the blonde's locked up alone."

"Consider her taken care of," another prisoner chimed.

"Ok. We're good to go," the redhead told them with a smile.

"Big B, there's no way, you can make this happen," Faith told her. "Security's tighter now. Come lights out the wardens lock the cells and officers check 'em."

"That's where you come in."

"Huh?" Faith replied.

"Yeah, Steel. You're the only one Brown gives the time of day. I need you to get the keys to cells C11, D14 and the blonde's. Can you do that?"

All eyes were on the brunette.

"Yeah," she replied.

"Great!" Bertha told her, hugging the brunette with one arm. Her smile widened and she exhaled. "Just like old times," she reminded Faith.

Faith faked a smile. She stole a peak at Buffy, who was sitting eating alone at the other end of the room, feeling an overwhelming amount of guilt.

## Part 7: Decisions

Faith entered the common room and sought Bertha out sat at a table with a group of other women. She dropped three keys in front of her.

"C11, D14 and D17. The last one's to the blonde's cell."

Bertha examined the keys and smiled. "Steel, honey, I knew you'd come through. You rule!"

Faith returned her smile and sat down as Bertha turned to the other women.

"Ok, girls, all systems are go for tonight." She pointed at one of the inmates. "Jen, you're in charge of tracking the blonde. You make sure you know where she is at all times." She turned to another woman. "Tina, you make sure all the weapons are at the check points. Eddie took away my chain, so I want about four rakes with the ends broken off them."

"How do I get them?" Tina asked her.

"After field duty, just keep a few behind," Bertha replied. She smiled, before turning to Faith.

"You gonna be there?"

Faith nodded.

"Atta girl," The redhead replied.

Faith stood up. "I'm gonna go take a shower," she told the group.

"What? You just got here. We're just about to start a poker game and you got a pack of cigarettes I wanna win."

Faith sighed. She took the pack from her pocket and threw them to her fellow inmate.

"Here, enjoy," she said, as Bertha caught them. With that the brunette left the common room. Faith walked across the field towards the shower room.

\*Buffy can handle herself, right? Right. Fuck. I can't stop this, I'll be screwed. It's ok. Just don't think about it. Don't think about her.\* Faith opened the shower room door and entered.

\*You'll be fine as long as you don't think about Buffy.\*

"Hey. You scared me," Faith heard.

\*Buffy.\*

She turned around to see a towel wrapped and wet Buffy.

"What are you doing here?" Buffy asked. "Usually around this time everyone's in the common room."

"Yeah," Faith replied. "I needed a shower."

"Oh." Buffy picked up her clothes. "I was just leaving."

"Don't go on my account," Faith told her, removing her clothing.

Buffy stood speechless at the naked Faith in front of her. She dramatically turned away once Faith had finished.

"Faith!" she exclaimed.

"What?" Faith replied. She looked down and realised. "Oh. It's ok B, I've seen you naked. I guess now we're even."

Buffy turned back around. "What? When?"

Faith laughed. She stepped in front of one of the showers lined against the wall and turned one on. Buffy watched as the brunette used the water to caress her hair, face, neck and chest. She suddenly felt her heart rate increase. Unable to stand the feeling, the slayer took the opportunity to quickly get dressed.

Faith felt the warm water soothe her. Fighting the urge to turn around and tell Buffy everything, she allowed the water to wash over her and ease the pain. Eventually consumed by guilt, she turned off the water and turned to warn Buffy. The slayer looked around the shower room for the blonde, to find she had gone. Confused as to what to do, the brunette stepped from the shower and dried herself with a towel on the rack nearby. Replacing it, she began to dress. \*It's out of my hands now,\* she told herself.

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Buffy entered her cell. She sat down on her bed and listened to the silence. It seemed everyone was at the common room. Everyone except her and Faith. \*Why wasn't Faith with the others?\* Buffy asked herself. \*She was usually there playing poker with them. Unless. She did seem distracted tonight. Maybe something's wrong.\*

The slayer got up and left her cell. She went back outside and ran back to the shower room. The blonde opened the door to it and found it empty. Feeling a little defeated, Buffy returned back to the prison ward. She walked down the row of cells to find them all empty. The blonde made her way to the warden's block, finding a warden there, asleep in front of the monitors. Buffy looked towards the screens, there were about fifteen. One showed different angles of the common room, a few showed the outside grounds, whilst the rest seemed to alternate between the different cells. Buffy heard footsteps approaching about ten feet around the corner. She contemplated leaving, but felt it too risky.

"Can I help you?" the slayer heard behind her.

She turned around and smiled. "Yeah," she replied the warden. "I'm kind of lost. I'm new here."

The warden eyed her. "I'll say. I don't recognise you?"

Buffy smiled, batting her eyelashes.

"What's your name?" the warden asked, about to walk past her and into the office. "I'll look your cell number up in the records."

"No!" Buffy protested a little too abruptly. "What I mean is, I know it's the one next to Faith's."

"Who?" the warden asked.

"Oh, er, Iron, no, er, Steel."  
\*Smooth Buffy.\*

"Oh," the warden replied, looking at her sceptically. "Steel doesn't stay in a cell. She's in the old warden's room."

"Yeah, that's, er, what I meant," Buffy replied. "If you direct me to her room, I can find my way to my cell thus learning the route and having a trip both educational a-and fun."

The warden eyed the blonde again and smiled in disbelief. About to reply, she looked towards the office to see her colleague sleeping in front of the monitors and a screen showing the fight erupting in the common room.

"Aw, hell!" She screamed, bursting into the office. She shook her colleague and picked up a radio.

"All units to the lounge, we have a code red," she said into it. She turned on the prison alarm.

"I'm sorry," replied the newly awoken warden.

"Yeah," the other replied. She got ready to leave the office, seeing Buffy again. "Oh, you're still here," she said. "It's down this hall, first door on your left." The warden left and ran in the opposite direction.

"Thanks!" Buffy shouted after her. She followed the warden's instruction and knocked on the door she was told belonged to Faith. When met with no answer, she backed away. \*Maybe she's gone back to the common room,\* she wondered. She listened through the door.

"Fifty one, fifty two, fifty three," Buffy heard. She stepped away from the door. Half-wanting to leave, she felt the urge to stay. She stayed and listened to Faith count, panting after each number. When Faith reached what sounded like seventy, Buffy could no longer hear anything. \*Uh-oh,\* she thought. She saw the handle pressed down and turned to leave.

"B," she heard.

\*Busted.\*

"Hey Faith. I-I was lost. But I'm fine now. So I'll just be on my way."

"Yeah," Faith replied, watching as the blonde left.

Bertha was handed a stick.

"Ok Girls, ready?" she asked, tossing the key to Buffy's cell in the air and catching it. After receiving simultaneous nods, she smiled. "Let's go teach that bitch a lesson she'll never forget."

## **Part 8: Consequences**

Gypsy sat across the table from an officer and warden.

"And you haven't seen her this morning at all?"

"No sir. When I was let into our cell this morning, I found it empty. Buffy wasn't there and there was blood on the floor."

The warden turned to the officer and added, "the other inmates reported they heard screaming."

The officer faced the woman. "Get every warden on this, I want every cell searched. I'll put officers on site to search the perimeter. We have to find the body and dispose of it before this gets out. Another death could shut us down."

Gypsy's face turned white. "Sir, you don't think-?" she asked.

"It wouldn't be the first time Bush."

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"You should have seen it," Bertha gloated. "Bitch went down, clutching her face, screaming."

The others laughed.

"And there was blood everywhere and she was like, 'please I beg you stop' and I was like, 'shut the fuck up bitch,' kicking and punching that bitch's ass." She smiled tightening her fist. "That's what you get for crossing me, fuckin' bitch."

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"So you've died twice?" Faith asked.

"Well three times if you count the time I was shot in the heart and Willow took the bullet out."

"Wow, you're freakin' invincible."

Buffy laughed.

Faith looked towards the window. "It's light," she said. "We must have been talking for hours."

"Yeah," Buffy replied. "It was nice."

"Yeah," Faith agreed. "I would have-" she began, before she was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"Steel!" she heard.

"Fuck!" Faith replied. She searched around the room for a hiding place for Buffy. \*Think dammit,\* she thought. Spying the bed, she turned to Buffy. "Take down your overalls and lie down on the bed," she ordered.

Buffy obeyed, taking down the orange overalls and getting into the bed. Faith messed her hair up, lay in bed next to Buffy and called out, "Yeah."

The door was opened by a warden who looked in and saw the two women together.

"This better be fucking important," Faith told her.

The warden looked from Steel to the half naked blonde beside her.

"I'm sorry," she apologised. She looked to the blonde and asked her, "You wouldn't happen to be Buffy Summers would you?"

Buffy blushed.

"Yeah, she is?" Faith replied. "Anything else?" She added, putting her arm around Buffy. "'Cause we're kinda busy."

"No," the warden said with a smile. "That's all." She left, closing the door behind her.

Faith exhaled. "That was close."

"Yeah," Buffy replied, noticing her heart beating faster. She took a whiff of Faith's hair.

Faith got out of bed. "I'm gonna see what I can do about making that call, then I'll head to the rec room before I'm missed." She opened the door and scanned the area outside. "Feel free to stay as long as you want," she told Buffy, leaving.

Faith walked down the prison ward to the prisoner's phone to find it unmanned and without a line in front it. She picked up the phone and heard the dial tone.

\*Weird,\* she thought dialling nine and then the operator.

"Hello, operator."

"Yeah, hi. I need the number for a Wolfram and Hart."

"Ok," the operator replied, typing away. "The number is 555-0121. Do you want me to connect you?"

"Yeah," Faith replied. \*Dumbass.\*

The slayer listened as the operator connected her.

"Hello Wolfram and Hart, Cole speaking," she heard.

"Hi," Faith said into the receiver. "I wanna speak to Lilah."

"Lilah who, miss?" the man asked.

"I dunno. Lilah the woman who handles the paying of assassins, Lilah."

"I'm sorry miss but that doesn't help. There are dozens of people with that name who work here. Do you know which division she works in?"

"No," Faith replied, trying to remember. "She works with a guy called Lindsey. They deal with vampires and demons and shit-"

"Oh. Lilah Morgan of the special projects division. Is she expecting a call from you?"

"No," Faith replied him. "But this is fucking important."

"Please hold," he told her.

Faith waited on the line for a while, listening to the cheesy 'waiting' music, before hearing the music stop and the phone line tweak.

"Hello," she heard.

"This Lilah?"

"Speaking. And to whom do I owe the pleasure?"

"Ok, Lilah, don't hang up, but this is Faith."

"The vampire slayer?"

"Yeah. I need to ask you a favour."

Lilah laughed. "You're joking, right. I seem to recall that we hired you to kill Angel, who by the way is still very much alive and paid you half up front. You pull a disappearing act and I'm supposed to do you a favour?"

"Yeah."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because what if I told you that I could give you back that money you paid me and get you a contract assassin?"

"I'd ask what the favour is."

"I need you to get someone out of a murder sentence."

"That's worth a lot more than \$8000 and an assassin Faith."

"Not if they didn't do it and the client is Buffy Summers."

"Who?"

"Buffy the vampire slayer and Angel's old flame. Think of the press it would get for Wolfy and H."

Lilah considered it. "Say if I do this, what makes me so sure I'll get my money."

"You'll get it," Faith assured her. "You have my word."

"Not good enough Faith. I'll have a contract sent to you. I want it signed and returned."

"Does that mean you'll do it?"

"I can't promise anything, but I'll see what I can do. I'll be in touch."

"Thanks," Faith replied. The brunette slayer replaced the receiver and smiled. She left the phones and headed to the common room. Once inside, she immediately noticed that it was crowded and that the atmosphere was gloomy. She sat down at a table of her friends.

"Hey," she said, whilst sitting. "Somebody die?" She joked. She looked around noticing Bertha missing. "Where's big B?"

"Bertha's in solitary," one of the inmates replied.

"For real?" Faith asked. "Why?"

"She killed Jen last night."

Faith paled. "God. Why, I mean, what did she do?"

"Everyone was ready to carry out the plan last night and when we got to the cell and found that that blonde girl wasn't there, Bertha flipped. She picked up a stick and started hitting Jen with it. It was horrible."

"The officers put her in solitary," another continued. "I think she's gonna be moved to a different prison."

Faith was shocked. She remained silent.

"But you're not gonna let that happen, are you Steel?" another prisoner added. "You'll get her out, right?"

All eyes were on Faith. Everyone were counting on her to make things right. She was speechless.

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## Part 9: Role play

Faith entered her room. Wanting to lay down on her bed, she found she couldn't due to the sleeping blonde already there. Faith sighed. She walked over to the black and white television on her desk and switched it on, muting it so as not to wake Buffy. The brunette sat on the chair in front of it and searched the channels for something decent. Flicking through, she accidentally took the television off mute, causing an eruption of sound. Faith rectified her mistake and turned to make sure Buffy didn't wake up, relieved to see the blonde stir and continue with what must have been a great dream.

Buffy approached the vampire slowly, aware that any sudden movements might cause him to kill the child.

"I swear, if you hurt him, I'll -"

"You'll do what slayer?" the vampire asked with a smile.

The child in his arms began to cry louder than he already had been, blood starting to pour from the fresh puncture in his neck.

"God! He's so annoying! Shut up!" the vampire ordered shaking the boy and causing him to cease crying.

Buffy moved closer to them, keeping her stake hidden. "Just let the boy go, it's me you want."

The vampire laughed. "Why can't I have both of you?"

Distracted by distant sirens that were becoming louder, Buffy took her eyes from the vampire for a split second, turning around in time to see it about to snap the child's neck. "No!" she screamed, elated when the vampire disappeared in a cloud of dust, leaving a smiling brunette behind it.

"Faith," Buffy announced, relieved.

Faith bent down to help the fallen child to his feet.

"You ok, kid?" she asked him.

The boy nodded and thanked her, before running off in the direction of his home.

Still stunned, Buffy stood and watched Faith watch the boy run away, smiling. Faith turned and walked towards her. "You saved him," the blonde told her.

Faith smiled.

"Thank you."

The brunette removed a strand of blonde hair from the slayer's face, before pulling her closer for a kiss.

Buffy's eyes fluttered open to see Faith sitting in front of her watching tv. She sat up.

"Oh, you're up," Faith observed, turning to face her.

Buffy made no reply.

"You ok? You look shaken up."

"I'm fine," Buffy assured her. "I should get back."

"I wouldn't," Faith told her. "Things aren't exactly five by five out there. Big B iced Jen last night."

"What?" Buffy asked. "Oh my God."

"Yeah. I think it's better if we lay low for a while." Faith turned back to the tv and took it off mute. The jingle to an advert about glow in the dark toothpaste announced the start of the commercial. Faith watched as a family of four danced around sung about the wonder of their new toothpaste.

"Now I can brush my teeth in the dark!" the little boy announced as the voice over came on.

"Glow paste," the voice told the viewers. "Now you can brush your teeth in the dark."

Faith shook her head. "That is so lame." She continued to watch as the advert finished and the news begun.

"Hello and welcome back to the news headlines. I'm Jenny Bishaw, bringing you up to date news stories from the state of California. Our top story today is the sudden rise in the murder rate of Sunnydale; California. The death toll stands at eleven people killed, each with strange puncture wounds in their necks. Jason Ford reports live from Sunnydale."

Faith turned to see the horrified look on Buffy's face. She turned off the television and went to sit by her side.

"They're dying because of me," Buffy told her.

"It's not your fault B. It's not like you wanna be stuck in here."

Buffy kept quiet; that wasn't entirely true.

Faith racked her brain. She had to think of a way to take Buffy's mind off the headline before she went into brood-mode.

"Hey," she said, getting up. "When you get outta here, you're gonna need to kick a serious amount of vampire ass and I haven't seen you training."

"It's not like you forget these things," Buffy replied.

"Yeah, but you can get off your game. Come on, let's see how rusty you are."

Faith pulled Buffy to her feet.

"How `bout we role play. I'll be a vamp," she told her putting up her fists.

Buffy sighed and took stance. She swung a blow at Faith, who dodged and laughed.

"C'mon B, you're not even trying."

"Maybe 'cause this is lame," Buffy replied her.

Faith put down her fists, "Kay," she replied, turning. Blind-sided by Buffy's floor sweep, she fell down, almost banging her head.

"What the-?" Faith shouted as she fell.

"I'm sorry," Buffy told her, feigning confusion. "I thought with your super vampire hearing, you'd have heard that coming."

Faith smiled and got up. She dusted herself off. "Oh. I was gonna go easy on ya, but now you are so getting your ass kicked, slayer."

"Bring it on," Buffy told her.

Faith lunged her fist at the blonde, who ducked and then replied it with a kick. Faith knocked her leg away and punched. Buffy blocked the punch and shimmied to the left. Attempting to kick the brunette, she was surprised when Faith caught her leg and used it to pull her in, grabbing her by the neck and leaning in to softly bite it.

"Game over," Faith told her, letting her go.

Buffy stumbled backward, feeling slightly light-headed.

"You ok?" Faith asked, concerned about her seemingly dazed blonde friend.

"Uh yeah," Buffy replied, snapping out of her mini trance. "I'm just not used to losing."

Faith laughed. "Well I guess you'll have to get used to it, fighting me and all."

Buffy feigned a smile. \*What the hell's wrong with me?\* she asked herself.

## **Part 10: Breaking and entering**

Faith landed on the floor with a thud.

Buffy straddled her. "What were you saying about a whoppin'?" she asked, panting.

Faith didn't say anything. She merely looked up at the blonde, her heart racing.

Worried by the silence from the brunette, Buffy asked, "Faith, you ok?" She got off her and was caught off-guard when Faith tripped her and climbed on top.

"Cheater," Buffy said, with a smile.

"What can I say B? You know I like it better on top."

Faith smiled looking into Buffy's hazel eyes. The two remained silent for a few seconds, chests heaving, before Faith asked, "You hungry?"

"Starved," Buffy replied, still panting.

Faith got up and offered her hand to the blonde.

Buffy took it and allowed Faith to pull her up to her feet. She looked at the window.

"It's dark. I doubt the kitchen'll still be open."

"Yeah," Faith replied. She glanced at her clock. "C'mon, we've only got a half-hour 'til lock-down."

Buffy watched as Faith grabbed her lighter from the table and put it in her pocket, before leaving her room. She followed Faith into the hallway. "Where are we going?" she asked, trying to keep up.

"You'll see," Faith replied.

The brunette led Buffy out of the prisoners' block and went around the field, keeping to the shadows. She led the blonde behind the common room building and once at the back, she walked to a window at the bottom.

Faith grabbed hold of it, wedging her fingers in-between the window and wall and pulled the window frame off.

Buffy gasped.

"Relax B," Faith said with a smile. "I'll fix it later." She motioned inside and gave Buffy a boost into the newly formed gap, before entering herself. Inside, she took her lighter from her pocket and lit it. Half-covering the flame with her hand, she moved it to a drawer opened it and pulled out a candle. She lit it and used it to find her way to the fridge.

"Won't they find out?" Buffy asked, as Faith opened the almost empty refrigerator.

"Nah," the slayer replied. "I've been doing this for months." She pulled out a salami and took a sniff, before approving and handing it Buffy. She then grabbed slices of bread before closing the fridge.

"It's not exactly the best meal, but I've got a bottle o' brandy in my room and that should make it better."

Buffy didn't reply. Instead, she turned and scanned the room. "Did you hear that?" she asked.

"What?" Faith replied.

"Faith, someone's coming," Buffy told her.

"Shit!" Faith replied. She stuffed the bread in her pocket and blew out the candle, before pulling Buffy towards the window. She let her climb out first and quickly followed. On the ground outside, she picked up the window frame and put it back in its position. Faith stopped and listened out for sound inside the kitchen, but heard nothing. She turned to Buffy and laughed.

"Maybe you were hearing-" Faith started, the turning-on of the kitchen lights, disrupting her thoughts.

"Oh fuck! C'mon," she told Buffy.

The two slayers dashed across the field, keeping near the outside to avoid arousing the suspicions of the guards keeping watch from above. They ran into the prisoners' ward, Faith slightly ahead of the Buffy. Faith led her down the halls and the two continued to run, not stopping until they reached their destination. The brunette let Buffy into her room first and followed, closing the door behind them and leaning against it, trying to catch her breath. The two of them looked at each other, panting, before bursting into laughter. Faith watched Buffy laugh, her own laughter subsiding. She moved to her desk and set down the now mashed bread. She mounted the desk.

"Sorry 'bout the squishy-ness," Faith told her.

Buffy smiled. "It's ok, I wasn't that hungry anyway." She set down the salami next to the bread.

Faith eyed her. "Careful B. Keep this up and you'll fade away."

Buffy laughed and looked at the clock.

"It's lock-down soon. I better get back; give myself an alibi in case they're looking for two suspects in the morning."

Worried for Buffy's safety, Faith got up. "I'll walk you back," she told her.

The two left the room and headed for Buffy's cell. They walked down the ward in silence, neither coming up with anything either witty or intelligent to say.

"This is it, right?" Faith asked, when they reached their destination.

"Yeah," Buffy replied. "Thanks."

"No problem," Faith told her. She smiled, before saying, "Later."

With that, the brunette left and headed back to her room.

Buffy entered her cell.

"Oh, hey Buffy. I'm so glad you're alright," Gypsy told her. "I was worried about you."

Buffy smiled and climbed the bunk bed.

"Wait a minute, was that Steel dropping you off?" her cell-mate asked, trying to take another look at the brunette that accompanied Buffy.

"Er...yeah?" Buffy replied, unsure of Gypsy's motive.

Gypsy paused. "Is that where you spent the night yesterday?" she asked. "Wow. Are you two...you know?"

"No. We're just friends," Buffy told her, a little too defensively.

The inmate thought about it. "Oh. Sorry. I just didn't know Steel was the type to be just friends, you know?"

Buffy made no reply.

Afraid she'd said something she shouldn't have, Gypsy decided to drop the subject.

"Well...erm...night Buffy," she said.

"Night," Buffy replied, settling into her bed and closing her eyes.

## **Part 11: Bittersweet**

Buffy dropped her rake as soon as she heard the signal for the end of field duty. She watched the others filing into the common room and turned to go back to her cell.

"And where do you think you're goin'?" Buffy heard. She turned.

"Oh hey Gypsy," she replied. "I was just going back to the cell to...er..."

"To, er nothing. You're coming in with us."

"No, it's ok. I just wanna get some rest."

"I'm not taking 'no' for an answer Buffy. Now come on," Gypsy told her playfully. She took the blonde by the arm and led her inside. The two of them sat down at a table.

"Hey Gypsy, can you believe they're not serving breakfast today?" one of the women, already sitting, asked her.

"Why?" Gypsy asked.

"Warden's got it into their thick heads that we got rats and they're tearin' the kitchen apart lookin' for them."

"Aint there laws 'gainst this sorta thing?" another asked.

"I'm sure there are, but who we gonna tell. I doubt the president'll give a shit 'bout a bunch of cons."

The group nodded in unison.

Gypsy remembered her blonde friend.

"Oh. Y'all," she said, gesturing towards to her cell-mate. "This is Buffy. She's my roomie."

"Hey Buffy," one of them said. "I'm Angela."

"Gina," another added.

"Di," someone else said.

"And I'm Roxie."

Buffy smiled. "Nice to meet you all," she told them.

"So, where you from Buffy?" Di asked.

"Sunnydale," Buffy replied.

"For real? I always wanted to visit Sunny D ever since that time it was on the news, when you guys were all trapped inside and couldn't make contact."

"Yeah, I saw that!" Roxie added. "It was huge! What was the deal with that?"

Buffy began telling them the edited version of the story, completely oblivious to the women at the other table talking about her.

"Yeah, that's her," one of them told the others.

"What the fuck is she doing in here?"

"It's 'cause Bertha's in solitary. Now she thinks she can walk around like nothing's happened."

The other one grit her teeth before adding. "I know. It's 'cause of her Jen's dead and she's over there smiling and laughing."

"Wait 'til Steel gets down here, she'll tear that bitch to pieces."

"Like she did last time?" One of them asked sarcastically.

"What do you mean?" the other replied.

"I'm just saying. The last time- " she managed before the officers stormed in and asked for silence.

"Ok ladies, you know the drill," one of the officer said. He read off a printed sheet. "G. Aarons, J. Abrams, G. Bush, H. Daryl, L. Davids, R. Davids, M. Hart, J. King, R Langston, V. Michaels, K. Noble, W. Santos, P. Somera, B. Summers, R. Turner and K. Williams, come with us."

"The rest of you," another added. "Breakfast's served, so form an orderly line in front of the window."

The room was filled with movement and commotion.

"See ya later, y'all," Gypsy told those at the table with her, getting up.

Buffy also stood up and turned to Gypsy in confusion. "I was called too," she told her.

Gypsy smiled. "It's ok," she told her cell-mate. "It's just 'cause it's visitor's day. Aren't you expecting someone?"

"No," Buffy told her.

"Then it's probably your lawyer. C'mon."

She took Buffy's hand and led her out of the common room following the line of the other girls who were called, outside, through the field and into the next building. Each prisoner went through the door-way, one by one and received a number from the officer at the door.

"Seventeen," Buffy was told when it was her turn.

The slayer entered the room and looked around. The room was a large one containing a wall with windows, dividing it in half. She looked at the chairs that were marked with numbers and placed in front of the glass. Buffy located number seventeen and was happy when she saw Willow sitting in front of it on the other side.

Buffy beamed, sitting in front of her. "Hey Will," she said. "I'm so glad it's you."

Willow smiled and pointed at the phone mounted on the right.

"Oh," Buffy said, embarrassed. She picked up the receiver.

"You look great," Willow told her.

"Thanks."

There was a pause as both tried to think of something to say.

Buffy eventually spoke. "I saw Sunnydale on the news the other day," she said. "They said that the death toll's up."

"Yeah. It was really scary for a while. But now that Spike's back, it's a lot easier."

"Spike's back!?" Buffy asked.

"Yeah, but it.... We don't.... You know, stay alone with him."

Buffy sighed. "Uh, how's Dawn?"

"She's ok. She really wanted to come," Willow added. "But I made her go to school. I figured you wouldn't want her to see you here."

"Yeah," Buffy replied. She paused before asking, "How's Xander?"

"He's fine."

"So everything's ok?"

Willow nodded. "Peachy."

Buffy was unconvinced. She gave her friend a knowing look.

"Ok," Willow told her. "There was kind of an incident at Dawn's school with this guy she thinks she's in love with, but we're handling it. It's just....it would be a lot easier if you were here."

Buffy remained silent.

"We're still trying to get you a lawyer. We found this one guy and he says he's gonna get back to us, so fingers crossed."

"Time ladies!" the officer announced.

"What?" Willow protested. "That was, like, two minutes."

Buffy smiled. "It's ok," she told her.

"I'll come back as soon as I can," Willow promised. "Hopefully with good news."

Buffy replaced the receiver as an officer stood behind her. She mouthed 'goodbye', turned and followed a line of the other women out of the visitor's room to the outside. Leaving the women, who were heading to the common room, she headed for the showers.

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"Yeah," Gypsy told the group. "Turns out the reason she wasn't in her cell and Jen couldn't find her, is because she was in Steel's room."

"You're kidding," one of them replied.

"I wish I was," Gypsy replied. "I saw it with my own two eyes. Steel dropped her off at our cell last night and get this, she says they're not even screwing."

One of the inmates moved over to the corner and talked to another who was seated.

"I'm sorry," she told her. "I know this must be killing you."

Bertha clenched her fist and got up. She pointed at Gypsy. "If this is another one of your lies Bush, I'll kill you with my bare hands." The redhead stormed out of the common room; she had to find out for herself.

---

"Come in," Faith told Buffy, letting her in. "I was just coming to see you."

"Really?" Buffy asked. "Something wrong?"

"No," Faith replied, with a smile.

"Oh."

There was an awkward silence.

"I just came to make sure you were ok," Buffy told her. "You weren't down at breakfast."

"Yeah. I heard they weren't serving it, cause of the 'rats', so I decided to stay and do other things."

"Like your hair?" Buffy asked, noticing Faith's hair was different.

She went inside and sat on the bed.

"Oh. Yeah," Faith said, closing the door. "I just blow-dried it."

She sat down next to Buffy.

"You get a blow dryer?" Buffy asked. "That is so not fair."

"I just borrowed it off the warden."

"Do you mind if I use it? My hair really needs a blow dry. Ironically, all this towel drying's killing it."

"Really?" Faith asked. "You can't tell."

"Sure you can. Feel," Buffy told her picking up Faith's hand and running it through her hair.

The brunette swallowed air, as she ran her fingers through Buffy's soft blonde hair. The two of them sat, looking into each other's eyes with another awkward silence upon them.

Faith removed her hand. "I'll go see if that warden's still around," she told her, getting up. "I'll be right back."

She left the room and hurried down the hall. \*What the hell was that? My God, I so wanted to kiss her. Why the fuck didn't I kiss her?\*

She mimicked herself, "I'll go see if the warden's still around."

\*Idiot!\*

She turned the corner, still berating herself when she was stopped by an angry redhead in her way.

"Big B," Faith stated, surprised. "You're out."

"Yeah, Steel and I just heard an ugly rumour that while I was in the blonde's cell the other night, she was in your room."

Feigning anger, Faith asked, "What? Who the fuck told you that?"

"Her cell mate."

"Oh. So now you're believing what Bush says?"

"No, of course not," Bertha replied. Unsure, she continued, "So you weren't with her?"

"No," Faith replied.

The redhead exhaled before laughing. "Man, I can't tell ya how happy that makes me." She moved closer to her. "You know, you're the only one in this hell-hole that means anything to me. It'd kill me if you betrayed me."

Faith patted her on the shoulder. "I wont," she assured her.

Bertha smiled, looking the brunette up and down. She moved closer to her. "I've missed you," she told her, rubbing the brunette's face with the back of her hand. She moaned. "Everyone's in the common room," she continued. "I doubt we'd be missed."

"Huh?" Faith asked.

"I want you so much right now," Bertha clarified.

Faith stepped backwards. "Er, shouldn't we get back to the others and straighten this whole thing out?" She asked.

Bertha moved closer. "Yeah, but they can wait." She lowered her voice. "C'mon Steel, we haven't fucked for ages and your room's just there. We can screw for a couple of minutes and get back before anyone notices."

Faith racked her brain trying to think of something to say. Unable to speak, she stood there, frozen.

## Part 12: Ready

"I-I can't big B," the brunette managed, eventually. "It's my time of the month and all."

Bertha smiled. "Steel, when has that stopped you before? Stop screwing around and c'mon."

She took the other woman's hand and walked past her, turning her around and pulling the reluctant brunette towards her room.

Faith racked her brain. \*Oh shit. If she finds Buffy, all hell's gonna break loose. Think Faith, think.\*

"Er, It's locked!" the slayer shouted, when Bertha reached the door.

The redhead stopped and turned to look at her. "Then open it," she instructed.

"Yeah," Faith replied, moving close to the door and feigning a search for her keys. "I'm looking for the key! 'Cause I'm about to open the door! To come in!"

Bertha looked at her, worried. "You ok?" she asked.

"Yeah," Faith replied. "Just getting the key!"

"Honey, why are you shouting?"

"Was I?" Faith asked, feebly. She stopped her search. "I can't find it," she told the older woman.

"Fuck," Bertha replied, under her breath. Exasperated, she tried the handle, relieved when the door opened. The inmate turned to Faith who pretended to be surprised.

"Wow, I thought I locked it," she lied.

Bertha ignored her and entered. She scanned the room with her eyes, before bending down to search under the bed.

"What are you doing?" Faith asked, following closely behind the taller female, relieved that Buffy had caught her signal.

Unsuccessful in her search, Bertha stood up and grabbed the brunette.

"Nothing," she replied, before kissing the younger inmate.

Buffy watched from underneath the table as the two pairs of legs moved from the floor to the bed. Overcome with jealousy, she cringed when she heard Bertha tell Faith what she was about to do to her. Hearing her moan, Buffy grit her teeth in response. She was going to have to watch...well listen to Faith have sex with someone else and it hurt. She contemplated getting up and beating the crap out of her, but decided against the idea. Frustrated at her position, she clenched her fist. \*Ugh! How dare Faith have sex with someone else!\* she thought as a horrid realisation struck her. At that moment, she was jealous of Bertha.

The red-haired woman, pushed Faith onto her back and the slayer watched as she began to unbutton her clothing. Faith looked around the room, noticing that breathing had become a difficulty. Partially because Bertha's thigh was crushing her own, but mostly because she could feel Buffy watching her and an overwhelming amount of guilt was plaguing her. She attempted to arch forward.

"Stop," she told Bertha, much to a listening Buffy's relief.

Her fellow inmate sighed and rolled her eyes, before stopping. "What now?" she asked.

"I can't do this," Faith told her, forcing her back by sitting up.

"And why the fuck not?"

"I just can't. I'm sorry."

Bertha sat back, staring at Faith. "I don't understand. A few weeks ago you couldn't get enough of me and now you don't even wanna...Have you fallen for someone?"

"What? No."

Bertha advanced again. "Then what?" she asked, stroking her.

Faith moved out of the bigger woman's grasp and stood up. "Look, I'm just not in the mood, okay?"

"I don't get you-"

Faith silenced her with a sigh. Re-buttoning her shirt, she told Bertha, "Get back to the others big B. I'll be there soon to kick the shit outta that bitch for spreading rumours."

Bertha stared at her in disbelief, before getting up. She buttoned her clothes and left, slamming the door behind her.

Faith sat down and waited for a few minutes before calling for Buffy.

The blonde revealed her hiding place by moving the chair concealing her, from underneath the desk.

Faith got up and moved to help her.

"Way to go B, I almost wet my pants thinking you were hiding under the bed," she told her, giving her a hand to climb out from underneath the table.

Buffy stood up and dusted herself. "Nah," she replied. "People always check under the bed, it's way too obvious."

Faith nodded. "Hey, I'm sorry you had to see that," she said. "It's just that she caught me off guard and I-"

"It's ok Faith," the blonde replied. There was a silence before Buffy announced, "I should-," moving towards the door.

"No, Buffy. I mean, you don't have to-"

"No, I'm not," Buffy replied. "I was just-," she stopped talking mid-sentence, having lost track of what she wanted to say.

Faith sat down on the bed thinking of a way to stop the other slayer from going.

Re-thinking her decision to leave, Buffy stopped walking. She thought out an approach before turning to the brunette and asking, "Faith, I, er, was just wondering-"

"Yeah?"

"What.. er...stopped you?"

"Huh?"

"Why didn't you...y'know with Bertha? - I mean aside from the obvious yuk factor."

Faith looked at her. "Well I didn't think it was right....screwing someone, when I was thinking about someone else..." She stood up and walked towards the blonde.

"Oh. Really?" Buffy asked. She inhaled sharply, holding the brunette's gaze and asking her a question to which she already knew the answer. "Who?"

---

The brunette licked at the older girl's body. She hungrily lapped at her, her technique kitten-like.

Bertha rolled her eyes and looked towards the wall. \*This bitch is nothing like Steel!\* she screamed inwardly. She held the girl steady, as she licked at her nether regions, the only moisture being produced by her inexperienced mouth. She winced and held herself back as the younger woman fondled her clit and forced her body to produce fluid. Bertha grit her teeth as she felt her body succumb to the woman's actions and release the tension they had created. Her hand still tangled in the brunette's locks, she grabbed on tighter and used it to throw the girl from her bed and onto the floor. The redhead covered herself up.

"That was great, honey," she told her, getting under the covers and whipping the sheets over herself. "Let yourself out."

Speechless, her fellow inmate got up and left the room.

Bertha sighed. She lay back on her bed and covered her face with her hands.

---

Faith took a deep breath, before kissing the naked shoulder in front of her. She breathed in deeper, wanting to inhale more of Buffy's scent with every breath.

"So why do they call you Steel?" Buffy asked, wrapping Faith's arms around her stomach.

"I dunno," the brunette replied. "It's just a name big B started calling me and it kinda stuck, y'know?" She kissed Buffy's neck before asking, "Why? Does it bother you?"

"No," the slayer replied her. "I think it's sexy."

Faith closed her eyes momentarily and kissed her again. "Oh you do, do ya?" she asked, prompting Buffy to turn around and straddle her thigh.

The blonde leaned in and kissed Faith on her ear before half-whispering, "Yeah, don't you?"

Faith smiled. "Mmm, I think it's wicked sexy when you say it," she replied.

"Really....Steel?" Buffy asked, her voice sultry.

Faith groaned in response.

The older woman kissed the brunette's neck. "I want you, Steel," she whispered into her ear.

Faith grabbed her, one hand on each side, and turned the slayer onto her back.

Buffy smiled. "Make love to me Steel," she managed to plead before Faith kissed her.

Happy to oblige, the brunette kissed her deeply, her hands tracing patterns on her upper body. Playing with her nipple, she worked her tongue into Buffy's mouth matching the rhythm the blonde had created.

Buffy groaned as Faith ran her thumb over her nipple, her flesh hardening in response.

Faith kissed her mouth, before doing the same to her chin and then neck, causing the blonde to lean her head, back in anticipation of what was to come. She moved towards Faith, yearning for their heated bodies to come into more contact.

Noticing this, Faith kissed back up Buffy's body, whilst moving her hand down over her stomach and further south. She moved her fingers through the patch of curly, damp hair before she reached her target. The younger of the two, continued to kiss Buffy, as she inserted her fingers into her with ease, thanks to the arousal slicking her entrance. She worked her fingers into Buffy, immediately adapting to the rhythm Buffy created with her thrusting.

"Ugh! F-aith!" the blonde called when she felt Faith drive her fingers deep inside her.

The brunette hooked her fingers as she pulled them out, feeling Buffy's inner walls clenching around her digits.

Panting, Buffy wrapped her legs around the brunette's lower waist. She jerked forward with an, "mmm...oh God," when Faith thrust her fingers into her, harder.

Trying hard to not concentrate on the building sexual frustration within her, Faith gathered the moisture from Buffy's centre and slicked it over her clitoris, causing Buffy to circle her hips in response. She called out Faith's name repeatedly, as the brunette continued her actions, her orgasm approaching.

Unable to ignore her body for any longer, Faith used one hand to release the tension that seeing Buffy writhing about naked and calling her name, had caused. She forced her arm in-between their bodies and began to rub herself.

Feeling Faith's arm's movement, Buffy pressed herself against it, increasing their contact.

The brunette sped up her pace, her actions building the both of their bodies up to their release.

With a final thrust, Buffy shuddered and lay back down as she came and her orgasm spread through her. She shifted as Faith toppled on top of her, experiencing her own wave of pleasure. Her head resting on Buffy's rising and falling chest, Faith panted and kissed the flesh beneath her, taking the time to allow her body to recover.

---

Bertha turned in her bed, startled when she saw her father standing in the room with her.

"What the fuck?" she asked, sitting up and staring, at him.

"Watch your mouth Bertha!" He scolded, angrily. "Didn't your mother raise you right?"

The redhead remained speechless as the man in front of her looked her up and down before continuing to add, "Well obviously not, seeing as you ended up in here." He paused, letting his anger diffuse. "Baby, what happened to you?"

"Dad?" Bertha asked, still reeling. "It can't be. You're- "

"Dead?" he filled in. "Yeah and it truly sucks cause I can't be with the person I love the most and should be protecting." He looked at her tenderly. "You're hurting, baby, I can feel it?"

Bertha looked at him. "I'm alright," she assured him. "I take care of myself."

Her father stepped towards her. "My little girl's all grown up," he observed. "That's why I knew it was time."

"For what?" the red-head asked.

"I have a job for you, one that it seems only you can do," he told her, looking from her to the bed.

Bertha followed his gaze and looked behind her to see a knife on the pillow. She picked it up, admiring it's jewelled, golden handle and blade.

"Wow," she exclaimed, studying it. "Who d'you want me to use it on?"

Her father smiled, "That's the spirit baby. Now. Ever heard of a slayer?"

### **Part 13: Plan of attack**

Faith came down to the field.

"You're down early," one of the prisoners observed. "Breakfast isn't for another twenty minutes."

Faith looked at the woman, irritated.

"Is that any of your fucking business?" she asked.

"No, Steel. I'm so sorry." the inmate replied.

"Get inside," Faith commanded.

After the inmate obeyed, she looked around to make sure no one else was watching before she walked across the field to the shower room. She slipped behind it to find herself immediately shoved against the wall and kissed.

"Mmmm," she moaned, her eyes closed. She opened them to see Buffy staring at her.

"Morning," the blonde greeted.

"This is fucking insane," Faith replied. "We could get caught."

"I know, isn't it exciting?" Buffy replied, reaching for her again.

Faith reciprocated. Pressed against the wall, her body shivered from the way Buffy was running her hands over her.

Buffy opened Faith's buttons. She moaned, before asking in a whisper, "Faith, ever done it outside?"

---

Bertha pulled her body from the ground. After hearing her father call,

"Thirty,"

she let her arms give way and collapsed on the floor.

"Get up Bertha," she was instructed.

"I can't," she replied. "I can't do anymore."

"Five more and we can stop."

The redhead pushed herself from the ground and up and then let her body down gently. She repeated this four times before getting onto her feet and sitting heavily on the bed. She stretched her arms and rubbed the muscle.

"Let me at her now, dad. It's early, she might still be in her cell."

"No! What did I tell you?"

Bertha sighed, before repeating what seemed to have become their new motto, "Attack the mind and then the body."

"Exactly. Stick to the plan. Once the slayer feels isolated and insecure, killing her wont be a problem. In the meantime, you practice."

Her father turned to look at the inmate huddled in the corner. "Oh, she's coming to."

Bertha watched her father disappear. She loved this part. She watched as the woman in the corner cried, wiped her eyes and gradually became angry. Bertha braced herself, as the woman stood, before running towards her and lunging. She ducked the inmate's inaccurate punches and replied with a blow to the face. The inmate clutched her face before, as if following instruction, tried again. She tried a kick, which was stopped midway and deflected. Bertha grabbed the woman and kned her in the stomach. She watched as the blonde reeled back, winded and picked up her knife. Oblivious, the woman stumbled forward and Bertha grinned as she plunged the metal into her body. Satisfied as the body fell to the ground, the redhead knelt to wipe the blade on the deceased's clothes. She smiled up at her father, as he re-appeared in a flash of light.

"She was perky," she observed, half-laughing. "What do you say to them, that gets them so pissed?"

Her father ignored the question, peering down at the body. "That was good," he told her. "Although your timing could be improved." He looked at her. "Bertha, you have got to be faster if you don't want to be seen."

The prisoner sighed and sat down.

The taller of the two, looked at his daughter and appeared to calm down.

"Don't worry baby," he told her. "You'll get it next time."

The redhead wiped the sweat from her forehead. "Yeah," she replied. "I will."

She watched his expression change. "What's up?" she asked.

"Someone's coming," he replied, prompting Bertha to get up and pull the body underneath her bed. She sat down and waited for the knock on her door.

The redhead went to answer it, opening it to see one of the prisoners.

"Hi Bertha. Roxie said you wanted to see me."

"Yeah," Bertha replied with a smile.

"Come in."

She checked outside to make sure that no one had seen the girl come in before closing the door.

---

Faith entered the common room buttoning her clothes.

"Steel!" one of them shouted. "Long time."

Faith merely nodded and sat down. "So what's the movie today?" she asked the others.

"I think it's called 'The Sweetest thing'. It has Cameron Diaz in it, so I'm sure you'll like it."

"What?" Faith asked.

"C'mon. You loved Charlie's angels."

Faith snarled at the inmate who quickly bit her tongue. "Anyway," the slayer continued, stretching her legs and putting her hands behind her head. "I'm sure this movie's as lame as the last," she said, closing her eyes and oblivious to the brunette sneaking up behind her, until she covered Faith's eyes with her hands.

"What the-?" Faith started, turning around.

"Hola chica," the woman greeted.

"Pilar," Faith replied, as the woman sat on her lap.

"Oh I've missed you," Pilar told her, causing the others to start jeering.

Buffy walked into the common room, sitting down near, apparently, the only other person she knew.

"Hey Buffy," her cellmate greeted as the blonde sat down. "Want something to eat?"

"No thanks." She followed her cellmate's gaze. "What's all the noise about?" she asked, trying to see past the brunette who was kissing the ear of another woman. "Ugh! That is seriously gross, they should get a room."

Gypsy laughed. "This is way better than any movie! If we're lucky, they might do it here again."

"They've done it here before?"

"Hell yeah! And it's so hot cause the Venezuelan chick even moans in Spanish!" She rolled her head back to give a quiet demonstration. "Oh yeah, chica. Right there, chica. Oh! Dios mio!"

Buffy laughed at the impression, before recollecting herself. She watched the two women and attempted to listen to what the brunette was saying.

"What's the matter?" Pilar asked the brunette. "Was last time not good for you?"

"Nah, it was great," Faith replied. "But I'm just- "

"C'mon Steel!" one of the others shouted.

Faith looked around, almost regretful when she caught sight of Buffy, who stood.

"Faith?" she asked.

Faith lifted the woman off her lap and got up, causing a silence in the room. She gazed at the blonde before looking at the brunette on the floor and then at the inmates whose eyes were fixed on her.

Raising her hands in a 'forget this' way, she left the common room full of dazed and confused women.

"What was that about?" Di asked those on her table.

"No idea. What the fuck's wrong with Steel these days? She's never here and when she is, she acts like a freak."

Buffy got up; trying her best to be inconspicuous and followed in Faith's direction.

Bertha watched from a distance as the brunette left the common room and walked towards the main building. She gave her a few seconds before she entered the common room. She helped the Pilar onto her feet from her position on the floor.

"Thanks baby," she told her.

"No problem," the woman replied, taking a seat.

The red head sat next to her. "Let's get the movie started already!" she commanded.

---

Faith opened her door. Checking that no one was around to see, she let Buffy inside and closed the door behind her. She silently moved past the blonde and sat down on her bed, leaving Buffy standing and staring at her.

Sensing the tension, Buffy remained quiet and the two remained in silence.

"Are you mad?" Faith eventually asked, looking at the ground.

"Should I be?" Buffy replied.

"I'm sorry B. I'll make it up to you, I promise," she told her quietly.

"Faith, is something wrong?"

Faith turned to face her. "I'm tired B, I'm tired of having to sneak around and pretend I'm not with you."

Buffy walked towards the bed and sat down next to the brunette.

Faith allowed her to get comfortable before she lay down placing her head on Buffy's lap. The blonde began running her fingers through her brunette locks.

"I don't like it either," Buffy told her. "I wanna tell everyone I'm with you and tell them how happy I am. But with things the way they are, I'm not sure it'd be the best idea."

"Why?" Faith replied. "We can handle anything anyone has to say or do."

"True." Buffy sighed. "I think it'd be better if we had this conversation on a full stomach. Hungry Buffy isn't as smart as the not version."

"Why didn't you get something from the rec room?" Faith asked.

"Are they serving now?" Buffy replied.

"Yeah, didn't you see the food tray, there?"

"I haven't been. Is there anything good?"

Faith sat up and looked at her, confused. "Buffy you were just in the rec room, I saw you."

"No," Buffy replied, returning Faith's look of confusion, with her own. "I was just having a shower." She raised her arm to the brunette's nose. "See," she said. "Lemony fresh from the soap."

Faith searched the blonde's face; her only feelings summed up with her response of, "Huh?"

---

## **Part 14: Stars**

Buffy laughed at the expression on the brunette's face.

"You're just tired," she told her. "It's not like you got much sleep last night."

Faith thought about it. "Yeah," she agreed. "And that chick was sitting pretty close."

"What 'chick'?" Buffy asked.

"Some chick that's got the hots for me. No big."

"Er, hello, big," Buffy replied. "Major big."

Faith laughed. "Don't worry B, I told her where to get off. Uh, which was not on me."

Buffy shot her a glare before shaking her head and getting up.

"I'm gonna go get something to eat and swing by the phones, see if I can call home."

"K," Faith replied, still berating herself for her babble-fest. She watched Buffy open the door and reveal a warden apparently about to enter.

"You scared me there," the warden told her.

"Sorry," Buffy replied.

The woman looked past her, into the room and at her target.

"Steel," she said, holding an armful of things. "Supplies."

Faith stood up. "Cool," she stated, taking the armful provided to her by the warden and set them down on the table.

The older woman reached into her pocket and took out a packet of cigarettes.

"Here," she told Faith. "Supplies the state doesn't provide."

Faith smiled, opening the pack. "I owe you one K."

"Come see me later baby and we'll see if we can work off your debt," Kate replied with a wink, before saying, "Laundry duty in five," to the blonde girl and leaving.

"Check it out B," Faith told her holding up her change of clothes. "They're two piece." She wiggled her eyebrows. "You know what that means."

"God," Buffy blurted out abruptly. "Does everyone in this place want to sleep with you?"

Faith smiled, "Hey, don't blame me cuz they have eyes," she joked, changing her clothes.

"What did you get?" Buffy asked looking at the pile of things.

"The usual. Change of clothes, soap, tampons...yours should be arriving at your cell any minute now."

"Ok," Buffy replied. "I'll go get changed after I make the call."

"I'll come with you," Faith told her, putting on the rest of her clothes. "The lines can be pretty long and you don't wanna be waitin'."

Buffy allowed her to finish changing, before the two left the room, turned the corner and walked down the hall to the phones.

Faith looked at the long queue of people in front of them.

"Told ya," she said to Buffy. She passed the queue's members, dragging Buffy behind her and went to the front, where one of the prisoners was on the phone.

"Hey," she said, pressing down the phone's pedals. "I gotta make a call, beat it."

The prisoner handed her the receiver before moving. Faith turned to an unimpressed Buffy, unaware of the glares given to her by the other inmates. About to hand Buffy the phone, she heard one of them whisper to another, "Fucking bitch, she thinks she owns everything."

The slayer turned to the source of the comment: a tall blonde woman.

"Hey, blondie, what was that?" she asked.

The inmate remained silently defiant.

Faith grinned sarcastically, before punching her in the face and causing an outcry from their audience.

"Faith!" Buffy scolded, shocked at Faith's behaviour.

She went to the aid of the floored woman and helped her up. "I'm sorry," she apologised, before realising herself and looking up in time to see Faith walking away. She made sure the woman was all right before she raced after the brunette, catching her, as she was about to enter her room.

"Faith, wait."

Faith spun around. "I can't believe you just did that," she told her.

"You shouldn't have hit her, Faith."

"Why do you care?" The brunette asked. "She's a murderer."

"So are you," Buffy replied without thinking, cringing as she said it and more so as she saw the expression change on Faith's face. "I'm sorry. That came out wrong."

"Whatever," Faith replied.

"Let's not fight about this," Buffy pleaded.

"You have laundry duty now," Faith reminded her. "Get to it."

"This is more important."

"Not to me," Faith told her bluntly. She turned and let herself into her room, slamming and locking the door.

Having rushed straight from doing part of the prison's laundry, Buffy stood outside Faith's door. \*It's been about six hours, she's got to have calmed down already.\* She knocked on the door, letting herself in upon Faith's command to do so. The slayer stood quietly for a moment waiting for Faith to acknowledge her. When she didn't, Buffy spoke.

"Faith I'm sorry. I-I shouldn't have embarrassed you in front of everyone like that."

"It's no big deal," Faith replied, continuing to watch television.

Buffy stood still, watching, trying to think of something to say. She contemplated walking over to the brunette but decided against it when she seemed to be coming around.

"Wasn't it lock-down already?" Faith asked.

"Yeah, I skipped. I had to see you."

Faith grit her teeth.

"Did I mention I was sorry," Buffy tried again.

Faith got off the bed and turned off the TV.

"You're lucky you're cute," she told her, throwing the covers off the bed and pulling the bed sheet from it. "C'mon," she told Buffy, rolling the sheet under her arm and opening the door.

Buffy followed, as Faith led her to the outside.

"Keep to the wall," Faith told her, running onto the field.

Buffy imitated her style and kept hidden from the light. The two ran across the field to the other side.

Faith stopped and laid the sheet onto the ground.

"The guards are usually asleep by now but if they're not, we should be outta sight."

Buffy nodded, as Faith sat down on the sheet. She imitated the brunette's position, sitting knees together, looking up. The two remained silent, staring at the sky.

"I like to come out here and watch the stars sometimes," Faith told her.

Buffy looked up at the night sky. There were a few stars and they seemed to be sparkling, making it look so beautiful. She turned to Faith who was staring intently.

"I didn't know you were into stars," she said softly.

"I saw on some programme that stars and shit make people horny," she replied, before she turned to Buffy. "Is it working?"

The slayer rolled her eyes and changed position.

"What I meant to say was that they're wicked pretty," Faith corrected. "But not as pretty as you."

Unable to prevent a smile from emerging, Buffy smiled. "That was so a line," she told her.

"Was not," Faith replied, putting up her hands.

Buffy gave her a knowing look.

"Ok it was," Faith decided. "But I meant it. You're fucking hot."

Buffy laughed. "Well you're not bad looking yourself," she replied.

"You kidding me?" Faith asked. "I'm killer hot."

"You are," Buffy humoured.

"Damn straight," Faith told her, licking her lips before kissing her. She moved closer to the blonde and latched her fingers in between the gaps of her shirt. Faith ran her hands down the clothing, working the buttons, oblivious to the guard watching them from above. Having been distracted from sleep by the prisoners dashing across the field, the guard had been tempted to pull out his gun and fire warning shots. A notion that was interrupted when he watched the brunette lay a sheet onto the ground. \*This could get interesting,\* he'd thought, now happy he had. He watched as the blonde lay back and allowed the brunette to kiss her softly on her flat stomach. The guard picked up his radio.

"Harris," he whispered into it, his eyes glued to the brunette who had paused to remove her shirt and knelt with her upper body completely exposed.

"Harris," he whispered again.

"Yeah," came the reply from his fellow officer, sitting on the other side of the field. "This better be good Lee, I was having that Star Wars fantasy again."

"Oh it is. Check out the two girls about to screw on the field."

"Fuck no Lee," the officer replied. "I'm getting married in a few days."

"You're such a fag Harris," Lee replied. "This is fucking amazing. I'm taking a closer look."

He clipped his radio to his belt and walked along the roof quietly so as not to attract the attention of the women. Lee positioned himself as close as he could be. He listened quietly and heard the blonde moan.

"Faith," Buffy moaned as Faith pulled off her vest and exposed her naked flesh to the cool air before covering it with her body. Faith kissed her, her tongue feeling the inside of the older slayer's mouth. She broke the kiss and planted more on her chin and neck before working south to her chest.

Throwing her hair to the right, Faith allowed her mouth full access to Buffy. Sucking on the blonde's nipples with force enough to cause pleasure and pain, Faith ran her fingers down Buffy's stomach and into her curls. Playing with them, she ran her fingers through the hair whilst switching her mouth's attention to Buffy's other side.

Lee watched as the brunette re-positioned herself atop the smaller woman. His eyes fixed on the brunette's hand that worked itself down to the blonde's entrance. He watched as she pushed in two fingers and the blonde lifted to force them in deeper. \*She must be dripping wet,\* he thought feeling an ache in his trousers. He removed his belt and unzipped his trousers, reaching down his underwear to his erect member. His eyes glued to the writhing woman, he rubbed his shaft in a bid to find release and let out a moan as his actions hit the spot.

Faith continued to kiss Buffy whilst inserting her fingers into her body. Judging by the slayers pace, her loss of articulation with her moans having become, "Oh - ....uh. F....uh" and her eyes being tightly shut, she could tell Buffy was close.

Separating their warm bodies with her arm, Faith used her other arm to pay attention to Buffy's bundle of nerves. Pushing one hand deeper into her body, using the other to work her clit and using her mouth to pleasure Buffy's, Faith worked the blonde slayer into a long slow orgasm that seemed to spread through her from the tips of her clenched toes to the crown of her head. She smiled as Buffy stopped thrusting onto her hands and slowly fell back onto the sheet.

Faith reached into her shirt pocket for her packet of cigarettes and her lighter, lighting up and taking a drag. She exhaled, whilst watching as Buffy kept her eyes closed fully enjoying her climax, unaware of the guard watching from above, who had also reached his own.

Lee looked at the mess he had created in his trousers.

"Ah fuck," he muttered. He looked back to the two women. \*Hello,\* he muttered, excited as he watched the blonde open her eyes and look up. "Looks like we're getting a part two little Lee."

He positioned his hand on his slack member ready, stopping when he heard his radio.

"Lee, you perv, is that your hand on your cock?"

Lee pulled up his trousers and picked up the machine.

"What? no," he replied.

"Wait 'til I tell everyone."

About to protest, Lee was silenced when he was ordered,

"Go clean yourself up you sick bastard."

Red faced, Lee left his position and headed for a ladder to the ground.

---

Faith woke feeling the sun's warm rays on her skin. She got up and put on her trousers before waking Buffy.

"B, get up, it's morning."

"No," Buffy groaned, turning her back to the brunette.

"Ok, but in about two minutes about fifty chicks are gonna come out and see you in the buff."

Buffy opened her eyes and sat up. She reached for her shirt and put it on, before getting up and putting on the rest of her clothes.

Faith finished dressing, pulling her hair through the top of her shirt and smiled at the sleepy blonde before kissing her.

"Cheer up B, you've got field duty now."

"So not funny Faith," Buffy replied. "And it's so not fair-" she started before noticing a few prisoners walking past them towards the shower room. Faith nodded a 'hey' before turning to Buffy.

"You were saying," she coaxed.

"Yeah. It's so not fair that-" she tried again, before she was interrupted by a scream. Buffy spun around to its direction before turning back to Faith.

"What was that?" she asked.

"I dunno, but it came from the showers," Faith replied, running towards them. Buffy followed, arriving moments after the brunette. She immediately covered her nose and mouth when hit by a strong odour. Buffy glanced at the shower room in which there were four dead bodies, each sitting in front of a shower. Her eyes watered as Faith called her attention to the wall in which 'Slayer: tomorrow night,' was written in blood. She looked to Faith and was speechless.

### **Part 15: Target practice**

"What is she doing?" one of the prisoners asked, watching the blonde girl search the dead body.

The slayer looked up at Faith. "No teeth marks," she told her. "Just stab wounds in the stomach."

Faith nodded, before turning to see an entourage of officers approaching.

"Everybody, back to your cells!" one of them ordered.

"Scuse me," he told Buffy, indicating for her to leave and taking her position in front of one of the deceased.

"Ah fuck," he told another officer. "These have been dead for about ten hours." He rubbed his face. "We're gonna have to explain this to Bush himself at this rate."

"Let's go," Faith told Buffy, leading her outside.

"Steel," Bertha said, approaching. "What the fuck is going on?"

Faith stopped walking. "Someone took out Tina and three others last night," she informed.

"You're shitting me," Bertha replied.

"Nah," Faith continued. "She was stabbed in the gut proper."

"I can't believe it," Bertha told her shaking her head. "Must be one sick fuck who did this."

"Yeah," Faith agreed. There was a silence. "Big B, about the other day-" she added.

"Distant memory," the redhead told her.

Faith smiled. "Look, officers want us in for roll call, we gotta get back."

Bertha nodded.

She watched Faith and the blonde about to leave.

"Hey," she said, causing the both of them to turn around. She walked up to Buffy. "I'm pretty sure your name isn't blondie."

"It's Buffy actually."

"Well Buffy, I just wanted to apologise for giving you a hard time. Lord knows I've tried to keep Steel away from you and the fact that I can't, tells me you must be something special." She extended her hand. "And anyone cool with Steel, is cool by me."

Buffy shook the offered hand.

Bertha smiled before letting her smile be replaced by a look of grief.

"I guess I'll see you guys later," she told them, before leaving.

"That was weird," Buffy told Faith, as soon as Bertha was out of earshot. The two walked towards the wall and away from the commotion at the shower room.

"I don't get it," Buffy told her. "How could whatever did this, get past us?"

"Guy said they'd been dead about ten hours, we were here about eight."

"But how did they get past the guards? I mean, something dragging four bodies into the shower room has gotta qualify for the most suspicious event of the year award."

"Yeah," Faith agreed. "Unless it was vampires and they somehow carried them in."

"No, I don't think it was vampires. Four kills and no feed is just not their style."

The two remained silent.

"Oh no," Buffy said.

"What?" Faith asked.

"If those bodies have been there ten hours, then 'tomorrow' is today."

"Huh?"

"The wall, it said 'Slayer; tomorrow.' It was written last night, so the 'tomorrow' is today."

"Well hold on, the wall said 'slayer' which means they only know about you, so we've got that on our side."

"How d'you figure they only know about me?" Buffy asked.

"C'mon, I've been in here...what, three years? And nothing. You show up for a few weeks and there's threats all over the wall."

"You're right. What am I going to do? If I fight this thing when it shows up, I could risk exposing myself as the slayer."

Faith thought about it. "If this thing's human," she told her, "chances are it won't attack while you're with people. If it's a demon... then I've got a plan."

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"You could see she was majorly freaked," Bertha told her father.

"That's great baby, but focus," he ordered.

Bertha replaced the pillowcase on her head. She waited for a moment, her eyes closed, before spinning around and throwing the knife. She lifted the pillowcase and turned to see the knife in the stomach of the chalk person they had drawn.

Bertha's father looked at her.

"Come on honey, we haven't got a lot of time. The end is near and you still can't hit the target in the right place."

"I'm sorry," Bertha replied, removing the knife from the wall. She took her position again.

"It's ok baby, just aim higher."

Bertha replaced the case on her head. She took a deep breath and spun around releasing the weapon, before taking it off and turning to see the knife in the neck of the chalk person.

"Better," she was told, whilst retrieving the knife. "Keep practicing."

The redhead put the case back on her head. About to aim again, she stopped to relieve the person at the door from their knocking.

She removed the pillowcase, tossing it aside and opened the door.

"Bertha Cole?" the guard asked.

"Yeah," the inmate replied, prompting the man to tick the sheet of names on the clipboard he was holding.

"Thank you," the guard replied, walking away.

Bertha closed the door.

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"Hide. That's your plan?"

"You got a better idea?"

"Faith, the slayer does not hide. In fact on the list of slavery things, hiding isn't there."

"But you have to. At least until we can get through to Giles, see if he can help."

"Why can't you call him now?"

"Officer's cut the phones. Something about trying to keep this morning's events under wraps."

Buffy dipped another shirt into the vat of soapy water. She flicked her hair from her face and wiped her forehead with her arm before removing the garment from the water. Dropping it in a basket, she wiped her hands on her clothes, before using them to tie her hair back in a ponytail.

"I just don't-" Faith added.

"Hey Steel," an inmate interrupted.

"Can't you see we're fuckin' talking!?!!" Faith snapped.

"Sorry," the woman replied.

"She was just saying 'hey,'" a nearby prisoner observed, coming to the defence of her friend.

"If I wanted your opinion, four eyes," Faith replied. "I'd've asked for it."

"What the hell is wrong with you?" someone asked, standing to challenge the brunette.

"You must be new here," Faith told her. "'Cause if you'd been here a while you'd know not to mess with me."

The inmate turned away and continued with her duty.

Faith turned back to Buffy. "Look, I just gotta make a quick stop and pick up a few things," she told her. "After this, go to my room and wait there."

Buffy nodded and watched Faith leave.

---

Buffy paced up and down in Faith's room, relieved when Faith returned, unharmed.

"How'd it go?" she asked.

"I got the keys," Faith replied, putting them on the table, her expression not one of triumph. "Well most of them."

Faith ran her fingers through her hair, her look showing complete exasperation. Buffy quieted it by placing her hand on her lover's arm.

"It'll be ok," she told her. "I've dealt with worse. We've dealt with worse."

"I can't fuckin' stand the fact that I might lose you."

"You won't," Buffy assured her, walking into her arms and resting her head on Faith's chest. "I promise. That's why I've decided to stick to your plan, stop you from worrying."

Faith kissed her on the forehead and rested her head on Buffy's.

Time passed as the two stood in the position, feeding off the comfort the other supplied. Eventually, Faith opened her eyes and looked at the clock.

Feeling Faith's movement, Buffy looked up at the brunette. "Is it time?" she asked.

Faith looked down at the slayer and replied by kissing her.

Buffy's eyes fluttered shut as she felt the intensity of the kiss. Feeling her knees weaken, she back-stepped towards the bed and allowed herself to fall back on it.

Faith sat down, her brown eyes revealing her emotions to Buffy, causing the blonde to shiver and move into the arms of her lover. The two kissed again and Faith sucked on Buffy's lower lip as she unbuttoned her clothing.

Buffy allowed Faith to remove her shirt and expose her toned arms to the warm air. The blonde broke the kiss and pulled her white vest over her head, which caused her hair to fall out of the ponytail she'd tied and drape onto her shoulders. She kissed Faith.

Pausing for a moment to catch her breath, Faith stopped kissing the slayer. She looked down at Buffy's trousers, indicating for her to remove them.

Buffy obliged, allowing Faith to kiss the skin she had just exposed.

Faith leant in to kiss her. Immediately going for the blonde's pleasure centre, she ran her fingers through Buffy's curls and into her, her fingers feeling her soft, wet, texture. Faith wrapped her arm around the blonde's upper back and Buffy allowed the brunette to pull her towards herself.

She kissed the brunette's shoulder, slightly sucking on her skin.

Faith moaned as she felt Buffy's body responding to her fingers and more so when she felt Buffy's teeth graze her shoulder. Continuing her actions, she separated her fingers slightly increasing the thickness being inserted into the blonde.

Upon feeling this, Buffy moaned Faith's name. Unable to maintain her upright position, she fell back onto the bed.

Faith positioned herself atop the older slayer and continued moving her fingers in and out of Buffy's passage, with her thumb flicking over the bundle of nerves above it.

Buffy lifted higher to meet the fingers and increase the depth they entered. She increased the pace, yearning for more contact.

Noticing this, but preferring to savour the moment, Faith slowed down and began to slide her fingers in and out of the blonde slowly. She pushed her fingers in and curled them before gliding them out.

Raising and lowering herself to the rhythm Faith created, Buffy could feel her orgasm building. She curled her toes and her body tensed in anticipation of the release to come. Buffy looked down at Faith, whose eyes were already on hers. The room almost completely silent, with the exception of the occasional whimper from Buffy, the two of them spoke to each other with their eyes.

Eventually unable to keep her eyes open as her climax dawned, Buffy closed them and allowed herself to experience it. Overcome with emotion, she lay back, her body seemingly relaxing and recharging at the same time.

She kept her eyes closed and felt Faith pulled her fingers out of her body before laying beside her.

Faith draped her arm over Buffy's waist and idly traced patterns in the blonde's bronze skin before kissing her. The two lay almost completely still, for a while, soothed by the sound of each other's breathing.

Although reluctant to do so, Faith allowed herself to glance at the clock ahead. "We have to get you back," she half-whispered to Buffy before sitting up.

---

Buffy walked into her cell, immediately noticing the darkness within it. She looked outside through the small window and noticed that it was raining. She turned around, her eyes locked with Faith's as she pulled close the cell door. Faith inserted the key into the lock and turned it, satisfied when she felt it lock. She pulled out the key, opened her shirt and placed it in her bra.

"Safe as houses," Faith told her, patting her chest.

"Yeah," Buffy agreed. "So you're gonna go back to your room now, lock yourself in?"

Faith nodded. She smiled before turning around to leave.

"Faith," Buffy said as the brunette turned away, only loud enough for her to just hear.

Faith turned.

Buffy took a deep breath. "I..." she started before thinking out the consequences of what she was about to say. She changed her mind. "See you tomorrow."

Faith smiled. Understanding, she replied, "I see you tomorrow too B."

Buffy returned her smile and watched the slayer leave.

Faith walked down the hall and through the building. Close to her destination, she turned the corner and bumped into one of the other inmates, who was running.

"Oh, hey. I was just coming to get you from your room."

"Well you've got me. 'Sup?"

"Er, Bertha wants to see you outside, now."

"What?" Faith asked, her look of defiance on.

"She says it's important."

Faith thought about it, before nodding and allowing the woman to lead her outside.

## **Part 16: Showdown**

Faith stepped outside into the pouring rain. She wiped her face and watched the messenger join the group of women standing outside near the doorway of the common room.

"Steel!" Bertha shouted from within them. "Nice of you to join us."

"What's going on, big B? Jet said you wanted me."

"Yeah," the red-haired woman replied. "Gotta tell you though, didn't think you'd show. I mean it's not like the mighty Steel to follow orders."

Faith grit her teeth.

"But then again," Bertha continued, leaving the women and standing opposite the slayer. "You haven't exactly been yourself lately."

Faith advanced towards her. "So... what, you assemble the Bertha's-dirty-work committee to find out why?"

"No," the redhead replied. "For one thing, I didn't need to assemble them, a lot of them are dying to kick your ass."

Faith looked to the women around the inmate, most of whom were nodding. Ignoring the feeling of the rain making her clothes heavier, she advanced forward.

"Besides," Bertha told her, when the brunette was close. "I already know why and I believe she's a five foot blonde whore."

Faith clenched her fist. "Watch your mouth big B or I might just knock it off."

"Strike a nerve did I?" Bertha asked, pausing before adding, "Faith?"

"You strike mine," Faith told her before punching her in the face. "And I'll strike yours."

Surprised by the blow, Bertha stumbled backwards and eventually fell down. She got up, clutching the area of her face where Faith's fist collided with it.

"That hurt," Bertha told her.

"Meant to," Faith replied, before attempting to kick her.

Bertha grabbed her leg and twisted it, prompting the slayer to jump and kick her with the other leg.

The older of the two, fell to the ground again.

"Gotta say big B, you're not that smart. I mean..." Faith kicked the floored woman. "You've seen me fight before and you still think you can take me."

Bertha rolled, before swinging her legs and attempting to floor-sweep Faith.

Faith jumped over her legs and landed, punching the woman. She laughed, oblivious to the women who charged her from behind. Taken by surprise, Faith felt her legs swept from underneath her. Intense pain flowed through her body as she landed with a thud. She felt her legs bound and her arms held before she was raised to a kneeling position by her wet hair. Bertha stood and walked up to the brunette. She slapped her.

Faith grit her teeth for the pain and fought back the tears it caused.

Unable to control her anger, Bertha reached for the brunette's neck and began to strangle her.

"Bertha," one of the prisoners called in an attempt to bring her friend back to earth.

The redhead let go of Faith, who spluttered and let her head collapse. She turned to another woman,

"Gia now!" Bertha ordered. "I want her to see this."

Gia took the key, previously given to her by the redhead and ran to the prison ward.

Bertha pulled up the head of the beaten slayer.

"This was fun," she told her. "I'm sorry it had to end this way. I really saw us being happy together, until I found out what you were." She whispered, "Slayer."

"It was... those girls," Faith spat out.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Faith," Bertha replied, walking away from her. She smoothed her wet locks back and flexed her arms.

"Ok," she told the women holding Faith. "Let her go."

The women did as instructed and let the brunette free. Faith stood.

"Big mistake, Bertha," she told her, catching her breath and wiping the water from her face.

"Yeah Faith?" Bertha asked, advancing and administering a snap-kick to her chin.

Faith reeled before being ambushed by the redhead and put in a headlock. Her head shoved against the woman's stomach, Faith felt a sharp pain on her face. She grabbed Bertha's arm and twisted it behind her, before kicking her in the ass and sending her to the floor. Faith touched her cheek and looked at her fingers to see blood. About to look for the source, she saw Buffy appear in front of her.

"B!" she called. "You gotta get inside. It's Bertha."

"Faith," Buffy replied. "They told me Bertha killed those girls. You have to kill her."

"I can't," Faith replied. "Not again."

"You have to," Buffy replied. "She'll kill more people if you don't. Please."

The inmates looked at the ranting brunette.

"Who is she talking to?" one of them asked.

"Bertha was right, she is crazy," one of them replied.

Bertha stood.

"Faith?" Buffy called, running outside.

Faith turned to see Buffy running outside from the prison building.

"Buffy?" she asked. She turned to see that the Buffy previously standing in front of her had disappeared. Confused, Faith was taken by surprise when Bertha punched her in the nose and then in the stomach. Winded, she fell.

Bertha looked to Buffy. "Blondie," she greeted, removing her over-shirt. "Glad you could make it."

Buffy looked to Faith, who was stirring, holding her nose.

"Faith, are you ok?" she asked.

Faith rolled over and tried to stand.

The blonde slayer turned to the redhead. "I am so gonna enjoy kicking your ass," she told her walking towards her. Bertha threw her wet T-shirt at the blonde, who side-stepped the attempt. She ran towards her and threw a punch that Bertha deflected. The slayer threw another two, both of which hit their target, before dropping to the ground and floor-sweeping the older woman.

Bertha fell to the ground. She looked up and watched Gypsy lead an entourage of officers onto the field. "There," she told them, pointing.

"Alright! Everybody get inside!" they ordered, pulling out their batons and ensuring their order was carried out.

Buffy walked over to help Faith, who was standing uncomfortably, clutching her stomach.

"You ok?" she asked her.

"Yeah," Faith replied.

"Steel!" one of the inmates shouted, distracting the slayers' attention from Bertha who clutched her knife, closed her eyes and spun around releasing it.

Unable to react in the time given, the knife was allowed to hit Faith and the slayer keeled over as the blade penetrated her stomach.

The wardens watched on the monitors. "Oh shit," one said to the other, putting more popcorn into her mouth. "This just got out of hand."

They watched as officers attempted to contain the blonde and prevent her from killing Bertha.

Buffy released herself from the officers' grip and ran back to Faith's side.

"Don't move," she told her, taking the knife's jeweled handle and trying to remove it.

Faith attempted to speak, but found her powers of articulation stripped.

One of the officers ran up to them, stopping Buffy from trying to remove the knife lodged in the brunette's gut.

"No," he told her. "You might kill her."

Buffy stopped. "She needs to get to a hospital," she told him.

"Get her to the infirmary," he ordered his colleagues, pulling out handcuffs and approaching Bertha.

"Hey," Bertha told him, putting her hands up. "It was self-defence."

The brunette grabbed the woman's arm and cuffed them forcefully. "You shouldn't have had the knife in the first place, Bertha."

"Good thing I did otherwise I wouldn'ta been able to stop that bitch dead in her tracks."

Upon hearing this Buffy rushed at her and punched the redhead in the face. She punched and kicked her as much as she could before being subdued by warning shots fired near her and being dragged back and handcuffed by officers.

The slayer stopped struggling. She watched as Bertha was led into the prison building with a grin plastered on her face. Buffy looked to Faith who was lying still. She watched as officers picked her up and carried her towards the main building, tears flowing from her eyes.

"Let me go with her," she pleaded, unable to control the tears.

The officer nodded, leading her after the officers carrying the fallen slayer. On their way to the infirmary, another man in uniform stopped the officer and Buffy.

"What's going on?" he asked the officer.

"Two words, Bertha Cole. She was brandishing a knife."

"From the killings this morning?"

"Wouldn't put it past her."

"Me neither."

The officer sighed. "This has gone far enough. Brown's gotta transfer her to another pen," he told him.

"I'm on my way to see him after I get...." he read the sheet of paper he was holding. "Buffy Summers. Do you know what she looks like."

Buffy looked up. "I'm Buffy," she told him.

"Oh cool," he replied. "You just saved me looking for you."

"SDS?" the officer asked.

"I dunno. Gibbons wants to see her."

The officer shrugged pulled out a key, and released Buffy from her handcuffs.

"I need to see Faith," she told them.

"Don't worry," the officer replied. "She's been through worse. She'll be fine, Steel's a fighter."

"C'mon," the other added. "Soon as you've seen Gibbons, you can go and see her."

Buffy allowed the officer to lead her down the halls and to an area she hadn't seen since she had been admitted. The officer led her to the prison entrance where a tall bearded man and a woman dressed in a suit met her.

"Mr. Gibbons, Buffy Summers," the officer introduced.

"Thank you Harris," Gibbons replied, giving the officer leave to go.

"Hello Miss Summers, sorry it took so long," the brunette woman told her, offering her hand.

"Who are you?" Buffy asked, the evening's events having robbed her of her manners.

"My name is Lilah, I work for Wolfram and Hart," she introduced. "Faith called me and told me about your situation. I would have gotten here sooner, but frankly there's a situation occurring which I believe can be handled by a woman of your expertise." She widened her eyes to emphasise her last words.

"We-I can't just leave," Buffy replied.

Lilah smiled. "I've got legal documents here and a receipt for two hundred thousand dollars that say otherwise."

Buffy remained silent.

"Look, I understand your nostalgia for prison...well, actually I don't.... But we don't have a lot of time. Whilst we're here, your buddy Angelus may pay more visits to my associates and paying clients."

"Angelus?" Buffy asked.

"Yes. But he's just a starter. The real problem is six foot tall, made out of rock and likes to call itself The Beast. L.A. needs you to protect it, Buffy, and isn't that what you do? Protect people."

Buffy thought about it.

"The way I see it, Miss Summers," Lilah continued. "You have a choice. Stay here and see when your parole comes up or get out and make a difference to the world."

"What Miss Morgan is trying to say," Gibbons added. "Is that a great deal of sacrifices were made for you. Miss Morgan and her associates had to set up meetings with the head of state and went to great lengths to prove your innocence. Staying here after your sentence has been overturned, would be an admission of...of guilt."

"But, Faith...."

"I'm sorry, Miss Summers," Lilah replied. "But Faith's case has been to trial and the evidence against her is concrete. We can't help her."

"Whaddya say Summers?" Gibbons asked. "We don't have all day."

Buffy looked past the brunette and outside. She turned and looked at the prison behind her, before turning back to the woman in front of her.

### **Part 17: Visitor**

Faith reluctantly walked into the visitors' room. She took a deep breath, preparing to rain abuse at the woman who had left her a few days before without so much as a goodbye and located her seat. The brunette looked at the person on the other side of the window and was surprised. She sat down and picked up the mounted receiver on her right.

"Willow?" she asked.

"Faith," Willow replied.

The brunette looked at Willow and saw the grief written all over her features. "Buffy," she realised. "What happened?"

Willow took a deep breath and explained. "She thought the only way she'd capture Angelus was to drug him so Wesley gave her Orpheus and she let Angelus drink from her. And it worked but she-she- "

"Whoa. Slow down," Faith told her. "That was a whole lotta information and none of it good. So, this Orpheus Wes gave her, is what, some kind o' drug?"

"Yeah," Willow replied.

"And she o.d.?"

The redhead nodded.

"But she's gonna be ok, right? I mean you guys took her to the hospital. Right?"

The tear that fell down Willow's cheek answered Faith's questions.

"I'm sorry Faith, she's dead."

"No," Faith said in disbelief. She covered her face and fought the tears back. "But it's ok. You can bring her back. She-She told me you did it before."

"That was the last time. I'm sorry."

"No!" Faith screamed, banging her fist on the table, the outburst causing officers on guard to pull out their batons in warning. Noticing, the brunette took a deep breath and calmed herself. She racked her brain, processing the information.

"Faith, I know you don't need to hear this right now, but we really need you. Spike's been vamp-napped by something and with Buffy gone, it'll be days before Sunnydale's over-run with vampires."

"I dunno Red," Faith told her, letting the receiver drop, her face showing her pain.

"Please," the redhead begged. "It's what Buffy'd have wanted."

Faith thought about it. "D'you have a plan?" she asked.

"I was kinda hopin' you would," Willow replied, trying to think up a decent plan.

The slayer looked around. She brought the receiver up to her lips. "Step away from the glass," she told Willow, planning to somersault through the glass and fight her way out. She looked to the window on the other side, deciding she would break out of it and jump onto something in the parking lot. \*Hopefully there's a four poster just waitin' for me out there.\* she thought, taking a deep breath.

"Allow me," the redhead told her with a smile. "Intransit," she uttered, causing all in the room to become still apart from the slayer and herself. All noise within the room ceased.

"Woah," Faith exclaimed, looking around. "Whadya do?"

"I froze the room," Willow told her. She looked at the glass and pointed. "You might wanna take cover," she warned, before shouting, "fracta!"

Faith watched as the glass in front of her shattered. She covered her head and looked up to see an empty space where the window had been. The brunette smiled and climbed through.

"How were you planning to get through?" Willow asked. "Somersault through the glass like we're in some video game?"

"No," Faith denied, dusting herself off. She looked at the mess the window had made. "Don't you think it'll be a little obvious that the glass in front of where I was sitting is wrecked and I'm missing?"

Willow made no reply and merely pointed at the space, commanding, "retexo!" and watching the glass reappear in it.

"Huh," Faith commented. "Remind me not to mess with you in the future."

Willow laughed before berating herself and reminding Faith that it was not right for them to be so happy, considering their circumstance.

Faith looked to the prison exit. "This way," she told her, leaving.

Willow followed the brunette outside. "Anima!" she called once they had left the building.

Faith turned to her. "Huh?" she asked.

"Took the freeze off," Willow explained.

"Oh."

Willow overtook the impressed slayer and walked towards a parked car.

"This your ride?" Faith asked, following.

"Yeah," Willow replied, opening the driver's door.

Faith walked around to the passenger seat. About to get in, she noticed a smiling blonde in the back.

"Holy shit!" she called, stepping back.

Willow looked at the brunette's expression and burst into laughter. "I'm sorry Faith," she told the brunette, entering the car. "She made me do it."

"B?" Faith asked, as the blonde opened the back door for her.

"Hi Faith," Buffy replied, a huge grin on her face.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck!" Faith screamed, back-stepping.

"Faith what's wrong?" Buffy asked, concerned.

"You're dead," the brunette uttered inarticulately.

"I know," Buffy replied. "I'm sorry. I-I thought you'd be mad at me for leaving and I knew you wouldn't come unless you thought you had to, so I made Willow tell you that I was dead, which I see now was unbelievably cruel."

"Oh shit, I'm seeing you again," Faith babbled. "You're not real, you're not real."

"No wait, I am," Buffy told her. "Willow tell her."

The brunette looked to the witch who confirmed Buffy's statement with a nod and a "Yuh huh!"

Faith looked at the blonde slayer, "So you're not dead?" she asked.

Buffy smiled. "No."

Faith looked to Willow. "You can see her, right?" she asked. "It's not just me again."

Willow nodded. "Yep."

Faith got into the car, still seemingly unconvinced. "If you're the real B," she challenged, "after we had sex in the shower room, what did you say to me?"

Buffy looked to Willow, who was listening intently. She blushed, turning back to Faith and answering, "That you were like a wet 'n wild tiger, which when taken out of context, sounds way grosser than it was at the time."

Willow cringed before grinning at the thought of tiger Faith and Buffy in the shower.

"It's you," Faith confirmed.

Buffy nodded, returning her look of joy.

Faith's expression changed. "How the fuck could you?!"

"Huh?" Buffy replied.

"I can't believe you did that. You lied to me! You told me you were dead for fuck's sake."

"I'm sorry," Buffy replied. "It was a joke. I-I thought you would find it funny."

"Hey, I like jokes as much as the next guy. Hell I like to even crack 'em myself."

"Like what kind?" Willow interrupted. She glanced behind to see the glares given to her by both slayers. "Not the issue," she reminded herself turning back.

Faith continued. "But 'hey, I'm dead. Not!' Is so not a joke."

"I'm sorry," Buffy apologised.

"And you think that fixes anything," Faith retorted. She looked to Willow. "Juice up the wheels, Red and drop me off at the nearest station," she told her.

"I'm so sorry Faith. I didn't mean-"

"Red, you deaf?" Faith asked the witch. "Juice up the wheels or I bail."

Seeing the witch have no intention of obeying, Faith opened the door and left the car. She slammed the door and began to walk away.

"Faith, please," Buffy pleaded, through the open window, about to leave the vehicle. "I didn't mean it. I'm sorry, please don't go. I'll do anything to make it up to you."

Faith smiled. She changed her expression and faced the blonde wearing an angry one. "Anything?" she asked.

"Yes," Buffy replied, her eyes full of sincerity.

Faith walked back to the car. "Scoot over," she told the blonde, getting in and closing the door. She turned to Willow. "Change of plans, Red. Take us to the nearest hotel."

Willow shuffled about, doing her mini happy dance, before starting the car.

Faith smiled at Buffy before kissing her.

"Hey, you're not mad," Buffy observed.

"I'm sorry B, but did you really think I'd fall for that?"

"Excuse me," Willow interrupted. "What about my great acting?"

Faith laughed, stopping when she noticed an emerging hurt-look on the witch's face. "No offence intended, Red. It's just that when you've been played as many times as I have, you get quicker on the uptake. You nearly had me with the tears though."

Willow beamed.

"You cried?" Buffy asked.

The witch guiltily replied, "I thought it'd add a little something?"

Buffy exhaled. "I really thought you were mad at me," she told Faith.

Faith pointed at herself. "World's best actor," she reminded Buffy.

The blonde slayer smiled. She looked behind them, through the back window and watched the prison become smaller. She turned to Faith. "Do you really like telling jokes?" she asked.

"Real funny ones," Faith replied.

"Seriously."

"They'd have you laughing for days."

"It's just that I've never heard you tell one."

"I'm just waitin' for my moment, B," Faith assured her.

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Buffy looked up from between Faith's legs.

"Faith, I've given you a neck rub, foot rub, a full body and a bath. Why can't I have some now?" she asked, pouting.

"Sorry B," Faith replied, putting more ice cream in her mouth. She took the spoon from her mouth slowly licking it. "Mmmm," she moaned. "This is the best ice cream I've ever tasted. You should try it one day B. It's de-li-cious."

"Come on," Buffy pleaded, just a little."

Faith shook her head, adding more of the ice cream into her mouth and swallowing it audibly.

"Fine," Buffy told her, stroking the brunette between her legs. "I wanted to do this the easy way, but give me some ice cream or I'll do this," she told her, pinching her where she was most sensitive.

"Fuck B! You can't use sex as a wea-" she started, before the blonde pinched her again. "N-oh," she moaned.

"Ice cream," Buffy demanded, with her hand out.

"Come get it," Faith dared.

"Wrong answer," Buffy replied, placing her hand on Faith's clit and rolling it in the palm of her hand.

"B..I...uh," Faith moaned, closing her eyes as Buffy teased her. Her hips instinctively bucked against the blonde's hand.

"What were you saying?" Buffy asked.

"I...uh...ooh....fu-" Faith tried.

"Hand over Ben and Jerry or I stop right now," Buffy told her.

Never wanting Buffy to stop pleasing her in this way, Faith forced her arm to obey and handed over the tub.

Buffy smiled triumphantly. Keeping one hand on Faith's clit, she used the other to set the tub down before putting it in Faith. The contact of Buffy's hand with the tub having made the slayer's hand colder, Faith thrust harder upwards when she felt it. The action forcing Buffy's fingers deeper into her, the brunette threw her head back and groaned her lover's name.

Buffy worked her digits into the brunette, whilst using the other to roll the flesh around her bundle of nerves.

Faith wrapped her legs around the blonde's waist using them to force her forward at a faster pace.

Buffy allowed this and increased the actions with both hands, before replacing the one on Faith's clit with her mouth, blowing on it before licking it slowly. She began to suck it, increasing the pressure with every moment.

Feeling this, Faith's body tensed and then succumbed to the climax awaiting it. Faith shuddered as her body relaxed. She exhaled and watched Buffy reach for the ice cream, settle into the bed and begin to eat it.

"Ha ha," Buffy gloated, eating the desert. "Never underestimate the power of Buffy."

"Lemme have some," Faith told her.

"Nah-uh," Buffy replied, imitating Faith's earlier response. "It's mine now."

Faith reached for the tub, causing Buffy to react by moving it and, in doing so, spilling it on herself. The brunette smiled, lapping up the chocolate flavoured ice cream from Buffy's chest before kissing the blonde tenderly on the lips.

The blonde closed her eyes, opening them when the kiss was broken. "Don't change the subject, you...attempted thief."

Faith paused before saying, "What can I say B? They didn't call me 'Steel' for nothin'."

Buffy looked at Faith in disbelief of her attempt at a joke before bursting into laughter.

The end

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