A Littany of Fs

by for_t2

Summary

Five times Buffy made Faith swear, and one time Faith made Buffy swear

1. “Fuck this”

“Do I look like a nerd?” Faith flung her arms open, challenging, daring Buffy to answer. But at the look Buffy, she just crossed her arms tightly. “Shut up, B.”

“All I’m saying, is that with good responsibility comes great power.” As much as Faith tried to hide it, as much as she tried to clean up the little motel hole she her called her room, whenever Buffy visited, there was always a stray comic lying around somewhere. “Or is it the other way round?”

“God, B.” And as much as she enjoyed Buffy’s visits, as much as she enjoyed hanging out and slaying with Buffy, she didn’t enjoy being lectured at. “When did you turn into Giles?”

“Well maybe if you showed up once in a while.” Buffy huffed. “It wouldn’t kill you.”

“You sure?” Buffy’s face was unconvincing.

“Well, I’d like you to show up.” Buffy nudged Faith. “It makes the books less boring.”

“I dunno, B.” Faith did her best not to look at Buffy. Somehow she felt it would end up with her smiling like a dork, and Faith was determined not to be a dork. “We’re slayers. We don’t need rules. Hell, we make the rules.”

“It doesn’t mean that——”

They both stopped at the sight of a handful of vampires stalking around the gravestones. Faith was
the first to pull out her stake. “Fuck this.”

The first to charge.

2. “Fucking hell”

“Hey. Hey!” Faith dashed to help Buffy as she slowly pushed herself up. “Careful.”

“What am I…?”

“Demon. Big stabby demon. Remember?” Faith definitely remembered. It felt like it was the only thing she could remember for the last hour. “You might’ve gotten a little stabbed.”

“Oooh, that’s a lot of blood.” Buffy’s voice slurred a little as she poked her side. Indeed, it had been a lot of blood. A lot of blood. If Faith had been able to spot the demon just a second sooner…

“It’s just a scratch.” There isn’t a day that goes by that Faith isn’t thankful that Buffy’s a slayer. “But I didn’t think your mum would want blood on her floor.”


Faith couldn’t help herself from letting out a small chuckle. “Fucking hell, B. Had me worried there.”

She sat there a little longer, watching over Buffy as she dozed off, making sure the bandages were tight, making sure the blankets were right. In a couple of hours, once the painkillers wore off, once the wounds were a little healed over, she’d help Buffy walk back home.

But first, she had a demon to slay.

3. “Fuck me”

There wasn’t a specific moment where it had started.

Maybe it was the very first them they met, in the back alley behind the Bronze, when all the adrenaline from a fresh kill was coursing through her veins, and was Buffy was babbling adorably about low-fat yoghurt. Maybe it was later (and there were too many moments to count). Maybe the moment was never, and Faith was just lying to herself (something she had more than enough practice with).

But there was a very specific moment when it hit her.

It wasn’t even a special moment. It was just a very ordinary moment. She had gotten to the library early to get in a bit of warm up before sparring, and Buffy had walked in on her mid-stretch, did that little half-smile thing she always does, and then Giles had walked in muttering about a new apocalypse, and the smile turned into a pout, and it just struck her. She would be willing to do pretty anything to see that smile again.

“Fuck me.”

She was in love.
4. “Fuck you”

“Your room’s empty.”

“Look, B.” Faith had chosen her side, and she didn’t think it was too much to ask that she be allowed to brood about it in peace. “I’m touched that you’ve chosen me as your graduation charity, but don’t you think the Sunnydale stray puppy population could use your help more?”

“What’s going on with you, Faith?” Especially when Buffy was pestering her with that voice.


“Faith…” Faith slowed with Buffy. Stopped. “I know the last couple weeks haven’t been easy, but —”

“But what, B?” Faith spun around. “You got a problem, B, spit it out.” Do it Buffy. Do it. There are a lot of things Faith wasn’t sure about, but she knew that Buffy was not a coward.

“I just want to help.”

“Has it occurred to you that I don’t want your help?” Because she had made it abundantly clear that she didn’t want Faith’s. And yet, here she was. Buffy might not’ve been a coward, but Faith couldn’t speak for her intelligence.

“I…” Or maybe the problem was that she was just too intelligent. “I think you do, Faith.”

For a split second, Faith just towered over Buffy, searching, hoping, for even the tiniest glimmer of something in her eyes. And maybe the problem was that it was all there, far beyond anything Faith could’ve ever deserved. “Fuck you, B.”

The moment after the venom left her mouth, Faith added a punch.

5. “Fuck knows”

Faith was torn between staring at the dusty clock up on the prison wall and through the glass. Buffy had died, but she came back, and… and she was here. And she looked, well, maybe not objectively amazing, but in Faith’s eyes she had always looked amazing.

But the clock. It just didn’t stop ticking. And their time was almost up.

“I didn’t mean to bother you.”

“What? No!” Buffy. Faith was going to look at Buffy. At Buffy who was starting to stand up. “No. You don’t bother me, B. It’s just that our time’s almost up, and…” And maybe Faith likes being bothered. At least by Buffy. “It’s really good to see you.”

Buffy’s smile didn’t get anywhere near her eyes. “Thanks.”

“So,” Faith forced herself to relax. Tried to force her heartbeat to slow down. “What are you going to now? Stay in L.A. a few days? Hang out with the gang?” Tried out her best imitation of Cordelia. “We hope the helpless!”

Buffy’s smile still didn’t reach her eyes. “I’m just going to go back.” Faith cursed internally as her smile dropped right off. “You?” It took Buffy a moment. “I mean, when you’re out, or after, or until, or… Never mind.”
Faith leant back in her chair. Shrugged. “Fuck knows, B.” She really didn’t have to give it much thought. “Guess I’ll just have to find you and annoy you. Prison’s given me a lot of time to work on my one-liners.”

The small chuckle Buffy answered with was music to Faith’s ears. “They must be pun-ishing you pretty badly in here, huh?”

“Nothing I can’t handle.” The guard was beginning to hover over her shoulder. “And hey, B?” The problem was that Faith knew Buffy, and as amazing as it was that she was alive, Buffy needed something that Faith wasn’t sure she knew how to give. “If you ever want a pep talk from your favourite friendly serial killer, hit me up.” At least she still knew how to wink.

And this time, Buffy’s smile really was a smile. “Thank you.”

+1. “Fuck”

Faith still wasn’t used to freedom. Hell, she had probably never even been free before, at least not like this. No prison, no fighting, just… freedom. And, sure, there was probably going to be another apocalypse sooner rather than later, but damned if she wasn’t going to take enjoy her freedom while she still had it. Especially if that meant exploring Angel’s hotel in search of spooky secrets she could tease him about.

She just wasn’t expecting to find Buffy slumped over a bed. Crying.

“Buffy?”

“Faith, I…” Buffy looked up at her, and for the first time in forever, she didn’t seem exhausted. “We…” When Faith first woke up in prison, when she first had the chance to sleep, he realised how much easier it was to feel when you weren’t so tired.

“Hey.” Faith gently sat down next to her. “We survived.”

“Some…” This close, it was easy to see how badly Buffy was shaking. “Not all of us.”

“But you did.” So Faith did the only thing she could think of, and slipped her arms around Buffy (a little awkwardly). “And that’s what matters. Dunno what I’d do if I lost you.”

She wasn’t expecting Buffy to bury her face in her shoulder. To cry even harder. So Faith just let her cry, held her as if the apocalypse was tomorrow, not yesterday.

Slowly, eventually, Buffy’s tears calmed. Her breathed evened out. So Faith gently set her down on the bed. Placed a small kiss on her forehead.

“Mmm.” She definitely wasn’t expecting Buffy to grab her. “Fuck.” To pull her back into a cuddle. “When did you become so good at cuddling?”

“Uh…”

“Faith good.” And really, it was adorable and it was quickly becoming the best day in Faith’s life, but there wasn’t really anything in the Slayer handbook that had prepared her for this. “Promise you won’t go?”

“Yeah, B.” Faith pressed another soft kiss to her forehead as Buffy drifted back to sleep. “Promise.”
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