Wishing on the Hellmouth

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by Lessthanlucid [archived by fhsa_archivist]

Summary

Willow, Faith, and Xander find wishing while drunk can be detrimental to your health.

Notes

Note from Haven, the archivist: This story was originally archived at Fandom Haven Story Archive (FHSA), was scheduled to shut down at the end of 2016. To preserve the archive, I began working with the OTW to transfer the stories to the AO3 as an Open Doors-approved project in November 2017. If you are this creator and the work hasn't transferred to your AO3 account, please contact me using the e-mail address on Fandom Haven Story Archive collection profile.
Chapter 1

Sunnydale, California - St Peters Cemetery

Sounds of struggles coming from the nearby.

"Yo, Red?"

"Yeah?"

"This bites, no pun intended."

"Maybe you should help him Faith..."

"But he said he wanted to do it by himself, I say let him."

"A little help here..." an out of breath Xander spoke from his position on the ground trying to keep the newly risen vamp from biting him.

"But..."

"Faith." Willow warned.

"Fine but I get to say I told you so later, Xapper" Faith grumbled over to the wrestling pair took out her stake and plunged into the vampires back dusting him seconds before he would have bitten Xander's neck.
"Take your time about it Faith, I like becoming vamp chow."

"All right, enough both of you. This was the last possible on our list, so that means we are free to go home and do fun over 21 stuff...or maybe not since we are all on Buff's bad list..."Willows voices dropped off as everyone in their little group started remembering the whys and hows of Buffy's anger towards them.

Willow felt she had let the blond slayer down trying to kill everyone in the gang, trying to end the world, using black magic, and the worst being taking her away from heaven. She was aware of the fact that at any given moment she could hurt everyone again because the hellmouth called to those dark magics she had absorbed. Sometimes her control was not enough. Some days the pain of Tara's death brought out her rage as nothing else could and she would see her eyes begin to turn black. That's why she had begun to use sunglasses everyday rain or shine.

Faith felt she had done too many wrongs to Buffy to ever be able to fix them completely; no amount of guilt could ever take back most things she had done. She had got out of prison and had been determined to make all her wrongs right. It was hard for her to feel guilty because sometimes she felt all the bad things she had done were justified but at those times she would hold on to the fact that she had paid her debt to society and that all she had left was her calling. Being the slayer had become her obsession on the road to redemption.

Xander hadn't done anything but ask Buffy to give Faith and Wills a second chances. He was a firm believer in second chances but it still felt as if he was taking sides. He had betrayed Buffy in a small way but it had caused a big rift in their relationship. One he wasn't sure he would ever understand or be able to fix. He knew Wills and Faith were trying, sometimes things got too much for them so he came by and relieved some of the tension with his antics. Which was why he had plans for them tonight.

"Well, ladies its Friday night we have no more newbies to wait for and I for one am ready to party..." Xander dusted himself off leaned over a headstone and brought out his backpack.

"Oh yeah, well I have to get home and...."

"And?" Xander prompted taking out a bottle of Tequila.

"And... It's not important. I am all for the party." Faith skipped over to Xander.
They both turned to Willow with the same question in their eyes.

"Guys, I don't think it's a good idea to drink on patrol..." Willow was dying to say yes but she feared losing control.

"Aww Wills, come on one night of fun, you can do a protection spell and those little sparkly things that you used to do for fun...please buddy, old pal..." Xander gave Willow his best puppy dog look, the one he knew Willow couldn't resist no matter what.

"Yeah, Red let your hair down...be daring."

"Twist my arm why don't you...But Ok I'm in. Protection spell coming right up."

As the night progressed the 3 talked, walked, and drank each trying to forget their pains, troubles, and overall misery in their lives. Willow conjured another bottle when the first one was gone. She had a whole bunch of those sparkly lights Xander liked so much floating around them as they walked around Sunnydale in their impromptu party. They were having a wonderful time. Although by the beginning of the second bottle of Jose Cuervo the conversation had become philosophical, in a way only drunks can be.

"Know...Xand?"

"Huh?"

"Wish there was somewhere, were we were normal."

"Yeah!"

"Me too...I hate being careful with guys...I could break them ya know..."

"I leak all over." Willow slurred as she stumbled over to sit on park bench Xander and Faith were already on.
"Eww…were you taking a leak over there Wills? Cause if you were its all right. I am all about girl power."

"No, and eww."

"Well, Red you said a leak and then something aboot leaking all over," Faith pointed out as she slid of the bench onto the grass. "Wow all of a sudden you'll look very big…I don't like feeling small… help me up Xander."

"OK but I still believe Wills was taking a leak over there…damn Faith your heavy."

"Hey, that's not nice thing to say to a girl Xand…"Willow slurred as she also got into helping pick up the slayer. They all ended up in a pile near the bench, as they were all too drunk to balance themselves without toppling over like dominoes. With great effort they were able to sit side by side their backs against the bench.

"I hate not being able to pick up Faith." Xander mumbled.

"I hate being different" Faith announced.

"I hate being not able to accept what I am because its scares Buffy." Willow told her companions in a stage whisper…as if by saying it out loud she was being a Judas.

"Its ok Wills…” Xander told her grabbing both her and Faiths hands hoping to comfort them.

Then it happened. They all, in their alcohol induced stupor, spoke the same words as if they had read each other's mind. "I wish I was somewhere I could be myself and be considered normal." Came out of their mouths at the same time and surprisingly unslurred by any of them.

Xander grabbed their hands even harder in his joy of being able to call personal jinx on them both. "Personal…" That's when it happened a black whole appeared in front of them, they still didn't understand what was happening. In the blink of an eye, they found themselves on the ground looking at the sky. "…Jinx, Wills and Faith cant talk till somebody says their name." Xander hurried and finished, as he didn't want to let the others beat him to it. Both Willow and Faith raised their heads to glare at him, when they saw they were no longer near a park bench. In fact they were in a clearing surrounded by glowing eyes.
Xander was still looking at the pretty Willow sparklies that circled up above them. Faith was getting wigged out with her glowing eyes hallucination and hating the fact she couldn't talk. Willow was also mentally grumbling about Xander calling personal jinx and wondering why glowing eyes were making noises. She could hear all these growling noises and well a distinct, "What the fuck?"
Chapter 2

St. Louis, Missouri

Richard's POV

Richard was sitting on his throne, as he usually did at every lupnar. He wondered why his wolves kept coming to him with all these petty matters that he had to deal with in his junior high science class. It was strange how even his two lifestyles overlapped at times. He was tired of dealing with all the death, murder, and mayhem that surrounded Anita. It was the reason he had made her Bolverk of the Thronnos Rokke Clan. In fact he had picked up a very bad habit of hers, that usually came to mind in situations of extreme emotion. He suddenly stiffened and sniffed the air.

The pack had gone quiet; they could feel it to some degree, although only the alphas felt the full effect of what was going on. Power was building but whose they had no idea. It wasn't were-energy being given off it was something else. Something that was dark and nice all at once. Richard looked over to Jamil, Sylvie and Shang-Da and they got the signal, be prepared to attack. All those present had let their eyes bleed wolf amber, some in half human wolf form, other in complete wolf form. The same thought was uppermost in everyone's mind no one interrupted a lupnar without invitation and consequences.

Something went wrong though as is always the case when Anita is around. The Power built, and in a flash it was gone, except that in that flash it left behind 3 humans, right smack in the middle of the his wolves, right in front of his throne. Everyone was looking at the sight but not believing it, especially what they heard after the humans were dropped, "Jinx, Wills and Faith can't talk till somebody says their name."

At moments like this you need to be articulate and precise and "What the fuck?" pretty much summoned up everyone's confusion. Channeling Anita was sometimes very useful.

Richard looked over to where Anita was and was surprised for the second time tonight to find the same expression of surprise on her face. Its not everyday the Executioner is surprised, but then again 3 humans don't just drop in out of the sky, especially in the middle of a bunch of werewolves. There should be a law against that somewhere, Richard thought humorously as he signaled for Anita and Shang-Da to further investigate the threat.

Anita's POV
Well, they found that task harder to execute than anticipated. Which with everything that had happened lately shouldn't come as a surprise, Anita thought sourly as she ran up against an invisible barrier about 10 ft from where the 3 people, well on closer inspection 2 girls and a boy were laying.

Anita saw the redhead and brunette move and had her browning out seconds after she detected movement. Nothing happened though, they didn't get up, or even attempt they just looked towards the young man and flopped back down.

After the initial commotion the barrier had caused, another thing inside that barrier took everyone attention. There were sparkling lights inside there with them. The weird thing was that they moved around like they were sentient or at least being controlled by something.

Anita hated stand-offs especially when the people in the standoff weren't even aware of what the fuck was going on around them. Dammit now she was going to be late to her date with Jean-Claude. She hated her life sometimes...she wished for once, everything would just work out as planned.

“Well, what now?” Richard asked.

“I don't fucking know, I mean they are just laying there with the little weird lights circling around, they have no weapons we can see and we cant get near them. What does that leave us?” Anita answered sarcasm high in the tone. While Anita ranted Richard sniffed at the barrier and recoiled.

“What.”

“They're drunk. I can smell it, you can too if you concentrate. Hard liquor in their system not beer.” Anita stepped as close to the barrier as Richard and took a whiff too. Every other wolf near did the same.

“No fucking way. Dammit can our lives get anymore fucked up. We have drunks dropping out of the sky now?”

“As long as it doesn't start raining farm animals, I'm OK with it.” Jason answered my purely rhetorical question all the while moving closer to Richard on the off chance I might decide to shoot him. Sometime I wish I could sew his mouth shut. Whatever Richard would have answered was cut off by our guests.
"I concur," the dark haired boy inside the barrier, answered in the worst British accent I had ever heard, while looking at the sky seemingly entranced with the sparkling lights.

We all exchanged glances wondering what the hell to do now. Richard just shook his head and smirked. Not was only one smartass enough but now I had to deal with this kid being a smartass while drunk inside a barrier where I couldn't intimidate him into shutting up. If all else failed I could just shoot him. Except Richard wouldn't like it, and it would bother me I admit, shooting someone for annoying me isn't something I do. Damn but some days I wish I was a full-blown sociopath. Especially when I have to stand around and listen to a drunk ramble on in bad British accents.

"So my bestest buddies, you like my G-man imitation…maybe I should do Spike. Bloody right, mate. Hey my bestest witchy friend I like your lights…they're so purdy…" The boy's voice dropped off as he went back to staring at the lights.

"Damn. This is going to be a long night." Was my last spoken thought before I took my cell phone out and called Jean-Claude at the Circus. If he was disappointed at my canceling our date and then asking him to the lupnar he didn't show it. He didn't even protest Richard only allowing him to bring Damien and Asher. Sometimes I wished life was simple.
Chapter 3

Xander's POV

Xander had been hearing voices even answering once for a while now. "Hey, girls... I hear dead people..." I snickered knowing I wasn't suppose to say their names. I got muffled giggles as answers. "Y'know, the ground is really hard, so super Xand is going to get up.... and help the oh so frail girls that are his bestest buddies up too. Here I go." with that thought Xander pushed himself off the ground into a sitting position. He was mildly surprised to see wolf people starring at him from all sides with strange glowing eyes, especially the midget with a gun. That really tripped him out. He couldn't help but laugh.

"You gotta see this, come on sit up, super Xand isn't feeling up to helping. It's worth it believe me." Xander told his companions between snickers, while they struggled into sitting positions as well. Once they were up they were looking around too with a confused look in their eyes so he decided to help them out.

"I think we've run into Wolf people, who frolic with midget with guns...that are girls I think...or maybe Buffy copies on crack? I don't know. Maybe our imagination is running around the clearing making up wolf people with strange armed midgets.... don't know. But their eyes glow...oh I know they're demon wolf people. Yup demon wolf people with an armed midget queen...."I looked at the others and they nodded in return.

Jason's POV

While Anita made her call the boy had pulled himself into sitting position. Which made the wolves tense. The wolves also wondered if maybe the 3 were crazy. Only crazy people quote movies, call them selves super sand, and then proceed to laugh like a hyena.

Anita came back to the barrier to stand next to Richard while they waited for the vampires to show up. As soon as she saw the boy sitting up, she had her Browning out again. The boy was looking around and when he turned back to her, he started laughing again. Only crazy people laugh at the Executioner. She was especially not happy when she heard the rest of his conversation with the giggling girls, who nodded at his drunken wisdom.

"I think we've run into Wolf people, who frolic with midget with guns...that are girls I think...or maybe Buffy copies on crack? I don't know. Maybe our imagination is running around the clearing making up wolf people with strange armed midgets.... don't know. But their eyes glow...oh I know they're demon wolf people. Yup demon wolf people with an armed midget queen...."the dark haired
boy told his companions in the utmost confidence.

I turned to look at Anita and found her glaring at the boy. I think the midget crack really got to her. She's touchy about her height I couldn't help myself I had to say something. "Well, at least your not Bunny copies on crack, he went with armed midget, I think that was better than crack copies... don't you?" I asked in my most innocent voice followed by my most winning smile. Richard didn't think so. Anita wasn't amused.

"Jason, enough." Killjoy. "Go and escort Jean-Claude, Asher, and Damien here when they arrive." Yeah sure send me I get to explain the funny guy with his mates as he refers to them.

"Yes, master." I mocked but I'm not dumb I scampered away before Richard got really pissed. I heard his last comment before I left though, which made me laugh. "Look on the bright side Anita at least he thinks your a queen..."

Richards POV

The boy rubbed his head then stated is his most atrocious British accent, "I say, its awfully rude of you'll to stare at us...cause we aren't the freaks here, you'll are." He switched to his normal voice. "Have a question though why do you furballs follow the midget queen? Aren't Queens supposed to be tall? you standing next to her, your awfully big....you the king?" the boy had a serious death wish. I don't think even I could hold Anita back if he didn't quit calling her a midget. She didn't have a personal attachment to him as she did for Jason. Even I had a very small liking for Jason's smart mouth once in a while. Oh, hell even this dumb kid was starting to grow on me, just for pissing of Anita. Hey, even I can be petty at times.

"You could say that." I called out hoping we could figure out what the fuck was going on by acknowledging him. Anita didn't feel the same way, she positioned herself to have a better shot at the kid if he tried anything...maybe projectile vomiting?

"You speak English." He was just too smart. "Yes I do."

"That's weird, usually demon wolf people speak all growly and stuff.... some even have a weird language thing going like...well you know weird languages." His companions nodded in agreement to his wisdom. I am starting to believe they are crazy, not just drunk.

"Right. So do you your friends talk?" I asked for lack of anything to answer to his weird
"Yeah, they do...but I jinxed them so they can't until I say their names..." he thought that was the funniest thing ever, obviously either these are the weirdest assassin, bad guys, or evil people ever...and we were all being taken, or they were just some crazy drunk kids. I was starting to lean towards the stupid, crazy, drunk kids. I think Anita was also starting to believe the same; she had put away her gun.

"Ok, what now Richard?" on the end of that came the boy's voice again...making Anita grind her teeth with the effort to keep from trying to kill him I guess. "The midget queen speaks."

"We talk." I shrugged, what else could we do? Break into the barrier forcefully? We could go that way but then they weren't a threat to anyone but themselves at the moment. What happened next would be anyone's guess. One thing was for sure, in case these three were a threat or not we needed the triumvirate together.

Anita's POV

It was hard enough not to shoot these people for dropping in, but now I had to work at not shooting the boy. He was more annoying than Jason and I never thought that possible. Damn but things just kept getting worse, and I was starting to develop a headache. I guess talk it is, for once Richard's right. I hate being all chatty with the bad guys...well maybe bad guys. Although if he mentions my height again all bets are off.

"What's your name?" Simple enough question right?

"Xander." Sander? I look over at Richard; he shrugs as if to say how should I know.

"OK, Sander I'm Anita."

"Hmm...that's nice. You shouldn't be all with the talky though...you're wolf people demons...you should be with the growly, gonna kill everyone, end the world kinda stuff." Well, these type of comments scare me on many levels. First where the fuck is he coming up with demons and ending the world plots, second he should know they are werewolves.

"So, Sander how did you get here?" This question was uppermost in everyone's mind so why not
ask it…he could actually answer it.

"Y'know…I don't know…"He laughs." That rhymes." God he's an idiot. "My friend would know though…she's the smart one…" I'm sure, as opposed to this moron. Some days it doesn't pay to get out of bed, and what is with the other two anyway…they just nod and giggle like brainless twits.

"Can your friend tell us?" I hope so because I'm about to just let the wolves eat them and not worry about it anymore. The redhead nods…then shakes her head no, and point at her mouth. Fuck. Now I have to decipher mime.

"She could…but she's not…she doesn't want to loose the game." Game? "She can't talk till someone says her name." He sing songed. "You don't know her name." He actually had the guts to taunt me. I was so pissed at this moment that he startled me when he awkwardly climbed to his feet and sawed around his friends trying to walk a bit straighter I guess. Amazingly enough I didn't go for my gun, even Richard was impressed…or maybe he was impressed the way Sander was able to get up. Who knows, one thing was certain though it was going to be a very long night.
"Can your friend tell us?" the midget asked.

I shook my head yes, then remembered the jinx and shook it no and pointed to my mouth to let her know I was mute for the moment. I wish Xander would say my name already...it's not funny anymore. It's really wiggy how he keeps talking to our hallucinations. "She could...but she's not...she doesn't want to lose the game. She can't talk till someone says her name." He sang songed. "You don't know her name."

The midget was really weird; she looked like she was grinding her teeth with the effort to stop herself from screaming at Xander...or maybe shooting him with her gun. I don't like guns...maybe I can will it away...after all it's my dream. I closed my eyes really hard and wished for the gun to go away...I heard a, "hey." And then a lot more growling. I opened my eyes to find very meanie looking wolf people scratching at my protection spell...oh they were trying to get in. I looked over at Faith. She was confused too. I wanted to talk now. I turned towards Xander, and gave him my best-drunk resolve face and pointed to my mouth.

"Aww...that's cheating." I don't care I told him with my eyes; even drunk this was starting to feel too wiggy. "Fine. But you cheated." I nodded. "Willow."

"Thanks." I turn and say, "Faith."

"Yeah, Red?" I look at her. "Oh, right the name thing...gotcha." I laughed

"You'll cheated...and will you'll stop with the growly, you'll speak English and have I failed to mention we don't speak wolf or dog." Xander spoke to our hallucinations. They started growling more and raking the barrier with their claws, so much for them listening to their creators. In fact they were very rude, especially the midget. "Where the fuck is my gun?" she asked Xander.

"I don't have it...y'know." He answered and looked at Faith.

"Don't look at me, I didn't take it..." She looked towards me.

"I don't like guns..." they nodded, they understood. She didn't, and was very verbal about it too.
"I don't give a shit what you like or don't like little girl, but I want my gun back now." Wonder how she speaks through clenched teeth must hurt.

"Nope don't want to, you can't make me." I could be just as stubborn as Xander. Throughout this both Faith and Xander had managed to get over to me and stand behind me, one on the left and the other on the right.

"Red, my Spider sense is tingling…that's never happened in a dream before…”she sounded as confused as I felt about our group hallucinations. We never assume anything on the hellmouth, because weirder things have happened.

Richard's POV

This night couldn't get any worse…except they always do. The girl took Anita's gun. Anita's ready to use the marks to get inside there and probable kill the girl for taking it. I don't like guns either; especially in Anita's hand…she has an itchy trigger finger. Good thing Jean-Claude was now here. He could be counted on….sometimes to be diplomatic enough, to get out of some really tough shit.

"Jean-Claude's here." I murmured unnecessarily to Anita, she knew that but maybe saying out loud would calm her down a bit.

"I know."

"Other than the girl taking your gun…I don't even know how she did that. They aren't dangerous Anita; don't do anything you'll regret later. They think they are dreaming…I got that much from listening to them talk…although I'm confused on the Spidey sense…?" She gave me her shut the fuck up look, but she answered," You're guess is as good as mine." I nodded…like I understood.

"Our dream sucks, only on the hellmouth do we get drunk and dream about demon wolf people with midgets…that must be all you and Xander's doing Red, cause I would dream something really good…like…”the brunette girl looked around, I think she spotted Jean-Claude, Asher, and Damien. "Like those hotties over they're coming this way." She finished, sounding inordinately pleased with her discovery. "Now those are my contribution to this fucked up…”she trailed off. She kept looking at the vampires who were coming closer.

Faith's POV
"Our dream sucks, only on the hellmouth do we get drunk and dream about demon wolf people with midgets…that must be all you and Xander's doing Red, cause I would dream something really good…like…” I looked around, trying to see what I would contribute. "Like those hotties over they're coming this way. Now those are my contribution to this fucked up…” I trailed off…even drunk I knew they were different. My slayer sense had gone into red alert…except it warned about vampires…then it didn't. That was too weird for me to dream about. Maybe this wasn't a dream…and if it wasn't we were fucked.

"Red, I don't think my Spidey sense is working correctly in this dream…” Except Red was looking at the new guys too, they were closer now. As they kept coming closer I wasn't feeling so shit faced anymore. Red was looking at them too as if trying to figure something out. Xander was just starring at the sparkly thingies above our heads.

"Faith."

"Yeah?"

"The protection spell is glowing red…”

"OK. What does that mean Red?"

She whispered the next answer, but it was pointless because everyone outside the barrier looked towards us. "Vampires." Fuck.

"Shit, Red what do we do now? I mean I'm still woozy and Xander's…still in never never land…your not looking too sober on your feet either…” I could admit I was scared…I mean my dream was starting to take on a more realistic feel.

"Don't worry Faith, the protection spell is equipped with a sobriety spell in case of such an emergency…but I'm not sure this isn't a dream…except it's starting to feel too real to be a dream or a hallucination." I didn't know what too think, especially with my slayer sense having hot flashes and the vampires coming to stand near the big Neanderthal and the midget. One thing was clear in my mind…this was no dream. Not with me hearing the discussion going on.

"Ma petit was is wrong? Jason filled us in but what has you so agitated?” the guy dressed in white leather with black haired asked the midget. The other two just looked at us like bugs under a
microscope, except that there was a definite gleam in their eyes that didn't sit well with me…it made me want to rip them to pieces with my bare hands. Red was not liking it either, the barrier was now glowing a deep wine red.

"The redhead took my gun. She wont give it back." Wow she made a great whiner like Buffy. But it was too creepy for words.

"Ma petit that is no reason to kill them. We don't know how they got here. First we must talk and see if they are dangerous or not. Maybe they are just as they seem drunk lost children…” That did it he pissed me off.

"Who the fuck you calling children?" That's when all hell broke loose. He turned at looked at me. The wolf people growled and intensifed the efforts to get inside the barrier. He was trying something with his eyes…Red felt it too. One minute I was feeling woozy and the next I was sober and advancing towards the vampire without my knowledge all I knew at that moment was that I had to kill him.

"Faith. Stop. Listen to me." Red had grabbed hold of my arm and was pulling me back. I was struggling with the urge to kill him, it was scarring me." I cant Red, I have to." I tried to get her to let me go, but she wouldn't so I turned and looked at her eyes, they were turning black…oh shit I knew we where in trouble now.
Chapter 5

Willow's POV

Damn, something was wrong…I couldn't figure out what though. As the 3 got closer the barrier turned a darker shade of red. They were vampires, but this was a dream….right? I didn't know anymore and the natives were getting restless.

"Who the fuck you calling children?" Shit. Whoever called us children fucked up. Faith was pissed. I looked at were she was only to find her standing in front, her back to me. I grabbed hold of her arm when I saw her start to move towards the guy with the startling blue eyes that glowed with some kind of inner fire. There was something wrong with his eyes…no he was trying to do something to Faith with those eyes. She was just reacting to a vampire threatening her. The danger was present with intent to harm so my sobriety spell kicked in.

"Faith. Stop. Listen to me." I was pulling back on her arm. She stopped without looking away from the vampire she said, "I cant Red, I have to." I knew what she was talking about. I felt the need to protect myself from them also. But the barrier would dissolve once we engaged the threat and all of them would be able to get in here. I panicked and let my eyes bleed black when she looked at me. She calmed instantly, which gave me time to think.

"Cease." I told the guy who was trying to work his mojo on Faith. Except it wasn't my voice, it was like the voice of thousands of witches before me all commanding him to stop. "We mean you no harm, I don't know what your trying to do to her but stop it. It's making her want to kill you. I wont be able to stop her."

"Very well." I placed the accent as French. His eyes were still a startling blue color but they were longer burning. My protection spell was weakening with all the wolves trying to break in. I wouldn't be able to hold it much longer.

"Xander, are you OK now?" I asked worried, he was my main concern should the protection spell fail. Faith and I could take care of ourselves. I could feel my eyes turning back.

"Yeah, I'm not drunk anymore, but could you cut out the sparklies they are still distracting. Oh and next time I want to party with Jose…don't let me." He joked uneasily; he knew we were in deep shit. I nodded. I understood his message, he wanted my to plunge us into complete darkness. It was to our advantage and maybe not theirs, so I did.
"Well, I guess this is the part you'll tell us what the fuck you'll are and why the fuck we were brought here?" Faith was still bristling with anger but staying behind me some, Xander had started looking around spotting any weaknesses in their ranks. I was the designated talker I guess.

"Cheri, it is you who have dropped in on Monsieur Zeeman's lupnar, taken ma petite's gun and insulted me. As to what we are you already know the others in various states of change are werewolves, Monsieur Zeeman is their Ulfrc, he saw my confused look, "Wolf king if you will. Ma petite is the Executioner…” I think he was expecting a reaction to that, when we didn't give him one he continued. I didn't give one though because the executioner was nothing to me. I didn't know what the hell she executed. "She's also a necromancer, and my human servant." OK that told me nothing. He spoke and said nothing. He had talent I'll give him that.

"That's great but other than the fact the big guys a werewolf king, I know nothing. Who are you?"

"I am the Master of the city." Ok he moved in on Sunnydale, why anyone would be proud of that fact is beyond me.

"So I'm guessing vampire?" He nodded. "Ok, so what do you want with us?" Xander spoke next. "What they all want, these guys have a one track mind probably some big ritual involving our deaths to open the hellmouth…am I right?" the leaders all looked confused for a second before the big one spoke.

"We don't want anything from you, only to know why and how you got here. I don't want to kill you but I will if you threaten my wolves or anyone else. We don't have any rituals involving killing anyone, and we don't want to open the hellmouth…whatever that is." He still hadn't told his wolves to stop trying to break through the barrier. Which didn't make me want to trust him anymore than I had to.

Now I was confused again. They wanted to know how and why we got here? I was starting to get a weird feeling we weren't in Kansas anymore. Xander and Faith were starting to get the same feeling by the look on their faces when I asked the question.

"Where are we?"

“The lupanar of the Thronnos Rokke Clan" the midget answered this time.

"Again, that is where?" my question confused them again.
"Outside of St. Louis…Missouri…in the US…North American continent…planet Earth.." Another wolf answered, this time. His answer would have made me laugh except it wasn't funny to find out you were in another city from where you started from. We all looked at each other and came up with one word to sum up all our feelings.

"FUCK."

Richard's POV

So much for them being harmless drunk kids. One minute I'm listening to Jean-Claude talk about the situation, next the brunette is insulting him, which causes him to try to roll her mind, only to find that it just makes her want to kill him. Oh yeah how she heard Jean-Claude from in there is beyond me. Before they were drunk, now they smell sober and anxious, agitated, not scared. This is getting out of hand. Especially with everyone learning the redhead has power. I think she's a match for our triumverate by herself. Her eyes scared me when I saw them. They were similar to ours after Anita killed Chimera, except this girl didn't steal life energy to achieve that.

"Outside of St. Louis…Missouri…in the US…North American continent…planet Earth." Jason answered. Which made me wonder why I hadn't let Anita kill him yet. He was all by himself trying to kill everyone here. Except that they didn't react to his sarcasm. In fact they looked shocked. They all said one distinct word though. "FUCK." Ok I guess they weren't planning on coming here, but that still left the fact that they were here and obviously powerful. Not everyone could meet a vampire's gaze, or make him back down.

Which left us right where we started from, confused and wanting to kill them.

Willow's POV

Shit. Shit. Shit. Shit. This was too weird even for the hellmouth. I didn't know what the hell was going on. I wasn't sure if these people were dangerous or if like they said we just happened to land here drunk and interrupt, however that didn't explain the master vampire and his cohorts, or excuse his behavior at trying to do something wiggy to Faith with his eyes. I had to think quickly because the barrier was going to come down any minute, but I had no way of letting Xander or Faith know.

"Ok, Its like this, we are just as confused as you are about us ending up here, the fact was we were patrol…um walking in the park drinking tequila and being regular drunks…except for the fact that I'm a witch…anyway we were just walking around and I put up the protection barrier cause you
know we were drunk girls and Xander too but he's a boy and he was drunk too." Faith and Xander were starting to wonder about my sanity. "And you know thieves and rapists are all about so we had to protect ourselves. I remember sitting down and then being on my back looking at the stars and my sparkly lights being surrounded by glowing eyes who talked, I thought I was hallucinating until Xander started having a conversation with you, then the vampires got here and the master tried his freaky eye mojo on my friend here and she didn't like. I didn't either which is why I had to be rude but I really don't know how we got here and I'm sorry we ended up here…so if you'll let us we will just be on our way?" I asked hopefully.

"You really don't expect us to believe…" The midget trailed off. "Ok, so maybe you do, but you still can't think your just walking out of here as if nothing happened?" Damn, why can't the hellmouth bring us where people are nice and slow?

"Well, I was hoping but since your not, how about I let down the barrier and we talk without the big guy letting his wolves eat us and the vampires trying their freaky eye mojo an my friends?" If they went for this, then letting the barrier down wouldn't be a sign of weakness. They all looked at each other like they were communicating telepathically, which wouldn't surprise me…and nodded. I looked at Faith, then Xander and let them know to be ready. I knew this trust could be a trap but I couldn't keep up the spell any longer. So I closed it and down came the barrier.

Anita's POV

Either the girl was a lunatic or all that babbling she just did was the truth but that still didn't explain why she was lying. Through the link Richard told me he had picked up on it, so we agreed to talk but we just wanted her to drop the shield so the wolves could hold them while we talked. I also wanted my gun back it was my favorite. I didn't think the girl would actually drop her shield after all they were outnumbered but she did, except things didn't go according to plan.
Chapter 6

Faith's POV

"Well, I was hoping but since your not, how about I let down the barrier and we talk without the big guy letting his wolves eat us and the vampires trying their freaky eye mojo on my friends?" Willow said, which made me wonder if the tequila had killed off too many brain cells.

I didn't understand why Red would attempt to trust them; they had a fucking army by the looks of things. She also gave away the fact we were just as lost as they were. I need to do a refresher course with her on tense situations 101, never give your enemy an advantage…especially unknown, powerful enemies and never never give up your advantage. I knew she looked at me as if to relay a message but I'm not telepathic or a Vulcan so I just looked back at her and gave her my best, gonna kick your ass if we make it out alive look. Her eyes started to change again, they were turning black, which I understood meant she expected them to rush us and I should be prepared. I was spoiling for a good fight. In fact lately that was the only time I felt alive, but I wasn't into suicide, and this would be certain death for us, we where outnumbered and new next to nothing about their weaknesses, except for the werewolves. We needed silver though, and I didn't carry anything but stakes and I'm sure Willow and Xander had holy water and crosses, a fat lot of good that was going to do. Oh well I might as well go out fighting.

"Ready." I whispered to Red, knowing full well that the wolves had heard. I also had the feeling that the big guy gave his wolves orders in some weird animal way… I had a feeling I knew what the orders were. If my suspicions were right, the very cute big guy was going down if it was the last thing I did. Such a waste to kill such a hottie…well wolf but oh well, he started it. I hated liars and authority on principle…he was both.

Everything happened in a split second but when you're living it, you get the feeling of slow motion, even though most of the events unfolded in a blur. When Red let the barrier down there was a flash, I found 2 very wicked looking silver blades in my hands, I had time to see Xander had gotten a very nice sword as well, before I felt and saw the wolves rush us from all directions. I had no time to think as a wolf threw itself at me and knocked me on my back, I was lucky that I'd had the blades in my hands when it happened or I'd have been wolf kibble. As I flew back my arms came up still holding the blades, as the wolf came down on top of me it basically impaled himself on them. Only seconds had passed but it felt like hours. I looked up to find 4 wolves making their way to Xander who I knew couldn't hold them all off. I knew Red could take care of herself, so I pushed the wolf of my knives and went over to Xander.

Richard's POV

As soon as the barrier came down, Sylvie, Jamil, Shang-Da, and 8 other rushed the 3 per my
instructions. I told the others to hold back, after all we didn't want them dead just restrained. In all our Machiavellian planning we had underestimated our opponents since we had thought them harmless. There was a flash of light and then my wolves were through the barrier, rushing the 3, which we had previously seen unarmed. In those few seconds the flash blinded everyone, the brunettes had both gotten weapons, which the wolves rushing them had not registered. I saw James throw himself at the girl, knocking her down, then impaling himself on her knives, with his own momentum. The girl had just let James gut himself; she then threw him off and moved to help the boy who was being surrounded by 4 of my wolves. I noticed that the others were going after the redhead but they were holding back I didn’t know why?…except her hair was different somehow. I looked at her and saw her eyes had turned black again, her power crackled around her, making her now black hair look as if the wind was holding it up. I knew then it would take more than 10 to restrain these 3. I gave my order and more of my wolves went to join the fight.

Anita's POV

Stupid males, always underestimating the girls when they have to always look at us first. Holy shit where did the sword and blades come from? They didn't have that before…or maybe they did and we didn't catch then taking them out because of the flash. I knew those two would be more trouble than the boy, although he's not too bad either. I bet James never takes a girl as an easy target again, he seems to be in a lot of pain from gutting himself. I guess our plan of restrain and talk won't work, it'll be more like a massacre of 3 people. They don't look like the type to give up.

What the fuck? The witch's eyes looked like Obsidian Butterfly's and mine when we stole others life force…except hers were black as midnight, no play of stars in them…her hair had also turned black. She was freaking me out; she needed to be taken out…now. Her power was building and I didn't think we could stop her should she turn it on us. Richard gave the order for the other to join the fight and I agreed.

Jean-Claude, Asher and Damien watched the scene with masks of indifference as if they weren't witnessing some incredible feat the 2 humans and witch were performing. In fact they were very interested in the witch. Her power was inconceivable and they had a feeling that it was only small show of it. They could taste her power and roll it around their mouths like a fine wine. It tasted like a blend of innocence and darkness, an unbelievable combination that left them reeling and wanting to taste her like any fine wine.

Willow's POV

I knew they weren't to be trusted, as soon as the closed the protection spell I transported 2 blades for Faith and a sword for Xander in the small flash that followed just in case. I was surprised as how fast these wolves moved, they were on Faith in an instant but she was lucky the wolf impaled himself, Xander was having luck with his wolf as well. I was holding them back by letting them see and feel ounce of my power. I didn't want to have to kill anyone I just wanted to find out how we got here
and how to get home.

I saw 4 more wolves start towards Xander, I panicked but then I saw Faith got to him and calmed. When I saw more wolves join the fight, I lost it. I drew on the knowledge of the dark arts I had absorbed. I called on my power and floated upwards as my power built and I performed a very strong magic. I was floating about 20ft in the air, I was high enough to see the clearing and everyone in it I used that weird voice again, the one that sounded like me times a thousand.

"Ut nunc se congelo." I yelled in a thousand voices. I felt energy flow out of my fingers and into every living thing below me as they all froze in place. I let my power dissipate, as I floated back down. I landed and looked around, laughing at the site before me. Everyone was frozen in various states, some running to join the battle others fighting Faith and Xander. I noticed then that they had been frozen too. I went over to them placed my hands on them and de-spelled them, "Absolvo congelo."

They looked a bit confused, then looked around saw everyone frozen in place like statues, they laughed.

"Way to go Wills..."Xander congratulated me, not the least bit scared that I had used magic. His trust helped me get myself under enough control so that my hair at least went back to being red.

"Bitchin…really bitchin Red." Faith was pleased to see she didn't have to try to fight any of these wolves; after all they would have eventually killed us all. She looked around smirking at the sight of what she saw, but then she tensed…she turned back to me and asked in a whisper, "Where's the big guy, midget and the other 2 vampires?" Fuck. Shit. I knew I'd missed something.
Chapter 7

Anita's POV

Who'd have thought the witch had the power to levitate. I sure as hell didn't see that coming. In fact I was surprised when more wolves moved in on her as she started to go up into the air. Except I felt another thing start to rise as well, her power. I think she was toying with us, when she let the barrier down…in fact I'm betting she could have stayed in there a very long time. The air around us was charged and thick with her power…it felt like it was spreading around us all.

That's when it hit me she wasn't just up there to get away from the wolves. She was up there to see how many she was up against. I had underestimated my own sex; I knew I might not live to regret it. I opened the mark between us completely. We couldn't afford to have shields between us if we were to survive this attack. Richard and Jean-Claude were surprised but they also followed my lead and opened the marks as well. I knew time was short but she might be more powerful than the 3 of us so I drew my power inside me and sent it out to protect Asher and Damien. Except I was too late, my power covered Asher first since he was closest, that's when I heard the voice that seemed to be made up of many.

"Ut nunc se congelo." I felt something try to get through the marks but we ruthlessly pushed it out. I held Asher in my power hoping it would be enough to protect him. I knew now we had just fucked with something bigger than ourselves. I was pretty sure we would die before it was all said and done. In seconds the feeling of being surrounded by something smothering was gone. I looked around thinking I would see the wolves' torn limb from limb or something to that effect but they were just standing still. I looked over at Asher and found him shocked to see what the witch had done. I think he was afraid of what would have happened if I hadn't covered him with my power when I did. Damien was a statue. Everyone was a statue except us; I was planning on keeping it that way.

I looked over and saw the witch floating back down so I grabbed Jean-Claude and Richard gave Asher a look and ran behind the throne. I heard her laugh; it sent chills up my spine. I knew there were many things in this world that no longer scared me but she did and I hated her for it. I heard her friends congratulate her…we could almost picture them walking around the statues. Damn, the girl had noticed we were missing, I had hoped we would have more time to come up with a plan.

I knew I was bad at the hand-to-hand combat, which would most likely take place. I was better with guns. I had my knives but I doubted the 3 would be stupid enough to let me get close enough to use them. In a nutshell we were fucked. It didn't help that Richard, Jean-Claude and Asher were amazed at the power the girl wielded. They didn't feel threatened by it, which pissed me off even more. Maybe I was jealous that she held what I considered my men in thrall so easily while I had to juggle to keep them and myself happy.
Richard's POV

Holy fucking shit. That slip of a girl packed more power than Anita, and any one person I had ever met. Hell, she could kick Jean-Claude's ass. In fact she did kick all our asses. My once proud pack of 600 had been made statues right before my eyes. I couldn't do anything, that hurt; I had failed them as Ulfric once more. I almost got them all killed with Chimera and now all of them were statues thanks to our grandstanding. I think Anita and Jean-Claude's ways have been too much influence on me. It was my entire fault I should have known that many people, especially people from out of town don't like the games I've had to play in order to survive.

I was glad the girl hadn't torn my pack limb from limb like Anita had thought. In fact I was surprised someone like her or any of them for that matter weren't into gruesome violence. I knew then we had been wrong to try to strong arm the little group. I couldn't do anything now, after all hindsight was 20/20 in all matters. All I could do was hope that I could find someway to convince her we really meant no harm and hope that my wolves weren't going to be statues the rest of their lives. I knew I had been staring at the redhead, when I felt Anita grab my hand and take Jean-Clause, Asher and myself behind the throne.

Through the marks I felt Anita's fear of the girl, her anger, and most of all the jealousy at Jean-Claude's and my pre-occupation with the redhead. What she failed to see was that the redhead drew us because she could take care of herself and had a vulnerability that was palpable even when she was kicking ass. This little group of misfits had feelings, you could see them on their faces, they didn't have poker faces they wore all the time like most of the people I knew. You knew what they were thinking, their eyes shone with some inner happiness even while everything was turning to shit. In short they knew who they were and were happy to be alive. I had never run into anyone like them and I was suddenly eager to meet them not as their enemy but as Richard, no grandstanding no titles.

Jean Claude was speechless which made me want to laugh. It wasn't everyday a drunken trio leaves the Master of the city speechless and his boyfriend as well. Just because I had closed all the marks when I broke up with Anita didn't mean Jason didn't let me in on all the things that happened at the Circus. I knew everything in fact I had details which Jason seemed to relish sharing the little jerk off…everyone knew I was a closet homophobe, but that just made Jason share all the more. Finally, Jean-Claude wasn't speechless anymore; in fact he seemed to be sad.

"Ma petite, I believe we have bitten off more than we can chew with these 3. Maybe we should try Monsieur Zeeman's approach since ours seems to just make her mad." I was amazed that for once my approach was best.

"Are you fucking crazy? She just froze 600 wolves…what's to keep her from turning Richard into… I don't know something. We can't protect him if he goes by himself, if he dies we die…" Well, I might be Ulfric here, but I felt as if I was asking my mother for permission to go outside.
I am the Ulfric of the Thronnos Rokke Clan and by all that was holy I didn't need her permission at my own fucking lupnar. I refused to let us become another group Anita considered under her protection we weren't weak, we were strong, we were pack.

"I'm not going to die, and your way didn't work. We are doing it my way now." I told her, hoping my glare and our link was clue enough for her to understand the wolves weren't hers they were mine. I stalked out from behind the throne, my shape shifter energy spilling all around me. I felt Asher, Jean-Claude, and Anita rush out behind me. So sometimes my temper got the best of me, everyones entitled.

Xander's POV

"Where are the big guy, midget and the other 2 vampires?" Damn, that always happens. Be glad you won and boom it turns out you missed someone. Oh well at least its just 4 against 3 now

"Well, they couldn't have gotten far, I mean, they can't transport themselves, plus I'm sure they wouldn't leave their army of wolves at my mercy. I get the feeling the big guy wouldn't I'm not sure about the others. Come one lets go find them, we need answers." Willow answered as her and Faith started walking through the sea of statues, I was dragging behind.

"Wills, hate to doubt your very awesome magic but how long will all the furballs be statues?" I have to wonder about things like this since I'm the defenseless one in the group. Will and Faith could probably make it out alive but me I'm 100% human with few self defense techniques.

"Until, I decided to unfreeze them...well not quite. More like until my magic is distracted too much to sustain them that way." Oh well that's not too bad…

"So, whatcha mean by distracted?"

"Ok Xander what this preoccupation with the statues?"

"Well, I'm human. No slayer strength or stamina no cool magic to my rescue. If they unfreeze I know my chances of surviving are...not good. I'm not saying you wont try to protect me but protecting me has almost gotten Buffy killed many times. And now that it's just us in a very strange place full of wolves that want to make us kibble that's not so not the good. So I want to be prepared just in case...." Well that was as close as I ever came to admitting I felt cheated at times because I became a
hindrance more often than not because I had no special powers.

"But…"Willow started to say.

"He's right Red…" Faith understood what I meant. She had stopped Will's protest on how what a big help I was. "The bad guys usually go for Xander because although he's with us he's the weakest in terms of strength and abilities. He has courage though but what's courage if you brake easy?" Well, tell me how you really feel Faith.

"Oh, I never thought about that…"Uh oh…she's thinking…on how to help me. Fuck that's so not the good. That always backfires.

"Its ok Wills. I'm totally OK with being human. I mean not that you guys aren't human…I mean you know being normal isn't so bad…I'll just stop now before I dig myself in deeper…"So much for getting myself out of Will's help in the first place. All I have now is the girls glaring at me. Shit. Oh well hopefully whatever Willow decides to do won't be so bad…. I hope.
Now let's see through all those books I inhaled for lack or better word, I’m sure there is something to help Xander…I never realized he felt like that. It must be how Batman felt next to all the other superheroes. Especially Superman, Wonder Woman, Hawk Girl, Green Lantern…oh oh cant forget Flash…and Aquaman… and Scooby Doo…you have to have Scooby Doo in the Justice League cause the other superheroes can't do ghosts and creepy stuff…Ok well now, back to Xander. Let's see…

"Its ok Wills. I'm totally OK with being human. I mean not that you guys aren't human…” Gee, Xander glad you such clear cut definitions of what it means to be human, stupid head. “I mean you know being normal isn't so bad…” I just glared at him and dared him to finish sticking his foot any farther in his mouth. Faith concurred, in fact she was getting ready to smack him a new one…as much fun a that would be…we have to find the Fantastic 4…. well more like Dr. Evil and his gang but whatever. Now let's see…ah ha.

“By George I think I got it…” Always wanted to say that…

“Huh?” This from the slayer you'd think she'd had her A.D.D. looked at by now.

“What do you have Will’s? Gonna put me in a bubble? I could be like Bubble Boy rolling to the rescue…” Wow doesn’t take much to get him going. He’ll be rolling to the rescue anyway if he doesn’t watch the Twinkies and ding dongs…as well as the donuts, pizza…and dammit, maybe A.D.D. is catching.

“I have the perfect solution…” I was so happy. I was bouncing on my toes.

“You do.” Well, glad someone has confidence in my abilities…stupid head. It's for his benefit anyway.

“Yeah I do…memory spell…it'll bring back the soldier memories, but you won't be a soldier like on Halloween…yup yup yup…that'll work you'll be all self defense again, good with guns type of dude…and knives. So what do you say?” He better say yes…he'll have his Hyena strengths back too. Except no evil just Xander the hyena soldier guy…that’s funny, not telling him the Hyena part though. I'll just let him think it was my mistake.
“Ok, I guess that’ll be fine…it wont hurt…will it?”

“No, you goose now close your eyes…” he is such a child at times. I rolled my eyes at Faith. She was getting restless…it was the A.D.D. getting to her again. I put my hand on Xander’s forehead, just for kicks, it would seem all-ritualistic that way. I pushed a little bit of my power into his mind; it would have been like when Glorificus brain sucked someone except I was giving not taking.

Memorias praeteriti vocaro,
Illas naturae et virium
Habe iterum illas potestas.

So, basically my spell called back memories of times Xander had power. I’d also done the voice thing again…that was weird.

“So how do you feel?” I had to make sure I hadn’t fucked up anything in his brain…I mean that would suck. Not that I wasn’t confident in my ability it was just that…well its always good to double check.

Xander’s POV

What could I answer to that? I had no idea. All of a sudden I had access to knowledge, which I had never really remembered well. I was wanting to try it out. So I figured I’d have a chance very soon.

“I don't feel different but I now know things I never knew before…I want to try it out. So…how about we look for the missing?” I wanted to see how far I could go; I wanted to get my own back.

“Ya want to fight? That’s rich. So Red does a spell and your all ready to fight? That’s five by five… I'm all for the fighting so lets go flush out the midget and her…boy toys?” I didn't care if they were her personal slaves I just wanted something to pound on.

“Guys, now’s not the time…” Willow tried to warn us but I didn’t care, I wanted to try these new abilities out I was annoyed when something made me stop. I caught the scent of something in the wind, a predator. I stopped and sniffed the air. It was coming towards us…
“We have incoming, something big, powerful…” I sniffed again. “Wolf, and something dead, also a female…human…mostly…smells of dead things.” I was just as stunned as Faith and Willow when I finally looked at them. I was starting to get the suspicion that Willow’s spell had done a lot more than just let me use soldier memories.

“We need to be out in the open, less chance of them trapping us, that way…” I was surprised at the assertive new Xander. I was in control of the situation…oh yeah I liked this.

“Xander, I'm starting to like you a whole lot more.” Faith said this to me as we walked to where there were less wolf statues and an open space.

Faith’s POV

I was ready to beat the shit out of someone. I was surprised at all the stuff Xander could smell, which made me wonder if Red hadn’t added his hyena powers to the memory spell. I felt them too but I couldn't tell them apart like he did. I could only feel different levels of my spidey sense…depending I think on how much of a threat they were.

We finally saw them heading our way, the wolf king in front. Followed by the midget and the vampires. He seemed to be in a hurry to reach us; I wanted to be the welcome committee.

“He's mine…make sure you keep the others busy…while I dispatch the wolf king, shouldn’t take long.” I moved forward to meet him. I felt something run along my skin, as he got closer, a weird tingling sensation. I didn't even give him a chance to say anything; I wanted to fight so as soon as he was within striking distance…I launched myself at him. I had caught him off guard and he went down hard, I rolled off of him and went into a fighting stance.

He stood up as well, and faced me,” I don't…”I knew what he was going to say so I cut him off.

“Can it furball, don’t want to hear it.”

“I don't want to fight. I want to talk this out.”

I wondered if Red’s spell had maybe frozen a part of his brain.
“Furball you attacked us…that usually declares in loud clear tones that you want to kill us. So I’m here to kick your ass.” I rolled my eyes and wondered why the evil guys couldn’t stick with the script. I struck out with my right leg, catching him in his mouth just as he was going to answer. I smiled at that.

He grabbed his jaw, I didn't think I’d broken anything, maybe a bruise…I smiled at the thought. I think he finally understood I didn't want to talk. His eyes had turned amber.

“I don't want to have to take you out…” he told me that in the most serious tone. I laughed.

“You couldn't take me out if you bought me flowers and a box of candy.” I thought that awfully clever of me. Xander and Red did too, I heard them laughing behind me. I smirked at his stunned expression and threw a punch; it caught him in the mouth just as he was going to talk again. I laughed. I had busted his lip open. He wiped his mouth, looked from the blood on his hand to me and back again.

“Wolf boy are you gonna fight or what?” I asked annoyed that we had been circling each other and the fight was all on my side.

Richard’s POV

I was so preoccupied with reaching the redhead and talking to her I didn't see the brunette hurtling herself at me until it was too late. I flew back; she landed on top and rolled up faster than I had seen any human move. I’d only seen lycanthropes move that fast. I got myself up and we started circling each other. I tried to talk but she didn’t want to hear it. She kept calling my furball, it was insulting but I was willing to overlook that, since I wanted to try talking to them. So I maybe I was a bit naïve in thinking me saying I wanted to talk would turn the ties, but I had to try. I didn’t want to hurt this girl.

Before I could answer her, she kicked me. I was amazed at her speed, and the fact she caught me off guard…again. Her smile infuriated me so I let my eyes bleed wolf amber. I thought maybe she would back off then but she didn't. I could smell her anticipation and excitement. I thought to warn her, I really didn't want to hurt her.

“I don't want to have to take you out…” I let the sentence hang waiting for her to back down; after all she was so much smaller than me, even if she was strong and fast.
She had the audacity to laugh at me, when she answered her tone was sarcastic, "You couldn't take
me out if you bought me flowers and a box of candy." If I was in any other situation I would have
laughed but as it was, it just confused me, her humor especially when she was fighting. She punched
me that did it. I was pissed. No one hit me made me bleed and didn't pay. I tried to tackle her, she
dodged and tried to kick me in the midsection, blocked grabbed her leg and threw her into a statue.
She got up laughed and did a one handed front flip, kicking me on her way down. She had good
moves. I threw a punch, she dodged, and she threw a punch I dodged. It went back and forth, I was
starting to think that technique beat my brute strength. I mean I was a shifter so I was fast and strong
but she was fast and knew what she was doing it looked like she knew what I was going to do
before I did it.

Faith’s POV

I felt alive. My blood was pumping, the adrenaline was flowing…I was having a blast. The furball
was fast and strong but wasn't much for technique. I could figure out what he was going to do before
he did it, his body language gave it away. His punches and blocks were erratic, not smooth. He
didn't do this sort of fighting often. All this fighting was starting to turn me on. I mean how could it
not I was trading blows with a half nekkid man that looked like all my wet dreams rolled into one.

“Hey Faith, were getting bored over here, will you quit playing with him and knock him the fuck out
already so we can move on to the other 3?” Xander shouted at me as the furball landed on the floor, I
automatically took advantage and landed on top of him with my knee pushing down on his chest. I
knew Xander was right.

Oh well. At least I got warmed up.

Richard’s POV

I knew I could have ripped her to shreds if I had shifted but I ran the risk of infecting her with
lycanthropy, I didn’t want to do that. I just wanted to talk to them, although I had to admit this human
was good. She matched my every move with style, precision, and an innate flair for this type of
combat, like if it was an extension of her self. I was used to fighting other wolves or lycanthropes,
we usually just wrestled half in half out of our animal form, ripping each other up with our claws,
until one of us lost due to blood loss, loosing a major body organ, or just being plain dead.

I smelled something different in the air, which distracted me, which ended with me being flat on my
back with her knee putting pressure on my chest, which was making it hard to breath. I was about to
throw her off when I heard one of the others yell out at her. “Hey Faith, were getting bored over
here, will you quit playing with him and knock him the fuck out already so we can move on to the
other 3?” she had been playing with me?
That was unbelievable, and at the same time while I looked into her eyes, I saw the fact she was enjoying our sparring and I finally found the smell that had distracted me. Our fighting aroused her, I wondered if it was just fighting or fighting with me. I decided to ask.

“So, do you get turned on by fighting or is just because it’s me?” I watched her eyes widen, then fill with amusement before she answered.

“Well, sugar, I’d love to say, it turned me on all the time but then ugly demon types inspire me to put them out of their misery not fuck them senseless, although its not you that turns me on, its your body, as would anyone else’s who looked that good.” She answered honestly which amazed me Anita would have died before admitting to wanting to fuck the enemy.

“Oh.” Sometimes I wonder where I get my eloquent speech.

“Well, sugar, I’d hate to break this up but Xander’s getting impatient and Red’s tired of keeping your friends from coming to the rescue….” she leaned down towards me, I felt her hand caress the point where my neck met my shoulder, I thought she was going to kiss me, then decided she wouldn’t, I was surprised when she pressed her lips against mine. Then everything went black.

Faith’s POV

I figured Wolf boy would be either really pissed when he woke up or embarrassed as hell. After all, he was put down by little old me using feminine wiles. Well, more like my Xena impression. Except I didn't have that uncomfortable breastplate.

“Way to go Faith…you kissed him to sleep…which probably doesn’t say much about your technique…” I flicked Xander off and went to stand by them both.

“Where did you learn pressure points?” Red asked you could hear the excitement of learning something new in her voice.

“Angel. He told me it was the easiest way to get rid of human monsters without killing them. He made me promise I would do that before killing any human being no matter how evil, I was to call the police. I agreed, I didn’t think, much of it at the time.” I wonder if Angel knew killing even a bad
human would undo all the things I had so far accomplished.

“Oh, well, I kept the other 3 from jumping you, by erecting a magical wall...while you dispatched... Monsieur Zeeman.” Willow mimicked the vampire’s French accent. It made me laugh. I was all of a sudden thinking that maybe these 3 wouldn’t be such a problem.

“Well guys lets dispatch bad guy vampire numero dos.” I didn’t want to be left out of the accent mimicking. Xander had British, Willow had French and I had Spanish. We made quite a trio.

I grabbed Xander’s hand and walked to stand in the middle of our small clearing. “Red rover, red rover let pretty in white come over...” I taunted the vampire that had tried his mojo on me. I wanted to kill him and had Xander to help me. Life was good.

“Let him in Red...” I couldn't wait for payback.
Chapter 9

Xander's POV

"Let him in Red…"

All of a sudden I didn't feel so comfortable taking on a master vampire, even with my new abilities after all I was only human. I mean these guys were really good at being bad. I was having doubts. Maybe all this knowledge was just that… information, it didn't mean I necessarily knew how to use it. I was too late on trying to stop Willow from letting the vamp in.

I was amused to see that instead of just transporting him in, Wills went all show and tell on us. She conjured a hand that looked like the one on the hamburger helper commercial, and hand knapped him right in front of his partners in crime. I don't know who was more shocked them or us. The other two started chasing the hand around trying to pry it open.

I looked at Faith, and we both busted out laughing. Sometimes I wondered how Willow ever tried to end the world. Only she would use a cartoon to catch a vampire then amuse herself by playing keep away with him. I think she finally got tired and just let the hand go through the barrier closing it before the others could get in. They were left beating on the wall. The hand immediately disappeared after crossing the barrier. We were still chuckling at the sight of a vampire being hand knapped by Willows warped sense of humor.

"Well, next time he plays I never, he can say I never got vamp knapped by a cartoon hand." I joked in times when I felt the need to run screaming for my mommy…well more like Buffy.

"Wait, How do vamps play I never? Do they pass around the human or do they each get their own? Are they all sitting around a table or the cemetery?" This rambling from Willow, sometimes I wondered what went on in her mind. Faith rolled her eyes waiting for the vampire who was currently dusting himself off from his abrupt landing to make a move.

"Cherie, I would like nothing more than to answer you question but I have no knowledge of what you are referring to." I wondered if all vampires had to be good looking in order to be turned…I mean I've had to listen to Anya, Buffy, Faith, and Willow go on and on about Spike and Angel. I can imagine what they would say about him. Long black hair, violently blue yes, tall and has an accent, they would drool…hell he looks more like an angel than Angel and he's the one who earned the nickname. I did not just check out a vampire. I should stop hanging out with the chicks they were rubbing off on me and not for the good.
Oh well, fight now talk later.

"OK. We believe you…not." He looked at me then…I had the sensation of falling, abruptly it was gone. I was pissed.

"What the fuck was that?" Faith and Willow looked shocked; the vampire just kept looking at me.

"Xander, I think that Red's spell gave you more than you think…cause your eyes just got all glowy on us." Well fuck a duck, I didn't know how I did that but I was suddenly glad Willow's spell hadn't worked correctly, cause the vampire had tried some of his mojo on me.

"You can hold my gaze now. Why? Why can all of you hold my gaze?" He didn't sounds particularly happy about that fact, he sounded like someone had just taken his favorite toy away.

"I have no idea why looking at you is such a big deal, I mean you aren't some kind of king from back in the day that had been turned are you?" Maybe he was having a kingly moment at us peasants looking at him without bowing and scraping like he was accustomed.

"Hardly."

"Then what's the big deal?" This from Faith, who was chomping at the bit to get at him, well she wasn't the only one.

"Normal humans can't hold a vampires gaze, they become entranced." Oh, well what kind of vampires were they.

"Uh guys we are definitely not and I mean *not* in Kansas anymore unless G-man forgot to mention there are different breeds of vampires." I suddenly wasn't in a hurry to fight him, I wanted to go home. I looked at Faith to see her reaction.

"Holy water still burns you right?" he nods, "Sunlight makes you burst in flames?" nod. "Decapitation kills you?" nod "Stake through the heart? nod "Crosses make you think twice before biting?" nod " I don't see the problem then…he feels like a vamp, can be killed like a vamp so what the hell are we worrying about?" Faith always had her priorities straight.
"How do you know these things?" he asked

"Fang face, either St Louis vampires live in the boonies or someone seriously forgot to educate you, but I don't mind doing it myself. I'm the Vampire Slayer." He didn't react to that. Now I was confused.

Faith's POV

He didn't react to being told I was put on this earth to kill his kind. Maybe was more bonkers than he looked.

"Your like ma petite?" huh? That wasn't the answer I was expecting.

"Sorry fang but I'm not like anyone you ever met."

"You're a vampire executioner like ma petite," there he goes with the ma petite thing again, and what's the difference between one title or the other," you kill rogue vampires for the government." Rogue vampires? For the government? On second thought this vampire was nuttier than a fruitcake, such a waste too he was cute.

"Nope the gang took out the initiative before I came back and it's my sacred duty no one pays me for it. I'm the chosen one, born with the strength and skill to kill vampires and stand against the forces of darkness, blah blah blah basically I was put on this earth to kick you ass." I hated when the vampires where clueless to their natural predator.

"Excuse me are you saying you were born with this ability?" for a master vampire and a really cute French guy…he was really dumb.

"Like duh, enough with the educational part of the segment. So lets do this." I was ready to get on with it.

"My sincerest apologies for offending you before, but we thought you meant us harm." He spoke so pretty, it made me want to punch him in the mouth.
"Well, we don't care, now we fight." I gave Red a nod and she conjured 3 swords. I threw one at Xander and then threw the other at the vampire. "Catch." He did and made a few practice swings that made me think he was comfortable with this weapon.

"Hopefully you'll be more fun than the furryball." I hoped so.

"I don't think, this is the best way…" Xander and me were advancing on him our purpose obvious so he shut-up.

Anita's POV

Fuck, Richard is such a boy scout. I could feel his reluctance at shifting and maybe infecting the girl. I wanted to shoot him maybe that would wake him up. I wanted to help but I was locked out. As soon as the redhead saw us go towards Richard she erected a wall again. We couldn't get in; we could only look at how Richard was being toyed with. He had put his shields back up. I saw the girl finally get the upper hand, then lean over and kiss him. Richard didn't get up again, I was frantic I needed to get in and reach him.

"Calm, yourself Anita, Monsieur Zeeman is alive. You can feel that through the link." I knew that. I must have looked bad though for him to use my name. He only called me that when he was serious about whatever was happening at the time.

"Jean-Claude, I believe we have offended them past any kind of non violent resolution." Asher had an annoying tendency to state the obvious in the prettiest of ways.

"I know mon ami, but for our sake we shall have to try. Without the fourth marks we cannot win. They are powerful in their own right, make no mistake that unlike us, their powers are a natural ability." That was his subtle dig at how my sensibilities had endangered us once again.

"Bon, but she could've killed him, yet she put him to sleep. It makes me wonder why. I believe that they don't want to kill us, just show us that they too can play our games, and they play to win make no mistake about that." Asher had a point, but I wasn't willing to concede, even if I had wanted too, I didn't get the chance.

A giant gloved hand took hold of Jean-Claude. It just snatched him away, I was shocked as was Asher, Jean-Claude looked like this type of thing happened everyday. We caught up with the hand,
and with Asher's help tried to pry the fingers loose, but it wasn't budging. I could their laughter, which made me re-double my efforts at freeing Jean-Claude.

"Non ma petite, you will hurt yourself and they are not looking to kill me…" he got to say no more as the hand ran towards the wall, it got through. I tried to run after but the wall sealed itself back up. I maybe hoped pounding on it would do something but all it did was make my hand hurt. Fuck how could I try not to panic, Richard was out cold, a giant gloved hand had just taken Jean-Claude, and we couldn't use the power of the triumverate without the 3 of us together. I knew that someone would dies here tonight. I didn't believe anyone could be that benevolent after being attacked by werewolves, it just didn't happen. I just hoped we could find some way out of this mess before it caused anyone their life. After all it had been my idea to use a show of force. Maybe I would live long enough to regret it maybe not.

What the fuck? Where did the sword come from? It was now 2 against Jean-Claude, which still made me think, they didn't know exactly who they were dealing with or they wouldn't have given him a sword. Even with the odds at 2 against 1 no mere humans could stand up against a vampire, especially no one as old as Jean-Claude. Maybe we would yet get out alive.
Chapter 10

Willow's POV

I definitely need a magic bag. All the cool magic users had them, Felix the Cat, Tinky Winky… cant think of anymore but this whole conjuring things out of thin air is getting really hard, especially while concentrating on keeping the wolves statues. I didn't think Xander's eyes would go all glowy…it was a good thing too because the vampire was trying out his mojo, for a minute there I thought Xander was done for.

I love the sound of sword fighting, it's so relaxed, I mean here they are furiously thrusting, blocking, and Faith and Xander getting in the occasional kick but you don't see that. It's like some orchestrated dance, its graceful, the dance of death.

Damn I bet that stings…maybe I should stop it, after all they aren't going to beat him, they are just giving him little nicks here and there. He then returns the favor; they are playing a game with each other. They are all nicked in the exact same spots…oh there goes Xander's sword, flying over his head. I didn't know Xander could back flip, narrowly missing the vampires thrust, meanwhile Faith nicked the vamp on his cheek, uh oh he didn't like that one bit. Damn, bad choice of weapons here, the French guy definitely has an edge but Xander and Faith aren't so bad, good thing it isn't one on one of they would be sword kibble. Ha, Frenchy has lost his sword…and just kicked Xander's sword of his hand and into his own, very interesting move. This is better than Duncan McLeod in all his glory. But I'm tiring and very soon I'll have a nosebleed and no way to hide my fatigue then, so….

"Bored now…" I told the 3 as I walked to them eyes black. Faith and Xander understood what that phrase meant. But no one stopped the steel from singing. I hate being ignored.

Time for my kind of playing. Lets see…I have the perfect solution. I looked at the vamp, held my hand up palm facing him and said the magic words. "Siste." He looked properly shocked. I don't think he understood he wasn't moving cause I willed it so. I had stunned my friends too, but what's a little fear between friends.

"Volita." Up, Up and away he floated…I loved doing that. I could control his floating. So of course I was gentle and didn't make him sea sick…not. I laughed so hard watching him have his own imaginary boat ride through one hell of a storm up in the air, which boasted clear skies.

"Willow?" This from Xander
"What, don't you see I'm busy?" I turned to look at him, making Frenchy fall to the ground once I lost my focus. "Oh." The wolf king had awakened at he didn't look happy. In fact holding Xander hostage told me that. "Well, Xander, what am I suppose to do? You're the hyena, and he's the wolf, I'm sure you can get out of his headlock; you're just as strong as he is. I can't help you with magic; one spell per friend per night is my rule. So deal." I turned back to Frenchy he was giving me the evil eye, but he still couldn't move. I had just surprised everyone by refusing to help my friend. Oh well I had just developed a headache it was starting to pound. Anyway Xander didn't need saving the wolf king wouldn't hurt him, that and the fact that my talk got Xander to stop relaying on his old thinking patterns of crying for help and using his own abilities helped too. Now back to what I was doing…

"Aww, does Frenchy not like what the mean old witch has done…too bad." I told him gleefully, because it was not over yet. Faith was starring at me and looked at Xander who was now engaged in fighting the furball. I motioned for her to help him out. I needed to get Frenchy all trussed up like a Christmas turkey. I conjured up chains, and then reinforced them with magic.

I gave them commands. "Catenae circum involvere." The chain wrapped around Frenchy, by this time he could move, I had lost focus of the stop spell. I gave my final order, "Obsera." A lock appeared and the chains around him were further secured. He was cursing in French, which amused me, since I didn't understand but he didn't know that.

"Wow, and you probably kissed your mother with that mouth, for shame." He stopped cursing and I walked over and tore the sleeve off my long sleeve shirt, then gagged him with it. I couldn't do too much more magic my head was performing a drumbeat that rivaled any I had ever heard.

It was getting to the point I couldn't keep the others out any more, my magical wall was paper-thin. I did what I had to do. "Septum claudet," it wasn't fancy but it got the job done. The wall was now down and the midget and other vampire where heading straight toward me.

I looked behind me and saw that the wolf king was indeed once more knocked out. Faith was shacking her head no and Xander was nodding his head yes. I decided that I was not fit to fight, hand to hand. I could only hold them off for just a few minutes as thing were, unless I wanted the statues to revive.

"Sistite." The vampire and the midget stopped. I looked to Xander and Faith, I saw them coming my way and I was relieved.

"He fell for it.... again... he's such and idiot." I caught Xander's remark
"he's not an idiot, he just didn't have time to react when I came up behind him and proceeded to do my Xena impression again…” this could go on all night.

"Enough. Both of you. I can't fight them and hold the wolves, so it's up to you. "I knew my friends weren't thick, but sometimes subtle just didn't work. Else they would have immediately said ok, not argue over who got who.

"I want the midget. You get the vampire. No. Yes. No. Yes."

"Shut up. I'll pick. Xander you get the midget. Faith you got the vampire."

"Aw Will's but I…” whining from Xander was the last straw. "I don't give a fuck. Do as your told." I finished for him. He looked hurt, then shrugged and did as he was told.
I knew I couldn't keep the wolves statues much longer; I had already lost the thread of the stopping spell I had used on the vampire and the woman. I could see the wolves’ eyes starting to move even if the couldn't. We had to finish this fast and get the hell out of dodge. I knew Xander would have no trouble with the midget. The vampire it seemed was going to cause more trouble. He seemed to be in a huff about me tying up and gagging the other one. I could really care less at this point. I was hoping to end this with a big finale but I didn't think that was going to fly at this point.

I decided to go with strength rather than finesse. Faith was already engaged in battle and Xander was circling around the midget, who had somehow ended up with a wicked looking blade. I knew Xander had a thing about hitting girls, he didn't like to do it but if provoked he would. Faith on the other hand enjoyed fighting with anyone, which was why she was showing off for the vampire. She was doing a great imitation of Jackie Chang in one of those movies he's forever making.

The midget had shown her teeth; Xander now sported a slash on his forearm that would need stitches. I was already feeling light headed, which meant I need to stop this fast. I knew Xander could subdue the midget anytime he wanted to, so I left him for last the vampire was another thing altogether. I decided the fastest way would be with magic, I just hoped I wouldn’t pass out before we were out of this mess.

I focused on the vampire, and for the first time noticed the scars on his face. The scars very bad, but somehow it didn't make him look evil, it didn't even detract from the his appearance, it somehow made you focus on the side of his face that bore no marks which was flawless. I knew it was no time to be distracted by eye candy, but damn you couldn't look away, as if he felt my eyes on him he turned at looked at me, which gave Faith a chance to punch him in the face knocking him backward. I winced that must have hurt. I was sorry to have to hurt him more than what he had already endured but I had no choice, they started this and I would finish it.

“Volita.” I raised him off the ground about 20 ft, then preceded to let gravity do my work for me. I saw Faith wince when he hit the ground. I knew he wasn’t out so I did it again and again and again, until I was sure I had heard most of his bones crack and not even his hand twitched the last time I dropped him. The vampire in chains was struggling to free himself and probably cursing under his gag if all the mumbling was any indication.

“Damn, that had too have hurt. Oh well, serves him right for trying to kill us in the first place.” Faith told the now motionless vampire after his last drop. I felt bad about that but what could I do, we needed to go before we became kibble to the masses. I turned to see how Xander was doing but, my legs almost gave out on me, I stumbled but was able to straighten myself before I fell. Faith looked
concerned I shook my head and motioned for her to keep quiet about it. She nodded, although I knew she was far from satisfied. I found still playing with the midget. The midget looked furious and ready to kill Xander, while he looked to be enjoying himself immensely. When he saw Faith, he finally grabbed the midget around the back and made her drop the knife but not before she cut his thigh and head butted him. He groaned but still held on to the squirming person in his arms, he was trying not to hurt her. I sighed long and loud at this, and then looked at Faith.

“Could you please go finish her off, I’m not going to wait here all night until Xander gets mad enough to knock her out.”

“With pleasure Red, she needs someone to shut her mouth, I don’t even think half of those things she’s saying are even humanly possible unless…well you get my drift.” I had to laugh at that, only Faith would be thinking of how many of those hurled obscenities were possible at a time like this. She steeped in front of the pair, Xander let go of the midget and steeped back and came towards me. The midget and Faith were sizing each other up, I saw a knife appear in the midgets hands, I was about to intervene when Faith grabbed her hand and then punched her with the other, it was done it seconds. The midget went down and didn’t get up. Xander cheered, I smiled and Faith being Faith, smirked and said, ”She moves pretty fast but she’s got a ways to go before she can take me on one on one.” I felt dizzy again.

“Come on guys, we have to go.” I tried to sound as calm as I looked but it came out a bit more urgently that I thought because both of them were immediately at my side.

“What's up Red, Will’s?” They asked at the same time.

“Nothing. I just want to go you know…before…they close Wendy’s…yeah you know its only open till 4 a.m. and its already 3:30…” They weren't buying it, no matter how much I liked chicken sandwiches there. I shrugged and walked over to where the gagged vampire was. He had stopped mumbling and was now glaring, his hair had fallen over his eyes, I leaned down and brushed it back. We were all surprised I did that, no one more than myself.

“Well, I think we can honestly say you and yours are at our mercy, but we aren’t killers, so you are all left alive…more or less. I think this is where we part, we hate to have to fight and run but alas your time grows short as well. Dawn comes nearer, so here is this warning…you and yours aren’t dead because we dropped in on your parade and for that we show you mercy, but attack me and mine again if our paths cross and all bets are off. I don't like games but when I have to play I play to win. We are an unknown variable in your world so don’t forget that your rules don't apply to us, simply because we don't know them. Now I'm afraid we leave you, hope you don't fry in the morning sun.” I knew my speech had been long winded but I knew that this vampire was in charge of the rest in some way; maybe it was the way everyone seemed to try to protect him. I just knew he needed to understand that next time if there was one, they would die. I knew that wouldn’t stop him from seeking us out again but it would buy us some time before he caught up with us.
I turned my back on the vampire and grabbed Xander and Faith’s hands. I led them further away from anyone around us; I didn’t want to transport any of these people, vampires, and shape shifters with us. My dizziness came back with a vengeance, everything went swimming right before my eyes. I stumbled Xander and Faith caught me around the waist. I closed my eyes and prayed to be able to get us to safety.

“I’m all right just tired, now here we go.” I knew we weren't in Sunnydale so best I could do under such strain was transport us to a hotel on the outskirts of St Louis. I felt something wet hit my hand as I brought it up to put my arm around Faith I looked at my hand and saw a drop of blood, then another hit the ground at my feet. I knew my nose was bleeding which meant it wouldn’t be too much longer before I fainted. I drew what power I had left while being held up by Xander and Faith and transported us to the hotel. I looked around made sure we where at a hotel then everything went black.
Chapter 12

Xander’s POV

I can’t believe we didn’t see this sooner, I mean I knew Willow was in the hospital for a week after Angel’s soul restoration, but I thought now since she was all with the magic, that didn’t happen anymore. I was wrong. I wanted to stay in that clearing and gloat about what I could do, but when I smelled Willows blood and saw the way her nose was bleeding and how much she was leaning on us I understood that great power came with a price. One minute we were standing away from everything at the lupanar and the next moment we were standing behind a run down motel.

Whoa, that was weird.” Faith told me as she looked around.

“Yeah, we still aren’t home though.” I then noticed that Willow was no longer supporting her weight. I thought she was tired but when we tried to get her to look up, her head rolled to the side, her nose was still bleeding and her eyes were closed, it finally hit us she had fainted.

“Damn, we should have finished them off sooner, not played around. Red’s in a bad shape, we need to get a room and get her inside.” Faith was worried and so was I.

“You get us a room, hopefully we have enough.” I was glad I always carry some cash with me. I knew we weren’t back in Sunnydale but at least we were safe…for now. I took out all my cash which amounted to $45.00, Faith did the same and we ended up with $75.00 between the both of us not counting what Willow had, she always carried money too.

Faith was able to get a room. She got one that faced the alley instead of the main street, which was even better. We got to the room and looked around, as second-string motels go this wasn’t so bad. It had clean sheets on the beds and towels in the bathroom. I laid Willow down on the bed while Faith got a wet towel so we could clean her up and then ourselves. I knew we needed a first aid kit for my arm, I told Faith to go get as many first aid supplies as she could find, at the store across the street. I also told her to get some needle and thread I needed stitches. She was the most decent looking one out of us, I had blood on my clothes and so did Willow. Faith had some shallow cuts on her arms that we covered up with Willow’s jacket.

Willow still hadn’t moved, she was very pale or paler than normal; her nose had stopped bleeding which I think was a good sign. Faith came back 20 minutes later with the make shift first aid kit and food. I was glad for the food, I hadn’t thought about that. We cleaned up and Faith stitched me up as best she could, I couldn’t complain, its not like I could pop over to the nearest hospital or anything. It was dawn when we finally decided to rest. Faith and I took the other bed and left Willow the other
one. At any other time I would have been ecstatic over sleeping in the same bed with Faith, but right now I worried about Willow, and were we where to be worried about who slept next to me or in what. I drifted to sleep thinking about what tomorrow would bring and how we were going to get home. The one thing thought that reassured me was that we were together, and that was better than being alone.

Faith’s POV

I was worried Red didn’t look to good, even though her nose had stopped bleeding. I got food because I knew everyone was bound to be hungry after all the calorie burning we did with the fighting. I wasn't being very talkative, but then there was nothing to talk about. I cleaned myself up put band-aids and disinfectant on my cuts, Xander did the same to his and by agreement we left the one that needed stitching for last. I wasn't good with a needle but he didn't complain. I was glad I don't think I would have been able to finish if he would have said something. My stitches weren't pretty and he would have a scar but it got the job done, it wasn't bleeding quite so much anymore.

We decided to leave Willow a bed by herself. I took of my boots, socks, jeans and shirt. I normally slept nude but since I was haring with Xander, I decided to sleep in my undies. He did the same, except he slept in his boxers. I was amazed at whatever had come over him. He wasn't throwing around his snippy little sex innuendos, he just got in on his side and told me goodnight. I did the same, then laid in the dark wondering where the hell we where and how we would get home, not to mention how much time we had before the nasties we left in the clearing found us. I fell asleep; thinking as long as we stayed together everything might turn out ok.

Jason’s POV

I was confused. I didn't remember where I was for a moment, and then I did. I was confused again. Everything was too quiet. I remembered being near Jean-Claude, Richard, Anita and Asher but I was only standing near Damien and he was just blinking looking as confused as I felt. I tried to walk but I kind of stumbled, like when your leg falls asleep, except both my legs felt that way. All the wolves felt the same way I had when I went walking around looking for Richard and Jean-Claude. I immediately noticed that the 3 human where no longer in the clearing, I couldn't smell them. That was unexpected. I sniffed the air and followed my nose to Richard, who was sprawled on the ground…he looked like he was sleeping. I saw Shang-Da and Jamil walking this way, so I left Richard to them.

I saw Anita being tended to by Sylvie and Damien…I sniffed the air looking for Jean-Claude scent. I found it, seconds later I found him. When I saw him I was stunned speechless. I couldn't believe my eyes. He was on the ground, his hair was in disarray as was his clothes and he was gagged. I laughed, then saw how pissed he was and my laughter left me just as suddenly as it had come. I
kneeled down and took off his gag...he swallowed then said, "Asher...go to Asher, make sure he is alright cherie, now please go:" That was the first time Jean-Claude ever used please with me. I was about to ask him how he was going to get out of the chains but then thought better of it. I nodded and sniffed the air for Asher’s scent; I found it and wandered to where he was.

I found him face down on the ground. I wondered if he was awake or asleep it was hard to tell with vampires. I kneeled down next to him pulled his hair out of his face and asked, "Are you ok?"

“Find Jean-Claude.” Funny. That was the first thought out of Jean-Claude’s mouth. I wondered if maybe Anita was going to get thrown over soon, but that didn’t matter to me one way or the other.

“He’s fine, well if you called being gagged and chained up by 3 humans fine.” I shrugged what else could I say.

“Make no mistake, Jason they were not human. The redhead is a very powerful witch and the other boy feels like a shifter, hyena but not exactly. The brunette is strong and fast but what she is I couldn't tell you, she smells of death and something I can't quite name.” He still hadn’t moved I wondered if maybe he likes it down here.

“OK, if you say so, can you get up now, Jean-Claude probably wants to see you.” The last I made up but who cares, it was the fastest way to get a vampire to do as asked. This time however it just made Asher laugh and groan.

“I can't move, most of the bones in my body where broken, and the ones that weren't don't help me in that department much.” Damn, maybe those 3 weren't really human.

“Well, do you want me to get Jean-Claude then? Or are you gonna suck it up while I pack you into the limo for the ride to the Circus because dawns fast approaching.” I don't think he remembered about dawn, maybe his head had been cracked, which brought up my next question, “How did this happen anyway?”

“Alright, the witch thought her friend was taking too long in teaching the proper way to greet guests, so she decided to give me lessons herself by making me fly about 20 ft in the air then dropping me until I didn't so much as twitch anymore. It was very uplifting in a broken sort of way.” I winced I couldn’t help it, I bet that hurt. And as to your question? Get us back to Circus as soon as possible. I will mend in my coffin, after setting all my boned in place and I’d just as soon not pass out and embarrass us further in front of Zeeman’s wolves.” I understood his point. I flipped him unto his back as gently as I could then picked him up in my arms and tried my best not to hurt him more than I already was. I decided to get Jean-Claude and head over to Circus.
I passed Anita and Richard and over heard that they were fine except for some bruises, I could smell the blood rush to their cheeks as they answered questions on what had happened. I thought that curious but didn’t stop to chat. We ran into Jean-Claude, and I was happily wondering how he had got out of his chains. He rushed over to me and looked at Asher.

“Oh, my… the little witch sure did a number on you mon ami, are you all right?” I was a little jealous of all the concern the vampire was getting, no one asked me if I was getting hurt carrying him around.

Hollow laugh came from Asher, “I am as all right as I could be, we must get back to the Circus dawn approaches fast and we have shown enough weakness for one day. This will hurt your reputation, some might try to take advantage of that as well as trying to recruit the 3 who caused this.” Asher was always thinking in terms of what was better for Jean-Claude, he was usually right. The Master of the City just nodded and led the way to the limo that would take us home. I left Asher in Jean-Claude’s hands once we got to the Circus. I didn’t know why but I felt that we hadn’t seen the end of those 3. I was betting on Jean-Claude wanting to find them and any information anybody had on them. I didn’t know why but I had the feeling those 3 would change the way many viewed the St Louis power base.

The End

The Sequel to Wishing on the Hellmouth is in the works but I'm not too sure when I will actually write it. The title to the sequel will be Living on the Hellmouth but first I want to try and finish the rest of my fics.

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