Rewards (Continued)

by DonSample

Summary

The Side of Good wants to Reward Buffy and Xander for their continuing good works, protecting the world from evil. The Hellmouth's influence makes things go askew. This is a continuation of Rewards, by M. McGregor
Rewards is a Buffy the Vampire Slayer story originally written by M. McGregor. His summary for it reads:

The Side of Good wants to reward Buffy and Xander by revealing their love for each other. The Hellmouth has other plans, and takes advantage of a clerical mix-up to twist things. Can all find happiness in such a strange and kinky situation, and if not, can they at least have lots of hot sex along the way?

**Warnings:** Sex. BDSM. Bondage. Mind Control. S&M. D/s themes. Gray areas of consent (what with the mind control). Lesbianism. Master/Slave themes. Rough sex. Probably other things as well. Be prepared for all kinds of sexual situations, including those that may not be for everyone.

Unfortunately, his version of the story kinda stalled at an important juncture in the plot, in 2007, and he hasn’t updated it since. When I discovered the story in 2010, I couldn’t keep myself from wondering what happened next. I decided to continue the story myself.

M. McGregor has given me permission to write this, but he is in no way responsible for anything in the chapters I have written, other than providing inspiration, and creating the underlying background situation. The continuation of the story that I have written should be considered my AU, of his AU, of Joss Whedon’s Buffyverse. It should in no way be considered an official continuation of M. McGregor’s story.

This story commences shortly after the events of The Replacement in season 5 of Buffy the Vampire Slayer.

If you want to read the original Rewards by M. McGregor, you can find it on his live journal, links to which are below. The rest of this chapter consists of a recap of the story, as he has written it. My continuation of it starts in the next chapter.

### The Story So Far

#### Chapter 1:

_(Friday) (R+0)_

Gimmel, the duly appointed arbiter of Punishments and Rewards for the forces of Good, legendary giver of boons to the human and semi-human races, and the omnipotent master of his tasks, appears in Buffy’s bedroom late one night, to give her a reward, but first he has a few questions to ask her. The most important of which is: “Aside from your family, who is the one person in the world you would trust to hold power over you?” Buffy feels compelled to answer honestly, and
after a little consideration, answers “Xander,” which was the expected correct response. Because many of Buffy’s successes came as the result of him saving her life, he is to share in her reward. Gimmel points out that Buffy’s record isn’t totally spotless, so the Hellmouth will be affecting how the reward will be fulfilled, but by and large, the good will very much outweigh the bad, so she’s still going to be making out quite well. Some of his statements about her negative acts confuse Buffy a bit, until she comes to the realization that he is unaware that there are two Slayers now, and he’s been lumping in Faith’s deeds with her own, but before she can tell him he’s making a mistake, he vanishes, and Buffy finds herself bound to Faith, naked, gagged, blindfolded, and on Xander’s coffee table, where they are discovered by Anya the next morning. Anya doesn’t recognize Buffy right away, because her face is mostly hidden by her blindfold. She wonders if Xander has given in to some of her suggestions to expand his sexual horizons, and has prepared these two girls as part of some sort of surprise for her.

Chapter 2:

Xander tells Anya that this definitely wasn’t his doing, quickly recognizes that the girls are Buffy and Faith, and removes their blindfolds. The gags, and other restraints are completely seamless, and seem to be impossible to remove. Before touching Buffy to try to take off the gag, he tells her not to freak out. As soon as he touches Buffy, there is a flash of light, and a piece of parchment appears, reading:

Congratulations: ALEXANDER LAVELLE HARRIS. As a devoted champion for GOOD, you have been rewarded. As your deeds have included saving the life of the most successful SLAYER in the last several millennia, it seems only fitting that she be part of your reward.

Unfortunately, the SLAYER’s record is not quite as clean as your own, and as such, involving her, your reward has had to be altered significantly. Remain calm, her reward won’t affect your own, and her own reward will still be substantial.

However, what was to be your initial reward, the mutual realization of love and affection between you and the Slayer, has instead been altered, both by the OMNIPOTENT ORDER OF PUNISHMENT AND REWARDS, as well as THE HELLMOUTH. For this reason, we are unable to provide exact details of the rewards given to you, at least in regards to the SLAYER.

The following can be accurately documented: The SLAYER is now yours to command, in mind and body. Her pleasure is your pleasure, and it is the belief of this office that this will eventually see the same outcome as originally intended. The SLAYER, except when it would interfere in her deeds or her welfare, is yours.

Worry not, as careful testing was enacted before the implementation of this reward, and the Slayer gave the necessary correct answers in order to complete this reward. We do everything by the book here.

As such, the SLAYER is at your command, sexually or otherwise, intended for your enjoyment and pleasure, and thus her enjoyment and pleasure. To this end, many of her desires, from the simplest to the dark and complex, were enhanced. The full details of these enhancements, of course, are sketchy, as any reward involving the SLAYER personally has been altered somewhat by circumstances. Nonetheless, you should feel confident that her pleasure will be great, and her desires are well suited to the roles you know find yourselves in.

The SLAYER notwithstanding, your reward consists of enhancements to your sexual nature.
Diseases of the flesh no longer affect you or your partners, and procreation is an optional result of any coupling, requiring the express desire of both you and the recipient of your seed. Further aspects of your reward include a preternatural proclivity towards good luck, success, and safety. It is the hope of SIDE OF GOOD that these traits will enable you to continue your battle against EVIL alongside the SLAYER. It is also hoped that you might help to cleanse the darker marks on the SLAYER’s record.

The SIDE OF GOOD greatly appreciates all you have done for the cause, and hopes you enjoy your rewards, and that you continue to be as productive a soldier in the fight against the SIDE OF EVIL. We apologize for being unable to properly document the full details of your reward, vis a vis the SLAYER.

Finally, as a word of caution: THE OMNIPOTENT ORDER OF PUNISHMENTS AND REWARDS has altered this reward in conjunction with the shadowy deeds done by the SLAYER. As such, were you to in any way reject the finalized reward, THE HELLMOUTH would thus be given greater influence over altering the reward further. Therefore it is highly suggested that you enjoy your reward as much and as often as possible. The SIDE OF GOOD is not responsible for any damages, deaths, tortures, or hideous mutations that may occur upon rejection of your reward.

Enjoy your reward, and we hope that you and the SLAYER’s success is bolstered by what will surely be an exciting and satisfying situation for you both.

—Gimmel, duly appointed arbiter of punishments and rewards, SIDE OF GOOD.

Anya recognizes Gimmel’s name, and his seal on the parchment, and is very impressed. Gimmel rewards are legendary. He is much more powerful than any mere vengeance demon, and his rewards are always Good Things. She determines that in order to free Buffy and Faith from their bonds, Xander will have to have sex with them, which is fine with her, as long as she gets to take part, she’s been wanting to experiment with Lesbianism, anyway. Xander is very reluctant to take advantage of Buffy and Faith that way, but Anya points out that they are both very obviously very aroused. She also points out that the parchment indicates that there could be dire consequences for both Buffy and Faith should Xander reject his reward. Xander asks Buffy and Faith if that’s what they want, with them blinking Yes/No answers to him, indicating that yes, they do want to.

Chapter 3:

Kinky bondage sex between Xander, Buffy and Faith, starting with Xander going down on Buffy, and then Anya wants a turn, so Xander has sex with Faith while Anya goes down on Buffy, but they aren’t freed yet: Anya tells Xander he has to do Buffy too.

Chapter 4:

Kinky bondage sex between Xander and Buffy, while Anya goes down on Faith. It works, and they are both freed. Anya loans them some of her clothes, and Buffy tells everyone about her visit from Gimmel, and how Faith got dragged into it. Buffy seems remarkably calm about the whole thing, and she tells him it’s because he told her “not to freak out.” Xander has to go to work, and Buffy has to go to classes, so he drives her home, while Faith stays with Anya. Anya is a little miffed that while she gave lots of orgasms, she didn’t get any of her own. On arriving at home, Buffy locks herself in her room, and spends the next hour masturbating.

Chapter 5:
Faith is left with Anya in the apartment, feeling lonely, and worrying about her new “freedom.” Has the State of California announced an escaped convict? Anya is a little worried that Faith might suddenly go psycho, and start killing, but is willing to give her the benefit of the doubt, because Anya herself was once a killer, but doesn’t do that anymore. Faith is a bit surprised to learn about Anya’s history as a vengeance demon. Anya also explains her new philosophy of acquiring as much wealth as possible in the little bit of time left to her (maybe as few as 50 years, if she can avoid being murdered) and now is her study time, to learn as much about how to acquire that wealth. One thing that she’s already learned from the self-help books that she’s reading is that it is very important to set a schedule, and stick to it. Faith starts to think that it’s going to be a long day.

Faith suddenly finds her nipples pierced by a pair of gold rings, and her arms bound behind her back. She finds the pain to be very enjoyable, and wants more, but she can’t touch them herself. She begs Anya to do it for her. Anya wants to study, and is still a bit miffed about being left out of the orgasms, so she makes Faith a deal. Faith can eat her pussy, while Anya studies, (her books tell her she should multi-task) and Anya will reward Faith by pulling on a string she’s looped through Faith’s nipple rings. Faith will also have to help Anya with the unpacking that Anya had scheduled for that afternoon.

Buffy is taking a shower, before going to classes, when she gets her nipple rings, but her hands are free, so she can play with them herself, while fantasizing about Xander ordering her to do things.

Chapter 6:

Xander’s at work, a bit distracted by everything that’s happened, and wondering about his new supposed “success” and “luck”. Things aren’t going great at the job; some custom windows that were just delivered are all the wrong size, which is going to put him behind schedule. While making his way to the site forman’s trailer to discuss the problem, he trips over his own feet, and falls in the dirt. Yeah, real lucky. Then someone yells a warning, and a hunk of lumber goes flying through where his head would have been, if he hadn’t tripped. Maybe there is something to this luck thing, and he decides to drop in on Buffy for lunch at the university.

Buffy is having lunch with Willow, while thinking that she’s really hot, and so’s Tara, and she didn’t use to be attracted to women. (She’d spent some time thinking about that after Willow came out, and had decided that she was firmly heterosexual. Now, not so much.) Xander joins them, and Buffy’s very enthusiastic greeting hug, turns into greeting kisses, and now Willow wants to know what the heck is going on with them, so they go to Willow and Tara’s dorm room, where they can get some privacy, and tell her about Gimmel, and the reward. Willow is initially stunned by the news, and thinks it’s terrible that Xander and Buffy are being mind controlled into having kinky sex. Xander is a little concerned too, and is feeling guilty about it, but Buffy thinks it’s great.

Willow leaves to process the news further, (and research how to reverse the reward) leaving Buffy and Xander in her room to discuss things more between themselves. Xander has concerns that Buffy isn’t in her right mind, so maybe he shouldn’t be taking advantage of her. Buffy admits that she has some of the same doubts, but that she wants him to take advantage. He reminds her of a couple of earlier “love spell” incidents, His spell in high school, and Willow’s spell last year that had her wanting to marry Spike. Buffy feels that this is different. In those cases, while the spell was active, she had had no doubts at all about her feelings. Now she is questioning them, and still wants to be with Xander. She still trusts him more than anyone, and she’d felt that way before the spell started, and what Xander says doesn’t give him total control over her, because even though he’s saying that she doesn’t really love him, she still does. They decide to do a non-harmful/non-sex test of just how much control he has over her actions, and he orders her to stand perfectly still for one minute, which he spends mercilessly tickling her. Buffy stays perfectly still for the full minute, before collapsing in helpless laughter. He then tries ordering her not to love him, which completely
fails to work. Buffy tells him to stop feeling guilty about what’s going on, and that she really wants him to play with her nipple rings. He gives in, and they spend some time playing (but not having sex) before she has to leave to go back to class, and he has to get back to work. Buffy tells him that she’s going to tell Riley about what’s going on, when she sees him after classes are done for the day. Xander does not expect him to react well, but he is reminded of Riley’s recent comment, that Buffy didn’t really love him.

Chapter 7:

Xander arrives home to find that his new apartment is now fully unpacked, including his Babylon 5 Collector plates, which are proudly on display. That’s not the most surprising thing, though.

Faith is dressed up in a sexy bondage/French maid outfit, that greatly restricts her movement, while she vacuums the floor. She’s trying not to cry. Not because of the way she’s dressed, but because she doesn’t think she deserves to be treated as well as Xander and Anya are treating her, and the reward was supposed to be Buffy’s; she’s just the tag-along. She hears a sound behind her, but because of how she’s dressed (a corset that doesn’t let her bend at the waist, thigh high boots that don’t let her bend her knees, 5 inch platform heels, and a spreader bar holding her ankles two feet apart) she loses her balance, and starts to fall. Xander catches her before she hits the floor. He lifts her back up onto her feet, and he and Xander talk about how she’s feeling, while he continues to hold her, and Xander promises to help her. She starts to cry for real.

Chapter 8:

Xander lets Faith cry on his shoulder for a while, and then picks her up to carry her to the couch. He doesn’t like how her boots make her legs stick straight out, so there’s a flash, and the boots disappear. He settles her on the couch and continues to hold her while she cries, and blubbers about the terrible things she’s done, and how can he ever forgive, or love, her. Xander thinks about all the horrible things Anya had done, and he’s forgiven, and loves, her. If Anya could change, so can Faith. He goes to sleep, cuddling with a sobbing Faith on the couch, thinking that Faith is his now, and he takes care of his stuff.

He is awoken some time later by a kiss from Anya, and finds Faith still sleeping in his lap. Anya’s fine with the situation, as long as she’s still Xander’s girlfriend. If Faith belongs to Xander, Anya figures that she owns her too: Mystical common law. She empathizes with Faith, knowing what it’s like to have done bad things. She tells Xander how they had spent their day, from the exchange of orgasms, to Anya having Faith do the unpacking and cleaning. Faith did most of the unpacking. About the only thing Anya did was tell her how to arrange the furniture. (Slayer strength was very useful for that.) It was a very satisfying exchange of services for orgasms. Xander thinks that’s sounding a little too much like prostitution. Anya rolls her eyes. “The exchange of sex for goods and/or services is one of the fundamental foundations of society, and always has been.”

Xander thinks that it’s time to change the subject, and shifts over to make room for Anya beside him on the couch. Soon he’s got both Faith and Anya snuggling in his lap. Anya likes this very much, so does Xander. Anya says that they are definitely keeping her.

Buffy arrives home after patrol. The breakup with Riley went surprisingly smoothly. He’s going back to the Initiative. She takes a shower to wash off the demon goo and vampire dust. She wishes her nipple rings would come back (they disappeared at the start of her patrol.)

Meanwhile, Faith has retired to the bedroom, to make a private phone call to Angel, to inquire about her legal situation. Before she starts, Xander pops back in for a moment to ask her if she likes fried chicken. He’s about to make a run out to a 24 hour place that he knows (great for people on a
Slayer’s schedule.) While talking with Angel, Faith is surprised by his nonchalance “Hey, how’re ya doing? If Xander’s not treating you right, I’ll come up there and kick his ass.” It turns out that Angel has memories of Faith being released from prison, into Xander’s custody, and is a little concerned that Faith doesn’t remember it. Faith assures him that everything is cool, it’s just the usual Hellmouth shit that’s going down.

Buffy, in her shower, wonders what will happen if Willow figures out how to undo the reward, but she isn’t too worried about that. She can always just give herself back to Xander. She returns to her room, drops her towel on the floor, gets her vibrator out of her drawer, and starts to masturbate with it, while crying out all the things she wants to do with Xander, Anya, and Faith. There’s a flash of light, and she finds herself lying on Xander’s kitchen table, with a very surprised Xander and Anya watching her, but she can’t stop doing what she’s doing, and has an intense orgasm.

Faith comes out of the bedroom, wondering what all the noise is about. A flash of light finds her back in bondage wear, Xander is back with the chicken, naked Buffy is masturbating on the table, and she’s sorry she missed some of the action.

Chapter 9:

Buffy retires to the bedroom, and gets dressed in some more of Anya’s clothes (Anya’s been giving up a lot of clothes lately that she wants back). There is another flash of light and she finds herself in bondage gear matching Faith’s. Her arms are bound to her sides, and she feels the orgasmic pain of new rings piercing her nipples. Xander hears her cries, and rushes into the bedroom. Buffy is very turned on. She tells him she wants him to play with her nipples.

Xander asks her if she really meant all the things she was saying as she was masturbating. She does. She wants Xander to do some of them to her now. He does.

Anya interrupts. “It’s very rude to have sex when it’s time for dinner. We’re waiting for you, and I’m very hungry.”

They come out of the bedroom, and Xander moves to kitchen table, where their chicken dinner is waiting. There is another flash of light. Xander finds Buffy and Faith, bound, kneeling on either side of his chair at the table. If they’re going to eat, he has to feed them. Buffy and Faith enter into a competition to see who can most sexily eat chicken offered to them by Xander, and lick his fingers clean, while Xander and Anya carry on a normal (by Hellmouth standards) dinnertime conversation.

Buffy is conflicted as Xander drives her back home after dinner. Her bonds have vanished, she wants them back, but she doesn’t want to have to explain them to her mother, or Dawn. She licks her lips, remembering the meal Xander had fed her.

Buffy and Xander talk about mind control. Are her feelings real, or are they just part of the spell. Her bottom line is that spell, or no spell, she trusts Xander. He still has doubts about whether he should have this kind of control over her. They get to her home, and Buffy gets out of the car. They are going to meet with Giles at the Magic Box the next morning, but he suggests that she stop by his place first. She thinks that’s a good idea.

Chapter 10:

(Saturday) (R+1)

Xander is pleasantly surprised the next morning to find that Buffy hasn’t magically transported
into his bed overnight. Nor does he find Buffy and Faith in some kinky bondage sex scene in his living room. Faith is sleeping there, alone, on his couch. He thinks she looks very sweet, and vulnerable like that. Xander just watches her, as he makes and drinks his morning coffee, and thinks over his situation. Buffy and Faith both seem to really want him to have control over them, and their heightened sexual appetites. He wonders just how far his control goes, and decides that they are going to have to do some cautious testing, to see what he can or can’t do, but since it’s what everyone involved seems to want, he thinks it’s time that he stops feeling guilty about this, and starts to embrace his reward.

He goes and wakes Faith with a good morning kiss. She is initially surprised to find she’s still in his apartment, she was afraid it was all a dream. Xander tells her about his decision, and that she will always have a place there with him, and Anya and Buffy. Then he takes her into the bedroom to give Anya the news. Anya tells Xander to go phone Buffy, and order her to get over there. Then they can have sex with Faith, until she gets there, and sex with both of them after she arrives. While Xander’s making the call, Anya orders Faith to eat her pussy.

Chapter 11:

Xander phones Buffy, and after the initial greetings, asks her if their line is secure. Buffy dashes to Dawn’s bedroom, and finds her sister sitting far away from her phone extension, and trying to look innocent. Buffy rats Dawn out for eavesdropping, and their mother confiscates Dawn’s extension for a week, and confines her to her room for an hour. Buffy returns to her phone to report that they are now clear.

Xander tells Buffy that if she wants to, they are going to try out this reward thing. He orders Buffy to pack up some changes of clothes (no underwear) to bring with her over to his place, and she’s to get there as quickly as she can, herself. And if she really wants to do this, she won’t be wearing any underwear when she arrives.

Buffy starts to pack up some clothes. She’s interrupted by another phone call, this time from Willow. She’s still concerned about how the reward is making Buffy behave. Buffy assures her that everything is fine, and that it isn’t just her saying that, and she’s about to head over to Xander’s. Willow doesn’t think that’s a good idea, she thinks that Buffy should be avoiding Xander, until they get this spell reversed. Buffy really doesn’t like that idea. She tells Willow that the reward isn’t making her do things she hadn’t already fantasized about, before the reward happened. It’s just making her feel things more than she had felt them before. Willow is still worried that once the spell ends, the things that they’re doing are going to screw up Buffy’s relationship with Xander, and other things. Buffy tells her that the reward hasn’t really changed any of the important things between her and Xander, and it’s making them happy. Willow still isn’t convinced, but she agrees to hold her judgement until they’ve learned more.

Buffy finishes getting packed, makes sure she isn’t wearing any underwear, and dashes off to Xander’s.

Xander greets her at the door with hugs and kisses, and a check to see if she’s wearing any underwear. After feeling that she isn’t, he orders her to get undressed, and spends some time just admiring her body, and telling her how he respects, admires, cherishes and loves her. She is his greatest treasure. Then he picks her up and carries her into the bedroom to join Faith and Anya.

Chapter 12:

The sex in the bedroom is great, but Xander realizes that there is a bit of a fly in the ointment. Buffy is avoiding doing things with Faith. She still doesn’t trust Faith, and if they’re going to make
this work, they are all going to have to trust each other. Anya recognizes the problem too, and talks with Buffy about it while they have a shower together. Xander stays in the bedroom having post coital snuggles and talk with Faith. He realizes that if Buffy is his treasure, Faith is his surprise.

**Chapter 13:**

Anya has Buffy and Faith dry her off, after the shower, while explaining some of the rules of sexual domination to Xander. He has to remember that Buffy and Faith don’t want him to *ask* them to do things, they want to be *ordered*. She’s read about it on the internet, and promises to print, and make up a binder of the things he needs to know. They all head off to the Magic Box to explain the situation to Giles. Buffy and Faith start out in a couple of Buffy’s T-shirts, and jeans, but they transform into tiny tight t-shirts, and short-shorts. They are also wearing gold collars, with leashes, and are unable to move unless someone is holding their leash. Each collar also has a gold and diamond pendant hanging at the front. Buffy’s reads “Xander’s Treasure” and Faith’s reads “Xander’s Surprise.”

Buffy is still profoundly troubled by Faith. She finds her to be incredibly attractive, and beautiful, but she can’t stop thinking about all the times that Faith has betrayed her, and her friends. She alternates between wanting to kiss her, and wanting to punch her.

Faith is uncomfortable at the Magic Box. The only people who seem to want her there are Xander and Anya. Willow is almost openly hostile, clearly having the same problem with Faith as Buffy, and not hiding her feelings nearly as well.

Giles reacts to the news about the Reward with remarkable calmness, and professionalism. There is a long history of Slayers being the targets of sex magic, since many demons find it a great way to distract them, and since all Slayers are attractive, nubile young women, there are lots of wizards happy to do the distracting.

They show Giles the parchment from Gimmel, and the legal documents giving Xander custody of Faith. (He found them in his desk drawer after Faith told him about it.) Giles has vague recollections of the hearing that granted Xander custody.

Giles agrees that it will probably be very risky to even attempt to remove the reward. Such an attempt could be seen as a rejection, and Gimmel’s parchment warns of the dire consequences of doing that. Giles has heard of Gimmel, but up until now, had always thought that he was a myth. His rewards always seemed too fantastic to be real. He has never read of any bad outcome from any of his rewards, and many people have had their lives greatly improved.

Willow doesn’t think Buffy’s life has been improved. She’s wearing a leash! Willow is concerned that Buffy might be caught up in some sort of bondage situation when she gets attacked by something, and won’t be able to defend herself. Giles isn’t too worried about that. The reward specifies that it won’t interfere with her duties as the Slayer or her safety. Giles tells Willow that they have to keep their heads, and proceed rationally, and cautiously.

Faith is feeling left out, watching Xander, Buffy, Giles, and Willow discuss the situation. She’s a little surprised when Tara comes over to say hello to her. She likes Faith’s pendant, and tells her what it says. Faith hadn’t known that. Tara tells Faith that she doesn’t have to worry about anyone hurting her. Everyone is angry and confused, but no one is going to hurt her. She stays standing with Faith as they all watch the discussion.

Giles takes Buffy into the back room for a private discussion. He has to take hold of her leash to do it. She tells him how she feels about everything: safe, secure, relieved to have Xander making
decisions for her. She knows that Xander loves her, something that Giles readily agrees with.
Xander has loved Buffy for a long time. He also knows that she loved Xander. Giles tells Buffy
that whatever may come of this, Buffy can always come to him if she needs to talk about it.

Chapter 14:

Out in the shop, Faith is flipping a coin, Xander’s guessing heads or tails, and Anya is keeping
score, to test his “luck”. So far, after nearly two hundred tosses, he’s running about 90% right.
Anya thinks it’s time to send him out to buy some lottery tickets. Tara quickly volunteers to chip in
for a share. Giles and Buffy come back from the back room. Giles thinks they should try some
other cautious experiments: can Xander’s orders make Buffy or Faith be stronger, or faster, or heal
more quickly? What happens if he orders them to do something impossible? Will they do it, or fail
in the attempt?

Giles reminds Buffy that it is time for their scheduled training session. Everyone is surprised by
the flash of light, as Buffy’s clothes transform into quite practical training wear. Still sexy, but her
leash is gone, her t-shirt has changed into a sports bra, she’s wearing tight sweat pants, and her hair
is tied back by a ribbon. Giles is quite impressed, thinks that some clothing experiments should be
done as well.

After getting Buffy started on her training in the back room, Giles comes back out, and goes over
Faith’s custody papers much more thoroughly than he had earlier. The level of control that they
give Xander over her is quite unconstitutional, but the judge who signed them never seemed to
notice. Anya is very pleased to learn that Xander is also getting a salary from the government, to
cover Faith’s living expenses, plus a bit extra for him. She’s disappointed to learn that it won’t
really be enough to let them move into a bigger place. He is quite astonished by the amount of
power it must have taken to rewrite reality this way: creating all these documents, changing
people’s memories, and so on. [Quite ironic, really, considering that Dawn has only existed for a
few weeks at this point.]

Buffy is in a meditative hand-stand, with her eyes closed, when she senses Xander come into the
room behind her. She doesn’t react at all. She’s focused on her training, because that’s what
Xander told her to do. Her mind is clear, she’s aware of her surroundings, and herself. She isn’t
thinking about Xander standing behind her, staring at her body, her legs, her ass… Her balance
wavers a bit. Okay she is thinking about that stuff now, but she puts it aside, to concentrate on her
training. Some time later, she opens her eyes, and finds Xander is now sitting on the floor in front
of her, smiling at her. He tells her it’s time for her to stop training for the day. They’ve got some
stuff to talk about.

Anya’s been telling him to embrace his reward, Buffy’s been telling him, Faith’s been telling him.
He’s going to do it. He kisses her roughly. The exact sort of rough kiss she’s been hoping for. He
pushes her up against the wall, and orders her to raise her hands above her head. There’s a flash of
light, and she finds herself dangling from the ceiling by her wrists, with her toes barely able to
touch the floor. Xander slowly undresses her, taking his time to admire and tease her body while he
does it. They make love with Buffy hanging by her wrists, and her legs wrapped around his waist,
followed by her giving him a blow job, “to clean him off.” They get dressed to go back to join the
others, but before they leave the training room, Xander tells Buffy that he has a reward for her
being so good: She gets to wear her nipple rings for the rest of the day (but she can’t play with
them, until half an hour before it’s time for her to go on patrol, and they’ll disappear when patrol
starts: he doesn’t want them distracting her from her Slaying duties. When she’s on patrol, she’s to
stay focused on that, and not think about the Reward.) She can have the rings back after patrol, but
she still won’t be allowed to play with them, herself.
Chapter 15:

Xander, Anya and Faith go home, while Buffy goes on patrol with Giles. Anya wants to know if they’re going to wait for Buffy to get back, before they have more sex. Xander says it depends. He’s talked to Buffy, and she’s finally managed to get it through his head that she wants Xander to use her for sex, whenever he wants. It’s time to have the same talk with Faith. They sit on the couch together to talk, with Anya snuggled up beside him. At first Faith sits uncomfortably at the other end, but Anya gives her leash a tug, to pull her over next to her, and puts her arm around her shoulder.

Xander asks Faith what she wants. Does she want him to order her around, tell her what to do, order her when, where, and how to have sex? Faith says that she does, she wants the orders, and the sex, but… She wants more than the sex. She wants something that she doesn’t think she deserves. She wants their friendship, she wants to be safe, and loved, and not be afraid of what she might do. Xander and Anya assure her that she’s already got that, so now it’s time to play. Xander orders Faith to give Anya and him hugs, and then stand in front of them, and get undressed. She does.

Giles wants them to experiment, so Xander plans to do so. He noticed with Buffy in the training room that her restraints were doing exactly what he wanted them to do, appearing, changing, and disappearing just the way he wanted them to. He thinks that if he takes more active control over them, there will be fewer instances of spontaneous bondage. So now he wants Faith dangling by her wrists from the ceiling, with her feet a foot off the floor. There’s a flash of light, and she is. Anya is impressed.

Before they go any farther, Xander has a very important order to give to Faith: “No matter what I order, no matter what happens to your mind, no matter what happens at all, if there’s ever a part of you that truly does not enjoy what’s happening, if there’s ever not a piece of you that’s enjoying things, then everything stops. Any orders go away, any bondage goes away, all of it goes back to square one, and you tell me or Anya or whoever that things went too far. No matter what.” Faith responds with a solemn “Yes, Sir.”

Anya has an idea about what they should do next. She goes to get Buffy’s vibrator from the kitchen, telling Xander to play with Faith till she gets back. Xander has an idea about what to do. Faith likes getting hugs, so he whispers something into her ear.

Anya’s back with the vibrator, which she turns on, and slowly pushes up into Faith’s pussy. She tells Xander to conjure up a chastity belt to hold it in place. Faith spends the rest of the evening dangling from the ceiling, with the vibrator buzzing in her pussy, watching Xander and Anya have sex together.

In addition to being incredibly turned on, having multiple orgasms of her own, and having a generally wonderful time, Faith is impressed. She’d heard Anya talk about Xander’s prowess, but had thought that she was exaggerating about his abilities, and stamina. She wasn’t. Xander outlasted the batteries in the vibrator. She’s exhausted, and very happy when Xander finally lets her down, catches her in his arms, and carries her to the bedroom.

Chapter 16:

Xander sits on his couch waiting for Buffy, and thinking things over. He’s feeling good. No aches or pains from his construction work, or the marathon sex session he’s just had with Anya (following the session with Buffy in her training room.) Anya and Faith are both worn out, and sleeping together in the bedroom. He’s wondering about where they go from here. They have to tell Buffy’s mom something about what’s going on. He considers saying nothing, or lying about it, but
he doesn’t think that will work. Even with his new “luck” something is bound to happen that she can’t ignore. He imagines Buffy at a family dinner suddenly having her nipple rings or collar appear. They have to tell Joyce the truth, before that happens. He wonders about the price he will have to pay for having two such hot slave girls at his beck and call. “With great power comes great responsibility,” tells himself. “Will comic books ever cease to amaze me with their profound wisdom?” There’s a knock on the door. Buffy’s home from patrol. Xander lets her in, and tells her that they should probably get her a key, since she’s going to be living here. He’s pleased by her happy reaction to that news.

Buffy steps into the apartment, and suddenly gasps in orgasmic pain, and collapses to the floor. She’s now nude, except for the cuffs now holding her hands behind her back, her nipple rings, and gold collar. Xander covers her mouth with his hand to muffle the noises she’s making. He doesn’t want to disturb the neighbours, or wake up Anya and Faith. He keeps his hand in place until Buffy indicates that she can keep quiet.

Buffy wants to play with her nipple rings, but Xander tells her she can’t. He’d already told her that she wouldn’t be able to, and if he wants to keep control over this, he can’t go changing his mind now. But nothing in his earlier orders keeps him from playing with them.

Xander asks her how patrol went. She tells him it was incredible. She’d been focused, in the zone, Giles had said that he’d never seen her more committed. Xander tells her that’s good. He doesn’t want her being distracted out there. He spends some time indulging himself with Buffy’s body. Feeling her breasts, pinching her nipples. He’s surprised by the differences between the real Buffy, enthusiastically enjoying his touch, and the imaginary Buffy of his teenaged fantasies. His fantasy Buffy had never been this wanton. She had stood upon a pedestal. She wasn’t the sort of girl who got off from Xander pinching her nipples. The real Buffy Summers was much better. She was his Treasure, that he was going to keep. He picks her up and carries her into the bedroom. He lays her in the bed beside the sleeping Anya (who’s cuddling with Faith) and gets into bed beside her. The bed is very crowded with four people in it. Buffy lies there, between Xander and Anya, and he kisses her. He can see that she wants more, but he’s tired. He orders her to go to sleep, and she’s out, just like that. “Have some incredible dreams,” he whispers into her ear, and then he watches her smile, until he goes to sleep himself.

(BSunday) (R + 2)

Buffy awakes the next morning, with the memories of surreal, and satisfying dreams quickly fading away. Xander is in front of her, and Anya is snuggled up behind her, with her arm wrapped around her. Buffy closes her eyes, enjoying the feeling, and turns around, giving Anya a good morning kiss. She opens her eyes. It’s. Not. Anya. She is kissing Faith. Buffy recoils away, and jumps out of bed. Xander and Faith still don’t wake up. She watches the sleeping Faith move farther over, and start cuddling with Xander, the way she had been with her. Buffy’s emotions roil. She finds Faith to be incredibly sexy, she’s felt that way for almost as long as she’s known her, but she can’t forget Faith’s betrayals. What she did when she joined the Mayor. What she’d done when she’d taken Buffy’s body the year before. How she had made even Angel turn against her, and take Faith’s side, in L.A.

Buffy retreats from the bedroom, feeling guilty. She knows that Xander wants her to be okay with Faith. She imagines that he could order her to pretend to be okay with Faith, but she thinks that that is one order that she couldn’t obey. She is undeniably attracted to Faith, but she can’t trust Faith. There’s a flash, and Buffy finds herself constrained by a tight corset, and platform healed boots with a spreader bar fastened between her ankles. She goes and falls back asleep on the couch.

She is awakened by Anya, who has just come back from grocery shopping. Anya has discovered
coupon clipping, and a penny saved is a penny earned and all that, so she had spent the early morning buying groceries at discount prices. She notices that Buffy is upset, and asks her what’s wrong. Buffy tells her nothing’s wrong, she’s fine.

Anya is not happy with that response. A good sex slave should be honest with her masters at all times. She orders Buffy across her lap. After giving Buffy a thorough spanking, accompanied by a lecture on just how a slave should respond to punishment, she asks Buffy again to tell her the truth. Buffy’s reaction to the spanking has told her that she isn’t upset about being a slave. Anya wants to know what Buffy is upset about. She is sure that she can help her, with either reassuring sex, praise, and/or food. One of those things always works with Xander.

Buffy still hesitates for a moment, before deciding to tell Anya the whole truth about how she feels about Faith.

Chapter 17:

Xander awakes with a snoring Faith in his arms, and hearing Buffy squealing, and whimpering from the other room. He lies in bed for a bit, enjoying the moment, before he gets up to see just what the heck Anya is doing with Buffy.

Xander’s life has gotten so weird over the last few days that he isn’t that surprised by what he finds in the living room. Buffy is on her back on the floor, her forearms bound to her calves behind her back, making her arch upward. She has a ball gag in her mouth, and Anya is fucking her with a cucumber. Anya smiles up at Xander and tells him good morning, and asks if he slept well.

Anya keeps fucking Buffy while she tells Xander about the discussion they had had earlier, and how now Buffy is being rewarded for being such a good girl during her spanking. Xander and Anya agree that they have to find some way to help Buffy trust Faith.

Anya finally pulls the cucumber out of Buffy’s pussy, and tells her that when she gets up off the floor she’ll have to clean it, and put it away. Xander thinks that’s a good idea, since Buffy’s the one who got it all messy, and she should do it with her tongue.

Xander invites Anya to join him and Buffy in the shower, but she already had a shower, before she went out shopping, and doesn’t want to get her hair wet again.

Xander releases Buffy from her bonds, picks her up, and carries her to the bathroom, where they first have a long chat about how she’s feeling about all this, and if she really enjoyed her spanking from Anya, and other stuff. Buffy did enjoy it, and all the other stuff. Xander tells her that it’s good that she’s enjoying all the sex, but he wants her to have other sorts of enjoyment. He want to see Buffy-smiles, and hear Buffy-giggles, and see all round Buffy-happiness. Those are some of his favourite things in the whole world, all of which has the desired result of bringing a big smile to her face. Then he orders her to pee, while he watches her. She asks if he needs to pee too, and he does, but he can’t at the moment, with his hard cock pointing at the ceiling. Buffy smiles and offers to help him with that.

Chapter 18:

Buffy gives Xander a blow job in the shower. It starts out slow and gentle, but it quickly gets faster, and rougher, with Xander taking hold of her head and pushing her farther and farther down his cock, and Buffy loves every second of the way he’s dominating her. When the blow job is done, Xander has Buffy wash every bit of his body, and then he orders her to stand perfectly still while he does the same with her. She’s very frustrated by the gentle way he washes her breasts, refusing
to play with her nipple rings while he does it.

After the shower, they talk about Faith, and Buffy’s feelings about her. She hates Faith. She can’t trust Faith, and she wants to have hot sweaty sex with Faith, but she can’t, and now Xander loves Faith too, and he’s taking Faith’s side, and it’s going to ruin everything. Xander agrees with some of that. He does love Faith, and if they don’t fix this, it is going to ruin everything, but he isn’t taking Faith’s side. He’s on Buffy’s side. Buffy has every right to hate Faith, after everything she’s done, and she has good reasons for not trusting her. He then demonstrates to Buffy that he can make her be totally honest, by getting her to tell him one of her most embarrassing secrets: that she used to masturbate while thinking about Hyena-Xander. He then tells her that he can do the same with Faith.

Shortly after that, Xander has Buffy and Faith standing side by side, nude, except for their collars, wrist cuffs, nipple rings, and frilly pink shoes with five inch heals. He tells them that he is going to try to help them get over their problems with each other. At one point Faith hums a little tune, and Anya gets up off the sofa, and gives her a kiss on the cheek, and a hug. Faith looks surprised, Buffy looks confused, and a little envious, so Anya gives her a hug too. Xander orders that Buffy and Faith both have to tell each other the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and then announces that he and Anya are going out. He has to talk about something with Giles. They have to stay there, and talk to each other about stuff that matters. He starts to leave, before remembering to add one more important instruction: no violence! Just before the door closes behind him, he pops his head back in. “Oh, by the way, the more you guys tell each other the truth, the hornier you get. Bye!” And he’s gone.

**Chapter 19:**

At first Buffy and Faith just stand there, saying nothing for a while, until Faith says “I’m sorry.” That is not what Buffy wants to hear. Faith says it again. She’s sorry for all the things she did. Sorry for trying to kill Xander. Sorry for poisoning Angel. Sorry about taking Buffy’s body. Sorry about everything. This is not the way Buffy expected the talk to go. She had expected Faith to break down and admit that she was playing them again, and that she felt no remorse for any of the things she did.

Buffy tells Faith to stand up, and look her in the eye. She’s always been able to tell when Faith was lying, there was a sparkle of deception in her eyes. So, staring Faith in the eyes, she asks her to say it again, that she’s sorry for all the things she’s done. This time she doesn’t see it. She asks why Faith did all those things. Again, she doesn’t get the answer she expected. She thought that Faith attacked Angel because she was jealous of her, but Faith says it was because she was afraid of him: he knew what she was, what she felt, and she didn’t want him to be right. Buffy wants to know what she ever did to Faith to make her hate her too. “You let me be me. You didn’t save me. You didn’t stop me from being myself.”

Buffy wants to know why the body swap? Did Faith want to take over her life, take Riley, take everything? Was that why she went after Angel too? To take something else of Buffy’s? “I wanted him to kill me,” whispers Faith, which stops Buffy dead.

Faith doesn’t think she deserved to live. She certainly doesn’t deserve to be part of Buffy and Xander’s reward. Buffy thinks that maybe she can change, and make herself worthy of it. She can be different. All she has to do is say it. She has to tell the truth now, she can’t lie. If Faith says it, it must be true. All she has to do is say it. “I’m…Different” says Faith. Buffy smiles, and kisses her, which quickly morphs into a hot make-out session, with Buffy and Faith alternating telling each other true stuff that matters. Buffy tells Faith that she was never into girls, before the reward, except for one time, in her senior year of high school, before everything went wrong for Faith.
Faith admits to having had the hots for Buffy, pretty much all along. When she was in Buffy’s body, she’d fucked herself with Buffy’s vibrator, while watching herself in the mirror, and calling herself a slut and a whore all sorts of nasty things, just like Buffy had been doing on the kitchen table the other morning. That’s something she didn’t like doing before. Buffy wants Faith to call her those things now, but Faith can’t do it, because they aren’t true. Buffy tells Faith to tell her what she said then.

Xander and Anya arrive back at the apartment, hoping that Buffy and Faith have made some progress, but he isn’t expecting any miracles. When he reaches the door he hears Faith’s muffled shouts from inside. Stuff like “you’re a slut and a whore and a worthless cunt that isn’t worth fucking!” He thinks that things have gone horribly wrong, and bursts into the apartment to find: Buffy kneeling over Faith on the couch, with a gag in her mouth, and her wrists locked together over her head. Faith’s fingers are pounding into Buffy’s pussy, while she keeps saying all the nasty things Buffy wants to hear, and with the fingers of her other hand in her own pussy. Faith hasn’t noticed them come in, but Buffy has. She stares at Xander, as both she and Faith come together, and then collapses down beside Faith on the couch.

Anya starts getting undressed. She’s had enough. Buffy has been getting far too many orgasms today, while Anya still hasn’t had any. She wants at least three orgasms from Buffy, before Buffy can have any more.

Chapter 20:

(about a week later)

Princess Buffy of Alderaan is the helpless captive of Jabba the Hutt, when Xan Solo, and his partner Anyacca burst in, blasters firing, shooting all Jabba’s guards, and Jabba, and then carrying her off to safety in Xan’s cabin in the Millennium Falcon, where she finds her faithful companion droid (and completely anatomically correct sex-bot) F8TH5X5 waiting for her. Faith thinks that the princess should reward Captain Solo (who she predicts with 99.3% certainty will be her best lover ever) and they all have sex together.

(Saturday) (R + 8)

Later at the Magic Box, which has just opened for business, Xander reports the results of their latest experiment with his power. While they were in their roles, Buffy and Faith completely believed that they really were the parts they were playing. Xander finds having that level of control over them quite disturbing. Meanwhile, Anya’s got Buffy and Faith dressed up in skimpy sexy sales girl outfits, and they are being quite successful at selling a lot of merchandise to drooling men who aren’t paying any attention to the price tags on the items they are selling. This is something else that Xander and Giles aren’t too happy with, but Xander assures him that the girls volunteered quite happily when Anya suggested that they do this. He didn’t have any part in their decision to go along with it.

Giles has been thinking about Xander’s new “luck.” The more he researches it, the more he thinks that it might turn out to be literally world changing. Consider the rather long list of unlucky things that have happened to Xander over his life in Sunnydale. What if that’s now reversed, and where before, bad things happened, now good things will happen. This reward might turn out be one of the most significant mystical events of the last thousand years. Xander is doubtful as he watches a smiling, mini-skirted Buffy go to answer the phone, and admires her back while she does so, and thinks that maybe Giles might be right.
Then he sees the expression of Buffy’s face sink, her clothes flash into simple jeans, and a sweater. Her eyes fill with tears, and there’s fear in her voice when she speaks. “Mom’s in the hospital.”

Xander takes her hand and they start for the exit. Just before they get to the door, he turns back to Giles. “You really should know better by now.”

My continuation of this story begins in the next chapter.
Chapter 21

Xander glanced sideways at Buffy as he drove toward the hospital. Her worry was clear on her face, and in her posture. The happiness he’d been getting used to seeing in her over the past few days was completely gone. “Tell me what happened,” he said.

Buffy shook her head. “I don’t know. Dawn said Mom just collapsed. She called 911 for an ambulance, before she called me.”

Xander nodded, clutching at any straw that he could to reassure Buffy. “That’s good. Dawn did the right thing. She’s a smart girl.”

Buffy smiled wanly at him. “Yeah, she is.” He could tell that she knew what he was trying to do, and was trying to go along with it, to make him feel better. He wondered how far they could pretend each other into a better mood. He thought about ordering Buffy not to worry, but he couldn’t do that. If he started passing out orders like that, she’d stop being the Buffy Summers that he knew and loved. His Buffy worried when the people she cared about were hurt, or in danger.

“Whatever it is, I’m sure she’ll be fine,” said Xander. “Joyce is a Summers Woman, and they always bounce back.”

Buffy gave him another sad smile. “Yeah, we always do.”

Xander dropped Buffy off at the main entrance to the hospital before he went looking for a parking space. When he got inside he found Buffy with Dawn. Dawn had a stethoscope that she was fiddling with, using it to listen to her own heart. “How’s your mom?” he asked.

“We’re still waiting for word,” said Buffy. “They haven’t told us anything yet.”

An intern came out of the examining room, and smiled at Dawn. “I’m going to need that back soon,” he said, pointing to the stethoscope.

“Oh, sure,” said Dawn. “Oh! Buffy, Xander, this is Ben. He’s been taking care of Mom.” She moved over closer to Xander and put the stethoscope up to his chest.

“How’s Mom?” asked Buffy.

“She seems to be just fine,” said Ben. “It was probably just low blood sugar. We want to run a couple more tests, but you should be able to take her home tonight. I’ve got a little bit of paperwork that we need to get sorted out with you, before we can do that, though.”

“Uh, yeah, sure.” Buffy moved off with him to the counter by the nurses’ station to go over some forms with him.

Xander looked down at Dawn, who seemed to be concentrating on listening to his heart beat. “You know, Anya likes to do that too?” he asked.

Dawn looked up, startled by his words. “Huh? What?”

“Anya likes to listen to my heart beat,” said Xander. “She usually sleeps with her head on my chest, so she can hear it.”

“Xander, it’s bad enough that I have to listen to her talk about your sex life whenever she’s around.”
Do you have to do it too?”

“Who said anything about sex?” asked Xander.

“You, Anya, bed: the sex part is pretty much a given,” said Dawn.

“Yeah, I suppose it is,” said Xander, smiling at her, and happy that he’d managed to distract her some more from worrying about her mother. “So, how’s it sound to you?”

“It sounds good,” said Dawn. “Thump-thum, thump-thum, thump-thum. Nice and strong and steady. I’ve always known that you had a good heart.”

“Hey, it’s one of my best qualities,” said Xander. “So, how are you doing?”

“Better, now that you’re here.”

Xander hugged her. Oh, Dawn, he thought. He knew about her crush on him. How could he not? Every time she saw him, she lit up just the way Willow had, when they had been that age. His teenaged idiot self hadn’t recognized it for what it was, (or lived on that river in Egypt) but he did now. And he loved Dawn. Just as he had always loved Willow. (But there would be absolutely no Fluking! No way! No how! Not ever!) Dawn was like a kid sister to him, just like Joyce was like a second mother. A second mother who actually seemed to care more about him than his real mother did. He had to get his mind off that track.

“You know you did good, right?” asked Xander. “You did just the things you were supposed to do.”

“I felt so useless,” said Dawn. “Buffy would have done better.”

“Oh, no she wouldn’t!” said Xander. “You did just as much as Buffy could have. Your mom wasn’t attacked by a vampire, or a demon, or anything that could get beaten up. She got sick, and you called for the ambulance to bring her here, where the doctors are going to make her better. This isn’t a problem that the Slayer can solve. Your mom needs doctors, and you got her to them as quickly as humanly possible.”

Buffy came back with Ben. “Everything’s all signed, and approved,” he told them. He glanced toward the examining room, and apparently saw something that wasn’t evident to Xander. “You can go in and see her now.” No doubt some sort of secret medical signal had been passed along.

Xander followed Buffy and Dawn into Joyce’s room, and watched as the two sisters gave their mother hugs.

“I feel so silly, for giving you all such a scare,” said Joyce.

“Don’t,” said Buffy. “We just want you to get well. How are you feeling?”

“Still have a headache, but other than that, I feel fine,” said Joyce.

“We’ll give you a prescription for some higher strength pain medication,” said a doctor from the doorway behind them. Xander glanced at his name tag, and saw that his name was Isaacs. He flipped back and forth between a couple of pages in the medical chart he was carrying. “Hmmm.”

“Hmmm?” asked Buffy. “Is that a good ‘hmmm,’ or a bad ‘hmmm?’”

“It’s an ‘I got a funny feeling,’ hmmm,” said Dr. Isaacs.
“What?” asked Buffy. Xander shared her puzzlement. In his experience, doctors always pretended to be confident when they talked to their patients. It seemed to him that the more confused a doctor was, the more confident they pretended to be. Dr. Isaacs letting them see that there was something he wasn’t sure about confused him.

Dr. Isaacs turned his attention to Joyce. “Mrs. Summers, usually, in a case with your symptoms and history, I’d give you the ‘take two aspirins, and call me in the morning,’ speech, though with something a bit stronger than aspirin. But I’ve got a gut feeling. It’s probably just the barrito I had at lunch.”

“What do you want to do?” asked Joyce.

“I want to run an MRI scan,” said Dr. Isaacs. “Now, normally, I couldn’t justify that expense to your insurance company without ruling out a lot of other things first, but it turns out that this hospital just took delivery on a brand-new MRI machine, that we are currently doing calibration and acceptance trials on. Most of those trials are being done on volunteer staff members, but we can slot you in too, for free, if you’d like.”

“Is there any risk from the scan?” asked Buffy.

“Completely harmless, assuming we’ve been told the truth about your mother’s medical history,” said Dr. Isaacs. “No pacemaker, cochlear implants, anything like that, or bits of loose metal inside your body?” he asked Joyce, and she shook her head. “Then there’s no problem. It’s a completely non-invasive procedure.”

“Let’s do it,” said Joyce. “If nothing else, it will help you get your machine calibrated, right?”

“That it will,” said Dr. Isaacs. “I’ll just call up to the third floor to tell them you’re coming.”

Xander paced back and forth across the floor in the waiting room outside the MRI lab. “Will you calm down?” asked Buffy. “You’re freaking Dawn out. Whatever happens, Mom’s going to come out of there just fine.”

Xander smiled at the younger Summers sister. “Sorry. I know that this is hard for you, and I’m sure your mom is going to be fine, but I just can’t help myself.” He spun around to make another pass across the floor, wearing the path he was making in the carpet even deeper, and bumped into a candy-stripper who was hurrying across the waiting room with a stack of medical charts in her hands.

“Ack!” she cried, while Xander said “Oh! Sorry!” and clipboards clattered to the floor.

Buffy and Dawn suppressed giggles as they watched Xander help the girl collect all the fallen charts. “I’m really sorry about that,” said Xander, as he placed the last of them back into her hands.

“It’s okay, Sir,” said the girl. Buffy felt a bit of a thrill at that. The girl had called Xander ‘Sir!’ just like Buffy did when they were… What if he’d ordered her to get down on her knees, and… Oh God! she shouldn’t be having thoughts like that now! She closed her eyes, and shuddered.

“Buffy, are you okay?” asked Dawn.

“I’m fine,” said Buffy. “Just a little tired.”

None of them noticed the medical chart that was still on the floor, under Dawn’s seat.

“Finally!” said Joyce as Xander held the door of his car open for her. “It will be good to get home
again, and away from this place!”

“I don’t think that you’ll find many people who list hospitals in their top ten most favourite things,” said Xander. “How are you doing?”

“Much better, now that I’m out of there,” said Joyce.

Buffy and Dawn got into the back, while Xander went around to the driver’s side door. Dawn picked up a bag from an electronics store, that had been sitting on her seat. “Hey, what’s this?” she asked. She started to look inside it.

“You shouldn’t be snooping in other people’s things, Dawn,” said Joyce, “It’s not polite.”

“Oh, she can look in there all she wants,” said Xander, as he started the car. “Then she can give the box with Buffy’s name on it to her sister, since it’s for her.”

Dawn looked in the bag. “Cell phones?” she asked, pulling out a box, and flipping it around to read the labeling.

Buffy snatched the box out her her hands. “Oh! A cell phone? For me?”

“Yeah.” Xander looked both ways before carefully pulling out of the hospital parking lot, and turning toward the Summers house. “Giles had me pick them up earlier. He finally decided to join the twentieth century, with three whole months to spare!”

“Didn’t the twentieth century end last year?” asked Buffy.

“Only for people who can’t count right,” said Dawn. “So, how come she’s getting a phone?”

“Giles figured that all the Scoobies should have one, for emergencies and stuff, and so we can talk to each other about things that your mom probably doesn’t want Harriet the Spy listening in on.”

“Don’t call me that,” said Dawn. “It was a stupid movie. Harriet was totally miscast.”

“You know what they say,” said Xander. “If the shoe fits…” He smiled, thinking some private thoughts about some of the phone conversations that he was planning to have with Buffy, which Joyce definitely wouldn’t want Dawn listening in on. Good thing all the phones came with hands-free headsets.

“You just got your phone privileges back, young lady,” added Joyce. “If you’re not careful, you could lose them again.”

“Alright, but if people would actually tell me what’s going on, I wouldn’t have to snoop so much.”

“Dawn, you’re too young to be learning about that stuff,” said Joyce.

“I’m almost as old as Buffy was, when she started being the Slayer,” said Dawn.

“And I was too young for a lot of the stuff I had to deal with,” said Buffy.

“Dawn might have a point,” said Xander. “Not about getting involved in the Slaying, but maybe she should be told more about some of the stuff that’s going on. Might help keep her out of trouble.”

“I don’t get in trouble,” said Dawn.
"Cough!Harmony!cough!"

“One time,” said Dawn.

“What’s that about?” asked Joyce.

“Nothing!” said Buffy. “Nothing you need to worry about. It’s all over and taken care of.”

“And here we are!” said Xander. “Casa de Verano!”

“When did you start learning Spanish?” asked Buffy. “It certainly wasn’t in high school.”

Xander pulled his car up to the curb in front of the Summers house. “Got some Spanish guys on my crew. They’re teaching me a few things.”

“As long as they’re not teaching you the Dirty Hungarian Phrasebook versions of things,” said Joyce.

“Oooh! The Classics! Fear not, my hovercraft is completely eel free!”

“What are you guys talking about?” asked Buffy, the look of confusion on her face was mirrored on Dawn’s.

“Your mother has just revealed herself to be an aficionado of one of the finest comic troupes since the Marx Brothers.” Xander smiled at her. “You continue to reveal hidden depths, Joyce. Now, are you okay to walk to the house, or will Buffy have to carry you?”

“I think I’m good.” Joyce opened her door, and started to climb out. Buffy still managed to get out her own door and around to her mother’s side before Joyce was all the way out of the car, to give her a shoulder to lean on if she needed it.

Joyce took a couple of unsteady steps before swaying slightly. Buffy put a steadying arm around her. “Are you alright, Mom?”

“Yeah, just a little light headed. Dr. Isaacs warned me that the pills he gave me could do that.”

“Then let’s get you into the house, and sitting back down again,” said Buffy. “Come on. Dawn, you go ahead and get the door open.”

Xander stayed for a bit longer, while Buffy got her mother settled in bed. When she came back downstairs he took her by the hand, and led her out onto the back porch of the house. “There are a few things that I want to tell you, before I go tell the others how your mom’s doing.”

“What?” asked Buffy.

“First, an order: for the next couple of days, your most important job is taking care of your mother, and your sister. Until she’s better, they are going to need your love and support.”

“Yes, Sir,” said Buffy, she smiled at him. “Thank you, Sir.”

“And I’ve got a little present for you, a reward for the outstanding job that I know you’re going to do at that.”

“A reward?” asked Buffy. “What sort of reward?” She hoped it would be her nipple rings. The bulky sweater she’d been wearing since she’d heard her mother was sick would keep them from being seen by Dawn, or her mother.
“Buffy, before this all started, did you ever just lightly stroke your clit?” Buffy started to quickly answer that of course she did, but he held up a finger against her lips to stop her before she could get the first words out. “Not to get yourself off, or even to get turned on, but just because it felt nice, while you were alone, studying, reading, watching TV, or something like that?”

“Yeah, I do that sometimes,” said Buffy.

“Okay, I want you to hold that feeling in your head. That’s what I want this to feel like, after the initial pain, that I know you’re going to like.” He stepped forward and hugged her.

Buffy was beginning to suspect what Xander had in mind, so she wasn’t totally surprised by the sharp stab of pain through her clitoral hood. She still gasped, and would have fallen to her knees from the near orgasm that quick jab had given her, if Xander hadn’t already been holding her. She saw stars for a few seconds, while she gasped for breath. “Oh god, Xander! Thank you!” The pain was already fading, and she could feel the ring pressing against her clit.

Xander smiled and kissed her forehead. “Looks like that worked. How’s it feel?” he asked.

“You were right, it started off fantastic, and now it’s…nice.”

“I think I’m going to call that one your Reward Ring,” said Xander, “and it’s got some special rules.”

“What sort of rules?” asked Buffy.

“First: this one is permanent. It isn’t going to be coming and going like your nipple rings. It’s always going to be there: a constant reminder that you are mine, and that I love you, and control you, even when I’m not with you.”

“Oh, thank you, Sir!”

“Two: when no one is playing with it, it’s going to feel just like it feels now: nice. It isn’t going to distract you from your training, or slaying, or classes, or enjoying spending time with your friends or family. Of course when someone is playing with it, it’s going to feel terrific!”

“Thank you, Xander!”

“Three: you may not play with it yourself, unless Anya or I give you specific permission to do so, nor can you ask for anyone to play with it, though I’m sure that once Anya and Faith find out about it, they will be quite eager to play, without you asking.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“So, now I want you to spend the rest of the evening with Dawn and Joyce. Take care of them, and spend some time playing with your new phone. Make sure you know how it works. All the Scoobies’ phone numbers are already programmed in, but you might want to add some others. And after you’ve gotten Dawn off to bed—at her usual bed-time, no fair making her go to bed early—you can go to bed yourself, and then you’re going to get your nipple rings back, and you can play quietly with them, and your Reward Ring for half an hour. You have to be quiet though, so you don’t disturb your mother or sister. When the half hour is up I want you to go to sleep, and have pleasant dreams.”

“Oh, thank you, Xander!”

“One more thing: make really sure that you know how the hands-free headset works. You’re going
to need it in the morning. Now, is there anything you need from me before I go?” asked Xander.

“A kiss?” asked Buffy.

“My pleasure.” Xander placed a gentle kiss on Buffy’s lips, which quickly deepened. When they finally came up for air, he smiled at her. “Hmmm, I’m going to miss that for the next little while. I’m getting used to having Buffy-kisses at regular intervals.”

“I’m going to miss my Xander-kisses more,” said Buffy. “You’ll still have Faith and Anya.”

“Much as I hate to leave you, I do have to go now.”

“I know.” They started back toward the door. Neither of them saw Dawn disappearing from the kitchen window. “Xander, there is one thing I’ve been wondering about.”

“What’s that?”

“What’s the deal with that little tune Faith hums, that makes you and Anya hug her?”

“Oh, I guess we never told you about that. That’s a little experiment I tried with a post hypnotic suggestion. When Faith feels like she’d like a hug, she hums that tune.”

“Why?”

“Well, you know Faith. She’d never admit that she wants someone to hug her, or initiate a hug on her own. She doesn’t even know she’s doing it. As far as she’s concerned, it seems like Anya and I just seem to know when she wants a hug, and now, so do you.”

“Have you done anything like that with me?”

“Nope. You haven’t needed it. You’ve never been shy about hugging the people you care about, when you think you, or they, need it.”

Xander got back to the Magic Box just as an exhausted looking Giles was seeing the final customers out the door. Xander had picked up a large box of assorted doughnuts, and ten, one dollar, scratch-and-win lottery tickets on his way back from Buffy’s house. He gave the tickets to Anya while the others descended on the doughnuts.

“How is Mrs. Summers?” asked Tara.

“Back home with Buffy and Dawn,” said Xander. “She’s got some pills that seem to be taking care of the pain, but they make her dizzy and sleepy. They gave her an MRI scan, and her doctor wants to spend some time looking over the results. He said he’d know more on Monday.”

Faith hummed her little tune, and Xander was surprised when it was Tara who responded first. “I’m sure Mrs. Summers will be fine,” she said, while giving Faith a quick hug. Willow didn’t look happy to see her girlfriend hugging Faith.

Anya squealed with delight. “Oh! I won ten dollars!”

“Well, that’s still consistant,” said Xander. “I keep breaking even on those things.”

“Which means you’re beating the odds by quite a bit,” said Willow. “Expected return on most scratch-and-wins is only about twenty-five cents to the dollar.”
Max usually liked working as a janitor at the hospital. He could pass as a human, as long as he kept his clothes on, and he could just soak up all the human misery an empath demon could want, without having to attract any attention to himself by actually causing much of that misery. The only real downside was that the Slayer was a fairly regular visitor, either bringing in injured people she had found, or visiting recovering friends. Luckily, he could sense her bright aura fairly far away, so he could always make himself busy in some other part of the hospital when he felt her presence.

That was why he’d shifted his normal schedule around, earlier that evening, bypassing the cleaning of the MRI waiting area until well after she had gone from it. He found the dropped clipboard under one of the chairs, and grinned. A lost chart could cause a fair amount of misery, and now he had a chance to add a little more. It wouldn’t have to be anything overt, that anyone would notice. He’d just have to see to it that the chart stayed missing for a little while longer. Instead of giving it someone who would see to it that it got correctly filed, he could just “file” it himself, and certainly not in the correct place.
Chapter 22

Xander led Faith and Anya back into their apartment. Anya was giddy about how successful the Magic Box’s first day had been. “Of course, sales fell off a bit after you took Buffy away, but they were still very good. Buffy and Faith were very good sales girls.”

Xander saw Faith smile from the praise.

Anya saw it too. “In fact, Faith did such a good job today, I think she should be rewarded, by giving us orgasms.”

“Oh yes, Mistress!” said Faith, bouncing with anticipation. “How may I serve you, and Xander?”

When Xander came out of the bathroom, he was greeted by what was becoming a fairly common sight in his apartment. Faith was on her knees on the carpet in front of the couch, with her face between Anya’s legs. Her hands were cuffed up behind her back, and she was still wearing the skimpy mini-skirt, and t-shirt from her “sales girl” outfit. He could quite plainly see that she wasn’t wearing any panties. Anya’s slacks, and panties were tossed aside on the coffee table. He paused, just to enjoy the view for a moment, before going to sit beside Anya. He saw Faith’s eyes look up at him, as he watched her licking Anya’s pussy. She started to pull away, but he shook his head.

“Keep going; looks like you’re doing a good job.”

Faith pressed her face forward again, with a muffled “Yesh, Shir!” and Anya gasped and moaned as Faith’s tongue went back to circling her clit.

Xander unbuttoned Anya’s blouse, and slowly pulled it open. He ran his fingers over her soft skin, slowly circling her breasts, and bringing them in to caress her nipples, before taking an entire breast in his hand and gently squeezing, and fondling it while he kissed her. Anya moaned again.

Xander pulled back a couple of inches from her. “So, have you had any orgasms yet?”

“Oh yes, Faith has a very talented tongue!”

“Fank u, Mhstrush!” came up from between her legs, and Xander saw Anya’s eyes roll back, and she gasped and shuddered as she came again.

Xander went back to kissing Anya, and he felt her hands pulling at his belt, undoing his pants button, opening his fly. He felt her hand slide down into his pants, and surround his hard cock. He moved his mouth down along her neck, across her chest, to her free breast. He carefully rolled his lips over his teeth as he sucked her nipple into his mouth, and gently bit down on it, holding his lips between his teeth, and Anya’s tender nub.

“Oh, yes, Xander!” cried Anya, and he felt her shuddering, and her fist clenched tighter around his cock.

Xander pulled away from Anya’s chest, and smiled down at Faith. “You can stop now, Faith. It’s my turn.”

Faith pulled away from Anya’s pussy, and sat back on her heels. “Yes, Sir.” She quickly shuffled sideways on her knees, and leaned in toward Xander’s cock, still held in Anya’s hand.

“Faith!” Xander pretended to put a little anger into his voice. “I meant it was my turn with Anya. Don’t you think that was a little presumptuous of you?”
Faith sat back on her heels, and bowed her head. “Yes, Sir. I’m sorry, Sir.”

Xander felt a strong stirring of pleasure within himself at seeing her being so submissive toward him. He knew it was an echo of the pleasure that Faith felt in being dominated by him. If Faith felt good about this, she should be ecstatic about what was to come. He turned to Anya. “I think our Faith needs to be punished.”

He felt her pleasure surge, and heard a whimper of anticipation from Faith.

“I think you’re right,” said Anya. “She needs a good spanking, don’t you agree, Faith?”

“Oh, yes Mistress! I should be spanked!”

“Very well Faith,” said Xander. “Get across my knees, with your ass facing Anya so she can have a nice view.”

“Yes, Sir!” Faith rose from her knees with surprising grace for someone wearing platform shoes and whose hands were tied behind her back, and laid herself down across his knees with her mini-skirt only covering about half her ass.

Xander thought that it was still half too much. “Anya, would you please lift that up out of the way, so I can give Faith a proper spanking?”

Anya smiled at him. “Certainly, Dear.” She used her hand that wasn’t holding his cock to lift the hem of Faith’s skirt up, and lay it across her back.

Xander gently rubbed his hand over Faith’s bare ass, admiring its roundness, the smoothness of her skin, the slight surface softness, over the firmness of the muscle beneath. “So, how many spanks should you get, Faith?”

“Uh…ten please, Sir?” she asked.

Xander looked at Anya. “Does that sound about right to you?”

She nodded. “Ten’s a good number.”

Xander pulled his hand back. “Ten it is. Count them out, Faith, and remember, this is punishment, so no coming!”

“Yes Sir,” said Faith. “Please punish your naughty slave, Sir!”

Xander kept in mind that Faith was a Slayer, and that he couldn’t really hurt her, as he brought his hand down in a hard smack against her bare ass cheek.

“One!” gasped Faith. “Thank you, Sir!” Smack! His hand came down on the other cheek. “Two! Thank you for spanking me, Sir!” Xander keptspanking her, alternating between cheeks, with Faith counting them out, and thanking him after each smack. All the while Anya’s hand was stroking his cock, in time with the spanks. When Xander reached the ninth spank, Faith cried out “Nine! Thank you, Sir! May I have another?”

Xander hesitated, with his hand in the air. “Faith, was that an Animal House quote?”

“Uh, yes, Sir!” said Faith.

“Just for that…” Xander wound up, and smacked her on the ass as hard as he could.
“Ten!” shrieked Faith. “Oh, thank you, Sir!”

Xander shook his hand. “Ow, I think that last one hurt me more than it hurt you.”

“Yes,” said Anya. “We need to get some proper paddles, or whips, if we are going to be doing this often. Slayers have very resilient bottoms.”

“I’m sorry, Sir,” said Faith. “Is there anything I can do to make it up to you?”

“I think you can start by standing up,” said Xander.

“Yes, Sir.” Faith rose promptly from Xander’s lap, and stood in front of the sofa.

“Now, strip.”

The cuffs on Faith’s wrists came free from each other, and she quickly shimmied out of her skirt, and top. She had no way to remove her shoes, which were seamlessly moulded around her feet, so she stood before them wearing just her gold choker, wrist cuffs, and platform heeled shoes.

Xander turned to Anya, and gave her a quick kiss. “I like what you’re doing, but I can’t properly prepare Faith, unless you stop.”

Anya gave his cock one more squeeze, before she let it go. “Just don’t take too long.”

Xander rose from the couch, and slowly circled Faith. “At attention!” he ordered.

Faith stood straighter, with her feet held together and her arms straight down at her sides. Xander dredged up some of his faded soldier memories, for how she was supposed to stand. He came back around behind her, grabbed her shoulders, and pulled them back. “Shoulders back, chest out, stomach in!” he told her. He moved around to the side, and looked her up and down, admiring how her firm breasts jutted forward. “Eyes front, heels together, toes separated at a forty-five degree angle!” He walked around her again, making some minute adjustments to the positions of her hands. “Very good.”

“Thank you, Sir,” said Faith.

“Slayer, when you are at attention, you are not to speak, unless directed to do so, and when you do speak, the first and last words out of your mouth, will be ‘Sir!’ Do you understand?”

“Sir! Yes, Sir!”

“Outstanding, Slayer!” said Xander. “You will remember this posture, and you will assume it instantly whenever I order you to do so, and you will hold it until you receive an order otherwise.” Xander paused to see if Faith would respond without direction, but she remained silent. “Do you understand?” he asked after a few seconds.

“Sir! Yes, Sir!”

“Most outstanding!” He was beginning to develop a plan for how to dominate Faith and Buffy, in the way that they both wanted to be dominated, that wouldn’t conflict with his own discomfort with the idea of treating them as slaves. Gimmel’s letter didn’t actually specify that Buffy and Faith were his slaves. It said that they were his to command, so he’d treat them as soldiers, with himself as their commanding officer. He thought that would work much better for him.

“I like seeing our Faith standing this way, but I thought that you were going to have sex with me
“Soon, Ahn. Just a couple of things to do first. Faith needs to be rewarded for giving you those orgasms, and taking her spanking so well. Alright, Faith, you can relax now, and raise your hands above your head.”

“Yes, Sir!” Faith’s hands reached up toward the ceiling, and the light flashed. She was now suspended by her wrists from the ceiling. Her shoes had vanished too, and she could barely brush the tips of her bare toes across the carpet.

“Do you want me to get the vibrator again, Xander?” asked Anya.

“Not tonight. I want to try something else. I’m not sure if this will work.” He’d been building up a vision in his head of just what he wanted all day. He was sure he could get the physical form of it. He just wasn’t sure if he could get something with the special properties that he wanted. He held up his hand before Faith’s face, and concentrated. There was another flash of light, and he was holding a dildo fitted to a leather harness. Well the first bit worked. “Do you recognize this, Faith?”

“Oh, yes, Xander! It looks just like your hard dick.”

“Lift up your legs… A bit higher, I don’t want to have to bend down.” He smiled as Faith used her arms to lift herself even higher, with her legs stretched out in front of her, and her toes pointing toward him. He wondered how long the Slayer could hold that position, without injuring herself. He’d have to experiment some other time. For now, he slipped the harness over her feet, and slowly up her legs. She started to spread her legs as he passed her knees, allowing him to move up between them, following the harness until the tip of the dildo started to press against her pussy lips.

“Do you feel that, Faith?”

Faith looked puzzled. “I don’t feel anything.”

“Good.” Xander pushed the dildo all the way up her pussy, in one quick thrust. “Still feel nothing?”

“Yes, I mean no, I mean I can’t feel it. Xander, what’s going on? What’s this mean?”

Xander smiled at her. “It means that I think this is gonna work.” Xander settled the harness around Faith’s hips, holding the dildo firmly inside her. “Okay, you can let yourself down now.”

Faith let her arms straighten, and her legs drop down to dangle beneath her, as Xander stepped back to admire her.

“First rule for while you’re hanging there tonight, Faith, is that you can only come when Anya comes. Second rule…no I think rule one pretty much covers it. Oh yeah, you can have your nipple rings, with a chain, and a weight.”

There was another flash, and Faith cried out as her nipples were pierced. She wanted to come, but Xander had said that she couldn’t. Her body still shuddered, making the gold weight dangling from the chain stretched between her tits dance, further arousing her.

Xander turned back toward Anya. “Isn’t this just the best living room sculpture?” he asked. “It will be so nice, when we get Buffy back, and can have a matched set, don’t you think?”

“It’s very fine, Xander,” said Anya. “Are we going to have sex now?”
“I think it’s time we got started, but tonight, I’m not in the mood for wild monkey sex. I think tonight, it’ll be tender Sarah McLachlan sex.” He stepped toward Anya, and kissed her gently on the mouth.

Faith watched as Xander and Anya kissed in front of her. She watched as Anya slowly undressed Xander, and he removed the unbuttoned blouse that was still around her shoulders. She watched as Xander backed Anya up to the couch, lowered her down onto it, and kissed his way down her body, her breasts, her stomach, and finally buried his face between her legs. She watched Anya lift her legs, and place her bare feet on Xander’s shoulders, spreading herself wide open for his tongue.

Faith wanted to come. She needed to come. Every time she moved, even the slightest bit, the weighted chain tugged on her nipples. Even breathing caused the weight to swing. She thought she was going to explode, holding back her climax, until she heard Anya gasping out Xander’s name. Faith let loose a screaming orgasm of her own.

Xander gave Anya’s pussy a few more tender licks, before he he took hold of her waist, picked her up, and moved her so she was lying along the couch. He crawled up onto the end, between her legs, and slowly started to kiss his way back up her body, taking his time, licking her belly button, over her stomach, up between her breasts, circling back down to lick and kiss Anya’s nipples. Faith could feel her arousal mounting again, and feel her anticipation rising as she watched Xander’s cock slowly approaching Anya’s pussy. She wanted to see him enter her. Anya had her legs up now, wrapped around Xander’s waist, and she could clearly see them getting closer, and closer. Two inches…one inch…half an inch…the tip of Xander’s cock touched Anya’s pussy’s lips, and Faith’s hips twitched. She’d felt it! When Xander’s cock had finally touched Anya’s pussy, she’d felt it!

Faith’s gaze moved up to Xander’s face, but his attention was currently focused entirely on his girlfriend, as he thrust himself forward, burying his cock deep into her pussy, and Faith felt it!

“Oh, Xander!” she and Anya cried out together. That caused Anya to turn her head toward Faith, looking puzzled. Xander looked at her too, and smiled.

“Xander, how?” asked Faith.

“Magic dildo,” said Xander. He turned back to Anya. “Right now, Faith feels like she’s got my cock up her pussy. What you feel in your pussy…” He slowly pulled back, and thrust into Anya again, causing both her and Faith to gasp. “…is what Faith feels in hers.” He slowly pumped his hips a few more times, to emphasize the point. Faith felt as if Xander’s cock was pumping inside her. Faith and Anya moaned together again.

Xander put all of his focus into gently making love to Anya. His cock moved in long, slow, strong strokes deep into her pussy, and Faith felt it in her own. His hands held Anya’s breasts, and his mouth kissed her mouth. Faith shuddered as she watched them, feeling the weight suspended between her nipples bounce, and making her groan. It wasn’t long before Anya, and Faith, was coming again, and still Xander kept up his steady pace. Anya had spent a year training him to have the control necessary for him to go on and on, in just the right way to give her orgasm after orgasm, and with his new stamina from the Reward, he could go even longer, and give Anya even more orgasms, and this time Faith got to share in each and every one of them.

Buffy sat with her feet curled up under her on the sofa in the living room of her house, going over the instruction manual for her phone, and experimenting with some of its features. She saw that Xander had already programmed all the Scoobies’ numbers into the phone’s address book, and assigned them all to speed-dial numbers, in alphabetical order, placing his own number at the end.
She moved it up to the number one slot.

She plugged the wire for the headset she had hooked over her ear into the side of the phone, and then pressed the speed dial keys for her home. The phone on the desk rang, and she could hear its faint echo from the extensions upstairs in her room, and Dawn’s. She’d turned the ringer off on the extension in her mother’s room, so she wouldn’t be disturbed.

Dawn answered after only a few rings. “Hello?”

“Hey Dawn, it’s me.”

“Did you go out without telling me?” asked Dawn.

“Nope, I’m still downstairs, playing with my new phone. Now we know it works. So, how’s your homework going?”

“It’s all done. I’m just updating my journal, now.”

“Telling it all about that cute intern at the hospital?”

“No… okay, I did say how nice he was to me, but that’s not what I wrote about the most.”

“Anything you’d care to share with your sister?”

“Uh… not over the phone. Can I come down there and talk with you, in person?”

“Of course, Dawn. Anything you want.”

“Okay, I’ll be right down.” Dawn hung up, and Buffy heard her bedroom door opening. She turned off her phone, and unhooked the headset while Dawn came down the stairs.

Buffy patted the empty spot beside her on the sofa. “Have a seat. What did you want to talk about?” She was pretty sure that Dawn wanted to talk about what was happening with their mother, and wanted to have her close, for the hugs she was sure they would both need.

Dawn surprised her. “Buffy, what’s going on between you and Xander?”

“What makes you think anything’s going on?” was the only thing that Buffy could think to say.

“Please,” said Dawn. “The way you guys keep looking at each other…and then there was the way you were kissing him on the back porch, a little while ago.”

“You were spying on us?”

“I was just in the kitchen to get a drink,” said Dawn. “It’s not my fault that you were plainly visible through the window.”

“Okay, sorry.”

“So, are you and Xander together now?” asked Dawn. “Does that mean he’s left Anya?” she added hopefully.

Buffy chose to answer the second question, to delay having to answer the first one. “No, he hasn’t left Anya.”

“Uh… You aren’t ‘fluking’ are you?” asked Dawn. “Cause, you remember what Anya used to do
“for a living, right?”

“No, this isn’t a ‘fluke,’ and Anya knows all about it, and she’s fine with it. More than fine. It’s just… complicated.”

“In what way?”

Buffy thought for a bit about the conversation they’d had in the car. Xander thought it was a good idea to let Dawn know more about what was going on. They had already decided that they had to tell her mom and Dawn something about the Reward, before they found out about it some other way. There had even been tentative plans to do it this weekend, before her mother got sick.

“It all started about a week ago, when this guy named Gimmel, who looked like an insurance salesman, showed up in my bedroom to tell me I’d won an award…”

Buffy told Dawn the story of how Gimmel had first asked her to name the person she trusted most in the world to have control over her, mind and body, and then told her about the Reward that she and Xander were getting. She also told Dawn about how the power of the Hellmouth had interfered with the Reward, and how Gimmel was unaware that there were two Slayers now, and because of that, Buffy was also being punished for all the bad things that Faith had done, but that the Reward was much greater than the punishment.

“So, what’s the reward?” asked Dawn.

“Well for starters, he made me and Xander realize how we really feel about each other. I love him, and he loves me. Xander has also been blessed with extraordinary luck, and future success. We don’t really know all the details about my side of the Reward; it seems that I mostly get to share in Xander’s.”

“And your punishment?” asked Dawn.

“Xander now has control over me, body and mind,” said Buffy. “I have to do anything he orders me to do.”

“Oh, that could be bad,” said Dawn.

“No, it’s really not.”

“But what if he accidentally tells you to do something, without really thinking about the consequences?” asked Dawn.

“The control isn’t total,” said Buffy. “I still have freedom of action to protect myself, and to perform my duties as the Slayer, and I have the ability to interpret what it is he really wants me to do. I can tell when he’s joking, or talking figuratively. If he does something like tell me not to move, I can still breath.”

“What if he wants you to do something bad?”

“Dawn. It’s Xander! The one person outside of my family that I trust the most. That’s why Gimmel asked me that question before he did anything.”

“But can you trust Gimmel?” asked Dawn. “Maybe he’s playing some sort of trick on you.”

“Not according to Anya and Giles. Gimmel is pretty famous among the vengeance demons. He’s kinda the anti-vengeance demon. He’s supposed to be much more powerful than they are, and his
rewards are always good. Giles has heard of him too, but had kinda put him into the ‘too good to be true’ category: the stuff he was reported to have done was just too wonderful, but he’s been researching it all week, and so far hasn’t come up with anything bad about Gimmel, and Anya says it’s pretty much impossible to impersonate him, and anything that tried would be in for a world of hurt.

“So, to make a long story short:” (“Too late,” muttered Dawn.) “Xander’s got a lot of luck, we love each other, and I’ve been given to him. Gimmel gave out his Reward, and I was magically transported to Xander’s living room.” Buffy decided that Dawn really didn’t need to hear the part about how she’d been naked, blindfolded, gagged, and magically bound to Faith on Xander’s coffee table. Or that in order to free them, Xander had had to accept his reward, by making love to both of them.

“How does Anya feel about this?” asked Dawn.

“I think, at first, she was kinda in awe of the idea that Xander got a Reward from Gimmel, and she figures that, as Xander’s girlfriend, she’s entitled to her share of it. He really does love her, you know. I know she rubs you the wrong way, sometimes, but she’s having to learn how to be a human being all over again, in a world that’s nothing like the one she originally grew up in. She’s making the effort, and I can admire that.”

“And she’s not going to be calling up one of her old vengeance pals, if she catches you and Xander kissing?”

“Not at all.” Buffy blushed. “In fact, the first time, it was her idea.”

“So, what? Now you, and Anya and Xander are part of some kinky threesome?”

“Of course not,” said Buffy. “It’s a foursome.” Her hand flew up to cover her mouth. “Oh god, I can’t believe I said that!” Dawn was looking stunned, and for a moment Buffy wondered if Xander’s comments about telling Dawn the truth were compelling her to do so, but she didn’t think that was the case. She was still leaving lots of things out of what she was telling her little sister. Maybe telling the truth was habit forming, or the week of enforced honesty with Faith, Xander and Anya was making her inner censor atrophy. Or maybe it was just that Anya was rubbing off on her.

“Foursome?” squeaked Dawn. “Who else is involved?”

“Well, the punishment was for the Slayer, and Gimmel didn’t seem to know that there were two of us, so when I was transported to Xander’s apartment, Faith was too.”

“Faith is out of jail?” asked Dawn. “Why hasn’t it been on the news?”

“Gimmel,” said Buffy. “As far as the State of California is concerned, she’s been released into Xander’s custody. He’s got both of us.”

“And you’re okay with that?”

“Faith and I had some problems, but we’ve talked things through, and we’ve got the worst of them sorted out. She really has changed, Dawn. She isn’t the person she used to be. She really wants to be Different.”

“So, you just forgive and forget what she did to Mom and me?”

“I’m not forgetting anything, but she made me understand it, a little bit, and yeah, I’m finding I can
“Understand what?” asked Dawn. “Why she hit Mom, left me tied and gagged in my room, and then went to threaten Mom with a knife? What’s to understand?”

“I don’t think she’d figured it out, at that point, but she was so disgusted with who she was, and what she’d done, that she was trying to goad me into killing her, and when that didn’t work, she went to L.A., and tried the same thing again with Angel: attacking his friends, so he’d do it for her.”

“And you just believed her, when she said that?”

“Yeah, I did. It wasn’t easy, but I do believe her. Xander told us to be honest with each other.”

“So, now you’re in a foursome with Xander, Faith, and Anya?” asked Dawn.

Buffy wound up telling Dawn much more about her relationship with Xander, Faith, and Anya than she had originally planned. Dawn had a much broader knowledge of sex (at least in theory) than Buffy would have believed. She certainly seemed to know more than Buffy had, at that age. She managed (barely) to keep any mention of the bondage, or spankings, or dominance and submission stuff out of their conversation. “Just where are you learning all this stuff?” she eventually asked.


“Maybe Mom’s going to have to turn up the parental control settings on your computer.”

Dawn scoffed at that idea. “I’ve taken lessons from Willow. Do you really think Mom, or you, could lock me out?”

“Maybe we should move your computer down here, where we can see what you’re doing.”

“Then I’d just have to read that stuff on my friends’ computers.” Dawn sighed. “You guys are so lucky. I wish that Gimmel had you mixed up with me, instead of Faith, so I could be a part of it.”

Buffy shuddered (and not in a good way) at the image that conjured up in her mind: seeing Dawn bound in Xander’s bedroom, the way Faith had been that morning: tightly wrapped in leather straps, and unable to move at all while he fucked her. She found the image to be completely unappealing, unlike how she’d felt about Faith at the time. She was glad to discover that there were some sexual excesses that she still found to be completely beyond the pale. She shook her head. “No, you don’t.”

“So, if Xander’s supposed to be super-lucky now, how come he’s still a klutz?” asked Dawn. “I mean, just look at what happened with that girl in the hospital?”

Ben was fuming. It had taken him hours to track down that missing chart. If someone hadn’t noticed that it had been misfiled in the maternity ward, he’d still be looking for it. It wasn’t even that there was a medical reason for the chart to be found. Mr. Tyler had been discharged after having a minor sprain to his ankle—that he’d gotten trying to play touch football with his grandkids—taped up. He hadn’t even needed anything stronger than over-the-counter pain medication for his injury. The only people who really cared about what was in his chart now were in the billing department, so they would know how much to charge Medicare.
The search for the chart had extended his already overly-long shift, and he was beyond tired. He was having trouble staying awake on his drive home. He was worried that his “sister” would be able to take advantage of his weakness, and make another appearance, as she’d been doing more and more often, recently. He’d noticed that the psychiatric ward was filling up with her victims. If he couldn’t find some way to shove her back down permanently, soon, he’d have to do something about that. Maybe he could summon a Quellor demon to clean up after her.

He never saw the truck’s headlights, until it was much too late.

Overland trucker was just the life for a Qualxick demon. He got to move constantly from town to town, so he was never in one place long enough for anyone to notice the rise in disappearing children. He preferred children, because they were small enough that he could completely consume them, before they started going bad, and so never had to worry about disposing of any remains. He was always careful to never eat in any of the towns where he had pickups, or deliveries, or even on the most direct routes between, so there was never any record of him ever being in any those towns. It had been nearly a week since his last meal, and he was starting to get a bit peckish. Maybe he’d stop in Oxnard, after making this final drop off, to get something to eat. It had been a couple of years since he’d eaten there. Another missing kid wouldn’t raise any special alarms with anyone.

The evening traffic was light. He didn’t really have to pay that much attention to the road. He consulted his map of Sunnydale, to make sure he knew where he was going. He didn’t see the stop sign, or the car crossing the intersection in front of him.
Faith dangled limply from Xander’s ceiling, nearly too sexually exhausted to take much notice of Xander and Anya on the sofa. Anya had finally reached her own limit as well, and now she was straddling Xander’s chest while he slowly licked her pussy, and she licked his cock clean.

Xander’s stamina had been astonishing, even after spending a week with him. He had driven Anya, and by extension Faith, to orgasm after orgasm, with slow, steady, gentle lovemaking. She had lost count of how many times she’d come before she’d felt him gradually increasing his pace until he was pounding hard into her, and coming himself. Faith was surprised that she’d felt that too. Even though it was Anya’s pussy that Xander was coming into, she’d felt the spurting of his jism into her own.

Anya finished her cleaning of Xander’s cock, stretched, and climbed down off him. She padded barefoot across the carpet to Faith, stood on her tiptoes, and pulled Faith’s mouth down to hers for a long, deep kiss. Faith could taste the remains of both Xander’s cock, and Anya’s pussy, on her tongue. Xander followed up Anya’s kiss, with one of his own.

“After a workout like that, I think we could all use a shower,” said Anya.

“You’re right,” said Xander, and just like that, Faith dropped to the floor, her cuffs, harness and dildo, and weighted chain were gone. All that remained were her gold choker, and nipple rings.

While Xander’s shower had plenty of space for two, it was a little crowded with three, and everyone was feeling so satisfied that their play was limited to taking turns for pairs of soapy hands to rub over each other’s bodies, with many exchanged hugs and kisses.

When the shower was done, Xander towelled himself off, while he watched as Anya had Faith slowly towel her dry. “Faith, as soon as you’re done with Anya, I want you to dry yourself, and then get into the living room, at attention.”

“Yes, Sir,” said Faith promptly. Xander nodded, and made his way to the bedroom to get himself dressed for that evening’s patrol.

Faith was waiting for him, naked, at attention in the living room, when he was done. He took a moment to inspect her posture, and could find no fault with it. “Slayer, with Buffy off for the next couple of days, you and I are going to be taking over patrolling duties for her. How do you feel about that?”

“Sir! I’m ready, Sir!” said Faith.

“Well, not quite ready yet,” said Xander. “We need to get you into the proper clothes, first. I was thinking something Lara Croftish.”

There was a flash of light, and Faith was dressed in a skin tight, black tank-top, very short black shorts, and sturdy boots, with a pair of automatic pistols holstered at her hips. Her hair was pulled into a single tight braid that ran down her back.

“What do you think?” Xander asked Anya.

“It’s very butch,” said Anya, “but I don’t think the guns will do much good against vampires. It might also be a bit cool out there now for her to be dressed that skimpily. It would be fine during the day, or in the summer, but the nights are starting to cool down some.”
“You’re right,” said Xander. “I think we’ll save that outfit for some roleplaying, later. Maybe we should try something from the second movie.” There was another flash of light, and the guns were gone. Faith was dressed in a silver body suit, that hugged her every contour. Her boots were less substantial, with thinner soles, minimal heels, and moulded seamlessly around her feet.

“Bit flashy,” said Anya. “They’ll see her coming a mile away.”

“Right.” There was another flash, and the body suit lost its silver sheen. It was replaced by an urban camouflage pattern. Up close it almost looked like it had been painted onto Faith’s skin, but Xander knew that in the dark, from more than a few yards away, it would make her virtually invisible. It had a high, turtleneck collar, that covered Faith’s choker and its pendant. Xander could see that they were still there, beneath it, but their glittering gold and diamonds wouldn’t give Faith away in the dark.

“So, Slayer, how does that feel?”

“Sir! It feels very good, Sir!”

“Good in a comfortable way, or good in a ‘pinching my happy places’ way?”

“Sir! It is very comfortable, Sir!”

“Let’s see how you can move in it,” said Xander. “Try out some stretches, and some of that kata Giles taught you.”

“Sir! Yes, Sir!” Faith started with some simple stretching exercises, moved quickly into her kata, going through a quick sequence of blocks, punches and kicks. She finished up by turning her back to Xander, bending herself double at the waist, while keeping her legs perfectly straight, placing her wide spread finger tips on the floor, pausing there just long enough for Xander to really appreciate her ass, and the camel toe pressed into the fabric of her suit, before swinging her legs up into a handstand. He looked down at her grinning face. “I can move very well, Sir.”

“So, no problems with it?” asked Xander. “Not too much freedom to bounce, or anything like that?”

“No, Sir,” said Faith. She shifted into a single handed handstand, and lifted her other hand up to give each of her breasts a firm squeeze, and jiggle. “Excellent support, Sir. Feels better than the best sports bra I’ve ever had.”

Xander smiled at her, “Okay, back on your feet.” Faith pushed off into a twisting summersault that landed her lightly back on her feet, facing him. “It’s time to accessorize. First, you need some weapons.”

There was another flash of light, and the holsters were back, but one of them held a mini-crossbow, and the other had a cluster of stakes. Faith had a knife in a scabbard attached to her left forearm, and in the top of her right boot. Everything blended in with the camouflage pattern of her outfit.

“Cool!” said Faith.

“Don’t you think it’s a bit much?” asked Anya.

“Hey, I left out the sword in the scabbard down her back.” There was a flash of light, and Xander could see the hilt of a sword sticking up over Faith’s left shoulder. “Or I guess I didn’t.” Xander considered Faith’s appearance for a few more seconds. “Yeah, I think the sword’s a bit much for a routine patrol.” It vanished again. “There’s just a few more things that she needs.” There was
another flash, and a pouch belt appeared around Faith’s waist, and a headset appeared, hooked over her ear. A coil of wire came down behind her ear, and then around her collar before disappearing into the pocket between her breasts that held her cell phone. Xander took a moment to look her over. “I think we’re done.”

“What’s in the pouches?” asked Anya.

Faith pointed to the first pouch. “First aid kit.” She looked a bit surprised that she knew that, as she continued on through the others. “Holy water, snacks, drinking water, multi-tool…”

“Snacks?” asked Anya.

“Gotta have something to keep the evil munchies at bay,” said Xander. He gave Faith another look, up and down her body. “I think we’re about done. How’s she look?”

“Very commando,” said Anya.

Faith pressed her thighs together, and shimmied her hips. “In more ways than one.”

Xander smiled. “There’s just one more thing to take care of.”

“What’s that?” asked Anya.

“Faith’s Reward Ring. Slayer, Atten-tion!”

Faith snapped to attention, and Xander felt a wave of pleasure roll off her. He could get used to this.

“What’s a reward ring?” asked Anya.

“It’s a ring to remind Faith constantly that she is mine, and that I love her.” Xander concentrated for a moment, and saw Faith shudder minutely as her new ring pierced her hood. She couldn’t do more than that while standing at attention. Her nipples stood out even more, through the fabric of her uniform. “It’s a ring that is always going to be with her.”

Xander stepped as close to Faith as he could without touching her, and whispered the same rules that he’d given Buffy for the Reward Ring into her ear.

“What was that about?” asked Anya, after he was done.

Xander smiled at her. “You’re going to figure it out on your own, soon enough. I’ve just given Faith a new way for you to have fun with her. Buffy got hers earlier.”

Xander walked through Restfield Cemetery with Faith. So far it had been an easy night. Just one newbie vampire, that Faith had staked before it had even finished digging its way out of the ground.

They’d started the night with Xander telling her how he expected her to behave on patrols: “You’re the Slayer. I’m just a guy who’s been doing this for a lot of years, Faith. You’ve got to trust your instincts, but they have to be tempered by your intellect.”

“Not much chance of that happening,” said Faith.

“There was a lot of stuff in that stack of paper that I got, along with you,” said Xander. “Including the results of the IQ tests they gave you in jail.”
“I mostly just blew those off,” said Faith, “so my scores couldn’t be too great.”

“You know, some of those psychologists giving you those tests were pretty bright people. They actually noticed that you were doing that, which is why every one of those tests you took, showing you to have an about average intelligence, has got a note attached to it saying that your real intelligence is really higher than the test results indicated. So, anyway, about the Slaying: trust your gut, but use your head.”

“Wasn’t ‘trusting my gut’ how I got in trouble last time?”

“No…I think that was more a case of not using your head. You let yourself get out of control. You should have seen what was happening to you, and helped you reel yourself back, but by the time we did, it was too late. I’m sorry about that.”

“You’ve been talkin’ to B about some of the stuff we talked about?” asked Faith.

“Yeah, I probably shouldn’t have done that, behind your back.”

“Yes, you should have,” said Faith. “You own us. We have no secrets from you.”

Xander shrugged. “You know I’m not really comfortable with the whole ‘owning you’ thing.”

“Too bad, Harris, you’re stuck with us.”

“I’ve been thinking about it a bit, and I think I’ve come up with an idea that will work better for us, especially during patrols. We need a different role model for our relationship than master/slave.”

“I like being your slave, and so does Buffy.”

“How did you like it when I ordered you to stand at attention?”

“That was great!” said Faith.

“So here’s my idea: instead of master/slave, let’s try officer/soldier. I am Captain Harris, and you are Slayer First Class Faith. How would you like that?”

“I think I’d like that very much, Sir.” Faith snapped him a salute. “Slayer First Class Faith reporting for duty, Sir!”

Xander smiled and nodded. “Not bad, Slayer, but we’ve got to make a couple of adjustments. First of all, you don’t salute if you’re not wearing your full uniform, including the cap.” There was a flash, and a beret was added to Faith’s ensemble. There was a curious symbol on the front of it. It looked like a weapon of some sort: a weird shaped axe with a pointed stake at the end of the handle. Xander wondered just whose subconscious had dreamed that up.

“The second thing, is that you hold your salute until it has been acknowledged by the superior officer. Let’s try that again.”

Faith’s hand came back up in a repeat of her salute, and she held it there.

“Almost perfect,” said Xander. He reached out and lifted her elbow a bit. “Lower arm goes out parallel to the ground.” He twisted her hand a bit. “Palm down, hand at just that angle, not quite touching the brim of your cap…” He stepped back a bit, took another look at her, and nodded. “Now it’s perfect.” He raised his own hand in an acknowledging salute. “And our hands come down together.” Faith’s hand came down in unison with his own.
“Though technically, we probably shouldn’t be saluting out here. Salutes can tell any snipers who might be hiding out in the weeds who’s in charge, so we should probably treat all of Sunnydale as a no-saluting zone, and you only salute indoors, when reporting for duty.”

“Yes, Sir!” said Faith.

Xander shook his head. “I can barely remember which end of a gun the bullets come out of, from my soldier memories, but I still seem to remember how to salute. Does that seem fair to you?”

Faith chuckled, “Not really, Sir.”

“Okay, a few more things about officers and soldiers. Officers are in charge, but they tend to be generalists. They’re supposed to know the basics about everything in their area of responsibility, but it’s the enlisted personnel who are the experts. I will always want your advice about any situation we find ourselves in, and I expect you to act on your own initiative. When we come across a vampire, or demon, don’t wait for me to tell you what to do. You’ll usually have to make that decision for yourself. I also don’t want you just charging into any situation, without properly assessing it, first. You better have a pretty damn compelling reason to attack a dozen vamps at the same time. Don’t be afraid to make a strategic withdrawal if the odds are against you.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Xander had some more rules for patrolling. First and foremost: no kinky bondage fun, or even much talk of kinky bondage fun. They were out here to do a dangerous job, and they weren’t to let themselves get distracted by that sort of thing. The second rule was to have fun. Not so much that they got distracted from what was going on around them, but patrols were long, and mostly boring, punctuated by moments of excitement, and in his case, terror, so they were good times to talk about stuff, and he wanted them to talk as friends, not as master and slave, or officer and soldier. If there wasn’t any demonic activity going on around them, at that moment, they were just Xander and Faith.

“So, Faith, what do you want to do with your life?” he asked.

“Isn’t that up to you now?”

“Yeah, but what I want for you, is what you want for yourself. We need to find something for you to do while I’m working, and Buffy’s in classes. Do you want to go back to school?”

“I never was a fan of education,” said Faith.

“You got your GED in jail.”

“That was mostly just something to do to pass the time,” said Faith. “Jail was really boring.”

“Still, you might want to look into some sort of career training, or find a job doing something you like.”

“I like working for Anya in the shop.”

Xander stopped and looked at her. “Is that you liking the work, or you, liking the way Anya orders you around?”

“I guess it’s the way she orders me around.”

“I think we need to do better for you than that,” said Xander. “Anya can order you around at home.
What did you want to do when you were a kid? Butcher, baker, candle-stick maker? Or maybe a lumberjack, leaping from tree to tree as they float down the mighty rivers of British Columbia."

“Not really anything I considered,” said Faith. “But maybe later you can dress me up in the high heels, suspenders and a bra.”

Xander put his hands to his chest. “Be still my heart, first Joyce, and now you!”

“Mrs. Summers in high heels, suspenders, and a bra?”

“Not that!” said Xander quickly, but he couldn’t help remembering that he’d had more than one erotic dream that had featured Buffy’s mother. “It’s just that she revealed herself to be a Monty Python fan earlier today. Maybe we should have a video night, with everyone. Introduce the others to the insanity. Buffy and Dawn didn’t seem to have a clue what we were talking about.”

“That might be nice,” said Faith.

“Might?”

“I think Dawn and Joyce might have some issues with me. I wasn’t very nice to them, the last time we met.”

“I’m sure we can get them over it, but back to what I was talking about earlier: have you given any consideration to what sort of job you might like to have?”

“Maybe something in construction,” said Faith.

“Are you saying that, just because you want to work with me?”

“No,” said Faith. “Working for you would be great, but I think I might enjoy construction, even if I didn’t get to do that. The GED classes weren’t the only ones I took in jail. There was a bunch of vocational training stuff. I didn’t really take any of it too seriously, since I wasn’t expecting to get out, but they helped pass the time. I liked some of the construction trades classes…partly because I got to hit things with a hammer: I found it very therapeutic, but they were kinda fun, too. I liked the idea of building stuff, instead of just killing things.”

“I could talk to my boss, maybe get you a job,” said Xander.

“Working for you?” asked Faith, hopefully.

“Nice as that would be, I think maybe it would be for the best, if you were on someone else’s crew. This would be a job for you, not more of the Reward between us. Would you like that?”

“Yeah, that would be cool,” said Faith, and then she jumped, as if startled by something, and Xander heard a low buzzing sound. “Oh! That’s my phone!”

“There’s a switch on the earpiece,” said Xander. “Tap it to answer.”

Faith tapped her earpiece. “Hello? … Oh, hey B! How’s your mom? … That’s good. … Is there a reason you called me? … No, that’s cool. … It was really nice of him, but what else could you expect? … You did? How’d she take it? … Did you tell her about… No. … Okay. … Uh-huh? … Wow, she took it better than I expected. … Right. You want to talk to Xander?”

Xander had been feeling a bit frustrated, trying to figure out what Buffy had been saying. He hadn’t had a clue after the first exchange, which he interpreted to mean that Joyce’s condition was
unchanged. Faith reached up to take off her earpiece, and she stepped closer to Xander so he could
take it, without pulling her phone out of its pocket. She hummed her little three note tune. Xander
settled the earpiece in place, and wrapped his arms around her. “Hey Buff, how’s your mom?”

“She’s sleeping, now,” said Buffy. “I was just trying out my phone. I called the apartment, and
Anya told me you were out patrolling with Faith. So, how’s it going?”

“It’s going pretty good. A bit of a slow night. Just one newbie so far. He was so easy, I think Dawn
could have staked him.”


“You did?” Xander couldn’t keep the surprise out of his voice.

“Yeah. She saw us smooching on the back porch, so I had to tell her something. She was worried
that Anya might get her vengeance on, if she found out about it, so I kinda had to come clean about
the whole thing.”

“The whole thing?”

“Well, I left out the magic bondage spanking stuff, and the cucumber, but she knows I’m in a
relationship with the three of you guys now.”

“And she’s okay with it?”

“Not okay, but she’s dealing. I think she’s mostly jealous of Faith. Wishes she could take her
place.”

Xander’s voice jumped an octave. “Dawnie?” He could feel Faith in his arms, trying to suppress
chuckles. Of course she could hear Buffy’s side of this conversation.

“Xander?” there was a note of steel in Buffy’s voice. “Are you having carnal thoughts about my
little sister?”

“Not at all!” said Xander, much too quickly. “She’s too young! Much too young! And she’s your
sister! I love her, but in a totally kid sisterly way!”

“Relax, Xander. I know how you feel about Dawn. I guess the next step is to tell Mom. I think I’m
going to do it tomorrow, if she’s feeling better.”

“Do you want me there for that?” asked Xander.

“No, actually, I think it’s best if you’re far away when I tell her. Wouldn’t want her cutting any
parts off you, that we’d both miss.”

They talked a bit more, and Xander finished up the call by reminding Buffy that she could have a
half hour of play, with all her rings, followed by a good night’s sleep. “Call my cell in the morning.
7AM, sharp, from your bedroom, with the door locked, and make sure you’re using your headset.”

“Yes, Sir!” said Buffy.


“Bye, Xander. Love you too.” Buffy disconnected the call. Xander let go of Faith, removed the
earpiece, and gave it back to her.
“So, Dawnie?” Faith asked as she settled it back on her ear. “Isn’t she a little young?”

“She’s like a kid sister to me!” said Xander.

“But…”

Xander sighed. “It’s been a year since you’ve seen her, and I gotta say, very confidentially, and I’ll deny it if you repeat it to anyone, but the puberty fairy is being very kind to her. I’m going to need a baseball bat, to use on the all the guys that are going to be sniffing around her. Buffy’s much too trusting. She doesn’t know what teenaged boys can be like.”

“I wouldn’t count on that,” said Faith. “I’m sure that Buffy has had to deal with her fair share of guys with wandering hands. I know I did.”

“It’s not their hands I’m worried about.”

“Buffy’s had to deal with those parts too,” said Faith. “She can handle it.”

Buffy smiled, speculating about what Xander would be telling her to do in the morning. She was sure she’d enjoy it. Dawn had gone to bed, and Buffy had just wanted to make that one last call, to talk to Xander one more time before she went to bed, herself.

She rushed through her preparations for bed and made sure her door was locked before she stripped off her clothes, and nearly jumped into her bed, anticipating the jolt of pain that would come when her nipple rings appeared. They did not disappoint. She had to grit her teeth to keep from crying out. She grabbed one of the rings, and twisted it, extending the pain, and reaching down with her other hand to finally try out her Reward Ring.

It was even more amazing than she’d imagined. Pressing the ring against her clit sent pulses of euphoria through her whole body. It was the perfect compliment to the pain she gave herself by pinching her nipples, and twisting and tugging on their rings. Her first orgasm came almost right away.

The only problem she had was that she didn’t have enough hands. She wanted at least four. One for each ring, and the fourth to finger fuck her pussy. There was a flash of light, and she froze for a moment, doing a quick mental inventory of her body. Okay…she didn’t feel any extra limbs. She looked down at herself and saw that there was now a delicate gold chain looped through all three of her rings. She took hold of it with her right hand, and gave it a tug, causing it to pull on all her rings. She sank the fingers of her left hand deep into her pussy, her palm pressing her Reward Ring against her clit, while the chain pulled at its hood. It was too much ecstasy. She couldn’t keep this quiet. She rolled over, buried her face in her pillow, and screamed into it.

Xander and Faith continued winding their way through the cemetery, with Xander working hard to find something, anything, they could talk about that wouldn’t give Faith an opening that she could use to shift the conversation back to him and Dawn. It felt good. It felt like the sort of conversations he could have with a friend, without any of the overtones that any talk of the Reward always brought.

Faith was interrupted, mid-tease, by a girl’s scream, and a cry of pain. She took off in a sprint toward the sound, and Xander ran after her. He was surprised that he managed to keep within sight of her for most of the run. Just after she disappeared from his view, he heard a familiar voice saying “Just kill her, already, Harm, so I can have some!”
Xander rounded a stand of decorative bushes surrounding a grave in time to see Harmony on the ground, with her mouth on the throat of some girl, and Spike standing over them. Faith was barrelling toward the three of them, at full speed.

Spike tried to step between Faith, and Harmony and her victim. “Now, just a minute!” He got a boot to his face for his effort, knocking him arse over teakettle.

He rolled back to his feet. “Bullocks! I thought the last of you commando types had left town with Captain Cardboard.” He fended off a couple more kicks and punches from Faith with moves that reminded Xander of aikido. He didn’t strike back at her, he just redirected the force of her attacks away from him. He saw Xander behind Faith. “Damit, Harris! Tell her who I am!”

“Sorry, Spike.” Xander looked toward the girl that Harmony had dropped when she’d scrambled back to her feet. “You just used up your last ‘Hey, I helped you guys out!’ coupon. You’re on your own.” He looked at Harmony.

Harmony glanced toward Spike and Faith. She glanced down at the girl at her feet on the ground. She glanced toward Xander. She ran.

Xander ran after her, but even with the boost in endurance given to him by the Reward, he couldn’t keep up with a vampire. He very quickly realized that he had no chance of catching her, so he gave up the chase, to return to where he’d left Faith and Spike.

When he got there, he saw Spike flat on his back on the ground, trying to hold off the stake in Faith’s hands. Faith’s eyes flickered toward Xander for a moment before they returned to the vampire under her. “Hey, Spike,” she said. “Remember last year, when Buffy told you she could ride you at a gallop, until you popped like warm champagne?” Xander saw Spike’s eyes go wide with shock. “Well, you’re never going to get to feel what that would be like, now… but Xander has.” She shoved the stake home, and Spike vanished in a cloud of dust.

Xander stood stock still for a few moments, and then he giggled. “Woo-who!” He jumped up and down. He started to do the Snoopy Dance, nose in the air, prancing around the cemetery. “Ding, dong, the Spike is dead! The wicked Spike is dead!” he sang.

“Xander?” asked Faith, concern for his sanity clear in her voice.

Xander struggled to get himself under control. “Sorry, but I’ve been wanting someone to do that for a year.”

“Why didn’t anyone?” asked Faith.

“He kept making himself useful,” said Xander. “At first, he gave us information about the Initiative, then he helped Giles when he got turned into a Fyrl demon. His chip didn’t stop him from killing other vamps or demons, so he was always handy when we needed a little extra muscle. Every time we’d start thinking that his vampire nature made him too dangerous, he’d turn around and help us out in some way. I’ve gotta wonder if it was deliberate: if he was always helping just enough to keep Buffy from staking him, while continuing to be his evil self, while out of our sight.”

“Is B going to be upset that I staked him?”

“Not a bit,” said Xander. “Especially when she hears what he was doing just before you did it. By the way, what was that ‘warm champagne’ thing about?”

“Oh, I ran into Spike a year ago, while I was wearing B’s body. We had some words that left him cross-eyed, that I thought I should remind him about. Even a vamp should get to die with a happy
thought in its head, when possible, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, I suppose so,” said Xander. He looked toward the girl that Harmony had left lying on the ground. “I guess we should take care of her.”

“She’s still alive.” Faith opened the pouch on her belt with her first aid kit. “Heart’s still beating strong.” She pulled out some disinfectant wipes, and swabbed the area around the tooth marks in her neck. “She could probably use a transfusion.” She slapped a bandage from her kit over the bite. “Should we call 911?”

Xander shook his head. “Sunnydale EMTs don’t make pickups from cemeteries at night. They might be stupid, but they aren’t that stupid. You’re going to have to carry her to some place they will come to. The Bronze is only a few blocks away. We can tell them to pick her up there.”

“You’re the boss!” Faith pulled the girl up into a fireman’s carry over her shoulders. “Lead the way.”

They were less than half way to the Bronze when they came across the traffic accident. Xander had Faith place the girl at the back of one of the emergency vehicles, where she was sure to be found. No one noticed Faith. Her camouflage was so perfect that you pretty much had to know that she was there, before you could see her. Xander had noticed earlier that the colours and pattern of her uniform shifted to match her environment, like a chameleon’s skin.

Xander approached one of the cops that he recognized. Not all of Sunnydale’s Finest were deeply stupid. There were a few in town who knew the score, and had survived the purges after the Mayor’s demise. They were mostly cops who had been too junior during Wilkins’ reign to have been too badly corrupted. “What happened?” he asked.

“‘Hit and run,’ is what the official report’s going to say,” said the cop.

“Uh…there are two vehicles here,” said Xander.

“Yeah, but the second one is empty,” said the cop. “Looks like the truck driver panicked after he realized that he’d killed the guy in the other car, and ran away on foot. We’ve issued an APB on him. I don’t expect him to turn up again.”

“Well?” asked Xander after he’d met up with Faith again. She’d stayed out of sight, circling around the periphery of the scene to keep any of the cops from wondering what such a heavily armed girl was doing out and about at night. She recognized a couple of them too, and didn’t want to have to explain herself to any of the cops who might recognize her.

“The truck stinks of demon,” said Faith. “There’s residue on the seat, and the floorboards. I think it died in the accident too, and then it melted.”

“Well, I suppose that’s one good thing that came from this.” Xander watched as Ben’s body was loaded into the coroner’s wagon. “Damn. He seemed to be a nice guy. Dawn liked him.”

“You know him?” asked Faith.

“Just met him, earlier today. He was an intern at the hospital. He kept Dawn distracted before Buffy got there. I don’t know if I should tell her what happened to him, or not.”

“He died in a traffic accident,” said Faith. “Just random shit. Could happen to anyone.”
I know this is an anachronism, neither of the Tomb Raider movies had come out yet, at this point. Maybe they happened earlier in the Buffyverse.
Chapter 24

The apartment was dark when they returned to it. Xander closed and bolted the door behind them after they entered it, looked at Faith, still dressed in her Slayer uniform, and smiled.

“What?” she asked.

“High heeled shoes, suspenders and a bra,” he sang, in a falsetto voice.

The light flashed, and Faith’s Slayer clothes vanished. In their place were… high heeled shoes, fishnet stockings held up by a garter belt (what a British person would call ‘suspenders’) and a push-up bra that left her nipples, (and their reappearing rings) fully exposed. Faith quaked from the feel of them. “Oh, Xander!”

“On your knees, Slayer,” ordered Xander.

“Yes, Sir!” Faith dropped to her knees in front of him.

“So, Slayer, does slaying still make you hungry and horny?”

Faith’s eyes focused on his crotch. “Yes, Sir!”

“In that case…” Xander paused for several excruciating seconds. “…you’d better crawl your way into the kitchen.”

“Yes, Sir!” Faith started to crawl toward the kitchen on her hands and knees. She was aware of Xander following her, so she made sure to give her ass lots of extra wiggle as she went.

Xander ordered her to kneel in the middle of the kitchen floor. He opened the freezer compartment of their refrigerator. “Which do you prefer?” he asked. “Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough, or Rocky Road?”

“What?” asked Faith.

“For taking care of the hungry part of your reward.” Xander pulled a couple of tubs of ice-cream out of the fridge. “Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough, or Rocky Road?”

Faith licked her lips. “May I have both, please, Sir?”

“Both you shall have.” Xander got a pair of bowls out of the cupboard and scooped generous portions of both types of ice-cream into both of them, though one of the bowls got much more than the other.

Faith’s mouth watered as she watched him lick the spoon clean, and her hands started to rise toward her nipple rings.

“Ah-ah!” said Xander. “No touching! In fact I think we better get those hands back behind your back.”

Faith’s arms were jerked back, and bound together by a tight leather sleeve from her elbows to her wrists. Her shoulders were pulled back, making her tits jut even farther forward.

Xander smiled at her. “Very nice.” He placed the larger bowl of ice-cream on the floor in front of her. “Now, eat up!”
“Yes, Sir! Thank you, Sir!” Faith leaned forward to lick the ice-cream. She had to raise her ass into the air to get her mouth down to it. She kept herself carefully balanced on her knees so she wouldn’t get any ice-cream on her face while she licked at it.

Out of the corner of her eye, as she licked at her ice-cream, Faith could see Xander put the tubs back into the freezer. Then he sat behind her at the kitchen table, eating his own ice-cream with a spoon, and watching Faith on the floor.

Xander finished his ice-cream first, both because he used a spoon, and he’d given Faith about twice as much as he’d taken for himself. He still sat for a moment, just watching her, on her knees, leaning down over her bowl with her ass elevated. He could see the moisture glistening in her slit, and her Reward Ring dangling from the hood of her clit. “It looks very nice, there,” he said.

Faith pulled her face up a bit from her bowl. “What looks nice?”

“Your Reward Ring. It makes the perfect accessory for a very pretty pussy.”

Faith blushed. “Thank you, Sir. It feels really nice too.” She leaned back down to lick up some more ice-cream.

“Faith, no more ‘Sirs’, for the rest of the night. I’m just Xander now.”

She lifted her mouth just long enough to answer, “Yes, Xander.”

“And Xander wants to play with that pretty pussy accessory.”

“Yes please, Xander!” Faith started to rise to her feet.

“No, no!” said Xander. “Finish your ice-cream. I’ll come to you.”

Faith bent back down over her bowl. “Yes, Xander. Thank you, Xander!” She resumed her careful licking, trying to keep her face ice-cream free.

Xander sat on the floor beside her, and Faith felt his hand start to gently caress her ass. She felt his fingers stroke slowly along her pussy lips, and one of them dipped into her. She moaned and tried to push herself down onto those fingers, but Xander pulled his hand away, and all she accomplished was to get her lower face covered with ice-cream, when the sudden shift in her balance mashed it down into her bowl. She heard Xander loudly sucking on his fingers, and smacking his lips. “Umm, I think I like that taste more than the ice-cream. I need to get more.”

His fingers brushed over her pussy again, and this time he moved them forward, to press against her Reward Ring. It felt like a jolt of electricity, from the ring, to her clit, and from there straight to the pleasure centre of her brain, making her whole body shudder. When she recovered, she had more ice-cream on her face, and Xander was licking his fingers again. “Oh please, do that again!” she begged.

“This?” asked Xander, pressing a finger against her ring, and slowly swirling it around, pressing it harder against her clit.

“Oh, yes! Yes! Yes!” cried Faith.

“Alright, but you have to finish your ice-cream.” Xander’s finger kept swirling her Reward Ring, and Faith tried to concentrate on licking up the melting ice-cream in her bowl, despite the waves of pleasure shooting out from her clit. Xander made it even worse when she felt his thumb slipping into her pussy. It was only him continuing to whisper instructions to her, to keep licking at her ice-
cream, that let her do that. She’d have been lost in the ecstasy without them. He kept at it, rubbing her ring, and slowly pumping his thumb into her pussy, until Faith was licking the last of her ice-cream from the bowl.

“Good girl, Faith.” Xander’s thumb started pumping faster into her, and she felt him squeezing harder against her ring.

“Oh yes please, Xander!” she cried. “Harder! Harder!”

His hand moved even faster in her. “Is this what you want?”

“Oh god, yes, Xander!”

“How about this?” She felt his other hand on her breast, taking hold of a nipple ring, pulling, and twisting it. “Come for me, Faith,” he whispered.

She came. Oh boy did she come!

When she became aware of her surroundings again, her arms were free, and she was lying on her back on the hard kitchen floor. Xander was sitting beside her, smiling down at her, and licking his fingers. “Back with me?” he asked.

“Uh…yeah,” said Faith.

“That looked like it was pretty intense.” Xander brought his hand down to her pussy, and rubbed his fingers lightly over it, before bringing them up to his mouth to lick again. Faith was dimly aware that he’d been doing that for a while.

“It was intense,” said Faith. “I’m thinking it might class among the best orgasms ever, in all of history.”

“That good, eh?” Xander’s fingers were back in her pussy, and he leaned down to kiss her gently, and then licked her ice-cream smeared face. He pulled his fingers out of her, and brought them back up to his mouth to give another lick. He smacked his lips, and nodded judiciously. “Yep. Faith pussy juice is definitely better than ice-cream.” He hopped to his feet. “Why don’t you clean up in here, and then come join me in the shower. We can finish cleaning that ice-cream off your face, and get the Spike dust out of your hair. And, if you’re still hungry, you can have some dessert.”

Faith hurried to clean up in the kitchen. The dirty bowls and Xander’s spoon went into the dish-washer, and she used a wet cloth to wipe the ice-cream off the floor. She met Xander by the bathroom door as he was just coming back from the bedroom, where he had left his clothes. She started salivating again, at the thought of sucking on his wonderfully hard cock.

Xander took her chin in his hand, tipped her face up to his, and kissed her lightly on the lips. Then he gave her cheeks a lick, to remove some more of the ice-cream residue. “I think it’s time to get you out of that rather fetching outfit, and to let your hair down.” What little she was wearing vanished, to wherever it went when he made it disappear, leaving only her rings and her choker, and her braid unravelling, all on its own, letting her hair fall down in loose waves across her shoulders. “Come on, let’s get you cleaned up.”

Xander washed Faith first, from shampooing her hair, to rubbing soapy hands all over her body. He paid special attention to her nipples when he washed her breasts, giving them the pinches and their rings the twists that he knew she liked, but he barely let his hands brush lightly over her Reward Ring when he rubbed them over her pussy. He didn’t return his attention to it, until he had finished
soaping down, and rinsing off her legs. And when he did, he used his mouth.

He really did think that Faith’s pussy tasted better than ice-cream, as did Anya’s and Buffy’s, and now she had that golden ring dangling there at its apex that he got to press his nose against as his tongue pushed between her inner lips. His hands tightly gripped her waist, pulling himself up against her. Faith had to brace her hands against the shower walls to keep from falling as his tongue writhed against her. And then he moved his mouth up to her ring. He swirled his tongue around it, sucked it into his mouth, and took hold of it between his teeth. His head started to move in a slow circle, first pulling on the ring, hard enough to sting, and then pressing it back against her clit. The alternating pleasure and pain sent her to new heights of arousal, and he slowly increased the pace, wriggling her ring faster and faster, until he sent her over the edge into another incredible orgasm. If Xander hadn’t had such a tight grip on her waist, she would have collapsed to the shower floor. As it was, he managed to lower her gently down into his lap, holding and kissing her, while she recovered.

“Mmmm…that was amazing, Xander.”

“Well, you can just call me The Amazing Xander from now on. I do all kinds of magic tricks.”

“That you do.” Faith’s hand went around his cock. “I also believe you said something about giving me dessert, earlier.”

“That I did.”

“I’d like to have it now, please.”

“Well, since you asked so nicely.”

Faith wiggled out of his lap, and turned herself around. Kneeling on the shower floor, her mouth came down to his cock, and she gave it a lick. “Mmmm, you taste better than ice-cream, too.” Her mouth went around his head, at first just sucking and licking at it, but she soon pressed herself all the way down along his full length. Faith and Buffy always did that early, when giving him head, signalling that they were both eager, and able to take his full cock deep into their throats. Xander took hold of a handful of Faith’s hair at the back of her neck, and held her in place, for several seconds, feeling Faith’s throat clenching around him, trying to swallow the obstruction in it, before he pulled her back, letting her suck and lick at the tip of his cock before he pushed her back down again. Faith, like Buffy, wanted, needed, for him to dominate her. Unlike Anya, who preferred to be the one in control in moments like this, Faith wanted him to take control of her.

Xander pulled Faith’s head back again, so that she was only sucking on the upper half of his dick. “Oh, Faith, that feels so good,” he told her. “You are a great little cock-sucker.” He pushed her head down again.

Faith was nearly ready to come. He started pumping Faith’s head up and down his cock. He could feel her submerging herself in her submission to him, doing what he wanted her to do. She wanted him to come, while his cock was buried deep in her throat, because that was what she knew he wanted. But he also knew that Faith liked to feel him coming into her mouth, where she could taste his jizz as it jetted from his cock onto her tongue, so at the last moment, rather than driving himself back, deep into her, he held her head firmly away from him, with just the tip of his cock held in her lips.

“Use your hand, Faith,” he ordered. “Jerk me off with your hand!” Her hand went around his cock, and started quickly pumping up and down it, while Faith sucked on his glans, and her tongue fluttered over its tip.
“Oh, yeah, Faith,” groaned Xander. “Like that, like-that, like-that-like-that—Gyyah!”

Xander relaxed his grip on Faith’s head. She kept her face in his lap for a bit longer, slowly using her mouth to milk every last drop of his jizz from his cock. When she was done, she released his cock with a final small ‘pop’, sat up, and smiled at him. Xander took hold of the back of her head, and pulled her mouth to his for a long, lingering kiss, with both of them sitting together on the floor of the shower stall, with warm water raining down on them.

Xander was struck by a stray thought, and barked out a short laugh.

“What’s so funny?” asked Faith.

“Nothing,” said Xander. “It just occurred to me that it’s a good thing that the cost of hot water is included in the rent, or we’d be facing a big jump in our utility bills next month.” He kissed her again, before he stood up, and turned off the water. “Come on, let’s get dried off, and go join Anya in bed. We want to be well rested before Buffy wakes us up in the morning.”

Buffy’s alarm woke her from a very nice dream, in which she, Faith, and Anya were all taking turns going down on Xander. She was a little puzzled by what the Cheese Man was doing watching them. She stretched in her bed, and enjoyed the feel of the chain shifting a bit through her rings. It was loose enough that it didn’t tug on anything; it just felt…nice.

She glanced at her clock, It gave the time as 6:45, in the morning. Buffy considered hitting the snooze button; another ten minutes sleep would still give her five for a quick trip to the bathroom, before she had to call Xander. It was tempting, but she didn’t feel like rushing her morning ablutions that much. She got out of bed, slipped into the top of her Yummy Sushi pyjamas, and went to the bathroom to relieve herself, wash, and give her hair and her teeth a quick brush. It was a bit silly, since they’d only be talking by phone, but she wanted to look good, and have fresh breath for Xander.

Buffy shed her pyjamas again, sat on her bed, hooked her phone’s handsfree headset over her ear, and looked at her clock. It said 6:59. She waited for nearly half a minute for it to tick over to 7:00, and hit Xander’s speed dial.

Xander was awakened from a very nice dream in which Buffy, Faith, and Anya were all taking turns going down on him, to discover that it was at least 2/3 true. Faith and Anya were kneeling on either side of him, taking turns, passing his cock back and forth between them. He had a quick look around the room, and was very pleased that the Cheese Man didn’t seem to have followed him out of the dream.

Faith noticed his movement, handed his cock over to Anya, and smiled up at him. “Good morning,” she said.

“Oh! Good morning Faith. God, what a way to wake up!”

“It was Anya’s idea,” said Faith.

“Thank you, Ahn!”

Anya was currently in the middle of deep throating him, but he felt and heard her humming a positive response. She eventually pulled away from his cock, and handed it back to Faith. “Good morning Xander.”
“Morning, ah, this is nearly a perfect way to wake up!” Faith was licking around his balls now, while stroking his shaft with her hand.

“Only nearly?” asked Anya.

“Well, to be truly perfect, you and Faith would have a little blonde to share me with.”

“Well, Faith told me she should be calling soon, so until then, we’ll just have to entertain you without her.” Anya’s mouth went back over Xander’s cock, while Faith kept licking his balls. Both of their asses were within range of his hands, so he reached out for them. They both moaned as he slowly inserted his fingers into their pussies.

Xander had nearly reached the limit of his self control, when his phone started to play A Certain Girl.

Faith, and Anya had both pulled their mouths away from his cock. “No, don’t stop,” he told them. “That’s Buffy calling.” He pulled his right hand from Faith’s pussy, licked his fingers, and rubbed them on the sheets to dry them. He picked up his phone, flipped it open, and pressed the answer key while he lay back on the bed. Faith went back to sucking his cock, while Anya waited her turn.

“Hey, Buffy.”

“How’d you know it was me?”

“Well, I told you to call, at 7 sharp, and it was your ringtone that the phone played.”

“I have a ringtone?” asked Buffy.

“Yes, Xander.”

“Good, then I’m putting you on speaker.” Xander pressed the buttons to activate the speaker phone function. He put the phone back on the bedstand. “Can you hear me now?”

“Five by Five,” said Buffy, which nearly made Faith choke on his cock.

Faith pulled away from him. “Good morning, Buffy,” then moaned as Xander slid two fingers back into her pussy.

“Morning Buffy,” added Anya, before taking her turn to go back down on Xander.

“And I assume you’re alone in your room, with the door locked.”

“You assume correctly.”

“What are you wearing?”

“I’ve got my nipple, and Reward rings, with a chain looped between them, and my choker,” said Buffy, “and that’s all.”

“Hmmm,” said Xander. “Sounds like you’re the best dressed person here.”
“So, what are you guys doing?” asked Buffy.

“At the moment, Faith and Anya are taking turns going down on me,” said Xander. He was having trouble keeping his mind on talking to Buffy, with the things that Anya’s tongue was currently doing to him.

“Oooh, sounds like the dream I was having, when I woke up,” said Buffy, “except I was there with them.”

“Ah…was the Cheese Man there too?” asked Xander.

“Uh…yeah…how’d you know?”

“I was having the same dream, when Ahn and Faith woke me up.”

“Weird.”

“Yeah. So, Buffy, have you played with your rings yet, this morning?”

“No, Xander. I wanted to wait until I was talking to you.”

“Good girl. Why don’t you start now. You can play with all your rings, until Faith and Anya get me off.”

“Oh, thank you, Xander!”

Buffy had been clenching her fists with the effort not to touch herself as she had talked to Xander, and imagined what Faith and Anya were doing for him. From the slurps and moans she was hearing, Xander was doing something pretty nice for them as well. She remembered her dream, and imagined that she was back in it, sharing Xander with Faith and Anya. She knelt on her bed, imagining that she was straddling Xander’s face.

“Tell me what you’re doing, Buffy,” said Xander.

“Ooh, Xander. I’m imagining that I’m there with you, and Anya and Faith, and you’re eating my pussy, while I watch them go down on you.” Both her hands were between her legs, one grinding at her Reward Ring, and the other caressing her pussy. “I’m imagining that it’s your tongue that’s on my clit, and my Ring.”

“What am I doing with my fingers, Buffy.”

Buffy shoved her fingers deep into her pussy. “Oh Xander, You’re fucking me with them. You’re fucking my hot wet snatch with your strong fingers!”

“You like that, you little slut, don’t you?” asked Xander, and Buffy nearly came, hearing him call her that. She loved when he said things like that to her. “You’re a wanton little trollop, who loves it when I push my fingers deep into your sopping cunt, and suck your juices.”

“Oh yes, Xander! Yes!” Buffy moved the hand that had been on her Reward Ring to her chain, and started to pull on it. “Now you’re pulling my chain, making all my rings hurt so good!”

“Tell him to bite your Reward Ring, Buffy,” said Faith. “That feels amazing!”

“Bite it Xander! Bite me!” Buffy pinched her clit, through her hood, while the chain pulled on her ring. She barely managed to restrain her scream, as she came. She could hear Xander coming too, through her headset.
Buffy collapsed down onto her bed, and rolled onto her back as she took deep breaths of air to recover. She could hear the slurping sounds of Anya and Faith cleaning Xander’s cock together. “That was awesome, guys,” she whispered.

“So were you, Buffy,” said Xander. “I hope you didn’t wake anybody up.”

Buffy listened carefully for a moment. “No, I think Mom and Dawn are still asleep.”

“Good. If you get too loud, I might have to gag you, but I don’t want to do that. I want to hear you telling me what you’re doing.”

Buffy remembered last night. “Uh…If it gets too much for me to keep it in, I can always bury my face in my pillow.”

“Good idea. You do that.”

“Right.” Buffy hadn’t been in any state to think about it at the time, but what Faith had said was starting to puzzle her. She knew that Faith couldn’t lie to her, so imagining that Xander was biting her Ring felt amazing, but now she was wondering why it felt that way. She couldn’t feel anything directly from her rings when she touched them herself. She could only feel how they pushed and pulled at her flesh. “Faith, do you really feel Xander biting your ring?”

“Oh!” Faith laughed. “It isn’t the bite on the ring that you feel. It’s the way he wiggles it with his teeth.”

“Ah! That makes sense now!”

“Glad we could clear that up,” said Xander. “So, now that the warm-up is over, are you ready for the main event?”

“Oh! Yes please, Xander!” said Buffy.

“Okay, for starters we need to get Anya sitting up against the headboard of the bed, with Faith eating her pussy. Does that sound good to you, Hun?”

“It sounds like an excellent start, Xander,” said Anya.

“Then you guys start doing that, while I get Buffy ready.”

“What do you want me to do, Xander?” asked Buffy. She could hear Anya and Faith moving on their bed, and the initial slurps of Faith licking at Anya’s cunt.

“First of all, you should be receiving a present, about now,” said Xander.

Buffy gasped as her room was flooded with a flash of light, and a dildo in a harness appeared in front of her. “Wow! Nice present!”

“I want you to put it on,” said Xander. “In case you had any doubt, the dildo goes in you.”

Buffy hadn’t had any experience with strap-ons, but from the pornos she’d seen, she knew that they usually went the other way around. She had been a little puzzled when it first appeared about just what she was to do with it, since she was alone, but now that Xander had told her that, it was clear to her that the harness was designed to hold the dildo in her cunt. She quickly slipped her feet through the loops in the straps, and pulled it up her legs. She took hold of the dildo (which looked exactly like Xander’s hard cock) and pushed it into her pussy. It felt like she hadn’t done anything.
She pulled the dildo out again, and looked at it. It seemed solid enough. She felt it with her hands. It felt real. It was warm, and when she squeezed it, she could even feel a slight pulse in it. She pressed it back into her pussy, and felt nothing.

“Xander?” she asked. “I can’t feel it.”

“That means it’s working,” said Xander.

“Own orry Fuffy!” came Faith’s muffled voice. “Izz onna eel mzzing!”

“Less talk. More licking!” said Anya.

“Yesh, Mshresh!”

“So, Buffy, you got that strapped in tight?” asked Xander.

Buffy finished tightening the straps. “Yes, Xander.”

“I want you kneeling on your bed, with your pillows in front of you, in case you need them.”

Buffy shifted herself around, and placed her pillows in front her, where she could bury her face in them, if she had to. “I’ve done that, Xander.”

“Okay, I want to describe Faith to you now. She’s on her knees too, with her face in Anya’s pussy. Can you picture that, Buffy?”

“Oh yes, Xander!”

“That’s the position I want you in, Buffy.”

“Yes, Xander!” Buffy imagined that Anya’s pussy was in front of her, and leaned forward to lick it.

“There are a few other things you need to know about Faith,” said Xander.

“Yes, Xander. Tell me!”

“The first is that she’s got a spreader bar between her knees, holding them apart.”

Buffy’s knees were spread by the two foot long bar that appeared between them. “Oh god, yes Xander!”

“Her forearms are bound to her calves by tight leather sleeves.”

Buffy’s arms were yanked back, and bound to her calves, just the way Xander had said Faith’s were, raising her ass high into the air.

“And I’m just starting to fuck her!”

Buffy felt his cock sinking into her pussy. “Oh, god, Xander!”

“You feel that, you slut?” asked Xander. “You feel me fucking Faith’s cunt?”

“Yes, Xander! Yes!”

“You’re a pair of cunts!” said Xander. “And I love fucking the both of you!”

“Fuck me, Xander! Fuck me hard!” Buffy had to struggle not to scream the words so loudly that
they’d wake her mother, or Dawn. She could hear a less restrained echo of the same cry coming from Faith, over her headset. She licked her lips, feeling sure that she could taste Anya’s pussy when she did it. She closed her eyes, feeling Xander’s cock pounding into her pussy. She stuck out her tongue, feeling, and tasting Anya.

Faith could feel Xander’s cock in her cunt, and she could feel her face mashed into Anya’s crotch, licking at her pussy, but at the same time it felt like she was in Buffy’s bed, with her face mashed into a pillow.

“Fuck me Xander!” said Faith and Buffy together. “Fuck this slut’s pussy! Fuck it hard!” He locked his eyes with Anya’s, seeing her surprise at the way the two of them seemed to be perfectly synchronized. It felt right to him. His two Slayers in perfect harmony, together.

“Oh, yeah, I’ll fuck you Slayer! You’re such a bint! I love fucking your shameless little cunt!”

Faith couldn’t hold her orgasm in, She screamed into Buffy’s pillow.

Buffy couldn’t hold her orgasm in. She screamed into Anya’s pussy.

Xander kept pounding himself in to Faith’s sopping pussy, while telling his Slayers what a pair of wanton bitches they were, and how much he loved every second of fucking them. He urged the Slayer to keep licking at Anya’s pussy, to make her Mistress come. To be their slave, their concubine, their pet. He felt Faith coming again, and heard Buffy’s muffled scream. He kept going, pumping his cock hard into Faith until he came powerfully into her. Buffy and Faith both screamed his name, muffled by their faces pressed into Buffy’s pillows, and Anya’s snatch. He could feel Faith’s inner walls squeezing him in a way that only a Slayer could, and she was convulsing with him.

Xander thrust himself into Faith a few more times, in time with his pulsing cock, each thrust sending a fresh spurt of semen into her pussy, until he was spent. Xander collapsed onto the bed beside Anya and Faith. “That, was incredible!”

“Yeah, it was!” said Buffy and Faith, together.

“Uh, Buffy, are you, you?” asked Xander.

“Yeah, I am,” said Buffy.

He looked at Faith. Her bonds had vanished, but she was still lying between Anya’s legs, using her thigh as a pillow. “Yeah, I’m me too,” she said.

“But that was fuckin’ awesome!” Buffy and Faith said together.

“It was wicked weird too, though,” said Faith. “For a while there, I felt like I was Buffy.”

“And I felt like I was Faith,” said Buffy.

“Like when you swapped bodies?” asked Anya.

“No!” they both said together. “Okay, it’s still weird!” Again, they talked together.

“And getting weirder,” said Xander.

“It wasn’t like the body swap,” they both said. “Ack! Buffy first!”

“Okay,” He heard Buffy take, and let out a couple of deep breaths. “It wasn’t a swap. It was more
like a—"

"—mind-meld," said Faith. "We were both there together. I was feeling what Buffy was feeling—"

"—and I was feeling what Faith was feeling," said Buffy.

"And it was wicked awesome!" they said together.

"But it seems to be fading now," said Faith.

"Yeah, we’re not taking together, much, anymore," said Buffy.

"We’ve even stopped finishing each others’ sentences," added Faith. "There’s still a bit of an echo. I still feel a bit like I’m lying in her bed, in her room, but I know I’m here, with you."

"And I still kinda feel like I’m there with you guys, using Anya’s thigh as a pillow," said Buffy. "But I know I’m alone here in my room.”

"It’s kinda cool!" they said together.

"It does seem to be," said Xander. "Let’s see how far this goes. Faith, why don’t you and Buffy come up here, and amuse yourselves with Anya’s tits, while I take over down there."

"Yes, Xander!" said Buffy and Faith together, and Faith crawled her way up along Anya’s body, kissing and licking all the way, until she was straddling Anya’s hips, and her mouth was worshipping at Anya’s breasts, and Buffy started up a commentary on how luscious they were, and how she loved licking, and kissing, and caressing them. Xander sat back for a moment, just watching Faith and Anya, and listening to Buffy. It was clear from what Buffy was saying that she was aware of exactly what Faith was doing at every moment. He wondered how he was going to explain this new development to Giles, before he moved to replace Faith at Anya’s pussy. He paused for another moment, just to appreciate his view of what he considered two of the three most beautiful pussies in the world. Faith had positioned herself to give him lots of room to get at Anya, but she had also placed herself so that he’d be able to eat her too, if he wanted, without having to move himself away from Anya. He thought that was very considerate of her.

Xander availed himself of both pussies, while giving Anya’s most of his attention. His fingers were for Anya alone, while his mouth moved back and forth between Anya’s clit, and Faith’s Reward Ring. Buffy’s loss of coherence in her ongoing ode to the wonderfulness of Anya’s bosom, whenever he was licking Faith, told him that she was feeling that, too.

The sounds of Anya’s latest orgasm were followed by a loud gurgling from her stomach, that Xander was in an excellent position to hear. “Umm,” said Xander, between licks at her pussy, “sound’s like somebody’s hungry.”

“Yes, I am,” said Anya. She took hold of Faith’s head, and pulled her up to her mouth for a kiss. “You’ve been doing a very nice job, helping Xander give me orgasms, but I think it’s time for you and Buffy to go shower together, and then go make breakfast. Buffy, I expect that Joyce is going to be hungry when she wakes up, too.”

Xander gave Faith a kiss, and a pat, on her ass. “You heard your Mistress. Off you go! A quick shower, with one orgasm each, and then Buffy can get dressed, and go make a nice breakfast for her mother.” He smiled at Faith. “You won’t have to get dressed.”

“Yes, Xander,” they both said together. “Thank you, Sir.” Xander heard Buffy’s phone disconnect,
while Faith bounced off the bed, and sashayed happily toward the door. He watched her ass sway, until she was out of the room, and then looked back at Anya. From the look on her face, she’d been appreciating the view of Faith’s back as much as he had.

Anya smiled at him. “Get up here,” she told him. “Your tongue and fingers have been very nice, but I want to feel your penis inside me.”

Xander chuckled, and made his way up along her body, kissing and licking as he went. When he reached her face, he smiled at her. “Yes, Mistress.” He kissed her deeply, while his cock slid home into her pussy.

Whatever her connection to Faith was, it had faded into the background by the time Buffy had finished her shower. At the start, it had seemed like Faith was there with her, touching her. She wasn’t touching her Reward Ring, it was Faith, and she was touching Faith’s Ring. The connection between them had peaked for a moment, while they came together. Buffy had felt, for a moment, like she was in Xander’s bathroom as well as her own, and then the feeling had faded away. She knew that it still lurked in the back of her mind. She knew that Faith was with her. She belonged to Xander, and so did Faith. They were connected, through him.
Chapter 25

Buffy bustled around the kitchen in her Yummy Sushi pyjamas, preparing a light breakfast for herself, her mother, and Dawn. Dawn came in before she was finished. “Morning, Buffy. Can I help?”

Buffy was tempted to say “No.” Dawn tended to be a bit of a walking accident waiting to happen, but she refrained. Dawn was still looking a little frazzled, and worried about their mother. It was unusual for her to be out of bed this early on a weekend, too. “Sure. Why don’t you juice some oranges?” The juicer was far enough away from the other things Buffy was preparing that any accident of Dawn’s wouldn’t have collateral damage extending to the rest of their breakfast.

They were just about finished, when their mother came into the kitchen, and saw what her daughters had done. “Oh, my! There isn’t another apocalypse coming, is there?”

Buffy stopped to think for a moment. “Not that I’m aware of. Giles usually keeps me up to date on that sort of thing, and I don’t remember him mentioning anything. What are you doing up, Mom? We were just about to bring you breakfast in bed.”

“Oh, I’ve spent too much time in bed, over the last day. I’m feeling much better this morning. Maybe I just let myself get too tired.”

“Have you taken your pill, yet?” asked Buffy.

Joyce shook her head. “No. Dr. Isaacs told me to only take them if the headaches persisted. I’m feeling fine.” She took a seat at the kitchen island. “That is looking very good.”

They were half way through breakfast when her mother asked “That’s a very pretty necklace, Buffy. Where’d you get it?”

Buffy’s hand went to the pendant of her choker. “This? Xander gave it to me.”

“Xander?” Joyce leaned toward her for a closer look, and Buffy lowered her hand so her mother could see the pendant. “Xander’s Treasure,” she read from it.

“Oh!” said Dawn. “Is that from Xander’s reward? Can I see?”


“Oh, yeah, Xander did win a Reward,” said Buffy, as Dawn “Ooohed” over her choker. “But not the sort you’re thinking of.”

“What sort did he win?” asked Joyce.

Buffy told her mother pretty much the same version of the story as she’d told Dawn, the night before. Of course, with Dawn being there, and putting in her own comments, some of the information about Faith, and some generalities about the relationship between her, and Buffy, Xander and Anya came out earlier, rather than later, in the explanation.

Buffy eventually let her story wind to its end. She could tell that her mother had a lot more questions that she wanted to ask, but there was an unspoken agreement between them that those questions could wait until they had an opportunity to talk when Dawn wasn’t around.
They got their opportunity sooner than Buffy expected. They were just cleaning up the breakfast dishes when the phone rang.

“I’ll get it!” said Dawn. She came back a bit later, carrying the cordless phone. “Mom, can I go over to Sharon’s?”

“Of course, Dawn. But I want you home by five. I’m going to invite Xander, Anya…” She hesitated for just an instant. “…and Faith to come to dinner.”

“Okay.” Dawn lifted the phone back up to her ear. “Sharon? … Yeah, I’ll be there in half an hour, or so. … Okay, Bye!”

Dawn ran out to put the phone back, and then came running back. “Buffy? Can I borrow something to wear, for when Xander comes over?”

Buffy’s first instinct was to say “Hell no!” but she saw the look her mother was giving her, so she softened it a bit. “I don’t think anything of mine will fit you.”

Dawn glared at her for a moment. “Buffy, stand up!”

Buffy almost responded automatically to the tone in her sister’s voice, but she managed to stay seated. She was not going to let this Reward thing make her be at her sister’s beck and call. “Why?” she asked, instead.

“You need to see something,” said Dawn.

“Alright.” Buffy got slowly off the kitchen stool she’d been sitting on, and stood in front of her sister.

Dawn stepped up to her, toe to toe, and gazed levelly into her eyes. “Buffy, we are exactly the same size.”

“We can’t be!” Buffy looked down at her sister’s feet, which were just as bare as her own, and she wasn’t standing on her toes, or anything. She looked back at Dawn’s eyes, which were absolutely level with her own. “What happened? You were shorter than me, just a couple of days ago!”

“A couple of days ago, you were wearing three inch heels.”

Buffy gave her sister’s body some serious consideration, for perhaps the first time in her life. Dawn was still a gawky teenager, but she could tell, even under the baggy pyjamas Dawn was wearing, that her figure was starting to fill out. Give Dawn another year to mature, and Buffy thought that she might have the sort of figure that would have all the boys drooling after her. She glanced at her mother, and from the expression on her face, Buffy thought that she might be having similar thoughts. Joyce’s gaze shifted to Buffy, and Buffy caught the silent message her mother was sending her, and nodded.

“Come on, Dawn. I’ll help you pick something out.”

Buffy helped Dawn select an outfit from her closet that she assured her sister was both sophisticated, and chic (and, she tried to tell herself, not too sexy.)

After Dawn had gone off to her own room to get dressed in some of her own clothes to wear over to Sharon’s place, Buffy went about dressing herself for the day. Buffy’s pyjamas were loose enough that her nipple rings and chain didn’t show through. She considered redressing in the baggy clothes that she’d been wearing since she learned her mother was sick, yesterday, in order to
continue to hide their existence from her mother, but she decided against that. Her mother deserved to learn more of the truth about what was going on. She settled on a tight t-shirt that made the existence of the nipple rings and chain pretty obvious, with a loose, unbuttoned blouse over it, knotted at her waist, so she could make the reveal at a time of her choosing (after Dawn had gone.) A comfortable pair of jeans completed her outfit.

Dawn had just finished getting changed, herself, when Buffy came out of her room. They went downstairs together, and Dawn continued out the front door, after shouting goodbye to their mother. Buffy went back to the kitchen, to get another cup of coffee.

Joyce appeared at the kitchen entrance. “Alright, Buffy. What aren’t we telling Dawn about this reward of yours?”

Buffy sighed, and poured two cups. “Let’s get comfortable, and I’ll tell you all about it.”

Buffy prepared her mother’s coffee just the way she knew she liked it, and gave her the mug, before finishing fixing her own. They went together into the living room, and settled on the sofa.

“Okay, tell,” said Joyce.

Buffy decided to start out with a question. “Mom, have you ever done anything kinky? Anything that didn’t involve Stevedore Giles, handcuffs, a police car, and Band Candy?”

Joyce blushed deeply. “Are you ever going to forget about that?”

“Nope!” said Buffy. “So, have you?”

“Your father and I… We used to play games, sometimes.”

“Really?” asked Buffy. She’d never suspected that. “What sort of games?” she couldn’t help asking.

“Let’s just say that Rupert wasn’t the first man to handcuff me, and leave it at that, except…” a bit of a devilish look came over her face. “Your father spent more time in handcuffs, than I did.”

“Oh!” Buffy found the image that conjured up even more disturbing than the images she remembered getting from her mother’s mind of Giles and the police car.

“So, what’s this got to do with your Reward?” asked Joyce.

“Well,” said Buffy, “there have been handcuffs, and other restraints.”

“Really?” asked Joyce.

“Yeah,” said Buffy. “When Gimmel appeared in my room, after he told me about the Reward, and the punishment, he had a checklist. He said he wanted to make my punishment as enjoyable as possible, to offset what the Hellmouth was trying to do, and so he went through the checklist.”

“What sort of checklist?”

“It was a checklist of all my secret fetishes, and desires,” said Buffy, “and as he checked off each item, it was like that feeling got turned up to eleven in me. And then there were some items on the list, that I’d never felt, and that’s when I realized that he was mixing me up with Faith, because they were her fetishes, and I got all those too, all turned up to eleven.”

“What sort of things did you get from Faith?” asked her mother.
“Well, for one, I never used to like girls,” said Buffy, “and now I really do. I like girls a lot! Which is pretty good, or this thing with Faith and Anya would be very awkward.”

“Ah…” said her mother. “…and some of the things from yourself?”

“I think that enjoying the bondage, and the pain, comes from me,” said Buffy. Joyce frowned in concern. “Pain?”

“I used to have dreams about it, and I…” Buffy hesitated a bit, wondering just how candid this conversation needed to be, but she decided to go with it. “…I always enjoyed pinching myself, when I masturbated.”

“And now?” asked Joyce.

“Now, I really like getting spanked,” said Buffy, “as well as pinched, and other things.”

“What sort of other things?”

Buffy took a deep breath. Okay, time for the reveal (or at least a reveal.) She untied the knot at the waist of her blouse and pulled it open, letting her mother see the impressions her rings, and chain, made against her t-shirt.

Joyce looked shocked for a moment. “Are those…?”

“Yep,” said Buffy. “Nipple rings.”

Joyce’s eyes traced the converging impressions of the chain in her t-shirt, down toward her crotch. “And another one…?”

“Uh-huh, I’ve got one down there too. They feel amazing when they come in.”

“Aren’t they permanent?” asked Joyce.

Buffy shook her head. “The nipple rings come and go, depending on my mood, and Xander’s desire. And when they’re gone, it’s like they were never there. So the next time they show up, I’m being pierced all over again.” She blushed for a moment. “I sometimes come, when it happens.”

“So, how long have you had them?”

Buffy retied her blouse. “The first time they showed up, was the morning after this all started, when I was getting ready to go to school. They’ve come and gone a few times since then. They’re never there when I’m training with Giles, or on patrol. And they vanished yesterday, when Dawn called to tell me you were in the hospital. This set has been here since I went to bed, last night. That’s when the chain showed up for the first time too. It, uh, makes it possible for me to play with all three, at the same time, when I’m on my own.”

“And Xander controls them?”

“He can,” said Buffy. “When he wants them to be there, they are. If he doesn’t want them, they’re gone. The rest of the time, it kinda seems to depend on my mood.”

“And your necklace?”

“They first showed up the third day, after Xander finally started to accept what was happening,” said Buffy. “Since then, I’ve always had some sort of collar. Sometimes, when we’re…um…
playing…it’s a more substantial one.”

“They?” asked Joyce.

“Oh, Faith’s got one too,” said Buffy. “Hers says ‘Xander’s Surprise’.”

“About Faith—”

“I know she hurt you and Dawn, last year, Mom, but she really is sorry about that.”

“I’m not sure ‘sorry’ covers it.”

“I know, but… I finally called Angel, and got him to tell me what really happened with her in L.A., last year. Every other time we’ve talked about it, I’d just get mad at him, for taking her side, and it always ended with me yelling at him. This time, I really listened to what he had to say. Faith was trying to goad him into killing her. I don’t think she’d made the conscious decision to do that, yet, while she was still here in Sunnydale, but she was heading that way… and yet she never really hurt you, or Dawn.”

Joyce started to object, but Buffy held up her hand. “I know she frightened you both. I know she hit you, and threatened you with a knife, but she never hit Dawn. She just tied her up, and I can tell you, it would have been a whole lot easier for her to smack Dawn unconscious, and then tie her up, than it was for Faith to do it without hitting her first. When she was in L.A., Faith wasn’t nearly so gentle with Angel’s friends. She punched Cordy unconscious, and she tortured Wesley… All to get Angel so mad that he’d kill her. He told me that, at the end, Faith was on her knees in front of him, begging for him to kill her. She thought that she was so bad, that she didn’t deserve to live.”

“I knew that she was unhappy,” said Joyce quietly. “I just never imagined that it was that bad.”

“She still feels that way, a bit,” said Buffy. “She doesn’t want to die anymore, I hope, but she doesn’t think that she deserves to be part of Xander’s Reward, either. We’re working on changing her mind.”

“Can’t Xander just tell her not to feel that way?” asked Joyce.

“It doesn’t work that way,” said Buffy. “He’s got a lot less control over how we feel, and think, than over what we do. If he tells me to concentrate on training, or patrolling, or studying, I do that, but it’s stuff I want to do anyway. Just about the first thing he told me, when this all started, was ‘don’t freak out’ and that’s helped keep me from freaking out over the whole thing, but in part it’s because I don’t want to freak out. He’s tried ordering me not to feel the way I do about him, and it didn’t work. He’s got much more control over my actions. He can tell me to do something, and I’ll probably do it. He can’t make me feel something I don’t want to feel. He can help me feel something that I want to feel, even more.”

“And if he orders you to do something you don’t want to do?” asked Joyce.

“It depends on how much I don’t want to do it,” said Buffy. “We’ve tried some experiments.”

“What sort of experiments?” asked Joyce.

“There was one, a couple of days ago,” said Buffy. “There was this annoying bird in a tree outside our bedroom window. It was singing really loud, so Xander gave me a crossbow, and asked me to shoot it.”

“What?”
“Yeah, that’s what I said,” said Buffy. “It was just a bird, it wasn’t even an evil demonic bird, so I told him I wouldn’t do it, and he got angry and ordered me to kill the bird, and I got really upset, and mad at him, and told him I wasn’t killing any damn bird, just because its singing was annoying him. I was feeling really bad about it, and I started crying because I was scared that this was going to ruin everything between us, and then he was hugging me, and kissing me, and telling me that he was sorry, and that he didn’t really want the bird dead, he just had to find out if he could order me to do something that he knew I’d think was wrong, and he was real glad to find out that he couldn’t do it.”

“Wow!” said Joyce. “I think you might have been channelling Willow there, for a moment.”

“Yeah, sorry.”

“Don’t be. What if you’d shot the bird?”

“I asked him that. He said that knowing that he had that sort of power, was worth the life of one bird, just to make sure that he’d know that he’d have to be really careful about how he used it, in the future.”

“I’m still not happy with the power he’s got,” said Joyce. “Or with this spell, that’s made you feel this way.”

“Xander isn’t really happy with it either, and I don’t think the spell has made me feel this way,” said Buffy. “It’s just made me realize things I’ve always felt. It’s enhanced feelings, not created them.”

“What about the feelings you’ve got, because Faith felt them?”

“Okay…I like girls now, and I never used to.”

“Are you sure about that?” asked her mother.

“Pretty sure,” said Buffy. “After Willow came out, I spent some time thinking about it, and I tried fantasizing about it, and it just did nothing for me. Now, thinking about Willow and Tara…” Buffy’s eyes glazed over for a moment. She shook her head. “Okay, I’m back. I’ll have to file that fantasy away for later.”

“So, the spell is making you feel something you never felt before.”

“Yeah…except…there was one girl I was attracted to before this started…”

“Faith,” said her mother.

“You knew?”

“I suspected,” said Joyce. “The way you looked at her, sometimes, before the trouble started. How angry she made you, after it happened… There has to be some feeling for someone for them to really be able to get under your skin that way. Your father and I… We tried to hide it from you girls, but we’d been having problems for years, before the divorce, and when we fought…” Joyce dropped that thread of the conversation. “So now you’re attracted to more girls than just Faith.”

“Yeah, but I still get to choose who I’m attracted to. If I just saw their pictures, I’d be pretty attracted to Harmony, or Drusilla, too, but fantasies about them…” Buffy thought for a bit. “Nope. Not anywhere near what I think of Willow and Tara, or Anya and Faith.”
“I still don’t see how you can be so sure that this all isn’t the result of the spell,” said Joyce.

“Mom, do you remember the love spell, the second year we were in Sunnydale?”

“Love spell? I don’t remember anything about any love spells.”

“It was before you found out about the Slayer stuff,” said Buffy. “Uh, do you remember the ‘scavenger hunt’ that had half the female population of the town in our basement?”

“Oh yeah, that was…uh…what was that about, again?”

“Think about it, Mom. Try to remember what happened before you found yourself in the basement.”

Joyce frowned in concentration. “Xander and Cordelia came to the house. He had some scratches on his face, so I sent her to bathroom to get some bandages, and I… Oh My God! I made a pass at Xander!” She leaned forward, and buried her face in her hands.

“I remember that spell too,” said Buffy. “You aren’t the only one who threw themselves at him. You know that little black raincoat of mine?”

“Yes,” said her mother cautiously.

“I found Xander in the library, and I was wearing that raincoat,” said Buffy. “That raincoat was all that I was wearing, and I went up to him, and told him I was his present, and that he could unwrap me. Xander just backed away from me, telling me that he knew that I was only doing that because of the spell, but I wasn’t going to take ‘no’ for an answer, and kept stalking toward him, and he tripped, and fell back onto the steps, and I stood over him, and if he’d ever even glanced down below my belt, he would have seen that I wasn’t wearing anything under that raincoat, but he never did. He kept his eyes on my face the whole time, and told me over and over again, that he really wanted to, but he knew that the only reason that I was doing what I was, was because of the spell, so he couldn’t. That’s what I remembered when Gimmel asked me who I trusted the most, and that’s why I trust Xander.”

“But what’s that got to do with you feeling this way because of a spell?”

“Oh, yeah… well… I remember how I felt that time, and I remember how I felt another time I was under the influence of a love spell, and this is nothing like either of those times. When I was under the influence then, I couldn’t even consider the idea that I wasn’t in love, that the way I felt was because of an outside influence. If you’d tried to tell me then that I wasn’t really in love with Xander, I’d have yelled at you, and maybe done other things, and told you that of course I was in love with Xander; nothing else was possible; our love was eternal and fated, and a whole bunch of other mushy nonsense.

“This time, I can consider that you might have a valid opinion. I spent a couple of days, after this started, going back over all my feelings for Xander, from the day I met him, and I know that what I feel for him is real. I loved Xander before this started, I know that. I think you know that. If someone had asked you a week ago, ‘Does Buffy love Xander?’ what would you have told them?”

Joyce nodded. “I’d have told them yes. In the philos sense of the concept, you loved Xander, and he loved you.”

“Philos?”

“What are they teaching kids in college these days?” asked Joyce. “Philos. The love between
friends, siblings, parents and their children and so on, as opposed to éros, which is sexual love, or erotic love.”

“Well, we’ve got lots of éros now, but the philos was there all along,” said Buffy.

Joyce nodded. “I believe you.”

Giles looked up as the bell over the front door of the Magic Box rang, and he frowned. Another batch of teenaged boys had come in to ogle Faith, in her skimpy ‘sales girl’ costume. “Xander, Anya, might I have a word with you?”

“Of course, what is it?” asked Xander.

He beckoned them toward the back of the shop. From his conversation with Xander yesterday, before the call about Buffy’s mother had come in, he knew that he would have no difficulty convincing him to modify the situation. The problem would be convincing Anya, and he had formulated a plan to do just that.

He gathered them both in the back of the shop, and spoke quietly with them. “Faith’s costume. It just won’t do,” he said.

“Why not?” asked Anya. She waved toward the boys. “It’s certainly drawing in the customers.”

“Anya, I would be very much surprised if those four boys, between them, could scrape together more than fifty dollars. Faith might sell them a couple of candles they don’t need, for ten times what those candles are worth, but then they will leave. They might come in again next week, and spend another ten dollars on something they don’t want, or need, but this shop can not survive if boys like that make up the majority of our clientele.

“In the mean time, I have received complaints from patrons of this shop, who came in yesterday to see what it would be like under the new management, about Faith’s attire. There is a significant overlap between the Wiccan community, and the feminist community, and many of these people believed that I was trying to exploit Faith’s sexuality, and they were not pleased. These were patrons who had spent thousands of dollars here, in the past. Tell me, Anya. How many boys like those…” He nodded toward the cluster around Faith. “…would we need to attract, to justify losing one client, who in the month prior to Mr. Bogarty’s death, spent two hundred and ninety-six dollars in this shop? And that was just one month, mind. She had spent over three thousand dollars here in the past year.”

It didn’t take Anya long to make up her mind. She rushed back toward the front of the shop. “Hey!” she called at the boys. “If you’re here to buy something, then buy it, and leave. If you’re just here to ogle the help, leave!”

The boys retreated toward the door, and Faith looked confused. She hummed her little tune. Anya smiled, and gave her a hug. “I’m sorry, Faith, I’m not mad at you. I made a miscalculation. I’m sorry about that. Why don’t you go back to talk with Xander and Giles. I think Xand might want to change your clothes.”

Faith was still looking confused when she came back to join them. “What was that about?” she asked.

Xander gave Faith a hug, and a kiss of his own. “Giles convinced Anya that, while you look great the way you are, you aren’t really projecting the sort of image that he wants his shop to have. So, we’re going to change it.”
Faith smiled. “Alright, Xander. What do you want me to look like?”

Xander looked at Giles. “You’re the Boss-man. What do you want Faith to be wearing?”

“I, uh— I hadn’t really given it much thought,” said Giles. “Something professional, sophisticated, but casual, and comfortable. Something pleasing to our male clients, but that won’t alienate our female ones.”

“You want me to come up with something professional, and sophisticated?” asked Xander.

Giles nodded. “I have every confidence in you.”

Xander sighed, and tried to think. Professional, and sophisticated. What woman did he know who was professional, and sophisticated? He started to smile. There was a flash of light.

Giles was very surprised by the result. He had a niggling feeling that he’d seen it somewhere before, but Faith looked very good in the new clothes that Xander had provided for her. From her shoes, with only two inch heels, up along her sheer hose covered legs, to a knee length skirt, with a slit that went up to mid thigh. She was wearing a blouse that had a couple of buttons open at the top, with a light dress jacket over top of it. The choker and pendant at her neck were the perfect highlights to the ensemble. She looked like the epitome of a professional woman.

“Yes,” said Giles, “That will do perfectly! Xander, you continue to rise to my expectations!”

“Glad to help,” said Xander.

“Yes, well, there is another thing that we need to take care of. As Faith’s official parole officer, you need to sign off on her employment forms.”

“Employment?” asked Anya. “She’s our slave!”

“Ah…yes…well, the State of California, and the United States Constitution take a rather dim view on the concept of slavery. If Faith is to continue to work here, it will be as my employee, and she will receive appropriate compensation.”

“Well, I guess I could just order her give me the money,” muttered Anya.

“Ahn!” said Xander. “Any money Faith makes, is Faith’s.” He fixed his gaze on Faith. “You understand that Faith? Your money, is yours. If you want to contribute your fair share to the household budget, that’s great, but anything above that, it’s your decision what you spend it on. Is that clear?”

Faith snapped to attention, for a moment. “Sir, yes Sir!”

“Very well. Carry on!” said Xander.

Faith and Anya went back toward the front of the store. Giles gave Xander a puzzled look. “What was that about?”

“Oh, I just couldn’t get into the whole slave thing, the way Anya has,” said Xander. “I thought it would be better for me, and them, if I treated Buffy and Faith as soldiers, under my command. Especially when we’re patrolling, and such. They’re my Slayers, I’m their C.O. It’s their duty to follow my orders. It’s my duty to look out for them. See that they get the things they need, and give them the freedom to grow in their abilities and talents, in the ways that are best for them. And part of that, unfortunately, is keeping a rein on some of Anya’s impulses.”
“Yes, well, Anya is from a very different culture than ours. For most of her existence slavery was an accepted norm, and not just the racially based slavery of American history. Slavery, in one form or another, has existed throughout all of human history. The slaves might have been those unfortunate enough to be on the losing side of a war, criminals, or people with debts they could not pay, or just those who were not fortunate enough to be descended from whoever passed as the local nobility.”

“Doesn’t help me feel better about it,” said Xander.

“Then consider this,” said Giles. “The American model of slavery is one of the worst of a rather bad lot. In other cultures—where you couldn’t differentiate between a slave, and its owner on the basis of something so superficial as skin colour—many slave owners lived with the knowledge that, under different circumstances, they might be the slaves, and the slaves might be their masters. There were always those who were arrogant enough to believe it could never happen to them, but there were realists, even then, and they tended to outnumber the others. Slaves might have been property, but they were valuable property. Property to be protected. The slave owner sometimes had a legal duty to protect their slaves, and their families. The Ottoman Empire was run by its slaves. The sort of treatment that many black slaves received in earlier centuries of American history would have been seen as an incredible waste of a valuable resource.

“Xander, you, quite rightly, have been taught to have a strong aversion to the concept of slavery. That aversion springs, in part, from one of the worst forms of slavery that has ever existed in this world. Anya comes from a different tradition. It wouldn’t surprise me to learn that she herself had been a slave, when she was first human. As a woman, from that time, the odds are rather slanted that way. Even a “free” woman from her time, would most likely have been considered to be the chattel of her father, or her husband.

“I think it would behove you to have a talk with her, about just what she thinks about slavery in general, and, more specifically, what she believe the obligations to be, of both a slave, and a slave owner. You might find it enlightening.”
Buffy went back up to her room to get ready for her afternoon training session with Giles and Faith at the Magic Box. She knew that Xander and Anya would be there too, so she wanted to dress herself in something sexy. She set a goal for herself: to dress in something so sexy that the Reward magic wouldn’t step in, to make it even sexier. Her first thought was to keep it simple. A simple, white, tube top, to cover her breasts. Something that made it clear to anyone looking at her that her breasts weren’t being held up by any artificial support, and made from a fabric that was only slightly on the opaque side of translucent. Her nipple rings, and the chain connecting them were clearly evident to anyone who looked. As were the several inches of exposed chain that ran down across the tanned, and toned skin of her stomach, to disappear again into her pants. She wasn’t wearing any underwear (of course) and the tan slacks she was wearing hugged her hips, butt, and thighs snugly. She checked herself out in her mirror, turning this way, and that; twisting around so she could see her butt; see that there were no wrinkles in the material. She finished the outfit off with a pair of high heeled sandals.

Now, she just had to get out of the house without her mother seeing her like this. Joyce might have reluctantly accepted some aspects of the Reward, but Buffy didn’t think she would approve her her daughter going out in public dressed the way she was. She grabbed her gym bag, with her training clothes in it, more as a matter of habit than anything else, since she was sure that Xander would give her something appropriate to wear, but it also had the fresh towels that she’d washed, to go back into the small shower in the shop’s bathroom. She stuck her cell phone and wallet into pockets on the side of it.

She went carefully down the stairs, until she heard her mother in the kitchen, then made a dash for the door. “Bye Mom!” she called, as she went out it. “I’m heading for the Magic Box!”

She almost had the door closed when her mother called out, “Oh! Buffy!”

She turned back, and mostly hid behind the partially open door, while trying to look like she wasn’t hiding, when she asked “What, Mom?”

Joyce was at the far end of the hall. “Remember to invite Xander, Anya, and Faith to dinner tonight. I want to see them all.”

“I will, Mom. See you tonight!” Buffy breathed a sigh of relief as she closed the door. She’d made it. She started to walk briskly toward the Magic Box, her head up, shoulders back, hips swaying, and very conscious of the looks she was getting from men and women that she passed. She might not have wanted her mother to see her dressed this way, but she wanted everyone else to.

Buffy bounced happily into the Magic Box. The looks she’d been getting all the way here had made her feel good, and now, she was imagining the the sequence of expressions that would cross Xander’s face, when he saw her. He’d start out happy, and welcoming, the way he always was, and she pictured his eyes widening in surprise, and growing lust, as they tracked down her body. Maybe he’d drag her into the back training room so he could fuck her, before her training session with Giles started…

She saw Faith, before she saw Xander, and Faith’s reaction was pretty much the one she’d imagined Xander having…but without the dragging into the back for pre-training sex. Faith was engaged with a customer at the cash register, so her reaction was constrained to just the brief look, and a smile flashed at her. Buffy was a little puzzled by the way Faith was dressed, though. It was nothing like the sexy sales girl outfits they’d been wearing yesterday. In fact, it looked more like—
“Buffy!”

“Xander!” She spun toward his voice, and smiled brightly at him, watching the anticipated sequence of expression sweep across his face. Welcome, surprise, a quick darting glance up and down her body, a slower look, that stopped to dwell for some brief seconds on her points of interest. Two of them were looking, and feeling, very pointy at the moment.

Xander visibly forced himself to look back up at her face, and stepped toward her for a quick hug, and a kiss. It wasn’t dragging her into the back for a quickie, but Buffy liked it too. “You look amazing!” he told her.

“Thank, you! And speaking of the way people look, why is Faith dressed like my mom?”

Three more sets of eyes were suddenly directed toward Xander.

“That’s where I’d seen that outfit before,” said Giles.

“It was Giles’ idea!” Xander said quickly.

“Giles?” asked Buffy, turning to look at him.

“At no time did I tell Xander that I wanted Faith to look like Joyce.”

“No, you said that you wanted Faith to look professional and sophisticated, to project the right sort of image for your shop,” said Xander. “And Buffy, your mom is the most professional, sophisticated woman I know, so I thought about how she dresses when she’s working in her gallery, and that’s the way I made Faith look.”

Faith had finished with her customer, and come over to join them. “Well, Mrs. Summers always did have an eye for style. I think you made a good choice.” She kissed Buffy hello.

“Y-yes,” stammered Giles. “Now that you mention it, Joyce is an excellent model for you to have chosen, for the image I want my shop to have.”

“Though I doubt if she’s wearing the crotchless panties, and a garter belt when she’s at work,” said Faith.

Buffy felt a flash of desire, as she imagined lifting Faith’s skirt to see for herself.

Giles took off his glasses, and studiously polished their lenses. “That was, as I believe you young people say today, too much information.”

Buffy couldn’t help thinking that maybe Giles was imagining lifting her mother’s skirt, to have a look. She needed to get them onto a safer topic. “I told Mom about the Reward, this morning. She told me to invite you all to dinner, tonight.”

“Myself, as well?” asked Giles.

“Ah…she didn’t mention you, but sure, you can come too, help with some of the explanations. Just a sec.” She pulled her phone out of its pocket in her gym bag, and called home. Her mother answered promptly. “Hi, Mom, I’ve invited everyone to dinner tonight, Giles too. I hope that’s okay.”

“Of course it is, Buffy,” said her mother. “I’m always happy to see Rupert.”

“Yeah, and he can help with the explanations, and be someone for you to get all uncomfortable
with, if we talk about sex.”

“Just remember that Dawn is going to be here, as well,” said Joyce.

“Right,” said Buffy. “So no kinky sex talk, at all. Love you, Mom. Bye!”

“Bye, Buffy!”

Buffy put her phone away. “Giles is now on the officially invited list.”

“Very well.” Giles looked around the shop, which was currently clear of customers. “I believe it is time to start your training session.” He gave Buffy’s clothes a look. “Anya can mind the store. Perhaps you should change into something more appropriate?”

“I got it, Giles,” said Xander, and the light flashed. Buffy saw that Faith was now dressed in a camouflage patterned body suit, that looked almost spray painted onto her. Her hair was pulled back into a single braid, and she was wearing a beret on her head. Buffy looked down at herself, and saw that she was dressed in an identical outfit. It felt good.

Faith sprang to attention, and snapped a smart salute at Xander. “Sir! Slayer First Class Faith reporting for training, Sir!”

Buffy was startled, for a moment, but she quickly decided that she should be saluting too. “Sir! Slayer First Class Buffy reporting for training, Sir!” She held her salute, in her best imitation of Faith’s, wondering what was supposed to happen next.

Xander returned their salutes, and Buffy lowered her arm, when she saw Faith do so. “Well done, but there are a couple of things for you to do differently,” he said.

“What is that, Sir?” asked Faith.

“First of all, for Slayer related duties, Giles outranks me, so he’s the one who gets the salutes, if he’s here.”

“Now, just one moment, Xander—”

“Giles, proper discipline requires a clearly delineated chain of command, and you have much more knowledge, training, and experience than I do. I might be the Slayers’ captain, but you are our colonel, so you are going to be receiving salutes from Buffy and Faith, when they report for training, when they report for patrols, and when they deliver their after patrol reports. How you respond, is up to you, but I would remind you that not returning a salute is highly insulting.”

“Very well, if you insist. What was the other thing?”

“Right! Buffy! Take a look at your right sleeve.”

Buffy did so, and saw the three chevrons of her rank insignia. She glanced at Faith’s sleeve, and saw a single chevron, with a rocker beneath it. She’d had various military insignia explained to her, once, during her very brief membership in the Initiative. “I’m a sergeant?” she asked.

“That’s right, Slayer Sergeant Buffy, you are,” said Xander.

“Why do I outrank Faith?”

“Same reason Giles outranks me. You’ve got four more years of experience as a Slayer than she does.”
“Let’s try that report, again, and Buffy, as the Senior Slayer, when Faith is with you, you do the saluting for both of you.”

Buffy nodded. “Right.” She turned to Giles, came to attention, with Faith coming to attention beside her, and saluted. “Sir! Slayer Sergeant Buffy, and Slayer First Class Faith, reporting for training, Sir!” Though her, and Faith’s, faces were solemn, Xander could see a glitter of amusement in their eyes, and feel their inner pleasure.

Giles shot a slightly annoyed look at Xander, before he returned Buffy’s salute, only he did it in the British style, with his palm facing outward. “Very well, ah, carry on?”

“Yes, Sir!” said Buffy. “Come on, Faith, let’s go get warmed up.” They started toward the training room.

“Faith!” called Xander after them. “Tell Buffy the rules for standing at attention, while you’re warming up.”

“Yes, Sir!” said Faith, following Buffy out of the room.

“What do you think, Giles? Can you handle being their C.O.?”

“I suppose, if I must. It is an improvement on their usual deportment.”

“You don’t happen to know anything about how to do this sort of thing, do you? I remember a bit of it, from my soldier memories, but it’s all pretty rusty. Most of the rest of it, I only know from movies—which is mostly wrong. The only thing I’ve taught Faith so far, is how to stand at attention, and salute.”

“Oh, yes!” said Giles. “The Council puts all prospective field watchers through the Vicars and Tarts course at Sandhurst.”

“Vicars and Tarts?” asked Xander. “Do I want to know?”

“It’s the short course at the Royal Military Academy usually given to professionally qualified officers, those not in the regular chain of command: military doctors, lawyers, chaplains, that sort of thing. The cadets there for the much more extensive regular army officer training call it the Vicars and Tarts course.”

“Ah! Right. So, shall we go see how our Slayers are coming along with their warm-up?”

“You just like watching them do their stretching exercises,” said Giles.

“Always!” said Xander. “And Giles, be sure to ask Faith for her report on last night’s patrol. I think you’re going to like it!”

“Did something important happen?”

“Oh, I think I’ll let Faith tell you about it.”

“…so then Xander starts prancing around like a lunatic, and singing!” Faith was “standing easy” as Giles had called it: a more relaxed version of the parade “at ease” posture that he had taught them, as she delivered her patrol report.

“Prancing?” asked Giles.
“Singing?” asked Buffy, who was standing easy beside her.

“Why don’t you show them, Xander?” said Faith. “You know you want to.”

“Oh, alright!” Xander started doing the Snoopy Dance, and singing: “Ding-dong, the Spike is dead! The wicked Spike is dead!”

Buffy giggled at the sight, but then she stopped. “Okay, it was funny, but there is a downside to this. Who am I going to beat up for information, now?”

Xander stopped dancing, and singing. “You could always go back to threatening Willy, and his clients.”

“Were there any other significant events, last night?” asked Giles.

“Not really, other than the traffic accident,” said Faith. “A demon driving a truck ran into a car. Demon and driver of the car were both killed. Uh…Xander kinda knew the guy in the car.”

“Xander?” asked Giles.

“It was that intern from the hospital, Buffy. The guy who helped you out with the paperwork, and kept Dawn distracted before we got there.”

“Shit,” said Buffy. “He seemed like a nice guy. Are you sure it was an accident?”

“I talked to one of the cops,” said Xander. “One of the competent ones. It looked to him like the truck just ran a stop sign.”

“Okay…uh, try not to mention it to Dawn, if you can avoid it. I think she liked him too.”

“We’ll do that,” said Xander.

“Very well,” said Giles. “Time for some light sparring, I think. Slayers, attention!” Buffy and Faith both snapped to attention. “Fall out!” They both took one step back, turned, and then walked quickly to the matt covered area of the floor.

Buffy and Faith faced off on the matts. They started by first giving each other a shallow bow, while maintaining eye contact, and then stood still looking at each other for a few seconds. At some silent signal that passed between them, they burst into a flurry of action that was too quick for Xander to follow. ‘Light sparring’ for a pair of Slayers, in another context would look like a pair of martial arts masters seriously trying to kill each other.

It lasted barely a second, and then Faith and Buffy were back just looking at each other, with puzzled expressions on their faces.

“That was weird,” said Faith.

“Yeah, cool though,” said Buffy.

“Hell, yeah!” Faith attacked Buffy again, and if anything, this attack looked even more vicious than their first encounter. This time it ended with Faith cartwheeling across the room, and coming to a stop on the balls of her feet, ready to rush at Buffy again.

“Hold it!” said Giles. “What are you two talking about? What is weird, and cool?”

“These uniforms Xander gave us,” said Buffy. “They seem to be acting like armour.”
“What?” asked Xander.

“They seem to be pretty normal, nice and flexible, almost feel like they aren’t even there, most of the time,” said Faith. “But if you hit them, they turn hard.” She poked at her upper arm with her finger tip, and Xander could see the material give. Then she rapped on it with her knuckles, and it sounded like she’d hit something hard.

“Astounding!” said Giles. “Did you plan for that, Xander?”

“No. I wanted something tough, something that would give them some protection, but I didn’t consciously make them that way.”

“I wonder how strong they are?” asked Giles, “Though I am reluctant to seriously test that, while Buffy and Faith are still wearing them. I don’t suppose one of you could take yours off?”

“Uh, no Giles,” said Buffy. “There don’t seem to be any zippers or buttons or anything like that on these outfits. We’re wearing them until the Reward magic takes them off for us.” She looked toward Xander. He almost thought that she was offering to let him take her clothes away from her, right there, in the training room, in front of Giles. Xander might have done it, if he didn’t think it would risk giving Giles a heart attack. He didn’t think he would have to do that, to get them something to test with, though. He concentrated for a moment, and the light flashed. Buffy almost looked disappointed to discover that she was still dressed, as was Faith. The practice dummy was dressed now too, in something that looked similar to what the Slayers were wearing.

“Ah!” said Giles. “Very good. Buffy, and Faith, continue with your sparring, while Xander and I examine this, but do not depend on your new armour. Remember: it is still better to evade or deflect an attack, than to block it. I don’t want to see you falling into any bad habits, relying on your clothing to protect you.”

Xander came up beside him, at the practice dummy. “Like we could actually see if they start slipping into any bad habits,” he said quietly. “They’re both moving much too fast for me to see what they’re doing.”

“Quite,” said Giles. “Willow is looking into finding some affordable high speed video cameras for us to record them, and then replay at a speed that merely human eyes can follow.”

“That would be helpful,” said Xander.

He and Giles spent the rest of the training session, while Faith and Buffy were sparring, testing the outfit on the training dummy. They discovered that it was impervious to knives wielded by merely human strength, and to crossbow bolts. They also discovered that it had a limited amount of give, so that even under slowly increasing pressure, it would turn hard eventually, so it could protect the Slayers from crushing injuries too. They had Buffy and Faith break off from their sparring long enough to test if a Slayer could penetrate the fabric with a knife: they couldn’t. Xander started thinking about the combination to a storage locker that Riley had left him, but those tests could wait for another day, as could the tests with some power tools that he knew could cut through just about anything.

Xander noted the time. “I think it’s time to wrap this up for the day, if we’re going to make it to Buffy’s house in time for dinner,” he told Giles.

Giles checked his own watch. “Really? There seems to be quite a bit of time, still.”

“Yeah, but we don’t want any random bondage happening in front of Joyce, or worse, Dawn,” said
Xander. “Which means that I think we’re going to need some time for Buffy and Faith to, uh, work off some steam, before we head over to the house.”

“Right! And the less I hear about that, the better!” Giles turned his attention to the sparring Slayers. “Slayers, fall in!” he called in a loud, clear voice. Giles had started out the session by giving a quick lesson on the basics of how to stand at attention, at ease, and so on, and how to fall in, and out of their two Slayer formation. The rules he gave them were a bit different from what Xander remembered, but he supposed that the British did things a little differently. He also suspected that Giles had lightened up a couple of the rules, such as the one about talking while standing easy.

Buffy and Faith stopped their sparring, quickly backed away from each other, and gave each other the formal bow that acknowledged the end of the sparring session to each other, before running to stand in a parade rigid at ease in front of Giles.

“Attention!” ordered Giles, and they snapped to attention. He followed that order up a few seconds later with a “Dismissed!” They each took a step back, followed by a turn to their right, and a quick, three step march away, before they both broke into a short run that brought them to Xander, bouncing eagerly like a pair of puppies hoping to get a treat from their owner. Xander knew that they’d both heard his comment about them having to blow off some steam, even if they hadn’t reacted to it, while they were training.

Xander put a hand behind each of their heads and pulled them in close for a three-way kiss. He slid his hands down to their asses, and gave a squeeze to a cheek on each of them. He brought his arms back up to hold them each in a hug around their shoulders. “Good training session,” he told them, “and now I think you’ve earned a bit of a reward for how hard you’ve been working.”

“Yes, Xander?” they asked eagerly.

He gave them a grin, and lowered his voice. “When you’re taking your shower, you can each give the other one orgasm. We don’t have a lot of time, though, so use your Reward Rings.”

“Yes, Sir!”

He gave each of them a hard slap on her rump. “Off you go! I want you back out here in fifteen minutes!”

Xander smiled to himself as he watched the backs of Buffy and Faith as they dashed to the small bathroom, with its shower, that had been added to the back of the Magic Box.

Buffy loved sparring with Faith. She hadn’t had anyone who could challenge her abilities like Faith did since... the last time she’d had Faith as a sparring partner. Angel might have pressed her abilities that way, but when they had sparred, he had always held himself back. As Angel, he had never been the challenge that she knew he could be. Angel had never approached the ability of Angelus when he was sparring with her. He had always held himself back; he never risked that he might hurt her.

Faith didn’t hold back nearly as much. She, and Buffy, pulled blows that might kill or maim, but they did try to bruise each other. And as their confidence grew in the protection their uniforms were giving them, they stopped pulling a lot of their punches, too.

Buffy was still the better fighter. Faith had been out of the game for a year and a half, between her coma and her stint in prison, and she hadn’t had much opportunity to practice during that time. The prison officials got upset if she destroyed equipment, and it didn’t make her popular with the other
inmates, either, since the prison was always slow getting the broken equipment repaired or replaced. She’d had a few fights, during her first months, as the inmates at the top of the prison pecking order had tried to put Faith into the place that they thought she belonged. That pretty much stopped after Faith had been jumped by a gang of half a dozen women one afternoon in the prison exercise yard. Before the guards had been able to get through the crowd which had gathered to watch the new little white girl get the beat down she deserved, Faith had, using only one hand, broken the left arms of every one of her attackers, and would have walked away completely unmarked, if not for the fact that she’d stood still when the guards finally got there to “end” the fight that she’d already finished.

While the training session had been ongoing, Buffy had been able to set aside how turned on Faith was making her, but as soon as Giles called an end to it, those feelings came welling up in her, and she could see from the look in Faith’s eyes that she felt it too.

Xander knew them both well enough that Buffy could tell that he saw it too, and that was why he sent them off to the showers together. She was only a little disappointed that Xander didn’t come along with them. From what she’d overheard him say to Giles, she was sure that he’d be doing something with them, as soon as they got home. In the meantime, she had Faith…

Buffy was kissing Faith as soon as they got into the bathroom. She didn’t notice when her uniform disappeared—she barely felt it when it was there—but she did feel it when her nipple rings came back. The pain nearly made her come, but Xander had told her she could only do that once, and she wanted to prolong the feeling for a little while longer. The way Faith moaned against her, told Buffy that she was feeling the same thing. She forced herself to pull away, and look at Faith. She was as naked as Buffy was, and like Buffy, her rings had a single gold chain looped through all of them.

Buffy grabbed Faith’s chain, between her tits, and used it to yank her back to her for another searing kiss. She kept hold of the chain after breaking off the kiss again. “Xander told us to shower,” she told Faith. She kept hold of the chain, dragged her into the shower stall, and turned on the water.

People said that a cold shower would slack sexual desire, but it didn’t work for Buffy. The shocking near pain of the first burst of cold water, before the hot water worked its way through the pipes, nearly made her come again. She pulled Faith to her for another kiss.

Faith pushed Buffy away. “We’re supposed to be washing,” she said.

“Right.” Buffy grabbed the bottle of body wash, and squeezed some out onto Faith. She pressed herself against her, rubbing their bodies together, and rubbing her hands all over Faith. Faith was doing the same to Buffy.

Buffy took hold of Faith’s hair. “We don’t have much time.” She pushed Faith’s head down, between her legs. “Make me come.”

“Yes, Mis—” Faith’s voice caught.

Buffy knew what her problem was. Anya was their Mistress. “Call me Miss Buffy, Pet.” She felt a thrill at the feel of dominating Faith this way. She loved it when Xander and Anya did it to her, but there was a part of Buffy that craved to be in control, herself, and here, now, she was controlling Faith.

“Yes, Miss Buffy.” Faith’s mouth attacked her Reward Ring, and Buffy felt Faith’s fingers driving up into her pussy. She came, almost at once.
When she came down from her orgasm, Buffy pulled Faith back up, to kiss her again. She smiled at her. “Now it’s my turn.” Buffy dropped down onto her knees, and shoved her face up between Faith’s legs. One of the many things she’d learned from Xander and Anya, was that you had to reward your Pet, when they did a good job, and Faith had really done that for her. She applied herself to making Faith come.

Buffy shoved four of her fingers up into Faith’s pussy, and pistoned them in and out of her. She sucked Faith’s Reward Ring into her mouth, and licked furiously at her clit. She remembered Faith’s comment about how wonderful it felt when Xander wiggled her Reward Ring with his teeth, so she bit down on it, even though Faith hadn’t done that for her. She used her teeth to wiggle the ring, as rapidly as she could—and as a Slayer, that was pretty fast—and Faith screamed out her orgasm.

Buffy smiled, and pulled her fingers from Faith’s pussy. She shoved them into her mouth to lick them clean, and rose back to her feet, to give her new Pet another kiss. “Now, let’s finish this shower. I don’t think we’ve got much time left.”

They had even less than Buffy thought. She and Faith had just finished rinsing out each others’ hair, and turned off the water when they heard Xander yell “Buffy! Faith! Get out here!”

There was no questioning the tone of command in his voice, and neither of them hesitated. They both ran from the bathroom, back out into the training room, neither of them giving any thought to covering up their nudity. As soon as she was out of the bathroom, Buffy looked around quickly, not sure if she was afraid, or hopeful, of who would see her this way. She wasn’t sure if she was happy, or disappointed that the only people there were Xander, and Anya.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” he asked her.
“Sir! We lost track of the time, Sir!”

“You lost track of the time?” asked Xander.

“Sir! Yes, Sir!” said Faith.

Buffy knew that she shouldn’t speak, without permission from Xander, but she also couldn’t let Faith take the blame for something that was her responsibility. “Sir! As the Senior Slayer, the fault was mine, Sir!”

Xander’s eyes snapped back to her. He sounded cold as he said, “I wasn’t talking to you, Buffy,” but she could see the heat smouldering behind his eyes. She didn’t back down from her defence of Faith. Maybe if she’d defended her more fiercely the first time around, she wouldn’t have fallen into the Mayor’s clutches.

“Sir! As the Senior Slayer, it was my responsibility! I was the one who delayed us in the shower, Sir!”

She could see approval in Xander’s eyes as he looked at her, and a bit of a smile graced his lips. “The primary responsibility might be yours, but at any time while you were showering, did Faith remind you that you had limited time?”

Buffy took a moment to think about what they had done in the shower. “Sir! No, Sir!” she said.

Xander smiled. “So, it seems that there is plenty of blame to go around. Slayers! Aten—tion!” Both of them snapped to attention. “Faith! To the leeef face!”

Faith hesitated for a moment, unsure if Xander meant his, or her left. Giles hadn’t covered this in his brief instructions to them about this sort of thing. She settled on Xander’s left, and turned away from Buffy.

She heard Xander sigh. “For future reference, all such orders refer to your left, and right. Faith! About face!”

Faith felt herself blushing from embarrassment as she turned around to face Buffy.

“Buffy! To the riiight face!” ordered Xander.

Buffy spun to face her.

“Faith, take one step forward!” said Xander.

Faith took one step toward Buffy, so they were standing—she couldn’t help from thinking it—tit to tit. Their nipple rings weren’t quite touching. Faith was a bit taller than Buffy so her nipples were pressing at Buffy’s breasts a bit above hers. Faith kept her eyes focused directly ahead of her, at Buffy’s eyebrows.

“Arms up!” ordered Xander, and she raised her arms over her head. She tingled in anticipation of what would happen next. It wasn’t like her previous experiences. Instead of being transported into a hanging position, she felt the cuffs materialize around her wrists, and she was yanked up, until her motion was arrested by the cuffs that had appeared around her ankles, linked to a two foot long chain that was bolted into the floor. She felt herself being stretched between the two sets of restraints, as she swayed slowly. Buffy was still in front of her, and swaying with a slightly different period. Normally, the way that made their tits press against each other’s would have felt good, but now their nipple rings were interlocked, so the way they tugged at her when they swayed
apart felt amazing…and the way they tugged even harder when she gasped from the pain/pleasure of it was even better. She could see that Buffy, with her eyes just inches from her own, was feeling the same thing.

“So, Slayers?” asked Xander. Faith looked aside at him, and saw that he was holding a wooden paddle. Anya was beside him with another paddle she was slapping into the palm of her hand. “How many spanks do you think you deserve, for being tardy?”

Faith’s eyes flicked back to Buffy’s, and she felt herself reconnect with her, like they had been connected that morning. “Thirty!” they both said together.

“Thirty?” Xander sounded a bit surprised by that number, as if he thought it was a bit high, but after a moment, he nodded. “Alright, thirty it is, fifteen for Buffy, and fifteen for Faith.” Faith tried not to wimper in disappointment, she’d wanted the full thirty for herself, and she knew that Buffy was feeling the same way.

“Any, do you want to spank Buffy’s naughty bottom, or Faith’s?”

“I haven’t gotten to spank Faith yet,” said Anya, “So I’ll do her.”

“Alright.” Faith saw Xander step up behind Buffy, and she felt him, through their link, when he gently caressed Buffy’s ass. She also felt Anya behind her, caressing her own. “Now, remember, you’re not allowed to come during your punishment. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Sir!” they said together. “Please spank us for being late!”

“They’re doing that weird talking together thing, again,” noted Anya.

“I noticed,” said Xander. “I think they’re going to enjoy this a lot, then. Let’s get started.” He pulled back his paddle. “Oh, and Slayers, count quietly. We don’t want to disturb Giles, or his customers.” He brought his paddle down in a hard smack across Buffy’s backside.

Faith felt it, and she bit down on her “Yip!” of pain, as did Buffy. They both bucked from the impact, making their nipple rings tug painfully against each other. “One!” they both whispered through gritted teeth. “Thank you, Sir!”

She felt the slap of Anya’s paddle against her ass, even sharper than she’d felt Xander’s paddle on Buffy’s. “Two!” they whispered, “Thank you, Mistress!”

Xander and Anya kept alternating as they paddled Buffy and Faith, and soon it wasn’t just water from shower that Faith could feel trickling slowly down her inner thighs. She felt another smack on her ass. “Twenty-eight! Oh, thank you Mistress!” Smack! Xander’s paddle slapped Buffy’s behind. “Twenty-nine!” they gasped out. “Thank you, Xander for spanking your tardy slaves!” Smack! The final blow from Anya’s paddle stung Faith’s ass. “Thirty!” they cried out together, forgetting for the moment that they were supposed to be quiet. “Thank you, Mistress! Thank you, Xander, for spanking us. We’re sorry we kept you waiting. It won’t happen again.”

Xander stepped up behind Buffy, and wrapped his arms around both of them, pulling his chest against Buffy’s bottom. Anya did the same thing behind Faith; she felt Anya’s soft breasts pressing against her stinging buttocks.

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep, Slayers,” said Xander softly. “Besides, I know you liked getting that spanking! I can feel it. Just don’t make a habit of it, in the hope of getting more spankings like this one. If you did that, I might really have to punish you, by not spanking your pretty bottoms!” He relaxed his hold on them, leant down, and kissed Buffy’s butt. It was a soft,
gentle kiss, that burned against Buffy’s tenderized ass.

The loss of the pressure from Xander against Buffy’s back, caused them to sway a bit, and their nipple rings tugged on each other, causing both Faith and Buffy to moan. Faith felt her pussy clenching with her need to come, but she couldn’t—Xander’d said so. Her need was doubled by her link with Buffy. She could feel Buffy’s need too, and the echo of her own need from Buffy. It was a feedback loop that kept building.

Xander could feel it too. He reached through, between Buffy’s legs, and ran a finger along Faith’s slit, and from it, to Buffy’s. He lifted his wet finger to his mouth, and licked it. “Delicious!” he said. “Do you need to come, Pets?”

“Yes, Xander!” they gasped. “Please let us come!”

“Very well, as soon as you feel me and Anya touch your Reward Rings, you can come.”

“Oh, thank you, Xander!” Faith could already feel Anya’s hand creeping up along her inner thigh, and Xander’s hand doing the same with Buffy, through their link. Both hands moved much too slowly: she needed to come now, but they were still teasing them, moving their hands upward with excruciating slowness. Faith wanted to cry out, to scream at them to hurry, but Xander’s order to be quiet was still in effect. She did the only thing she could do to keep herself from screaming. She kissed Buffy. Buffy kissing her back amplified the loop even more.

Xander’s fingers finally reached their destinations, and pressed hard against their rings. Faith felt as if her world exploded.
Chapter 27

Buffy awoke to find herself snuggling with Xander on the old green naugahyde sofa shoved off to the side of their training room. Her link to Faith had faded again, but she could still feel her a bit, and wasn’t the least bit surprised, when she looked around, to see her snuggling with Anya beside them. Faith was dressed now in a duplicate of the outfit that Buffy had worn from home, except hers was in black, and navy blue, instead of white, and tan. Buffy was dressed again too, and feeling dry, and clean. She looked up at Xander, and smiled happily at him. “You do this?” she asked, unnecessarily.

“Yep,” said Xander. “Wanted us to be able to get moving, as quickly as possible, once you felt up to it. So, how are you feeling?”

“Wonderful!” said Buffy, she shifted herself a bit, feeling a lingering sting from her butt. “My rump’s still a bit tender, but it’s a good hurt.”

“My too,” said Faith.

“How long were we out?” asked Buffy.

“Just a couple of minutes,” said Xander. “So, are you guys ready to be on our way? We still have to get home, and get ready to go have dinner with your mom.”

“Yes, Xander,” said Buffy and Faith together, but neither of them moved. Buffy was enjoying her cuddle much too much to break it off before he told her to.

“Okay, Slayers, on your feet!” ordered Xander.

“Yes, Sir!” They both hopped to their feet, and stood in front of the couch.

“Before we go, there’s one more thing you both need,” said Xander.

There was a flash behind her, and Buffy felt a sudden weight appear at the back of her collar. She reached back and felt that the gold links of her leash had reappeared. She felt her nipples constrict at the thought of Xander parading her on her leash, out of the shop, past all its customers. “Thank you, Xander!” she and Faith said together.

“Are you still doing that mind meld thing?” asked Anya.

“A little bit,” said Faith. “It’s not nearly as strong as it was during our spanking, but we’re still feeling each other.”

Xander took hold of the ends of their leashes, and gave them a quick flip, making Buffy’s choker tug at her throat for a moment. “Let’s be on our way. We’ve got lots still to do, and not much time to do it in, and girls, you’re staying on your leashes until we get to Buffy’s house.”

“Yes, Xander!” they both said happily, and strutted toward the exit back to the shop, with Xander and Anya following.

Buffy was a little disappointed that the only people in the shop who got to see her on her leash were Giles, Willow, and Tara. Giles was trying his best to ignore how they were dressed, and that their leashes were back. Tara smiled shyly when she saw them. Her eyes flicked over both her, and Faith’s bodies, before she looked away, blushing. Willow took one look at them all, and frowned.
Buffy felt bad that she was still having problems accepting Xander’s Reward, and Faith.

“Willow! Hey! When did you get here?” asked Xander.

“Not long ago,” said Willow. “About the same time that Buffy and Faith shouted ‘Thirty!’ What was that about, anyway?”

Buffy and Faith exchanged a look, before smiling brightly, and turning back to Willow, and speaking together. “That’s how many spanks they gave us!”

“Spanks!” squeaked Willow. “You’re letting them spank you now? Giles, we’ve got to do something to stop this!”

Giles removed his glasses, and started polishing their lenses. “Now, Willow, it may be unorthodox, but many people do enjoy such things, as part of their sexual play. I’m sure that Xander isn’t doing anything that Buffy and Faith don’t want him to do.”

“Yes,” said Anya. “Xander and I tried spanking, before the Reward started, and we found it very enjoyable. Maybe you should try it. Tara might enjoy spanking your bottom.”

Tara turned red. It seemed to Buffy that Tara liked the thought of spanking Willow’s bottom.

Willow wasn’t allowing herself to be distracted by Anya. “How can you let them do that to you, Buffy?”

“You’re not listening, Will. One of the first orders Xander gave us was that, if we weren’t enjoying ourselves, we could stop it,” said Buffy. “He didn’t have to. We trust him to know how far he can go. If anything, he’s holding back. I know that I speak for both of us, when I say that we would both like it, a lot, if he let himself get even more extreme.”

“That’s because you’ve been brainwashed!”

“Willow, I know there are aspects of this that you’re uncomfortable with,” said Xander. “Hell, I’m not comfortable with a lot of the same aspects, but one thing I’m learning, is that if we don’t take control of this magic, it will run away with itself, and that will be even worse.”

Buffy bit her lip, and kept herself from saying anything. She wished that Xander could get over the last of his reservations about the Reward, and just go with it. She liked that he worried about how everything he did affected her and Faith—that was part of his job—but she thought that he worried a little too much. The little three note tune that Faith hummed told Buffy that she was thinking similar thoughts, so she reached out, and gave her a hug. “Don’t worry,” she said softly. “Xander will work it out.”

“And another thing!” said Willow. “Why’s everybody hugging Faith, when she hums that silly little tune?”

“What silly little tune?” asked Faith.

“Never mind,” said Xander. “Willow, I’d love to stick around, and argue this with you some more, but we’ve got to be going. Giles, we’ll see you later at Buffy’s house. Come on, girls, let’s go!”

“Bye guys!” said Buffy. “Willow, and Tara, lunch tomorrow, at the Eatery. See you there!”

“Bye Buffy!” said Tara.
Faith paused beside Tara, and leaned close to her. “You really should take Red home, and give her a good spanking,” she whispered so softly that Tara and Buffy were the only ones who could hear her. “Might help her attitude a bit.”

Tara blushed even redder than she had earlier.

Buffy and Faith led Xander and Anya into their apartment. He directed them to the centre of the living room floor, where he and Anya dropped their ends of Buffy and Faith’s leashes. He went over to the CD player, and selected a disc of dance music that he knew Buffy liked, and started it playing. He turned back to them.

“Buffy, Faith, I want you to undress each other, while you’re dancing together.” He settled down with Anya on the couch, to enjoy the show. “You can keep your shoes on.”

The music that Xander selected reminded Buffy of that time in the Bronze, dancing with Faith after they’d cleaned out a nest of vampires together. The one time, before the Reward, when Buffy had found herself attracted to a girl, and now Buffy was dancing with Faith, the way she had that night. This time, when their hands brushed over each other’s bodies, she felt a nearly electric tingle. This time instead of just suggestive touches, they took hold of each other’s tube tops, pulled them up over each other’s heads, and then let them slither down along their leashes to the floor. They moved together, dancing to the beat, rubbing their tits and nipple rings together, while kissing each other, and fingers undid each other’s pants.

Buffy turned them around, so that Xander and Anya would have a good view of her ass. “Take off my pants, Pet,” she whispered to Faith, took hold of her hair, and pushed her down. Buffy’s hips rolled with the music as Faith peeled the skin-tight pants down Buffy’s legs. It was only their superior balance and reflexes as Slayers, and their lingering connection, that allowed them to coordinate their movements so that it seemed like Buffy effortlessly stepped out of her pants while never losing the beat of their dance. Buffy pulled Faith back up for another searing kiss, while they slowly turned to present Faith’s ass to their audience, and then Buffy went down to remove Faith’s pants. She considered going down on Faith, for real, right there in front of Xander and Anya, but she refrained. Xander had told them to dance, not to have sex.

Of course, dancing done right, was vertical sex, so she did kiss, and lick her way back up along Faith’s body. Buffy took hold of the chain between Faith’s breasts, pulled her close for another kiss, and pressed herself completely against Faith’s body. This time she pressed her thigh in between Faith’s legs, and pressed Faith down onto it, while she pressed her own pussy down onto Faith’s thigh.

So far, the Slayers had been doing their dance without once becoming entangled or tripped by their leashes, but now Buffy wanted the entanglement. She slowly spun herself and Faith around, while they ground against each other to the beat, making their leashes spiral around their bodies, tying them together.

The song came to an end, and was replaced by another, with a slower, more relaxed beat. Buffy kept grinding herself against Faith, and kissing her, until she felt Xander’s and Anya’s arms come around them. She pulled her mouth away from Faith’s, to kiss Anya, while Xander was kissing Faith. After a long, slow, deep kiss with Anya, they traded partners, so she could kiss Xander, and Faith could kiss Anya.

Xander pulled back from the kiss and their embrace, and made a slow, spinning gesture with his hand. “Why don’t you and Faith disentangle yourselves, and then you can undress us.”
“Yes, Xander,” said Buffy and Faith together, and they reversed the spin that had wrapped their leashes around them. They both started slowly dancing around Anya and Xander. Again, Buffy was reminded of an earlier dance. Like this one, it had been intended to tease and arouse Xander, but this time, instead of taunting him with something that he couldn’t have, her dance was meant as a reminder of what was already his, and a promise of more to come.

It took longer to get Xander and Anya naked, both because they were both wearing more clothes than Buffy and Faith had started out with, and because they lacked the Slayers’ coordination. The Slayers also divided their time between Xander, Anya, and dancing with each other. Buffy could tell, from the hungry look in Xander’s eyes, that he enjoyed watching her with Faith, just as much as Buffy enjoyed being with her.

Everyone was naked by the time the song was done, and Xander gathered them all together into another four way hug, and kiss. When Xander released them, and stepped back away from them again, he had a grin on his face that Buffy had come to recognize. He had something in mind that he expected them all to enjoy.

It started with a flash of light, and Buffy and Faith’s breaths both caught when they saw what he was now holding: a double ended, strap-on dildo. His gaze shifted back and forth between her and Faith, and Buffy could hear him saying “eeny, meeny, miny, moe” under his breath. His gaze settled on Faith, and Buffy felt a brief flare of disappointment. She’d been imagining herself using that dildo on Faith, and Anya, but it seemed that Xander had something else in mind. Still, it would be great having Faith fuck her with it, too.

“Faith, take this, and put it on Anya.”

Buffy felt another rush of excitement. Being fucked by her Mistress with that dildo would be even better! She could tell that Faith felt the same way.

Faith danced forward to take the strap-on from Xander. “Yes, Sir!” She spun back toward Anya, and dropped to her knees at Anya’s feet, bowing before her Mistress, holding the harness out, just above the floor. “Mistress, would you care to step into this?”

“Yes, I would. Thank you, Faith.” Anya stepped into the harness, and Faith quickly pulled it up her legs. Faith straightened her back, still staying on her knees, as she brought Anya’s end of the dildo up against her pussy. Anya spread her legs a bit, and moaned, as Faith slowly pushed it into her. Anya moaned again as Faith gave the dildo a twist, and a wiggle to make sure that it was properly seated within her.

“Hurry up, Faith,” said Xander. “The sooner you’re finished, the sooner you’re going to be feeling that in your pussy.”

“Yes, Xander!” Faith settled the straps around Anya’s hips, and hopped back to her feet. “All done!”

“Very good.” Xander took hold of their leashes. “Now, I want you and Buffy standing behind the couch.”

“Yes, Xander!” They both moved quickly, and stood behind the sofa.

“Now, bend over.”

Buffy leaned over the back of the couch. The light flashed, and her legs were spread far apart by a bar linked between the padded cuffs that had appeared around her ankles. Her wrists were cuffed
together, and pulled out in front of her by a chain bolted to the floor in front of the couch. She tried
to move her feet, and found that they were firmly anchored to the floor too. She was bound in place
—unable to move—with her ass in the air, presented to Xander and Anya. She could see Faith
bound in the same position beside her.

Buffy felt Xander’s hand caressing her ass, which was still sore from the spanking he’d given her
earlier. He moved on to sliding his fingers along her slit, which was nearly dripping. Her link with
Faith was strengthening again, and through it, she could feel that Anya was doing much the same
with her pussy.

Xander looked down on Buffy’s perfect ass as he ran his fingers over it. It was still pink from the
spanking she’d had at the Magic Box. He moved his hand down, to slide a finger down her slit, to
her clit. “Slayers,” he ordered. “You can come as often as you like, until we get to Buffy’s house.”
He circled his finger around Buffy’s clit, making her gasp, and twitch. He looked aside, at Anya
with Faith, and saw Anya bringing the head of her strap-on dildo to Faith’s pussy. Both Faith, and
Buffy moaned as it slid into Faith.

Xander continued to rub at Buffy’s clit, while he watched Anya fuck Faith. He could tell that both
of them were feeling what both he and Anya were doing. This strange connection that they were
developing was something else that he’d have to talk to Giles about. While it seemed to peak
during sex, he had to wonder how it would affect the other things that they did. Would it be an aid,
or a hinderance, if they could do the same thing while fighting? Would it allow them to better
coordinate their attacks, or would it only serve as a distraction? Enough of these thoughts! he told
himself. He had Buffy’s sopping wet pussy right there in front of him, and she was quietly begging
for him to fuck her. He had never been able to deny Buffy anything that she wanted. He slid his
cock into her.

He felt Buffy’s pussy squeezing down around him. He felt like he fit perfectly inside her, just as he
did with Faith. Both of their pussies were a perfect fit for his cock, and yet they were both different.
He couldn’t quantify it, but he knew. He fit perfectly into Buffy, and Faith, but he was sure that if
he was ever in a position where he couldn’t see, hear, smell, or taste them, and the only contact
between them was their pussy, around his cock, he’d be able to tell if it was Buffy, or Faith, or
Anya. Anya didn’t have a Slayer’s strength, to squeeze her inner muscles around him, but she did
have a year of dedicated practice. Each of his girls felt different, and each of them felt perfect, in
her own unique way.

And now his cock was buried deep in Buffy’s perfect pussy. He started to move his hips, pumping
himself into her, feeling her squeezing so tight around him that it almost felt like he wouldn’t be
able to pull out of her, if he wanted to. His motion synchronized with Anya’s, and the dance beat of
another song from the CD player. Anya had taught him how to keep this up for a long time, if he
wanted to, but they didn’t have time for that, this afternoon. He pumped his hips harder, slamming
himself into Buffy’s snatch, until he felt her coming, and heard both Buffy and Faith crying out. He
let himself come too, spasming as he shot his load into Buffy’s pussy.

Xander pulled his deflating cock from Buffy’s cunt, and knelt down to lick her. She tasted
delicious, her pussy juices mingling with his jizz. He glanced up, and aside at Anya, who was still
fucking Faith. He could tell from looking at her that she’d just come too, but her dildo didn’t lose
any of it’s rigidity after she had, and she was enthusiastically pressing herself, Faith, and Buffy to
their next climax. He used his tongue on Buffy’s Reward Ring, to push that along.

Once Buffy and Faith had come again, he stood up, moved himself behind Anya, and hugged her,
while she kept fucking Faith. His re-hardened cock pressed against her backside.
“Do you want to fuck my ass, while I keep doing Faith?” asked Anya.

“As wonderful as that sounds,” said Xander, “I think we’ll save it for another time. Right now, I think Buffy wants you to fuck her ass with that dildo of yours.”

“Oh yes, Xander!” cried Buffy. “Please Anya! Please fuck my ass!”

Anya pulled her dildo out of Faith, and stepped across to stand behind Buffy. Xander stepped up behind Faith. He rubbed his hands over her butt. “Do you want your ass fucked, too, Faith?” He rubbed the tip of his cock, still slick from Buffy’s juices, against her rosebud.

“Yes, Xander. Fuck me!” moaned Faith. “Fuck my ass!”

“Anything my girls want,” said Xander, and slowly pressed himself into her.

Anya was doing the same with Buffy, and both of them let out an ululating cry of pleasure—one that Xander thought might overcome the soundproofing of his apartment. The light flashed, and both Faith and Buffy were wearing gags over their mouths.

Xander found it hard to believe that there could be something tighter than a Slayer pussy around his cock, but there was. A Slayer’s ass clenched around him even harder than her pussy. Faith’s grunts into her gag mixed with Buffy’s higher pitched whimpers, in a sort of harmony. It wasn’t long before Xander was ready to come again. Faith’s sphincter around his cock was almost too tight to let him.

Xander bent over Faith’s back, reached around to her tits, grabbed hold of her rings, and twisted. Faith came as he did. His hips spasmed, driving his cock deeper into her ass, before his post orgasmic torpor overtook him, and he went limp. He lay there across Faith’s back for a few seconds, just holding her, feeling her subsiding shudders.

Xander lightly kissed Faith’s shoulders, and glanced over at Anya and Buffy. They seemed to be enjoying a similar moment of post-orgasmic bliss. “What do you say, we move this to the shower?” he asked. “It’s time we started getting cleaned up, before we head over to Joyce’s.”

“Alright,” said Anya, “But I want to have a turn with your penis too.”

“In the shower,” promised Xander. He lifted himself up off Faith while Anya got off Buffy. He paused for a moment to just admire their two perfect rear ends, and the way they were stretched out over the back of the sofa. He gave each of their bottoms a playful slap. “Alright you two. On your feet!” The light flashed, and all of Buffy and Faith’s restraints vanished. The loss of their feet’s anchors caused them both to tip forward, which both Slayers turned into graceful rolls that brought them to their feet in front of the couch. Xander collected the ends of their leashes, and took them both into the bathroom, with Anya following along behind.

Xander started out their shower by ordering Faith and Buffy to clean his cock. At first, Faith was a little worried, thinking that he wanted them to use their mouths, and considering where it had just been, that wasn’t really something she wanted to do. It seemed that there were a few kinks that neither she, nor Buffy shared. She was relieved when she saw Xander offering a bar of soap to them. They both knelt down in front of him, and rubbed their soapy hands all around, and over his cock and balls. She smiled when it came erect again in their hands, but remembered what Xander had promised Anya. This one would be for her.

Xander ordered them back to their feet, and told them to wash Anya. The shower was so crowded, with the four of them all in it, that the best way to accomplish that was to simply rub their soapy
bodies against hers, reserving the use of hands for some of her harder to reach crevasses. Anya considered this to be a very efficient use of their time, since it also cleaned Faith and Buffy. Xander mostly stayed as far back as he could in the confined space, just watching them all, with his goofy smile on his face.

When Anya decided she was clean enough, she ordered Buffy and Faith to do the same for Xander, and this time she joined in. She took Xander’s front, leaving Buffy and Faith to split his sides and back, sliding their slippery bodies over his, spinning themselves around and rubbing their backs against him, and sliding themselves up and down his body.

After a few minutes of that, Xander ordered Faith and Buffy to rinse themselves off, and get out of the shower. “I want you on your knees, on the floor,” he told them. “You can play with all of your rings, while you watch me make love to Anya.”

Buffy and Faith both smiled at that order, promptly left the shower, and knelt side by side on the bathroom floor, so close together that Faith could feel her shoulder, hip, and thigh pressed against Buffy’s. Faith watched as Xander kissed Anya deeply. She watched his hands move across Anya’s breasts, and she slid her hands over her own, and pulled at her nipple rings. One of Xander’s hands started to slide down across Anya’s stomach, toward her pussy, and Faith was surprised to feel Buffy’s hand doing the same on her stomach. She tore her eyes away from Xander and Anya, to look at the Slayer beside her. Buffy smiled back at her. “He didn’t say we had to play with our own rings,” she said quietly, and her fingers pressed against her Reward Ring. Faith moaned in pleasure.

Faith glanced back at Xander, and saw that he was looking toward her now, while his fingers plunged into Anya’s pussy. She started to reach toward Buffy’s Reward Ring, and saw him nod at her, before he turned all of his attention back to Anya. Faith’s fingers found Buffy’s ring, and pushed against it, as Buffy pressed down on Faith’s again. Their fingers started to move together, both of them keeping the same rhythm as Xander’s fingers into Anya’s pussy. Faith moaned out her orgasm, while Buffy screamed beside her.

Xander’s mouth was moving down Anya’s body now. Faith watched him kiss her breasts, and suck first one, and then the other nipple into his mouth. He kept moving down, kissing and licking at her belly button, and then farther down, across her mound, to press himself between her legs, and lick at Anya’s clit while his fingers continued to work her pussy.

Faith felt Buffy’s fingers leave her Reward Ring for a moment, but then she felt the chain linking all her rings start to tug. She looked away from Xander, down at herself, just in time to see Buffy’s fingers, with her chain wrapped around them, sink into her cunt. The penetration, linked with the exquisite pain of her chain pulling on her rings, nearly made her come again. Faith wrapped her fingers around Buffy’s chain, and pressed them into her pussy.

Faith finger fucked Buffy’s pussy, while Buffy did hers, and they watched Xander do Anya. Their fingers moved in time with his. When Anya came, so did they.

Faith watched Xander as he kissed his way back up Anya’s body. He once again worshiped her breasts with his lips, and tongue before going on to kiss her mouth. She watched him as he crouched slightly, took hold of Anya’s thighs, and lifted her. She watched Xander press Anya against the shower wall, Anya wrap her legs around Xander’s waist, and Xander press his cock into Anya’s pussy in one long, powerful stroke.

Xander’s muscles rippled under Anya’s hands on his back. His thighs and buttocks pulsed as he made love to her. Faith inserted all four of her fingers into Buffy’s pussy, and the heel of her hand pressed down on Buffy’s Reward Ring. Buffy was doing the same for her. The tugs of her chain on her nipple rings weren’t enough, so Faith pinched and tugged at her nipples with her free hand,
pushing herself toward a new orgasm. Anya was coming again, but Xander continued to drive his hard shaft into her pussy.

“God yes, Xander!” cried Anya. “Fuck me hard! Like that! Make me come!”

Faith and Buffy started to urge Xander on, too. “Fuck her, Xander! Fuck her pussy! Make her come!”

Anya started to come again, and this time Xander groaned and his hips spasmed into her as he came too. Faith felt Buffy’s fingers plunging deep into her pussy, as she pressed her own as far into Buffy as she could. She pinched and squeezed at her nipple, feeling the exquisite pain that caused. Her body was wracked by an intense orgasm.

When Faith came back down from her climax, she was aware of Buffy’s slack fingers, still in her pussy, Buffy panting beside her, and Xander and Anya gently kissing each other in the shower. Faith watched them, while she removed her own hand from Buffy’s snatch, and lifted her fingers to her mouth to lick them clean. She had to agree with Xander’s assessment: Buffy’s pussy juice did taste better than ice-cream.

Xander finally pulled his mouth away from Anya’s, but he kept holding her. He turned to Buffy and Faith. “I think you two need a quick rinse, and then you can dry me and your mistress off, and dress us for our evening with Buffy’s mom.”

Buffy and Faith took Xander and Anya’s places in the shower, and quickly rinsed the sweat from their bodies, and used their hands to lightly wash each other’s pussies, but they didn’t linger. They were done in under a minute, and came back out to dry off Xander and Anya. They didn’t dry themselves off, because Xander didn’t tell them to, but they had at least stopped dripping by the time they had Xander and Anya dried, and Xander took their leashes, and led them to the bedroom.

In the bedroom, Xander ordered Buffy to fix Anya’s hair, and makeup, and to dress her, while he had Faith brush his hair, and dress him. Faith was finished getting Xander ready, while Buffy was still working on Anya’s makeup. She understood why Buffy had gotten that job, instead of her. Faith had never really learned much about how makeup was done. Other than the basics of a little lipstick and mascara that she’d figured out mostly by trial and error (mostly error) she had never used much. Maybe she’d ask Buffy for lessons, some time.

Anya had Faith get the clothes that she wanted to wear out of the closet, while Buffy added the finishing touches to her makeup. Then she and Buffy both dressed Anya. When they were done, Xander ordered her and Buffy to stand side by side, while he considered them. They were both still naked, dressed in only their collars, rings, and chains. Their damp hair hung limply around their shoulders.

The light flashed, and their hair was dry. Faith’s fell in loose, dark waves around her shoulders, and Buffy’s was pulled back into a pony tail, held in place by a pair of long, thin wooden stakes. The light flashed again, and both girls were dressed. Faith in black denim jeans, and a dark green t-shirt. Buffy was wearing faded blue jeans, and a tan peasant blouse. Faith’s shirt was tight enough that it was obvious that she wasn’t wearing a bra under it, and also that her nipple rings were gone. Xander knew that the same was true for Buffy. Both girls were wearing strappy sandals, with two inch heels. Faith’s were black, and Buffy’s were cream coloured.

Xander gave them a good look-over. They both looked wonderful. “So, are we missing anything, before we go to Buffy’s house?”

Buffy, Anya and Faith all gave each other, and Xander, appraising looks. “Nope.” “Uh-uh.”
“We’re good,” they said together.

“Alright! Anya, take Buffy’s leash, I’ve got Faith’s, and it’s off to Buffy’s we go!”
Chapter 28

Buffy sat quietly beside Faith in the back of Xander’s car. “There are a couple of rules I think we need for Joyce and Dawn,” said Xander. “The first is that you can add them to the list of people you can’t lie to. If you don’t want to talk about something, you can say that you don’t want to talk about it, but if Joyce insists, you have to tell her.”

Buffy and Faith both nodded. “Yes, Xander,” they said together. Buffy had already decided that that was what she was going to do, but it was nice to have Xander’s order to enforce it. She saw him glance at her, in his rear view mirror, and she smiled. She knew he was wondering if she and Faith were linked again, but he didn’t ask. If he had, she’d have told him that their link had never really gone away since their spanking in the Magic Box, but it was currently running at a low ebb. She and Faith were still aware of what each other was feeling, but their thoughts were mostly their own.

“The second thing is that if you don’t want to tell Dawn something, you don’t have to, even if she tries to insist,” said Xander. “You can’t lie to her, but you don’t have to tell her anything you don’t want to, either. Feel free to tell her that it’s none of her business if she asks you about anything you don’t want to talk about…especially if she asks about sex.”

“Yes, Xander,” they said again, and this time there was a bit of a laugh in Faith’s voice.

“Third thing is that there is to be absolutely no kinky bondage stuff going on in front of Joyce and Dawn!”

Xander addressed this third comment to the heavens, rather than to Buffy and Faith, but they both nodded along with it, and said “Yes, Xander,” again. Buffy added her own silent plea to whatever force sometimes took over the magic that it not manifest in front of her mother, or sister.

Xander pulled his car to a stop behind Giles’ mid-life-crisis-mobile, in front of her house. “Here we are.” He grabbed his satchel, that had all the documents that they had received pertaining to Faith’s release, and the parchment that Gimmel had left him, and got out of the car. Buffy and Faith had opened their doors, but they couldn’t leave the car until someone took hold of their leashes. Xander took Faith’s, and Anya took Buffy’s, to walk them up to the house. Buffy was starting to get a little nervous. Xander had said that they’d be wearing their leashes until they got to her house, but just what did that mean? Would she still be wearing it when she went in the door? The thought of her mother and Dawn seeing Anya holding her on her leash embarrassed, and excited her.

The light flashed when they reached the porch, and their leashes vanished. Buffy tried not to be too disappointed.

Dawn had been watching for Xander’s arrival from the upstairs hall window. She saw him park his car, and then him and Anya get out. She was a little puzzled by why Buffy and Faith seemed to just sit in the back, after opening their doors, until she saw Xander and Anya reach in and take hold of something. Holy Crap! They had Buffy and Faith on leashes! She watched them come up the walk toward the front porch. Faith was also carrying a small bag, about the right size for a bottle of wine.

“They’re here!” she called out, before ducking into the bathroom to check herself out one last time to make sure that she hadn’t picked up any smudges of dirt on her nose, or anything like that, in the five minutes since the last time she’d checked. She ran few quick strokes with her brush through her hair, just to make sure that it was still all in order. She dashed back out into the hall, and down
the stairs. She could see parts of the four people on the front porch through the narrow windows beside the door, and saw a flash of light. She wondered what it was as she opened the door, and smiled a greeting for Xander, who had been reaching for the doorbell.

“Hi Xander!” she said cheerfully. “Buffy, Anya,” was said with less cheer. “Faith.” Her voice went cold as she greeted the final person on the porch. She wondered for a moment what had happened to her leash. If anyone deserved to be kept on a leash, it was Faith.

“Dawnmeister!” said Xander, and she dismissed Faith from her thoughts for the moment, to focus on him. She saw the way he was looking at her, with appreciation in his eyes. “You’re looking great! Stealing your sister’s clothes, again?”

“Not this time,” said Buffy. “I gave her permission, today.”

Dawn smiled at Xander’s compliment. She stepped back from the door, to let them come in. “Giles is already here, in the living room.”

Dawn showed everyone into the living room, where Giles was waiting for them, and her mother came out of the kitchen to say hello to everyone. Her greetings for Xander and Anya were genuinely warm, but Dawn could tell that she was just being polite to Faith, for the sake of politeness.

“Dinner smells good,” said Xander.

Dawn had to agree with that. Her mom had pulled out all the stops, preparing a roast beef dinner for all of them. She said it was because she so rarely had enough people over to dinner to be able to cook a proper roast.

“It will be ready in half an hour,” said her mother. “Would anyone like some refreshments?”

“Um, we brought this,” said Faith, holding the bag out to her mother.

Her mother took the bag. “Thank you Faith.” She reached into it, and Dawn saw that she’d guessed right, when her mother pulled out the bottle of red wine. Her mother glanced at the label. “This will go nicely with the roast beef.” She gave the bottle to Buffy. “Why don’t you take this into the kitchen, and open it up, to let it breathe?”

“Yes, Mother,” said Buffy, and took the bottle away with her.

Her mother got everyone’s drink orders, and sent Dawn to the kitchen to help Buffy prepare them. Giles was a regular enough visitor to their house that they kept a bottle of eighteen year old Glenmorangie for him, and her mother asked for a glass of white wine. Everyone else opted for soft-drinks.

“You were wearing a leash!” Dawn whispered to her sister, once they both got to the kitchen.

“What?” asked Buffy.

“I saw you getting out of the car!” said Dawn. “You and Faith had leashes!”

“Uh…yeah, we did.” Buffy opened the fridge to get out bottles of Coke, and 7 Up, that she gave to her sister.

“You let him do that?”
Buffy poured Giles’ scotch, with just a splash of water, the way he liked, and her mother’s wine, while she talked with her sister. “Look, Dawn, I don’t want to talk about this, but I am going to be honest with you. Sometimes, if Xander doesn’t use it, the Reward magic has a way of running away with itself, and doing things without anyone having control over it, so we spent some time this afternoon, with Xander controlling the magic, and part of that was that Faith and I were wearing leashes. It’s fun, being his pet.”

*Pet?* wondered Dawn, while pouring glasses of Coke and 7 Up. She and Susan had spent some time on her computer that afternoon, looking up some stuff, and they’d seen some sites about BDSM, but she hadn’t imagined that Buffy would actually be *doing* anything like some of the stuff that she’d read about.

“It’s just part of a game we play,” said Buffy. “We wear the leashes, and we do what he tells us to do.” She loaded the drinks she’d prepared onto a tray, along with the ones Dawn had made, and retreated back to the living room before Dawn could ask her any more questions.

The before dinner conversation was about everything but Xander’s Reward, and Buffy and Faith’s part in it. They also avoided talking about Faith’s release from prison. Instead they talked about how opening day at the Magic Box had gone, how business was at her mother’s gallery, Xander’s new promotion at his construction job, and how Buffy’s classes were going. After about fifteen awkward minutes, her mother told Dawn to go set the table for dinner, and asked Buffy to come help her in the kitchen.

Her mother had had Dawn go to the basement earlier, to get the good dishes, and she’d pulled the cloth napkins from the buffet drawer. She was just placing the last napkin at her mother’s place at the table when she heard Faith quietly say “You’re right Xander. Dawn is growing up nicely.” Dawn felt herself blushing: Xander thought she was growing up nicely, and Faith agreed with him! Two years ago, Dawn had thought that Faith was the coolest person ever! She was a Slayer, like Buffy, but she hadn’t talked down to Dawn, or treated her like a pain in the ass. She’d always been nice to her. That Christmas, when it had snowed, Faith made snowmen in the front yard with her, and when a couple of the jerk boys who lived in the neighbourhood had thrown snowballs at her, Faith had helped her retaliate. Now Faith was saying that Dawn was growing up. Dawn forgot for a moment that she was mad at Faith, over what she’d done last year.

Dinner went much like the time leading up to it. Everyone talked about everything but the new relationship between Buffy, Faith, Anya, and Xander: the Magic Box, Buffy’s classes, Joyce’s gallery, Xander’s construction job, everything but Xander’s Reward.

Dawn had arranged things so that she was sitting beside Xander at the table, but that had also meant that Anya was sitting on his other side, and that Buffy and Faith were across the table from him. Between the three of them, he hardly paid any attention to her.

Giles had carved the roast, and that had seemed right to her. Giles at the head of the table, opposite her mother at the other end. He was the patriarch of their group. Giles was their anchor. Her mother sat at the other end of the table, the perfect hostess. She had created this repast. Giles was the distributor of the bounty that her mother had created.

And there was Xander. Xander, who had always smiled at her. Xander who always greeted her as a friend. Xander who had always looked at her sister with a deeply buried lust — a lust that until recently had been unreciprocated. Xander had always been Buffy’s friend, and a part of Dawn had always known that he had wanted more, but, until now, Buffy’s return glance had only held friendship. Now, when Buffy looked at Xander, there was more. And it wasn’t just Buffy. It was Faith too. She looked at Xander the way Buffy did now, and he returned the look. Dawn wondered
if he would ever look at her, the way he looked at them.

After dinner, everyone moved back into the living room, and talk finally turned to the Reward. Xander, Buffy, Faith and Anya, with some additional comments from Giles, reiterated everything that Buffy had told them before, but this time they’d brought the letter that Gimmel had left them. Her mother spent a few minutes reading it, before she handed it back to Xander.

“Can I see it?” asked Dawn.

Xander hesitated for a moment, looking toward her mother for permission, which made Dawn even more curious about what was in it.

Her mother thought about it for a moment, too, before she slowly nodded. “I don’t think that there’s anything in it, that we’re not going to be discussing in front of her.”

Xander handed Dawn the piece of parchment. She was first struck by the rich feel of it. It felt thick and yet oddly supple in her fingers. Dawn knew that this was real parchment, not a paper imitation. She looked at it more closely. The writing was almost too neat to have been done by hand, but there were subtle variations in the shapes of the letters that told her it wasn’t printed. After nearly a minute spent just appreciating the quality of the document, she remembered that she wanted to read it, too:

Congratulations:

Alexander Lavelle Harris. As a devoted champion for Good, you have been rewarded. As your deeds have included saving the life of the most successful Slayer in the last several millennia, it seems only fitting that she be part of your reward.

Okay, there was no way that that bit about her being the most successful Slayer in several millennia was not going to go to Buffy’s head.

Unfortunately, the Slayer’s record is not quite as clean as your own, and as such, your reward has had to be altered significantly. Remain calm, her reward won’t affect your own, and her own reward will still be substantial.

That was Faith’s influence screwing things up…

However, what was to be your initial reward, the mutual realization of love and affection between you and the Slayer, has instead been altered, both by the Omnipotent Order of Punishment and Rewards, as well as The Hellmouth. For this reason, we are unable to provide exact details of the rewards given to you, at least in regards to the Slayer.

That sucked.

The following can be accurately documented: the Slayer is now yours to command, in mind and body. Her pleasure is your pleasure, and it is the belief of this office that this will eventually see the same outcome as originally intended. The Slayer, except when it would interfere in her deeds or her welfare, is yours.

Worry not, as careful testing was enacted before the implementation of this reward, and the Slayer gave the necessary correct answers in order to complete this reward. We do everything by the book here.

As such, the Slayer is at your command, sexually or otherwise, intended for your enjoyment and pleasure, and thus her enjoyment and pleasure. To this end, many of her desires, from the simplest
to the dark and complex, were enhanced. The full details of these enhancements, of course, are sketchy, as any reward involving the Slayer personally has been altered somewhat by circumstances. Nonetheless, you should feel confident that her pleasure will be great, and her desires are well suited to the roles you now find yourselves in.

So, that’s where the bondage and other stuff came in. Dawn had noticed that Buffy got very circumspect when the discussion of the Reward moved in certain directions. She was pretty sure from some oblique references that she had told their mother more about what was happening, but the Adult Conspiracy was still trying to shield her from gaining more knowledge.

The Slayer notwithstanding, your reward consists of enhancements to your sexual nature. Diseases of the flesh no longer affect you or your partners, and procreation is an optional result of any coupling, requiring the express desire of both you and the recipient of your seed. Further aspects of your reward include a preternatural proclivity towards good luck, success, and safety. It is the hope of Side of Good that these traits will enable you to continue your battle against Evil alongside the Slayer. It is also hoped that you might help to cleanse the darker marks on the Slayer’s record.

That sounded pretty good…even useful. And the bit about cleansing the stain from the Slayer’s record… Well, if Buffy could forgive Faith, maybe Dawn would have to at least give her a chance.

The Side of Good greatly appreciates all you have done for the cause, and hopes you enjoy your rewards, and that you continue to be as productive a soldier in the fight against the Side of Evil. We apologize for being unable to properly document the full details of your reward, vis a vis the Slayer.

Yeah, apologies were all well and good, but a little more information would have been better.

Finally, as a word of caution: The Omnipotent Order of Punishment and Rewards has altered this reward in conjunction with the shadowy deeds done by the Slayer. As such, were you to in any way reject the finalized reward, The Hellmouth would thus be given greater influence over altering the reward further. Therefore it is highly suggested that you enjoy your reward as much and as often as possible. The Side of Good is not responsible for any damages, deaths, tortures, or hideous mutations that may occur upon rejection of your reward.

Alright, that last bit didn’t sound so good. It seemed that bad things could happen if Xander rejected his reward…though Dawn did sometimes wish that her sister would undergo some sort of ‘hideous mutation.’ Maybe then, Xander would pay more attention to her. She sighed. Yeah, right. No way was that going to happen.

Enjoy your reward, and we hope that you and the Slayer’s success is bolstered by what will surely be an exciting and satisfying situation for you both.

—Gimmel, duly appointed arbiter of punishments and rewards, Side of Good.

Dawn finally looked up at everyone “Well, except for that last bit, about death, torture, and mutation, it doesn’t sound too bad.”

Her mother didn’t look like she agreed. Dawn figured that she was freaking out about the whole “the Slayer is at your command, sexually or otherwise” bit, but as long as Buffy was enjoying it… Dawn had had a few masturbatory fantasies about Xander tying her up, and having his way with her.

Dawn had guessed right about what her mother was concerned about. “Xander,” she said. “If you use this reward of yours to hurt Buffy in any way…”
“If that happens, Mrs. Summers, you can help Giles dispose of my body.”

Dawn had already noticed that Xander wasn’t calling her mom “Joyce” they way he usually did.

“Mom,” said Buffy, “Xander’s not going to hurt us. I trust him.”

“I know he won’t mean to, Buffy, but he’s not the only one involved in this Reward.” Her mom looked toward Faith, and frowned.

Faith stood up. “Mrs. Summers, I know that I’ve hurt Buffy in the past. And that I hurt you, and Dawn. I’m sorry about that. I really am.”

“Is sorry enough?” asked her mom.

“No,” said Faith. “But I can’t change what’s past. You and Dawn were always nice to me, and I did horrible things to you in return. I can’t take that back, no matter how much I wish I could. I can only go forward, and hope that I can make it up to you. I don’t want to be the person I was then; I want to be Different.”

“I want to believe you, Faith,” said her mom.

“Believe her,” said Buffy. “She can’t lie to us. Xander has ordered us to tell the truth to everyone here. We couldn’t lie to you, if we wanted to.”

“Are you sure about that?”

“Yes, Mother, I am,” said Buffy. “And even if Faith was lying, which she isn’t, I’d know.”

“What makes you so certain, Buffy?” asked her mother.

“Something new started happening, this morning,” said Buffy. “Faith and I have this…connection. Sometimes we feel what the other feels, and think what the other thinks. How strong it is kinda grows, and fades, but it’s been there all day. I’d know if she was lying.”

“Really?” asked Giles. “That’s interesting. You say it started this morning? What were you doing at the time?”

“Uh… I was… talking with Xander, Faith and Anya on the phone,” said Buffy, “and then it was like I was actually there with them.”

“Just talking?” asked Giles.

Buffy glanced at Dawn briefly before she said “Yeah, we were talking.”

Dawn rolled her eyes. “She means that they were having phone sex! I do know about this sort of thing, guys!”

“Uh… yeah, Dawn’s not wrong. Like I said, it comes and goes, but it seems to be strongest when we’re talking.”

“Are you sure that it isn’t just your imaginations?” asked Giles. “In a situation like that, when you’re… talking… your imaginations might run away with themselves.”

“We’re pretty sure,” said Xander. “When it’s happening, they start talking together, both of them saying the same things, at the same time, or if they’re not doing that, they’re finishing each other’s sentences. It can be kinda freaky.”
“Have you tried to do it, when you weren’t…talking?” asked Giles. “Can you initiate the connection at other times?”

“We haven’t really tried,” said Buffy. “Just a sec…” She looked at Faith, and Faith looked back at her.

After a few seconds, they both said “Yes” at the same time. “We can initiate the connection, when we want to.”

“Amazing!” said Giles. “And can you control each other’s bodies?”

“It doesn’t seem to work that way,” said Buffy and Faith, still talking together.

“I can still control me,” said Faith.

“And I control me,” said Buffy.

“But we can coordinate with one another really well,” said both. “We did it earlier, when we were dancing.”

“Is that another euphemism, like ‘talking’?” asked Dawn.

“Not this time,” said Buffy and Faith. “We were dancing together, at Xander’s, before we came over here.”

“Could you demonstrate?” asked Giles.

“Sure!” said Buffy, and Faith. They both rose to their feet, and stepped out into the clear space in the middle of the living room. They bowed to each other, and then they started to dance. Both of them kept perfect time with the other, like they were listening to music that no one else could hear. Their moves mirrored one another perfectly. Dawn was reminded of the Mirror Dance, from one of her favourite novels, where the dancers were required to match their partner’s moves.

The dance evolved into a light sparring match between the two Slayers. They stopped mirroring each other’s moves, and shifted instead to each of them perfectly countering the attacks of the other, as if they knew what was coming, in advance—which Dawn supposed was what was really happening. Buffy and Faith would each dodge, or deflect all of the punches and kicks that came her way from the other. They had started out slowly, so that their moves were easy to follow, but they quickly started to move faster, and faster, until they were both just blurs of motion.

“Enough!” called out Giles, and they both stopped, standing in the living room looking at each other, with big smiles on their faces.

“That was a blast!” they said together. “Almost as much fun as talking!”

“Ahem!” said her mother.

Buffy and Faith both looked sheepish. “Sorry, Mom,” they said together, and then they froze.

“I mean, I’m sorry, Mrs. Summers,” said Faith.

“No, don’t be,” said her mom. “I don’t mind…and while we’re on the subject, Xander, you can still call me Joyce, like you usually did, before this all happened.”

The evening broke up a bit later, with Xander saying that he and Faith had to do a quick patrol, and telling Buffy that she should work on some of her school assignments. Buffy stepped out onto the
front porch with them when they left, and Xander paused to whisper something into her ear that Dawn couldn’t hear. Whatever it was made her happy, though, and then she kissed him good-night. It wasn’t a quick kiss, either. It was a full contact kiss, probably with a lot of tongue. Dawn was a little surprised when Buffy did the same with Faith and Anya.

Buffy stayed out on the front porch, until Xander’s car had disappeared around the corner at the end of the street. Mr. Giles left just after Xander, saying goodnight to Buffy, and thanking her mother for an excellent meal. Buffy disappeared up to her room, saying that she had to work on a paper for her European History class. Dawn spent some time helping her mother clean up the dishes from dinner, before she went up to her room, herself. The discussion about Buffy’s new relationship with Xander, Anya and Faith had given her some new topics to research on her computer.

It was a couple of hours later when there was a knock on the door that connected Dawn’s room to her mother’s. Dawn quickly pulled her hand out of her pants, and closed down the browser window on her computer, before she answered it. “Yeah, Mom?”

“It’s a school night, Dawn,” said her mother. “You should be asleep.”

Dawn quickly looked at her alarm clock, and saw the time. “Oh! I hadn’t realized it was so late! Goodnight, Mom.”

“Goodnight, Dear.”

Dawn closed her door, and went back to her computer. She cleared her browser history, and cache, before shutting it down for the night. She changed into her pyjamas, and made made a quick trip to the bathroom before climbing into bed. She slipped the fingers of one hand down between her legs, while she slid the other hand up under her top, to hold her breast, and rub her nipple. She went to sleep imagining that she was being held in Xander’s arms, with his fingers on her breast, and pussy.
Buffy closed and locked her bedroom door. She thought that she’d change into something more comfortable before she started studying, so she started to take off her clothes. As she removed each item that Xander had provided for her, it flashed, and vanished. His magic clothes certainly made doing the laundry easier, but she sometimes wondered if they’d ever vanish that way while she was out in public. The thought excited her.

She put on the top of her yummy sushi pyjamas, but left the bottoms where they were. The top was big enough that it covered her well enough if she had to go out to the bathroom or something like that, as long as she was careful about how she moved, and didn’t allow anyone to follow her up the stairs. She got the stack of books on the French Revolution that she’d checked out of the university library and placed them on the bed, along with her notebook. She moved her pillows so she could lean back against them as she sat on her bed. She picked up one of her books, rested it in her lap, and opened it to the page she had marked. Her right hand held her pencil, poised write in the notebook beside her on the bed, and she slipped her left hand in between her legs. Xander had told her she could play with her Reward Ring while she studied, so she slipped her ring finger through it. It fit perfectly, and Buffy couldn’t help thinking that the gold ring symbolized a connection between her and Xander more profound than any engagement, or wedding ring. She slowly rubbed her finger, and the ring it was through, against her clit as she started to read about Jean-Paul Marat. Her link with Faith was running at a low ebb, and she knew that Faith, Anya and Xander were just getting home.

The light flashed as Xander closed their apartment door. He turned back toward Faith, and wasn’t surprised to see that her clothes had vanished. In their place were narrow leather straps criss-crossing around her body, linked by small gold rings. They were pulled tight, so that the leather dug into her skin. Triangles of leather surrounded her breasts, like the seams of a bra, but her ample bosom jutted outward, along with the rings that had reappeared in her nipples.

Faith’s arms were pulled back behind her, cuffed to a chain that went down, between her legs, and back up to link to the mesh of leather just below her navel. The chain was pulled so taut that it nearly disappeared into the cleft of her pussy. He looked between Faith, and Anya, who was also eying Faith with appreciation. “Looks like my girls want to play,” said Xander. “Faith, go into the bedroom.”

“Yes, Sir!” Faith quickly turned away from him, and walked down the hall to their bedroom door. Xander admired the way her bare ass swayed as she walked. She had to turn around to reach the doorknob with her cuffed hands, and the motion of reaching for it made the chain between her legs sink even deeper into her pussy. Xander could tell that it caused her pain, and that she enjoyed it.

He turned his attention back to Anya, after Faith had disappeared into the bedroom. He kissed her lightly on the lips. “How do you want to see her, when we go in there?” he asked.

Anya considered this for a moment. “I want her on her back on the bed,” she said. “I want her feet up over her head, spread wide apart, and fastened to the headboard, along with her wrists.”

“That sounds good,” said Xander, and there was a flash of light through their bedroom door. “Let’s go take a look.”

Faith was on the bed, exactly the way Anya had described her, and Xander had imagined. Her pussy was openly displayed to them both, glistening with moisture, and framed by a triangle of leather straps. She was also gagged, and blindfolded. Xander looked from Faith, to Anya, and back
to Faith, feeling his cock hardening in his pants. He decided that Faith could wait, and turned his
attention back to Anya, and kissed her. His hands moved over her body, finding the buttons of her
blouse, and undoing them. They moved in under her clothes and caressed her skin. Anya’s hands
were doing the same with him. They didn’t turn their attention back to Faith until after they had
both removed all of each other’s clothes. Then they crawled onto the bed together.

They started by kissing Faith’s bare thighs, before moving inward toward her pussy. They took
turns, kissing and licking at it, and at the ring piercing the hood of her clit. They took frequent
breaks from kissing Faith’s pussy, to kiss each other, and to taste Faith on each other’s lips.
Xander’s hand had crept down between Anya’s legs, to slowly rub at her clit with his fingers, and
Anya’s hand was stroking his hard cock. He was nearly ready to come, but he didn’t want it to be
Anya’s hand that finished him off.

He pulled his mouth away from Faith’s pussy, and gave Anya a quick kiss. “You can have her all
to yourself for the next little while,” he told her. He moved down the bed until he was kneeling
behind his girlfriend, and took a moment just to appreciate her round ass. He ran his hands over it,
and then in between her legs, to push his fingers deep into her pussy. He knew that, the state he was
in, he’d come nearly immediately if he started fucking her now.

Xander pumped his fingers into Anya’s pussy, as she used her mouth, and fingers, on Faith’s. He
could tell from the noises she was making that Anya was nearly ready too, and he withdrew his
hand, licked her juices from his fingers, and sank his cock deep inside her. He felt Anya clapping
around him as he pumped his hips, and heard her slurping at Faith’s pussy. He heard Faith grunting
around the gag in her mouth, and saw her shudder with her orgasm. He heard, and felt, Anya come
around him, and then groaned out his own orgasm, pounding himself hard into her clenching pussy.

Xander collapsed onto the bed beside Anya. He looked at her, and up at Faith, still bound to the
headboard of the bed. He wanted her free, and the light flashed. Faith’s bonds were gone, and she
swung her legs down, between Xander and Anya. They both crawled their way up along opposite
sides of Faith’s body, kissing her all the way. They each took one of Faith’s nipples into their
mouths, and alternated sucking, and biting at it, just the way she liked.

Xander’s cock was hard again. It seemed that, ever since this Reward had started, he was nearly
constantly aroused whenever he was in the presence of any of his girls. He’d thought that he’d had
some marathon sex sessions with Anya before this started, but now… He’d actually lost count of
how many times he’d come that day, and he was still ready for more, and he felt great. Some of his
earlier experiences with Anya had taught him that there was a limit to just how much sex one man
could endure in a short period of time, before it started to become painful, but now… He’d gone
far beyond that point, and still felt ready for more. More than ready. He was eager for it.

Anya’s hand came across Faith’s body, and grasped his cock. She stroked him slowly while they
continued to nuzzle at Faith’s tits. Anya pulled her mouth away from Faith’s nipple with an audible
*pop* and smiled across at Xander. “I want to watch you make love to her.”

Xander smiled back at her. “Anything, for you, love.” He leaned across Faith’s bosom to kiss
Anya.

Anya scooted off the bed, and went to get the chair from her vanity. She placed it beside the bed,
and sat down on it, with her legs spread wide, and her hand on her pussy. “You can begin now,”
she said.

“Yes, dear.” Xander slid himself down the bed, and then moved up between Faith’s legs. He lifted
her thighs over his shoulders as he homed in on her pussy. He spent some time just admiring it,
stroking it lightly with his finger tips, softly blowing air across it, or giving it flicks with his
tongue. There was an extra large gold ring joining the straps that were wrapped around Faith’s torso, just below her pussy, that was like a bull’s-eye around her anus. Xander knew that it was just barely large enough to let his cock through to it, but he decided to forgo that pleasure, for now.

Xander started to work his way up along Faith’s body, kissing and licking her as he went, until he reached her breasts. He lingered there for a bit, holding one in each hand, and moving his mouth back and forth between them, sucking, licking and biting her nipples. Faith’s legs wrapped around his waist, and her hips rocked against him.

Xander licked and kissed his way across Faith’s chest. The tip of his hard cock rubbed against her slit. He shifted himself a bit farther up her body, until his cock was rubbing against her Reward Ring. Faith groaned under him.

“Fuck her, Xander,” said Anya. “She wants you to fuck her.”

“Yes, Xander. Please?” said Faith.

“I want to see your cock pounding into her pussy!” said Anya.

Xander looked at Faith. He watched her face as he adjusted the position of his hips to bring his cock to the entrance of her pussy. He leaned down to kiss her as he slowly pressed himself into her.

“Oh yes, Xander,” said Anya. “Fuck her!”

Faith’s words were muffled by Xander’s mouth on hers. He concentrated on her as he withdrew himself, and pressed into her again. Faith’s legs were wrapped around his hips, and her arms were around his back. He poured himself into her. In this moment she was his entire world. His purpose was to give her pleasure.

Anya kept urging him on, giving him orders for how to better please Faith. Xander heard her, and to some extent, obeyed her. He wanted to make this as good for Faith as he could. He submerged himself in the sensations of Faith’s pussy clenching around his cock, her arms and legs wrapped around his body, her mouth on his. His hands squeezed and pinched at her tits in time with his cock thrusting into her. His motions were governed by how she responded to him. This was the Difference. When Xander made love to Faith, he was making love to Faith. In that moment, she was his world.

Xander’s hips moved faster, spilling himself into Faith. Their mouths stifled each other’s groans. Xander’s movement stopped, with his cock buried deep inside her. He pulled his face back from hers, and looked into her eyes. “I love you, Faith,” he said softly. “I will always love you. Whatever happens, whatever we do, I want you to know that.”


Xander heard a wimper Anya’s direction, and looked over at her. She was sitting in her chair with her legs spread wide, and the fingers of one hand sawing at her clit, while the other squeezed her breast. He smiled down at Faith. “I think your mistress could use a little help from your tongue.”

“Yes, Sir!” said Faith, and Xander rolled himself off her. Faith rolled the other way, off the side of the bed, and went down on her knees in front of Anya. “May I be of service, Mistress?” she asked.

Anya’s hand came away from her pussy. “Oh yes, Faith, you may!”

Faith pressed her face in between Anya’s legs, and Xander could hear her slurping away at Anya’s cunt. Anya put both of her hands to work kneading her breasts, and rolling her nipples between her
fingers. He took hold of his cock, and slowly started to stroke it while he watched Faith bring off his girlfriend.

When Anya came down from her orgasm, she unwrapped her legs from around Faith’s head, placed her hands on Faith’s cheeks, and lifted her face up to her own for a long, slow, deep kiss. She pulled away eventually, and smiled at the girl. “Thank you, Faith. You are becoming very good at cunnilingus.”

Faith ducked her head. “Thank you, Mistress.”

“Now, let’s go practice fellatio on Xander. He looks like he’s ready for us now.”

Faith turned to look at Xander’s cock, which had become rigid in his hand again. “Oh yes, Mistress!”

Xander lay back as Anya and Faith crawled onto the bed. They took up positions on either side of him, and Anya reached out to take his hand away from his cock. Faith took hold him instead, slowly stroking his shaft. Both women leaned in together, and licked their way up opposite sides of his penis, until their tongues met after passing over his tip. They moved down again, and their mouths closed around him, like they were kissing each other, with his cock between them. They moved their mouths up his shaft together. Xander groaned, and couldn’t help thinking about the missing member of their group. He wondered what Buffy was doing.

Buffy lay bound to her bed, with her wrists and ankles fastened to her headboard, in the same position that she knew Faith had been in earlier that evening. Her link with Faith had flared open shortly after she, Xander and Anya had arrived at home, and she had found herself naked and bound, the same way Faith had been, including a leather hood over her head that blinded her, and held a penis gag in her mouth.

Their link had let her feel everything that Faith was feeling, first as Xander and Anya had gone down on her, and then when Xander made love to her. She had heard Xander’s voice when he told Faith that he loved her, and it had been like he was talking to her too. She had been with Faith when she had gone down on Anya, and had savoured the taste of their Mistress’s pussy. And now it was like the gag in her mouth was Xander’s cock. She silently wished that she could take it all the way into her throat, the way Faith was taking Xander.

Buffy pulled at her restraints. She wanted to be able to touch herself. For all that she was sharing Faith’s sensations, they were only an echo of the real thing, and she had been unable to come. She had felt Faith coming, time and again, but it hadn’t been enough to put her over the edge, herself. Her pussy was sopping wet, and she could feel its overflowing juices running down over her ass, and making a wet spot on her bed. She wanted to have something pushed into her cunt, and her ass. She wanted someone to pull and twist on her Reward Ring, and bite at her nipples. She wanted to have her ass spanked. She knew that almost any touch would make her come, but she was unable free herself, no matter how hard she tried. Her bed creaked as she strained at her bonds. She knew that the Reward magic must be reinforcing it, that was the only reason it hadn’t broken long ago.

She could feel and taste Xander’s cock in her mouth, as Faith sucked at it. Buffy sucked at the gag in her mouth that she knew, without seeing, was shaped exactly like Xander’s cock. She sucked, and licked at it, wishing that it was the real thing, that he was about to come into her mouth, as her link with Faith was telling her Xander was about to do.

She felt it when Faith pulled away, to let Anya finish him off. She saw through Faith’s eyes as Anya’s mouth went down around him, and she saw him buck, and heard him groan. And then
Anya was kissing Faith, sharing Xander’s semen with her, letting her take some of his cum from her tongue, so that they could swallow it together. Buffy swallowed too, but it was only her own saliva that she felt going down her throat.

The light flashed, and most of Buffy’s restraints vanished. Only the gag remained, which she considered a good thing. As soon as her hands had been able to move, one of them had gone down between her legs, to press hard into her pussy, and against her Reward Ring. The other had gone to her tits, to pinch and twist at her nipples as hard as she could. The double dose of pain and pleasure from her nipples and clit had her trying to scream around the gag as she came. If it hadn’t been there, Dawn and her mother would surely have heard her.

The gag vanished, but Buffy didn’t stop masturbating. She regretted that she had left her vibrator at Xander’s apartment. She wanted something bigger than her fingers in her pussy. Ideally, she wanted Xander’s cock, but that option was out, at the moment. She got off her bed, with her hand still between her legs, and went to her dresser. A hair brush with a nice smooth plastic handle was sitting on top of it, and she took that, and returned to lie on her bed. She removed her fingers from her cunt, and slid the cold plastic handle into her. She pumped the brush hard, and twisted it around while the fingers of her other hand stroked at her clit. This time, when she came, she managed to keep herself from uttering more than a soft wimper.

She pulled the brush from her pussy, and sat up on her bed. She saw that the pyjama top she’d been wearing when this had all started was now draped over the back of her chair, and she went to put it on, before going to the bathroom. She took the brush with her so she could wash it, after first licking as much of her pussy juice as she could from it with her tongue.

Faith was dressed in her Slayer uniform, watching Xander throw darts at a map of Sunnydale with his eyes closed, and trying not to pay too much attention to what her link with Buffy told her she was doing. She had been feeling Buffy’s building frustration all the while she’d been having sex with Xander and Anya, and was happy that B was finally getting to relieve some of it.

The darts were another experiment with Xander’s luck. They were trying to see if it could tell them where they should patrol. The experiment had worked out pretty well the night before. One of his darts had landed on the cemetery where they had encountered Spike, and another had been at the intersection where they’d come across the traffic accident. She wondered if they should have gotten there earlier, maybe they might have been there soon enough to save that intern, but she couldn’t imagine how. If they’d been at the intersection at the right time to prevent the accident, they would have missed Spike and Harmony in the cemetery, and the girl Harmony had been feeding on would have died. Faith decided not to dwell on the might-have-been missed opportunity to save someone. There were plenty of people that she had harmed directly to feel guilty about.

Xander threw the last dart, and opened his eyes to see where it, and the others had landed. “Huh!” he said, seeing the tight cluster of darts all within the same block on the map. “I was trying to spread them around.”

“Looks like there’s something going down in that part of town tonight,” said Faith. “If I remember right, there’s an old abandoned factory there. Maybe we should swing by B’s place and pick her up too.”

Xander shook his head. “I don’t want to take her away from her mother, in case she needs her.” He went to the map, pulled out one of the darts, backed away from it, closed his eyes, and spun around. “This one is for where Buffy should be tonight.” He threw the dart, and opened his eyes in time to see it thud into the map by Revello Drive, just where Buffy’s house was. “Looks like we’re handling this on our own.”
Xander drove them to the factory. Faith’s memory of the place turned out to be pretty accurate. If anything it was even more run down than she’d remembered. They parked the car in the shadows between widely spaced working street lights, and got out to scout the area. There didn’t seem to be any signs of life, or even unlife, in the area, but Faith’s spider sense was tingling. There was something around here.

They found it in the parking lot of the abandoned factory. A huge vampire roared, and charged at them. Faith got herself between it, and Xander, and fended off its attacks. It was big, and unusually strong, but it wasn’t a skilled fighter. Faith figured that he’d been a street brawler when he was still alive, and hadn’t used his time as one of the undead to hone his skill. Unfortunately he seemed to have an innate ability to anticipate and block her attempts to stake him.

Faith’s connection with Buffy flared open, and she could feel B there with her, watching what was happening. She could sense the more experienced Slayer analyzing the vampire’s moves, and telling her just how she should feint in order to create the opening she needed to finish the vamp off.

When the vampire’s dust had settled she felt something else through her link with Buffy. It seemed that even the vicarious experience of slaying a vampire set off the hornies in Buffy these days, and since she was alone in her bedroom at home she hadn’t resisted the urge. She could feel that B’s fingers were already on her Reward Ring as their link faded, and wished she could join in, but she had other things she had to concentrate on, for the moment. She was sure that Xander would give her something much better than her fingers, after their patrol was over.

Xander was there with her now, giving her body a good look, and this time there was none of the usual lust in it. “You okay?” he asked. “I didn’t see him get any good hits in, but you guys were moving so fast, I might have missed it.”

“I’m good!” said Faith. “B helped me finish him off.” She saw Xander’s raised eyebrows, and pointed to her head. “Our link, she helped with the strategizing…and now she’s busy giving herself a happy. Lucky girl.”

“Right,” said Xander. “I didn’t need to know that, on patrol.” He looked around the parking lot. “There’s got to be more to this place than one oversized vampire.”

Faith felt Buffy’s presence in her mind recede even further, and she and Xander started to look for a way into the factory that wouldn’t involve breaking anything. Faith didn’t have any compunctions about it, but Xander insisted. Among other things, he told her, finding an open door or window would make less noise, and leave fewer traces of their being there, if anyone came looking later.

They didn’t find any unlocked doors or windows, but they did find a spherical orb, about nine inches in diameter. It glowed with a soft yellow light. Faith pulled a plastic bag out of one of the pouches on her utility belt that they could put it in to conceal its glow, and make it easier for Xander to carry.

After circling the building, Xander relented, and let Faith break the padlock off one of the doors to let them inside. Faith led him up a dark stairway to the top floor of the factory. She was tempted to tell him to take the orb back out of the bag, to give him some light to see by, but she didn’t. She suspected that he’d refuse, anyway.

On the top floor, they found a heavy metal door that had been knocked off its hinges. Faith had to wonder about the strength that it would take to do something like that. She didn’t think that she would have been able to. There was a man in the room, slumped over, tied to a chair. At first Faith
thought that he was dead—there was another man lying on the floor who very obviously was dead, and had been for at least a day—but then she saw that he was breathing.

The man woke up as she used one of her knives to cut him free from the chair. He was dressed in a brown robe like a monk’s, made of course fabric. He was wearing sandals on his feet, instead of shoes. Dried blood streaked his face, from wounds in his scalp. “No!” he muttered. “I won’t tell you!”

“Tell me what?” asked Faith. “I haven’t asked you anything. I’m here to help.”

The monk looked around wildly. “The Beast! The Abomination! She was here!”

“Well, she’s not here now,” said Faith. “Just me, and Xander. We’ll get you out of here.”

“Must warn the Slayer,” said the monk. “She must protect the Key. The Beast mustn’t find it!”

“What key?” asked Faith. “I’m the Slayer. What key must I protect?”

The monk’s eyes focused on her for the first time. “No! You’re a trick! You’re not the Slayer!”

“You’re talking about Buffy, the other Slayer,” said Faith.

“Only one!” said the monk. “Not you! You’re trying to trick me! You work for the Beast!”

“I don’t work for any beasts,” said Faith, “and there are two Slayers now, but a lot of people don’t seem to have gotten the memo on that. What’s this key for? Where do we find it?”

“The Key…opens all the gates…to everything,” said the monk. “I won’t tell you where it is. Only the Slayer may know.”

“Is it a glowy orb?” Xander held up the bag. “About this big?”

“No,” said the Monk. “Dagon Sphere…supposed to repel the Beast…didn’t work…”
Buffy was dimly aware of Faith and Xander taking the man that they’d found to the hospital, and of the rest of their patrol that night. They’d gone through a couple of Sunnydale’s many cemeteries, and found a couple of newbies as they were rising, which Faith had dispatched easily, without the need for any help from her. It hadn’t even been enough to distract her from her studies. She decided to wrap things up when she sensed that Xander and Faith would soon be home, so she made her final trip to the bathroom: to get ready for bed, and, hopefully, for whatever post-patrol plans Xander had for Faith.

She stood for a moment, just looking at herself in the bathroom mirror. It seemed that she had put on a couple of pounds, over the last week, and she thought that she looked good. The stress of being the Slayer had been wearing, and she had started to get a little on the skinny side, but now she was filling out a bit, again, losing some of her harder edges. Even her breasts were looking a bit perkier. She didn’t know if this was the result of her improved mood over the past week, or if the Reward was changing her body. Either way, she liked the result.

She ran her hand over her pussy, to see if she needed to shave. She frowned a bit at the perfectly smooth skin. There was no trace of stubble, and she hadn’t shaved since that time Xander had asked to watch her do it, and she hadn’t really needed to do it then. She hadn’t shaved her underarms, or her legs since either, and yet they remained perfectly smooth. It appeared that this was another perk of her reward. She was pretty sure that Faith hadn’t had to shave either, since the Reward had started, but they had both done Anya, a couple of times.

There might be another perk too. Her period should have started a few days ago, but so far there was no sign of it. It could be that she was just late: it had happened before. The stress of being the Slayer sometimes played havoc with it, but there had been relatively little of that in the past few months. She’d lost a little blood to Dracula, but not really enough to notice.

She supposed that she might be pregnant, but she didn’t think so. Gimmel’s letter had said that Xander couldn’t get her pregnant, unless they both explicitly wanted him to. Even without Gimmel’s assurance, she was still taking the Pill. Still, the Pill wasn’t foolproof, and it had only been a couple of weeks since she’d last been with Riley. They’d always been careful to use condoms, but they weren’t foolproof, either.

The best explanation (from multiple viewpoints) was that the Reward had just turned off her cycle.

Whatever the reason, she’d have to talk to Xander about it. He’d know what to do.

Xander and Faith returned to their apartment. The light flashed, and Faith’s Slayer uniform vanished. Xander’s eyes tracked up along her body, from the spike heeled shoes on her feet, along the fishnet stockings wrapping her legs, his gaze lingered for a bit on her bare pussy, with its lovely gold ring, before his eyes moved upward again, across her hands which were cuffed together in front of her, for a change, over the deep purple silk merry widow with half cups that lifted her breasts, drawing his eyes to her exposed nipples. There was a second flash, and her nipple rings appeared, piercing through them, with a golden chain strung between them.

Xander watched Faith tense: her fists clench; her shoulders hunch; her knees come together, and flex; her whole body trembled from the pleasure of the pain. He reached out to the chain connecting her nipple rings, hooked it with his fingers, and pulled her toward him for a kiss. He felt her leaning into him, pressing her body against his, and he gave the chain a twist, pulling harder on
her rings. She groaned against his mouth.

Xander kept hold of the chain when he broke off the kiss. “Come on,” he told her, and dragged Faith toward the living room. He stopped in front of his big easy-chair. “Undress me,” he ordered.

“Yes, Sir!” Faith reached up with her cuffed hands to the top button of his shirt. She quickly released it, and worked her way down, unfastening each button in turn, until she could push his shirt back off his shoulders, and let it fall to the floor. Then she unfastened his belt, undid the button at the top of his jeans, and unzipped his fly. She shoved her hands into his pants, and took hold of his hard cock as Xander used her chain to pull her close again for another kiss.

Xander pulled back after several seconds. “Take my pants off,” he ordered.

Faith started to push his pants, and underwear, down his legs. Xander sat down in the chair as she kneeled in front of him to pull them farther down his legs. She paused with them down around his shins, so that she could take his shoes off, before finishing removing his pants.

Faith carefully set aside his pants, and then stayed kneeling on the floor in front of him, her hands clasped on her knees, with her eyes on his erect penis.

“Do you want to suck my cock, Faith?” asked Xander.

Her eyes came up to his face. “Yes please, Sir.”

Xander smiled, and spread his knees apart. “Then you may.”

“Thank you, Sir!” Faith rose up onto her knees, and leaned forward to lick him. She reached toward him with her cuffed hands, too, and her fingers brushed against his balls, as her mouth slowly went down around him.

“Oh, that feels good, Faith,” groaned Xander, as she took him deep into her throat.

Faith hummed her appreciation for his praise, and slowly pulled her head back, until she released the tip of his cock with a gentle “pop!” She swirled her tongue around his glans, and then leisurely took him into her mouth again. While her mouth slowly worked its way up and down Xander’s cock, her cuffed hands were busy too. Faith’s thumbs stroked the base of his cock, and her finger tips massaged his perineum.

Xander just sat back. He let Faith set the pace, do what she wanted to do. His hands caressed her beautiful, flowing hair, but he didn’t take hold of it. He didn’t give Faith any more instructions for what he wanted her to do, he only whispered soft words of appreciation for what she was doing. He calmed himself, breathed deeply, and enjoyed.

He and Anya had practiced tantric sex, which had culminated with that one, ten hour long session of love making, that had left him feeling spent for days, but Xander had never mastered the technique for achieving an orgasm without ejaculation. Anya had had him doing Kegel exercises for a month, but they hadn’t worked…until now.

Xander tensed his perineal muscles as he felt his orgasm build. He felt it crest, and instead of the hot jolt of pleasure up his cock, it felt like a jolt of energy up his spine, flooding his whole being. His body shuddered in pleasure.

He looked down at Faith, who still had half his cock in her mouth, and saw her eyes looking back up at him, filled with surprise. She knew he had come, but he hadn’t flooded her mouth with his semen. He could see that there was a little disappointment about that there, too. He smiled at her,
took her face between his hands, and lifted her up to his mouth for a kiss that started gently, but quickly deepened.

Xander pulled back and smiled at her. “You are amazing, Faith.”

“What happened?” she asked, still puzzled. “You came, I know you came, but you didn’t…”

“Anya will be so pleased to learn that I finally managed that,” said Xander. “She’d been so disappointed that I hadn’t been able to do it before.”

“What?” asked Faith.

“Come without ejaculation,” said Xander. “It’s a tantric practice, which, I must tell you, feels amazing. It allows a man to experience multiple orgasms.”

Faith looked down at his still hard cock. “You mean…”

“Yeah, if anything, it’s harder now than ever.”

“So, I can…” She started to lean down over him again.

Xander caught her chin, and lifted it back up so he could give her another quick kiss on the lips. “Hold that thought.” He grinned at her. “It’s time for ice-cream. Why don’t you phone Buffy, so she can have some with us, too.”

Buffy’s link with Faith had been working overtime. She’d been there with Faith as she had gone down on Xander, and had experienced all the joy that Faith had felt at giving pleasure to their owner. Buffy had also had the advantage of having free hands to play with her Reward Ring, pussy, and breasts, and she had fed the pleasure she was giving herself to Faith, as Faith had concentrated her efforts on Xander’s cock.

She was ready for the phone call, when it came, with her headset in place. She tapped the answer button before her phone had finished its first ring.

“Hey, Buffy,” said Faith. “Can we ‘talk’?”

Buffy felt Faith feeding her all the connotations that Dawn had loaded onto that word. “Yeah, we can ‘talk’.”

“Great!” said Faith. “I’m putting us on speaker. Say ‘Hi,’ Xander.”

“Hi Xander.”

“You might own me,” said Buffy, “but that doesn’t mean that I have to laugh at a joke that lame.”

“Sorry,” said Xander. “I’ll try to do better in the future.”

“I’m sure you will,” said Buffy.

“Anyway, Faith and I were going to get some ice-cream, and we thought you’d like to join us,” said Xander. “Sound good?”

“Sounds very good,” said Buffy.

“Good!” said Xander. “So, why don’t you run down to your kitchen and fix yourself a bowl, while I get some for me and Faith.”
“Yes, Xander!” said Buffy. She started for her door.

“Buffy!” said Xander. “Make sure you’re wearing something, before you go! We wouldn’t want to give Dawn or your mum too much of a show.”

Buffy stopped at her door, realizing that she had been about to leave her room stark naked, wearing only the headset for her phone, which she was carrying in her hand. Dawn and her mother were asleep in their beds, but still…

She quickly slipped into the top of her yummy sushi pyjamas, and slipped her phone into the breast pocket. She left her room, and went downstairs. While she did, she told Xander about the changes she’d noticed in her body—about the lack of the need to shave.

“Have you noticed that, Faith?” he asked.

“Sure,” said Faith. “Right from the start. Shaving in the joint was such a hassle, I never bothered. I’ve seen demonic pacts for the possession of a soul less involved than the hoops you have to jump through to get a razor blade in jail. I was as hairy as a gorilla, before this all started.”

Buffy didn’t want to think about that. “My period’s late too,” she added, as she scooped some mocha-almond-fudge ice-cream into a bowl. She told Xander her thoughts about that, as well.

“And your period?” Xander asked Faith.

“No, it’s my responsibility,” said Xander. “Besides, the local pharmacy knows me. Anya has trained all the embarrassment out of us.”

Buffy met a bleary eyed Dawn in the upstairs hallway—returning to her room from the bathroom—on her way back to her room: which made her both glad, and a little disappointed, that Xander had made her put something on. And what did her conflicted feelings about Dawn seeing her naked mean?

She shook off that thought, and quickly entered her room, and shut the door. She saw a dildo in a harness sitting on the seat of her desk chair.

“I’ve sent you a present,” said Xander.

“I see it,” said Buffy. “Thank you!”

“Put it on,” said Xander.

“Yes, Sir!” said Buffy. She set her bowl of ice-cream down on her desk, took off her pyjama top and hung it on the back of the chair, and reached for the dildo. She stepped into the harness, and pulled it up her legs. She wasn’t surprised this time when she didn’t feel anything as she pressed the Xander shaped phallus into her pussy. She knew that she’d be feeling it soon enough. She sat in
her chair, with her bowl of ice-cream in front of her.

“Come here, Faith,” said Xander.

Buffy could see him through her link. He was sitting in a chair by their kitchen table, with a big bowl of ice-cream by his side. His cock was standing proud as Faith straddled his lap, with her hands cuffed behind her back, now. The muscles in her thighs and calves tensed, as Faith lowered herself down onto him. She could feel Xander’s cock penetrating deep into their pussies.

“Hmmm,” she moaned, with Faith.

“Open your mouth,” said Xander.

Faith opened her mouth, and Xander placed a spoonful of ice-cream into it. Buffy took a spoonful for herself.

“Up,” ordered Xander, and Faith started to rise. He placed his hands on her hips to hold her.

“Slowly,” he said.

Buffy could feel him, just the tip of his cock in her pussy. She felt a shock of cold against her—Faith’s—nipple as Xander swirled his ice-cream coated spoon around it, and then the heat of his mouth as he leaned in to lick it clean. She felt the pressure of his hands on her hips, pushing her back down, and his cock filling her pussy again. She took another spoonful of ice-cream into her mouth as Xander gave one to Faith. She felt Faith rise again.

This time, when Xander coated Faith’s nipple with ice-cream, Buffy did the same to herself. When he he lifted Faith’s breast to his mouth to lick it clean, Buffy lifted her own breast, and bent her head down to lick it.

The pattern repeated, over and over, until their bowls were empty. Xander’s cock penetrated deep into them, and he gave them a spoonful of ice-cream. They rose up, and he smeared a nipple, and licked it clean. The slow rhythm repeated over and over, until all the ice-cream was gone. Only then did it speed up, with Faith rising and falling on Xander’s wonderful cock as quickly as Slayer muscles, and gravity, would allow. Buffy and Faith both gritted their teeth to keep from screaming out their orgasms, and disturbing their mother, sister, and lover. Buffy was surprised that she didn’t feel the hot spurt of Xander’s semen into her pussy.

Buffy sat in her desk chair, breathing deeply, and still feeling Xander’s hard cock deep inside her. She could feel his arms around Faith’s/Her body, holding them tight against them. She could feel him kissing them.

She felt it when Xander lifted Faith off his lap. She could hear the smile in his voice when he told her to hang up the phone, clean up, and go to bed. She’d been in the bathroom using a wash cloth to clean the last remnants of ice-cream from her breasts as she’d felt Faith going down on him in their shower. He hadn’t ordered her to go to sleep so she was still awake when he and Faith had gotten into bed. She’d watched through Faith’s eyes as a half asleep Anya wrapped herself around him. She’d felt the magic dildo still in her pussy come back to life as Xander made love to his girlfriend, and this time, she felt his hot seed gushing inside of her.

Buffy went to sleep knowing that even if she wasn’t pregnant now, someday she would be, and Xander would be the father.

When Xander awoke, he was holding a gently snoring Anya, with a cute little line of drool running down her cheek, and he could feel Faith spooned up against his back. The way Faith was reaching
around him to lightly stroke his cock told him that she was already awake.

He rolled away from Anya, coming to rest on top of Faith. He wiggled his hips to settle himself into place there, with the length of his hard cock nestled along her slit, with her Reward Ring pressing the underside of his glans. “Good morning.”

Faith’s legs came up to wrap around his hips. “Good morning, Xander.”

Xander kissed her, and his hands took hold of her breasts. He squeezed them gently, before giving her nipples a couple of hard tweaks, making her gasp, and smile. “Don’t make too much noise,” he told her. “Anya’s still sleeping.”

“Yes, Sir.” Faith started to rock her hips, rubbing her pussy against his cock.

Xander smiled at her. “Impatient, aren’t you?”

“Always!” whispered Faith.

“You’re going to have to wait a bit longer.” He started to slide his way down along her body, allowing his lips and tongue access to her neck, her chest, her breasts, her nipples.

He stayed there for a while, licking and kissing around those two wonderful nubs of flesh, teasing them with light nips with his teeth. He knew that she wanted more than nibbles, and pulled back a bit to look at them. “Something seems to be missing,” he said, and the light flashed.

Faith gasped as the twin gold rings pierced into her flesh.

“That’s better. Remember, be quiet,” Xander reminded her, and then he attacked her tits again, this time more roughly, biting and pinching, pulling and twisting. Faith’s back arched up to him, and she made the most enticing of noises, as she struggled not to scream.

Xander left her breasts behind, and made his way farther down her body, across her stomach, pausing again to circle her belly button with his tongue a few times, before continuing down, to kiss his way across the heart tattoo above her pubis, across her mons, until he settled in between her legs, with his mouth over her clit, and its Reward Ring.

He stayed there for a while, massaging her clit with his tongue, and occasionally dipping farther down to lap at the nectar dripping from her pussy.

He took almost as long kissing his way back up her body, until he was once again nestled with his hips held between her thighs, and the underside of his cock rubbing against her slit.

Xander looked deep into Faith’s eyes as he pulled his hips back a bit, bringing the tip of his cock up against the opening of her vagina, and then pressed slowly forward, burying himself deep inside her. He stayed there, without moving for several seconds, just feeling her around him, and watching her beautiful face. And then she started to move.

Xander didn’t think that he’d ever get used to what Slayer muscles could do to him. Every time he made love with Faith, or Buffy, it was like the first time, all over again: like a whole new first time that was never the same as the last first time.

Xander was almost ready to come, when he felt a movement in the bed that wasn’t caused by him, and Faith. He looked to the side, and saw that Anya was awake, and had rolled onto her side, and was propping herself up using her elbow on the bed, watching them.
“Good morning,” she said, and leaned in to kiss him.

“‘Morning, Ahn,” said Xander.

Anya leaned down to kiss Faith good morning too, and then settled back to watch them making love.

“I’ll be with you in a minute,” said Xander, and he redoubled his efforts to drive Faith to new heights of ecstasy. He lowered himself down onto her, pressing his entire body against hers, and kissed her.

“No hurry,” said Anya. “I like to watch.”

Xander couldn’t have extended this much longer, if he’d wanted to. Faith was coming under him, and around him, and his climax was upon him. He tensed his muscles, as he had done last night, and again, he managed to stop himself from ejaculating into Faith as he came.

They lay still for a moment on the bed, with Xander still deep inside Faith, coming down from their orgasms, and catching their breaths. Xander continued to gently kiss Faith, until he heard Anya clearing her throat. He lifted himself a little way off Faith, and smiled down. “She’s not as patient as she sometimes likes to pretend.” He rolled off Faith, to lie on his back between her, and Anya.

Anya was surprised to see that he was still fully erect. “I could have sworn that you—”

“Yeah, I did,” said Xander. “All those Kegel exercises you had me doing, finally payed off.”

Anya took hold of his cock, and licked it. “Um, Xander cock, with a nice side order of Faith. My favourite morning appetizer.” She sucked his whole cock into her mouth, while she shifted herself around until she was straddling his face.

“Faith, we’re going to want more than appetizers, soon. Why don’t you go get breakfast started?”

“Yes, Sir.” Faith got up off their bed, and sashayed to the door. Xander lay there, watching Faith’s ass sway until she had left the room, as Anya sucked his cock, and he sent a silent, heartfelt ‘thanks’ to Gimmel before wrapping his arms around Anya’s waist, and pulling his mouth up to her pussy.

With all the random acts of sex that were happening whenever he was at home, Xander had stopped bothering to put on any clothes when he got up in the morning, unless he was expecting visitors, so he was completely naked when he went into the kitchen to see what Faith had made them for breakfast. Anya had always been comfortable wandering around in her birthday suit, and for the first few months of their relationship he had sometimes had to remind her to put something on when she went out in public. She’d found out the hard way that the people in the unemployment office wouldn’t talk to naked people.

Faith was standing at the stove, poking with a spatula at some sausages that were sizzling in their large, cast-iron, frying pan. From behind, he could see her perfectly shaped bare ass, underneath the bow tied in her apron. The apron, a cute little maid’s hat, and high heeled shoes were the only things that she seemed to be wearing.

Faith turned to him and Anya, and smiled. “Sausages are almost done; I’m keeping your pancakes warm in the oven. If you’d taken much longer they would have started to dry out.” Xander could see that her apron was just a bit too small for her. Her nipples, with their golden rings, peeked out over the top of it.
He and Anya sat at the table, which was set for three. He picked up the glass of orange juice that was waiting for him, and took a sip as he watched Faith pour mugs of coffee, and add just the right amounts of milk and sugar to them for him and Anya. She placed their mugs in front of them.

Anya took a sip from her coffee. “Thank you, Faith.”

Faith curtseyed to her. “You’re welcome, Mistress.”

Xander’s mind boggled for a moment at the thought of Faith curtseying. “Where’d you learn to do that?” he asked.

“Masterpiece Theatre,” said Faith. She went back to the stove. “Looks like the sausages are done.”

She opened the oven, put on some oven-mitts, and then leaned down to reach into it, giving him and Anya a perfect view of her pussy. She removed a stack of three plates with a tall stack of pancakes on top of it. She distributed the pancakes between the warmed plates, added sausages from the frying pan, and brought Xander’s and Anya’s to the table, before going back to prepare herself a mug of coffee, and bring her own plate to the table.

Xander smothered his pancakes in butter and maple syrup, and took a bite. “Umm! Delicious, Faith! Very well done!”

Faith blushed from the praise. “Thank you, Sir.”

“Yes,” said Anya. “A good breakfast is essential to the start of a good day!”

“Absolutely!” said Xander, lifting a fork-full of pancakes toward his mouth. “The only thing missing, that would make this morning perfect, is Buffy.”

The light flashed.

The magic dildo had vanished while Buffy was sleeping, but her link with Faith had awoken her that morning, when Xander was making love with her. Buffy had lain there in her bed, fingering her pussy, and feeling what Faith was feeling. She had come too, when Xander made Faith come. She had lain in bed while Faith had gotten up and gone to the kitchen to make breakfast. When all four of them had been together in Xander’s apartment, that had been a duty that she and Faith had shared: making breakfast for their Lord and Mistress. Buffy smiled at the thought: Lord Xander. He didn’t like being called “Master.” Maybe “Lord” would be more to his liking. She could picture herself kneeling before him, saying “Yes, my Lord,” and bending forward to take his cock into her mouth.

She was still linked to Faith. She had been with her as she prepared breakfast. She heard Xander saying “The only thing missing, that would make this morning perfect, is Buffy.”

The light flashed.

Xander blinked, and stopped with his mouth hanging open, the fork-full of pancakes hanging forgotten in front of it. There was a very familiar pussy in front of him. He looked up along the shapely legs that extended toward the ceiling, and took note of the loops of cord around their ankles. Cord that bound those legs to the wrists of the girl who was now lying, hog-tied, on her back in the centre of his kitchen table.

It was a testament to how weird his life was becoming that it only took him a couple of seconds to recover. “Good morning, Buffy.” He took his next bite of pancakes.
Buffy’s answer was muffled. He had to lean to the side to look around her legs, to see that she was gagged, as well as being tied up.

“Looks like our table has a new centrepiece,” he told Anya, and took another bite of his pancakes.

“It’s a bit large,” said Anya, “though it is quite animated.” She reached out to tweak Buffy’s nipple.

Buffy squealed through her gag.

“True,” said Xander, “but it is very attractive.” He reached out to pat his hand against the pussy in front of him. “Don’t you agree, Faith?”

Faith looked surprised to be consulted, but she was quick to recover. “Yes, my Lord,” she said.

Xander blinked. He liked the sound of that. My Lord Xander. Xander the First of Sunnydale. He shook his head. That last one was just silly.

Xander tried not to pay too much attention to the pussy in front of him as he ate his breakfast. It was just a pussy, after all, and he’d seen lots of that, over the last couple of weeks. He let his contemplation of it deepen, after he had finished off the last of his sausages.

A woman’s pussy looked more like a valentine heart, than a heart did. Xander had seen hearts. They were asymmetrical blobs of bloody muscle. A woman’s pussy on the other hand, if you spread it open, could look very much like a pink valentine. Buffy’s pussy wasn’t spread open, but he knew that if he’d just place his thumbs there, and there, and press them apart, it would make a nearly perfect heart shape.

Another thing that pussies reminded him of were orchids. The petals of an orchid wrapped themselves around the flower’s stamen, just the way the labia and hood of a pussy wrapped themselves around its clit.

He’d heard Willow talk about fractals, about things that revealed more and more detail as you looked closer and closer at them. That was certainly true of pussies, too. Xander had spent a lot of time, recently, closely examining three of them, and each of them revealed new details, the more he looked at them, and each was unique.

Anya’s inner pussy lips were very prominent, even when she wasn’t aroused (though if pressed, Xander would admit that he’d never seen Anya’s pussy when she wasn’t at least a little bit aroused.) Faith’s were less so. Her inner lips were usually visible, but they didn’t stick out they way Anya’s did. Buffy’s pussy presented itself as a very neat slit between her outer labia, unless she spread her legs to show her inner petals.

Right now, with Buffy hog-tied on the table in front of him, he could see those flawless outer lips, without a hint of the stubble that shaving might have left behind, and just catch a glimpse of her inner lips. Like Willow’s fractals, the closer he looked, the more detail he could see in the crinkly edges of those inner lips. He wanted to reach out, spread her pussy open like a heart, and press his —

“Xander!” Anya nearly yelled at him.

“Huh? What?”

“Faith asked you about getting her a job with your construction company,” said Anya.
Xander turned his head to Faith, and saw her sitting with her head bowed. “Sorry, Faith, I got distracted. What were you saying?”

“You said you’d talk to your boss about getting me a job today,” said Faith, without raising her head.

“Look at me, Faith,” said Xander.

Faith raised her head, and met his eyes. “Yes, Sir.”

“This subservient stuff is all well and good,” said Xander, “when we’re playing, but for the important stuff: for the living our lives stuff, if I fall short, if you think that I’m not holding up my end—”

Xander could see Faith opening her mouth to object to that. “Faith, sometimes I’m an idiot. I do stupid things. Other times I just do thoughtless or forgetful things. If you think that I’m being an idiot, I want you to look me in the eye, and tell me that I’m an idiot. If you think I’m being thoughtless, or forgetful, I want you to look me in the eye, and tell me what I didn’t think of, or forgot. That! Is! An! Order! Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, Sir!” said Faith.

“The same goes for you, Buffy!”

“Esh-shr!” Buffy managed to say around her gag.

“I admit that I got a little distracted, contemplating this beautiful pussy in front of me,” said Xander, “but your life is more important, Faith. You were saying?”

“I just asked if you’d ask your boss about getting me a job, today,” said Faith.

“That’s right near the top of my ‘things to do’ list for today,” said Xander. “Right after ‘fucking Buffy.’” He stood up. “Faith, clean away these dishes.”

“Yes, Sir!” Faith quickly rose from her seat, and gathered up their dirty breakfast dishes.

“And when you’ve finished doing that, you can make some more pancakes and sausages for Buffy.” He looked around Buffy’s legs, so he could see her face. “Would you like that?”

“Uh-huh,” said Buffy, around her gag, while nodding her head.

“Make it so, Faith.”

“Aye-aye, Captain!”

Xander took a moment to look at Buffy, hog-tied on his kitchen table. She looked very fetching, like that, but… The light flashed.

Buffy was now stretched out, her hands cuffed together over her head, and bolted to the table top. Her ass was hanging off the edge of the table in front of him, and her legs were bent down, and spread wide apart, with her ankles cuffed to the table legs.

“That can’t be very comfortable,” said Anya.

Buffy shook her head. “Uh-uh.”
“But you like it, don’t you?” said Xander.

“Esh-Ur,” said Buffy, with a nod of her head.

“Good.” Xander stepped in between her legs, and drove his cock into her pussy.

“Xander, take away her gag,” said Anya. He looked aside at her and saw that she was climbing onto the table. He worried for a moment that it couldn’t take the weight of both her and Buffy, but he put that thought aside. He knew that the table was pretty strong, and the Reward magic had to be reinforcing the legs, to keep Buffy from breaking them off. Buffy’s gag vanished, and she let out a cry of pleasure and pain.

Anya straddled Buffy’s face, while facing toward Xander. “Put your tongue to work, Slayer.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Anything more Buffy might have to say was cut off by Anya lowering her pussy onto her mouth. “Oh, yes, Buffy! You are getting very good at this!” She leaned toward Xander, and he met her half way, kissing her while he fucked Buffy, and Buffy ate out Anya’s pussy.

Meanwhile, Faith stood at the kitchen counter, mixing up a fresh batch of pancake batter.

Xander, Buffy, and Anya had all come multiple times, by the time Faith finished making Buffy’s breakfast. Xander’s control over his orgasms was getting better, with each one. It seemed that practice really did make perfect, and he had been able to hold off his ejaculation. He was about to come again, and this time he pulled himself out of Buffy’s pussy. “Want a Buffy and Xander dessert, to go with your Faith and Xander appetizer?” he asked Anya.

“Oh, yes, Xander!” said Anya, and she lowered her head down so she could suck his cock, while Xander put his fingers to work in Buffy’s pussy, while rubbing her Reward Ring with his thumb.

Buffy came, squealing into Anya’s pussy, and then Anya was coming too, making her suck harder on his cock. Xander finally let himself shoot his load into his girlfriend’s mouth.

Buffy’s bonds flashed into non-existence as Anya climbed down off the table. There wasn’t even a hole left in the table where her wrists had been bolted to it.

Xander and Faith told Buffy about what the monk had told them last night, while Buffy ate her pancakes. Since he seemed determined to only tell her about this key thing, she figured that she could stop in to visit him at the hospital that afternoon, while her mother was having her appointment with Dr. Isaacs, to learn the results from her MRI.

When Buffy finished her pancakes and sausages, Xander smiled at her. “It’s time for Faith to finish cleaning up the dishes. I think she should do them by hand, in the sink. And while she’s doing that, Buffy can thank her for breakfast, by being down on her knees with her face in Faith’s pussy, giving it a good licking. Does that sound good to you?” he asked Faith.

“Yes, Sir!” said Faith.

“Then you two better get to it, while Anya and I have first crack at the shower.”
Buffy dressed herself in some of the clothes that she’d brought over a few days ago, and Xander drove her back home. Dawn was leaving their house, with her school book bag slung over her shoulder, as Xander dropped Buffy at the curb.

“Hey, Dawn,” called out Xander from his car. “Can I give you a lift to school?”

“Sure!” said Dawn, while giving her sister a sidelong look. “I thought you spent the night at home.”

“I did,” said Buffy, “but the Reward magic kicked in this morning, and sent me to Xander’s.”

“What?” asked Dawn. “You guys can’t go a day without getting in a quickie? You’re worse than Riley!” she accused Xander. “And he only had one girlfriend!”

“Dawn!” said Xander. “It wasn’t like that!”

“It wasn’t a ‘quickie’!” said Buffy, before slapping her hands over her mouth.

“I can’t believe you said that,” said Xander.

“You’re the one who told me I can’t lie to her!” said Buffy.

“So, Buffy, how was your ‘not a quickie’ with Xander this morning?” asked Dawn.

“First of all, I can tell you it’s none of your business, if I want to,” said Buffy. She smiled broadly. “And secondly, it was wonderful, thank you very much.” She turned to kiss Xander goodbye. “See you tonight,” she whispered. “I’d give you more than a kiss, but I gotta hurry, if I don’t want to be late for class.” She turned away again and walked quickly up the path to her front door, her ass swaying pleasantly in the jeans that fit her perfectly, thanks to the the magic.

Dawn had gotten into the car, while he’d been ogling Buffy’s ass. “Xander. Xander. Xander!”

Xander started. “Oh! Sorry! I’m supposed to be driving you to school, aren’t I?”

“Yeah, but if you don’t get your mind off Buffy’s ass, I might be safer walking, at night, taking shortcuts through cemeteries.”

“Don’t worry.” Xander started his car, and put it into gear. “My mind is firmly on the road, now.” He pulled away from the curb, without checking for traffic, and a car horn blared behind him.

“Yeah, right!” said Dawn.

“Sorry! So, how are your classes going?”

If there was any downside to Xander’s promotion, it was the paperwork. He was now responsible for setting schedules for the members of his crew, ordering materials and making sure that his crew, and the materials they needed, all reached the site when they were supposed to. He also had to make sure that the proper building permits had been issued from the city, and that the city inspectors had signed off at each stage as the work was done. He now had to spend Monday mornings in the company offices, doing office stuff, instead of building things.
He dropped the last of his paperwork into the department secretary’s inbox (Xander privately thought that she was the one who really ran the company, and if asked to bet on it, would have given odds that she was some sort of demon) and went to talk to Pat.

“What can I do for you, Xander?” asked his boss.

“I’ve got a friend who wants a job,” said Xander. “Told her I’d put in a good word for her.”

“Her?” asked Pat.

“Yeah, she’s a she,” said Xander, “but I think she’ll be a good worker, and she’s a lot stronger than she looks.”

“Any experience?” asked Pat.

“Not really,” said Xander, “but she’s taken a few courses. I think she’ll do good in something like my old job. Start her out as a general labourer, helping out around the site. She’s a fast learner.”

“What’s her name?”

“Faith.”

“Your parolee?”

Xander was a little surprised that Pat knew about that. “Yeah. Is that a problem?”

“Nope,” said Pat. “We’ve got a few ex-cons on the payroll. Has she ever stolen from her employer?”

“You know, I don’t think anyone has ever accused her of that,” said Xander. “If anything, I think most of her problems came from being too loyal to the wrong boss.”

“We can give her a try,” said Pat. “You want her on your crew?”

“I’d love to have her, but I think it would be best for her if she started out on someone else’s,” said Xander. “Let someone unbiased evaluate her. Wouldn’t want anyone thinking she was only keeping the job because of me.”

“You’re not just saying that because you don’t want her on yours?”

“If she’s not working out after the first week, you can fire her, and take her pay out of mine,” said Xander.

“You’re that sure of her?”

“I am.”

“Can she start today?” asked Pat.

Xander blinked in surprise. He hadn’t expected that. He’d thought that he’d have to work to talk Pat into taking Faith on, not that he’d say ‘yes’ so quickly. He briefly considered saying that he’d have to ask her, but then he remembered that this sort of decision was now his. Faith wanted him to make these sorts of decisions for her. “Sure, no problem.”

“Okay then.” Pat picked up a clipboard from his desk, and held it out to him. “Remember the windows that didn’t fit from the Cervantes Road job?”
Xander took the clipboard. “Yeah…the replacements were supposed to be delivered by this morning. I talked to the supplier on Friday. He swore that they’d be here by today.”

“Seems that the delivery truck met with an accident on Saturday night,” said Pat. “The truck is in the police impound yard. We have no idea what sort of condition its cargo is in.”

Xander looked at the waybill on the clipboard, and recognized the logo: it was the same as the one on the truck that had slammed into Ben’s car a couple of nights ago. He had a sick feeling about this. Could it be that the windows he had ordered had caused that innocent man’s death? He dismissed that thought almost as quickly as it had come. It was just a traffic accident. Ben had just been in the wrong place, at the wrong time. He’d had nothing to do with it.

“Take one of the company trucks, and go get them,” said Pat. “Make sure you check them over, before you sign for them. We want the shipper’s insurance paying for any damage, not ours. Take your girl with you, to help load them, and introduce her to Tony. She can join his crew.”

Xander found Anya and Giles doing shop-keepery type things in the front section of the Magic Box. “Hey guys! Where’s Faith?”

“She’s in the back, meditating,” said Giles. “Is there a problem?”

“Nope!” said Xander. “I’ve just got a job for her.” He passed through the shop, into the back Slayer training room. There he saw Faith, in her spray painted on Slayer suit—minus any of the accoutrements that might break up its sublime lines—standing on her hands on top of a two foot tall, four by four pedestal, with the toes of her bare feet pointing at the ceiling. As he appreciated her perfect ass—one of the three perfect asses in the universe—he silently thanked whatever long dead Watcher had decided that handstands were the perfect Slayer meditation pose. He privately thought that whoever it was had probably been a dirty old man who just liked seeing scantily clad, nubile young women doing handstands, but he was in no position to cast aspersions on that sentiment.

There was only the barest of indications that Faith had noticed his entrance: an almost subliminal tremor in her perfect balance. No one else would have seen it. Xander suspected that even high speed, high definition video surveillance of Faith’s pose could not have detected any change in it, but he saw it, just as he had seen the change in Buffy when he had walked in on her when she was meditating this way. He thought about how that had ended and shook his head. Tempting as it was to fuck Faith before proceeding to pick up the windows, he was on the company clock, now, and it wouldn’t be right.

“On your feet, Slayer!” he ordered.

Faith’s body contorted in a way that, before today, he would have said was impossible, bringing her bare feet down to the floor without her ever losing her balance on her pedestal. Her body seemed to flow as she straightened up in front of him.

“Training’s over,” said Xander. “It’s time for work.”

The light flashed, and Faith’s clothes changed into faded, well worn, and tight fitting blue jeans, and a white t-shirt. There were work boots on her feet, a tool belt around her hips, and a hard hat on her head.

“I got the job?” she asked.

“You got the job,” said Xander. “Now, come on. We’ve got work to do.”
Faith had been a little nervous when Xander drove her to the police impound yard, but the cop keeping watch at the gate didn’t seem to recognize her, and she didn’t recognize him. Either he’d been hired after the demise of the Mayor, or their paths had never crossed before then.

Xander made the cop watch as they unloaded each of the crated windows from the back of the wrecked truck, and opened each crate to examine its contents. Faith was more than a little surprised to find that none of them had been broken. That was largely due to the shipment of mattresses that was also in the back of the truck. They had protected the windows from the brunt of the impact with the intern’s car.

Xander took the measurements of each window, to make sure that this time, they’d gotten the right ones. He also checked them carefully for any sign of damage. His examination found only a couple of small knicks and dents in the window frames, none of which compromised the window’s integrity, or was in any place that would be visible once the windows were installed. He signed for them, and then he and Faith re-crated the windows, and loaded them into the company truck to deliver to the worksite where the windows, and Faith, were handed over into Tony’s care.

Tony didn’t seem to be very happy to have a girl on his team, but he put Faith to work helping the guys installing the windows—helping to lift them into their rough openings, and holding them steady while they were shimmed, levelled, and nailed into place. After that, she was put to work helping clean up the site. The window installation had been the last major bit of work that needed to be done, here. Once the window trim was in place, and painted, this job would be done. All that remained was to get the house ready to be returned to its owners, now that the renovations had been completed, so Faith found herself being put to work sweeping, vacuuming, and doing general cleanup. It wasn’t really what she’d expected, but from the bits of conversation she overheard between the guys, they’d be moving to a new site this afternoon, and then they’d go to work demolishing someone’s bathroom, to get ready to build a new one.

The guys on the site were acting like…guys. Most of them managed to keep their eyes off her tits and ass, most of the time, but a couple…

The worst was Vince. He didn’t seem to be able to lift his eyes above her bust-line, when he deigned to talk to her, and some of the things he said about her, when he thought she couldn’t hear him, had her wanting to introduce his face to her fist, but she refrained. Doing something like that, after Xander had vouched for her to his boss, would probably get Xander in trouble, and her fired.

She drew the line when he tried to slap her ass, though. Her hand snapped back, grabbed his hand, and twisted.

Vince cried out in pain, and dropped to his knees, with Faith holding him by his thumb, which was bent so far back that it was almost touching his forearm. She held him like that, using only one hand, for several seconds, before she let him go. Vince collapsed the rest of the way to the floor.

“Next time, I break your arm,” she warned him. Faith looked around at the guys who had all stopped working to stare at her, and Vince. “That goes for the rest of you, too: you can look, but don’t touch.”

The rest of the morning went smoothly. Not only did the guys treat her with more respect to her face, but most of the snide comments when they thought she couldn’t hear her stopped too.

She was still happy when Xander came back to have lunch with her.

Buffy’s morning classes passed without incident. She had decided that the layered approach was
the best way to handle dressing for school, just as she had done with her mother yesterday morning. A nice tight t-shirt—that felt very nice against her breasts, and nipples—with a loose blouse over top of it so she could choose when, and how much people could see. She kept the blouse buttoned up in class, since it wasn’t really fair to distract the professors, or the other students that way. During her free periods she could unbutton the blouse, and tie the tails of it together beneath her breasts, so that it framed her tits nicely, drawing the eyes of most of the guys, and quite a few of the girls, to her bosom. She liked showing herself off that way. She fantasised about doing it without the t-shirt, but however much fun it might have been, for a while, she figured that it wouldn’t be long before the campus cops showed up to make her cover up, and possibly take her away, in handcuffs… She shifted to a fantasy about Officer Harris arresting her for indecent exposure. She smiled, and filed that one away to tell Xander about later. Maybe he could make it come true for her.

She met up with Willow and Tara for lunch. Their eyes were certainly drawn to her tits when she first approached their table, though she was a little disappointed to see that they didn’t linger there for long. They both seemed to be a little embarrassed by their interest.

At first their conversation seemed to skirt around the the vast elephant that they could all see sitting at the table with them. Buffy smiled to herself. It seemed that ‘Sunnydale Syndrome’ extended beyond the supernatural. There were some things that no one wanted to see.

“So, did Tara take Anya’s advice?” she eventually asked.

“What?” asked Willow.

“Anya told Tara yesterday that you needed a good spanking,” said Buffy. “Did she give you one?” Willow and Tara’s blushes were all the answer that Buffy needed.

“Did it do any good?” asked Buffy. “Did you enjoy it?”

“Yes,” said Willow, in a tiny voice.

“So, you see what it can be like, getting a good spanking from someone you love, when you deserve it.”

“Yes,” whispered Willow.

“Will, look at me,” said Buffy. “I love Xander. He loves me. He doesn’t do anything to me, that I don’t want him to do. Can you accept that?”

“Yes,” said Willow, “It’s just…”

“It’s just that you always thought of Xander as yours,” said Tara.

“What?” asked Willow. “No!”

“Sweetie, I know you better than that!” said Tara. “I know that you love me, and that you loved Oz, but Xander…Xander holds a very special place in your heart. He is your first love, and you don’t like to share.”

“It’s not like that!” said Willow. “I never—”

“Will, it’s me,” said Buffy. “For the first year I knew you, half the conversations we had, when Xander wasn’t around, were about how you wished that he’d notice that you were a girl, and not
just ‘one of the guys,’ and for the second year you spent half your time complaining about him being with Cordelia. And then there was that thing that brought Anya to town.”

“But I don’t feel that way about him any more! I’m with Tara now!”

“Not even a little bit?” asked Buffy.

Willow looked guiltily toward Tara.

Tara smiled back at her. “It’s okay, Sweetie.”

“One thing I’ve started to learn, over the last couple of weeks, is that it is possible to love more than one person, at the same time,” said Buffy. “And as long as you are open, and honest with everyone about it, and everyone respects and cares for everyone else, it just gets better and better.”

“Okay, I still feel that way about Xander, sometimes,” said Willow. “And sometimes, I think that Anya’s not good enough for him, and as for Faith…”

“She’s changed, Willow,” said Buffy. “She’s not the girl she was last year, or when she went to work for the Mayor. She’s Different.”

“I wish I could be as sure as you are,” said Willow.

“Aren’t we supposed to be careful about making wishes out loud?” asked Tara.

Buffy shrugged. “Not anymore. According to Anya, a vengeance demon won’t go near anyone who’s received a Gimmel Reward, or any of their friends. It’s much too risky.”

“Well, it’s nice that _some_ good has come of it,” said Willow.

“That’s the _least_ of the benefits,” said Buffy. She was distracted for a moment, admiring the ass of a pretty girl who was carrying her lunch tray to a neighbouring table.

Willow’s eyes followed Buffy’s. “That’s another thing! Now you’re looking at girls the way…” she stopped, blushing.

“The way you do?” asked Buffy.

“Well, yeah.”

“See! Another plus! I get to enjoy watching twice as many people now, though I must say, since Xander won’t let my lie to you, that two of the top four sexiest women in the world are sitting across from me at this table right now. And I noticed the way you were both checking out my tits, when I first arrived.”

Willow and Tara both started blushing, again.

Buffy went home after lunch, to drive her mother to the hospital for her appointment with Dr. Isaacs. While Joyce was with the doctor, Buffy decided to go check on the man that Faith and Xander had brought into the hospital last night.

She slowed as she approached the hospital reception desk, not happy to see who was standing by it. She was about to turn, and walk away before she was spotted, but it was too late.

The man turned around, and saw her. “Miss Summers. What an unexpected pleasure.” He didn’t
seem to be overly surprised, or pleased to see her.


“No, I’m working,” said Stein. “What are you doing here?”

“I accompanied my mother, when she came in for an appointment with her doctor.”

“So, it has nothing to do with the man that Harris and Faith brought in last night?” asked the detective.

“I thought I’d check and see how he’s doing, since I was here,” said Buffy. “Xander said he looked like he was in pretty bad shape. So, how is he doing?”

“Much better, it seems,” said Stein. “He was feeling well enough that he walked out of here this morning, without telling anyone who he was, where he was going, or where they could send his bill.”

“Oh,” said Buffy. “That’s too bad. I really kinda wanted to talk to him.”

“What about?”

“You know, stuff,” said Buffy. “Just make sure he was alright.”

“That’s it?” asked Stein.

“That’s it.”

“You wouldn’t happen to know anything about what happened to him?”

“Nope,” said Buffy. “Xander said that they just found him, when they were out for a drive. Said he was pretty delirious, and wasn’t talking any sense at all, so he brought him here.”

“And just where did Harris and Faith find him?” asked Stein.

Buffy didn’t think it would be a good idea to point Stein in the right direction. There was also a body present at the place where Xander and Faith had found the man, and if Stein found it, he’d have even more awkward questions he’d want to ask. “They didn’t tell me,” she said, which was true. If it weren’t for her connection with Faith, she’d have no idea where they had found the man last night.

“Where can I find Harris, and Faith?”

“I’m not sure. Xander’s at work, and tends to move around between sites. You’ll have to talk to his employer, to find out exactly where he is.”

“And Faith?”

“I think she’s at the Magic Box,” said Buffy. She knew that wasn’t true, but it was where she had been told Faith would be today, when she’d last seen her that morning.

Stein didn’t look like he believed her, but that seemed to be his default expression whenever they talked together. Buffy couldn’t really blame him for that. Most of the times they talked, she was lying about something to him.

“Alright then. Have a nice day, Miss Summers. I’m sure I’ll be seeing you around.”
“Goodbye, Detective,” said Buffy. They both turned, and walked in opposite directions away from the reception desk: Stein toward the main entrance, and Buffy to the elevators that would take her back up to Dr. Isaacs office. As soon as she got into the elevator, Buffy pulled out her phone to call Xander, to tell him that the man had disappeared, and that Detective Stein would probably be showing up soon, to talk to him.

“Okay, thanks Buffy,” said Xander. “I’ll call Faith, to give her a heads up too, and make sure we have our story straight for when he talks to her. How’s your Mom doing?”

“I’m just on my way back to the doctor’s office to find out,” said Buffy. “Hopefully, it will be good news.”

Joyce was talking with another doctor, in the waiting area outside of Dr. Isaacs office when Buffy got there. “Now remember,” he was telling her. “Nothing solid to eat, or medication, after midnight tonight, but you should take one of your pills before you go to bed, whether you feel like it, or not, to make sure you get a good night’s rest. You can have one caffeinated beverage in the morning, but nothing at all to drink after ten. We’ll see you back here at two pm. “

Buffy didn’t like the sound of that. “Hi, Mom, what’s going on?”

“Oh, Buffy, this is Dr. Kriegel. They found something in my MRI. They’re going to be doing an ax — ex—”

“Excisional biopsy,” said Dr. Kriegel. “The growth is small enough that we’re just going to take it out, rather than doing a standard biopsy, and then maybe having to do a second procedure, if it turns out that the growth isn’t benign.”

The next afternoon, Buffy and Dawn watched as their mother was wheeled through the doors toward the operating room. Joyce was awake, and raised her head to give her daughters a reassuring smile, and a wave, before the doors swung shut, blocking off their view of her.

Buffy gave Dawn a hug. “She’s going to be okay,” she told her. She was talking to herself, as much as she was to her sister.

“Of course she is,” said Xander, wrapping his arms around both of them. “Summers women are strong. Joyce’ll be fine. Now, come on and sit down.” He was there, along with Anya, Giles, Willow, and Tara. The only one missing was Faith. She’d wanted to come too, but Xander hadn’t thought that it would be a good idea for her to take an afternoon off, on her second day at her new job. Buffy could still feel Faith through their link, though, so she was there in spirit.

They took over the longest sofa in the waiting room, with Xander sitting in the middle of it with Buffy and Dawn on one side of him, and Anya on the other. Xander’s arms were around Buffy and Anya’s shoulders while Dawn leaned in against Buffy. Willow and Tara sat together on another sofa.

Giles alternated between sitting by himself, and getting up from time to time to pace. When the pacing earned him some annoyed looks from the others, he volunteered to go to the coffee shop to pick up drinks and snacks for everyone.

It was nearly an hour later when Dr Kriegel came back out through the doors from the operating room, with a smile on his face. Buffy and Dawn nearly lept to their feet, and rushed to meet them.

“The procedure went well,” he told them, before they could ask. “We removed the growth. I was able to fully visualize it, and we got it all. Your mother is in recovery, right now, and will be awake
in about half an hour. You’ll be able to see her then. We should have the lab results back by then, too.”

Buffy gave him a hug, putting a little too much Slayer strength into it. “Thank you, Doctor.”

“Oof! Oh, well, you’re welcome,” said Dr. Kriegel, only to “Oof” again, as Dawn gave him a hug almost as strong as Buffy’s.

It was a little over half an hour later when Buffy and Dawn got to see their mother. Joyce was awake, and a little spaced out on the pain medication she had been given. Dawn sat beside her on the bed, with her mother’s arm around her, while Buffy stood at the bedside holding her mother’s other hand.

“We have the lab results, and the news is pretty good,” said Dr. Kriegel. “We removed a low grade oligodendroglioma. We caught it early, before it could grow large enough to do much damage to any of the surrounding tissue, and the prognosis is excellent. If we had waited even a couple more weeks, there’s a real chance that it might have damaged some blood vessels, which might have led to an aneurism, even after a successful surgery, but there’s no possibility of that happening now.”

“So, she’s going to be okay?” asked Buffy.

“This sort of thing has a high incidence of recurrence,” said Dr. Kriegel, “So we are going to want to keep a close eye on your mother in the future, but for now, I’d say that she’s going to be fine.”

“Thank you, Doctor,” said Joyce.

“My pleasure. We are going to want to keep you overnight, for observation, but I expect we’ll be able to send you home in the morning. Until then, you need to rest, so you two…” He looked from Buffy to Dawn. “…can say goodbye to your mother now, and then you and your hoard of friends can clear out of our waiting room.”

“Yes, Doctor,” said Buffy. “Thank you, again.”

“Just doing my job,” said Dr. Kriegel, “but if you’re not gone in five minutes, I’ll have the nurses chase you out of here.” He left the room.

“I’m glad you’re going to be okay, Mom,” said Dawn, giving her mother a hug.

Buffy leaned down to kiss her mother’s cheek. “Me too.”

“So am I,” said Joyce. She yawned. “Sorry, I’m really sleepy.”

“Then we’ll be on our way, and let you get some rest,” said Buffy. “Give the others the good news.”

Dawn kissed her mother, and got up off the bed. Buffy put her arm around her shoulder, and they headed for the door.

“Buffy.”

Buffy turned back toward her mother. “Yes?”

“Why don’t you invite Xander, Anya and Faith to spend the night at our house, you can use my room.”

“You mean that?” asked Buffy.
“It may be the drugs talking, but yeah. I think you all need to be together.”

Buffy went back to give her mother another kiss. “Thanks, Mom.”

“You’re welcome, Buffy.”
Chapter 32

Their cars were parked next to each other in the hospital parking lot. Dawn waited impatiently, leaning against the side of their mother’s Jeep, while Buffy said goodbye to Xander.

“Anya and I will swing by our place, and pack up our overnight bags,” he told her as he got into his car, “and then we’ll collect Faith from work. Don’t worry about dinner. It’s on me, tonight.”

Buffy leaned in through the driver’s window and kissed him. “Thanks, Xander.”

“Just doing my job,” said Xander, “Taking care of my girls. Drive carefully on the way home, and have the table set for dinner when we get there.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Xander leaned forward so he could see Dawn around Buffy, and waved at her. “Bye Dawn! See you later!”

Buffy kissed him again, and then Dawn watched as Xander drove away, before she got into their car.

Driving with Buffy was often a nerve wracking experience, but today Buffy was driving sedately: not only following the letter of the traffic laws, but the spirit, as well. It wasn’t that she was a bad driver—she almost always obeyed most of the traffic laws—but her Slayer reflexes made her seem so. She could dart her car through traffic in ways that were often frightening to her passengers, and other drivers on the road. The lessons that Riley had given her over the last summer hadn’t helped, either. He’d taught her high speed pursuit, and escape and evasion techniques. He’d reasoned that if she was going to drive like a maniac, he might as well teach her how to do it properly, so now she knew how to do things like bootlegger turns, and Scandinavian flicks for taking corners at high speed.

Once they got home, without Dawn cringing even once from a near miss of another car in traffic, Buffy went to the kitchen to get the plates and things they’d need for dinner, to set the table like Xander had ordered her to do. Since Dawn didn’t have anything to do, Buffy suggested that she go up to her room, and do her homework before Xander got back.

It wasn’t just her homework that Dawn wanted to do. The more she watched Buffy and Xander (and Anya and Xander, and Faith and Xander) the more she wished that it could be Dawn and Xander too. As soon as she was alone in her room, she unzipped her pants, and shoved her hand into them. She just had a little math homework to do. There was plenty of time to take care of that, after she’d taken care of herself.

When Xander did return—with Anya and Faith—he was carrying a big bag of takeout Chinese food, and a couple of DVDs from the video rental place. He refused to let Dawn see the titles. He stuffed them away into his overnight bag before he ordered Faith to take it, along with Anya’s and her own, up to the master bedroom. Dawn thought about what they’d be doing with him in there, later that night, and about how much she might be able to listen in. That thought almost had her going back up to her room, but Xander was already unpacking the food, and laying it out on the dining room table.

They talked about a lot of things over dinner: Xander and Faith’s work, how business was at the Magic Box, Buffy’s and Dawn’s classes, and how happy they all were that her mother’s surgery
had gone so well. They even talked about the Reward, a bit, with Dawn telling everyone how Xander’s “drive carefully” order had transformed Buffy’s driving style.

After dinner, Xander told Buffy and Faith to clean up, and there was a flash of light. Dawn was shocked to see that Buffy and Faith’s clothes had metamorphosed into sexy maid uniforms. They were both wearing stiletto heeled shoes, sheer black stockings that came up to just above their knees, held by garters that stretched up under their short—very short—frilly skirts. Their tops were off the shoulder peasant blouses made of some diaphanous fabric that looked about as substantial as dense smoke, with short puffy sleeves. Only the bibs of the aprons they were wearing kept Dawn from being able to see their nipples through their blouses.

“Xander!” Buffy almost whined. “I thought we weren’t going to do things like this in front of Dawn!”

Xander raised his hands. “Hey! I didn’t mean to! It just happened!”

“It’s tamer than a lot of the things you’ve had to wear,” said Anya.

“Really?” asked Dawn. She’d like to see Faith dressed (or not) in something that made what she was wearing now look “tame.”

Buffy frowned at her. “You’re too young for this.”

“No I’m not!”

“Yes you are!” Xander took her firmly by the shoulders, turned her around, and pushed her gently toward the living room. “Why don’t we get out of the way, and let Buffy and Faith get their work done. And then we can watch the movies Faith picked out for us.”

“Faith picked?” asked Anya.

“Yeah, I had her do that, while I went to the bank, and got the food. Which reminds me: Faith, I’ve got something for you, once you and Buffy are done with the cleanup!”

“Cleanup’s all done!” Faith announced, about ten minutes later. “At least until the dishwasher finishes.”

“Great!” Xander pulled his wallet from his pocket, opened it up, and pulled a plastic card from it, that he handed to her. “Here you go, your very own ATM card.”

Faith took the card, and frowned at it. “But I don’t have any money.”

“Yes you do. I deposited the first cheque we got from the government for you into your account, and sent back the forms so that the future payments should get deposited automatically.” Xander pulled out a slip of paper from his wallet, too. “This has got the current balance, and your PIN. It’s your birthday, backwards.”

“That money was supposed to be for you, to pay for your time, and what it costs you to feed me, and stuff,” said Faith.

“And I’m choosing to give it to you,” said Xander, “though I’m only giving you permission to spend $100 of that a week on yourself: whatever you want to spend it on, up to $100, is up to you. Talk to Anya about how much you have to contribute to the household budget. Anything left over after that, can go to your savings. Also talk to Anya about setting up some accounts for you on her computer, to track it. She’s going to want you to keep track of every penny you make, and spend.”
“You have to know where your money is going, in order to effectively manage it,” said Anya.

“Of course you do,” said Xander. “Once you start collecting your pay from work, we’ll see about how much of that you can spend, and how much you should save.”

“Yes, Sir,” said Faith, with a firm nod.

“But now, it’s movie time!” said Xander. “Faith picked out a couple of good ones for us!”

“I figured we could all use some good laughs,” said Faith, “so I went for some classics of comedy.”

“Oh, we could turn it into a pyjama party!” said Anya.

The light flashed, and Buffy and Faith’s clothes changed again. They were now dressed in skimpy little negligés, that left even less to the imagination than their maid outfits had. They were almost entirely transparent, except for the triangles of material over their breasts, and their G-strings.

Xander closed his eyes, and shook his head. “Why me?” he asked.

“Because you are a very good man, who deserved to be rewarded,” said Anya.

“But not in front of Dawn!”

“Why not?” asked Dawn. “They haven’t got anything I haven’t seen before, though Faith does seem to have a bit more…”

“Dawn!” said Buffy, with a note of warning in her voice. “If you’re not careful, you’re going to be sent to your room, without watching the movies.”

“Sheesh! Take a pill!”

“Dawn,” said Xander, his tone echoing Buffy’s.

“Alright, but I wish you guys would all stop treating my like I’m just a little kid.”

“Come on,” said Xander. “Let’s the rest of us go get changed into something more comfortable, while Buffy and Faith get the snacks and stuff ready, since they don’t have to change.”

Dawn searched through her drawers, wishing that she had something even half as sexy as what Buffy and Faith were wearing, but she didn’t. And even if she had, if she went back downstairs wearing something like that, Buffy would just have a conniption, and send her off to bed.

Still, she didn’t have to dress in her usual shapeless pyjamas. She had other choices: there was that t-shirt that she’d outgrown months ago. It still looked new, and if she put it on without anything under it, Xander would be able to plainly see that she really did have tits now. She considered just putting on some panties with the t-shirt, but thought that that would just set Buffy off, so she went for a pair of loose boxer shorts, instead. They weren’t so loose that they didn’t show off the smooth curve of her ass, if she bent over in them…

Xander and Anya had gotten changed more quickly than her—not having had to make any decisions about what to wear. Xander was dressed in an oversized t-shirt, and baggy sweat pants. Anya was wearing something closer to what Buffy and Faith were dressed in, but hers had twice as much material, was less transparent, and she seemed to be wearing something closer to Dawn’s boxer shorts underneath it.
Xander’s eyes widened in appreciation when he saw Dawn coming down the stairs, and she smiled at him. Faith seemed to like what she saw too, but Buffy frowned when she saw her sister. She seemed about to say something, but Xander beat her to it. “Dawn! You look terrific! Come here, and join Buffy!”

Buffy was sitting in their overstuffed arm chair, that had enough room for two so long as they didn’t mind snuggling closely together. Dawn would have preferred cuddling with Xander on the sofa, the way Faith and Anya were, but the night was still young. She started toward the chair with Buffy.

“Oh! Get the lights before you sit down!” said Xander.

“Yes, Sir!” said Dawn, which got her a bit of a startled look from everyone. Hey, if he liked Faith and Buffy calling him ‘Sir,’ maybe it would work for her too. She went back and turned off the light, so that the only light in the room was coming from the TV screen. She joined Buffy in the chair, as Xander picked up the remote control to start the DVD playing.

The opening strains of John Philip Sousa’s The Liberty Bell came from the speakers, and the TV screen pronounced The Best of Monty Python, Volume 1.

Dawn was soon laughing along with the others as John Cleese tried to return his dead parrot, and she learned that no one expected the Spanish Inquisition. She giggled helplessly as Xander and Faith sang along about the wonders of Spam, and with “The Lumberjack Song.” She learned why someone might say that their hovercraft was full of eels. When the DVD finally came to an end, she had been laughing so hard that she’d nearly wet herself, but she hadn’t been able to bring herself to leave to go to the bathroom, for the fear that she might miss something.

She made a dash for the bathroom after the closing credits. The others let her go first, but they were waiting in the hall when she was done. She was a little surprised that they all went in together.

Buffy was the first one back. She and Dawn went to work refilling bowls with chips and freshly popped corn, and getting fresh drinks for everyone. Soon they were settling back into seats in the living room, but Anya and Faith took over the chair that Buffy and Dawn had been sharing, leaving them to take up positions on either side of Xander on the sofa. Dawn quite happily snuggled up beside him, and he put his arm around her shoulders.

Buffy grabbed the popcorn bowl off the table, and put it into Xander’s lap before taking her place on the other side of him. Dawn suspected that it wasn’t just to have it in a more convenient location.

Xander grabbed the remote, to start playing Monty Python and the Holy Grail.

About an hour into the movie, Xander suggested that Buffy switch places with Anya. “But I’m quite comfortable here with Faith,” said Anya, who was sitting in Faith’s lap.

“I know,” said Xander, “but the bunny scene is coming up.”

“Bunny!” shrieked Anya “There’s a bunny? It was bad enough when they made a wooden rabbit, but now you’re telling me there’s going to be a real one?”

“Just for a little bit, and I think you’ll like how it ends,” said Xander.

Dawn looked at Xander, as Buffy and Anya switched places. “Bunny?” she asked.
“Anya suffers from a bit of leporiphobia,” said Xander.

“Fear of rabbits?”

“Yes,” said Xander. “It’s really quite amusing, sometimes.”

Anya poked him in the chest. “Hey, Mr. ‘I’m afraid of clowns.’ Don’t make fun of my fears, if you don’t want me to rent Killer Klowns from Outer Space again.”

“Yes, Dear,” said Xander. He turned his face back to the screen, just as Tim the Enchanter warned the others that they had reached the Cave of Caerbannog.

Everyone but Anya giggled as Tim warned King Arthur and his knights that this was no ordinary rabbit, but “the most foul, cruel, and bad-tempered rodent you ever set eyes on!” When the rabbit leapt at Bors’ throat, and took off his head, Anya shrieked and buried her face in Xander’s shirt.

When Arthur and his knights first attacked, Anya buried her face deeper into Xander’s chest, muttering “I warned you! I warned you!” over and over, while clutching at his shirt, and he put a comforting arm around her shoulders. She didn’t raise her head again until after Arthur and his knights had all run away from the killer rabbit and Xander assured her that she’d really like the next bit. She cheered wildly when the rabbit was blown up by the holy hand grenade.

The movie quickly wound to an end after that, and Buffy told Dawn it was time to get ready for bed after the Pythons had all been arrested, and taken away by the police. Dawn wanted to stay up, but Buffy reminded her that tomorrow was a school day.

“But I want to go with you to get Mom,” said Dawn.

“You missed enough school, yesterday,” said Buffy. “Mom will be here when you get home. Now, off to bed. You can sleep in my room, tonight.”

“Really?” asked Dawn. She liked that idea. Buffy had a big double bed, unlike her narrow little single. Then she thought of why Buffy might be being so generous, and frowned. “You just want me at the other end of the hall from you guys.”

“That’s it, exactly,” said Buffy. “Now, come here, and kiss me goodnight, and then go to bed.”

Dawn gave Buffy a hug, and a kiss, and then did the same with Anya, and Faith. When Xander’s turn came, she put a bit more into the hug, pressing herself firmly against him, and letting the kiss linger for a moment, including giving his closed lips a bit of a lick with her tongue. She was pressing close enough to feel the slight stirring in his baggy sweat pants.

She let go, and pulled away. She smiled at him. “Goodnight, Xander,” she said, and then turned and walked toward the stairs, putting a little extra sway into her hips.

She heard Xander groan behind her. “Oh, I’m going to hell!”

“She is growing up,” said Faith.

“Yes, she is quite attractive,” said Anya. “And she is clearly attracted to you.”

Buffy didn’t say anything.

Dawn stopped in her room to get some things she wanted before going to Buffy’s. She left her door open when she left, thinking that she might be able to sneak back later, and listen at the door that
connected her room to her mother’s. She was a little disappointed to see when she left the bathroom a few minutes later, that someone had closed her door.

She shut the door to Buffy’s room, and looked around. If she wasn’t going to be able to sneak back into her room, there was something else she could do. She considered it her sisterly duty to snoop on Buffy, and she had thoroughly searched this room, several times over the years. She was pretty sure that she knew where Buffy hid everything, and there was one item that she’d been wanting to try out for herself for a while now. She went to the dresser drawer where she knew that Buffy kept her vibrator, and opened it.

She searched through the drawer, twice, looking for it. And then she checked the other drawers too. “Damn!” she whispered. “Xander’s not enough for her, she had to take that too?” Ah well, she’d have to settle for her fingers. Again.

She turned out the light, crawled into bed, stuck her hand into her shorts, and imagined what it would be like if Xander was there with her.

Buffy came out of the bathroom with the test wand from the home pregnancy kit that Xander had brought her. She showed the result to him. “According to this, I’m not pregnant.”

Xander felt a wave of—not relief. There was relief, but it was also tinged with a bit of disappointment. While he really didn’t think he was ready for fatherhood, there had been a part of him that had been hoping that she was pregnant. From the look on Buffy’s face, it seemed that she was feeling something similar. “How do you feel about it?” he asked her.

“Happy…and sad too,” said Buffy. “I mean, I’m not really ready for motherhood, but at the same time, it is something that I want to have, someday.”

“Yes,” said Anya. “You should finish college before you start having babies.”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Buffy.

“Whoa!” said Xander. “That is one subject that we are not giving orders on. That’s an order!”

“Uh…what?” asked Faith.

“We are not going to be ordering any babies!” said Xander. “If you want to have a baby, tell me, and we’ll talk about it, and we’ll see what happens, but I am not going to be giving any orders about when it happens, one way or the other! Is that clear?”

“Yes, Sir!” said Buffy and Faith, together.

“Good,” said Xander. “I’m glad that’s settled. Now, it’s time for bed…”

Xander looked down at Buffy and Faith, stretched out on their backs on the bed, illuminated by the flickering light from two large candles burning on the bedside tables. Their arms were stretched up over their heads, cuffed to the slats in the headboard of Joyce’s bed, and their legs were spread apart, cuffed to the footboard. They were both still dressed—if you could call it that—in their negligés, though the smoky material had ridden up so that it was no longer covering their G-strings. Leather hoods had been added over their faces, blinding them, but he knew that he’d be wanting access to their mouths, later, so they were uncovered. He smiled at them. “Now remember,” he said quietly, “Dawn is just down the hall, so you have to be very quiet, tonight. I don’t want to hear anything louder than a whisper from either of you.”
“Yes, Sir,” Faith whispered to him, while Buffy just nodded her head.

“Good. Now you two can wait right there, while I make love to my girlfriend.”

Buffy and Faith whimpered, but they didn’t make any other sound as he left them there on the bed, and turned his attention to Anya, who was standing at the foot of the bed. He took her in his arms, and kissed her. The kiss went on for a very long time, with both of them exploring each other’s mouths with their tongues while hands moved over each other’s bodies. Cloth was pushed aside so that fingers could caress skin.

They broke the kiss long enough for them to pull off each other’s shirt, and negligée. When they resumed, Xander’s hands were holding Anya’s breasts, and her hands went into his sweatpants. She grabbed his ass, and pulled him hard against her.

Xander growled, and crouched down to wrap his arms around her waist. He picked her up, carried her to the bed, and laid her down between Faith and Buffy. His mouth went back to hers, to kiss her again, and then he moved down, kissing, licking, and gently nipping with his teeth as he went.

Anya gasped as he nipped her nipple, and he lifted his mouth away from her. “You have to be quiet too.”

“I’m trying, Xander, but you make it hard.”

“You make me hard,” said Xander, and he went back to teasing her breasts with his lips and tongue.

He moved his mouth farther down, until he came to the bow tied in the drawstring of her shorts. He took hold of one end with his teeth, and pulled, releasing the knot. He used his hands to pull her shorts down her legs, and then lowered himself down, between her legs, to kiss the triangle of her neatly trimmed pubic hair. He used his tongue to trace the outline of her patch, and then moved down again to flick it at her clit. He kissed her inner thighs, and outer labia. He sucked the inner lips of her pussy between his lips, and licked them with his tongue. He thrust his tongue between them, to taste her essence.

Anya reached down, to push his sweat pants down from his hips, as his mouth made its way back up Anya’s body. He laid his hard cock against her slit, rubbing her clit with its head as he kissed her mouth. Then he pulled his hips back, and thrust forward, swallowing her cry of pleasure as he buried himself deep inside her.

Making love with Anya was always a new experience. She was as enthusiastic a lover now as she had been their first time, and every time since. Xander loved the feel of her around him: the way her pussy clenched around his cock, the way her arms and her legs held his body.

They started gradually, with him slowly slipping his cock in and out of her wet snatch. Their rhythms matched like two long-time dance partners in a familiar waltz. Their pace steadily increased as he drove Anya—and himself—to their climax, all the while aware of Buffy and Faith squirming against their bonds beside them.

They ended in a crescendo of coitus, with Xander trying to bury his cock ever deeper in Anya’s pussy, while she clutched at him with her arms and legs. They muffled each other’s groans, and cries with their fierce kiss. He stopped being aware of the other two girls, bound beside them in the bed. There was only Anya: her pussy clenching around his pulsing cock as he emptied his seed into her.
They lay together, slowly coming down from their shared climax, with Xander slowly stroking his softening cock inside her, until it became too limp, and slipped free. His hips still rocked slowly, rubbing himself against her pussy, and clit.

Xander’s attention was pulled away from Anya by a whimper from Buffy. He broke off the kiss they were still engaged in, and lifted his face a little way above hers, and smiled down at her. “Sounds like our girls would like some attention, too.”

“I suppose we could do something for them,” said Anya. “They have both been very well behaved, tonight. We could reward them.”

“So, which one do you want to play with?” asked Xander.

“I think I’ll start with Buffy.”

“Alright, then.” Xander rolled off Anya, and came to rest on top of Faith, straddling her hips. “Remember, you have to stay quiet, so we don’t disturb Dawn,” he whispered to her. He slid his hands up over her negligée to take hold of her breasts, and gave her nipples a hard tweak through the thin material.

Faith arched her back, and bit down on her cry of pain/pleasure. Xander grinned at her, took hold of her negligée, and ripped it open, revealing her breasts to him. He bent down over them, nuzzling them with his face, and licking around her areoles. He heard the ripping sound of Anya tearing away Buffy’s negligée, and looked over at them.

Anya was sitting, straddling Buffy’s hips, with the remains of Buffy’s negligée in her hands. He watched as she bent down and sucked one of Buffy’s nipples into her mouth, while pinching the other, and Buffy writhed under her.

He looked back down at Faith’s bosom. “You know, there’s something missing here.” The light flashed, and her nipples were pierced by small barbell shaped studs, tipped by blue sapphire jewels. Faith and Buffy both squealed from the pain, and when he looked over at her, Xander saw that Buffy had similar studs through her nipples, only hers were tipped by rubies, sparkling in the candle light.

“Oh, those are pretty!” Anya took hold of Buffy’s studs, and gave them a hard twist, making Buffy’s body quake in a pain induced orgasm.

Xander bent down over Faith’s breasts, and bit down on a nipple. Faith bucked under him, and groaned through clenched teeth.

Xander sat up again, and looked over at the candle on the table beside them. There was a bowl shaped depression at the top of it now, a couple of inches in diameter, that was full of molten wax. He picked the candle up, and held it over Faith’s chest. “Now remember, you have to be quiet,” he reminded her, and dribbled some liquid wax into the valley between her breasts.

Faith had smelled the candle, so she’d suspected what was coming, but the sting of the hot wax against her skin still took her by surprise. More molten wax followed the first drops, first circling around one breast, and then the other. Her link with Buffy was fully open, so she had been feeling Anya’s torture of Buffy’s breasts, as well as what Xander had been doing to her own, and now she was feeling not only the hot wax that Xander was dribbling over her, but the wax that Anya was dripping onto Buffy’s nipples. She wanted to scream from the incredible ecstasy of the torment, but Xander’s orders wouldn’t let her. All she could do was groan softly, while Buffy whimpered beside her.
More hot wax dripped down onto her, in a trail that wound its way down across her stomach, toward her crotch. She felt Xander’s hand take hold of the G-string that she was still wearing, and tear it away, and then there was a pause, that seemed to drag on and on, as if he were waiting for something. Faith suddenly knew what it was.

“Please, Xander,” she whispered. “Please.” She could hear Buffy’s voice echoing her plea.

“Please, what?” asked Xander and Anya.

“Please, pour the wax over our pussy,” they said, together. “Please let us feel it dripping down our snatch. Please Xander.”

She could hear the smile in his voice when he said “If you insist,” and then she felt the hot wax pour down over the hood of her clit, just where it was pierced by her Reward Ring. Anya was doing the same to Buffy.

Baith came again from the exquisite torment. They kept coming as more molten wax poured down over their clit, and ran down along the crevasses of their pussy, searing their lower lips with the heat of its passage. They bit back the cry that they both wanted to make.

They were both left panting on the bed when their orgasm had passed. They heard the sound of the candles being returned to the beside tables, and then felt the gentle touch of Xander’s and Anya’s finger tips, as they peeled away the bits of hardened wax that was clinging to their skin. Baith’s suppressed cries of pleasure and pain were replaced by giggles as Xander and Anya’s finger nails tickled and teased layers of wax away from their pussies, their stomachs, their tits.

And then Xander was straddling Faith, just below her chest, and she felt his hard cock between her tits, and Anya was astride Buffy’s face with her pussy coming down on Buffy’s mouth, and Anya’s mouth descending on Buffy’s cunt.

Xander took hold of Faith’s breasts, and pressed them inward, around his cock as he started to rock his hips, fucking her tits. He pinched her nipples with his fingers, and twisted the emerald studs piercing them. Beside him, Anya was embracing Buffy in a sixty-nine, while they ate each other’s pussies.

It wasn’t long before Xander was ready to come again, and this time he didn’t try to hold himself back. “Open your mouth,” he ordered Faith, and gave her nipples an extra tweak.

Her cry was caught in her throat as she came with him. His first spurt of semen hit her chin. He rose off her chest, and took hold of his cock, aiming higher as a jacked himself off. More spurts of semen gushed over her face, and into her mouth.

He sat back down when he was spent, and went back to slowly massaging Faith’s breasts with his hands, as he rubbed his softening cock between them. Buffy and Anya’s frantic licking at each other’s pussies had calmed, as well, and now they were softly kissing each other’s nether lips.

“Okay, I want you both free, now,” said Xander softly, and Buffy and Faith’s bonds and hoods vanished. Anya rolled off Buffy, and sat up on the bed between the two Slayers. She leaned over to kiss Xander.

Xander took her in his arms, and down onto the bed. “Buffy, lick Faith clean,” he ordered. There was a brief tangle of bodies as everyone rearranged themselves on the bed, until Buffy was on top of Faith, licking his semen from her face and chest. Anya had turned herself around and was licking the remains of his orgasm from his now soft cock. It seemed that for once he had finally
reached some sort of limit, and this time it didn’t react to her treatment by hardening again.

Soon all four of them were cuddling together under the sheets of the bed, with Xander and Anya flanked by Buffy and Faith, and they all sank into a contented sleep.
Buffy awoke slowly from a restful night of pleasant dreams. She was snuggled up beside Xander in the bed, with the sheet covering them from the waist down. She was using Xander's shoulder for a pillow, and the fingers of her right hand were playing with his chest hairs. Xander was making low, rumbling, contented sounding noises that seemed to reverberate in his chest. Her roaming fingers encountered another hand, and she opened her eyes, to see Anya looking at her from the other side of Xander’s body, where she seemed to be doing the same thing as Buffy. Faith was spooned up behind Anya, with her arm draped over Anya’s waist, and the fingers of her hand slowly circling around Anya’s nipple.

Buffy glanced down at the sheet half covering them, and saw the tent created in it by Xander’s morning wood. “He’s always like that, in the mornings,” said Anya. “Very good for giving orgasms.”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Buffy.

“Also good for sucking,” said Anya. “Do you want to suck Xander’s cock?”

“Always!” said Buffy.

“How about you, Faith?”

Faith’s hand cupped Anya’s breast, as she said “Oh yes, Mistress!”

“So, let’s do that,” said Anya. “Give Xander a very happy good morning.” She sat up, and pulled the sheet away from all of their bodies. “Buffy, you can kneel beside him on your side, and Faith can take this side.”

“Where will you be, Mistress?” asked Faith.

Anya turned herself around, and straddled Xander’s face, being careful not to touch him, yet, leaving her pussy a few inches above his mouth. “I’ll be where he can start giving me orgasms, as soon as he wakes up.” She bent down over his erect cock, and gave it a lick. “Which shouldn’t take long.”

Buffy knelt where Anya had told her, and gave Xander’s cock a lick of her own, up along its side, and over its tip, where her tongue met Faith’s. They both pulled back a bit to give Anya room to suck him into her mouth.

Xander groaned, and his arms came up around Anya’s waist, to pull his face up into her pussy. Buffy and Faith licked and kissed their way around the base of his cock, and his balls, while Anya moaned with pleasure around its head.

After a time, Anya removed her mouth from Xander’s cock, and took hold of its base, tilting it toward Faith. “Your turn,” she said, and Faith took him all the way down into her throat. Anya turned to Buffy, and kissed her. Buffy enjoyed the taste of Xander’s penis, both from her Mistress’s tongue, and through her connection with Faith.

Anya was perhaps the greediest person Buffy had ever met, but she was also scrupulously fair, especially in her duties as Mistress to her and Faith, so she ensured that they got equal time sucking Xander’s cock, not that it really mattered much to either of them. With their connection in full bloom, it didn’t matter which of them was sucking him, they both felt it. They could also feel each
other’s fingers frigging their own pussies. Buffy’s one regret was that she didn’t have permission to use her Reward Ring. But that was also something that excited her even more. This morning was about Xander getting pleasure from her, and Faith. Her Reward came from how much she was pleasing him.

Anya was still greedy, though, so it was her pussy that Xander ate while they all went down on him, and it was her mouth that he came into. But she was a generous Mistress, so she shared his semen with Buffy and Faith by kissing one, and then the other, as Xander’s tongue propelled her into yet another orgasm.

The alarm started to ring while Anya was letting Buffy lick all of Xander’s semen that she could harvest from Anya’s tongue.

Anya reached out to turn the alarm off and rose up, with her pussy still over Xander’s mouth. “Slayers, it’s time to get breakfast ready.”

Buffy and Faith both sat back on their heels. “Yes, Mistress.” The light flashed, and they were both dressed in camisoles, and boxer shorts.

“And knock on Dawn’s door, too,” said Xander, from under Anya’s pussy. “Make sure she’s awake.”

“Yes, Sir!” said Buffy and Faith together. They both climbed off the bed, and headed for the door as Xander reached up to take hold of Anya’s waist, and she bent down over his cock, again.

“And call us when breakfast is ready!” said Xander, before he buried his face in Anya’s pussy again.

Buffy and Faith had the chance to play with each other’s Reward Rings when they took their morning shower together, after making breakfast for Xander, Anya and Dawn. They didn’t really have enough time to fully satisfy each other, though, since Faith had to leave for work. (On the other hand, even if they’d had all day together, Buffy didn’t think that either of them would have been fully satisfied. Since the Reward had started, that didn’t seem to be something that was really possible, anymore. They might find themselves temporarily sated from time to time, but it was only temporarily.)

As soon as Xander and Faith left for work, taking Dawn with them to drop off at school, Anya ordered Buffy to clean the house, in preparation for her mother’s return. The light flashed, and Buffy found herself dressed in yet another parody of a maid’s outfit. This time she was wearing shoes with four inch stiletto heels, thigh-high white stockings, held up by garters with pink bows on them, a tight laced corset, and a frilly apron, that while it barely covered her front, left her bare ass visible to anyone behind her. Cuffs around her ankles were connected together by a chain that only allowed her to move in small steps. It was barely long enough to allow her to climb up and down the stairs without tripping. Other chains connected the cuffs around her wrists, to rings at her waist, giving her hands just enough freedom to move required to complete her chores, but no more.

Anya had her start in her mother’s room, stripping the sheets from the bed, and replacing them with clean ones. From there she went to Dawn’s room, changing the sheets on her bed, and generally straightening things up. She was tempted to do a bit of snooping while she was there: read the latest entries in Dawn’s journal, but she had too much other work to do. She still had to clean her own room, take all the dirty sheets down to the basement to put into the washing machine, and then clean the living and dining rooms, and the kitchen.
All the while that Buffy had been cleaning, Anya had been studying. This morning it was small business accounting. If she was going to be running Giles’ store she figured that she should learn how to do it properly.

They still had half an hour before it was time for Buffy to go to pick up her mother from the hospital and for Anya to go to work at the Magic Box when Buffy had finished cleaning the entire house. She had just come back up from the basement, where she had moved the sheets being cleaned from the washing machine to the drier. She went into the dining room where Anya was sitting at the table with her books and note pad.

She stood on the other side of the table from her, with her head lowered, and her hands behind her back. “I’m finished cleaning, until the dryer is done, Mistress.”

“You’ve washed all the breakfast dishes?” asked Anya.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Dusted the book shelves?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Dusted the top of the china cabinet?”

Buffy knew that Anya had seen her do that, but she played along. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Vacuumed all the rooms?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“It seems that you’ve done a very thorough job,” said Anya, “I suppose I should reward you, somehow.”

“Whatever you desire, Mistress,” said Buffy.

Anya smiled at her, and stood up. “I desire for you to be on your knees, under this table, licking my pussy.” She pulled off the panties she was wearing with the t-shirt she had put on after her shower, and sat back down, with her knees spread wide.

“Oh yes, Mistress!” Buffy dropped to her hands and knees on the floor, and started to crawl toward Anya.

“And while you’re at it, you can play with your Reward Ring,” said Anya.

Buffy’s thanks were muffled by Anya’s snatch against her face.

Buffy was starting to think that it was nearly time for them to go, if Anya was going to be at work on time, but she hadn’t said anything about stopping, so she kept up her licking at her Mistress’s pussy. There was a knock at the door.

“Answer the door, Buffy,” said Anya.

Buffy crawled out from under the table, but she hesitated before going to the door.

“What are you waiting for?” asked Anya.

“You want me to answer the door like this?” asked Buffy. She was still dressed in her maid outfit,
with chains on her ankles and wrists, only now her hair was a mess, and her face was wet with Anya’s pussy juice.

Anya looked up and down her body. “Yes, I do.”

“Yes, Mistress.” Buffy shuffled to the door as quickly as the chains would let her, hoping that it wasn’t a friend of her mother’s, or anyone she knew. She was also hyper aware of how her pierced nipples, with their ruby studs, peeked out over the top of the ruffled half cups lifting her breasts, and how her bare ass would be visible to anyone behind her. The potential for humiliation she was about to face turned her on more than eating Anya’s pussy had.

She opened the door.

There was a young couple on the doorstep, about twenty years old. They were conservatively dressed, him in a nice, but cheap, dark suit, and a tie. She was wearing a dress, with a hem that was below her knees. He was clutching a large book to his chest, with its gold leaf title clearly visible on the cover: “Holy Bible.”

He started into his spiel automatically. “Hello. Have you accepted Jesus Christ as your personal savior…” His voice trailed off as he took in Buffy’s appearance. His eyes widened, and his mouth dropped open. His eyes flicked up and down her body, before coming to rest on her tits, where they seemed to get stuck.

Buffy smiled at him. “Why, no, I haven’t,” she said. “Would you like to come in and talk about it?”

“Ulp,” said the boy, and the girl clutched at his arm, her eyes as wide as his.

She started to pull him back away from the door. “Uh…no…I don’t think so.” He seemed rooted to the spot, so she pulled harder, forcing him to take a step back, and then another. His eyes stayed riveted on her bosom. He nearly fell when she pulled him back down the front steps. “This is a house of sin!” she whispered harshly in his ear. “We must get away from here!”

“But— But— Jesus ministered to the prostitutes, and other sinners! She wanted to talk! Maybe we can save her!”

“You are succumbing to the temptations of the flesh! We must get away from here!”

“Some other time, maybe,” Buffy called out to them. He was still staring at her as the girl dragged him backwards down the front walk. Buffy turned away, making sure that he got a good look at her bare ass, before she closed the door.

Buffy leaned back against the door in a fit of giggles, and sexual desire. She saw Anya looking at her. “Oh please, Mistress. Fuck me!”

Anya looked at her for a moment with an expression of mock disapproval on her face, that Buffy was beginning to know well. It wasn’t an expression that would lead to a fucking…not immediately, anyway. In some ways it was better. “I think you were very naughty, teasing that boy like that.”

Buffy nearly came on the spot. “Oh yes, Mistress! I should be punished! Please spank me!”

“We don’t have much time,” said Anya. “How many spanks should I give you?”

Buffy wanted a lot of spanks, but Anya had just reminded her that they had to go soon. “Uh…ten
“Please, Mistress?”

“Very well,” said Anya. “Bend over and grab your ankles.”

Buffy turned her back to Anya, bent over, fully exposing her bare ass, and grabbed her ankles. “Please punish me for teasing that boy,” she said.

“Yes, Buffy.” Anya’s hand came down on her ass with a hard smack!

“One! Thank you, Mistress!”

Anya did fuck Buffy too, after the spanking was finished. They stayed there in the entry hall of her house, with Buffy still bent over holding her ankles, and Anya pounding her fingers into Buffy’s wet snatch until she came. It didn’t take very long, the state Buffy was in, and then Anya told Buffy to stand up straight, and held her hand before Buffy’s mouth, for her to lick Anya’s fingers clean.

They had to hurry to get dressed, after that, in order for Anya to get to the Magic Box in time to open it for business, and for Buffy to get to the hospital at the time she was supposed to. Anya even encouraged Buffy to drive faster, on their way to the Magic Box. This was something that was rarely said while Buffy was driving. More often than not her passengers wanted her to slow down. Buffy got Anya to the Magic Box five minutes before opening time.

She was five minutes late getting to the hospital, but Dr. Kriegel was running even later, so Buffy still had to wait while he gave her mother a final examination before signing her release papers. She hovered impatiently by the nurses’ station for them to finish.

While waiting, Buffy overheard a whispered conversation between a couple of nurses, about how an intern had vanished in the middle of his shift, last night. He had gone off to the locker room to change his scrubs, after a patient had thrown up on him, and never come back. When another intern had gone looking for him, all she found were his discarded scrubs on the floor by his locker, which still contained all of his street clothes.

Buffy figured that Dr. Kriegel would take at least another fifteen minutes with her mother, so she decided to go have a look in the intern’s locker room. She didn’t really think that there would be anything there for her to see, but you never knew.

She checked both ways in the hall outside the locker room door to see if anyone was watching, before she opened it. “Anybody in here?” she called, as she entered, hoping that there’d be no answer, because she really didn’t know what she’d say if there was.

The room smelled like…a hospital, really: antiseptic and cleaning products, with very little trace of the usual locker room mustiness. The place had been cleaned up, since the intern’s disappearance, and she didn’t even have a notion about which locker was his as she wandered around. She wasn’t really expecting to find anything, she was mostly doing this to kill time while waiting for her mother to be released.

She did find something, though. It started out as a faint whiff of something that her nose told her wasn’t natural. That led her to a smear of something slimy and red on the sill of a window high on the locker room wall, high enough that the routine cleaning that had taken place had missed it. She also noticed that the window latch was broken, which would allow things to enter or leave without risking been seen by hospital staff.

Buffy used a kleenex tissue from her bag to wipe up some of the red slime, and carefully folded it,
wrapped it in more tissues, and stored it away in her bag to give to Willow or Giles later, to see if they could identify what sort of demon it came from.

Buffy returned to the hospital that evening. Her mother was back home, and Dawn was there to take care of her. Giles had come up blank on the slime sample she’d given him, but thought that patrolling the area around the hospital would be a good idea.

This was her first patrol in the uniform Xander provided for her, and she liked it. It was comfortable, and blended in with her environment, making her nearly invisible in the dark shadows of the back alleyways behind the hospital. She had trouble picking Faith out of the shadows, even when she knew exactly where she was. Any demons would have their work cut out for them.

The demon they spotted trying to sneak up on the window to the locker room certainly never saw them coming. Faith grabbed it as it was trying to climb in through the window, and Buffy’s knife slit its throat.

“Ugh!” said Faith.

“You’ve seen slit throats before,” said Buffy.

“Not the throat,” said Faith. “The demon. Those are some ugly looking sores on its face.”

“I guess.” Buffy used a digital camera to take a picture of the dead demon, to show to Giles later. “The bigger problem is what we do with it?”

Faith nodded toward a nearby dumpster. “I suggest we let the sanitation department take care of the disposal. I doubt if they’ve gotten any better at looking at what they’re throwing into the landfill, since the last time I was in town.”

“You’re right,” said Buffy. “Some things never change.”

One of the things that was never going to change was how much Faith turned Buffy on, so after stopping by at Giles’ apartment to report on the demise of the demon that had been stalking the hospital, they returned to her house together. The windows of the house were dark, so Buffy knew that her mother and Dawn had gone to bed, but it was still early enough that they had probably only just done so, and her mother might get up again if she heard Buffy coming in. Buffy took hold of Faith’s hand and led her around into the back yard. She glanced up at Dawn’s and her mother’s bedroom windows to be sure that there were no lights on in either of them, before wrapping her arms around Faith, and kissing her in the moonlight.

The light flashed, and Buffy felt the chill night air against her bare skin. She also felt the warmth of Faith’s skin against hers. The contrasting sensations excited her even more, along with the thought that they were naked, out of doors, where anyone might see them, even though she knew that there wasn’t much chance of that. The yard was surrounded by hedges giving it privacy from the neighbours. The only way anyone might see them, would be if they were looking down from Dawn’s, or her mother’s windows. Buffy glanced up again, and saw that they were both still dark, as Faith started to kiss her way down her body.

Dawn had been lying in her bed, with one hand in her pyjama pants, lightly stroking her pussy, the other caressing her breast, and imagining that Xander was there with her when she saw the flash of light through her window. It was almost like a flash of lightning, but the night had been clear, and the weather forecast had said it was going to stay that way for the next few days. She still lay
there, counting the seconds for the clap of thunder. After she reached twenty without hearing anything, she decided that the flash must have come from something else. Another thing that she knew of that could create a flash like that was Xander’s Reward magic. She quietly rose from her bed, keeping her right hand between her legs, and went to the window, to look down into the yard.

The moon was just past full and was giving enough light for Dawn to see Faith start to kneel in front of Buffy. She saw Buffy take hold of a handful of Faith’s hair, and pull her face in between her legs. Dawn pressed her fingers harder against her sex, imagining that Faith’s face was between her legs, licking at her pussy, instead of Buffy’s. She wanted to moan, but she knew that if she made any noise at all, Faith or Buffy would hear her. She had to stay quiet.

Faith lapped eagerly at Buffy’s pussy, her mouth moving back and forth between Buffy’s Reward Ring, and her entrance. She bit at the golden ring, and wiggled it with her teeth, eliciting squeaks of pleasure from her senior Slayer. She pressed her lips against Buffy’s lower lips, and stuck her tongue as deeply into her as she could, while trying to suck up all of Buffy’s nectar.

She was also aware that they had an audience. Buffy might be too distracted at the moment to have noticed the slight sounds of motion from Dawn’s room, but Faith had. The thought of Dawn watching her with Buffy thrilled her even more.

Buffy moaned out Faith’s name as she came. She wanted to scream it, but that would likely wake her mother, or Dawn. Faith was still licking enthusiastically at her pussy, but Buffy thought that it was her turn now. She lifted Faith’s face from between her legs, and brought her up to her face for a kiss. She could taste herself on Faith’s lips and tongue. She wrapped her arms around Faith’s naked body, lifted her, and carried her to a chaise longe on the lawn. She laid Faith down on it, and then her face went down between Faith’s legs.

Dawn watched Buffy going down on Faith, wishing that she was there, between Faith’s legs, instead of her sister, and maybe Xander could be with them too, making love to her from behind, with his cock pressing into her pussy, instead of her fingers. The thought of him fucking her was enough to make her come, and try as she might, it was too much for her to stay completely quiet.

When she had recovered, she looked down into the yard again, half expecting to see that she had been discovered, but it seemed that she hadn’t. Buffy had turned herself around, putting her and Faith into a sixty-nine, each of them licking at the other’s pussy.

Buffy thought she heard an echo of Faith’s moans from the house as she pushed her over the brink, but she ignored it as she moved around to straddle the other Slayer. She felt Faith’s strong arms around her hips, and Faith’s hands taking hold of her ass to pull her down onto her mouth. She lifted and spread Faith’s legs to open her pussy for Buffy’s tongue. Their link was fully open as Buffy and Faith savoured each other. Buffy felt her mouth on Faith’s pussy almost as intensely as she could feel Faith’s mouth on her own. She was tasting her own juices along with Faith’s, and she knew the same was true for Faith. They were sharing thoughts as well as sensations, and she could hear the echo of her own thoughts in Faith’s mind…not that either of them was actually thinking much of anything other than the sharing of pleasure…and she picked up the added thrill from Faith that came from the knowledge that they were being watched, but she was too deep into Faith’s mind to care that it was her sister. They were both approaching the brink of another orgasm, and they both slowed down, licking and kissing tenderly at each other, to prolong the anticipation, and heighten their arousal until neither of them could hold herself back.

Both Slayers applied their tongues to the other’s Reward Ring. The feedback through their link made them both come even harder than they had already, in orgasms that seemed to go on, and on.

It did end eventually, though, and Buffy turned herself around to lie in Faith’s arms, just to enjoy
kissing her and holding her close. Without any other more strenuous activity the coolness of the night air was too much for the warmth of their bodies to overcome, and they were both feeling the chill. The Reward magic flared again, and they were both dressed in their Slayer uniforms again, but without any of their weapons. The material was thin and supple enough that it still felt almost as if they were pressing skin to skin, but it held the night chill at bay, while still letting the heat of their bodies seep through.

Faith would have been happy to spend the night there in Buffy’s back yard—or to go into the house and spend it in her bed—but she had somewhere else to be, and for the time being, Buffy belonged here with her family. Buffy knew it too, and so by mutual accord they disentangled their bodies from one another, and climbed back to their feet. They both stood there for a moment, just looking into each other’s eyes, and sharing their thoughts.

Words were completely unnecessary for them, but Faith felt the need to say something anyway. “I’ll give Xander a blow job for you.”

Buffy smiled at that. “Only one?”

“One from you. One from me. Maybe another from both of us.” She kissed Buffy. “I think we’ve given your sister enough of a show, for tonight. I’ll see you tomorrow.” Faith felt the sudden flash of anger/embarrassment/arousal from Buffy as she was reminded that they’d had an audience. “Now, don’t go getting mad at her. I certainly enjoyed the idea that she was watching us.”

“I know, but it’s Dawn! She’s my sister!”

“I get that you don’t see the hotness, there,” said Faith. “But trust me, she’s hot. Too bad she’s still jailbait, so all I can do is let her watch.” Faith was mostly just teasing, but there was an undercurrent of truth in what she was saying—the best teases were always true, and she couldn’t say anything but truth to Buffy, and Buffy knew it. Faith kissed her again. “I gotta go. Bye.” She turned and walked away, putting a little extra sway into her hips.

Dawn watched Faith leaving. She was shocked when Faith looked up, directly at her window, waved, and blew her a kiss. Faith knew she’d been watching! If Faith knew… She looked at Buffy, who was looking up at her too, with an indecipherable expression on her face. Oh god! She was so dead!
Dawn expected to hear slamming doors, and have her sister come storming into her room, yelling at her, but none of that happened. If she hadn’t been listening carefully, she wouldn’t have heard the downstairs door open and close at all, and Buffy seemed to be moving in full Slayer Stealth Mode as she came up the stairs, because Dawn didn’t hear anything else until there was a quiet knock on her door.

Dawn opened it, expecting to see an angry Buffy looking at her, but instead she was still wearing the same indecipherable expression that she’d had down in the back yard. “Can I come in?” she asked.

“Uh, yeah,” said Dawn carefully, stepping back from the door.

“I’m not mad at you,” said Buffy as she came into the room. “…much.”

“You’re not?”

Buffy shook her head. “Hardly any at all. We knew there was a risk when we went into the back yard, instead of coming inside, or finding somewhere else. Anyone else watching would have really turned me on…and knowing you were there really did turn Faith on, and what turns her on… So, yeah. Not mad.”

“You wanted to be watched?”

“Well…not by you, but yeah…I like the idea…of just about anyone but you watching me…and Faith doesn’t have that exception.”

“Did Xander order…” Dawn didn’t know what she’d think if Xander had ordered Buffy to have sex where she could see. On one hand, it could mean that he was thinking of her as more grown up…on the other, it was kind of icky.

“No!” said Buffy. “In fact, if he’d known, he probably would have ordered us not to do anything anywhere you might be able to see us. It’s just…I’ve always been a bit of an exhibitionist, but since the Reward started, I’m…more of one. It used to be that I’d just dress so that people would look at me, but now…I’m dressing sexier, and knowing that people—other than you—are watching me really turns me on.”

“It does?”

“Yeah.” Buffy gestured down at what she was wearing. “I mean, look.” Dawn hadn’t really noticed before Buffy brought her attention to it—the camouflage pattern made it hard to actually focus on her—but Buffy’s outfit almost looked like it was painted onto her skin. “I like being dressed like this. I like that people can see me like this.”

“Uh…actually—”
“You know what I mean,” said Buffy.

“I guess,” said Dawn. “Why are you telling me all this?”

“Xander said I had to be honest with you.”

“But didn’t he also tell me that you could tell me that it was none of my business?”

“Yeah…but I still have to be honest. Faith and I doing what we did, where you could see us, made it your business. I owed you an explanation.”

“Buffy…” Dawn didn’t know if she could ask what she wanted to ask.

“What?”

“I’m just wondering…if there was any way…I think maybe Xander’s attracted to me, a bit…”

“More than just a bit, I think,” said Buffy.

“You think that I could…”

“Xander isn’t going to act on that attraction… Not for a while, anyway.”

“But…”

“Dawn, you’re fourteen. Do you know what happens to twenty year old guys who have sex with fourteen year old girls in this state?”

“Oh,” said Dawn. “I guess I hadn’t thought of it that way.”

“Yeah, so, ask again when you’re eighteen.”

“Okay.” There was something else that Dawn was wondering about. “On a totally different subject: do you know what you guys are getting Tara for her birthday?”

Faith had finished up at work for the day, and was on her way to the Magic Box to meet up with Xander. She spotted Willow and Tara ahead of her, going in the same direction. She ran to catch up with them, and fell into step beside Tara. “Hi, guys.”

Tara smiled shyly at her. “Hi, Faith.”

Willow didn’t look so happy. “Hello.”

Faith decided to ignore Willow’s continuing hostility. “Tara, I wanted to say I’m sorry for being so bitchy with you, last year.”

“That’s okay,” said Tara.

“No, it wasn’t,” said Faith, “but if I want to make amends, I have to start by acknowledging what I did wrong in the past.”

“You in a twelve step program?” asked Willow. “Homicidal Maniacs Anonymous?”

“Only six steps,” said Faith automatically, “The other six are—” She stopped. “You know, I used to think that all that stuff about a higher power and such was crap, but now, I do have a higher power helping me: Xander, so let’s call it a nine step program.”
“Tara, I’m sorry I was mean to you last year, and I hope that I can make it up to you. Willow, I’m sorry I held a knife to your throat that time in the Mayor’s office, and you know, everything you said to me then was totally true. I had completely screwed up things for myself, all on my own.”

“You think saying ‘sorry’ makes things right?” asked Willow.

“No,” said Faith, “But it’s a step in the right direction.” They had reached the Magic Box, and Faith opened the door, and held it for them. “You know what they say: ‘The longest journey starts with a single step.’” She followed them into the shop, but stopped a couple of steps inside the door, having noticed that Tara had frozen in her tracks. She quickly looked around, looking for a threat that could get that sort of reaction from her. Was it a demon, vampire, or some other sort of monster?

A twenty-something year old guy with a scraggly goatee was looking at Tara. “Well, what do you know?” he said. “What’s the matter? You don’t have a hug for your big brother?”

“Brother?” asked Willow.

“W-W-Willow, t-t-this is my b-brother, Donny,” stammered Tara. “D-Donny, this is Willow.” She gestured around at the others. “A-and these are my friends.” Faith was pleased that Tara’s gesture had included her.

“What, all of you hang out?” asked Donny. “Wow. That’s more people than you met in high school.” Donny gave Tara a poke. Faith decided that she didn’t like him much.

“How did you f—” Tara stopped what she was saying. “Uh…what are you doing here?”

“Well, duh, Birthday Girl,” said Donny. “We came down in the camper. Been all over the campus.”

“We?” asked Tara, dismay evident in her voice.

The bell over the door rang, and a couple more people came into the shop: a middle aged man and a girl, about eighteen years old.

“D-dad?” asked Tara. “Beth?”

The man held out his arms, clearly expecting a hug that Tara seemed strangely reluctant to give him. “You’re a tough girl to find,” he told her, “but someone at your dorm told us you might be here.”

“Um, yeah, I come here a lot,” said Tara. “D-dad, these are my friends, and Mr. Giles. He owns the store.”

“How do you do?” said Giles.

“Pleasure,” said Mr. Maclay, sounding anything but pleased. “Well, I don’t mean to interrupt your plans,” he added to Tara. “I know we’ve come on you kind of suddenly. But I thought we’d have dinner.”

Tara didn’t look like that was something she was looking forward to. “Okay.”

“Why don’t I pick you up at six?” asked Mr. Maclay. “And we’ll…do some catching up.”

“Yes sir,” said Tara, in a tone of voice that just felt wrong to Faith. It wasn’t said with love or
respect, the way she or Buffy would say it to Xander or Giles. If there was any emotion behind that “sir,” it was fear. Faith was really starting to dislike Tara’s father.

Mr. Maclay was smiling insincerely at the group of them. “Forgive me for running out, but we’re double parked.” He started for the door, and beckoned for Tara’s brother to follow him. “I’ll see you tonight,” he told Tara.

“Nice to meet you all,” said Donny, as he and Beth followed Tara’s dad out the door.

Everyone looked around at each other after they had gone, wondering who would speak first. Turned out it was Willow. “Well, they seemed…nice.”

That wasn’t the word Faith would have used, and she was pretty sure that if Xander’s Reward magic had been making Willow be honest, it wasn’t the word she would have used, either.

“They’re okay, you know,” said Tara. “Families are always…”

“They make you crazy?” asked Willow.

Tara smiled at her. “Yeah. So, do we have anything to research?” She pretty clearly wanted to direct conversation into a different direction.

“I’ve identified the creature that Buffy and Faith slew last night,” said Giles. “It was a Lei-ach demon, and they usually travel in clans. Where there was one, there will be more, and they will be looking to avenge their kinsdemon.”

After a little more time at the Magic Box, discussing the demon that they’d killed the night before, and not discussing Tara’s family, Buffy went home with Xander, Anya and Faith. She was a little surprised to realize that she was now thinking of Xander’s apartment as “home,” instead of the house in which she’d spent most of the previous four years with her mother and sister.

Once they were inside, Xander looked back and forth between her and Faith a couple of times. “Well, since Buffy missed the fun last night…” Buffy really hadn’t. Even discounting the sex with Faith in her back yard, their bond had allowed Buffy to share in everything that Xander and Anya had done with Faith after she’d gotten home the night before. “…Faith can take care of getting dinner ready.”

The light flashed, and Faith’s clothes disappeared, leaving her dressed in just an apron, and high heeled shoes.

“Yes, Sir,” said Faith. “What would you like?”

“Whatever’s in the fridge,” said Xander. “It’s up to you.”

“I put some steaks in the fridge to thaw this morning,” said Anya. “Xander likes his rare. I like mine medium. How do you like yours, Buffy?”

“Uh…medium-rare, Mistress.”

“Make it so!” said Xander to Faith.

Faith snapped him a salute. “Aye-aye Captain.”

Xander returned the salute. “Carry on.” He turned his attention back to Buffy, who was momentarily diverted by Faith’s ass, as she turned away and sashayed off into the kitchen.
Her attention was snapped back to Xander by him gently saying “Buffy.”

“Yes, My Lord,” she said.

Xander looked inordinately pleased to be called that. “Bedroom,” he said. “Now!”

“Yes, Sir!” Buffy ran into the bedroom, as quickly as Slayer muscles could make her, without breaking the door.

Xander and Anya followed her more slowly. When he came into the room, he just stood looking at her for a moment with an expression in his eyes that made Buffy want to melt.

“Get undressed,” he told her. Buffy’s hands flew up to start untying the tails of her blouse knotted beneath her tits. “Slowly,” he added.

Buffy forced herself to slow down, and not just rip her clothes off. If Xander had wanted her undressed quickly, he could have just made her clothes vanish. She finished untying the knot in her shirt slowly, and then gradually pulled it open. She rotated a bit so he could see her tits in profile as she pulled her shirt back off her shoulders, and let it drop to the floor.

She did the same with the t-shirt she’d been wearing under her blouse: lifted the hem slowly, and then when she was just about to expose her breasts to Xander and Anya, she turned a little more, so her bare back was to them as she pulled it up over her head. She knew that Xander wanted to see her tits, but she also knew that he was enjoying her teasing him this way. She started to sway her hips as her hands came down to undo the buttons in her skin tight jeans, and then she turned again, as she started to push them down her legs, only letting him get the barest glimpse of her ass, before she had twisted it away from him, showing him her bare back again, this time as she bent down to remove her shoes, and finish taking off her pants.

Only when she was fully naked did she start to turn again, letting Xander see her ass as she turned away from him, and then finally twisting around as she came fully erect, to stand facing him, with her legs slightly parted, so he could see her tits, and her pussy.

Xander stood there for several seconds, looking at her with his head cocked a bit to the side as his eyes moved up and down, and his adorably goofy grin on his face. “Absolutely gorgeous,” he said. “Now Buffy, undress your Mistress.”

“Yes, M’Lord,” said Buffy, and she moved quickly to stand before Anya. “Mistress, may I?” she asked.

“Certainly, Buffy,” said Anya, and Buffy started unbuttoning her blouse, again going slowly so that Xander could take his time appreciating the view.

It took a little longer to get Anya fully undressed, partially because she was wearing underwear. As she had done when undressing herself, Buffy turned Anya away from Xander so he could only see her back as she undressed her, but this time he had ample time to appreciate Anya’s “back” as Buffy removed first her pants, and then her panties.

When Buffy was finished undressing Anya, she was on her knees on the floor in front over her, with her eyes on the dark triangle of Anya’s pubic hair. She licked her lips.

“Looks good, doesn’t it?” asked Xander.

“Yes, M’Lord,” said Buffy.
“You want to lick it.”

“Yes, M’Lord.”

“Soon, but first, come here and undress me, too,” said Xander.

Buffy walked on her knees over to where Xander was standing, and reached for his belt buckle.

“Pants last,” said Xander.

“Yes, Sir.” Buffy leaned down and started to unlace his shoes.

Soon she was back kneeling before her naked Lord, with his beautiful cock pointing out toward her. She looked up at his smiling face, and he reached out a hand to gently stroke her hair. She licked her lips.

“Buffy,” said Xander softly. “I want you to pick Anya up, and put her on the bed.”

“Yes, M’Lord.” Buffy quickly stood, went to Anya, swept her up in her arms, carried her to the bed, and laid her there, with her head resting on the pillows.

Xander crawled onto the bed, between Anya’s wide spread legs, and placed a kiss on her mound.

“Come here, Buffy,” he said. “Let’s see how many orgasms we can give to your Mistress, before dinner’s ready.”

“Yes, M’Lord!” Buffy climbed onto the bed beside Anya, and kissed her mouth. Anya’s moan against her lips told her that Xander was doing something interesting, lower down.

Buffy moved her mouth from Anya’s, trailing kisses and licks down her throat, and across her chest to her breasts. She teased and tickled her mistress’s nipples with her tongue, teeth and fingers, while listening to Anya’s moans and gasps of pleasure, and Xander’s slurps at her pussy.

It wasn’t long before Anya was coming. Xander came up on her other side, and took over kissing the breast that Buffy’s fingers had been playing with, and told Buffy it was her turn to go down on her mistress.

“Yes, Sir.” Buffy smiled, kissed Xander, getting a pre-taste of Anya’s sweet pussy, and moved down to the place Xander had vacated. She gave Anya a lick up the full length of her slit, to taste her nectar directly. She gave her pussy another lick, more slowly, and this time wiggling her tongue as deeply in between Anya’s lower lips as she could before moving up to concentrate on Anya’s clit, while slipping two fingers of her right hand into Anya’s pussy. She reached out with her left hand for Xander’s cock, and wrapped her fingers around it.

She slid her hand up along his cock, feeling his inner hardness, covered with velvety smoothness. Her hand glided over his tip, coating her fingers with his pre-come. She slid her lubricated hand back down to the base of his cock, and then lower, to fondle his balls, all the while still licking at Anya’s clit, and probing her pussy with her other hand.

Buffy turned her hand, slid a third finger into Anya’s pussy, and circled her pinky around her anus. Anya moaned, and her hips shimmied, inviting more. She pressed her pinky into Anya’s ass. She felt her mistress shudder, and heard her groan.

Buffy pulled herself away from Anya’s pussy, but kept her hold on Xander’s cock. She placed her hand on Anya’s buttock, and rolled her toward him, while pulling Xander to Anya. She guided his cock to her pussy. As soon as his head touched her entrance, Anya took over, rolling Xander over
onto his back, with her straddling him. Buffy pulled her hand away as Anya sank down around his cock.

“Oh yeah!” said Xander. Anya started to move up and down on him, her moans in harmony with his. Buffy knelt on the bed beside them, watching in fascination.

Xander turned his head, and reached out his hand to her. “Come here, Buffy.”

Buffy took his hand, and let him pull her toward him. He guided her into position straddling his face, where he could lick at her pussy, and her Reward Ring. She leaned toward Anya, and kissed her. Her hands found Anya’s tits in the same second as Anya’s hands found hers. They both squeezed, but Buffy didn’t squeeze nearly as hard as Anya did. She moaned as she felt Anya’s nails cutting into the flesh of her tits.

Xander’s talented tongue soon had Buffy joining Anya in another orgasm. She was just coming down from the crest of it, when she heard a knock at the bedroom door. She turned to see Faith standing there, watching them. “Dinner will be ready in five minutes,” she said.

“Thank you Faith,” said Anya. “Carry on.”

Faith gave her a little curtsey, which seemed very incongruous to Buffy. “Yes, Mistress.” She turned on her heel, and paused briefly, giving them a good look at her bare ass, before she headed back to kitchen.

Xander tried to say something, but Buffy couldn’t make it out, as it was muffled by her pussy on his mouth. It didn’t matter, because Anya apparently understood him. “Yes, Dear,” she said, and started bouncing up and down on his cock. Soon he was spasmimg under them, as Anya shuddered with yet another orgasm of her own.

Anya rose up off Xander’s cock, and leaned back, supporting herself by placing her hands behind her on their bed. Her wide spread legs fully exposed her wet pussy to Buffy. “Lick us clean, Buffy,” she said.

“Yes Mistress,” said Buffy, and she leaned down to suck Xander’s softening cock into her mouth.

“Don’t take too long,” said Anya. “I don’t want my dinner to get cold.”

Buffy pulled away from Xander’s cock with a soft pop! “Yes, Mistress,” she said, and leaned back down to lick Anya’s pussy clean.

Xander decided that they should be dressed for dinner, which in Buffy and Faith’s cases manifested as them suddenly wearing matching bustiers, with thong panties, and garters holding up sheer stockings. They both had their hair held up by ribbons tied in it. Xander and Anya dressed in more conventional shirts and pants. While they were eating, Buffy told Xander about her conversation with Dawn.

“Of course, she’s too young!” he nearly yelled. “I would never—”

“I was Dawn’s age, when my father sold me to Olaf,” said Anya.

“And I was screwing guys at fourteen,” said Faith.

“And how did that work out for you?” asked Xander, and instantly regretted it, as Faith looked down at her lap. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean it that way.”
“Yes you did,” said Faith, “And you’re right…because none of the guys who took advantage of me, were you.”

“I wouldn’t have taken advantage of you, and I’m not going to take advantage of Dawn.”

“I wasn’t exactly legal the first time we fucked,” said Faith.

“I know that now,” said Xander, “but I didn’t know it then!”

“And if you had?” asked Anya.

“At the time, my brain had pretty much stopped functioning, but it is functioning now, and I’m not an eighteen year old virgin, anymore, and Dawn is still younger than you were, then.”

“She still wants you,” said Faith.

“And I’m the adult…never thought I’d hear myself say that…so I’m the one who’s going to have to exercise some restraint. And who thought that they’d ever hear me say that?”

“Me,” said Buffy. “It was your restraint, after the love spell Amy cast, that I remembered when Gimmel asked me who I trusted most.”

Since Faith had cooked dinner, Buffy took care of cleaning up afterwards, while Xander took Faith and Anya into the living room of their apartment to have sex with them. Buffy was somewhat bemused by the way she accepted that without question. Here she was, washing dishes, cleaning pans, and wiping off table tops, when just a few feet away, fully visible to her in their open concept apartment, Xander was fucking Faith and Anya on the sofa.

They were both there on the couch, legs pointing at the ceiling, with Xander on his knees on the floor in front of them, fucking one, and then the other, moving back and forth… Buffy scrubbed faster.

Buffy took her place on the sofa beside her mistress, with her toes pointed at the ceiling. Xander pulled his cock out of Anya’s pussy, ripped Buffy’s panties away, and plunged himself deep inside her.

Buffy exalted in the feel of Xander’s cock plunging into her wet pussy, and the feel of Anya’s fingers on her Reward Ring, and her clit. Buffy reached over to Anya’s pussy with her hand, to try to do for Anya, what Anya’s fingers were doing for her.

Xander pulled himself out of Buffy’s cunt, his fingers replacing his cock, as he moved back to Anya.

When Xander came back to Buffy, after spending time with Anya, and Faith, it was his mouth that he pressed against her cunt, licking, kissing, and nipping at her with his teeth. They went on like that for a long time, with Xander moving back and forth between the three of them. He spent the most time with Anya, since she was in the middle, and he couldn’t just pass by her to shift between Buffy and Faith, but neither of them felt short changed, because with their link fully open, whenever he was with one of them, it was like he was with them both. Sometimes it was his cock in their pussies, and sometimes it was his tongue, or his fingers, but whatever he was doing to one, the other felt.

Faith moved silently from shadow to shadow through the UCSunnydale campus. For some reason Xander’s darts had given her and Buffy different patrol areas tonight. She missed having her sister
Slayer with her. So far, things had been quiet, the night was clear and cool, and she hadn’t encountered any vamps, or other demons. Her link with Buffy told her that things were almost as dull for her. She had gotten the job of staking out the grave of a vampire victim, and she’d staked the new vampire as it had still been digging its way free from the ground.

She was nearing the dorm where Willow and Tara shared a room when she heard the voices. She knew one of them. As she crept closer she recognized the other person. It was Tara’s cousin, Beth.

“…selfish bitch,” she was saying. “You don’t care the slightest bitty bit about your family, do you? Your dad’s been worried sick about you every day since you’ve been gone. There’s a house that needs taking care of… Donny and your dad having to do for themselves while you’re down here living god knows what kind of lifestyle. I can’t wait till your little friends find out the truth about you. And they will, you know. It doesn’t matter how innocent you act. They’ll see.”

“No, they won’t,” said Tara.

“They will unless you do some kind of spell on them.” Beth saw Tara’s reaction. “You did!”

“N-n-no!”

“You did something to them! I’m telling your father.”

No!” said Tara. “I didn’t do anything!”

“You think you can just go around cursing people? Your dad’s gonna pop!” Beth turned and nearly ran away from Tara. She passed within a few feet of Faith, without noticing her.

“I didn’t do anything!” Tara called out to Beth’s retreating back.

Faith briefly considered just leaving, but she decided against it. She stepped out into the light, where Tara could see her. “Hey,” she said.

Tara started at her sudden appearance. “Oh, Faith, uh…”

“So, what was that about?” asked Faith.

“N-n-nothing,” said Tara.

“You’re not a very good liar,” said Faith. At Tara’s indignant expression she added. “That’s a good thing. Means you don’t do it much.”

“I’m not—”

“So, what is it that you don’t want us to see?” asked Faith. “And what spell did you do to keep us from seeing it?”

“I didn’t do a spell,” said Tara, “yet,” she added in a tiny voice.

“Yet?” asked Faith.

“I was going to do it when you were all together at the Magic Box, but you guys didn’t show up. I’m sorry. It’s really a harmless spell, to keep you from seeing…the demon part of me.” The last bit was said in a whisper that Faith wouldn’t have been able to hear, if she wasn’t a Slayer.

“No way!” said Faith.
“What?”

“No way are you part demon,” said Faith. “Buffy might have the Slay-dar of a brick. How long had
Angel been hanging around before she figured out he was a vamp? But if you had any demon in
you, I’d know.”

“But the magic,” said Tara. “If I’m not a demon, where does it come from?”

“So, Willow’s part demon too?” asked Faith. “And even if it were true, who cares?”

“What?”

“Umm…what do you know about Oz?”

“Willow’s old boyfriend?”

“Yeah, did you know about him being…”

“A werewolf?”

“Yeah, and it never bothered Willow. And then there was Buffy and Angel, the vampire; Anya’s
an ex-demon; I’ve killed people. Even if you do have some demon in your ancestry, it doesn’t
matter. You are a good person.”

“Y-you think so?” asked Tara.

“I know it,” said Faith. “I’ve known lots of bad people, and you aren’t one of them.”

Faith and Tara walked to the Magic Box together, with Tara telling her about her upbringing, about
how her family had told her about her demon heritage, that was always passed down along the
female line.

“What about Beth,” asked Faith. “Is she supposed to be part demon too?”

“No,” said Tara. “She’s from my father’s side of the family. They were always clean.”

Faith shook her head. She hadn’t been able to shake Tara’s belief that she carried some demon
blood, just as her mother, and grandmother had. “So, is your dad, or granddad a demon?” she
asked.

“No,” said Tara.

“So, even if you’re right, you can’t be any more than one eighth demon,” said Faith.

“It only takes a single drop,” said Tara.

“God, where did you grow up?” asked Faith, “The old South? That’s what they used to say about
being black. If you had just one African in your ancestry, you weren’t a real human being, and
your only place was to be someone’s property. And it’s just as nonsensical with demon ancestors.
You go back far enough in anyone’s family tree, you’re going to find someone who came from
Africa, and since demons have been interbreeding with humans for as long as we’ve existed, the
same is true for them.”

Tara looked at her. “From everything Willow’s told me about you, that’s not the sort of thing I’d
expect you to say.”
Faith shrugged. “Willow’s got some issues with me, which are pretty much totally my fault, but I had a lot of time to do some reading when I was in prison. Did you know that according to some people, there was one person, who may have lived as recently as a few thousand years ago, that everyone on Earth is descended from? And if you go farther back, you find more and more people that we are all descended from. Go back twice as far and you’ll find that everyone on Earth is either one of your ancestors, or that they have no living descendants.”

“I guess I never thought of it that way,” said Tara.

“And, hey, since we’ve both got European ancestors, you probably don’t have to go back more than a few hundred years to find someone who’s in both our family trees.” Faith held out her hand to Tara. “So shake your umpteenth cousin’s hand.”

Tara laughed, and took Faith’s hand to shake. “Hi, Cuz.”

Faith grinned at her as they shook. “Hi. Welcome to the family…and if Willow’s got a problem with it, I’ll kick her ass, and then hold her down for you to spank it.”

Tara blushed. “Um…ah…”

“Hey, what are cousins for?” asked Faith.

They had nearly reached the Magic Box, when Faith heard the sound of something breaking. During her conversation with Tara she had shut down her link to Buffy, but now she let it open again, and sensed that she was in the middle of a fight with a couple of those Lei-ach demons. “Come on!” She didn’t want to abandon Tara on the street, so she swept her up in her arms, and carried her as she ran the last hundred yards to the shop, before dropping her again on the doorstep. She saw that the door had been broken open.

Inside, Buffy was fighting with two Lei-ach demons. Xander was standing protectively in front of Anya and Willow, and at first glance it looked like Giles was protecting his desk, but then Faith noticed that Dawn was crouching down underneath it.

Buffy knew that Faith was there, and kicked one of the demons in her direction, and then turned to give the other her complete attention, knowing that Faith would handle the one she’d sent her way.

With the others there, Faith didn’t mess around. She drew her knife, and went for the demon’s throat. It’s hot blood sprayed out across the room as it collapsed to the floor.

Once she’d only had one demon to worry about, Buffy had finished hers off almost as quickly, and much less messily, flipping it to the floor, and stomping on its neck to snap it.

Everyone stood still for a moment, looking around the shop, and listening for the sound of any motion. Giles stepped away from his desk, letting Dawn emerge from underneath it. “Is it over?” she asked.

“Yeah, I think so,” said Buffy. “For now, but be careful. There might be more lurking about.”

The front door creaked on its bent hinges, and everyone spun toward it. Faith saw Tara, followed by her father, brother and cousin, enter the shop.

Mr Maclay looked around. His gaze settled on the demon that Faith had killed, its throat still oozing blood into a growing pool on the floor. “What is this?” he asked.

“Demons!” said Beth. “Just like Tara!”
“No!” cried Tara.

“What?” asked nearly everyone.

“She’s a demon!” Beth pointed to the Lei-ach on the floor. “Just like that disgusting thing, and you’d all see it if she hadn’t cast a spell on you!”

“I didn’t!” said Tara. “I haven’t cast any spells!”

“You told me!” said Beth.

“No she didn’t,” said Faith. “I was there. You jumped to a conclusion. Tara never said she’d done it.”

“But—” said Willow.

“Willow, I’m sorry,” said Tara. “I didn’t want you to see, but I never had the chance…”

“See what?” asked Willow.

“Demon,” said Mr. Maclay. Tara hung her head in shame. “The women in our family…have demon in them. Her mother had it. That’s where the magic comes from. We came to take her home before…” He looked back down at the demons on the floor. “Well, before things like this started happening.”

“You cast a spell on us to keep us from seeing your demon side?” asked Giles.

“No!” said Tara. “I didn’t cast any spells! I wanted to, but—” She cut herself off. “I’ll go.”


“It’s not the point and it’s not your concern,” said Mr. Maclay. “She belongs with us. We know how to control her…problem.”

Willow stepped in front of Tara. “Look at me,” she said. “I trusted you more than anyone in my life. Was all that just a lie?”

Tara was visibly trying to hold back her tears. “No!”

“Do you want to leave?” asked Willow.

“It’s not your decision, young lady,” said Mr. Maclay.

Willow looked at him. “I know that!” She looked back at Tara. “Do you want to leave?” Tara shook her head.

“I don’t care what she wants!” said Mr. Maclay. “She belongs with her family! I hope that’s clear to the rest of you.”

Buffy stepped toward him. “It is.” She looked at Tara. “You want her, Mr. Maclay? You can go ahead and take her.” Tara couldn’t look Buffy in the eye. Buffy turned her attention back to Mr. Maclay. “You just gotta go through me.”

“What?” asked Mr. Maclay.

“You heard me,” said Buffy. “You want to take Tara out of here against her will? You gotta come
through me.”

Dawn stepped up beside her sister. “And me.”

“Is this a joke?” asked Mr. Maclay. “I’m not going to be threatened by two little girls.”

“You don’t want to mess with us,” said Dawn.

“She’s a hair puller,” said Buffy.

“And you’re not just dealing with two little girls.” Giles stepped up behind Buffy and Dawn.

“You’re dealing with all of us,” said Xander.

“This is insane,” said Mr. Maclay. “You people have no right to interfere with Tara’s affairs. We are her blood kin! Who the hell are you?”

“We’re family,” said Buffy.

Donny’s face twisted in anger, and he stepped toward Tara. “If you don’t get in that car, I swear by God, I will beat you down!”

“And I swear by your full and manly beard you’re going to break something trying,” said Xander. Donny took one look at the expression on his face, and backed off.

“Well,” said Beth. “I hope you’ll all be happy hanging out with a disgusting demon.”

Anya put up her hand. “Excuse me. What kind?” Beth just looked confused. “What kind of demon is she?” asked Anya. “There’s a lot of different kinds. Some are very, very evil, and some have been considered to be useful members of society.” She exchanged a smile with Xander.

“Well, I—I— what does it matter?” asked Beth.

“Evil is evil,” said Mr. Maclay.

“Well, let’s just narrow it down,” said Anya. Tara’s relatives just looked more confused.

“You know, I’m pretty good at sensing demons,” said Faith. “Way better than Buffy, and I don’t feel anything from Tara.” She looked at Mr Maclay. “But I’ve known men like you. You tell your tales to control the women around you, 'cause you’re a worthless piece of shit who couldn’t buy a whore to fuck him, without the tale.

“You just made up that story, didn’t you, to keep the ladies in line? Tara’s no more demon than anybody else.” She saw the look in his eye, acknowledging that she’d spoken the truth. “Fuck, you’re a piece of work.”

“I think it’s time for you to leave,” Giles told Maclay.

“Tara. For eighteen years, your family has taken care of you and supported you,” said Mr. Maclay. “If you want to turn your back—”

“Dad… Just go,” said Tara.

Mr. Maclay started to leave. He paused to look at the dead demon on the floor, and shook his head in disgust. “Magic!”
“Are you happy now?” an angry Beth asked Tara.

Tara smiled at her.

Xander shook his head. Fifteen minutes ago, Willow and Tara had been floating three feet above the dance floor of the Bronze, and it seemed that no one had noticed. But now, Buffy and Faith were gyrating together on the dance floor, and it seemed like they had captured the attention of nearly every male in the club, and quite a few of the females. He overheard more than one guy doing an unintentional Beavis and/or Butt-head impression as they drooled over the sight of the two of them dancing together.

He’d heard a few similar comments about Willow and Tara, earlier in the night, but as soon as they started floating, it seemed that nearly everyone lost interest in them. Girls dancing together: droolworthy. Girls floating: nothing to see here, move right along.

He looked around the club, picking out all of the people he cared for. Willow, Tara, Anya and Dawn were all together, talking about something that he was sure that they found fascinating, but would only confuse him. Giles was sitting off to the side at a table with Joyce. He was a little surprised that the old folks—he shuddered to think how either of them would react if he knew that Xander thought of them that way—had shown up, but it made sense for them to stick together.

Buffy and Faith were out in the centre of the dance floor, garnering the attention of everyone who didn’t have something better to capture their attention…and Xander had to admit that there was nothing in the club that was more attractive. He rose to his feet, and went out to join them.

“Life is good,” he thought to himself as he danced with his two Slayers.
Chapter 35

Xander had just finished up his Monday morning paperwork when Pat summoned him to his office. He was surprised to see the woman he had rented his apartment from was there too, but he couldn’t remember her name. Luckily, Pat introduced her. “Xander, this is Louise Northrup; she manages some of the company’s rental properties.”

“Ms. Northrup,” said Xander, taking her offered hand to shake, “Is there a problem?” He wondered if the neighbours had heard Buffy and Faith’s screams last night. “Has someone been complaining about noise, or something?”

“No complaints,” said Ms. Northrup. “Quite the contrary. I have heard nothing but good things about you. Pat tells me that you might be the solution to a problem of ours.”

“What sort of problem?” asked Xander.

“Why don’t I show you?” asked Ms. Northrup.

Ms. Northrop took Xander to one of Sunnydale’s few high-rise, luxury apartment buildings. Xander had been here, briefly, the month before, during his search for an apartment, and had quickly discovered that even the smallest bachelor apartments in this building were far outside of his price range. Ms. Northrup directed Xander into the elevator, and pressed the button for the penthouse.

It took nearly a minute for the elevator to reach the top floor, and let them out into a vestibule outside of a large set of double doors. Ms. Northrup used a key from a large ring to unlock them, and pushed them open. She waved for Xander to go ahead of her.

The place was a mess. The floor was covered with what had once been a very expensive carpet, that was now torn and stained. Some of the stains looked like dried blood. He didn’t want to think about what some of the other stains might be. He could even make an educated guess about how old the blood stains were—none were younger than a couple of weeks. He sighed inwardly about what that meant about his life. There were holes in the walls. Some looked like they were the result of someone, or something, hitting them. Others appeared to be the result of fixtures being ripped free.

“As you can see,” said Ms. Northrup, “the previous tenants caused a lot of damage before they left. The upstairs area is just as bad. Our preliminary estimate for how much it will cost to bring this apartment back up to the necessary condition to be re-leased is approximately one hundred thousand dollars.”

Xander whistled. “That’s a lot of money. What happened to the previous tenant?”

“We don’t know,” said Ms. Northrup. “Her last rent cheque bounced, and when I came by to talk to her about it, this is what I found. She vanished without a trace. Turned out that the apartment was rented through a couple of dummy corporations, which have completely folded, almost as if they had never existed in the first place.”

“So, what do you want me to do?” asked Xander. “You want me on the team for fixing this place up again?”

“In a manner of speaking,” said Ms. Northrup. “I have a proposal for you. Pat tells me that you do good work, so we came up with a way to cut some of the expense of repairing this place: we will
transfer your lease from your current apartment, to this one, at the same rent, on the condition that you have it fully repaired in a year. We’ll give you a budget for purchasing any materials that you need, or hiring trades for things that you are unable to do yourself, but we will expect you to do most of the work. Do you have any questions?”

“Just one, to start.” Xander pointed to the mural painted on one of the walls, that looked to him like something that belonged in a History Channel documentary on the Third Reich. “I don’t have to save that, do I?”

“Ah, no,” said Ms. Northrup. “Feel free to paint over it.”

Joyce was glad to be back at work. Her assistant, Margery, had done a very good job keeping the gallery going while she’d been ill, but she didn’t have the experience needed for acquiring new items to exhibit. The shelves were still fully stocked with sculptures and other objet d’art, and the walls were still covered with paintings, but Joyce knew that her back storeroom was starting to get depleted, and some of the paintings on the walls were pictures she’d had since the day the gallery had first opened, and had temporarily put back into storage, until the day came that the right customer showed up.

She spent most of the morning reviewing the books, to see what had sold, and making notes about what she would have to be on the lookout for on her next buying trip, which she’d have to make soon.

Margery took her lunch break early, at eleven o’clock, the way she usually did. The lunch hour tended to be one of their busiest times in the gallery as people used their own lunch breaks to come in and browse. They didn’t usually make many sales during lunch, but there were always lots of curious looky-loos, and some of them came back at less busy times to actually buy something. Joyce took her own lunch break after one o’clock, after the lunch time crowd had faded away.

Joyce had meant to do this last week, but her illness had prevented her from doing so. She walked down the block to see Rupert’s new store.

A bell jingled over her head as she pushed the door open and she stepped into the brightly lit front area of the shop. The cheery lighting surprised her a bit. For some reason she had been expecting to find some sort of dark and musty hole in the wall, but this place was light and airy. There was a faint scent of spice and incense in the air. It was brighter than she remembered the old school library being, despite it having had a large skylight in its ceiling.

Rupert looked up from behind the sales counter. “Ah, Joyce. Hello. Are you looking for Buffy? I believe she’s in class now.”

“No, Rupert, I came by to see you, welcome you to the business community, and have a look around your shop. It seems to be very nice.”

“Ah, yes. Thank you. Buffy and the others were a great help in getting it ready.”

Joyce paused to look at some shelves that were holding a variety of fertility idols, from various cultures around the world. They surprised her a bit, since she had sold similar statues from her gallery. She had a closer look at one of them. “Rupert, where did you get this?”

“It was part of the store’s inventory, when I bought it. Why do you ask?”

“Because I sold it a year ago, at half your asking price. Do you really expect to be able to sell it for this much?”
“Oh yes, such items are quite popular, in certain circles.”

Joyce remembered the zombie mask from Buffy’s Welcome Home party. “Does it have any magical power? Should I be worried about some of the other things I’ve got in my storeroom?”

“Oh no, this has no innate power, and, ah, after that incident a couple of years ago, I’ve been running periodic magic scrying spells on all of the local businesses, to make sure that there are no repeats.”

“So, why do you think you can sell this, for this price?” asked Joyce.

“Ah, well, as a fertility idol, when used in the right ritual, it can be imbued with the power to induce fertility. I dare say that anyone who sees it in an art gallery, will only look at it for its artistic merit. A knowledgeable person who sees it in a magic shop, will also look beyond that, to see what else it might be used for.”

“Maybe I should have you look through my storeroom, see if you can find something else there that you can sell for a better price. I’ll split the difference with you.”

“Perhaps I should do that, and bring Anya along as well. She is quite adept at judging just what the market will bear, when it comes to setting prices.”

Joyce’s hand lingered on the shelf holding the statue. “Did these come with the shop too?” she asked. “They look custom made, and new.”

“No, Xander made those for me,” said Rupert.

“Xander? Really?”

“Yes, he seems to have found his true vocation, after some searching,” said Rupert. “He is quite skilled at woodworking. Why do you ask?”

“I’ve been looking for some new cabinets for my gallery,” said Joyce. “I haven’t been happy with any of the pre-built units I’ve seen, but I can’t really afford custom work.”

“I’ll have Anya inform Xander of your interest,” said Giles, “but don’t let her set the price. Talk to him about that. She doesn’t believe in giving discounts to friends, or family.”

“I’ll do that,” said Joyce. “Have you had lunch yet?” She looked around the empty shop. “Can you come to lunch?”

“No I haven’t, and yes I can.” Rupert went to a doorway and opened it, revealing a stairway leading down. “Anya, could you come up, please? I’m about to take my lunch break.”

Joyce heard Anya’s voice echoing faintly from below. “On my way, Giles.” It slowly became clearer. “Did you know you’ve got a mummy hand down here? They can be really nasty—” She appeared in the doorway. “Oh! Hello Joyce. How are you?”

“I’m feeling much better, thank you Anya.”

“Anya, Mrs. Summers and I are going out to lunch. I shall be back in an hour, or so.”

Xander sat at the kitchen table, admiring Buffy and Faith’s bare asses as they bent to load the dirty dishes from dinner into the dishwasher. They were both dressed in their maid uniforms, wearing thigh-high stiff leather boots that didn’t let them bend their knees, forcing them to give him a
wonderful view as they loaded as many dishes into the bottom rack as they could…even though the top rack was still completely empty. They knew that he enjoyed the show, and they liked giving it to him as much as he liked seeing it.

After the last dish was placed into the washer and the machine was loaded with soap, the door closed, and the dishwasher turned on, they both turned and stood up straight, jutting their pert breasts, with their lovely gold adornments, toward him.

“Dinner cleanup is finished, Sir,” said Buffy. “What do you desire us to do now?”

Xander could tell that she desired for him to do something depraved to her body. He just smiled at her. “I think I desire to take my pets for a walk.” He smiled at Anya. “Wanna come with? I’ve got something to show you.”

“What?” asked Anya.

“It’s a surprise…one I think you’re going to like.”

“What is it?”

“If I told you that, it wouldn’t be a surprise,” said Xander. Anya looked askance at him, but he just grinned back at her. “So, you want to take our pets for a walk?”

“Yes,” said Anya.

“Great!” Xander clapped his hands together, and the light flashed. Buffy and Faith’s maid outfits transformed into tight little t-shirts, short-shorts, and high heeled sandals, with gold leashes dangling from their collars. “Let’s go!”

It was a pleasantly warm evening for a walk. Xander told Faith and Buffy to head for Weatherly Park, and then let out the full length of Faith’s leash. Buffy was beside her, at the end of her leash which was held in Anya’s hand. Xander put his arm around his girlfriend’s waist as they walked along, following their two pets, and admiring their backs, which their high heeled shoes caused to sway delightfully.

Xander directed Faith with flicks of her leash, telling her which path to take through the park, and Buffy followed her. They went around the pond, across the little foot bridge over the stream, and out the other side, to the path that led into the manicured grounds of the luxury apartment building.

Anya was surprised when Xander directed Faith and Buffy up to the front door, and that he had the key to open it. She was even more surprised when he took them to the elevator, and pressed the button for the penthouse. “What’s going on?” she asked as they got out on the top floor.

“You were saying this morning that we really needed to find a bigger place,” said Xander as he unlocked the doors in front of them. “This is definitely bigger.” He pushed them open.

Anya walked through the double doors, and looked around. “This place is a dump!”

“Yeah, it needs work, but that’s why we can afford it,” said Xander. “The deal is, that it’s ours for a year, at our current rent, on the condition that we fix it up. The company gives us a budget for materials, we supply the labour.”

Anya shot him an angry look. “You haven’t accepted it already, have you?”

“I told them I had to talk to you about it first,” said Xander. “If we accept, we can stay in our place
until the end of the month. That will give us time to clean this place up enough that it will at least be livable. I figure that with me supplying the know-how, Buffy and Faith the muscle, and your budgetting and organization skills, we can handle the job. What do you say?”

“I think I want to look around a bit more before I commit to anything,” said Anya.

“Alright then!” Xander rubbed his hands together. “Let me show you around! Here on the first level we’ve got this nice entry hall, with a nice big powder room to the right—”

Anya started to reach for the door he had indicated.

“Don’t open that!” he nearly yelled. “Ah…I think that we’re going to need hazmat gear to deal with a couple of the bathrooms in this place.”

“A couple of the bathrooms?” asked Anya.

“Yeah,” said Xander. “There are two full baths upstairs, as well at the powder room down here. The bathroom off the master suite looks to be in pretty good shape: just needs a good scrubbing. The other two are going to take full guts to get them useable again.”

“Really,” said Anya.

“Yeah,” said Xander. “But like I said, the master suite bathroom is okay now, and it’s bigger than the one we’ve got back at our apartment. Anyway, the entry hall takes us into an open concept living area, with kitchen—needs new floor and counter-tops, but I think I can salvage the cabinets; dining and living rooms—I don’t want to even think about what all has stained that carpet. I’m thinking we rip it out and put in some nice hardwood. I figure that you can have that room there to set up as your home office, or whatever you wanted to do with it.”

Anya hesitated for a moment, before reaching for the doorknob.

“Don’t worry,” he told her. “It’s a mess in there, but it’s not a smelly mess.”

Anya opened the door, which took her into a good sized room: one with a large picture window that gave a very nice view out across the town to the mountains to the east. It appeared to have been set up as a bedroom, with a small single bed, and it had shelves that were loaded with medical books. “Yes, this would make a very good office,” she said.

“And next to it, we’ve got another room that I can turn into my workshop,” said Xander, “and we can make that room over there into a nice gym for our Slayers.”

Buffy and Faith both perked up a bit at that.

“You can see it later,” said Xander. “There’s really nothing much to it now, but I think we can make something of it.” Something about the way Xander grinned suggested to Anya that there was something special about that room already, but he was holding it as a surprise till later.

“Time to see the upstairs.” Xander swept his hand toward a curving stairway. “After you, m’ladies.”

He followed them up the stairs. “To the left we have the master suite, and ahead of us are two more bedrooms, one for each of our pets.”

Buffy shook her head quickly. “I don’t need a room.”
“Neither do I,” said Faith.

“You each get a room, to do with as you please,” said Xander firmly. “Buffy, you need a place to study, and do your school work where you won’t be disturbed, and Faith is going to need one too. You will also need a private space for meditation and other Slayery things. That’s one of the great things about this place: it has the room to give each one of us our own space. I can have my workshop downstairs. Anya can have her office, and you guys can have your own rooms up here.”

“Yes, Sir,” said Buffy and Faith, together.

“Down the hall to the right is another bathroom—and you really don’t want to go into that one right now—and our own laundry room, so there’s no more schlepping down to the basement, or hoarding all our quarters so we have enough change.”

Xander turned to the left, and went through the big double doors. “And this is the master suite!”

The room was huge, and a lot of it was taken up by a big circular bed. Of all the rooms Anya had seen so far, this one seemed to be the cleanest, and least damaged. There were still some holes in the walls, but they were the sort holes that she’d seen Xander repair easily in their friends’ homes. Her feet sank into the deep pile of the carpet on the floor. The carpet itself had a mottled burgundy and rust pattern that would have been very attractive, if it weren’t for the slight scent in the air that told her that at least some of that rust was really dried blood. She could see some stains on the mattress.

“The bed, and the rug have to go,” said Xander, “but I can have this room fixed up in just a few days, and like I said, the bathroom through there…” He pointed to another door. “…just needs a good cleaning.” He pointed to another door. “We’ve also got a nice big walk-in closet.”

Anya wasn’t totally convinced by Xander’s assurances about the bathroom. Before they’d gotten Buffy and Faith, his idea of a “clean” bathroom had been only slightly better than that of the washrooms at the DoubleMeat Palace. She opened the door to look, and wrinkled her nose in disgust at the smell. This place did need a good cleaning. If Xander thought that this was acceptable then she shuddered to think about what the other two bathrooms were like.

On the other hand… It was big. There was a nice sized soaker bath tub with lots of room for two people in it. It also had a double vanity, which would make it much simpler for them all to get ready to go to work or school in the morning. There was a toilet with a bidet beside it—she wondered if Xander even knew what a bidet was, let alone how to use one. And there was a walk-in shower, with plenty of space for four people in it.

She looked around again, trying to look at it with Xander’s eyes. The room was filthy, but there were no signs of cracks in any of the grout between the tiles on walls or floor. There were no cracks or holes in the walls. She thought back to what she had seen in the living room underneath this bathroom, and there hadn’t been any water stains in the ceiling. Xander was right. After they’d had Buffy and Faith give this room a good cleaning, it would be a perfectly acceptable bathroom… better than the one they had. He might not be the best judge of cleanliness, but he was a good judge of structure and such, so the plumbing was probably sound.

She came back out of the bathroom, to see Xander grinning at her. She was starting to think that once they had done some work to fix things up, this would be a much better apartment for them than the one they had, but she didn’t want to come out in favour of it too quickly. “It’s not bad,” she said. “It might be workable.”

“And you haven’t even seen the best features yet!”
“What else is there?” asked Anya.

“First of all, there’s the balcony.” Xander swept his arm toward a set of sliding glass doors on the opposite side of the room from the bathroom. She went out through them onto a wide terrace that ran the whole northern length of the building. She could see that more doors opened onto it from the rooms that would be Buffy’s and Faith’s. The view was amazing. She could see most of the town, as well as the mountains beyond it. Off to her left she could see the landing for a stairway leading down.

“Another balcony?” she asked.

“Take a look,” said Xander.

She went to the top of the stairs and looked down to another terrace along the western side of the building. She knew that this was what he’d been holding in reserve, the reason he hadn’t shown them the room he planned to turn into a gym for Buffy and Faith. This terrace had a small swimming pool in it. “Oh, Xander!”

Anya ran down the stairs. “This is wonderful!” She paused at the edge of the pool, remembering the state of the rest of the apartment. “Uh…is it safe to swim in?”

“Yeah,” said Xander. “It’s got an automated cleaner, and there’s a pool service that takes care of changing all the filters and things. All that stuff is on the floor below us, so they don’t even have to come into the apartment to do it. They’re good guys, I worked for them for a couple of weeks last year. You know, pool cleaners, and pizza delivery guys don’t get nearly as much action as the movies might lead you to believe. I didn’t get one ‘tip’ from an oversexed co-ed, and the only naked sunbather I ever saw was an overweight, middle aged, guy.”

Anya peeled off her clothes, and dove into the pool. The water was pleasantly cool, and tasted of salt, instead of chlorine. She came back to the surface, and turned back toward Xander and the girls. He smiled at Buffy and Faith. Their leashes vanished. “You can join her, if you like.”

“Yes, Xander!” they said together, and quickly stripped off their clothes. They dove into the water after Anya.

Xander watched his girls cavorting together in the pool as he slowly undressed himself. They were on the top of one of the tallest buildings in town, and there was nothing for miles that overlooked this pool. There was almost no chance that anyone could spy on them here. On the other hand, they did have wonderful vantage point from which they could see half the town, all the way to the ocean. The view in the pool was better, though.

Xander finished removing his clothes, and dove into the water. The pool was about eight feet deep, at this end, which was deep enough for diving, and the shallow end was about half that. He swam under the water, following the contour of the bottom, up to where Anya, Buffy and Faith were splashing at each other in waist deep water. He swept them all into his arms when he surfaced, and kissed each of them in turn, finishing up with Anya.

He stood there for a moment with his arms around all of his girls, Buffy on his left, Faith on the right, and Anya squeezed between them, with all of them exchanging kisses and hugs. And then he felt three hands on his cock, and all three of his girls were grinning at him. He grinned back, and his eyes met Anya’s.

“Say, Ahn, how about we find out how long our Slayers can hold their breaths?”
Anya’s face broke into a big smile. “That sounds like a wonderful idea!”

Xander moved to sit on the pool steps, with only his head and shoulders clear of the water, and Anya sat beside him. They both spread their legs, with Anya wrapping her left leg around his right.

“Okay Slayers,” said Xander. “Go down on us, and stay down as long as you can—without risking passing out.”

“Yes, Sir,” said Buffy and Faith together, and they both took deep breaths, and ducked under the water.

Xander twisted toward Anya as Buffy’s mouth went down around his cock, and kissed her. He reached for Anya’s breast with his hand, and gave it a gentle squeeze. He massaged it in time with the movements of Buffy’s mouth on his cock.

He didn’t have any way to actually time how long Buffy and Faith were staying down under the water, but he was starting to think that they must have to come up for air soon when he felt Buffy’s mouth leave him. But she didn’t pop back to the surface to catch a breath of air, like he expected. He looked down and saw that the Slayers were just trading places. Faith was moving in on his cock, and Buffy was sliding up between Anya’s legs. He groaned, far down, as Faith took him deep into her throat.

Faith had nearly gotten him off when she and Buffy finally had to come to the surface to gasp for air. Xander knew that Buffy hadn’t quite gotten Anya off, either. After they had both taken several deep breaths, they looked like they were about to duck back down under the water to finish the job.

Xander shook his head at them. “Kneel facing each other, and hold out your arms,” he ordered.

Buffy and Faith both did as they were told. “Would you like to lie in their arms, Hun?” he asked Anya.

“Another wonderful idea, Xander!” Anya moved between Faith and Buffy, and lay back into their arms, with them holding her so that her head stayed above the water. She reached out for Xander with her legs, and wrapped them around his waist, pulling him to her.

Xander’s cock slipped into Anya’s pussy. He, Buffy, and Faith were all kneeling on the pool bottom with Anya between them. He took hold of Anya’s waist as he started to pump himself hard into her. “You can play with her tits,” he told the Slayers.

They both smiled. “Yes, Xander!” they said eagerly, and each of them leaned forward, to suck a nipple into their mouths.

It didn’t take long before Anya was shuddering in her orgasm, and Xander was coming with her. Ejaculation control was becoming second nature with him, now, so he stayed hard inside her, soon driving her to a second, and third climax.

Xander finally slowed down after Anya’s third orgasm, though he was still hard. He held himself deep inside her while he lifted her up out of Buffy and Faith’s arms, and held her, and kissed her—long, and deep. Still holding her with one arm, he ran a hand in gentle caresses over her breasts. “Love you, Ahn,” he breathed.

“I love you, too,” said Anya.

He smiled at her. “I know, and now it’s Buffy’s turn.”
“Oh, yes Xander!” said Buffy eagerly.

Xander released Anya, and she switched places with Buffy, who was soon lying back in Anya and Faith’s arms while Xander fucked her, and they kissed and licked at her breasts.

And then it was Faith’s turn. Xander marvelled at the incredible stamina and control that the Reward had given him, that made it possible for him to make love to these three incredible women, without taking any sort of break between them, and still leave them all satisfied. His control finally broke as Faith was coming around him, and he shot his load into her hot pussy. He lifted her up into his arms for their post coital hugs, kisses, and to tell her that he loved her. Anya and Buffy both pressed themselves against their sides, with their arms enveloping them too.

The sun had set while they had been making love in the pool and Xander looked to the west, where some high clouds were still glowing crimson. He turned back to Anya, and kissed her.

“So, what do you think? Want to move in here?” he asked.

“Yes, Xander,” said Anya. “Once you have repaired everything, and our Slaves have it properly cleaned, this will be a very acceptable apartment.”

“Good,” said Xander. “I’ll tell Ms. Northrup in the morning.”
Xander stopped by the Summers Gallery after work the next evening. He was accompanied by Faith, who was still dressed in her work clothes of blue jeans, work boots, and a t-shirt, and Buffy, who was wearing her school clothes.

Mrs. Summers was busy with a customer when they arrived, so Xander took some time to try to admire some of the art that was on display. He really didn’t know much about it. There were paintings from several artists, in multiple styles, hanging on the walls. They ranged from landscapes and portraits, to abstract splashes of colour. The same could be said of the sculptures being exhibited. Some were abstract blobs, while others were clearly meant to be representations of people, or animals.

The customer left, carrying a heavy crate in which his purchased sculpture had been packed, and Joyce greeted Buffy with a hug. Xander was surprised when she went on to do the same with Faith, and himself.

After she had released him, he asked “So, Joyce, Anya said you wanted some shelves?”

“Yes,” said Joyce. “I’d like to replace some of the display cases, and add another one.”

Xander looked at a case that was starting to look a little worse for wear. “This one of the ones you want to replace?”

“Yes, it is.”

“Okay.” He unclipped a tape measure from his tool belt, and started taking measurements, which he had Faith write down in a notebook that she’d borrowed from Buffy.

When he was done, he took the notebook, and quickly added up his numbers. “Alright, we’re looking at about thirty to thirty-five board feet of wood, per cabinet. That will come to one to two hundred dollars, depending on what sort of wood you want me to use. Add in another fifty dollars for hardware, and finishing, etc., and call it one-fifty to two hundred and fifty bucks each, unless you want some sort of exotic wood, like teak—and then it can get really expensive, really fast.”

“What will I get for one-fifty?” asked Joyce.

“A good solid display case made with inexpensive wood, something like ash, or poplar, and a painted finish,” said Xander.

“And for two-fifty?”

“Cherry, African mahogany, or something like that, with a stained and polyurethaned finish. Maple or oak will run you about two-hundred dollars.”

“I’ve always liked maple,” said Joyce.

“Okay, maple it is,” said Xander. “Now, do you want all fixed shelves, or do you want some of them to be adjustable?”

Half an hour later Xander had rough drawings made of what Joyce wanted built. “It’s going to be a couple of weeks before I can get them to you, with all the work that needs to be done on our new apartment.”
“That’ll be fine,” said Joyce. “What’s this about a new apartment?”

“Yeah, we’re going to be moving into a bigger place,” said Xander, “but it’s a real fixer-upper. It’s the only way we could afford it. Some of the major work needs to be done before the end of the month, when we lose our current place, but after that, I’ll be able to give these the attention they deserve.”

“There’s no real rush,” said Joyce.

Xander returned to the new apartment that evening with Buffy and Faith to get started on the cleaning up, to start making a more thorough inspection of the place, and to begin his list of tasks that needed to be completed. Each of the Slayers was carrying a heavy tool box, and Xander had a much lighter box full of cleaning supplies. Buffy and Faith were both dressed like they had stepped out of a construction site porn movie: Daisy Duke shorts, tight little white cotton t-shirts that were ripped off just below their nipples—showing their underboobs—work boots, and hard hats.

He had them leave the tool boxes in the master bedroom and sent them into the bathroom with the box of cleaning supplies, and instructions not to come back out until it was sparkling clean. He went to work ripping up the bedroom carpet: slicing it into strips with his utility knife, and rolling up the sections into bundles that Buffy and Faith would be able to carry downstairs to the dumpster that had been dropped off that afternoon.

The plywood subfloor was in pretty good shape. The carpet had been thick enough that it had soaked up nearly all of the various fluids that had been spilled on it, with very little penetrating through to the wood. There were a couple of stains in the subfloor that he marked to be removed, and patched. He didn’t know what had made them, be it a demon or whatever, and didn’t want to take any chances. He had just plugged in his circular saw, and was about to make the first cut, when he heard the shower start in the bathroom, followed by shrieks from Buffy, and Faith.

“What happened?” he asked.

“I decided to see if the shower worked,” said Faith.

“While we were inside it,” said Buffy.

“It does,” said Faith.

“But the water was very cold,” said Buffy, and if anything she stuck her chest out even more, showing off her erect nipples.

“I see,” said Xander. “And had you finished your work before you started fooling around?” asked Xander.

“Sorta,” said Faith.

“What does that mean?”
“Well, now we’ve gotta dry up the water that got splashed on the floor,” said Buffy.

“Alright. Slayers, about face.” Buffy and Faith both spun around. “Drop your pants.”

“Yes, Sir!” The both quickly unbuttoned their shorts, and pushed them down, past their knees.

“Bend over, and grab your ankles.” Xander spent a few seconds admiring their beautiful asses before he asked them “How many spanks?”

“Five!” said Buffy at the same instant Faith said “Ten!”

“Five each!” they both said together. “Please spank us for fooling around when we were supposed to be working!”

“Okay!” Xander gave each of the bare asses in front of him a quick slap.

“One!” cried Buffy and Faith. “Thank you, Sir!”

“This is for dripping water on the floor.” Smack! Smack!

“Two! Thank you, Sir!”

“This is for interrupting my work.” Smack! Smack!

“Three! Thank you, Sir!”

“This if for distracting me with those pretty tits of yours!” Smack! Smack!

“Four! Thank you, Sir!”

“And lastly, for being a pair of delightfully naughty girls!” Xander’s last two spans were against the Slayers’ exposed, and very wet, pussies.

“Aaah! Five!” It took a couple of seconds for them to recover from the orgasms those final smacks had given them. “Thank you, Sir!”

“Now straighten up, and get back to work.”

“Yes, Xander.” Buffy and Faith started to pull their shorts back up, as they straightened.

“Ah!” said Xander. “I didn’t say anything about pulling up your pants, did I?”

“No, Sir!” They let go of their shorts, and stood up straight.

“Now, back to work!”

“Yes, Sir!” Buffy and Faith both shuffled their way back into the bathroom, with their shorts down around their ankles.

Xander had finished cutting around the first of the stains, when they shuffled back out of the bathroom. As delightful as Faith and Buffy looked, walking that way, it did slow them down a bit too much for them to work effectively. “Take your shorts off,” he told them.

They both smiled at him, and quickly extracted their feet from their pants. “Thank you, Sir!”

“Alright. Faith, have you ever used one of these?” He held up his saw.
“Yes, Xander.”

“Good.” He handed her the saw, and the safety glasses he was wearing. “You can finish cutting out these bits that need to be patched, just like I did with the first one. Buffy, get a prybar, and screwdriver, and pull up that first one I cut. It’s glued down, as well as having some screws in it, so you’re also going to have to scrape off any bits of wood that get left behind. I want a nice smooth surface to put the patches onto.”

“Yes, Xander.”

He concentrated for a second, and another set of safety glasses appeared on Buffy’s face. “And remember: Safety first! Now that you’ve finished cleaning the bathroom, I’m going to see if the grime was covering anything that’s going to need to be fixed. Call me if you have any problems.”

Xander stayed to watch as Faith knelt down on the floor to make her first cut, just to be sure that she knew what she was doing with the saw. The way she’d been sure that her back was to him, showing off her wonderfully bare ass had nothing to do with it. Buffy too was sure to see that he had a nice view when she leaned over the first of the screws that she had to pull from the centre of the first bit of floor to be removed. He smiled, shook his head, and went into the bathroom to have a better look at it.

He was quite satisfied with what he’d found, when he emerged from the bathroom some time later. He had confirmed his initial assessment of the state of the plumbing, and fixtures. He’d found some caulking that needed to be replaced, but no major problems. It also looked like Buffy and Faith were nearly done with the floor. All the bits needing patching had been removed, and the two Slayers were engaged in scraping the last few splinters of wood out of the last two holes. He took a glance at the ones they’d finished, and saw that they were perfectly cleaned.

“Very nice work,” he told them. “Both here, and in the bathroom. When you’ve finished up those last two, flip the mattress on the bed. Let’s see if the other side is less stained.”

Both Slayers smiled at that. They knew what Xander had in mind.

The other side of the mattress on the circular bed was unstained. As soon as Buffy and Faith had seen that, they both straightened up, and turned to face Xander, with eager expressions on their faces.

He smiled at them. “Come here,” he said, and they both stepped toward him. He wrapped his arms around them, and kissed them. He slid his hands down their backs to give a buttock on each of them a squeeze, and then moved his hands around and brought them up under the girls’ tees, to tease their nipples. He pulled his face back from theirs, and looked at them both, for just a bit. They both looked lovingly back at him.

“Buffy, kiss Faith,” he ordered.

Buffy smiled at him, and then turned to Faith for a kiss. It started slowly, with their lips barely brushing together, and then their tongues flicked out to lick each other’s lips, and then they were pressing together, and moaning into each other’s mouths as Xander gave the nipples between the fingers of both of his hands a pinch. He could see that Buffy and Faith had both placed a hand on the other’s breast as well and were adding their own pinches to Xander’s.

Their ripped off t-shirts had been pushed up, revealing their tits to his gaze. He dropped down onto his knees in front of them, and kissed their nipples, one by one. As his lips touched each nub, there was a flash of light, and a jewelled stud pierced through it—emeralds for Buffy, and rubies for
Faith—causing the Slayers to gasp, and shudder from the exquisite pain. He lowered himself farther to place a kiss on each of their navels, giving them both diamond studs.

He looked up at his two beautiful Slayers, seeing them looking down adoringly at him, and waiting for his orders. He thought about what he wanted from them, and smiled.

Xander liked strong women. He liked women who took charge. The biggest downside to this whole Reward thing, from his point of view, was the way it made Buffy and Faith subservient to him. As much as he enjoyed being in charge, it was Buffy’s strength and independence that had attracted him to her—after his initial knocked-off-his-skateboard reaction. In his first sexual encounter with Faith, she had taken control from the start, and never relinquished it, right up to tossing him out the door in his underwear as soon as she was done with him. And then there was Cordelia. Queen C took a back seat to no one. She was in charge, and no one disputed it. A year ago Anya had shown up in the basement of his parents’ house, told him that she wanted to have sex with him, and dropped her dress. In some ways he had never looked back. He had been her love slave ever since then.

The Reward might have given Buffy and Faith to him to be his slaves, but in his heart, he knew that their proper roles were reversed. He should be their slave, and so he gave the order: “Buffy, Faith, I’m not going to be giving you any more orders, till it’s time to go get Anya from work. Until then, you can have your way with me, and each other.”

For a moment they didn’t move, and then both of them smiled a smile that would have terrified a lesser man. They didn’t say a word as they reached down, grabbed hold of him, and tossed him onto the bed.

They followed right behind. Two pairs of hands started moving over his clothes, opening buttons and zippers, untying shoes, pulling cloth away from him with Slayer speed. It was only its combination with Slayer dexterity that kept any of his clothes from being ripped.

Once they had Xander naked, Buffy and Faith got busy pulling the remainder of what they’d been wearing off of each other. Xander found himself lying on his back on the bed, with two naked Slayers on top of him, kissing him, wiggling against him, pressing themselves against his entire body.

They didn’t speak, but they were coordinating their actions perfectly. There was no discussion over which of them would be first ride his cock, while the other straddled his mouth to let him lick wildly at her pussy. Xander knew that they were using their link to communicate silently with each other, and not just with silent words. When he took Buffy’s Reward Ring in his teeth to give it a good wiggle, he felt Faith’s inner walls clenching down around his cock. He had to clench himself, a few seconds later to keep from shooting his wad into Faith’s pussy when he came. Buffy pulled herself away from his mouth as Faith rose off his cock, and then he had Faith lowering herself over his face, while Buffy took his dick into her snatch.

Xander did his best to please both of his Slayers, and he admitted to himself that his best was pretty good, since the Reward had started. It wasn’t long until all three of them were experiencing another shared orgasm.

Buffy raised herself up off Xander’s cock, and Faith hooked her leg around Xander’s shoulder and fell sideways onto the bed, pulling Xander with her, so he was lying on his side, with Faith’s thigh as his pillow, and her snatch still in front of his face. He felt Buffy’s mouth on his cock, and lifted his head clear for a moment, just in time to see Faith bury her face between Buffy’s legs. The three of them were lying on the bed in a triangle, so that each of them could go down on one of the others. Xander put his mouth back to Faith’s pussy, so that all of them were fully engaged in giving
and receiving oral pleasure.

Xander was still constraining his orgasms, not letting himself ejaculate into Buffy’s mouth when he came, so he was staying hard, and her talented tongue was driving him to multiple climaxes. The orgasms seemed to move around their triangle, from Xander, to Faith, to Buffy, and back to Xander, with each repetition growing in intensity, until Xander couldn’t hold his any longer, and he came forcefully into Buffy’s mouth.

Xander felt momentarily spent, and he rolled himself away from Buffy and Faith, onto his back to give himself a respite. He looked aside and saw Faith rolling onto her back too, and Buffy crawling up over her. They opened their mouths and Xander watched as his jiz dribbled from Buffy’s mouth into Faith’s before Buffy’s lips descended onto Faith’s. Just before their lips touched, he saw them both extending their tongues to the other. He lay still, just watching his two Slayers passionately kissing, sharing the essence of his orgasm. He felt a fresh stirring in his loins.

Xander sat up, and shifted himself so that he had a nice view of Buffy’s ass. She was straddling Faith’s hips, and he saw both of them spreading their legs in invitation, opening their pussies to him, the only indication that they were aware of anyone other than each other.

He wasn’t quite ready yet, so he took his gradually stiffening cock, still slick from Buffy’s saliva, in his hand and slowly stroked it while continuing to watch Buffy and Faith making out. Buffy’s ass started to wiggle, and Faith’s hips started to rise and fall, in rhythmic pelvic thrusts under her. That was enough to finish bringing Xander back to full arousal.

Xander crawled on his knees up between Buffy and Faith’s legs. Faith lifted her hips higher and he took hold of her waist, and pulled them both toward his lap. He plunged his cock deep into Faith’s cunt. He gave her a few good, hard, thrusts before he pulled out of her, and plunged into Buffy. He went back and forth, a couple of thrusts into one, and then the other, back and forth until they were both coming.

He pulled out of Buffy, to return to Faith, but this time she raised her hips even higher for him. “Fuck our ass!” they both said, together. “Fuck it hard!”

Well, he couldn’t refuse a request like that, now could he? He drove his cock, thoroughly coated by Buffy’s and Faith’s juices, into Faith’s tight ass. It was nearly too much for him. It was only the strength of her sphincter clenching around him, on top of his own effort, that kept him from exploding right away into her. He still had to hold himself still for a moment, with Buffy and Faith still begging “Fuck us! Fuck us!” before he could start to comply. He felt Faith loosen her hold on him as he started to move again, slowly at first, but soon he was pounding hard into Faith’s ass as she and Buffy both screamed. Then he pulled himself out of Faith, and plunged into Buffy’s ass, driving himself hard into her, as well.

He knew he was nearly at his limit. There would be no holding back, the next time he came so he pulled out of Buffy, to return to Faith. It was Buffy who had received his seed the last time, so now it was Faith’s turn. He had barely penetrated her tight ass again when he started to come. He thrust hard and deep, pressing his cock as far up Faith’s ass as he could with each new convulsion.

When he was finally drained, he collapsed forward onto both Buffy and Faith. Buffy twisted around in Faith’s arms to accept his kiss, and then it was Faith’s turn. They lay together on the round bed, in a tangle of arms and legs while Xander recovered enough strength to be able to move again.

“I was planning on throwing this bed out, right away,” he said, “but now I’m thinking that we keep it for a little while, at least until we move ours in here.”
Buffy smiled at that. “Sounds like a good idea.”

Faith nodded her agreement. “Maybe we can move it downstairs, when it’s time to do the floors in here.”

“I think we’ve got a plan,” said Xander, “and much as I like just lying here with you guys, if we don’t get moving soon, Anya’s going to start wondering what’s keeping us.”

“Oh, I think she’ll have a pretty good idea,” said Faith.

“She’ll just be upset that she’s missing out on all the orgasms,” said Buffy.

Xander struggled to sit up. “We can’t have that. Last one into the shower is a rotten egg!” He rolled off the bed, and nearly collapsed as he tried to stand up. It was only the quick reflexes of Buffy and Faith that allowed them to catch him, and then they both carried him to the bathroom, where they declared their arrivals in the shower a tie.

The shower in the master ensuite was a marvel of modern plumbing technology. It had a giant rain head overhead, multiple nozzles that sprayed water from the sides, and wands on flexible hoses that let you spray water up into those hard to reach places. They had brought the basic shower supplies, so the three of them were quickly soaping down each other’s bodies, and scrubbing each other’s backs. Buffy and Faith lowered themselves down onto their knees in front of Xander to wash his cock together. They were a little disappointed that it didn’t respond at all to their tender ministrations, but that didn’t stop them both from giving it a good lick, and suck after they had finished rinsing the soap from it.

After their shower they all returned to the bedroom to get dressed again, and Xander had Buffy and Faith pick up the rolls of old carpet to carry down to the dumpster for disposal.

Something disturbed Xander’s sleep, and he opened his eyes just in time to see Buffy’s bare ass going out the bedroom door, before she closed it carefully behind her. He thought for a moment that she’d had to go to the bathroom or something, but he didn’t hear that door opening, or the sound of any running water, or toilet flushing.

He lay still in the bed, waiting for her to return, but after a few minutes it became pretty clear that whatever had gotten her up in the middle of the night was going to take her a while. He gave Anya a little nudge, that made her roll away from him, and rest her head on Faith’s breast, where she could listen to her heart beat, and followed Buffy out of the room.

He found her at the kitchen table, with textbooks around her, and writing in her notebook. “Hey, what’s up?” he asked quietly.

Buffy looked up at him, and smiled. “Just doing a little catching up on my school work. With everything else that’s been going on, I let myself get a little behind.” Xander frowned at that news, and Buffy quickly added “It’s no big, really. I haven’t missed any assignments, yet, or anything else important. I’ll be caught up in no time. I don’t really need the sleep.”

Xander could tell that she thought the expression on his face had been some sort of disappointment in her, so he hastily told her “I’m not upset with you; I’m upset with me. I should have realized that this Reward stuff was taking up too much of your time…and as for you not needing the sleep, I’m the guy who you leaned on while you napped in high school, after a long night of Slaying, remember?”

She smiled at that. “Yeah, I do.”
“So get done what you need to get done, tonight, and in the morning tell Anya that we need to schedule some study time for you.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good.” Xander leaned down and kissed her. “Come back to bed when you’re done…and when you tell Anya in the morning, also tell her that I said you deserved a spanking, for not telling us you needed more study time, sooner.”

Buffy’s smile got even brighter. “Yes, Xander. Thank you!”

Xander kissed her again. “Alright then. Goodnight.” He went back to the bedroom, to crawl back into bed with Anya and Faith, and was soon back to sleep. He wasn’t sure how much time passed before he was awakened again by Buffy rejoining them. He went back to sleep with her snuggled up on one side of him, and Anya on the other.
Chapter 37

Anya’s hand came down on Buffy’s bare ass. “Ten! Thank you, Mistress!” Buffy was leaning over the kitchen table to take her spanks.

Anya sat back down at the table. “Yes, you were very naughty, not telling us you needed more time for studying. I’ve fallen behind in my own studies, ever since this Reward started, and now that I’m working with Giles at the Magic Box. I’ll schedule a couple of hours of regular study time for both of us, in the evenings. Will that be sufficient?”

“Yes, Mistress. I think so,” said Buffy.

“If you need more, be sure to tell us.” Anya held out her empty coffee mug to Buffy. “Now, refill this.”

Buffy took the mug. “Yes, Mistress. Right away.” She first went to the sink to rinse the dregs from bottom of the mug, before going to the coffee maker on the counter to refill it with fresh coffee, and then adding the precise amounts of milk and sugar that Anya preferred.

“So,” said Xander. “Anything else going on?”

“The hardwood we ordered is going to be delivered to the apartment this afternoon,” said Anya. “You were right, we could get a better price through your company’s supplier. I did get find us a bargain on tiles for the new bathroom, though.”

“Better than our usual supplier?” asked Xander.

“It’s a discontinued line,” said Anya. “They aren’t making it anymore. They’ve got almost enough to do the whole place.”

“‘Almost enough’ isn’t enough,” said Xander.

“We can use some more expensive tile as an accent, to make up the difference,” said Buffy, placing Anya’s coffee mug on the table in front of her. “I saw it on a design show. 90% inexpensive tile, 10% high quality accent, makes something looking 100% custom.”

“You’re the expert,” said Xander. It was an arrangement that they had come to quickly for the renovation of their new apartment: Anya handled the budget, Buffy took care of the aesthetics, and he had the construction knowledge, with Faith as his apprentice. He thought that things would work out really well.

The bathrooms in the new apartment—other than the master bath—were a disaster. Xander hadn’t been kidding about not wanting to enter them without hazmat gear. Fortunately, his ability to dress Buffy and Faith in whatever manner his imagination could come up with, came up with quite the hazmat outfits for them.

They both looked like they had been dipped in liquid black vinyl while wearing spike heeled shoes. Their heads were covered in hoods, with goggles over their eyes. The grills of air filters jutted out over their cheeks. They were not able to talk in their outfits, so they could only acknowledge his instructions with nods of their heads. He supervised them while they hung sheets of plastic to keep dust and mould spores from the upstairs bathroom demolition being transported throughout the rest of the apartment. He left them to their demolition work, while he went back to
the bedroom to patch the holes in the subfloor, and the drywall.

The vinyl coating Buffy’s body was uncomfortable, and restricted her movement. The gag stuffed into her mouth was porous enough to breath through, but it didn’t let her speak. Fortunately, she didn’t have to speak when working with Faith. Their connection made words between them superfluous. Faith knew what they had to do to demolish the bathroom, so they worked together to do it. They tore down the walls, ripped up the floors, and dumped everything into a bin that was small enough to fit into the elevator. It was a thrill taking the bin down the elevator, to dispose of into the dumpster. Buffy was ashamed to be seen the way she wasn’t dressed, but that excited her too.

It hadn’t taken him long to patch the holes in the floor, or to patch the drywall in the bedroom. Xander had lots of practice patching holes in drywall. Now he just had to wait for the mud to dry, before they could sand and paint. He moved on to the deck around the pool, which was in need of a good washing. He had borrowed a power washer from work and used it to spray down the deck, blasting away a year or two of accumulated grime. He was just finishing up when Buffy and Faith appeared, in their vinyl bio-hazard suits.

“All finished with the bathroom demolition?” he asked them.

Buffy and Faith both nodded at him.

He looked at them both, standing before him covered from head to toe in the dust from the demolition. He turned the power sprayer to the sky, so the water from it rained down over them. They both spun under the falling water, letting it wash the dust from their bodies, and giving Xander wonderful views of them from all angles. They kept turning until their vinyl coated bodies glistened.

He turned the sprayer off, and just looked at Buffy and Faith for a few seconds, still not believing his luck, having these two beautiful girls at his beck and call…but they were his to command.

“Inside!” he ordered, pointing to the doors to the room that would become their home gym.

Buffy and Faith rushed to comply, running back into the apartment. Xander followed them at a more leisurely pace, admiring their ‘backs’ all the way. He slid the glass door shut behind him as he entered. Buffy and Faith were waiting for him, nearly bouncing on their toes in their black vinyl outfits.

“Back to back,” ordered Xander, “with your arms and legs spread wide.”

His Slayers moved quickly to comply, and the Reward light flashed. They were both suspended in the centre of a steel ring, dangling from the ceiling, with their arms held out at the ten, and two o’clock positions, and their legs at four and eight.

Xander stepped up in front of Faith, and gave her vinyl coated nipple a tweak. Both Slayers quivered. He reached up again, and pinched her nipple hard, and pulled, setting them both spinning slowly in front of him. He stopped their spin with a hand on Buffy’s breast, and gave her a tweak too. He looked more closely at them, and what had—until now— been a perfectly smooth black surface, was now studded with loose tabs, just the right size for him to grab hold of. He reached out to a tab beneath Buffy’s tits, grabbed hold of it, and yanked.

It felt like a band-aide being ripped off suddenly, as several square inches of vinyl were pulled from her skin. Then Buffy felt Xander squeezing her nipple between his fingers, and pulling, swinging them around until Faith was facing him, and then she felt the echo of Faith’s pain through
their link as Xander ripped off a patch of her coating.

The goggles covering their eyes had gone opaque, as soon as Xander had suspended them, and their hoods now blocked out all sound. The masks that they were breathing through filtered out all odours. It was an effort just to breathe. The only sensation left to them was feel: the feel of Xander ripping piece after piece of their coverings away from them.

They wanted to scream, but their mouths were full of the gags held in place by their hoods. Bit by bit, he tore another strip of plastic from their bodies: each one also taking the last little bits of body hair that they had remaining. It was like Xander was giving them both a full body wax job.

Xander spun his Slayers around once again, and then stopped them, with Buffy facing him. She had once been completely covered in black vinyl, but now he had ripped most of it away from her front. She was now covered in what looked like gloves that came up to just above her elbows, and boots that rose to mid-thigh…and little pasties that covered her nipples, and another triangle of plastic over her crotch. He ripped the pasties from Buffy’s nipples, and watched her shudder from the pain induced orgasm. He spun them around again, and did the same with Faith.

When he ripped the final piece of plastic away from Buffy’s pussy, it took her landing strip of pubic hair with it. It also unleashed a stream of Buffy’s essence, that started to drip to the floor, and run down her legs. He knelt quickly in front of her, and pressed his mouth to her snatch, to lick up as much of it as he could, and to tease her to a new climax with his tongue on her clit, and Reward ring.

He stayed on his knees when he spun them again, bringing Faith’s crotch around in front of his face. This time he was ready when he ripped the bit of vinyl away from her pussy, and had his mouth in place to catch nearly every drop of her nectar.

Faith wanted to scream as Xander’s tongue propelled her over another precipice of pleasure. Then she felt him moving slowly up her body, licking, kissing, nipping at her flesh. His teeth nibbled at her nipples, and then at her neck, and then she felt his cock penetrating deep into her pussy.

He was still fully clothed. She could feel the fabric of his shirt pressing against her tits. He’d opened his belt, and his fly, and she could feel the roughness of his zipper sawing at her thighs as he fucked her. His arms had reached around her, to grab Buffy’s tits. Her link with her sister slave was wide open, and she could feel his fingers mauling Buffy’s breasts, his nails sinking painfully into their skin, making them both come.

And then Xander was gone, but only for a moment while the Slayers felt themselves spinning around, but then he was back, fucking Buffy’s pussy while he mauled Faith’s tits. Baith loved it. She loved the pleasure of Xander’s cock in her pussy, and the pain of his fingers squeezing her tits. Her ecstasy rose to even higher levels, where time had no meaning. She couldn’t have said if it lasted for ten minutes, or ten seconds. All she knew was that as her arousal rose higher and higher, she craved for her release to come, and then after she reached the apex, and began her fall, she wished that it had taken longer.

Xander was still hard inside them, but he stepped back, breaking contact, and suddenly their hands and feet were released and they fell to their knees on the floor. Their hands were pulled around behind their backs, and bound into place there. The section of their hoods covering their mouths vanished, and they drew in deep breaths of unrestricted air.

They could hear now, too. The could hear Xander ordering them to come suck his dick. They followed the sound of his voice, walking on their knees, until they were close enough that his hands could take hold of their heads, and guide them the last little way to his cock.
He brought their mouths in on either side of him, so that their lips touched in a kiss around him. They both moved their mouths up along his shaft, licking at him, savouring the mixed taste of their essences clinging to him until they reached his tip. They both took turns, teasing him with flicks of their tongues over and around his head, before one of them (it didn’t matter which—they were so deeply merged that it might as well have been either) sucked him deep into her throat, while the other licked her way back down his cock to his balls, to suck on them.

It didn’t matter to them who was sucking on Xander, but he wanted both of them to have their turns, so every so often he would push one of their heads back, and pull the other in to take its place. It made no difference to Fuffy which of their mouths was sucking on Xander’s cock. The only thing that mattered was that his cock was in one of their mouths.

They whimpered when he pushed both of their heads back, but then he ordered them to open wide, and stick out their tongues. The first gush of his seed came out onto Baith’s tongue, and across her nose and cheeks. The second spurt went into Fuffy’s mouth, and dribbled down her chin. Another spurt hit Baith’s face and then another trickled over Fuffy’s.

Baith felt Xander’s gentle hands taking hold of her heads, pressing them toward each other. “Clean your faces,” he said quietly, and they did, licking his semen from their cheeks, chins, lips and noses. The light flashed, and Fuffy blinked in the light hitting her eyes, now that their hoods were gone. The steady pressure of Xander’s hands against the sides of their faces lifted them up onto their feet. He kissed Baith, and then he kissed Fuffy.

Xander looked at his two Slayers, his heart full of love for both of them. He wondered how he could be so lucky to have two such beautiful creatures at his beck and call. He knew that he had to care for them, and cherish them, and something more. He had to trust them. Trust them to do as he ordered…up to but not beyond the point that they needed to be ordered.

“Turn around,” he said.

Buffy and Faith both turned, revealing their backs to him. Their backs that were still coated in black vinyl. He reached up and brushed Faith’s hair away from her neck, dug his finger nails under the fringe of plastic, and slowly peeled back enough to let him grab hold of it, and yank.

Faith screamed from the pain, but he had learned to tell the difference between real pain, and the ecstatic pain that his Slayers loved, and this was definitely the second sort. So much so that he didn’t hesitate at all before he did the same with the strip of vinyl on Buffy’s back.

He listened to Buffy’s scream of ecstasy, and watched both of his Slayers quake in orgasmic joy. He smiled at them both. “Come on,” he said. “Anya’s waiting at home.” He waved his hand toward the door back out to the main room of the new apartment’s lower level. He followed them out the door, and up the stairs, enjoying the view that gave him of their asses every step of the way.

The last of the vinyl flashed away from them when they reached the master bathroom, and Xander ordered his Slayers to undress him, before they took their shower together. The shower itself was done quickly, with them all taking turns while two of them scrubbed down the other with soapy hands. Xander resisted the urge to have sex with his Slayers again, since they still had Anya waiting for them at home, and she’d be upset if they were late.

Faith didn’t know what woke her up. The apartment was dark and quiet, and she was snuggled comfortably in between Xander and Anya. Buffy was asleep on the other side of their mistress, and Faith could sense the echoes of some erotic dreams bouncing around in her head. Thoughts that had Faith’s hand moving down toward her pussy, and the return of a sensation that she hadn’t felt since
the Reward had started.

Instead of just bare skin on her mons, her fingers encountered the soft curls of short pubic hair. Somehow it had already grown past the itchy-scratchy stage. She grinned as her fingers traced the V shaped outline of her new patch, a V that she didn’t have to look at to know that it was perfectly framing her small heart shaped tattoo. She considered waking Xander, so that she could show it to him, but she knew that he’d be see it soon enough. She went back to sleep imagining how Xander would take his time, exploring this latest change.

Buffy hadn’t seen her mother or sister for nearly a week, when she arrived at her house for dinner on Sunday. Between school, Slaying, working on the new apartment, and being of whatever service she could to Xander and Anya, there hadn’t been much time for anything else, but Xander had ordered her to make some time for her family, so here she was.

“I’m home!” she called out as she opened the door, and it felt true. She had multiple homes now, each with their own particular draws. Xander’s apartment, their new place—which was nearly ready for them to move into—and this house with her mother and sister. Each of them was “home” to her now, in different ways.

Her mother came out of the kitchen. “Hello, Buffy. Dinner’s almost ready. What’s that you’ve got?”

Buffy held up the maple board she was carrying. “Finish samples,” she said. “Xander’s got your cabinets almost done, he wants to know what sort of finish you want on them: light, dark, or no stain, satin or gloss finish. He made this so you can see what they all look like.”

“I like the dark one,” said Dawn from the stairway.

Joyce took the sample board from Buffy, and carried it through into the dining room, where there was lots of natural light coming in through the big front windows. She looked at it carefully, with a critical eye. “I do like the dark stain, but I’m afraid that some of the pieces might be lost against such a dark background. Many of them tend to be pretty dark, themselves.”

“You don’t have to pick just one colour,” said Buffy. “Xander can do each one differently. A dark stained cabinet to set off some of your lighter coloured sculptures, a light stain for the darker ones. Something in the middle for the rest.”

“That could work,” said her mother. “I’ll think about it over dinner. You two can set the table now.”

Buffy told her mother and Dawn about the progress they were making, getting the new apartment ready. “We’re almost done on the upstairs part,” she said. “The walls are all patched, and painted, and the new floor is down. Just some trim work, and finishing the bathroom left to do. We’re going to be moving in next weekend. The next big project is going to be redoing the kitchen.”

“Will that be done, before you move?” asked her mother.

Buffy shook her head. “Nope, but the kitchen works well enough for our needs now. It’s mostly just cosmetic stuff that needs to be done there.”

“Are you moving your stuff out of here?” asked Dawn.

“Yep, next weekend.” Buffy, thinking she knew where this might be going. She was right.
“So, can I have your room?” asked Dawn.

“If it’s okay with Mom,” said Buffy.

“Are you sure?” asked her mother.

“Yeah, I mean, even before the Reward started, I wasn’t really spending much time here. I spent most of last year living in the dorms, at UC Sunnydale, and I’d be back there now, if it wasn’t for it.”

“Then you can move into Buffy’s room, Dawn,” said their mother.

“If you have your shelves and stuff cleaned off, we’ll even help you move your furniture,” said Buffy. “In fact, if you want, you can have my bed, and I’ll take yours.”

“Really?”

“Really. I don’t expect to be needing it, much.”

Joyce cleared her throat.

“Right…let’s not talk about that,” said Buffy.

Xander backed the truck that he had borrowed from work into the alley behind the Summers Gallery, watching in his mirrors as Faith walked behind him, waving directions to guide him close to the rear doors of Joyce’s shop. When she waved for him to stop, he cut the engine, set the brake, and then he and Buffy got out of the truck.

Buffy went to the door, and knocked on it while he opened the back door of the truck, and pulled out the loading ramp. He got out of the way when Buffy came back, and she and Faith carried the first of the new cabinets, wrapped in a blanket to protect it from scratching during transport, into the gallery.

They were back quickly to get the second, and then the third cabinets. He followed them inside with the last one, which they stood upright beside the others in front of Mrs. Summers, still all covered by their blankets.

Xander, Faith and Buffy all took up positions beside one of the cabinets, and Buffy counted down with a “Three, two, one, Taa-daaf!” and they all pulled their blankets away.

Joyce let out a little gasp. “Oh, Xander! They’re beautiful!” She stepped closer to have a better look at them.

“Thank you, Joyce. We aim to please. Buffy and Faith helped me quite a bit, too.”

“Mostly just holding stuff steady, and doing sanding and things,” said Buffy. “Xander did all the hard stuff.”

“I’m sure that you and Faith did your parts,” said Joyce. “So, how much do I owe you?”

“Six hundred and thirty-eight dollars,” said Xander. “You can keep the fifty-seven cents.”

“Oh, I couldn’t!” said Joyce.

“Alright, if you insist, I’ll take the fifty-seven cents, too.”
“That’s not what I meant,” said Joyce.

“That’s what they cost me to make,” said Xander. “I could call Anya, and have her bring over all her spreadsheets.”

“That’s not what I meant,” said Joyce. “Your price is much too low.” She had opened one of the bottom drawers, and was looking at the inside of it, seeing that Xander’s attention to making everything perfect had extended to the parts that were normally out of sight. “I’m pretty sure that I could slap a thousand dollar price tag on each of these, and have them sold in a week, and I’m not even in the furniture business.”

“Neither am I,” said Xander. “I made these for a friend, not to make a profit.”

“Alright, if you insist.” Joyce got her cheque book out, and started writing. “But if you ever do get into the furniture business, I know a man in L.A. who deals in custom built furniture. He’d probably try to sell these for two-thousand each.” She ripped the completed cheque from her book, and handed it to him.

Xander glanced at it, just to make sure she wasn’t overpaying him, and saw that she had included the fifty-seven cents.
Buffy had most of her stuff unpacked, and put away in the cupboards of her new room. She also had her bed made, even though she wasn’t really planning to use it. Their big bed in the master bedroom was much more comfortable, though she supposed that Xander might have other ideas about how to properly christen her room.

That thought was interrupted by a knock on the frame of her new door. “Can we come in?” asked Xander.

“Of course, Sir,” said Buffy. “You can do whatever you like.”

“Okay, new rule,” said Xander. “This is your room. In here, you make the rules. The rest of us can only be in here with your permission.” He looked over at Faith. “Same goes for your room, once we get it set up.” He turned back to Buffy. “So, is there anything you’d like to do?”

“Yes, Xander,” said Buffy, feeling freed by his permission to indulge her basest fantasies. “I’d like to suck your cock, while Faith and Anya fuck my ass and pussy with strap-ons.” She’d save the whips for later.

“I think we can arrange that,” said Xander, and the Reward light flashed. A pair of strap-on dildos appeared on Buffy’s desk. “Now tell us what you want us to do.”

Buffy smiled and stepped toward him. “Faith and Anya, undress each other.” She started to undo the buttons of Xander’s shirt.

She took her time, appreciating his skin, and his muscles, and showing her appreciation by kissing and licking every bit of it as she uncovered him. When it came time to remove his pants she gave special attention to his cock, caressing it with her lips and tongue, but she didn’t suck him into her mouth yet.

Once she had Xander naked, she had him undress her. He took just as much time with her, showing her body just as much appreciation as she’d given his. By the time he had removed her last sock, Faith and Anya had gotten each other completely naked too.

Buffy turned to the desk, to get the two, double ended, strap-on dildos. She gave one of them to Xander. “You can put this on Faith, while I take care of Anya.”

“Yes, Buffy,” said Xander, and he went to kneel in front of Faith. Buffy took her dildo to Anya, and knelt in front of her. Anya quickly stepped into the harness, and Buffy lifted the dildo up between her legs.

Anya’s slit was already wet, and Buffy slid the root of the dildo along it, and pressed it against her clit. She smiled as Anya groaned. She returned the root of the dildo to the entrance to Anya’s pussy, and slowly pressed it into her.

Buffy gave the dildo a good wiggle, to make sure that it was properly seated before tightening the straps around Anya’s hips. She stood up and smiled at her mistress. Xander might have said that she was in charge here, but she still phrased it as a request. “Would you like to lie back on my bed, Anya?”

“Yes, Buffy.” Anya went to the bed and lay back on it.
Buffy crawled on top of Anya, and lowered herself down onto the dildo, feeling it filling her. She looked back at Faith, and saw that Xander had finished fitting her dildo onto her. “Come here, Faith, and fuck my ass!”

Faith smiled back. “Yes, Buffy.” Buffy could feel an ironic echo of what Anya had said through their link. Faith knelt on the bed behind her, and guided her strap-on into Buffy’s ass.

“Oh, yes!” moaned Buffy, feeling the second dildo entering her. “Now Xander! Come here.”

Xander climbed onto the bed in front of Buffy, kneeling over Anya’s face, with his hard cock in front of Buffy’s nose. She took hold of his dick and licked it from his balls to his tip. She sucked it into her mouth.

Buffy thought that she was in heaven. She had Xander’s cock in her mouth, and Anya and Faith’s dildos filling her pussy and ass. They all felt wonderful to her. She rose and fell on Anya’s silicone dildo as Faith pounded her ass, and she took Xander’s cock as deeply as she could into her throat. Anya was grasping at Xander’s hips, pulling herself up so she could suck on his balls. Buffy’s hands were on Anya’s tits, squeezing them in time with Anya’s thrusts into her cunt.

Buffy reveled in the sensations of having someone penetrating all of her orifices. She loved all of it. She felt Xander leaning forward over her, to meet his mouth to Faith’s. Their connection let her feel Xander’s hands squeezing Faith’s tits. Her hands on Anya’s breasts echoed what Xander was doing for Faith.

Anya and Faith kept pounding their dildos into her while Buffy sucked Xander’s cock. Soon she was coming hard, again and again, and then she felt the tensing in Xander’s muscles that presaged his own orgasm. Her mouth and her tongue on his cock encouraged him not to hold back. His hips bucked, and she tasted his semen filling her mouth.

Buffy pulled away from Xander’s cock, and leaned down to kiss Anya, sharing his seed with her. Faith bent down, pressing herself against her back, and Buffy twisted around to kiss her, and give her a taste too. They all collapsed together onto the narrow bed.

After giving everyone a few seconds to catch their breaths, Buffy asked “Anya, may I borrow your strap-on?”

“Oh, of course, Buffy. Which one of us do you want to use it on?”

“I think I’ll start with you.”

It took a bit of effort to extricate themselves: Faith and Anya’s dildos were still in Buffy’s ass and pussy. Once they got themselves apart, she had Anya sit up in the bed, while Buffy removed her strap-on, and then let Anya put it on her, while Xander removed Faith’s. Anya and Faith sat side by side on the bed while Buffy and Xander knelt in front of them.

Buffy started by going down on Anya, giving her pussy a good licking, before kissing and tonguing her way up Anya’s body, around her tits, and kissing her as she sank the dildo into Anya’s pussy. She heard Anya and Faith moan in harmony, and looked across at Xander as he pulled back from Faith, and then plunged deep into her pussy again.

Between having the root of the double ended dildo deep in her own pussy, and her connection with Faith, Buffy felt like she was on both the giving and the receiving end of an incredible fucking as she drove Anya into another orgasm.

She felt Xander’s hand on her shoulder, looked over, and saw him grinning at her. “Wanna trade?”
He could have ordered her, and a part of her was a little disappointed that he didn’t, but he had said that this was her room, and she made the rules here, so it was good of him to ask. “Sure!”

She pulled away from Anya as Xander pulled away from Faith, and kissed him in passing as they changed places. She let her link with Faith open wide as she thrust the dildo deep into her pussy.

Making love with Faith wasn’t like anything else. Buffy loved making love with Xander and Anya, but she didn’t have the connection with them that she had with Faith. With her, Buffy knew exactly what Faith was feeling as she pushed the dildo into her. She knew exactly how to twist to hit that special place to give her maximum pleasure, and she got to feel that pleasure too. It wasn’t long before they were both riding the crests of repeated orgasms.

Baith had lost track of what Xander and Anya were doing, so she was surprised to feel a set of hands come around from behind her back, to grab her tits, and feel her ass being penetrated by a familiar piece of supple plastic. Anya was wearing the strap-on that Faith had been using earlier, and was now using it on Buffy, herself. Her awareness returned to the room around her, instead of just focusing on what Fuffy was feeling. Using Faith’s eyes, she could see Anya over Buffy’s shoulder, and Xander behind her. While Anya was fucking Buffy’s ass, Xander was fucking Anya’s. Xander’s thrust forward into Anya propelled her into Buffy, who then drove into Faith. They all drew back together, and drove forward again in unison.

Buffy channelled the full feeling of Anya’s dildo up her ass through her link into Faith, and she could feel its echo coming back at her. It pushed them both to even higher levels of ecstasy until she felt the twitching of Anya behind her signalling that she was coming again, and Xander groaning behind her, as he came into Anya’s ass. They all collapsed down onto Faith.

After a few minutes of them all lying together in a heap on Buffy’s narrow bed, it was Anya who suggested that they move back to their bedroom, where the bed was big enough for them all to cuddle comfortably together in it.

Xander decided that they needed to take a break from their apartment renovations the next day. In some ways the kitchen had needed the least work; it looked like the previous tenants hadn’t done much, if any, cooking. Some of the cabinet door hinges had been broken, and the counter top, and some of the floor tiles had been cracked. Unfortunately, it was pretty much impossible to repair just one floor tile, so they had very carefully removed the cabinets, and then torn up the entire floor in preparation for laying a new one.

The tiles had all been laid, and now they were putting the cabinets back together. Xander had had to make a couple of new doors, and replace the faces on some of the drawers, and they had painted everything so that the old would match with the new. The upper cabinets were all back in place, just needing to have their doors reattached, and only the lower cabinets remained. They had to be finished today, because the new quartz countertop was being delivered tomorrow.

Still, they were making good progress, so he declared that they should take some time off, and go out to the pool.

Anya had declared that the pool area was a clothing free zone, so the Daisy Duke shorts, and undersized t-shirts of Buffy and Faith’s “work clothes” vanished as they passed through the doors out onto the pool deck. Anya and Xander followed them, and he watched as Anya had their slaves undress her. He undressed himself as he watched Buffy and Faith slather Anya’s nude body with sunscreen. Buffy and Faith pressed themselves up against Anya, the three of them writhing their bodies against each other to spread the lotion around. Once Anya’s skin was completely protected, she ordered the Slayers to take care of Xander. Both of them smiled as they approached him.
Anya settled down in one of the lounge chairs. She donned a sun hat with a wide floppy brim, and a pair of oversized sunglasses. She lay back to catch some sun, and watch while Buffy and Faith coated Xander with sunscreen.

Buffy was carrying the bottle. Faith held out her hands, and Buffy squeezed generous portions of lotion into them. Then she squeezed a large dollop into her own hand, set the bottle aside, and rubbed her hands together to get the lotion onto both before stepping right up to Xander, and rubbing her hands on his chest. Faith had gone behind him, and her hands were now rubbing over his back.

Both Slayers worked their way down his body — from his back and chest, through his buttocks and hips, down to his thighs, calves and feet — being sure that they left no patch of skin unprotected from the sun. When they finished they were both kneeling on the deck in front of him, looking up at his erect cock.

Xander glanced over at Anya, who was still watching them with a smile on her face, her legs spread wide, and her fingers slowly stroking her clit. He looked back down at Buffy and Faith, leaned down enough to place a hand on the side of each of their faces, and then gently pulled them toward his cock.

Two Slayer tongues licked their way up his shaft, and flicked over his tip. Two sets of lips kissed him. The Slayers took turns, one sucking while the other licked around the base of his cock, and his balls.

It wasn’t long until Xander was ready to come. He thought of controlling it, holding it in, but decided against it. He pulled his cock from Faith’s mouth, and took hold of it, himself. “Open up,” he told both Slayers.

Faith and Buffy sat back on their heels, their faces turned up to him, their mouths open, and their tongues extended as he took over jerking himself off. His jiz spurted from his cock across both of their faces. He moved his cock back and forth between them so that both Slayers got to catch some on their tongues.

When he was spent, he smiled down at his two slaves. “Clean each other up, and then be sure to use the sun screen on yourselves.”

“Slayers don’t get sunburns, M’Lord,” said Buffy.

“Did I ask?” asked Xander.

Buffy ducked her head. “No Sir, sorry Sir.”

“Just for that, Faith can spank you, after you’ve got the sunscreen on,” said Xander. “And you may not burn, but we don’t know about skin cancer.”

“Yes, Sir.” Buffy reached for the sunscreen bottle and squeezed a bit into her hand. She reached for his softening cock, and stroked her hand around it, with a sly smile on her lips. “We don’t want this getting a sunburn, either.”


“You’re welcome, Sir,” said Buffy, and then she and Faith turned to each other, and started to lick Xander’s semen from each other’s faces.

Xander turned his attention to Anya, and crawled up onto the end of her chaise longe. He heard
Faith’s hand smack against Buffy’s ass, as he buried his face between Anya’s legs.

Xander lay back in the lounge chair, with his hands on Anya’s hips as she slowly rode up and down on his cock. Buffy and Faith were beside them in another chaise, busily licking at each other’s pussy.

He had been holding back his own orgasm for some time now, letting Anya come again and again on his hard cock. He could tell she was nearly ready to come again.

The cordless phone on the table between them and the Slayers rang, with the tone that meant someone was downstairs at the front door. Anya reached for it, while continuing her slow, up and down motion. “Hello? … Oh, Hello Dawn.” Xander tensed as Anya looked down at him, and he knew that Buffy and Faith had stopped what they were doing too. Anya held the phone away from her mouth. “Did you invite Dawn over?”

“Uh…I told her she could come over sometime. I didn’t say today.”

“Well, she’s here now.” Anya tipped the phone back to her mouth. “Come on up, Dawn. It’s the top floor.” She pressed the button to unlock the building’s front entrance. She put the phone down. “Buffy and Faith, you’ve got thirty seconds to finish what you’re doing.” She looked down at Xander. “And so do you,” she said.

“Yes ma’am!” Xander reached up and grabbed Anya’s tits. He sat up, tipping her over onto her back, and drove himself hard into her. Soon she was crying out as Xander came into her.

He lay still for a moment, before gently kissing Anya’s lips. He looked over at where Buffy and Faith were disentangling themselves from each other, both looking thoroughly mussed. The light flashed, and they were both kinda dressed, in skimpy string bikinis.

“Jump in the pool, and see if you can wipe that ‘just fucked’ look off your faces,” he told them.

“You should do the same,” said Anya.

“I intend to.” Xander dove into the pool after Buffy and Faith, and quickly climbed out again, to go get himself a towel, and a pair of swim trunks.

Dawn knocked on the door of Xander’s new apartment, and waited for someone to open it. She smiled when she saw who greeted her. “Hi, Xander!” Her smile widened as she took in his shirtless state, with a towel wrapped around his neck: his wet hair; the way a few drops of water were trickling down over his chest; his swim trunks…that seemed to be mostly dry?

“Hey Dawn!” Xander waved for her to come in. She put her thoughts of nearly naked Xander on hold as she stepped across the threshold. “Everyone’s out by the pool.”

Dawn looked around. “Love what you’ve done with the place.”

“Sarcasm does not become you,” said Xander, looking around at the same things Dawn was seeing: flooring stripped down to the plywood subfloor, drywall ripped down, bare studs, with electrical and plumbing exposed. Curtains of plastic hung around them, blocking off her view of much of the new apartment. “But we’re making real progress. In a few weeks, this is all going to look great! And the pool area is fully functional! It just needed a bit of a cleaning. Come on!”

Xander led her out through a set of sliding glass doors, to a wide open terrace holding the pool. Buffy and Faith were just climbing out of the water wearing teeny-tiny little string bikinis. Dawn had thought that the two piece swimsuit she had brought with her was daring, but it had enough
material in it to make the suits Buffy and Faith were wearing, and still leave her wearing more than
they were. Buffy and Faith’s bikinis were little more than three small triangles of fabric, held
together by bits of string.

And then she saw Anya.

“Ahn!” said Xander. “I thought I told you to put something on!”

“I did!” said Anya, who was wearing something that could only be generously called a ‘thong,’ and
she was completely topless.

“Ahn!”

“Xander!” said Anya. “This is totally acceptable swimwear in most of the civilized world. It’s only
the puritanical Americans who have any trouble with it! I’m pretty sure that Dawn isn’t seeing
anything that she hasn’t seen in a mirror!”

She’s not wrong, Dawn couldn’t help thinking to herself. She also couldn’t help thinking about
Xander’s comment that he’d told Anya to put something on. Had Anya been naked? She
considered his dry swim trunks. Had Xander been naked?

She looked back at Buffy. Her wet bikini swimsuit clung to her body so closely that it might as
well have not been there at all. The same could be said of Faith’s. Dawn felt her heart sink. Xander
would never notice her, in her dowdy swimsuit, with Faith, Buffy, and Anya parading around
nearly naked, unless…she could follow Anya’s example?

Dawn was brought out of her musing by Anya asking her something, that she hadn’t caught.
“What?” she said.

“I asked if you wanted some lemonade,” said Anya.

“Oh, yeah, sure. Yes, please,” she said.

“Faith, get Dawn a glass of lemonade,” ordered Anya.

Faith ducked her head in a tiny bow. “Yes, Mistress,” she said, and quickly turned to go back into
the apartment. From behind she looked even more naked, and Dawn couldn’t help admiring the
way her ass swayed as she walked.

“Buffy, show Dawn where she can change into her bathing suit,” ordered Anya.

Buffy gave Anya a tiny bow, like Faith had done. “Yes, Mistress,” she said. “Come with me,
please, Dawn.” Buffy turned to follow Faith back inside. The analytical part of Dawn’s mind noted
that Buffy’s virtually bare ass swayed just as much as Faith’s, but it wasn’t nearly as attractive to
her. It took her a few moments to realize that she should be following her sister, and not thinking
about Faith’s ass.

Buffy led her through sheets of hanging plastic to the stairs that went up to the apartment’s second
floor. Once the last sheet was brushed away, Dawn could see the finished steps, with their treads of
dark hardwood. She followed Buffy upstairs into a hall that was floored with the same material,
and cream coloured walls.

Buffy pointed to the big double doors on the left. “That’s our bedroom over there.” She pointed the
other way. “Bathroom’s down there, on the right if you need it.” She opened the door in front of
her. “And this is my room. You can get changed in here.”
“Thank you, Buffy.”

“You’re welcome.” Buffy gave her an ironic bow, that had none of the deference of the one she’d giving Anya, and left Dawn on her own.

Dawn looked around Buffy’s room a bit. Most of the furnishings in it were the familiar ones taken from her bedroom at home, but this room was larger, and with the smaller bed, it looked even roomier. The view out the sliding glass doors showed another balcony, and the mountains to the north beyond it.

Dawn stripped out of her clothes, and pulled her two piece bathing suit from her backpack. She pulled on the pantie style bottoms, and then paused, holding the top in her hands. She already had a higher percentage of her body covered than Buffy, Faith and Anya combined. If she went back out now, dressed the way she was, Xander would certainly notice her: notice that she wasn’t a little girl anymore. Faith might notice too. Buffy wouldn’t like it, but she didn’t care what Buffy thought, and Anya wouldn’t care. Anya might actually make some appreciative comments, which would help focus Xander’s attention onto her tits, because she was sure he would be doing his damnedest not to look at her…

That settled it for her, because she knew that if she went out there topless, Xander wouldn’t look. As soon as he realized that she wasn’t wearing anything, he’d turn his back, because that was the sort of guy he was. He wasn’t like all those jerks at school who would stare, and make lude comments, and maybe try to cop a feel. Xander was a gentleman, and he wouldn’t look at her at all until she went back and put on the top, and even then he probably wouldn’t look at her, if he could help it, for the rest of the day.

“Okay,” she told herself as she shimmied into her top. “Cowardice properly rationalized away: I’ve got very good reasons to wear this.” She couldn’t help thinking that maybe it really was a form of cowardice that made her put her top on when she stepped back out into the sunlight. Well, there was always phase two of her “make Xander notice me” plan.

Xander had to remind himself that Dawn was only fourteen when she came back out onto the deck by the pool. He almost wished that she’d chosen to wear less — not because he wanted to see more of Dawn’s skin, but because he was getting used to seeing beautiful naked women. Bare skin was becoming commonplace to him. Bits of cloth, covering points of interest, kicked his imagination into overdrive. He didn’t want to think about what Dawn’s breasts looked like under that bikini top of hers, but he couldn’t help himself. He looked at Anya, who was leaving nothing to his imagination when it came to her breasts, and at Buffy and Faith, whose string bikini tops were almost as revealing as Anya’s lack of one, and yet still gave a little room for his imagination to go to work.

Faith handed Dawn a tall glass of lemonade, and Buffy indicated the chaise longue that she had set up for her sister. “Have a seat,” she said.

“Thank you.” Dawn took a sip of her lemonade as she sat down on the lounge chair. She set her glass down on the table beside her, reached into her bag, and pulled out a tube of sunscreen. She popped it open, squirted some into her hand, and started to rub it onto her legs.

Xander could tell that she was making a deliberate production of slathering the sunscreen over herself, starting with her legs, and then moving on to do her arms, and her stomach, and her chest. He tried not to stare, but he also didn’t look away. Dawn obviously wanted him to look at her, and it would have been churlish not to. He was happy that for once, his cock wasn’t rising to the bait. His swim trunks were pretty loose, but there was no way that Dawn wouldn’t notice if he got an erection now.
Dawn had finished covering her front with the sunscreen, and held the tube out toward him. “Xander, will you do my back?”

He’d known that the question was coming, so he did the only thing he could. “Of course, Dawn.” He considered handing the tube off to Faith, and ordering her to do it. From some of the looks Dawn had been giving her recently, he thought that she’d like that almost as much as him doing it, but after glancing at Buffy, and seeing the amused look on her face, he decided that he would do it himself.

“Lean forward,” he said, and when she did, he squirted a bit of the lotion onto her shoulders. He made sure that he took his time, and did a thorough job of coating Dawn’s back with the lotion. He even rubbed his hands under the straps of her top, and his finger tips under the waist-band of her bottoms — though he’d been very careful that it was only his finger tips, and that they hadn’t gone very far — so there wouldn’t be any bits of skin that might get burned if her swimsuit shifted a bit.

They spent some time sitting and sunning themselves, talking about stuff. Xander actually seemed interested in hearing how she was doing in school, and she liked listening to Xander talking about building stuff. He was starting to make a dining room table, and matching set of chairs for some furniture dealer that her mom had introduced him to. When they ran out of things to talk about, they went for a swim in the pool.

After the swim, Xander said that they had to get back work putting the kitchen back together. “Those cabinets aren’t going to assemble themselves, and they’ve got to be done by tomorrow.” The light flashed, and Buffy and Faith were suddenly dressed in short-shorts, t-shirts, and work boots.

“Can I help?” asked Dawn, reaching for her own shoes.

“Of course,” said Xander. “All the cupboard doors need to be re-hung on their hinges. You can help me with that, while Buffy and Faith put the lower cabinets back in place.”

They all went into the kitchen. Xander showed Dawn how to hold the template that guided where holes needed to be drilled to hang the cupboard doors, and then he let her screw some of the hinges into place.

While they were hanging the doors, Anya supervised Buffy and Faith in installing the lower cabinets — which mostly meant that she held the level while Buffy and Faith muscled the cabinets into place, added shims where needed, and then screwed everything into place. Buffy and Faith hardly exchanged a word with each other as they worked together. Sometimes one of them would wordlessly hold out her hand, and the other would hand her a tool, and it was clearly just the tool that was needed. They really only talked with Anya, asking her to double-check if things were level, before putting in the final screws that locked everything in place.

They finished up by re-installing the dishwasher. Xander said he was qualified to make the simple plumbing connections it required, but he was leaving reconnecting the stove for a qualified gas fitter. The kitchen sink and the rest of the plumbing had to wait until after the new countertops were installed.

They all returned to the poolside deck after they had finished, and the light flashed again to put Buffy and Faith back into their bikinis. Anya declared that she needed more sunscreen, and Buffy and Faith both moved in quickly to apply it to her nearly naked body. Dawn watched, along with Xander, as they rubbed the lotion onto her skin. She saw that he was distracted, and thought that this would be the perfect time. She reached back, behind her back, and unhooked her bikini top.
She took her top off quickly, before any of the others could look back at her, and before she could change her mind.

As she hoped, it was Xander who first noticed what she had done. For a few seconds he just stared at her bare tits, and then he closed his eyes, and took a deep breath. “Dawn…”

“What?” she asked. “Anya’s topless, and those outfits Buffy and Faith are wearing might as well not be there. What does it matter what I’m wearing?”

Buffy was frowning at her, but she could see a look of interest on Faith’s face, and Buffy shot a quick unhappy look at her, too.

“You have very pretty breasts, Dawn,” said Anya. “It’s a pity to cover them up all the time.” Dawn took a deep breath, which made her tits rise and stick out even more, and smiled at her. “Do you want Xander to put sunscreen on them?” Anya added.

Xander and Buffy had both shouted out “No!” before Dawn could say anything in response to that. They were both looking at Anya now, with unhappy expressions on their faces, though Faith was smirking. Dawn wasn’t sure how she’d have answered, if given the chance. She’d had dreams about Xander touching her breasts.

“She needs sunscreen,” said Anya. “Her tits aren’t tanned at all, and sunburned nipples are very painful.”

“She can put her top back on,” said Buffy.

“I don’t want to,” said Dawn. She looked at Xander, and saw that he had his eyes closed again, but something about his posture told her that it wasn’t to avoid looking at her.

Xander sighed, and there was a flash. Buffy’s and Faith’s tops vanished too. “Why am I fighting it?” he asked. He opened his eyes, and looked at her sister. “Quite frankly, I think I was finding the tops even more distracting than seeing you guys topless.” He looked back at Dawn, and she was pleased to see that he did let his eyes settle on her chest for a moment before looking back up at her. “You’re on your own in the sunscreen department, though…at least for your front. I might let Faith do your back.”

Dawn would have preferred that Xander put the lotion onto her back again, but she’d take Faith as a second choice. She got out her sunscreen tube, and squeezed a generous dollop into her hand. She set the tube aside, rubbed her hands together, and then spread the lotion over her tits. Anya was right, they were almost white, never really having been exposed to the sun before, and she imagined that she was right about how a sunburn would feel. She glanced up and was a little disappointed that Xander had suddenly found something in the view to the west of great interest, although Anya and Faith were still watching her with interest. Buffy was frowning at Faith again.

Faith looked back a Buffy, and grinned. “Hey B, she is developing a nice rack, and there’s no harm in looking.” She looked back a Dawn. “No touching, though. You’re still jailbait.”

“You’ll still do my back?” asked Dawn.

“Sure, once you’re done with your front, lie down, and I’ll do your back.”

Dawn hurried to finish applying the sunscreen to her chest, stomach, and the fronts of her legs, and then Faith showed her how to put the back of the lounge chair down flat, so she could lie on her stomach on it. Anya did the same with her chaise, and ordered Buffy to apply more sunscreen to her back, as Faith squeezed some of Dawn’s lotion across her shoulders, and began to massage it...
As Faith’s fingers kneaded her skin, Dawn decided that she was very good at this. Some happy sounding sighs from Anya beside her told her that Buffy was pretty good at this too.

“We’ve been training Buffy and Faith in tantric massage techniques,” said Anya, “but since you’re still underage, we’ll skip the best parts of what they’ve learned.”

Dawn moaned. Faith had moved from her back, and was massaging the backs of her thighs. “It gets better than this?”

“Oh, yeah!” said Anya.

There was a splash behind her. Xander had just jumped into the pool.
Chapter 39

Xander stayed in the pool, swimming back and forth, trying to wear himself out while Anya and Dawn got their massages from Buffy and Faith. Maybe if he got tired enough, his cock would soften. It wasn’t like it wasn’t getting lots of action, and he shouldn’t be thinking that way about Buffy’s kid sister. He tried to think of other things: the work to be done on the apartment; the inlay pattern of wood in the table he was making for Joyce’s friend; building code stuff that he had to know for his new position leading the interior carpentry crew.

He was still in the pool when he heard Anya ask Dawn if her mother was expecting her to be home for dinner.

“I guess so,” said Dawn. “I told her I was coming over to see you guys. I didn’t tell her when I’d be back.”

Anya picked up the phone, and dialed the number for Buffy’s house. After a few seconds she said “Hello, Joyce? … Is it okay if Dawn stays for dinner, or should we send her home now?” She listened for a few seconds, before lowering the phone. “Do you want to have dinner with us, Dawn?”

“Yeah, sure,” said Dawn.

Anya lifted the phone back up to her ear. “Okay, Joyce. We’ll send her home after dinner…” She looked back at Dawn. “Is your homework all done?”

“Yeah,” said Dawn.

“She said ‘yes’,,” said Anya into the phone. She listened for a bit. “Okay, we’ll have her home by nine. Bye, Joyce.”

Anya put down the phone. “You’re staying for dinner,” she told Dawn. “Since our kitchen is currently non-functional, that means we’re ordering out. Chinese or Italian?”

“Huh?” asked Dawn.

“You are the guest, so you get to choose. Are we ordering Chinese or Italian food tonight?”

“Um…Chinese?” asked Dawn.

“Okay.” Anya punched more numbers into the phone, and after a few seconds of waiting for an answer, she placed her order. When she was done she hung up, and called out to Xander, who had been treading water in the pool, listening in. “I think we should dress for dinner!”

The expression “dress for dinner” conjured up formal wear in Xander’s mind, and the Reward light flashed. Buffy and Faith were suddenly dressed in top coats with tails, and lapels that wrapped around their breasts, highlighting their white blouses with bow ties. Their legs were sheathed in fishnet stockings, held up by garters stretching down from beneath their top coats. The stockings lead down to their stiletto healed shoes.

“I think that’s a little too formal,” said Anya. “Dawn and I can’t dress like that.”

Xander shrugged. “I still don’t have complete control over this. Whatever you’ve got is fine with me.”
What Dawn had was the clothes she had been wearing when she arrived: a t-shirt and blue jeans, but she decided to leave the bra off when she got dressed again.

After getting dressed, she left Buffy’s room and went to the bathroom that Buffy had pointed out earlier. What she found amazed her. The floor and walls were covered in tile. Most of it looked ceramic to Dawn, but there was a border in natural stone around the floor, and a marble chair rail around on the walls. There was a bidet beside the toilet, and a double vanity with matching vessel sinks. A ginormous, stand alone bathtub stood on one side of the room, and a huge, walk-in shower was on the other. It was the sort of bathroom that Dawn had only seen on TV design shows.

When she was done in the bathroom, she came back out into the hall. She noticed that the double doors that Buffy had pointed out earlier were now open. She went to them, and knocked on the door-frame. “Xander? Anya?”

She didn’t hear any reply, and stepped inside.

Her feet sank into the deep pile of the carpet covering the floor. She looked around. In the centre of the room was the biggest bed she had ever seen. Dawn hadn’t known that beds came that big, but since she knew that Xander, Anya, Faith, and Buffy were all sharing it, she figured that they needed it.

Dawn looked around some more. There were pictures on the walls, and a cabinet just a few feet away from her. She recognized the general form of the cabinet: it was just like the ones that Xander had made for her mother’s gallery, but this one was painted instead of having a stain that would accent the wood grain. Also, instead of glass, the doors on this cabinet had opaque, wood panels. She remembered some of the discussions about the cabinets Xander was making for the gallery, and knew that this one was probably made from less expensive wood. She suspected that Xander had made it first, for practice. Dawn opened the doors to peek inside.

The contents of the cabinet were much more interesting than it was. It contained an assortment of items. She could see handcuffs, and other restraints. There were paddles and whips. There were a variety of dildos, too. Some were smooth, vaguely phallus shaped objects in various sizes, from something no larger than a finger to others the size of her arm. Some of them were clearly anatomically accurate models, all of the same form. She was pretty sure that they were all based on the same model. She gingerly reached out and picked up one of the anatomical dildos. Its surface felt slick and smooth in her fingers. She squeezed it, and felt the soft outer layer yield under the pressure, but it had a harder inner core. It even included a set of fake balls, and at the base was a rotary switch. She gave the switch a twist, and the dildo started to vibrate in her hands. She quickly turned it off again.

She kept the artificial cock in her hands, lightly stroking it with her fingers as she looked around some more. The photographs mounted on the walls were mostly black-and-white images of the same two subjects: Buffy and Faith, either singly or in pairs. In most of the pictures they were naked and bound, either by themselves, or together. There were only a few splashes of colour in the pictures: the red of their lips, the pink of their pussies. In some of the pictures they were ‘dressed’ in various sorts of fetish wear.

She paused, looking at one picture showing Buffy and Faith on their backs on a table, their arms bound beneath it, their mouths turned to each other’s, and bound together in a reverse kiss, their legs lifted up with their ankles bound to each other’s, and their legs spread wide apart by a bar between them.

“That’s how I first found them,” said Anya.
Dawn started, and looked around. “Sorry?”

“When the Reward started,” said Anya, “I came into the living room of our old apartment, and that’s what I found. Buffy and Faith, just like that.”

“And you took a picture?” asked Dawn.

“No, these just showed up yesterday, when when we were discussing what sort of decorations we wanted in the room. I suggested that we might like to have some pictures of our slaves, and the light flashed, and there they were.”

Dawn looked at a series of pictures of Faith, taken from different angles, showing her wearing thigh-high leather boots, a stiff black corset and little else, with her hands cuffed behind her back. A chain dangled from the rings piercing her nipples. “So, Buffy and Faith didn’t actually pose like that, for the pictures.”

“No, but they are all pictures of things that have happened,” said Anya.

Dawn turned back to the cabinet. “And you’ve used all of this stuff?” She pointed with the dildo that was still in her hand, before she realized what she had done, and quickly lowered her hand again.

Anya didn’t seem to have noticed what she was holding. “Not all of it. But I asked Xander to create it, so I could have it available, if I wanted to play with Buffy or Faith while he wasn’t here.”

Dawn couldn’t imagine Buffy letting Anya whip her, or enjoying it, but she’d overheard enough comments to know that it was happening. She still didn’t want to think about that aspect of the relationship her sister now had with Xander and Anya. She turned her attention back to the assortment of dildos. She recognized one of them: it was the vibrator that Buffy used to keep hidden in her dresser, that Dawn hadn’t been able to find a couple of weeks ago. “Sheesh! With all these other dildos, and Xander, what does Buffy still want that for?”

“Mostly nostalgia,” said Anya, and Dawn realized that she’d asked the question out loud. “First day after this started, she appeared on our kitchen table masturbating with it. We used it on Faith, too, before Xander started getting good at making things just appear when he wanted them.”

Just then, Xander called from downstairs to tell them that dinner had arrived. Dawn placed the dildo she’d been holding back on its shelf, and followed Anya out of the room. If she’d noticed the expression on Anya’s face, she might have been a little worried.

Dawn left with Buffy to escort her home after Buffy and Faith had finished cleaning up after dinner. Xander turned to Faith as soon as they’d gone, and grinned at her. “I think we’ll try a new game tonight.” The light flashed. “Naughty schoolgirl.”

Faith was now dressed in a white blouse, with a dark tie loosely hanging from her neck. Her hair hung in straight plaits from a part in the centre of her head. She was wearing a very short, plaid, pleated skirt, and thigh-high sheer white stockings, giving her six inches of zettai ryouiki. Black high heeled Mary-Jane shoes were on her feet. “Let’s go upstairs.” Xander held out his hand toward the steps. “After you, Faith.”

She smiled, and turned to the stairs. “Yes, Sir.” Xander almost never went up the stairs first, if he could follow one of his girls, instead. Faith made sure she put a little extra wiggle into her ass as she mounted the stairs ahead of him. She turned to go into their bedroom.
“Wait, Faith,” ordered Xander.

She stopped and turned toward him. She dropped her face toward the floor, and clasped her hands behind her back. “Is something wrong, Sir?”

“Nothing’s wrong,” said Xander. “I just want you to wait out here, while Anya and I get ready for you. While you’re waiting, I want you to think up all kinds of naughty things that a bad schoolgirl might get summoned to her Headmaster’s office for. When I call you inside, you will believe that you are that schoolgirl, Anya and I are the Headmistress, and Headmaster of your school, and that our bedroom is our office. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Headmaster,” said Faith.

Xander grinned at her, placed a hand under her chin, and lifted it up. He placed a quick kiss on her lips. “This won’t take long.” He and Anya disappeared into the bedroom, and Faith stood at attention by the door, thinking of all the naughty things she had done, or considered doing, while she’d been in school.

“Come in!”

Faith stepped nervously through the door into her Headmaster’s office, wondering why she’d been summoned here. She loved this school. She was learning a lot, and no other school had let her indulge her appetites the way this one did. She hoped that it wasn’t all coming to an end.

She didn’t think the other teachers had been complaining about her and Buffy passing notes, and whispering to each other in classes. For one thing, if that was the problem, Buffy would be here with her. It couldn’t be about the stink bomb that they’d tossed into the boy’s locker room after last week’s football game either, for the same reason — though they had timed it perfectly. Nearly the entire team had retreated back outside, with nothing to wear but their towels. A couple of them hadn’t even taken the time to grab towels. No, it was probably about—

“You know why you’re here,” said Headmistress Jenkins, standing beside the Headmaster’s desk in her severe suit, wearing a slim pencil skirt below her tailored jacket, with a scowl on her face. Headmaster Harris was sitting behind his desk, with a stern expression on his face.

Faith stood in front of the desk, with her gaze downcast, and her hands clasped behind her back. “I—I’m not sure,” she said, looking at the two foot long leather strap laying there. The whispering wasn’t enough of a transgression to rate that, and the Headmistress had been struggling not to laugh along with the rest of the girls at the naked football team.

“I’m sure you can think of something,” said the Headmistress.

“Yes, ma’am,” said Faith. “I—I was talking with Buffy in english class…”

“The extra homework your teacher assigned you has already taken care of that,” said Headmaster Harris.

“There was the stink-bomb we threw into the locker room…”

“I’m happy to learn who was responsible for that, and we might have to have the both of you back later, to pay for that transgression,” said the Headmistress. “But that isn’t the reason you are here now.”

“I—I cheated on my last history test,” said Faith. “I copied Buffy’s answers.”
“Why would you do that, Faith?” asked the Headmaster. “You’re every bit as smart as she is.”

Faith felt warmed by the compliment. “I hadn’t studied, Sir, and I knew that Buffy had.”

He pursed his lips at that answer. “You realize what this means,” he said.

“I get an ‘F’, Sir?” she asked hopefully.

“Yes, and more than that.”

“I get the strap, Sir.”

“Yes, you do, Faith,” said Headmaster Harris. “The question now, is how many?”

Faith was already wet, in anticipation of what was to come. “T-twenty, Sir?” she asked, letting a bit of a tremble into her voice.

The Headmaster considered that, for a moment, before looking to Headmistress Jenkins. “I think we’ll save the last five for your co-conspirator,” he said. “Buffy could have stopped you from copying, but she didn’t. I think fifteen will suffice, don’t you agree, Ms. Jenkins?”

“Yes, Mr. Harris, I think it will.” The Headmistress picked up the strap from the desk. “Drop your panties, Faith.”

“Yes, Ma’am.” Faith lifted her skirt, and took hold of the waist band of her cotton panties. She pushed them down to her knees.

“Bend over, Faith.”

Faith bent over the Headmaster’s desk, resting her forearms on it, and bringing her face to within a few inches of his own. His hands took hold of hers, and he looked into her eyes. “Count them out,” he said to her, and she felt the sting of the Headmistress’s strap against her ass.

“One!” cried Faith. The strap struck her ass again. “Two!”

The next strike came against the backs of her thighs, above the tops of her stockings, and Faith screeched out in pain before crying “Three!” Her hands squeezed harder around Headmaster Harris’s, but for some reason she didn’t squeeze as hard as she could.

Another stroke of the strap came down on her ass. “Five!” She blinked back tears, and looked directly into the eyes of her Headmaster, seeing that he was feeling just what she was, that this was hurting him as much as it was hurting her…and that it was exciting him as much as her, too. The strap struck her ass again. “Six!”

The strap kept coming down across her ass and thighs, and she called out each strike. “Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!” Each stroke raised her to a higher level of arousal. “Eleven! Twelve! Thirteen! Fourteen!”

The Headmistress paused before delivering the final stroke. Faith wanted it. She needed it.

The final stroke of the strap came down on her buttocks. “Fifteen!”

Faith wanted to come, but she couldn’t. She wanted Headmaster Harris to take her over his lap, and spank her. She wanted to kneel in front of him, and suck his cock. She wanted to feel his seed spurting into her cunt as he came in her.
“Go lie across the foot of the bed, Faith,” said the Headmaster.

“Yes, Sir.” Faith straightened up. Her panties had fallen down around her ankles, and one of her stockings had fallen down to below her knee. She considered bending down to lift her panties back up, but decided to step out of them instead, before going to the bed. She knew that the Headmaster and Headmistress spent many late hours working hard, and so they had a bed in their office in which they could catch naps, when they needed them.

She crawled onto the bed, and lay down on her stomach across the foot of it. She didn’t want to put her burning ass down on anything. She placed her face against the blanket, so she couldn’t see what was going on around her.

She felt the bed depress as the Headmaster sat down beside her on it. “Bring me the salve, Ms. Jenkins.”

“Yes, Mr. Harris,” said the Headmistress. A few seconds later Faith felt her skirt being lifted, and a cool liquid being poured over her buttocks.

“This will soothe your pain,” said the Headmaster, and she felt his hand against her ass, slowly and gently spreading the lotion over it.

Her burning ass cooled under the Headmaster’s tender touch. It still hurt, but it wasn’t as bad as it had been. It wasn’t just the lotion that was soothing her. It was Mr. Harris’s hand, and he wasn’t restricting it to just her buns, and thighs. His hand was also dipping between her legs, to caress her pussy, driving her arousal even higher, and distracting her from the sting in her rump.

She felt the bed move again, as Ms. Jenkins got onto it too. “Come here, Faith,” she said. “It’s time for you to thank me for being so lenient in your punishment.”

Faith lifted her face from the blankets, and looked toward her Headmistress, who was now sitting at the top of the bed, with pillows between her back and the headboard, and her legs spread, letting Faith see all the way up her skirt, to her bare pussy.

Faith licked her lips as she rose up onto her hands and knees, and started to slowly crawl toward her Headmistress. “How may I thank you, Ma’am?”

Ms. Jenkins pulled her skirt up her legs. “Come here, and lick my pussy.”

Faith ducked her head in acknowledgement of the order, and to focus her eyes on her mouth’s target. “Yes, Mistress.” She felt it was appropriate to shorten her title that way. She crawled the rest of the way up between Ms. Jenkins’ legs, and lay down between them, where her mouth and tongue would have ready access to her Mistress’s snatch. She knew that the Headmaster was behind her so she spread her own legs, giving him an open invitation.

She started by softly kissing Ms. Jenkins’ inner thighs, at first just lightly brushing her lips against her skin, but moving on to licking and nibbling at her skin, before wiggling a bit farther in, to place a soft kiss just above Ms. Jenkins’ clit.

Faith heard the sound of Mr. Harris’s belt opening, and his fly being unzipped. She gave Ms. Jenkins’ pussy a good lick as she felt him moving in between her legs. She pressed a finger into the pussy in front of her as Mr. Harris’s cock sank into her own. Ms. Jenkins’ pussy was just as wet at her own had become.

She synchronized her licking of Ms. Jenkins’ clit, and the thrusts of her finger into her pussy, with the thrusts of Mr. Harris’s cock into hers. This was why she loved her school. What other school
had a Headmaster that would fuck her brains out while she ate out the Headmistress’s pussy?

“More, Faith,” said Ms. Jenkins. “Give me more!”

Faith slid another finger into her pussy.

Headmaster Harris’s cock drove deep into her.

“More, Faith! I want more!” cried Ms. Jenkins. Faith added two more fingers to the ones that were pressing into her cunt.

“Oh, yes, Faith! Like that! Give me more!”

Faith folded her thumb in with the fingers driving into her mistress’s cunt, and drove her whole hand into her snatch. She curled her fingers into a fist inside her, sinking her hand up to its wrist inside her.

She heard, and felt, Ms. Jenkins coming. Until now, Faith had been being punished for cheating on her history test, so no matter how aroused she had become by being strapped across her ass, or fucked by her Headmaster, she hadn’t let herself come. But now, with Headmaster Harris’s cock driving deep into her, her mouth on Ms. Jenkins’ clit, and her hand deep in the Headmistress’s snatch, she let herself go.

She was riding the crest of yet another incredible orgasm when she felt the greatest sensation of them all, the sensation that she had been craving ever since she’d entered the Headmaster’s office. She felt Mr. Harris coming into her cunt.

She was still licking vigorously at Ms. Jenkins’ snatch when he collapsed across her back, and she felt his lips kissing the nape of her neck. She pulled away from her Headmistress’s snatch, and pulled her hand out of her pussy. She lifted her hand up in an offering to the Headmaster, to let him have his own turn tasting her nectar. After giving her hand a thorough licking, he turned his attention to Ms. Jenkins’ snatch, and Faith turned her attention to his softening cock, sucking it into her mouth, tasting herself on it.

It wasn’t long until she felt him swelling again. She drew her her mouth away from his rejuvenated organ, grasped it in her hand, and guided it toward Ms. Jenkins’ cunt. She aimed the head of his cock at the entrance to her pussy, and pulled him toward it.

Faith sat back on her heals and watched her Headmaster fuck her Headmistress. She had an uncontrollable impulse to smile as she watched him drive into her.

She admired his power. She admired the way his gluteus maximus contracted as he thrust into her. She admired the way he made her Headmistress scream out his name.

Mr. Harris collapsed on top of Ms. Jenkins, and then he beckoned toward Faith, for her to come join them. She lay down beside them, and was drawn into his embrace. He kissed her, and then she kissed Ms. Jenkins. While they were tasting each other’s mouths, she felt Mr. Harris’s lips against her ear. “The game is over, Faith. We’re just Xander and Anya again.”

Faith blinked, coming back to reality. She looked around the room, not believing that she had believed that this was the office of a school Headmaster. Even ignoring the decorations on the walls, and a bed that was much larger than anyone needed for quick naps, the “Headmaster’s desk” was Anya’s vanity, pulled out into the centre of the floor.

“Did you enjoy that, Faith?” asked Xander.
“Oh, yes! Can’t wait till we get Buffy back here to take her strapping for letting me cheat off her.”

Xander smiled at her. “I might let you do it, if she’s okay with it.”

Faith hesitated for a moment. She knew that Xander had made her hair look like Dawn’s. He had made her look like a young brunette student. She knew that he had been using her as a surrogate for Buffy’s sister, and thanks to their link, Buffy knew it too.

But deep down, Faith knew that Buffy understood. She might give her, and Xander, some grief about it, but she had shared her own attraction to Dawn’s blossoming womanhood with her sister Slayer, and knew that Buffy was starting to recognize — on an intellectual level — that Dawn was becoming hot young woman.

Buffy was just leaving her house, where she had left her sister. She’d had a nice visit with her mother, updating her on how her classes were going, and the progress they were making in the renovations of their new apartment. She tried to ignore the way her ass was burning, in sympathy with Faith’s, after the strapping she’d received. The Reward light flashed, putting her into her Slayer uniform, for tonight’s patrol.

Dawn went up to her bedroom, and upended her backpack, to dump out its contents onto the floor. She gave it a good shake, to make her bathing suit, towel and bra fall out, so she could move them into her laundry hamper. She was startled by something hitting the floor with a hard thump.

She looked in surprise at the object on the floor. It was something she had held in her hands, just a couple of hours ago. It was the dildo.

She knew that she hadn’t put it into her pack, but she remembered the smile Anya had given her. It was Anya who had gone back upstairs to fetch her backpack, just before she had left the apartment.

Dawn’s lips quirked into a grin. She knew that she could have a lot of fun with the object now lying on her bedroom floor, but first she started tossing her towel, bra, and bathing suit into her laundry hamper. She also found a piece of paper, that had hand written instructions on it, telling her to wash the dildo with soap and water between uses.

Faith ran through the streets of Sunnydale toward where she knew Buffy to be. She felt alive, energized. She felt great. She felt like she’d just had a terrific fucking, which she had. Her life seemed to have become a succession of terrific functionalities, and terrific other things. She had Xander, Anya and Buffy, and a job that she enjoyed that paid a pretty good wage. She was starting to form some new friendships with the guys she worked with.

Even Willow was starting to treat her better, since she’d helped them deal with Tara’s jerkass family. They may never be best buds, but Willow had stopped glaring at her whenever they met. She’d also stopped talking about finding ways to break the Reward at every opportunity. She still wanted to learn more about it, but that was just Willow being Willow. She wanted to learn more about everything.

She caught up with Buffy in an alley off Wilkins Street, just a few blocks from downtown. They’d found a place here a week ago that some vamps had been using as a suck-house, and had cleaned it out. Buffy had been very surprised to learn that there were actually people who would pay to have vampires feed off them, but Faith had encountered this sort of thing before. She had stopped being surprised by just how stupid some human beings could be.
They’d made a habit of coming back here, every couple of nights since they had cleaned it out, to make sure that some new vamps hadn’t set up shop here again.

There were still no vamps. Vamps had been getting pretty scarce, with both of them making regular patrols around town. They had cleaned out all of the usual hangouts. Deaths from “neck rupture” being reported in the obits were down. They hadn’t found a single newbie vamp rising from a fresh grave all week.

Dawn closed her bedroom door, and unwrapped the hand towel that she’d used to hide the dildo from her mother, if she’d happened to be upstairs when she came back from the bathroom. She hadn’t known where the dildo had been last, so she’d thought that it was probably a good idea to wash it, before putting it to use, and she intended to put it to use.

But first she made sure that her door was locked. This was another big advantage of moving into Buffy’s old room: it had a door that locked. Once that was taken care of, she stripped off her pyjama pants, turned off the light, and moved to her bed with the dildo in hand.

Dawn started by lightly brushing the tip of the dildo along her slit, imagining that Xander was there, and that it was his fingers gently caressing her. The dildo was slightly curved, so she found that she could press the top of it against the entire length of her pussy, from her clit down to the entrance into her vagina. She could start to press its tip into herself, while still applying pressure to her clit. She began to rub it back and forth against herself.

Each time Dawn brought the tip back to her entrance, she pressed it a little harder against her hymen. She had never had anything larger than a single finger inside herself, and the dildo wouldn’t fit past it. She pressed it against her barrier until it started to hurt, a bit, and then backed off again. Each time she could press it a little farther.

She reached for the knob on the base of the dildo, and twisted it on. It started to buzz, and she pressed it harder against her sex, feeling the vibrations that seemed to sink all the way up to her belly. It felt wonderful, and soon she was biting back a cry of ecstasy as she came.

She kept the dildo pressed against her slit, and tried again to press its vibrating head into her vagina. It went a little farther this time, and the pleasure it was giving her was almost enough that she was tempted to just ignore the pain from her stretching hymen, and shove it all the way in, but she was imagining that it was Xander’s real cock pressing against her, and not a plastic facsimile, and she knew that Xander would never do that. He’d be patient, and gentle, and he wouldn’t go driving himself into her until he knew that she was completely ready, so she kept rubbing the dildo along her slit, alternately pressing its tip — which was the part that was vibrating the most — against her clit, and fractionally deeper into her pussy.

She only needed one hand for her dildo, so she slid her other hand up under her pyjama top, to caress her breasts. Her nipples were stiff, and hyper-sensitive when she brushed her hand over them, imagining that it was Xander’s. She squeezed her thighs together around the dildo, and moaned deep in her throat as she came again.

Dawn eventually sated herself, at least temporarily, and rose from her bed to go back to the bathroom, to wash the dildo again. She could tell from the lack of light under her door that that hallway was dark, and she only had to cross it to get to the bathroom, so she didn’t bother putting her pyjama bottoms back on. She quietly opened her door, and peeked out, just to be sure that the coast was clear, and then quickly padded across the hall, and into the bathroom. She closed its door before she turned on the light, and blinked against the sudden brightness.
After letting her eyes adjust to the light for a few seconds, Dawn went to the sink to wash the dildo with soap and water, so it would be ready for her to try again, in the morning.
Buffy and Faith left the alley, and turned toward the ruins of Sunnydale High. That was another place that they liked to check out regularly, making sure that there wasn’t anything going on around the Hellmouth.

“Things have been awfully quiet, lately,” said Faith. “Almost too quiet.”

“Are you trying to jinx us?” asked Buffy.

“Maybe I’m just trying to drum up a little action.”

“I don’t think it works if you’re doing it on purpose.”

“Maybe.” Faith noticed something moving in the shadows, trailing them. “Or maybe not.”

“I got one too,” said Buffy, silently indicating something off to their left.

They both seemed to ignore their new tails, and took note as more joined them. They had at least half a dozen followers by the time they reached the school grounds.

Faith didn’t think that they were demons. They were pretty good about keeping hidden, but they weren’t perfect, and from the glimpses she caught of them, they looked to be pretty much human sized, and shaped. She didn’t think that they were vampires, either. Her vamp-dar was better than Buffy’s, and it wasn’t pinging tonight. They did seem to be dressed strangely, though, and she sometimes heard a metallic rustling noise.

The ruins of the school were surrounded by a ten foot tall chain link fence, that Buffy and Faith jumped over easily. They ran to take cover behind some bushes, no longer neatly pruned, that lined a path up to one of the school’s side entrances, and looked back to see how their followers would deal with the fence.

Six men appeared out of the darkness, looking like a bunch of extras from a Robin Hood movie: their bodies completely swathed in chain mail. All six of them were armed with quarter staffs. When they reached the fence, three of them leaned their staffs against it, and the other three boosted them up, to help them climb over it. The three remaining on the other side tossed all of their staffs over the fence, and then one of them boosted his remaining two companions up. One of the men paused on top of the fence, to reach down to give the last man a lift. It only took a few seconds for all six of them to pass the barrier.

Buffy and Faith exchanged a look. This was as good a place to confront their unwelcome tails, as anywhere. They could pin them against the fence, making it hard for the men to evade them, and there was enough open space around that the Slayers would have lots of warning if the men had any additional backup, and would be able to evade them. They both rose from their hiding place, and stepped out into the open.

“Why are you following us?” asked Buffy.

The men paused for a moment, and then two of them drew swords and attacked.

Faith was surprised by how slow they were: another reminder that these were just men. She ducked under the sword swipe that was aimed at her, and kicked its wielder in the chest, knocking him back against the fence.
Two more men came at her with their staffs. She sidestepped the swing of one, and caught the staff of the second. She twisted it out of the man’s grasp, and used it to sweep his feet out from beneath him. He hadn’t even hit the ground before she had twirled around and smashed the other end of the staff into the side of the first man’s head with enough force to knock him off his feet, but not enough to crack his skull.

The swordsman was coming back at her, and this time Faith used the staff to first deflect his sword, and then to disarm him. The guy whose staff she’d taken was struggling back to his feet, so she threw the swordsman at him. They both went down in a heap, and neither of them tried to get up again.

Faith looked back to see how Buffy was doing, and saw that she’d taken care of her three as easily as Faith had handled her own. All six of the men were down on the ground. A couple of them were groaning, and attempted to regain their feet, but they stopped when they saw the business ends of their own swords pointed at their throats.

“Watch the others,” said Buffy, and she sat on the chest of one of the men. She reached down and grabbed his cowl. “Let’s see what you are.” She pulled the cowl away, revealing the face of the man beneath it. “Or who you are.”

Faith thought that he was a handsome man, though he could have done without the tat on his forehead.

“One soldier in a vast army,” said the man. “The Knights of Byzantium, an ancient order, and now your enemy.”

“Why?” asked Buffy. “What have we ever done to you?”

“You protect the Key!”

“What key?” asked Buffy.

“The Key is the Link. The Link must be severed. Such is the will of God!”

“That was helpful — not! What does it do?”

“The Key can open the gates between the worlds. The Beast needs it to return to its realm.”

“Okay, what’s the Beast?”

“An ancient god, of a hellish realm,” said the Knight. “She feeds on the minds of others, leaving nothing but death, destruction, and insanity in her wake.”

“If she’s so bad, why not just give her the Key, and send her on her way?” asked Faith.

“The Key opens all the gates, letting the different realms bleed through into one another, dragging all realms down into chaos. The Beast thrives on chaos, and would leave the gates open, even after it has left this world. Everything will be destroyed.”

“What makes you think I’ve got this Key?” asked Buffy.

“The Order of Dagon sent it to you, for your protection.”

“Maybe it got lost in the mail,” said Faith.

“No,” said the Knight. “It is here, in Sunnydale.”
“How do you know?” asked Buffy.

“Our clerics can sense it; they know it is near, but its power is masked. They can’t tell us exactly where it is.”

“If this Key is so dangerous, why did the Order want it protected, instead of destroying it themselves?”

“Because they were fools!” said the Knight. “They thought they could harness its power. The Beast destroyed them for their arrogance!”

Buffy stopped, and thought for a bit, and Faith knew that she was wondering how much to trust anything that this guy said to them. If it was up to her, the answer would be “Very little.” He did open the discussion with an unprovoked attack, after all. Faith was also wondering what to do with them.

Buffy had come to a decision. She took out her digital camera, and snapped a picture of the knight’s forehead tattoo. Then she pulled out a Magic Box business card, and tossed it down onto the knight’s chest. “If you, or your boss, want to talk some more, without the preliminary fight, call that number, and ask for Giles. Maybe we’ll help you, and maybe we won’t. I’m leaning in the ‘won’t’ direction, but he might be in a better mood. If you attack us again, we won’t be so gentle about how we deal with you. I’m really tempted to tie you up, and leave it to fate to see if you can get loose before some vamps, or something else, finds you, but tonight’s your lucky night. We’re just going to keep your swords.

“Here’s hoping I never see you again. Have a nice night!” Buffy turned and sprinted away, with Faith on her heels. This time they headed for the gate in the fence surrounding the school ruins — the lock on it had been broken so many times that the city had given up even trying to keep it secured — and exited that way. Once they were far enough away that they could no longer be seen or overheard by the knights, they slowed to a brisk walk.

“So, what do we do now?” asked Faith.

Buffy checked her watch. “Giles should still be at the Magic Box. We stop by and report what the knights told us to him, and give him the swords and the picture. That’ll give him a starting point for researching these guys. Then, unless he tells us otherwise, I think we can go home to Xander. I’ve got an early class tomorrow, and you have to go to work.”

Faith smiled. “Sounds like a plan.” It wasn’t so early that Xander would want them to go straight to sleep. Maybe they’d play a bit more “naughty schoolgirl” with Buffy taking her turn getting the strap across her bare ass.

Giles had promised to get to work researching the Knights of Byzantium first thing the next morning. He hoped that the additional information they’d given Buffy and Faith about the Key, and the Beast would allow him to make some more headway in researching them, as well. He’d tried after Xander and Faith had found the monk, but with so little to go on, he hadn’t had much luck. The only thing he’d found had been some obscure references to the Dagon Sphere: supposedly it was a device that was supposed to repel some ancient, nameless, evil.Given the state the monk had been in, Faith didn’t think that it worked very well.

They rode the elevator up to their penthouse apartment, and let themselves in. The Reward light flared as soon as they’d closed the door behind them, and their Slayer uniforms were replaced by outfits made entirely from loose gold chains draping over their bodies.
It wasn’t like any sort of chain mail — though when she thought about it, Faith thought that Xander might enjoy seeing her and Buffy in chain mail bikinis. Lengths of chain were strung to follow the contours of their breasts, and buttocks, without concealing or protecting anything.

Xander had been in what was to become the living room of their new apartment, sitting on their old sofa, and watching a late night movie on the TV while he waited for them to get home. He had turned at the sound of them coming through the door, and his face lit up in a grin of welcome, and arousal when the light flashed.

He was already rising to his feet. “Come on into the kitchen, and I’ll fix you some ice-cream,” he said. “You can tell me how your patrol went while you eat it.”

“Yes, sir,” said Faith and Buffy together. He waved for them to go first, so Faith put a little extra wiggle into her ass so he would enjoy the view even more.

They told Xander about their fight with the Knights of Byzantium while he prepared bowls of ice-cream for all three of them, and then they went with him back to the living room to eat it. He ordered them to sit on the floor, on either side of him while he sat back down on the sofa, to watch the end of the movie. They each leaned in against his bare legs while they ate, and told him what the Knight had told them about the Key, and the Beast.

They had finished their tale by the time they had finished their ice-cream, and the movie came to an end. Xander gathered up their bowls, and set them aside on an end table. “That was good,” he told them, “but you know what will be better?”

Faith’s eyes flicked to Buffy’s, and then to Xander’s erect cock. She smiled. “Yes, Xander.” She licked her lips, wondering just what he would order them to do with it. Would one of them get to ride it, or would he—

“Suck my cock!” ordered Xander. “Both of you, taking turns. And while you are doing that, you can play with your Reward Rings.”

“Yes, Xander!” said Buffy, and she rose up onto her knees. Faith knelt beside her, and they both leaned in, to lick up the sides of Xander’s cock, while they each reached down between their legs, for the rings dangling from their hoods.

Xander looked down at the two beautiful girls licking and sucking at his cock, each of them taking a turn to suck him deep into her throat while the other licked at his balls. Sometimes they would both tease the head of his cock with their agile tongues. It wasn’t long at all before he was clenching his muscles to contain a powerful orgasm that seemed to shoot up his spine.

When he could once again think about anything other than keeping from shooting his load into Faith’s mouth, he reached down to place a gentle hand under her chin to lift her face away from his dick, and his other hand interrupted Buffy’s motion to move in to replace her.

“Slayers, fall in!” he ordered.

Buffy and Faith nearly leapt to their feet, and fell into their parade at-ease poses in front of him, with their legs spread shoulder-width apart, and their hands behind their backs.

“About face!”

They both spun around, so their backs were to him. Xander smiled. “Bend over and grab your ankles!”
Each of them did as they were ordered, and Xander spent a moment admiring the glistening pussies put on display to him. The light flashed, and they were both wearing stiff leather boots, that came all the way up to the tops of their thighs, that kept them from bending their knees. Cuffs locked the Slayers’ hands into place, so they couldn’t straighten up. Manacles around their ankles were also bolted to the floor, so they couldn’t move their feet. Heavy leather belts had appeared around their waists, with strong chains attached to the loops at their sides, connecting them together, and leading down to more anchor bolts in the floor, making it impossible for either of them to move from her position. He could see their tits, between their spread legs, and the rings that had appeared, piercing their nipples, with a chain that threaded its way through all four, linking them all together. Xander noted that Buffy’s heels were a couple of inches higher than Faith’s, raising both of their pussies to the perfect level for him to fuck them, and who was he to turn down such a beautiful offering?

Xander stood, and stepped up behind Buffy. He took his hard cock in hand, and rubbed the tip of it along her slit. “Tell me what you want.”

“We want to feel your cock in our cunts,” said Buffy and Faith, together. “We want to feel you pounding into us. We want to feel you spanking our asses!”

“Your wish is my command,” said Xander, and he sank his cock into Buffy’s pussy.

He started slowly, despite Buffy and Faith’s pleas to fuck them hard. He slowly sank his full length deep into Buffy’s wet snatch, and then, just as slowly, pulled back again, taking his time to savour every sensation, and enjoy the sounds of their wimpers, and moans.

His second thrust was a little faster, and his third harder still. He added a smack of his hand against Buffy’s bare ass, and reached over to spank Faith too.

Soon he was pounding himself as hard, and as fast, into Buffy’s pussy as he could, while delivering slaps of his open palms across both their asses, and then Buffy was coming hard around him. He had to struggle to hold back his own ejaculation, as he pulled out of her, took a step to the left, and slipped into Faith.

This time he bent over Faith’s back, and reached around for the chain threaded between their nipple rings. He grabbed hold of it, and tugged, in time with his thrusts into Faith. He reached around with his other hand for her Reward ring.

The combination of the pain from the pulling on her nipple rings, and the pleasure of her Reward Ring, and Xander’s cock in her cunt soon had Faith coming.

Xander was ready again too. He pulled out of Faith and slammed himself into Buffy. This time he didn’t even try to contain his orgasm, adding his seed to Buffy’s already dripping snatch.

When he was spent, he fell back onto the sofa, to once again admire the two perfect asses on display before him, and the rest of the two lovely Slayers attached to them. He smiled, as most of their restraints vanished. “Come here, and lick me clean,” he ordered them.

“Yes, Sir!” said both Slayers, and they both tried to turn around, but they quickly discovered that while they were no longer attached to the floor, they were still linked to each other by the chain looped through their nipple rings. They both yelped from the sudden pain as their turn yanked hard at them.

They glanced at each other, and then they quickly made a perfectly coordinated turn to bring them around to face Xander. They were still wearing their stiff leather boots, so they had to bend over at
the waist to bring their mouths down to his cock.

Xander gently held their heads in his hands while they licked him, and kissed each other around his cock. After a minute of that, Xander lifted their faces up, and gave each of them a kiss. He smiled at them. “Clean up down here, go have a shower, and then come to bed.”

“Yes, Xander,” they said. Xander rose from the sofa, and went up to join Anya in their bed.

Xander awoke the next morning with a BuffyBlanket on top of him. She was pretty clearly already awake, from the way he could feel her hips rocking, pressing her Reward Ring against his morning wood.

From the sounds coming from next to him, he knew that Faith and Anya were awake too.

When Buffy and Faith had come into the bedroom the night before, they had still been linked by the chain looped through their nipple rings. He could have made them sleep like that, but if he had, he didn’t think that they’d actually get much sleeping done, so the Reward light had flashed, and they’d each gotten their own individual chain that looped through all three of their rings.

The feel of Buffy’s breasts against his chest told him that her nipple rings, and their chain, had vanished some time during the night. He brought his arms up to capture her in a hug. He opened his eyes to look at her. “Good morning.”

He saw Buffy’s smiling face looking back at him, and she put a little more wiggle into her hips. “Good morning, Xander.” She kissed him.

Xander glanced aside, and saw that Faith was on top of Anya, kissing her, with their legs entwined so each of them had her pussy pressing against the other’s thigh.

He took a tighter hold on Buffy, and rolled them over so that he was on top of her. Then he brought his hands up to take hold of her tits, as he entered her.

More often than not, the morning sex with Buffy, Anya, and Faith was pretty vanilla, without any of the bondage magic of the Reward intervening. It was plain, simple, love-making, and Xander sometimes thought that it was the best sex of his day, whatever else might happen. He got to worship on the altars of Buffy, Faith and Anya without any unnecessary adornments cluttering up their perfectly beautiful bodies. He could lick and suck at their nipples, enjoying the feel of those delightful nubs of flesh in his mouth, and when he did bite down on Buffy or Faith’s tits the way he knew that they craved, there was no hard metal to risk chipping a tooth on.

And bite he did on Buffy’s tit when he sensed that she was ready to come, and she came for him hard. He didn’t though. He exercised the superhuman control that Anya’s training, augmented by the Reward magic had given him, and then he and Anya switched partners.

Like always, making love with Faith was Different. Different from making love with Buffy, Different from making love with Anya, Different from the last time he had made love with Faith. But some things were the same too. His love for Faith as just as powerful as his love for Anya and Buffy. And she came when he bit down on her nipple, too.

Xander could tell that Buffy and Faith were linked, like they almost always were during sex, from the way that Buffy came again, at the same moment that Faith did.

He spent some time after his Slayers came down from their shared climax just relaxing, while still holding himself deep in Faith’s pussy.
Then he gave Faith one more kiss, rolled off her, to be nearer to Buffy and Anya, and gave Buffy another kiss too. “Time for you two to get up, have your shower, and get breakfast started.”

“Yes, Xander,” said Faith and Buffy together, and quickly rose from the bed. Both he and Anya admired their asses as they left the room, before they turned their attention to each other.

Xander kissed his girlfriend. “Good morning, Hun.”

“Good morning, Xander.” Anya opened her arms, and her legs, for him, and he fell into her embrace.

When Xander and Anya came down for breakfast some time later, they found Buffy and Faith both dressed in undersized aprons, and nothing else.

The Slayers served up breakfast for everyone, and joined Xander and Anya at what would become the breakfast bar in their new kitchen, once proper counter-tops were installed. For now they had to make do with a rough plywood counter, and be careful about not getting splinters.

“So, what are everyone’s plans for the day?” asked Xander.

“Tony’s got me working with the kitchen crew, today,” said Faith, “So I’m going to be coming back here with the guys installing the new counter-tops.”

Xander nodded, as if he hadn’t already known that. “Good. Ms Northrup is going to be stopping by too, to have a look at our progress, make sure we haven’t been wasting the company’s money. You can show her around, including my workshop.”

One of Xander’s standing orders was that each of them had a private room of their own, that no one was allowed in, without permission from the room’s owner, so Faith would have bared Ms. Northrup from seeing his workshop without him giving her permission.

“She can see my office, too,” said Anya. “Show her the Gantt chart.” One wall of Anya’s office was covered with a large chart showing all the tasks in the renovation project, and the progress done to date. “If the counter-top people do a good job, you can mark that off as completed, too.”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Faith.

“Buffy?” asked Xander.

“Oh, you can show her my room, too,” said Buffy.

“Thank you, but that's not what I meant. What classes do you have today?”

“Oh, it’s my film production techniques class, this morning. We’re starting into editing.”

“I’m not sure that that class is really useful,” said Anya.

Buffy shrugged. “Wasn’t really thinking about usefulness, when I picked my courses. My actual career path is pretty much set. I just signed up for it because it sounded interesting. We can talk about what I should be taking next semester, if it pleases you, Mistress, but the deadline for that is still a month away.”

“Yes, we should schedule some time for that,” said Anya. “Go get my day-timer. It’s on my desk.”

Buffy hopped to her feet. “Yes, Mistress!” She scampered off to Anya’s office.
“Ahn,” said Xander quietly. “What classes Buffy takes are her choice. Don’t go pushing her into anything.”

“I’m not going to, Xander,” said Anya. “We’re going to have a talk about what her goals are, and then I’ll help her choose the classes she needs to achieve those goals, instead of just picking her classes all higgledy-piggledy.” She looked at Faith. “You should join us.”

Faith nodded. “Yes, Mistress.”

Buffy came running back with Anya’s day-timer, and gave it to her.

Anya flipped it open. “Let’s see… we have the meeting scheduled with Giles this evening to discuss the Knights of Byzantium, and you have an evening class tomorrow… I guess we’ll have to pencil you in for Wednesday…”

Xander dropped Anya off at the Magic Box, before heading toward the UC Sunnydale campus to drop off Buffy for her morning class. “Listen, Buffy, when you have your meeting with Anya, don’t let her buffalo you into doing anything you don’t want to do.”

“She’s not wrong,” said Buffy. “I have been choosing my classes all higgledy-piggledy, without any real idea of what I want to do with my life. If this Reward thing is really going to help me live past twenty-five, then maybe I should put more thought into where I want my life to go.”

“Just so long as it’s you making the choices about what you want to do,” said Xander. “Don’t let Anya talk you into pre-law, or anything like that, just because she thinks it will be the most lucrative career for you.”

“Yes, Xander.”

“And I hereby order you to take at least one completely silly, and useless class each semester, just because you think it will be fun!”

“Yes, Sir!” said Buffy.

“If I understand this university thing right, it’s often the silly and useless classes that people take that turn out to be the most useful, in the long run.”

Faith was pretty sure that Xander was conspiring with Tony to make sure that she got lots of experience and training in different construction disciplines. She had also noticed that she spent time working with crews doing the sort of work that needed to be done in their apartment, before that work had to be done there.

And whenever a work crew had to go into the apartment to do something that Xander didn’t think he could handle himself, she was part of it.

It put her into a bit of a strange position. She was the most junior member of the crew doing the work, but Xander was also trusting her to make sure that everything was done right.

There really wasn’t anything difficult about the counter-top installation. Xander could have taken all the measurements, himself, sent them off to the manufacturer, taken delivery of the completed counters, and installed them himself. But the actual labour costs of doing the installation were a small part of the total cost, and by subcontracting it, he made sure that if there were any mistakes, it would be the subcontractor who paid for them, and he had Faith there to check their work.

Vito the plumber had also come in, to finish the installation of the the gas oven. He stuck around to
supervise Faith as she made the plumbing connections for the new kitchen sink.

Ms. Northrup arrived just after Faith had finished with the plumbing for the sink, and Vito had declared it a job-well-done. Faith started her tour of the completed work with a visit to Anya’s office. She showed her Anya’s Gantt chart of all the work to be done, and she rather proudly marked off as finished the counter installation, and the plumbing connections for the stove, and sink.

Faith gave Ms. Northrup a tour of the rest of the completed areas of the apartment: the second floor bathroom, hers, and Buffy’s rooms, and then the master bedroom.

Faith had wondered if Xander remembered how it was decorated, when he’d told her to show it to Ms. Northrup. The pictures on the walls weren’t really the sort of thing that you expected to find in a suburban bedroom.

Faith was proud of the way she looked in those pictures, and she thought that Buffy was incredibly beautiful too. If Ms. Northrup had even the least disparaging thing to say about B, or Xander, she would be sorely tempted to show her the fast way back down to ground level.

“Oh, my!” said Ms. Northrup, when she first saw the photographs. “These are…um…” She looked quickly between Faith, who was looking outwardly calm, and a picture of her bound, gagged, and naked. Faith could see Ms. Northrup blushing, and her breathing quicken. Her eyes flicked down over Faith’s chest.

Xander considered the sort of clothes that the Reward usually put Faith in to be a safety hazard on a construction site, so what she was wearing now was really pretty conservative. Nice sturdy blue-jeans, that fit her perfectly: not too tight to restrict her movement in any way, but still showing off her butt nicely if she bent over in them. And somewhat unusually, she was wearing a sports bra under her tight fitting t-shirt, to keep her tits from bouncing around and distracting her fellow workers. It also restricted her nipples enough that it wasn’t obvious when they went erect, like they were doing right now.

Ms. Northrup licked her lips, and Faith imagined that she was thinking of licking something of Faith’s. Faith wasn’t opposed to the idea. If Xander were there, and ordered her to let Ms. Northrup to kiss her tits and eat her pussy, or ordered Faith to eat Ms. Northrup, she’d go along with it happily. But without orders from Xander, all she’d do was fantasize about it.

Ms. Northrup looked back at the pictures on the wall. “These are quite…artistic,” she finally managed to get out.

“Yes, they are,” said Faith.

“So, um, Mr. Harris did these?” asked Ms. Northrup.

Well, he did, in a way, so Faith answered “Yes, he did.”

Ms. Northrup took a deep breath, and wrenched her attention away from the pictures, to look around at the rest of the room. “So…you went with carpets, instead of hardwood, in the bedrooms?”

Faith had been present for that discussion between Anya and Buffy, so she knew the answer to it. “Usually, when people put hardwood into bedrooms, they end up covering most of it with an area rug, anyway. And it feels nicer on your bare feet.” And your bare knees, ass, elbows, tits… she didn’t add.
Ms Northrup gave an understanding nod, and then checked out the walk-in closet — that was mostly filled with Anya’s clothes — and the ensuite bathroom.

On the way back out of the bedroom, Ms. Northrup took one last look at the photos on the wall. Faith was tempted to show her what was in Anya’s toy cabinet.
Chapter 41

The bell over the front door of the Magic Box jingled as Buffy opened it. She and Faith were back on their leashes and leading Xander into the shop, just a few minutes after its closing time. She and Faith were both dressed in short, pleated skirts (with no underwear) and tiny t-shirts, that were a couple of sizes too small for them.

Anya was busy counting the cash from the register, and Giles, Willow and Tara were seated around the table at the back of the shop, with stacks of books, and scores of pages of loose notes.

Xander went to the counter, and leaned across it to kiss Anya hello. “Have a good day?” he asked.

“Sales were a bit slow, today,” said Anya. “Monday does not seem to be a popular day for shopping.” She slipped the money she’d counted into a night deposit bag for the bank, and wrote down the total in a ledger.

“Faith!” called Anya.

Faith immediately perked to attention. “Yes, Mistress?”

Anya handed the bag to her. “Take this to the bank, and be quick about it!”

Faith’s leash flashed into non-existence. “Right away, Mistress!”

Buffy was a little disappointed that the order hadn’t been given to her, but Faith was the one who was on the Magic Box payroll, and Giles insisted that any tasks that Anya ordered either of them to do for the shop had to be paid for. Still, she had a nice look at Faith’s ass as her skirt flipped up on her way out the door.

It took Xander a couple of seconds to recover from seeing the same thing before he turned his attention back to the group around the table. “So, Giles. Any luck on the research front?”

“We’ve been looking into these Knights of Byzantium, and their ‘Key,’” said Giles, “And we’ve learned a few things.”

“Like what?” asked Buffy.

“The Key is an artifact of unimaginable power,” said Giles. “The Monks of Dagon, and the Knights of Byzantium were once united, dedicated to its protection, but something happened about a thousand years ago that caused a rupture in their order. Some of them believed that the Key could be used as a force for good. Others felt that it represented too great a risk: if it fell into the wrong hands, it could be used for evil. The ones who believed that the Key’s power could be harnessed for the forces of good became the Order of Dagon. Those that believed it was too dangerous to exist became the Knights of Byzantium, and they’ve been at odds, ever since.”

“Is there anything to say who’s right?” asked Buffy.

“Not really,” said Giles. “Both sides seem to have legitimate positions.”

“But we haven’t been attacked by any monks wielding swords,” said Buffy. “The only monk we’ve seen had been tied up and tortured by this Beast.”

“Anything else on the Beast?” asked Xander.
“No, but there was an outbreak of some sort of mental illness in Sunnydale, starting a couple of months ago,” said Willow. “Three or four people a week were suddenly going crazy, without any previous history of mental illness.”

“Axe-murderer crazy, or something else?” asked Buffy.

“Mostly non-violent, incoherent babbling crazy,” said Willow, “but that seems to have stopped a couple of weeks ago. There haven’t been any new cases since the middle of October, and people seem to be slowly recovering now.”

“October? That’s when we killed the Lei-ach clan. Could they have had something to do with it?”

“Unlikely,” said Giles. “The Lei-ach are marrow suckers, not mind-suckers.”

“If these monks did send me the Key, hidden in some way, is there any way to detect it?” asked Buffy.

Giles consulted his notes. “The Key is an energy matrix vibrating at a dimensional frequency beyond normal human perception. Only those outside reality can see the Key’s true nature.”

“What’s that mean?” asked Xander.

“People gifted with psychic perception,” said Giles, “or sometimes the mentally ill.”

“Maybe that’s why the Beast was creating all those crazy people,” said Xander. “To have them look for the Key, and it found it, which is why it left town.”

“I hope not, because all indications are that the Beast using the Key could be a truly cataclysmic event,” said Giles.

“Any other way to find it, besides second-sight types, and crazy people?” asked Anya.

“Well, it is also supposed to be perceptible the necromanced animals, particularly snakes and dogs,” said Giles.

“Wait,” said Tara. “You said that people outside reality can see the Key.”

“Yes,” said Giles.

“You know a seer?” asked Willow.

“No, but what if we moved outside of reality,” said Tara.

“What do you mean?” asked Xander.

“Would the Key be perceptible from an astral plain?”

“Oh!” Willow bounced up and down in her seat. “Oh! Oh! Oh!”

“You’ve thought of something we can use to find the Key?” asked Xander.

“No!” said Willow. “A way to test the Reward!”

Faith felt a rise in Buffy’s level of agitation as she ran back to the Magic Box from the bank, so she put on an extra burst of speed. She wasn’t sure what had happened, but something was making Buffy nervous.
She burst through the front door, and looked quickly around the shop, trying to identify any threats. There wasn’t anyone unexpected present. The Scoobies were all clustered around the round table at the back of the store.

“I’m sure it will work, and it’s not like we’re trying to break the Reward, or anything like that,” said Willow, “so it shouldn’t cause any bad side effects.”

“What’s she talking about?” asked Faith.

“Willow thinks that if we can move ourselves to an astral plain, it will temporarily negate some parts of the Reward,” said Anya.

Faith now understood what had worried Buffy. It worried her too. “What parts, and what does she mean by ‘temporary’?”

“In the higher realms, most forms of magical compulsion are negated,” said Willow. “You also won’t be able to knowingly tell a lie, so if we can move your spirits there, you will be able to honestly say how you really feel about the Reward, without any outside influence, but that will only be true while you are in that realm. As soon as your spirits return to your bodies, the Reward compulsions will return.”

“So, it won’t make everyone suddenly remember that I’m still supposed to be in jail?” asked Faith.

“Not unless they go with you to the astral realm,” said Tara. “It will only affect the spirits of those who go.”

“You’re not going?” asked Buffy.

“If we do send novices into the astral plains, some of us will have to stay behind, to keep you grounded, and help you to find your way back to your bodies, if you go astray.” Tara glanced aside to Willow. “I think it should be me and Anya who do that.”

“Why me?” asked Anya.

“Buffy, Faith and Xander are the ones directly affected by the Reward, so if we’re going to do this, they should go. They’ll need Willow’s power to help them ascend, and she’s the one with the most doubts about the Reward. And I think that Giles should go too, as an objective observer.”

Giles took off his glasses, and started to polish their lenses. “I’m not sure how objective I’ll be.”

“I think, of the people here, you are probably the most objective,” said Xander. “Are you sure that this is safe? It’s not going to trigger any backlash against Buffy and Faith?”

Giles shook his head, and put his glasses back on. “I shouldn’t think so. Gimmel seems to have been quite thorough in his execution of this Reward, even if he overlooked Faith’s status as a Slayer. Buffy and Faith have progressed so well in their meditation practice that I had already planned to teach them astral projection. It can be a quite useful tool for a Slayer, though few have mastered it. I have even begun teaching them some of the preparatory techniques. I suspect that if the Reward could really be rejected that easily, it never would have occurred to me to begin such training. Quite the contrary, my already having begun their training for this may be another example of your extraordinary luck manifesting.”

“The last time you started talking about my extraordinary luck, Joyce got sick.”

“Precisely,” said Giles. “And think of the rather unlikely chain of events that followed, leading to
the detection of her tumour — possibly weeks earlier than might have ordinarily been the case — allowing it to be excised with a relatively minor operation. I heard her doctors say that she was extremely fortunate that they managed to catch it as early as they did."

“Huh,” Xander blinked a few times. “I never thought of it that way.”

“Indeed, this may even help you to further accept your Reward,” said Giles. “If Buffy and Faith can honestly tell you how they truly feel about the Reward, it may serve to allay any lingering doubts you may have.”

Xander glanced between Faith and Buffy, and Faith hoped that he wasn’t going to ask them to make this decision. This sort of thing was his responsibility, now. “How do you feel about this?” he asked.

That was alright; finding out how they felt was something that he should do, before making his decision.

“A little nervous,” said Buffy.

“Me too,” said Faith. “But a little hopeful too. If this can help to remove everyone else’s doubts…” She looked directly at Willow. “…then that would be a good thing.”

Xander nodded. “Okay, then. I think we should do this.”

It wasn’t quite that simple. Xander had little practice with any form of meditation, and Giles thought that he needed some additional preparation. He also felt that it would be best, considering the one form of meditation that Xander had practiced, if that preparation took place away from the Magic Box. It was decided that Xander would go home with Anya, Faith, and Buffy to prepare himself, while Giles, Willow, and Tara stayed at the Magic Box to get things ready there.

Xander sent Buffy and Faith ahead to prepare things at their apartment, while he and Anya took a more leisurely walk home. When they did get home, and went upstairs to their bedroom, they found that the bed had been stripped of its usual bedding, and instead was covered with white cotton sheets. The room was darkened, and lit by candles. Soothing instrumental music was playing. Buffy and Faith were naked, and kneeling on either side of the bed, with their heads bowed.

Anya looked around at their preparations, and nodded her head in approval. “Very well done,” she said. “You may undress us now.”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Buffy and Faith together, and they both rose smoothly to their feet, and came to their Lord and Mistress. They quickly and efficiently removed all of their clothes, folded them, and set them aside.

From there they went into the bathroom. Faith stepped into the shower, and started the water running, while Buffy pinned up Anya’s hair, to keep it from getting wet. When Faith reported that the water was running at the proper temperature, Xander, Anya, and Buffy joined her in the shower, and Buffy and Faith took up the spray wands, and turned them on. They used the wands to wet down Xander and Anya’s bodies, and then they soaped them both down with liquid body-wash. They used their hands to thoroughly clean their Lord, and Mistress, but without any of the sort of additional sexual play that usually accompanied the showers that they all shared. Buffy and Faith seemed to not even notice that Xander’s cock was standing erect while they washed it.

After the soap had been rinsed from their bodies, and Buffy and Faith had towelled them dry, they
all returned to the bedroom, and Xander and Anya lay down on their stomachs on the bed. Xander lay with his head turned toward Anya, so he could watch her, and he could see Buffy crawl onto the bed on the other side of her. He could feel Faith on the bed beside him. He saw Buffy reach for the bowl of oil sitting on top of Anya’s bedside table, dip her hand into it, and dribble oil across Anya’s bare shoulders. He could feel the oil that Faith was dribbling onto his shoulders.

Faith and Buffy dribbled more oil down Xander and Anya’s backs, across their buttocks, and down their legs. And then both of them moved to straddle their Lord and Mistess’s backs, and began a slow, gentle massage of their shoulders. Both of them kept most of their weight off the receivers of their massage, instead supporting most of their weight with their own thigh muscles.

Xander concentrated on his breathing, keeping it slow and steady, and in rhythm with the movement of Faith’s hands as she moved out from his shoulders, to massage his arms. He could see that Buffy was moving in perfect synchronization with Faith as she massaged Anya.

After finishing with their arms, the two Slayers returned their attention to Xander and Anya’s shoulders, and necks, before slowly worked their way down their backs, their strong hands giving them both a deep, soothing massage, lulling them both into a deep relaxation.

Xander concentrated on his breathing, the feel of Faith’s hands moving over him, and staying relaxed, as she moved farther down his body, her hands rubbing his butt, and even running down the crack between his ass-cheeks, across his anus, and gently over his balls. He was almost completely relaxed now. In fact there was only one bit of his anatomy that wasn’t feeling completely flaccid, despite his attempt to completely ignore it, his cock was rock hard.

Faith kept moving down his body, massaging his thighs, the backs of his knees, his calves, and the soles of his feet, finishing up by giving each of his toes some individual attention. When she was done with his feet, she shifted to moving quickly back up his body. This time using just her finger tips, tapping them lightly and quickly across him, feeling almost like gentle rain drops hitting his skin. He watched Buffy doing the same with Anya.

Faith and Buffy moved away from Xander and Anya, and placed pillows beside where their head were resting on the bed. Xander and Anya both rolled over onto their backs, using the pillows to prop up their heads, and shoulders so that they could both look comfortably down along their bodies. Xander could see his hard cock straining upwards toward the bedroom ceiling.

Buffy and Faith traded places. This time it was Buffy who dribbled oil across Xander’s chest, his stomach, over his cock, and down his legs. She straddled his stomach, and began the massage again, starting with his chest.

When she moved down so that she was straddling his hips, Buffy lightly rested her pussy slit along the top of his cock, but she didn’t put any of her weight on it, nor did she move to rub herself against him. She almost seemed not to notice, but he did see a slight smile tug at the corners of her mouth, momentarily replacing the completely serene expression she had been maintaining. Xander put some extra effort into keeping his concentration on his breathing, and resisted the urge to rock his own hips up against her.

Buffy moved farther down, to straddle his thighs, and massage his hips. She also ran one hand up, and around his cock, including it in her massage of him, but not lingering there long enough to overcome his self control, before moving on down his legs.

After reaching his toes again, Buffy took hold of Xander’s feet, and gently pulled them apart, spreading his legs. She crawled up between them, and reached for her bowl of oil again, getting more on her hands, and dribbling it down over his cock.
Her hands went around his cock, and she slowly began stroking him. Xander looked over at Anya, with Faith kneeling between her legs, and slowly pumping her fingers into Anya’s pussy, her movements still perfectly synchronized with Buffy’s.

Xander still concentrated on his breathing, and relaxation as Buffy slowly stroked his cock. He breathed in as her hand moved up it, and out as she moved down. Her other hand was cupping his balls, with her finger tips rubbing against his perineum, with the same slow rhythm.

Xander stayed relaxed, just enjoying the feel of Buffy stroking him, right up to the moment of his orgasm. Only then did he allow himself to tense, and then only with his perineal muscle to keep himself from ejaculating. He felt the jolt of pressure shoot up his spine, and his breathing hiccuped for a moment, before returning to its steady rhythm. He saw another brief smile flicker across Buffy’s face, but she never broke the rhythm of her hands moving on his cock.

Xander came several more times, each time managing to withhold his ejaculation, before Buffy finally released his cock, and moved back beside him. She helped him to sit up, and turn toward Anya. Faith was helping Anya up, and moved her toward Xander. Xander sat with his legs crossed on the bed, as Faith brought Anya to him. Faith and Buffy both helped support Anya as she wrapped her legs around his waist, and then lowered her down, with her pussy enveloping his cock.

They sat together like that, neither of them moving, with their arms wrapped around each other. Xander could feel Anya’s warm, wet pussy gently clasping him as they synchronized their breathing, and just looked into each other’s eyes. Buffy and Faith knelt behind them, and once again started giving their backs slow, steady massages.

Xander didn’t know how long they stayed together like that. Afterward, he might have joked that his cock had stayed hard long enough that he was encroaching on the warning time from a Viagra commercial, but he never had any thoughts like that at the time. His only thought was about how wonderful Anya felt as he held her, and she held him, and the sublime pleasure of Fuffy massaging them. They didn’t start to become aware of the greater world again until they heard a soft chiming sound.

“Lord, Lady, it’s time,” said Baith.

Anya took a deep breath. “Thank you, slaves.” She smiled at Xander, and then started to grind her hips against him.

That was really all it took to trigger an intense orgasm for both of them, and this time Xander didn’t constrain himself. He let himself fully come into Anya’s pussy.

Buffy and Faith had to help them both disentangle themselves from each other after it was over, and to support them as they made their way back into the bathroom for another shower, to clean off the oil that was coating all of their bodies. This time the shower was a bit more playful, but they were on a tight schedule if they were going to get back to the Magic Box by midnight.

They were all dressed for maximum comfort when they returned to the Magic Box. Xander and Anya were wearing loose fitting, light cotton shirts, and pants, and Buffy and Faith were dressed in loose silk outfits that almost looked like pyjamas. Buffy was surprised by how calm, and relaxed she felt. Despite having spent a couple of hours naked, in close physical contact with her Lord and Mistress, and actually stroking him into multiple orgasms while she and Faith hadn’t had any, she didn’t feel any sort of sexual frustration. She felt as calm and fulfilled as she knew Xander and Anya did. Her link with Faith had been fully open during the entire experience as well, so she knew that Faith felt the same way.
Giles, Willow and Tara were ready and waiting for them in the training room. They had laid out a circle, drawn with salt on the mats on the training room floor, surrounding a five pointed star. Inside each point of the star sat a large, white candle, which provided the only light. Xander was directed to sit at one point—inside the circle—with Buffy on his left and Faith on his right, and across from Giles and Willow. Willow, Buffy and Faith all sat in a lotus pose, which Xander and Giles approximated with crossed legs and their hands resting on their knees, with their palms upturned. Anya and Tara sat outside the circle, also in the lotus position.

They began to chant “The inward eye, the sightless sea. Ayala flows through the river in me” over and over. Buffy and Faith put themselves into the meditative state that they had been practicing for weeks, and she could tell that Xander was returning to the state that he had been in with Anya during their massage session. The room flared around them, suddenly filling with light that wasn’t coming from the candles. It seemed to be emanating from the room itself, and everything in it.

Tara and Anya seemed to be frozen in their places outside the circle, even more motionless than they had been a moment before.

Willow let out an “Eep!” and her hands moved quickly to cover herself. It was only then that Buffy noticed that all of their clothes seemed to have vanished too. Xander’s hands moved almost as fast, to cup over his crotch, as did Giles’, but he didn’t move fast enough to keep her from seeing that her mother’s memories of just how well endowed he was weren’t exaggerated. She and Faith remained sitting in their lotus positions, without moving.

“So, is this it?” asked Faith. “Are we astral now?”

“Um, yeah,” said Willow. “I should have remembered the naked bit.”

“I remembered, but felt it best not to remind anyone about it,” said Giles. “It was imperative to keep our anxiety level down, if we were going to succeed.”

“So, did we succeed?” asked Xander. “Are the Reward compulsions gone?” He looked from Buffy to Faith.

Buffy didn’t think that she felt any different, at first, but as she started to think back over her experiences since the Reward had started, she did find that she felt differently about some of them now.

Giles spoke, before she could think too much about that. “I suggest that we try a couple of experiments. Xander, I want you to give Buffy and Faith some simple orders, to see if they can resist following them.”

“What sort of orders?” asked Xander.

“It doesn’t matter, just something simple that it will be easy for us to see if they obey them or not.”

“Okay.” Xander paused for a moment. “Buffy, Faith, touch your noses!”

Buffy was tempted to do it, just to mess with Xander and Giles, but she didn’t move, other than to smile at him, and then say “No” at the same moment that Faith did.

“Are you still linked?” asked Xander.

Buffy shook her head. “No more than we always are,” she said, feeling the truth of the statement. Her link with Faith was still there, in the background of her mind, as it always was now. She reached out across it, to her sister Slayer, and felt Faith reaching back toward her. “It’s still working
“a-okay, though,” they said together.

“All right,” said Giles. “Now the next test: can we lie. I want each of you to answer my questions
to you with a lie: Willow, what is your name?”

Willow had been sitting blushing with one arm over her breasts, and the other hand covering her
crotch, too embarrassed to do or say anything up till now. She tried to say something, but her words
caught in her throat, she tried again, and stopped again. “My name is… Willow Dannielle
Rosenberg. Every time I try to say something else, I can’t.”

They all took turns, each of them trying to say that their name was something other than what it
really was, and they all gave their full names, including Xander calling himself “Alexander
LaVelle Harris,” except for Faith, who managed to keep her name to just “Faith” without going any
further.

“That’s how I think of myself,” she said, when asked how she did it. “It’s my name. The other bits
tacked on the end of it aren’t me. They’re just a label that someone else gave me.”

“Very well,” said Giles. “Now that we’ve established that we can’t lie, Buffy, Faith, how do you
feel about the Reward?”

“We like it!” they both said, together, and then they smiled at each other, and at Xander. They kept
talking together. “We love you. We love Anya. We love each other.”

“Are we really sure that all the compulsions are gone?” asked Willow.

Buffy looked at her. “Willow, I still think you’re really cute, sitting there like that, but I haven’t
really spared a single thought to what your tits would look like, if you dropped your arm away from
them.”

“ Whereas that thought has crossed my mind, multiple times since this started,” said Faith.

“Neither of you seem to be embarrassed to be seen by us,” said Willow.

“That’s because I’m not,” said Buffy. “I’ve gotten used to being naked, a lot, and I’ve always been
a bit of an exhibitionist. I’ve been naked in front of you, lots of times, while we were sharing our
dorm room last year. Xander and Faith have seen me like this. The only one here who hasn’t seen
me naked before is Giles, and I’m kinda enjoying how uncomfortable I’m making him, and here he
has no glasses to take off, nor anything to polish them with.”

“Yes, well, fortunately, you are rather blurry to me right now,” said Giles.

“And while you’ve never seen me naked before,” Faith told Willow, “I am enjoying the way you
keep forgetting that you’re not supposed to be looking at my tits, and the way you blush even more
whenever you catch yourself.”

“So, back to the matter at hand,” said Giles. “Buffy and Faith: do you want the Reward to
continue?”

“Yes!” they said together.

“Do you have any reservations?”

Buffy shrugged. “Some of the things we’ve done…looking back, I remember how good they felt at
the time, but if you asked me if I wanted to do them now, I’d tell you ‘no,’ and I’m a little scared
that my answer will turn back to ‘yes’ as soon as we end this…but then I remember how good they felt at the time, and how good all the rest of it feels, and I’m a lot more scared of losing that.”

“Faith?” asked Giles.

“I’m with B on this,” said Faith. “Though we probably have different lists of things we’d say ‘no’ to.”

“Willow, are you satisfied with Buffy and Faith’s answers?” asked Giles.

Willow slowly nodded her head. “Yes, I am. I still don’t like it, but if they genuinely want the Reward to continue, I can accept that.”

“And are you going to stop looking for ways to end the Reward?”

“No,” said Willow, “but I promise that whatever I learn, I won’t take any action without Xander, Buffy and Faith’s permission.”

Buffy, Xander and Faith all exchanged looks, and then he spoke for the three of them. “We can accept that. You wouldn’t be yourself, if you did anything else.”

“Very well,” said Giles. “I think we’re done here, it’s time to return to our bodies.”

“Just a second…” said Buffy. Something had seemed to be missing to her, from the moment she had entered the astral plain, and in a flash, it suddenly came to her.

“Oh. My. God! Can anyone remember Dawn, from before this summer?”
In the instant between heartbeats, Buffy found herself flashing out of the Magic Box, through the streets of Sunnydale, into her mother’s house, up the stairs, and into her old bedroom where she stopped, looking down on her sister.

Dawn was bathed in a viridescent glow. The green light enveloping her was shot with bolts of blue and yellow. Coils of light twined in and out of her body, pulsing with a rhythm like a heartbeat. It was one of the most beautiful things that Buffy had ever seen. She didn’t know how long she stayed there, just watching her sister sleep, with the light wrapping around her.

“Wow!”

Buffy looked up and saw Willow, on the other side of Dawn’s bed.

“She’s so beautiful,” she said.

“She’s my sister,” said Buffy.

“I know,” said Willow. “And she’s the Key. I don’t know what all that means, yet, but I know that she’s important, and that you love her. What’s that in her hand?”

Buffy blinked a couple of times. She hadn’t paid any attention to anything other than the exquisite glow emanating from her sister’s body, until now, but Willow’s question brought her attention back to the physical realm. She saw her sister’s corporeal body, lying on her side in her bed, with her hand in front of her face clutching…

“It’s a dildo,” she said, matter of factly.

“It’s so big!” said Willow.

“It’s normal size,” said Buffy. In fact she thought it was the perfect size. Exactly the same size as Xander. She recognized it as having been modeled off him. She figured that it had probably came out of Anya’s toy cabinet.

“Really?” asked Willow. “Oz wasn’t—” She cut herself off.

“Oz was kinda small,” said Buffy. She quickly added “I mean he was short, and well proportioned for his size, but his size was small, so all the rest of him was small too, and I’m not really helping myself, here, am I?”

“No, but I understand what you mean,” said Willow. “I don’t really have much experience with men.”

“It’s not the number,” said Buffy. “It’s the quality, and Oz was one of the best.”

Willow smiled. “Yeah, he was, but we have to go back now.”

“What?” asked Buffy.

“I told you it was dangerous for anyone not experienced with the astral realm to leave the circle,” said Willow. “I convinced the others to stay inside it, before I came to get you, but I don’t know how long that will last. Faith and Xander will act as anchors you can go back to, as long as they stay there, but if they try to follow, all bets are off.”
“How do I go back?” asked Buffy.

“Just think of being with them,” said Willow. “Think of being back in the Magic Box, with Xander and Faith.”

Buffy thought of the training room in the back of the Magic Box, where she had left Xander and Faith, and found herself once again flashing back through the streets of Sunnydale, until she got there. Willow appeared back in the room a second later.

Faith gasped, as she returned to reality. “What the fuck?”

Faith realized that she didn’t have any real memories of Dawn from before the Reward started. While she had been in the astral realm, she’d had memories of memories. She could remember teaching Dawn to make snow angels on the day that it had snowed in Sunnydale, and a couple of other incidents from their past, but she didn’t remember anything about her from the day before, or after. She realized that all she could remember about Dawn from before the Reward were things that she had thought about, and remembered, since she had returned to Sunnydale. And then a whole other set of memories had flooded back into her, as she left the Astral realm.

“What happened?” asked Anya. “Don’t you want the Reward?”

“No!” said Faith quickly. “It’s not that! The Reward is great! We both said so!”

“They did,” admitted Willow.

“It’s the Key!” said Faith. “We found it too! It’s—”

“Wait!” said Buffy.

“You don’t want to tell us?” asked Anya.

Buffy could feel her Mistress’s disapproval. “It’s not that,” she said quickly. “I just want to make sure that no one else is listening in, while we talk about this. Willow, can you do a privacy spell for us, make sure that there aren’t any Knights, or Beasts, or anything else, listening in?”

“Yes, sure,” said Willow. “Tara, sweetie, you wanna help with that?”

It only took a few minutes for the two witches to reinforce the wards that always surrounded the Magic Box to keep anyone from listening in, or intruding on them without their knowledge. When they were done, Buffy came right out and said it. “Dawn is the Key.”

“What?” asked Anya. “They put the Key into her?”

“No,” said Willow. “I don’t know how they did it, but as near as I can tell, Dawn didn’t exist at all, until just a few months ago.”

“But we remember her,” said Tara. “I’ve known her almost as long as I’ve known you!”

“Yeah, that’s the thing,” said Buffy. “Every memory we have of her, from before this summer, is made up. It’s not real.”

“And we thought that Gimmel giving a few people memories of me being let out of jail was impressive,” said Faith. “These monks seem to have created a whole life for Dawn, and the documentation to back it up.”

“So, she’s not really your sister?” asked Anya.
“Yes, she is,” said Willow.

“What?” asked several voices.

“We were in an Astral realm, where we couldn’t lie,” said Willow, “and Buffy said it herself: Dawn is her sister. She might not have come into being in the normal way, but she is real now, and she is Buffy’s sister.”

“What do we do about it?” asked Buffy. “Do we tell her?”

“I can’t immagine a more traumatic thing for the child to learn,” said Giles. “On the other hand, it might be for the best if we do tell her, at a time of our choosing, under controlled circumstances. I’m afraid that if we don’t pick the time and circumstances, that she will find out, at some time not of our choosing, and that will be even worse.”

“I think we need to start by telling Joyce,” said Xander. “Then get her input on when, and how, to tell Dawn.

Buffy slowly brushed out Anya’s hair. Her Mistress was sitting at her make-up table in the bathroom while Buffy helped her get ready to go to bed. Faith and Xander had already left the bathroom, and Buffy could feel what they were doing through her link with Faith, but she didn’t want to think about that, now. She looked up at the mirror, and saw Anya looking back at her.

“There’s something on your mind,” said Anya.

“Yes, Mistress,” said Buffy.

“What is it?”

Buffy hesitated for a moment, not wanting to get her sister in trouble, but then she just plunged into it, while continuing to brush Anya’s hair. “Did you know that Dawn has one of your dildos, Mistress?”

“Of course,” said Anya. “I gave it to her.”

“You did?”

“Of course. How else would she get it?”

“Well…” Buffy paused the passage of the brush through Anya’s hair. “…Dawn has a history of taking my stuff, without asking.”

“And you thought that she might have taken it?”

“I didn’t want to think that, Mistress, but…”

Anya held out her hand. “Give me the brush, Buffy.”

Buffy handed it over immediately. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Now, that wasn’t a very nice thought that you had about your sister,” said Anya.

Buffy bowed her head. “No, Mistress. I’m sorry, Mistress.”

“Still, you didn’t start out with an accusation. You did ask me if I knew that Dawn had my dildo.”
Buffy felt a frisson of disappointment. Maybe Anya wasn’t going to punish her. It didn’t last very long.

“Now, it really ought to be Dawn who does this, since you doubted her integrity, but I recognize that she is still considered to be a minor in this society, and Xander, and Joyce, would probably object, so I’m going to have to do it myself. How many spanks should you get?”

Buffy thought that her transgression was pretty minor, but that didn’t matter. She wanted lots of spanks, but she knew that Anya would not be pleased if she set the number too high. “Um, five, Mistress.”

Anya nodded. “That sounds like a good number. Now bend over the vanity, Buffy.”

“Yes, Mistress.” Buffy bent over, leaning on the bathroom vanity, where she could see herself, and Anya, in the mirror. Anya rose from her chair, and stood behind her. “Please spank me, Mistress, for doubting Dawn’s integrity.”

“Of course, Buffy,” said Anya. She smacked the back side of the brush against Buffy’s backside. “One! Thank you, Mistress!”

Buffy’s ass was stinging when she followed Anya out of the bathroom, and saw what her link with Faith had already told her was going on in the bedroom.

Xander was sitting on the edge of the bed, leaning back and supporting himself on his elbows. Faith was kneeling on the floor in front of him, her hands cuffed behind her back, and linked by a short length of chain to the cuffs around her ankles while she licked and sucked his cock.

Xander looked up at them and smiled. “Why don’t you have a seat beside me, Ahn, and then Buffy can get busy eating your pussy.”

“That sounds like an excellent suggestion, Xander.” Anya took up a pose similar to his beside him on the bed, with her legs spread wide apart, exposing her already wet cunt. “I’m going to want lots of orgasms, Buffy. Think of it as another part of your penance.”

“Yes, Mistress.” Buffy knelt before Anya, and leaned in toward her pussy. The light flashed, and she found herself bound, just like Faith. She extended her tongue, and licked her way up her Mistress’s snatch, before fluttering her tongue against Anya’s clit.

Buffy didn’t know how long she knelt there. Time didn’t matter; all that mattered was that she was giving her Mistress pleasure with her tongue and her lips, licking, kissing and sucking at Anya’s pussy, with Faith beside her, giving oral pleasure to their Lord, Xander. All the time she was tasting Anya, she could also taste Xander in her mouth, through her link with Faith. She wanted to feel him coming into their mouths, but Xander’s control over his orgasms was becoming better all the time. Buffy knew that he had come, multiple times, but he still hadn’t shot his load into her sister slave’s mouth, or across her face.

Anya had come multiple times as well, and each time Buffy was rewarded with a extra flow of Anya’s nectar from her cunt. Anya had just come again, when Buffy felt her hands on her head, gently, but firmly, pushing her back. “That’s enough, Buffy. You too, Faith.”

Buffy sat back, and looked up to see Anya rise to her feet, turn around, and then settle down again onto Xander’s lap, taking his long hard cock all the way into her.

Buffy’s pussy clenched, and she became intensely aware that throughout all of this day’s play, she
and Faith hadn’t been allowed to come even once, or to touch themselves, or be touched, since they had awakened Xander and Anya that morning. Buffy’s nipples were hard little knots of frustrated pleasure. Her and Faith’s pussies were dripping onto the carpet: they’d have to be sure to clean it, next time they were doing the housework.

But right now, she could only kneel there, beside Faith, and watch as Anya bounced up and down on Xander’s cock, until he was groaning and driving hard into her, while Anya cried out her climax.

Xander rose from the bed, still holding Anya, and with his cock still inside her, and turned her around, to lay her back down on the bed in front of Faith. Only then did he withdraw from her, and turn back around again to sit in front of Buffy. “Clean us off, please,” he said.

“Yes, Sir,” said Buffy and Faith together, and they both leaned forward again, Faith to lick Anya’s pussy, and Buffy to lick Xander’s cock. Buffy savoured the mixed taste of her Lord and Lady’s essences on his cock as she licked him clean.

Their bonds flashed into non-existence when they were finished. “You can both stand up now,” said Xander.

“Yes, Sir.” Buffy and Faith both rose to their feet.

“Now, turn to face each other, and give yourselves a nice big hug, and a kiss.”

Buffy smiled as she turned to Faith, wrapped her arms around her, and felt Faith’s arms around her. Their mouths met, with lips parted, and tongues reaching out to greet each other.

The light flashed again, and Buffy felt the stabbing pain of her nipples being pierced. She also felt a new set of hand cuffs appearing on her wrists, holding them locked around Faith. She felt Faith squirm against her, and a painful tugging on her nipples, and realized that they were sharing one set of rings. The rings perforating her nipples were stabbing through Faith’s as well.

“No, you two can do whatever you like together,” said Xander, “as long as you do it quietly, so you don’t disturb Anya and me. We have to get to sleep, not having Slayer constituions. You can sleep on your pallet tonight.”

Their pallet was a thin pad, about the size of a twin bed, laid across the carpet at the foot of the bed. Anya had decreed its creation, for those rare nights when Buffy and Faith were home at the time she usually went to bed, and she didn’t want more sex from them. It let the two of them do whatever they liked with each other, and not disturb her. Though thin, the pallet on top of the thick carpet gave them more than enough padding for their needs, and the apartment was kept warm enough that they didn’t really need sheets, or blankets.

Buffy and Faith started to move toward their pad, and discovered that they were locked together by more than their nipple rings, and handcuffs. Their ankles were also linked together, as were their Reward Rings. They had to move together, almost like a dance, to reach their pallet. They squatted together, each of them thrusting a thigh between the other’s legs, and pressing their pussies against it.

They fell sideways together, onto the pad. The pain from the way that made all their rings tug on each other nearly had them both coming. They pressed their bodies together, still kissing, still grinding their pussies against each other’s thighs, squirming quietly in unison, with their link fully open, each of them feeding their rousing passion back to the other. When they came the feedback just catapulted them into a higher level of passion, leading to another even more intense climax,
driving their arousal to an even greater height.

Xander lay back in their bed, with Anya resting her head on his chest. She listened to his heart beat, while he let the quiet sounds of Buffy and Faith making love together lull him to sleep. Try as they might, they couldn’t be completely silent in their joining, and he didn’t want them to be. He was always aware of them. His link with his Slayers might not be as intense as the one that they shared with each other, but he was always aware of what they were feeling. He had felt their rising frustration through the day as they hadn’t been allowed their own releases, and had given release after release to him, and Anya, and watched them coming together time and again.

So now he lay in his bed, and let the sound of their lovemaking lul him to sleep.

When Buffy awoke the next morning she was still entwined with Faith on their pallet, but they were no longer tied to each other. Faith had awakened with her, and they spent a few minutes kissing and caressing each other before they rose to carry out their morning duty of awakening their Lord, and Mistress in time for them to be ready to go to work.

Buffy didn’t know how it worked, but whenever Xander needed to be awake, they woke up, usually with plenty of time to make sure that he got awakened in a very pleasant way.

It was Faith’s turn to wake up Xander this morning, so Buffy went to Anya’s toy cabinet to select something appropriate to wake her up with. Normally she and Faith weren’t allowed to touch anything in the cabinet without Anya’s specific instruction, but she had given them permission to select one item from it each morning to use in awakening her. Buffy opened the doors, and started looking for something. She couldn’t help noticing the empty space where the dildo Dawn had been holding last night had come from. She picked a double ended dildo, one that was shaped so she could hold one end in her pussy, without any harness, while she fucked Anya blind with the other end. It had a raised ridge in the saddle where the two ends met that would press against both of their clits as Buffy fucked Anya with it.

But first, she had to wake her, and her Mistress didn’t like to be awakened abruptly. Buffy and Faith carefully pulled the sheets away from Xander and Anya. They crawled up over the foot of the bed, and started by kissing their feet, Faith with Xander’s, and Buffy with Anya’s. They moved up their two bodies, kissing and licking their way along their legs, past Anya’s pussy, and Xander’s cock, up across their stomachs, licking and kissing their nipples, their chests, their throats.

Xander and Anya were both awake when Faith settled herself down around Xander’s cock, and Buffy slowly sank the dildo she was wearing into Anya’s pussy, while holding her body up away from Anya’s with her arms. “Good morning, Mistress,” she said.

Anya’s legs came up to wrap around Buffy’s hips. “Oh, it is a good morning, Buffy!”

Buffy smiled and lowered herself down onto Anya for a kiss, while she started to move her hips, and pressed her tits against Anya’s. Anya’s hands went to Buffy’s ass, pulling her deeper into her.

Buffy concentrated on giving Anya a thorough, and satisfying screwing. She found herself synchronizing her motion with Faith’s, rising and falling on Xander’s cock, with the sensations from the dildo in her cunt merging with the sensations of Xander’s cock in Faith’s pussy that their link was feeding her.

She felt Anya reaching around for the switch on the dildo to turn on its vibrator. She felt its buzzing, deep in her pussy, and drove the other end if it deep into her Mistress, grinding the ridge against both of their clits.
“Oh, god, yes, Buffy,” cried out Anya as she came. Buffy followed her over the cusp, and she felt Faith falling with her through their link as Xander groaned under her.

They all paused to catch their breaths, though the dildo was still buzzing deep inside Buffy and Anya. Anya’s arms pulled Buffy close for a lingering kiss.

Buffy felt Xander pushing Faith up off his cock. “Time for our Slayers to go have their morning shower,” he said, “and to get our breakfast ready.”

Buffy reluctantly pulled herself out of Anya’s embrace, and off the bed. “Yes, Sir.”

“Enjoy yourselves in the shower, just don’t take too long,” Xander added.

Faith’s eyes went down to the dildo projecting out from between Buffy’s legs. “Yes, Sir!” She reached down, wrapped her hand around it, and pulled Buffy out of the bedroom, and down the hall to their bathroom.

They tried to see just how much of their shower they could have while each of them held an end of the dildo in her cunt. It turned out to be all of it, though for parts it took quite a bit of Slayer flexibility to twist themselves around into the positions needed to wash each other’s legs, without ever letting the vibrating dildo slip out. They managed to conduct the entire shower without ever letting even one end of the dildo slip free. It wasn’t until after they had turned off the water, and moved on to the mutual drying phase of the shower that they finally removed the dildo from their pussies, and that was only so that Buffy could clean it too, and return it to Anya’s toy cabinet before they went downstairs to make breakfast.

Buffy paused for a moment in the bedroom, to watch Xander and Anya making love in their bed, before she left the room, to go join Faith in the kitchen.

Xander could smell the coffee, bacon, and other enticing aromas when he and Anya left their shower to make their way downstairs for breakfast. It was nice having a fully functional kitchen again, almost as nice as having two beautiful girls who were eager to make their breakfasts every morning.

Buffy and Faith were both waiting at the bottom of the stairs, with mugs of steaming hot coffee for him and Anya, prepared just they way they liked. They were both wearing frilly maid’s caps, too small aprons, high heeled sandals, and nothing else.

Xander took his mug. “Thank you, Buffy.”

She gave him a little curtsy, which he thought looked very cute, and then she turned her back on him, and walked back toward the kitchen, letting him have a nice look at her bare ass. Faith had given Anya her morning coffee as well, and was following Buffy, giving him just as nice a view of her back. Xander and Anya followed behind them.

Plates of scrambled eggs, with bacon, toast, and bowls of fruit salad were waiting for them on the kitchen breakfast bar. They all sat down to eat together. Xander had a look at their new kitchen, to see what remained to be done with it. The only major item left to be finished was getting the backsplash put up behind the sink. There were also a couple of places that needed to have a little wood trim added, but he figured that both of those tasks would be finished tonight, and then they could mark the kitchen off as fully completed on their schedule. The next big job to be done was putting up new drywall in the rest of the downstairs area of the apartment.

He talked about their building plans with Buffy, Faith, and Anya, and they also talked about what
they were going to tell Joyce about what they had learned about Dawn. Xander really thought that
she had a right to know that the girl wasn’t really her daughter, but he felt some trepidation about
how she would react to that news. They were really piling the revelations on top of one another,
first with the Reward, and now with this. Xander wondered how much the woman would be able to
take before she snapped. He was still a little surprised that he had survived the first revelation.

Still, it was best to get it over with. Delaying wouldn’t gain them anything, and might make things
worse. “Buffy, I want you to call your mother this morning, and ask her to meet us at lunch, in the
Magic Box. We’ll tell her then.”

Xander and Faith had to get to work, so they both went to get dressed while Buffy took care of
cleaning up the breakfast dishes. She didn’t have any classes until mid-morning, so she kissed them
both goodbye, before going upstairs herself, to take care of cleaning their bedroom, and bathrooms.
She remembered what she’d thought last night, and applied some spot remover to the carpet where
she and Faith had been kneeling, while making a mental note to come back later after it’d had a
chance to dry, to vacuum it.

After placing fresh sheets onto the bed, and making it up to a standard that could pass a military
inspection—it seemed that Xander remembered that bit of his army memories just as well as he
remembered the saluting bits—she took the dirty sheets to their laundry room, and put them into
the machine to wash, before going back downstairs, to report to Anya that her morning chores were
completed.

Anya was sitting at her desk, in her office, reviewing her stock portfolio on her computer when
Buffy came in. “I’ve finished the morning cleanup, Mistress.”

“Very good, Buffy,” said Anya. “I see that the analysts are trashing Apple. Looks like it’s time to
buy their stock again.”

“Mistress?” asked Buffy.

“It’s a very simple rule, that’s been true for as long as Apple has been a publicly traded company,”
said Anya. “When the professional stock analysts are excited about Apple stock, and telling you to
buy more of it, you sell. When they are pessimistic about Apple’s future, and telling you to sell it,
you buy. Eight months ago, Apple’s stock was over $130 a share, and the analysts were all saying
that it was going to keep going up, so I sold it. Today it’s trading under $20 a share, and they’re
saying it’s going further down, so it’s a good time to buy.” She pressed a few keys on her keyboard,
and clicked with her mouse button. “There! Done!”

She smiled up at Buffy. “Making money makes me horny, would you like to help me out with
that?”

“Oh, yes, Mistress!” Buffy bounced up onto her toes in anticipation.

“Good!” said Anya. “Get down under my desk!”

“Yes, Mistress.” Buffy got down on her knees, and crawled under Anya’s desk, and up between her
parted legs. She could see Anya’s beautiful, bare pussy before her.

“You may lick me, until it is time for me to go to work,” said Anya.

“Yes, Mistress!” Buffy leaned a bit farther forward, and licked her tongue over Anya’s snatch.

“Buffy, you can play with your Reward Ring, while you lick me,” said Anya.
“Fank u ishress!” Buffy’s reply was muffled by having her mouth firmly planted between Anya’s legs.

Buffy was brought out of her submersion in the joy of licking Anya’s pussy, while the fingers of her left hand played with the ring piercing the hood over her clit, by a *ding* from upstairs. She pulled her face back a few inches from Anya’s snatch, while still leaving the fingers of her right hand in Anya’s cunt. “Mistress, the washing machine is done.” She moved forward again, to re-apply her lips and tongue to Anya’s clit.

Anya shuddered, and Buffy felt the walls of her pussy clenching around her fingers and her thighs tightening around her head for a moment. She gave her Reward Ring a twist, while pushing it against her clit, and her orgasm joined Anya’s.

Anya’s legs relaxed their hold on her head. “It’s time for me to get ready to go to the Magic Box,” she said, “And for you to get ready for class.”

Buffy was reluctant to pull away, but she did, licking her fingers as she did so.

“Thank you Buffy, you did a very good job, giving me orgasms.”

“You’re most welcome, Mistress,” said Buffy.

“Now, go move the sheets to the dryer, and get ready to go to school.”

“Yes, Mistress!” Buffy ducked her head in a tiny bow, and went to do as she was told.

Buffy walked with Anya to the Magic Box, before saying goodbye to her there. She continued on to her mother’s art gallery, a couple of blocks away.

It wasn’t open yet, but her mother’s assistant recognized Buffy when she knocked on the glass, and let her in. She showed Buffy back into the storeroom where her mother was going over the inventory.

Her mother was surprised to see her. “Hi, Sweetheart? What’s up? It’s not another apocalypse, is it?”

Buffy smiled and shook her head. “No, nothing like that. It’s just that there’s something we’d like to talk to you about. Can you come by the Magic Box, at lunchtime?”

“I don’t usually take my lunch until after one.”

“That’s cool,” said Buffy. “Don’t worry about bringing anything to eat. The food’s on Xander, today.”

“Is this about the Reward?” asked her mother.

“Part of it,” said Buffy. “We’ve learned some new things about it, but we also found out something else at the same time. Unrelated to the Reward, but you need to hear about it.”

“What is it?” asked Joyce.

“We’ll tell you at lunch,” said Buffy, feeling a bit guilty about putting her mother off like that. “I don’t have time, now. I have to get to class.”

“Of course, Buffy.” Her mother gave her a quick hug. “I’ll see you there.”
“Later, Mom!” Buffy hugged her mother back, and then jogged out of the gallery.

Once outside she let her stride lengthen into a full out run. She didn’t have a lot of time left before her ten o’clock class started. Fortunately, as a Slayer, she could run through the streets of Sunnydale faster than they could legally be driven in a car. She didn’t worry about what anyone seeing her might think: when you got right down to it, over short distances, she wasn’t a very fast runner. Any of the kids on the high school or college track teams would likely beat her in a sprint, or over any course shorter than a mile. Anyone watching her run past would think that they were looking at someone in a tearing hurry, but they wouldn’t think that she was doing something that shouldn’t be possible. They didn’t know that she would keep that pace up for the five miles that it took to get her to the UC Sunnydale campus. She still had time to slow down and walk the last couple of hundred yards, and to visit a washroom to check her hair in a mirror, and to comb it back into its proper place, before the start of class.

Joyce entered the Magic Box just after one o’clock, and saw Anya standing behind the counter.

“Hello, Joyce! It is pleasant to see you again.”

Joyce smiled at the phrasing. “It’s nice to see you too, Anya. Is Buffy here? She said she wanted to talk to me?”

“Not yet, but she and Xander should be here soon.”

“Do you know what this is about?” asked Joyce.

“I do, but I think we should wait for the others.”

“Joyce!” she heard Rupert’s voice call out, and looked to the back of the shop, and up at a balcony that seemed to be stocked with ancient books over top of the door leading into the back room, and only accessible by a ladder. “How kind of you to join us!” He started down the ladder.

“Buffy said that it was important, but she gave me no clue about why,” she said.

“Ah, yes.” Rupert removed his glasses in a nervous gesture that she had come to know well, and started to polish their lenses with a handkerchief he had removed from his pocket.

“She said that you learned something while investigating the Reward?”

“Yes, we did, but I think that it would be best to wait for Buffy to get here, before we continued.” Joyce heard the bell over the Magic Box’s front door jingle and looked around, to see Buffy coming into the shop, with Xander and Faith. “And here she is!”
Chapter 43

Xander took another bite from his burrito, and chased it down with swallow of milk. “…and Buffy and Faith told us that they were both fine with continuing things with the Reward, the way they were going, and we were about to return to the physical plane, when Buffy suddenly realized something.”

Joyce’s taco salad was still largely untouched.

“Uh…” Buffy shifted uncomfortably in her seat. “I noticed that I didn’t have any real memories of Dawn, that were more than a couple of months old.”

Joyce sat still for a moment, and then slowly took a bite of her salad. She sat there, quietly chewing for a few seconds. “I know,” she said, eventually.

“You know?” asked Buffy.

“I’ve kinda known it, but not really in a knowing it way, if that makes any sense, ever since that first day when I collapsed at home,” said Joyce. “I was suddenly struck with the knowledge that the girl I was looking at was a stranger, who I didn’t really know…but at the same time, she was still my daughter.”

“She is,” said Buffy. “That’s something else I came away from the astral plane knowing. Dawn is my sister, no matter how she got here.”

“So, what do we do now?” asked Xander. “Do we tell her?”

“What do we tell her?” asked Joyce. “What do we really know about where she came from?”

“Just that she seems to be some sort of ‘Key’ that was sent to me by some monks to protect from a Beast, and the Knights of Byzantium,” said Buffy.

“Who are they?”

“I’ve got no idea about the Beast, but it seems to have worked over a monk a couple of weeks back, looking for info about where the Key went, but it, and the monk, have both disappeared since then. Faith and I had a run-in with some of the Knights a few days ago, and they told us a few things. If we run into them again, we might learn more. Hopefully, next time they’ll start with talking instead of fighting. We’re starting to really look for that monk again, too. I’m hoping that he stuck around town after he disappeared from the hospital.”

Xander had been firm with Anya, and his Slayers, telling them all that it was up to Buffy and Faith to choose the courses that they wanted to take. As much as Anya might want them to pursue lucrative careers in Business Administration or Law, or something like that, it was up to them to determine what they wanted to do with their lives.

Buffy remembered her Career Day aptitude test results, and the courses that she enjoyed the most, and decided to concentrate on Journalism, and Criminology. She knew that she couldn’t expect to get a job in law enforcement — not with the number of times her name appeared in the files of the Sunnydale police department — but as a journalist… Journalists were expected to show up after strange events, and ask questions of all the witnesses.
As for Faith, she wasn’t interested in attending university, but Anya got her looking through the Sunnydale Community College Calendar, looking for courses that she wanted to take. She liked her job, and she liked working with her hands. She ended the meeting with Anya with a promise to select a couple of construction trade courses that she would enroll in, after the new year.

Anya had dismissed them after the career discussion, to go about their other duties, but Buffy and Faith stayed seated before her desk.

“Mistress,” said Buffy. “There is something else I want to talk with you about. Xander’s birthday is a month away, and I want to make a *special* present for him. I’m going to need your, and Faith’s, help…”

Xander decided that it would be more productive the next evening, for Buffy and Faith to put their time into finishing off tiling the backsplash behind the kitchen counter, and taking care of the rest of the unfinished trim, than having them cook dinner, so he placed an order for sushi, to be delivered.

When there was a knock on the door, from the delivery guy whom Anya had buzzed into the building a minute earlier, Xander told Faith to answer the door, and to pay him from the money he’d left out on the kitchen counter. “And be sure to give him a good tip!”

Faith looked down at herself, dressed in work boots, a tool apron, and nothing else. “Seeing me like this isn’t enough of a tip for him?”

“As lovely as you are,” said Xander, “I’ve spent enough time in the food delivery sector to know that, given a choice, he’ll prefer to get ten bucks.”

Faith grinned at that, picked up the money off the counter, and sashayed toward the front door. “Even over a chance to see this ass?” she asked.

Xander spent a few seconds considering that. “Alright…I’d prefer a *twenty* dollar tip to seeing that.”

“Well, today’s his lucky day, I guess,” said Faith. “He’s going to get his tip *and* see my fine ass.”

She opened the door.

“Delivery for Ha- Ha- Ha…” the guy just trailed off, his eyes goggling, and his mouth hanging open.

“You’re at the right place,” said Faith. “How much do I owe you?”

“Uh- bu- wu-” said the guy.

Faith stood up in her toes, and leaned closer, so she could see the bill stapled to the bag; letting the guy get an even closer look at her tits, while she was at it. “Fifty-five bucks, huh?” She counted out seventy from the stack of bills she’d picked up. “Here, keep the change.” She took the bag of food from his limp hands, and pressed the money into them. She turned around, waited for a few seconds to give him lots of time to admire her bare ass, and then used her heel to kick the door shut in his face.

Faith brought the bag back to the kitchen, and placed it on the island counter. “So, are we eating here, or at the table?” She nodded toward Xander’s old kitchen table that was sitting in the area that was designated to be the dining room, when it was finished, but was now looking rather undersized for the space.
“I have a different idea,” said Xander. The Reward Light flashed.

Buffy lay on her back on a low table, no more than a foot off the floor, with her wrists cuffed to her ankles beneath it. She could feel Xander sitting on a cushion beside her with his knees touching her arms, and calves. She felt Xander’s chopsticks pick up another piece of sashimi off her breast, and then dip it into the bowl resting in her navel. “Open up,” he said.

The hood covering her head, and eyes, kept her from seeing what he was offering her, but Buffy opened her mouth, and Xander dropped the bit of raw fish into it. She closed her mouth on it, and felt the wasabi. It made her eyes water, and her sinuses burn. She stifled a whine, as she chewed.

“Too much wasabi?” asked Xander.

Buffy swallowed. “No, Sir. I like it hot!”

“You are hot,” said Xander, and she felt him pick up something else off her, but this time he ate it himself, instead of giving it to her. “So, Ahn, how was business at the Magic Box today?” he asked.

“It was very good,” said Anya, who Buffy knew was eating her dinner off a Faith table. “I sold a twenty dollar porcelain armless Venus statuette to a wiccan wannabe for two hundred dollars. She thought it was a carved marble Aphrodite.”

“Is that fair?” asked Xander. “Selling fake merchandise like that?”

“I never told her it was a genuine Greek Aphrodite,” said Anya. “And if she’d bothered to look at the base, she’d have seen the ‘Made in China’ stamp, and what sort of fool can’t tell the difference between solid marble, and hollow ceramic? Or a knockoff of a Roman knockoff of a Greek statue, from the real thing?

“Anyway,” Anya added, “she thought she was cheating me. If it was genuine, it would have been worth thousands! She got what she deserved. So, how was your day?”

Xander picked up a California roll from between Buffy’s breasts, and fed it to her. “Not bad. The boss had me helping him put together the bid for demolition of what’s left of Sunnydale High. It looks like they’re finally going to knock down what’s left of it, and start rebuilding. I told them that they should just turn the old school property into a park, or something, and rebuild somewhere else, but it seems that the school board is determined to build the new school on the same old site. Maybe we should have our Slayers take a closer look at them, make sure they aren’t demons, or something.”

“I’ve already done that,” said Buffy. “Near as I can tell, they’re 100% human, doing stupid human things.”

“Still, won’t hurt to have another look.” Xander popped a bit of extra-spicy squid into her mouth. “I doubt if the Mayor would have let anyone with real power survive on the board, but now that he’s gone, you never know. Someone might be thinking of making a move into the power vacuum he left behind.” He picked the last piece of sashimi away from her breast, and ate it.

“Normally, now that the food’s all gone, I’d say it was time for our Slayers to clean the table, but since, tonight, they are the tables…” Buffy felt him lick across her stomach. “I guess we can handle that part of the cleanup!”

Buffy heard a contented humming sound coming from Faith — the sort that meant that she was getting licked too — as Xander’s tongue moved over her body.
Xander’s mouth left her, after a very thorough licking, and Buffy felt him moving around to place himself between Faith’s legs, as she felt Anya’s mouth descend on her pussy. She lay helplessly immobile, straining at her bonds, as Anya kissed, licked, and sucked at her cunt, and she listened to Xander fucking Faith beside her, until she heard Faith moaning out her release.

And then Anya and Xander swapped places, and Buffy felt Xander between her thighs, ramming his cock into her pussy. His hands found her tits, and he squeezed them, hard, making Buffy come.

Xander left her, and her bonds vanished. Buffy blinked against the sudden bright light as the hood that had been covering her eyes vanished, and she sat up. She looked around and saw Xander lifting Anya, her legs wrapped around his waist, as he carried her to the sofa.

She saw Anya looking back at her. “Finish cleaning up, Slaves,” she said, “while Xander gives me my orgasms!”

“Yes, Mistress!” said Buffy and Faith, together. They looked around. There wasn’t really much to clean up. The paper bag that their food had come in, along with the paper wrappers from the disposable chop-sticks went into the recycling bin, the soiled cardboard sushi containers went into the garbage. The unused chop-sticks went into the kitchen utensil drawer. There weren’t enough dirty bowls, that had been used for the sauces, to justify running the dishwasher, so Faith washed them in the sink, and Buffy dried them and put them away.

Buffy was tempted to just toss the used chop-sticks into the garbage, but they were wood, and kinda stake shaped, and she was reluctant to dispose of something that might potentially be a weapon, even if they were too flimsy to make an effective stake. But laminate a few together…

Buffy blinked as she set the used chop-sticks aside. She knew where that lamination thought had come from. Xander had her and Faith working on a Project, but it was a project that he had ordered them not to think about.

Buffy could remember all the individual components of what she had done on the Project. She could remember planing boards to be perfectly smooth, making angled dado cuts in them, and laminating them together in a criss-cross pattern. She could remember making an A-frame base, and armature. She could remember all the parts, but she couldn’t picture the whole that they went together to make, because Xander had told her not to. She knew that it amused him to know that she was making this thing, but had no idea what it was, even though she had made every bit of it herself, and worked on it every day. She also knew that it was almost finished. Xander figured that it just needed one more coat of polyurethane, before it would be done.

Xander and Anya were making love with each other on the couch when Buffy and Faith finished the cleanup, so they decided to leave them to it, and go take a shower together, since they both still felt a bit sticky from being used as sushi tables.

They took their time in the shower, slowly soaping each other down, while rubbing their bodies together as warm water rained down over them. And each of them spent some time sitting on the bench in their shower with her legs spread wide, while the other licked at her pussy, and Reward Ring, with the fingers of one hand deep inside the other’s pussy, and the fingers of the other hand in her own.

After their shower was done, and they had dried each other off, Buffy returned to her room, to do her school work, and Faith went back downstairs.

Xander and Anya were still fucking on the sofa. They were going at it doggy style, with Anya resting her forearms on the sofa armrests, and Xander behind her. They were both facing the stairs,
so they saw Faith coming back down.

“Come here, Faith. Stand in front of me,” ordered Anya.

“Yes, Mistress!” said Faith, and she nearly ran to do as directed. The Reward Light flashed, and she felt her nipples being pierced by a new set of rings. Faith heard an echo of her own gasp of pleasure from upstairs that told her the Buffy had gotten her own set. Faith was pretty sure that Buffy didn’t get the set of handcuffs, binding her hands behind her back, though.

“Now, you just stand there, and let Ahn play with those lovely rings of yours,” ordered Xander.

“Yes, Milord!” said Faith, as Anya’s teeth clamped onto one of her rings, and the fingers of her left hand grabbed the other. Anya’s right hand went between Faith’s legs, to plunge a pair of fingers into her pussy, while her thumb pressed against the ring over Faith’s clit.

Buffy groaned. She could feel what Anya was doing to Faith, but she was under orders from Xander that, when she was studying, she was to keep her mind on her studies, and not think about things like the stinging in her nipples from the rings that had suddenly appeared there, and that was being added to by their link. She kept her mind on reading about the court of the Russian Czar, and Rasputin’s place in it. She was starting to wonder about his humanity, given how hard it seemed to be to kill him. She made a note to ask Giles about him, though she didn’t think her history professor would appreciate anything she might have to say on that subject.

Anya was shuddering from yet another orgasm, when Xander came into her pussy. That made her bite down even harder on Faith’s nipple, triggering her release as well.

Xander collapsed back onto the sofa, and pulled Anya down beside him. Both of them were breathing deeply. He looked up at Faith, who was still standing beside the couch. “Come here, and clean us off, Faith,” he said.

“Yes, Milord.” Faith came around the couch, and knelt in front of him, with her hands still cuffed behind her back. She leant forward, and started to lick at his shrinking cock, enjoying the taste of his spunk, mixed with Anya’s nectar. When she was finished cleaning Xander, she moved over to do the same for Anya, lapping hungrily at the juices still seeping from her pussy.

When Faith had finished cleaning Anya’s pussy, Anya asked her to rise up and kiss her lips, and then to kiss Xander.

After the kiss, Xander put his hands on Faith’s shoulders and pushed her back. “Time to go to work in the workshop,” he said, and the Reward light flashed.

Faith found herself dressed in her work clothes, of a tiny, tight, t-shirt, and a denim mini-skirt, with steel toed shoes on her feet.

“Yes, Sir,” said Faith, and she rose to her feet.

There was a nearly completed table in the workshop. Faith knew that the glue had had time to cure, so she went to work releasing the clamps and straps that had been holding it together. She had just finished, when Xander came into the shop, dressed in his own work clothes.

He inspected the table carefully, running his hand across its surface to test its smoothness, and grabbing hold of the legs, and giving them a firm shake to make sure it was sturdy enough.

“Looking good,” he said. “It just needs a light sanding, before we stain it.” He handed her a pair of cotton gloves, to protect the unfinished wood from the oil and sweat exuded from her skin, and a sanding pad, already loaded with 400 grit sandpaper. “You can get started on that, while I start
putting the chairs together.”

“Alright, Xander.” Faith took the pad and started stroking it lightly over the wood, working with its grain, and smoothing out the few rough patches remaining. Xander had gone to the portable CD player he had in his workshop, and put on a Stevie Ray Vaughan disc. Soon Faith was dancing around the table, wiggling her ass in time with the blues beat of the music, as she sanded.

The CD had been changed to one by BB King, and Faith was leaning over the table, to reach its centre, with her hips still swaying to the beat of the music when she heard the sound of a zipper behind her. She smiled, and kept sanding.

She felt Xander step up behind her. She wasn’t wearing anything under her mini-skirt (of course) and she knew her pussy had been clearly visible to him as she leaned over her work. She kept her hips wiggling as she felt the tip of his cock brush against her. Xander’s hands took hold of her hips, and he pressed himself up against her, with his hips matching the motion of her own so they were dancing together to the beat of the music, with the top of his cock pressing along her slit.

“Keep sanding,” he growled at her, as they moved together.

“Yes, Xander!” said Faith as her hand stroked the wood, while Xander’s wood stroked against her pussy. He pulled back for a moment, and then his shaft sank into her core. They kept swaying together, only now with Xander buried deep inside her. His hands went up under her t-shirt to hold her tits, and Faith moaned.

Faith’s moan was echoed from the doorway, and Faith looked up and saw Buffy standing in the workshop door, dressed as she was, but with one hand between her legs, fingering her pussy, and with the other up under her t-shirt, fondling her breasts.

Xander saw her too. “Under the table, Buffy!” he ordered. “Lick Faith’s clit!”

“Yes, Sir!” Buffy hurried to comply, ducking under the table, and soon Faith felt Buffy’s tongue lapping at her clit, as Xander drove his shaft into her cunt. She nearly forgot that she was supposed to be sanding the table as they both drove her to the heights of ecstasy.

Buffy’s tongue wasn’t only licking at Faith’s clit. Whenever Xander drew himself back, nearly removing his cock entirely from her pussy, Faith felt Buffy’s mouth move away too, to lick at his shaft, and balls, and then her mouth came back to Faith’s clit as Xander sank himself into Faith again.

Xander’s fingers grabbed hold of Faith’s nipple rings, and twisted, as Buffy took Faith’s Reward ring in her teeth, and wiggled. Faith came hard.

Xander withdrew his cock from her pussy as Faith was coming down from her orgasm, but he was still there behind her, pushing his hips against her ass. Buffy was still on her knees under the table, too, but now Faith knew that she had Xander’s cock in her mouth, accepting his seed as he came into her throat.

“You can come out now, Buffy,” said Xander.

Faith could hear the smile of Buffy’s face as she said “Yes, Sir,” and emerged from under the table. She stood up beside them.

“Give Faith a kiss,” ordered Xander, and he wrapped his arms around both of them as Buffy’s mouth pressed against Faith’s. Their lips parted, and Faith could taste Xander’s essence on Buffy’s tongue.
Xander’s hand on the back of Faith’s head turned her face toward his, and he kissed her, and then he kissed Buffy. “Let’s get things cleaned up in here, and then we can get busy on the drywall.”

Patrols were getting boring. At first, Faith thought that it was because Xander’s darts were guiding her and Buffy to the safer sections of Sunnydale, but Giles’ combing of the local newspapers, and Willow’s forays into the Sunnydale Police Department’s computer systems showed that demonic activity was really declining.

Tonight, Xander’s darts had led them to a residential area, not far from the ruins of the old Sunnydale High School. It was after midnight, and most of the houses in the neighbourhood had darkened windows.

One house’s windows didn’t mark a sleeping family, sheltering within: its facade marked the desolation of abandonment; its windows were boarded over; its lawn was overgrown by weeds.

It wasn’t unique in Sunnydale — there were lots of abandoned houses in the town — but Buffy and Faith both felt that there was something lurking inside. Maybe it was the glimmer of light that showed through a crack.

They didn’t speak. They just exchanged a look, and then Buffy went around to the back of the house. Faith waited until their link told her that Buffy was in position, and then she kicked the front door in.

The front room of the house was illuminated by flickering candlelight. The owners had taken all of their furniture when they left, and whatever had taken up residence here hadn’t replaced it. They had created a nest for themselves with bunched up blankets in the corner of the room.

Faith only saw the back of a robed figure, as it ran toward the back door after her entrance…at least until he came flying back into the room after running into Buffy. She looked down at the man lying on the floor in front of her. “Well, hello again,” she said.

The monk she had run into a few weeks earlier looked up at her.

Buffy had followed the monk from the back of the house. “You know this guy?” she asked.

“Not well,” said Faith. “Found him tied and beaten up. Took him to the hospital. He said he wanted to tell you about the Key.”

“And then he left before I could have a chat with him,” said Buffy. She turned her attention back to the monk. “So, what did you want to tell me about my sister?”

“Y— You know?”

“I know that my sister is the Key, that all our memories of her, from more than a few months ago are made up. I know that the Knights of Byzantium want to destroy her—”

“They mustn’t!” said the monk. “The Key is too precious! It must be protected!”

“Some beastly abomination wants to find her too.”

“You can’t let that happen!” said the monk.

“Tell me why,” said Buffy. “Why should I protect some cuckoo you dropped into my family!”

Faith shot Buffy a look, surprised by the anger in her voice, and she felt an echo of reassurance
through their link, that part of what Buffy was saying was an act. She was angry with the monk, but it was over what had been done to Dawn, not to the rest of them.

"Why’d you do it?” she asked.

"The Key…must be protected,” said the monk. “The Beast had found us, was killing my brethren. The last died slowing her down, buying us time to complete…to complete our spell.”

“What did you do?” asked Buffy.

"The Key is living energy, so we moulded it a body to contain it; shaped your memories so you would accept it, and sent it to you for protection. Please, you must protect it! Protect her.”

“She’s not my sister,” said Buffy coldly.

“She doesn’t know that,” said the monk. “Please, she is an innocent. She must be protected.”

Buffy and Faith returned to their apartment after their conversation with the monk. They had advised him to leave town, if he really wanted to protect the Key. The Beast had already found him once, and might again, and the Knights of Byzantium were prowling around as well. It would be best if they never found him. There were ways to make anyone talk, no matter how determined they were to keep silent, if the questioner was ruthless, or skilled enough. The Beast was certainly ruthless, though it apparently lacked the skill to use anything more than brute force to get what it wanted. Buffy didn’t know if the Knights were ruthless enough to resort to torture, but she also knew that there were more subtle ways to extract information from someone. Even Giles had succumbed to Drusilla’s mind tricks, when Angel had captured him to learn about Acathla.

The lights were dimmed in the apartment when they entered it. It was well past midnight, and Xander and Anya had already gone to bed. Buffy was only a little disappointed that he hadn’t waited up for them, but it was also a mark of his confidence in his Slayers that he didn’t feel the need to wait up, worrying, when they were out on patrol.

The Reward light flared as the door closed behind them, and both of their Slayer uniforms vanished, leaving Buffy and Faith dressed in only their Reward Rings. Faith smiled at Buffy, and made a bee-line for their recently finished kitchen. Buffy was definitely feeling the Hungry and Horny vibes Faith was putting out.

Faith already had the freezer open, and had pulled out a tub of cherry cheesecake ice-cream. “Get a big bowl, and two spoons,” she told Buffy.

Buffy got the bowl, the spoons, and the ice-cream scoop, and brought them all to Faith. Faith took the scoop, and used it to put enough ice-cream for two hungry Slayers into the bowl. Buffy took the bowl and the spoons to the breakfast bar, and perched herself on one of the stools, while Faith returned the ice-cream tub to the freezer, and the scoop to the kitchen sink.

Buffy was ready with a spoonful of ice-cream to feed to Faith, when she joined her at the counter, and then Faith used the other spoon to scoop up some ice-cream to feed to Buffy. They sat silently together, feeding each other. While one appetite was slacked, the other grew stronger as it fed through their link.

Faith took her spoonful of ice-cream and rubbed it around Buffy’s left nipple. It was already almost painfully tight, and the shock of cold against it sent a shudder through Buffy’s body. The cold was followed by the heat of Faith’s lips, and tongue, as she bent down to lick it clean.
Buffy took her ice-cream laden spoon, and swirled it around Faith’s right nipple.

They took turns, licking ice-cream from each other’s bodies, until their bowls were empty. They washed their bowls and spoons in the sink, dried them, and put them away, and then went out onto the terrace. Buffy hit the switch to turn on the pool lights on her way out the door.

Blue light shone up through the still water of the swimming pool. The sky overhead was scattered with stars. Buffy and Faith both made graceful dives into the deep end of the pool.

They didn’t surface again for several minutes. They twisted toward each other under the water to embrace and kiss one another. Each of them slipped a thigh between the other’s legs, and pressed it up against her pussy.

When they finally did come back up for air, they continued to hold and kiss each other, their bodies still entwined.

There was a limit to how long even a Slayer could stay immersed in water without her finger tips starting to look like prunes, so they eventually emerged from the pool. The November evening air was too cool for them to stay outside in it, especially when wet, so they used a couple of towels to dry themselves off enough that they stopped dripping, before going back inside. They went up to their bathroom to have a quick, warm, shower to rinse the salt from their skin and hair, thoroughly dried each other off, and went to join Xander and Anya in their bed.

Faith crawled under the sheets beside Anya, and Buffy slid in beside Xander. They snuggled up close to their Mistress, and Lord, and both settled down to sleep.
Chapter 44

Xander ordered Buffy and Faith to carry the pieces of whatever it was that he’d had them building up to their bedroom. Buffy still wasn’t able to think about whatever it was that they had made. It was really weird, and she knew that Xander thought it was quite funny that she and Faith had built these things, but had no idea what they were. She had figured out there there were two of them. For everything she had made, Faith had made the same thing. Some of the parts were big and heavy, too. There was no way that anyone who didn’t have enhanced strength would have been able to carry some of the pieces up the stairs on their own.

It was also weird how they both knew exactly how to put the things together, once they got all the bits into the bedroom. They worked together to assemble both of the…things, helping each other hold large heavy bits in place until they could be bolted to other bits that held them. Once they were done, Xander ordered them to cover both objects with sheets, and stand back.

Xander and Anya stood beside the sheet covered…things. “Okay, Slayers. Once we pull the sheets away, you’ll be able to see, and understand, what you’ve built. You will remember everything that you did when making them. Are you ready?”

“Yes, Sir,” said Buffy and Faith, together.

Xander and Anya pulled the sheets, uncovering a pair of large X shaped St. Andrew’s crosses.

They were about eight feet tall, and made from lustrous wood. The arms were both six inches wide, and thick, and Buffy could remember laminating oak boards together in a criss-cross pattern to build them. She could remember fashioning the padded leather wrist and ankle cuffs fastened at the ends of the arms, and the waist belt attached at the intersection of the arms.


“Yes, Sir.” Faith quickly stepped up to her cross, and Xander had her stand on the low step that was built into the base, and spread her arms out, to have her wrists bound to the cuffs at the ends of the upper arms. He fastened the belt around her waist, and then had her spread her legs, with her held in place against the cross by her wrist and waist straps, so he could fasten her ankles in place.

He did the same with Buffy, fastening her to her own cross. The crosses were angled so that she and Faith could see each other, and also see the bed. Xander stepped back beside Anya, and looked back and forth between the both of them. He smiled. “Okay, new general rule, for when you are on your crosses: You can only come if Anya, or I give you explicit permission to do so. No matter what we do to you, you can’t come without permission. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Sir!” they said as one.

“Good!” said Xander. “Now that that’s taken care of…” He turned to Anya. “Would you care to join me in bed?”

“Always, Xander,” said Anya. He picked her up, and carried her to the bed.

Buffy loved watching Xander and Anya making love. It was one of her favourite things to watch, right up there with watching Xander make love with Faith, watching Faith make love with Anya, and watching Xander, Anya and Faith all making love together, but usually Xander let her finger herself while she watched them, and he didn’t completely forbid her from coming, though he
sometimes put restrictions on when, and how often she could do it.

But this time she had to watch, along with Faith, as Xander and Anya made love together in their bed, and she wasn’t able to do anything to relieve her mounting arousal. It didn’t help that she could feel Faith’s arousal, as well, and knew that she was feeling just as frustrated as they watched Xander and Anya sharing multiple orgasms.

Eventually, Xander and Anya turned their attention back to the two Slayers bound to the crosses overlooking their bed. Buffy felt his eyes on her very wet pussy. She suspected that she was dripping onto the base of her cross, just as she could see that Faith was doing.

Xander got off the bed, and came to her. He reached out to her cross, not touching her, and spun it around so that it rotated on the bearings built into the base until she was facing away from him. Then Buffy felt herself tilting back as her cross rotated around the armature that passed through its centre, until she found herself upside down, with her face level with Xander’s crotch.

Her gaze focused on his erect cock, just a few inches in front of her, and she licked her lips in anticipation, knowing how good it would taste, fresh from Anya’s pussy. She felt his fingers stroke against her own pussy, and looked up to see him put his fingers to his mouth, to lick them clean. She groaned in frustration as he stepped away from her, to go to Faith, to spin her around, and upside down, to sample the taste of her pussy, too.

Xander turned back to Anya, who was now sitting up, with her legs crossed, on their bed. He smiled at her. “I think it’s time to get some of your frozen goodies out of the fridge,” he said.

“Oh, yes! I think that our Slayers will really enjoy that!” Anya bounced off the bed, and nearly ran from the room.

Xander turned back to Buffy. “I think I’ll start with you.” He stepped up to her, and this time, it was his mouth that came down onto her pussy, and he placed his cock close enough to her face that she could lick it. Buffy took full advantage of his position to lick as much of her mistress’s lingering taste from Xander’s cock as she could, before she opened her mouth wide, to take him all the way into her throat.

Buffy was deep into enjoying the feel of Xander’s mouth on her pussy, and his cock in her mouth when she felt a new sensation through her link with Faith: a strip of icy cold along Faith’s slit, and she knew what Anya had gone to get.

Since Xander didn’t really need condoms, as condoms, anymore, Anya had taken some of them, filled them with water, and frozen them, making half a dozen ice dildos. She was using one of them on Faith, now. Buffy felt it as Anya slid the latex covered shaft of ice into Faith’s cunt.

She wanted to come, but she couldn’t. Xander had ordered it. The combination of sensations was nearly overpowering: Xander’s mouth, his cock, the icy shaft in Faith’s pussy that was quickly becoming a source of exquisite pain.

Xander pulled away from her, and she felt the shaft of ice leave Faith’s pussy. She saw Anya’s snatch as she stepped into the place that Xander had vacated, and she felt the icy shaft pressing into her own cunt. That was accompanied by the feeling of heat, as Xander drove his cock into Faith’s chilled pussy.

The step that was built into the base of the cross was just the right height to lift Anya’s pussy up to the proper height for Buffy to be able to tilt her head up to lick at it, while Anya pistoned her ice dildo into Buffy’s snatch.
It seemed like an eternity, or only a few minutes, before Anya pulled the ice dildo out of her pussy, and she felt herself being turned around again. Buffy’s head swum in disorientation as she was spun around into an upright position and Xander’s hot cock replaced the ice shaft in her pussy. She felt a shaft of ice driving into Faith’s cunt, again.

Buffy lost count of how many times Xander and Anya traded places, Anya’s ice dildos alternating with the heat of his cock. She’d been on the verge of coming most of the time, but without Xander’s permission, which he was still withholding, she couldn’t. Xander was driving his cock deep into her again when her phone started to ring with the tune that said it was her mother calling.

Xander’s mouth came away from her neck, where he had been kissing her. “Anya, you wanna get that?”

“Okay, Xander.” Anya left the last of the ice dildos in Faith’s pussy, and went to the shelf where all of their phones were lined up in their charging stands. She picked up the ringing phone, and pressed the ‘Talk’ button. “Hello, Joyce.”

She listened for a few seconds. “Yeah, she’s here, but she’s a little tied up, right now. … Yes, I was speaking literally. Do you want to talk with her? … Alright.”

Anya brought the phone over, and held it up by Buffy’s ear, while Xander continued to fuck her. “Hello, Mom?” Buffy tried to keep the squeak out her voice. She couldn’t believe that she was talking to her mother, while Xander’s cock pumped in her pussy.

“Buffy, can you come over to the house for dinner, on Friday?” asked her mother.

Xander was close enough that he could hear Joyce, and nodded at her. “Uh, yeah, Mom. Just me?”

“Yes, Buffy. I think we need to tell Dawn the truth, and for that I think it should just be the three of us.”

Buffy looked at Xander, and he nodded at her. “Okay, Mom. I’ll be there. You want me to bring anything?”

“No, I’ve got it covered,” said her mother.

Xander mouthed “Saturday” and drove his cock even deeper into her.

“Oh!” said Buffy. “We’re having a painting party on Saturday, and inviting the whole gang. You wanna come? See our new place?”

“Sure, Buffy, I’d like that. Sounds like fun.”

“Be sure to bring a bathing suit,” said Buffy. “It’s supposed to be a nice day, and the pool is open.”

“Okay, Buffy. I’ll see you Friday.”

“Alright. Bye, Mom.”

“Goodbye, Buffy.”

Anya took the phone away, and put it back in its charger.

“That was very good, Buffy.” Xander started to pump harder into her. “So good, that I think you can come, now.”
“Oh yes, Xander. Yes! Yes! YES!” Her orgasm caused her whole body to quiver, and quake in her restraints. It seemed to last forever, and was over much too quickly.

When her body finally went limp, Xander was still there with her, with his hard cock deep inside her pussy. He kissed her gently, before he pulled away. “Why don’t you take Buffy down, Ahn, while I take care of Faith.”

“Of course, Xander.” Anya started pulling at the straps binding Buffy’s ankles. “And then maybe they can give me some orgasms, to make up for all the hard work I did with those ice dildos.”

“It will be my pleasure, Mistress,” said Buffy. Soon she found herself on the bed with her face between Anya’s legs, licking her pussy, and listening as Xander finally let Faith come, too.

There were things that Xander wanted to do for Buffy, but that he knew that she had to do for herself. He wanted to be there with her when she told Dawn the truth about what they had learned about her origin, but for some things he knew he couldn’t be there with her, and this was one of them. Dawn had to hear this from her mother and her sister, and from no one else, so he dropped Buffy off in front of her house, kissed her goodbye, and drove away.

Dawn was watching out her bedroom window for Buffy and Xander’s arrival. She knew that her mother had wanted this to just be a mother and daughters night, without Xander, or anyone else, but she hoped that Xander would come in to say hello when he dropped Buffy off, and she had put on a nice dress in anticipation. She left the window, to hurry downstairs, as soon as she saw his car pull to a stop in front of the house.

Buffy walked up to the front door of her house, carrying the apple pie she had baked the other day, and wishing that Xander was with her, but she knew that he, and her mother, were right.

Dawn opened the door before she was half way up the walk, and her face fell as she saw that Buffy was alone. She looked around quickly, and saw the back end of Xander’s car turning the corner onto Hadley street. “Xander didn’t want to come in?” she asked.

“Mom wanted this to be a family night,” said Buffy. “Just the three of us.”

Dawn harumphed, as only a teenager could harumph, and crossed her arms below her breasts. “He still could have come in to say hello.”

Buffy smiled at her sister. “You’ll see him tomorrow. You are coming to our painting party, right?”

“I guess.” Dawn had switched over into teenage apathy mode, pretending that she didn’t care, one way or the other. She looked at the pie in Buffy’s hands. “What's that?”


“So, you plan to poison us, and collect your inheritance?”

“Of course not,” said Buffy. “Turns out, it’s just as easy to make two or three pies, as it is to make one. Xander really liked the one we ate yesterday.”

Dawn considered changing out of her dress, since Xander hadn’t come in with Buffy, but she figured that would be too obvious. Her mother knew that she had changed into it after she had gotten home from school.

Instead, she set the table, while Buffy helped her mother in the kitchen getting dinner ready. A
month ago she wouldn’t have believed that Buffy could be competent in a kitchen. There had been a time when their mother had tasked Buffy with making Dawn’s school lunches, but that hadn’t lasted long, since Buffy hadn’t even seemed to be able to make a basic PB&J sandwich without messing it up, somehow.

But now it seemed that Buffy was actually becoming a pretty good cook. Even the apple pie, which had gone into the oven to warm while they ate their main course, smelled delicious, and it tasted even better when she ate her slice, with a scoop of vanilla ice cream on top.

There was an unpleasant undercurrent through dinner, however. Dawn didn’t know what it was, but something seemed to be bothering her mother and Buffy. She got really nervous when, after dinner, her mother had Dawn sit on the sofa, between her and Buffy.

“What’s wrong,” she asked. “Are you sick again, Mom?”

“No Dawn, it’s nothing like that, but there is something that we need to tell you.”

“What?” asked Dawn.

“A couple of weeks ago, Faith found a monk when she was on patrol,” said Buffy. “He’d been held and tortured by ‘the Beast,’ who was trying to find where he’d hidden ‘the Key.’ Then a few days ago Faith and I ran into some crazy ren-faire reject knight guys who were looking for the Key, too, and seemed to think that I had it…”

Dawn listened as Buffy told her what the Knights of Byzantium told her about the Key, and wondered what this had to do with her.

Then Buffy told her about her trip to the astral plane, and what she’d seen there.

Dawn’s breath caught in her throat. “You’re saying that I’m not real.”

“Of course not, Honey,” said her mother. “You’re as real as anyone else, and we love you. You just came to us by a different route.”

“One of the things that I realized, while I was on the astral plane was that I still loved you.” Buffy gave her a hug. “I said it then, in an environment where I couldn’t lie. You are still my sister, and I love you.”

Dawn shrugged off Buffy’s arm, and stood up. “I have to think about this.” She started toward the stairs.

Her sister tried to follow her. “Wait, Buffy,” said their mother. “Give her some time on her own.”

Dawn locked her bedroom door. She wasn’t real. She was some sort of thing that some crazy monks had created. The reactions she’d been seeing from people: the crazy guy outside the Magic Box, her mother — not really her mother — the day she first got sick. It was all true. She wasn’t real. She shouldn’t be here. She wasn’t alive.

There was one thing that had made her feel alive over the past week. She quickly stripped off her dress, and panties, and went to the drawer where she kept the dildo that Anya had given her.

She took the dildo to her bed, and lay back on it. She opened her legs, and rubbed it over her pussy. She turned the vibrator up to its highest level, and pressed it against her clit. That was usually enough to make her come in less than a minute, but tonight she needed more.
She had yet to go “all the way” with the dildo. She hadn’t needed to. The vibrator against her clit, and the outer lips of her pussy had always been enough to get her off, so she hadn’t gone further. She had always stopped when she started to feel a little pain when she tried to push it past her hymen. But pain was part of being alive — only the living could feel pain — so this time she didn’t stop. She pressed the dildo past her hymen in one strong thrust.

It hurt, but it felt good, too — feeling the dildo vibrating deep inside her. She pulled it out, and stabbed it in again.

She wanted to cry out, but Buffy and her mother were just downstairs, and Buffy would hear any noises she made. She rolled over in her bed, and buried her face in her pillow, to stifle any noises she was making.

The initial pain was fading, leaving only the wonderful feel of the vibrating dildo deep inside her. The pain was something that she missed, in a way. You had to be real to feel pain.

She came with her face buried in her pillow, but it wasn’t enough. The dildo was still inside her, still vibrating, but it wasn’t enough. It was just a thing, like she was just a thing. She needed something real inside her, and there was only one person who could do that for her.

She rolled onto her back, and pulled the dildo out of her pussy. She could see that there was blood on it. That proved that she was alive, didn’t it? Only the living bled, but it wasn’t enough.

She got up off her bed, put the clothes she’d been wearing earlier in the day back on, and opened her window.

Buffy knocked gently on Dawn’s bedroom door. It was time for her to go back home, but she wanted to check in on her sister, first. There was no response. She knocked harder, and listened carefully, but she couldn’t hear anything.

“Dawn?” she called. “You in there?”

There was still no answer, so Buffy tried the knob. The door was locked.

She pounded harder on the door. “Dawn! Open up!”

No response.

A normal person would have needed a tool to unlock the door from the outside, a screwdriver or a coin to fit in a slot, and twist, but Buffy could do it with her thumbnail. She opened the door, and looked inside.

The room was empty, and the window was open.

Buffy could also smell blood, which worried her for a moment, but she soon saw the source, on the dildo lying on Dawn’s bed. She heard her mother coming up the stairs, and figured that Dawn wouldn’t want her mother seeing that. She went to the bed, and flipped the sheet over to cover the dildo.

Dawn’s resolve to go to Xander, and demand that he make love to her to prove that she was real faltered as she passed through the park near his apartment building. What if he said no? What if he just laughed at her, and called her a silly little girl?
Most frightening of all, what if he said yes?

Buffy phoned Xander to tell him that Dawn was missing. He quickly took the matter in hand, proposing a plan of action. Joyce would stay at home, in case Dawn came back on her own, while Buffy went out to search for her. Anya would stay in their apartment, in case Dawn decided to come there, while he and Faith went out to search as well. He would call Willow and Tara, to get them looking, and Buffy would call Giles.

Xander found Dawn in the park, sitting on the swings, slowly swaying back and forth. “Stay here,” he whispered to Faith. “Call Joyce. Tell her she’s okay, we’ll bring her home soon.” He knew that Faith’s link to Buffy had already transmitted the news to her that Dawn was fine.

Dawn was still slowly swaying back and forth in her swing when Xander took a seat in the swing beside her. “Hey,” he said.

“I’m not real,” said Dawn. “I shouldn’t be here.”

“And yet you are,” said Xander.

“Am I?” asked Dawn. “How do you know?”

“Ultimately?” asked Xander. “I don’t.”

That didn’t seem to be the answer Dawn had been expecting. “You don’t know if I exist?”

“No,” said Xander. “The only thing that I know, for certain, without any question or doubt, is that I exist, now. I think that I’m sitting on a swing, beside a girl named Dawn Summers, but I can’t prove that she existed ten seconds ago, or one second ago, or even right now. I could be delusional. The entire universe I perceive might have just come into existence half a second ago, and everything that I think I know about coming up to talk to a girl on a swing might be a fabrication of some other being that wants me to think these things. For all I know you are just a figment of my imagination, but didn’t that French guy Descartes…” He pronounced it Dezkarteze. “…say ‘cognito ero sum’?

“Descartes,” said Dawn, giving the correct pronunciation, “‘I think, therefore I am’?”

“Precisely,” said Xander. “Only you can say for certain if you exist. If you think, you are. All the rest is the stuff that dreams are made of.”

“You think that everything is just a dream?” asked Dawn.

“The last few weeks, more like a wet-dream,” said Xander. “I don’t believe it is, but I can’t prove it isn’t, at least not to me. I do know that you aren’t dreaming me, but I can’t prove that to you, either.”

“Okay,” said Dawn. “So, now I know that I exist, and I’m going to assume that you exist. I want you to prove to me that you think that I exist. Xander, make love to me.”

Xander’s feet came down onto the sand under the swings, halting his swaying back and forth.

“Dawn, I—”

Dawn hopped off her swing, turned herself around, and moved in to sit astride his lap. “No,
Xander. Prove you think I’m real. Make love to me now, here.”

Xander looked her in the eyes for a moment, and then his hand came up behind her head, and pulled her face toward his, and then down a bit.

Xander’s lips touched her forehead. “Dawn, I don’t make love with real fourteen year old girls.”

“Would you make love with me, if I were older?” asked Dawn.

Xander seemed to consider the question for a few seconds. “You’ll have to ask me that again, after your eighteenth birthday.” He took hold of her waist, lifted her off his lap, and stood up. “Now, come on. Let’s get you home. Your mom is pretty worried about you.”

“She’s not really my mom.”

“Of course she is,” said Xander. “She loves you. Your sister loves you. Buffy can’t lie to me, and she told me that she loves you.”

Faith appeared next to her, opposite Xander. “And I know exactly how Buffy feels about you, and I can also say that she loves you.”

“Just because those monks made her feel that way.”

“We were there in the astral plane with her, when all that the monks had done to us was stripped away,” said Xander, “and she still loved you. Our feelings for you didn’t change.”
Chapter 45

Xander and Faith delivered Dawn back home to her mother and Buffy, who came running up the street from the opposite direction as they came up onto the house’s front porch. Joyce enveloped Dawn in a hug. “Oh, honey! You shouldn’t run off like that!”

“I’m sorry, Mom. I just needed some time to think.”

“I know what’s happened is a lot to take in, but it’s much too dangerous for you to go running around alone at night.”

“Especially now,” said Buffy, giving Dawn her own hug, “with those Knights of Bismuth prowling around, and that Beast who beat up that monk looking for the Key. It’s best for you to stay in at night.”

“I think you guys need some family time, with just the three of you, so Faith and I will be on our way.” Xander gave Buffy a goodbye hug, and a kiss. “We’ll see you all tomorrow at our place, for our painting party.”

“Alright, Xander.” Joyce showed him and Faith to the door. “And thank you for bringing Dawn back home.”

“Anytime, Mrs S,” said Faith.

Joyce led Buffy and Dawn into the living room. “Why don’t we all play a game? Until it’s time to go to bed.”

“Sure!” said Buffy. “I’ll even let Dawn pick the game.”

Dawn wasn’t really in a game mood, but she let her mother and sister talk her into it, and went down to the basement to get their old Trivial Pursuit game box. It was a game that the three of them were pretty well matched in playing. Their mother did well in the Art & and Literature, and History categories. Buffy was good in the Entertainment, and Sports & Leisure categories, and Dawn ruled in Science & Nature, and Geography. After three rounds each of them had won one game, so they elected to stay up a little later for a final tie breaker round that Dawn came out ahead in. She suspected that her mom and Buffy might have thrown the last game, with both of them flubbing the answers for a couple of questions that Dawn thought were pretty easy, but she still danced her victory dance when she won.

Buffy bunked in with Dawn that night, since Dawn’s old bed was now in Buffy’s room in Xander’s new apartment. After saying good night to their mother and closing the door, Buffy flicked aside the sheet, uncovering the dildo that Dawn had left there earlier, and also revealing that there was a little bit of blood on the sheets.

Buffy gave her sister a bit of a sly grin. “Why don’t you take that with you to the bathroom, and clean it properly, while I take care of changing the sheets?”

Dawn blushed in embarrassment, and snatched up the dildo. “Alright.” She wrapped the dildo in her pyjamas, and left the room.
Buffy stripped the sheets from the bed and tossed them into Dawn’s laundry hamper, then went to the linen closet to get fresh ones. She was mostly done remaking the bed when Dawn came back into her room, now wearing her pyjamas, and with the cleaned dildo wrapped in a towel.

Buffy hadn’t brought any sort of night-clothes with her — and it had been some time since she’d worn any, anyway — so Dawn supplied her with an oversized t-shirt to use as a nightshirt. She stripped directly out of her clothes in front of her sister, and put it on, without any hint of modesty. She was getting used to being naked most of the time when she was at home, and Dawn was family. Dawn had also seen her mostly naked the other day at the apartment, and she had spied on her and Faith making love in the back yard that one time a couple of weeks ago.

Buffy let Dawn get into the bed first, before she turned out the light, and joined her. They lay side by side in the bed facing each other in the dark. “So … was tonight was the first time you used the dildo Anya gave you?” she asked quietly.

Even in the darkness, Buffy’s Slayer eyesight could see Dawn blushing. “No!”

“Yeah, but tonight was the time you … uh … popped your cherry with it?”

“Yeah. I had been kinda slowly working my way up to going all the way. Taking it slow, so it didn’t hurt, until tonight.”

“And did it hurt?” asked Buffy.

“A little, at first, but then it mostly just felt really good.”

“I’m glad,” said Buffy.

“You are?”

“Sure,” said Buffy. “I want you to feel good.”

“Buffy?”

“Hmm?”

“How, um, accurate is it?”

“Depends on what you mean,” said Buffy. “Size, shape, texture, it’s almost a perfect copy of Xander’s cock … especially if you heat it up, first. His cock doesn’t have the built in vibrator, though, nor is it blue.”

“But, the, uh, feel of it?”

“With the vibrator off, the physical sensation of having that dildo inside your pussy is pretty close to the real thing … if you heat it up first. I suggest a good soak in warm water for that. Actually having sex with a guy … it depends on the guy, and how you feel about him, and how he feels about you, and just what you both want out of the sex. A good dildo can give you a better time than bad sex with the wrong guy. Good sex with the right guy, on the other hand, is in an entirely different league.”

“And what league is Xander in?”

“He’s on the all star team of the Intergalactic League.”

“Do you think he’ll ever be willing to have sex with me?”
Buffy’s first inclination was to say “Hell no!” or something to that effect, but she didn’t. She considered her response carefully, before she gave it.

“Not before you’re eighteen,” she said, eventually.

“What about after I’m eighteen?”

“If you still want to have sex with him then, you’ll have to ask him … then. It would probably be a good idea to run it past Anya, first, though. If she’s not onboard with the idea, I don’t think it’s going to happen.”

“What about you and Faith?”

“If you want it, and Xander wants it, we’ll want it for you, too.”

The morning sun shining through the window woke Dawn. She was surprised by how well she had slept, after the turmoil of last night’s revelation. She and Buffy were no longer lying face to face. At some time during the night Dawn had rolled over, and now Buffy was spooned up behind her, with a protective arm over Dawn’s waist. Dawn felt warm, safe, protected, and loved. She also felt that she needed to go pee. She extracted herself from under Buffy’s arm, and left her bedroom to go to the bathroom.

When Dawn returned to her room, Buffy was still asleep, but she wasn’t lying still in the bed, anymore. One hand was between her legs, rubbing at her pussy, while the other was up under her shirt holding a breast, while she writhed and moaned in the bed. “Hmm, yes, Xander … Like that … Fuck me hard! … Oh yes! Like that! … Pinch me! … Let me lick you, Mistress … Oh, you taste so good…”

Dawn felt herself moistening as she watched Buffy masturbate on her bed, and wondered if her sister was dreaming, or if this was from her weird link with Faith, and it was Faith who was making love with Xander and Anya, right now. She could imagine Faith on her knees, with her face between Anya’s legs, while Xander fucked her from behind. She quickly reached for her dildo, and returned to the bathroom. Buffy’s comments the night before about soaking it in warm water indicated that it was waterproof. She could try it out in the bath.

The apartment had changed a lot since Dawn’s last visit. Where there had been bare studs with exposed wiring and plumbing, most of the walls were now covered by smooth, unpainted, drywall. Instead of plywood, the floor was now covered with heavy paper.

Dawn and her mother were dressed in old t-shirts and blue-jeans. Dawn had her hair bundled up under an L.A. Dodgers baseball cap, and her mother’s hair was covered with a kerchief. Anya, Willow, Tara, Giles, and Xander were all dressed in similar outfits. Buffy had started out from home dressed similarly to Dawn, but as soon as they’d entered the apartment the Reward light had flashed, and now she was dressed matching Faith, in shorts that would make Daisy Duke blush, and t-shirts that had started out too small, and were now ripped off just below the level of their breasts. Their erect nipples, and the rings piercing them were plainly visible through the thin material.

Her mother took one look at Buffy and Faith, and then shot a disapproving look at Xander. He sighed, and shrugged. “I still don’t have full control over this. Sometimes things like this just happen.”
“You might want to work on that some more,” said her mother. She looked around the apartment. “This place is amazing, though. I don’t know how you can afford it.”

“Mostly because it was a real fixer-upper,” said Xander. “I think the previous tenants were some sort of demons, judging by the damage and some of the stains they left behind. And it’s owned by the company I work for. We got the place cheap, for a year, on the condition that we fix it up. I don’t think that they appreciated how quickly a couple of Slayers can work. Faith can drive nails faster with a hammer than anyone else I know can do it with a nail gun.”

“When I took the construction course in the joint, they only let us use hammers,” said Faith. “For some reason they didn’t want us using any tools that included ‘gun’ in their name.”

“I hope you aren’t displaying too much of your skill on your work sites,” said Giles. “The Slayer is still supposed to keep her identity a secret, after all.”

“Don’t worry, G,” said Faith. “I always take at least three whacks at any nail I’m driving when I’m on the job, and anyone’s around who might see.”

Xander gave the visitors who hadn’t been there before — everyone but Dawn — a quick tour of the place. The downstairs powder room by the front entrance wasn’t finished yet, nor was the area that would become the Slayers’ gym. The one wall that was still just bare studs was the one that separated it from the main living room. The studs in it were spaced twice as far apart as normal, and Xander explained that the wall wasn’t structural, and that the gaps would be filled by glass panels, when it was finished.

There was another, smaller, room that was set in the back corner of the gym that Xander didn’t show them inside. He said that it was going to be the locker room and shower for the gym, “But Buffy, Faith and Anya are using it for something else that they’re not not telling me about, yet. It’s supposed to be a birthday surprise for me.”

Dawn took the opportunity when the others were being led off to see the upstairs to take a peek inside. The room had a video camera on a tripod, and was painted entirely in green: the walls, floors, and ceiling were all exactly the same shade of green. She knew enough about special effects to wonder what sort of movie they were making in there, and what part the thing in the corner that looked like it was supposed to be some sort of droid from a Star Wars movie was supposed to play in it.

When Dawn caught up with the others, Willow, Tara, and Joyce were all cooing over the upstairs bathroom. Even Giles was making impressed noises about it. She put on her most innocent expression when she asked “Have you shown them your bedroom, yet?”

“No,” said her mother. “Xander seems to be reluctant to open that door. I wonder why?”

“Maybe it’s because of the pictures on the walls,” said Dawn.

“Pictures?” asked her mother.

“I think that they’re beautiful,” said Dawn, “but Xander might not want to share them with anyone else.”

“I didn’t give you permission to go snooping, either,” said Xander.

“It’s Buffy’s bedroom, too,” said Dawn. “It’s my sisterly duty to snoop.”

Her mother started toward the double doors of the master bedroom. “I think I better see anything
that Dawn has seen.”

Buffy looked a bit nervous. “Ah, there’ve been a couple of additions, since the last time Dawn was here.”

“Really?” asked Dawn. “Then I want to see them, too.”

Her mother had reached the doors, and opened them. She went through, into the bedroom. “Oh, my!”

Everyone else had followed her. Dawn saw the two big X shaped crosses by the bed. “Those are new.”

No one else seemed to be paying much attention to the crosses. Her mother, and Willow and Tara were all looking at the pictures on the walls. Giles had taken his glasses off and was polishing them with his handkerchief, while seeming to be fascinated by the view out the big picture window.

“Um, well, they are very artistic,” said her mother.

“Ah, yes, they are,” said Willow. Tara nodded her agreement. They were both totally captivated by the pictures on the walls.

“Geez, wipe the drool off your chins,” said Dawn.

“Dawn!” said her mother.

“What?” asked Dawn. “Willow and Tara are obviously totally into those pictures! I want to hear about the crosses!”

Her mother grabbed her shoulders, turned her around, and pushed her out of the room. “You don’t need to know about things like that.”

The Adult Conspiracy took over, and everyone followed them out of the bedroom, and down the stairs. Xander put Dawn to work as his assistant taping over bits that weren’t to be painted, and removing the face plates from light switches and electrical sockets while the others handled the painting. Faith and Buffy put on drywall’s stilts that let them easily reach the upper walls and ceiling, to paint the crown moulding with with the accent colour that all the room’s trim was getting, and cut in the colours being painted onto the walls and ceiling. With them up on their stilts, the undersides of their breasts were clearly visible to anyone looking up at them. Dawn was amused to note that Giles was quite assiduous about keeping his eyes on the walls he was painting, while Willow and Tara kept peeking when they didn’t think anyone was watching. Buffy and Faith were quite aware of the show they were putting on, and always seemed to be turned to give Willow and Tara the best viewing angles.

With all of them working together, the painting was done quickly. Once the last of it was complete, Xander pulled up the paper on the floor that had been protecting the newly laid hardwood from drips and splatters. He had Buffy and Faith carry the new table and chairs that he had made out of his workshop, into the dining area of the apartment.

The party moved out onto the pool deck, while the worst of the fumes from the drying paint were wafted away by the late afternoon breeze. The Reward light flashed, putting Buffy and Faith into bikini swimsuits that had twice as much material in them as the suits they’d been wearing the last time Dawn was here. Even Anya appeared wearing a swimsuit that included a top. Dawn changed into the same swimsuit she’d brought last time, but with Giles and her mother there, she
didn’t consider going topless even for an instant. Her mother’s swimsuit was something that Dawn felt was “mom appropriate.” It was a one piece maillot, but it showed that she still had a pretty good figure.

Dawn was surprised by just how good Giles looked, wearing just a pair of swim trunks. She didn’t want to think about how her mother also seemed to appreciate how good he looked. She only had to turn her head a bit to see Xander dressed in a similar fashion to distract herself, but she couldn’t help noticing that her mother was having the opposite reaction. She seemed to be using Giles to distract herself from how good Xander looked.

Giles was having a similar problem, magnified fivefold. He was surrounded by nubile, scantily clad, young women, all of whom he considered to be off limits, for one reason or another. He solved his dilemma by focusing most of his attention on her mother.

Xander had a barbecue ready by the pool on which he cooked hamburgers, and hot dogs. Willow and Tara had brought a pasta salad with them; Joyce and Dawn had brought a freshly baked cake for dessert; Giles had brought a case of imported beer. Xander also had lots of soft drinks in his fridge for Dawn to choose from, but she snuck a sip from Buffy’s beer when no one was looking, to see what it tasted like. She nearly spat it back into the bottle, but went for an empty planter, instead. She couldn’t believe that old people liked drinking that stuff.

The day cooled off quickly after the sun set, so everyone changed out of their bathing suits after dinner. Buffy and Faith were still dressed in skin tight t-shirts, and jeans, but their skin was mostly covered. Xander had burned a CD with a mixture of MP3s of different styles of music: something for everyone. Some Blues, some Classic Rock, some Alternative, and some Pop. He even had a couple of old Dingos songs.

The party broke up after ten o’clock. Xander turned to Buffy and Faith, after the last of their guests had left. “That was very naughty of you Slayers, teasing Willow and Tara like that; showing off your beautiful bodies to them.”

The Slayers ducked their heads. “Yes Xander, we’re sorry.”

“Well, they aren’t here for you to apologize to, so I guess I’ll just have to see about punishing you myself.”

“Yes, Xander. Please punish us, for teasing Willow and Tara.”

“I guess, since you enjoyed yourselves so much showing off, you can go right on doing that.” The Reward light flashed. Buffy and Faith were now naked, with their elbows bound behind their backs. Each had a chain circling their waists, and then looping down, across their pussy slits, to join up with the cuffs on their wrists. “Buffy, I want you to do whatever Anya tells you to. Faith, you can get on your knees in front of me. Let’s see if you can get my pants off me, just using your teeth.”

“Yes, my Lord,” they said together, and Faith got down onto her knees in front of Xander. She leaned forward took hold of his belt with her teeth, and pulled. It took her a little time, but soon she had his pants off him, and he stood before her with his hard dick pointing out at her. She licked her lips as she looked at the little bead of liquid that was forming at the end of it.

“Do you want to taste me, Faith?”

She looked up at him. “Yes, my Lord.”
Xander gently ran his hand over the top and side of her head. “Then you may.”

Faith opened her mouth, and leaned forward eagerly, but Xander took hold of her hair, and held her back. “Just your tongue, until I say different.”

“Yes, Sir.” Faith wanted his whole cock in her mouth, but she had no choice but to obey him. She extended her tongue, and licked it over the tip of his cock, catching the drop of liquid there just before it could drip to the floor. He let her move her mouth in closer to him, but she still only used her tongue to lick around the head of his cock, and down his shaft.

The chain looping down between her legs dug deep into her slit whenever Faith tried to move her wrists. It was delightfully painful. Sometimes the large gold links pinched her as they slid against each other.

Giles pulled up to the curb in front of the Summers’ house. Dawn hopped out of the back seat, and nearly ran up the walk to the front door. Joyce opened her door, and got out much more slowly.

“Thank you for the ride, Rupert. Would you like to come in for a nightcap?”

“I wouldn’t want to impose,” said Giles.

“No imposition,” said Joyce, “and there are a couple of things I’d like to discuss with you.”

“In that case, I’d be delighted,” said Giles.

Dawn had already gone upstairs to her room when they got into the house. Giles accompanied Joyce into the kitchen, where she poured both of them generous portions of scotch, his with a splash of water, and hers over ice. They took their drinks into the living room, and sat down on the sofa together.

Joyce swirled her drink around in its glass, listening to the tinkle of the ice, before she took a sip. Giles was content to wait for her to tell him what it was that she wanted to talk to him about.

“So, what do you think of this Reward, really?” she asked.

“There are aspects of it that I find troubling, but, by and large, it seems to be a positive thing,” said Giles.

“Even with the compulsion placed on Buffy and Faith, making them go along with it?”

“I was with them in the astral plane, where the compulsion was removed, and they both freely accepted everything that the Reward entailed,” said Giles. “They both stated, unequivocally, that they wished for it to continue.”

“Are you sure?”

“As sure as I can be,” said Giles. “How sure can any of us really be of anything. This whole thing with Dawn, for example.”

Joyce glanced up the stairs. “I’m sure that she’s my daughter, and that I love her. I don’t care where she came from.”

“The same is true for Buffy,” said Giles. “And it remained true in the astral plane, even with all the manufactured memories of her removed.”

They continued to talk about the Reward, and the changes that it had brought to Buffy’s life, as
they sipped on their drinks, with only a brief interruption when Dawn came downstairs in her pyjamas to say goodnight to them. Giles was a little surprised by how accepting Joyce seemed to be of some aspects of it. “I must say, that I expected a stronger reaction from you after seeing those St. Andrew’s crosses in their bedroom.”

Joyce smiled. “I’m not inexperienced, myself, with the pleasures of bondage in sex. As I told Buffy, you weren’t the first person to have me in handcuffs.”

Giles barely managed not to spit out his latest sip of scotch. “You told her that?”

“It seemed the best thing to say at the time, to encourage her honesty with me. I didn’t want her hiding things. When we were first married, Hank and I experimented with a few different forms.”

“Why did you stop?”

“We never completely gave it up, until near the end, when we’d pretty much stopped having sex, altogether,” said Joyce, “but we gave away most of our paraphernalia, when Buffy was quite young, after…”

Giles waited a moment, wondering whether he should encourage her to continue. It seemed that whatever she was recalling was both embarrassing, and amusing her. In the end, his curiosity won out. “After?”

Joyce snorted a brief laugh. “Buffy was about four. She got into the closet where we stored everything, and she was quite a precocious child. She recognized the saddle. She immediately wanted to know where the pony it went with was, so she could ride it too. That took the bloom off of that game.”

Joyce tipped her glass back, and drank the last of her scotch. She noticed that Rupert’s glass was empty, too. “Would you like another?”

Giles looked down at his glass. “Ah, no. I am driving, after all.”

“You don’t have to go,” said Joyce.

“I suppose I could sleep here, on your sofa.”

“Or you could join me upstairs, in my bed,” said Joyce.

“In that case, I definitely think that I shouldn’t have any more,” said Giles.

Dawn had undressed, and put on her pyjamas as soon as she’d gotten into her bedroom. She made a brief visit to the bathroom to use the toilet, and wash, and brush her teeth. She’d gone back downstairs briefly to say goodnight to her mom and Mr. Giles, who were still talking in the living room.

When she got back to her room, she removed her pyjama pants, and got her dildo out of the bedside table drawer she’d put it in. She slipped into her bed, and slid it down between her legs, rubbing it slowly over her outer pussy. She closed her eyes, and imagined that Xander was there with her. That it was his cock rubbing against her labia. She slid a hand up under her top, and caressed her tits, imagining it was his hand. She pressed the tip of the dildo into her pussy while whispering “Yes, Xander. Please. Make love to me.”

She gradually pressed the dildo deeper. It didn’t hurt the way it had the first time she’d pushed it
past her hymen. It just felt good now. She slowly pulled it out again, and then pressed it in farther, moaning softly and whispering encouragement to her imaginary Xander. Her finger flipped the switch, to turn on the vibrator, she rolled over on her bed, and pressed her face into her pillow to muffle her cry of pleasure as she came.

Tara turned on the string of white lights that she had strung around their room, and turned off the main lighting before turning back to Willow. “Xander’s new place is pretty amazing.” She stepped up to Willow, and wrapped her arms around her.

“Yeah, it is,” said Willow.

“And Buffy and Faith were looking really hot … especially in those pictures in their bedroom.”

“You really think so?” asked Willow.

“I really do, and so do you,” said Tara. “Your aura responds to your emotions, and I could see how they were affecting you.”

“But I don’t want to be feeling that way about anyone but you.”

Tara tightened her hug, and kissed her. “You feel how you feel. You can’t do anything else. What you do about it, on the other hand…” She started to sway, while humming softly.

Xander took hold of Faith’s head, and pulled her mouth down around his cock. Her tongue had been doing a wonderful job of stimulating him, and he had enjoyed denying her what she had truly wanted — his whole cock in her mouth — but that was something that ultimately he wanted just as much.

Joyce slid across the sofa, and leaned up against Rupert’s side. She rested her hand on his thigh. His arm went around her shoulders as he bent to kiss her. They started slowly, but their kisses quickly built in passion, until Joyce broke contact with his mouth, while still holding him. “Let’s move this upstairs.”

“Yes, let’s.” Rupert started to rise from the sofa, but then stopped. “Blast!”

“What’s the matter?”

Rupert looked embarrassed. “Ah … The days are long past when I used to keep a condom in my wallet, just in case.”

Joyce giggled. “Don’t worry about it.”

Rupert raised his eyebrows.

“When my divorce from Hank was finalized, my friends back in L.A. threw me a ‘Gay Divorcé’ party, with lots of gag gifts for things that they figured I’d need. It included a good supply of condoms, and a few other things that I haven’t had the opportunity to use, yet.” She leaned closer and whispered “I’ve still got those handcuffs, too.”

Willow slid her hands up under Tara’s shirt, to take hold of her lovely, large, breasts while they slowly danced. Tara’s hands moved down her back, to take hold of her ass. A little magic applied
to belt buckles, and shoe laces, caused them to open up, and Willow lifted them both off the floor, slipped off their shoes, and made their pants, and panties, slide down their legs. She floated them over to the bed, and they sank down onto it.

Tara grasped the hem of Willow’s shirt, and lifted it up. They had to break contact for a moment as she pulled it up over Willow’s head, and off her, but then they were pressing together again, kissing and hugging, until they had to break again for Willow to pull off Tara’s shirt.

They lay together in the bed, hands caressing skin, legs entwining, lips kissing, breasts pressing against breasts. Willow rolled Tara over onto her back, and started to kiss her way down Tara’s neck, over her chest, down between the breasts she had enveloped with her hands. Willow’s thumbs flicked over Tara’s aroused nipples, and then she moved her mouth up and over to take one into her mouth. Tara’s thigh came up between Willow’s legs and pressed against her.

Xander was holding Faith by her hair, with his dick deep inside her throat when he came, but he held back his ejaculation. He pulled her head away from his cock, lifted her by her hair, and spun her around. The chain across her pussy flashed into non-existence, and he rammed his cock into her. He kept his hold on her hair as he fucked her hard, pounding himself into her for all he was worth.

Joyce turned down her bed, and covered the bedside light with a pillow case to mute its light, before turning back to Giles. They took their time, slowly removing each other’s clothes, and giving each other’s bodies the appreciation they deserved. He thought that Joyce was just as beautiful as he remembered her being, from the night with the Band Candy, as he laid her back in her bed. He slowly trailed kisses down her chest, across her breasts, down her stomach, until he lowered his mouth between her legs. He kissed first one thigh, and then the other before moving in to lick at her fanny.

Anya leaned back on the sofa with Buffy on her knees on the floor, her head held firmly between Anya’s thighs, as she licked at her Mistress’s snatch. Buffy enjoyed Anya’s taste just as much as she enjoyed the pain from the chain across her pussy, and the tight grip Anya had on her hair. She could also hear Xander fucking Faith beside them, and she was sharing in all of Faith’s sensations. She heard the pitch of Anya’s voice rise as she ordered Buffy stick her tongue deeper into her pussy, and then shuddered in orgasm.

Tara rolled Willow over onto her back, and started to kiss her way down her body, caressing her skin with her lips, tongue, and fingers. She felt a tingle of magic, and felt herself lifting free from the bed. Willow was rising with her, both of them becoming weightless. “Willow! What are you doing?”

“Science fiction writers have long speculated on the pleasures of zero g sex,” said Willow. “I thought we could give it a try!”

Joyce arched her back as she came, with Rupert’s mouth still on her pussy. It had been a long time since anyone had gone down on her. The only experience she’d had with oral sex had been with Hank, and over the last few years of their marriage, their sex lives had mostly been running on automatic, with each of them going through the motions, repeating ingrained actions and responses by rote, without any of the imagination or experimentation that had made the initial years of their marriage so exciting. Sex had become routine for them. What Rupert was doing to her was far
She felt him start to kiss his way back up along her body. Her stomach, her breasts. She felt his hands taking a firm hold of them, and then his face was before hers, and he was kissing her lips. He pulled back a bit, and she smiled at him. “Oh, Rupert. You are a cunning linguist!”

He laughed at her somewhat feeble joke. “You said you had condoms?”

“Oh! Right! Let me up!”

“Of course.” Rupert rolled off to the side of her bed, and she rose from it. She went to her desk, and bent down to open the bottom drawer. She glanced back and saw Rupert, lying on his side, looking at her bare ass with a smile on his face, and a clearly erect cock. It made her feel good, knowing that he appreciated her body so much. She reached into the drawer for the condoms, and the bottle of lube that she had gotten at the same time. She also saw the handcuffs that she’d put into that same drawer, and had an idea.

When she turned back to the bed, she had the handcuffs dangling from her thumb. “Would you be interested in wearing these?”

Rupert’s cock actually twitched at the idea. “Ah … It’s been some time since I engaged in that sort of thing, but I am certainly willing to renew my acquaintance with the practice.”

Joyce walked across the floor to the bed. “Why don’t you lie back, and stretch your arms up above your head?”

Rupert did so, and Joyce smiled as she climbed back onto the bed, and straddled his chest. She let him see that she had the key for the cuffs attached to them by a short piece of string as she unlocked them, and then she leaned forward and snapped one of the cuffs around his left wrist. Rupert lifted his head from the pillow it had been resting on to kiss her breasts while she threaded the cuffs around one of the slats in her headboard, before snapping the other end closed around his right wrist.

“Ah, I don’t anticipate needing it, but for future reference, my safe word is ‘leprechaun’, said Rupert.

Willow and Tara floated in mid air in their room. They’d turned themselves around, each with her arms and legs wrapped around the other, and her head between the other’s thighs. Willow loved the taste of Tara’s pussy, and she loved the feel of Tara’s mouth on her own. Floating there in the air, with neither of them on top, brought a whole new dimension to going down on each other.

Joyce knelt on her bed beside Rupert’s supine body, looking at him, with his arms stretched out over his head. His well muscled body was marked by numerous scars. Some parallel slashes were probably from some creature’s claws. She could also see some double sets of puncture marks that she now knew came from vampires. She had similar marks on her own neck — she couldn’t believe that she had once thought that they’d come from a barbecue fork. She trailed a finger down his body, tracing over the signs that he had put his own body on the line, multiple times, in his duty to support her daughter. She was tempted to ask for the stories behind each scar, but decided to put that conversation off for another time.

Her finger came to his cock, still erect, standing up a little way from his belly out of its nest of grizzled pubic hair, with a growing bead of liquid at the tip of it. She swiped her finger over it, and
raised it to her mouth. She looked Rupert in the eyes as she held her finger before her, and licked it.
It had been a long time since she’d last tasted a man. The only man she had ever tasted before was
Hank. She had never had any strong opinion, one way or the other, on the taste of semen. It had
always been pretty bland, to her. A little salty; sometimes a little sweet, or a little bitter. The
excitement was in the act of tasting, itself. She could see in Rupert’s face that watching her lick his
pre-cum from her finger was exciting to him. She smiled at him, and leaned down over his cock to
collect some more, more directly.

Dawn knew that Mr. Giles hadn’t left, and instead had accompanied her mother into her bedroom.
She didn’t really want to think about what they might be doing in there, together, but she couldn’t
help wondering if her mother was feeling Mr. Giles’s cock in her pussy, the way she was feeling
her dildo still vibrating in her own.

Joyce’s hand lifted the head of his cock up to meet her descending mouth. She licked around his
glans, down along his shaft to his balls, and back up again before she closed her lips around its
head, and sucked him into her mouth. Giles groaned as her mouth moved slowly on him. One of
her hands cupped his balls, and gently squeezed them. He could feel himself getting close to
coming. “Oh Joyce! That feels so good! I’m nearly there!”

She pulled away from him, causing him to groan again, this time in frustration. He pulled at the
cuffs around his wrists, feeling the slight pain of them digging into his skin. Joyce smiled down at
him, and reached to her bedside table, where she had left the bottle of lube, and an unwrapped
condom. She placed a few drops of lube onto his cock, and spread it around with her hand, and
then she placed the condom into her mouth. She bent down over him, taking the tip of his cock
into her mouth again. He could feel her using her lips and tongue to roll the condom down over
him.

She sat back up, and smiled down at her handiwork … or should that be oraliwork? The younger
generation’s way of talking was corrupting him. The condom was rolled half way down his cock.
“Like riding a bicycle,” she said, while she used her hand to finish the job of sheathing him. She
applied some more lube to the outside of the condom, and then swung a leg over him, so she was
straddling his hips. She used her hand to guide him into her pussy as she lowered herself down onto
him.

“Oh, that feels good!” she said, as she slowly rose back up, and descended again.

Giles groaned under her, and he pulled at his cuffs. “Yes, Joyce! That’s … That’s … Oh, yes!” He
started to rock his hips, in time with the slow rhythm of her motion.

Joyce leaned forward, supporting herself with one hand on his chest, and reaching down with the
other for her clit.

Xander came with his cock deep inside Faith’s cunt, but he still didn’t let himself ejaculate. He
pulled himself free from her, and shoved her aside. The light flashed, and Faith fell onto her
stomach on the floor, her wrists bound to her ankles behind her back, a ball gag in her mouth, and
her eyes and ears covered in a leather hood. He moved himself behind Buffy, and the light flashed
again. The chain across her pussy was gone, leaving it open for him. He let Anya keep hold of
Buffy’s hair, still pulling Buffy’s face in against her pussy. He took hold of Buffy’s hips, and drove
his cock into her.

Buffy squealed against Anya’s pussy, and Faith moaned against her gag. Xander felt Buffy shudder
as she came, and her cunt clenched harder around him.

Willow and Tara slowly tumbled in the air, their legs entwined, pussies pressing against one another’s thighs, breasts pressing together while they kissed. Each of them could taste their own pussy on the other’s lips.

Their skins glistened with a slight sheen of sweat. Now that they were coming down from the intense orgasms that they had given one another, and were starting to relax, Willow was starting to feel the bits of skin that weren’t in contact with Tara cooling. She guided them over their bed, and slowly let gravity reassert itself, so that they gently sank down onto it. She never let go of Tara as she pulled the sheets up over them.

Rupert was still hard inside her, his hips still moving under her as Joyce came down from her orgasm. She lay herself down on top of him, her breasts on his chest, and kissed him as they moved together. She felt him begin to move faster, and then he was bucking under her and groaning against her mouth as he came too. They continued to rock together for a few moments until his softening cock slipped free from her pussy.

Faith couldn’t hear or see anything, but their link let her feel Xander pounding Buffy’s pussy, and she could taste Anya’s pussy in Buffy’s mouth. She felt Xander’s hand slapping against Buffy’s ass in time with his cock driving into her. The studs through her nipples hurt as they pressed against the floor. Buffy’s orgasms made Faith come too.

Xander came again inside Buffy, but he still held back. He pulled himself out of her, and pushed her aside. The Reward light flared again, and Buffy joined Faith on the floor, bound just as Faith was. He moved in toward Anya, who held her arms, and legs open to welcome him. He didn’t take her roughly, the way he had taken Buffy and Faith. He moved in slowly, and tenderly. He kissed her softly on her pussy, and moved slowly up her body, raining kisses over her belly, breasts, and making his way to her mouth. He kissed her gently as he eased his cock into her. They made love slowly, and this time, when Anya came, he joined in her climax completely, letting himself come in her.

Dawn returned to her bedroom from a final trip to the bathroom to wipe a washcloth over her pussy, and clean off her dildo. She returned the dildo to its drawer, and set her alarm to wake her up in the morning … something she usually didn’t do on a weekend, but she wanted to be up early, to see Mr. Giles in the morning. She hoped he wasn’t planning to sneak out in the middle of the night.

Willow and Tara snuggled together beneath the sheets of their bed. Their fingers still lightly caressed each other’s skin, as they slowly lulled each other into sleep.

Xander lay still with Anya on their sofa. She seemed to have fallen asleep there. He looked down at Buffy and Faith, bound and gagged on the floor. He thought they looked beautiful like that, but it was time for them all to go to bed. The Reward light flashed, and they were released from their restraints.

He sat up. “Faith,” he said, his voice just above a whisper. “You can carry Anya up to bed.”

“Yes, Xander.” Faith rose smoothly from the floor, and gently lifted Anya in her arms.
Xander smiled, and did the same with Buffy, though she was fully awake, and, really, she could have carried him more easily. But Xander wanted to do it, so he did.

Faith managed to get Anya into bed without waking her, and Xander lay Buffy beside her. He and Faith got into the bed on either side of them. He leaned across to give Faith a gentle kiss, then down to do the same with Buffy and Anya. “You two go to sleep, now, and pleasant dreams,” he said softly. Buffy and Faith were both asleep before he finished saying that last bit. He gave his three sleeping girls a final smile, lay down snuggled up against Buffy, and went to sleep.

Joyce lay still, and limp, on top of Rupert, catching her breath.

“That was … extraordinary,” he sighed.

She pushed herself upright. “It was pretty amazing.”

He pulled at the handcuffs. “Are you going to let me loose, now?”

“In a moment.” She swung herself off him, opened a drawer in her bedside table, and pulled out some tissues. She used some to wipe her pussy, and the others to wipe his cock, after she had removed the condom. Tissues and condom were all deposited in a trash can. She leaned down and kissed him again, before reaching for the key to undo his handcuffs.

Rupert sat up, while rubbing his wrists.

“Did you hurt yourself?”

“No, no, not at all,” said Rupert. “Just some minor discomfort.”

“That’s good. Do you want to use the bathroom first?”

“Oh, no. After you!”

“Alright. I won’t be long.” She kissed him again.

Rupert sat on the edge of the bed, and watched as Joyce walked away from him, her naked ass swaying delightfully. He felt a fresh stirring in his loins, but was unsurprised that it didn’t develop beyond that. He wasn’t a young man, anymore, nor did he have some mystical candy enhancing his libido.

Joyce returned a few minutes later, carrying a toothbrush that was still in its packaging. “You can use this, if you like.”

“Thank you, Joyce.” He rose from the bed, kissed her, and went to take his own turn in the bathroom: peeing, washing, and brushing his teeth before returning to her bed, where she was waiting for him.
Chapter 46

At first the buzzing of her alarm had Dawn wondering what it was doing going off so early on a Sunday morning, but then she remembered why she’d set it. She nearly jumped out of her bed, and went to look out her window. Mr. Giles’ car was still parked in the street in front of their house.

She got dressed quickly, and went downstairs to start getting breakfast ready.

Buffy might complain about Dawn’s talents in the kitchen, but she thought she was a pretty good cook. It wasn’t her fault that Buffy didn’t appreciate such delicacies as peanut butter and jalapeño quesadillas. But this morning she limited herself to preparing some boring omelettes, with things like chopped green peppers, onions, cheese, and bacon bits — at least for the omelette she was making for her mom and Mr. Giles. She knew that they should be getting up soon, because her mother had to open her gallery at 10, and Mr. Giles would need to open *The Magic Box*.

She turned on the coffee maker and stovetop, and started the kettle to boil water for tea as soon as she heard movement upstairs. The coffee and tea were ready when when her mom and Mr. Giles came down the stairs.

“Good morning!” she called out before Mr. Giles could escape out the front door. “Breakfast’s almost ready!” She poured some of her pre-beaten eggs into the hot skillet to start cooking.

Her mom and Mr. Giles appeared at the kitchen door, looking a little embarrassed. Dawn smiled brightly at them. “Did you have a good night?” she asked, as she put some slices of bread into the toaster.

Both of their blushes deepened. “Er— Ah— Yes,” said Mr. Giles. “It was very good.”

“Sleep well?” asked Dawn.

“Yes, we did,” said her mother, eying her suspiciously while pouring a cup of tea for Mr. Giles. “How about you? You’re up early.” She added a spoonful of sugar to it.

“Well, I wanted to make sure Mr. Giles didn’t get away before I had a chance to talk to him,” said Dawn.

Mr. Giles took the cup of tea from her mother gave it a sip, and nodded his appreciation. Dawn had used his favourite brand, and her mom had added just the right amount of sugar. “Really?”

“Uh-huh.” Dawn sprinkled some of her chopped ingredients over the cooking eggs, and folded the edges up to cover them. “I wanted you to know that I am totally cool with the idea of you and Mom being together. I think it’s great!”

“I am certainly glad to hear that,” said Mr. Giles.

The toast popped up, and Dawn quickly moved the two slices onto a couple of plates, gave them both a quick application of butter — before the toast cooled — so that it melted nicely into it. None of that vile English habit of letting the toast cool before buttering it was happening on her watch. She then divided up the omelette in the pan, put half onto each slice of toast, and presented them to her mother, and Mr. Giles. She put the skillet back on the stove, poured the rest of the eggs into it,
to make her own omelette, and started more toast. “So, what now?” she asked. “Is this a one time thing, or are you going to be sticking around?”

“Are you asking me what my intentions are?” asked Mr. Giles.

“Yep,” said Dawn, adding her own ingredients to her omelette. In addition to the things she’d given her mother and Mr. Giles, she added some chopped up jalapeño peppers, and anchovies.

“Dawn!” said her mother — and not just about what she’d put in her omelette.

“No, it’s a fair question, and anything less than total honesty would be counterproductive, at this juncture,” said Mr. Giles. “I must admit that I have no fixed plans at this time. Your mother asking me to stay last night was completely unexpected, delighted as I was to accept. Where we go from here is something that we will have to give serious consideration. I certainly hope that this leads to a deepening relationship between us.”

Her mother nodded agreement. “I don’t think we should rush into anything, but I hope that we can build on this.”

Dawn finished making her own omelette, and and took it to sit at the kitchen island with the adults, along with a glass of orange juice. “Is Mr. Giles going to be moving in with us?” she asked.

“’Cause his place is too small for us to move in there.”

Her mother sputtered on her coffee. “Dawn! It is much too soon to be wondering about things like that!”

“Precisely,” said Mr. Giles. “I think we should move ahead slowly. Maybe have a few proper dates, and such. It is much too soon to be thinking about changing living arrangements.”

They talked about other things while they finished their breakfasts. Mr. Giles helped with the cleanup, loading their dirty dishes into the dishwasher.

He checked his watch. “Well, I need to get home to change, before I go to the shop. It won’t do to go into work dressed like this.” He was still wearing his clothes from yesterday: a paint speckled t-shirt, and worn bluejeans. “Thank you for breakfast, Dawn.”

“You’re welcome.”

He made his way to the front door, and paused there with her mother. “And thank you, for a most pleasant evening,” he told her.

“You are very welcome.” Her mother leaned in and gave him a kiss goodbye.

“Perhaps we can do lunch, later,” said Mr. Giles. “Make a start at exploring where we want this new phase of our relationship to go.”

“I’d like that,” said her mother. “About one?”

“That should be fine,” said Mr. Giles. “I’ll meet you at your gallery, then.” He kissed her again, and left.

Her mother turned back to Dawn, and frowned at her. “And don’t you go trying to push us together. I know you like Mr. Giles, and so do I, but this new thing between us might not go anywhere. If we decide to call it off before it goes too much farther, I don’t want to hear any objections from you!”
“Alright,” said Dawn. “But wait until Buffy finds out about this!”

Faith had a month’s salary from her construction job that she’d hardly touched yet burning a hole in her wallet, and Buffy hadn’t gone shopping for clothes since before the Reward had started. They had come to L.A. with Xander and Anya to deliver the table and chairs he’d made to the Beverly Hills furniture store that Joyce’s friend owned. After they’d carried everything into the store, Xander told them to go shopping while he and Anya stayed behind to talk business with the store owner.

They didn’t just shop for clothes, and their detour through the sex shop had initially been more to look for ideas, than to buy anything. Buffy did find a few accessories that she thought would go well with Anya’s costume for Xander’s birthday present.

They also found that the store was selling what to them looked like really cheap, ugly, and flimsy St. Andrew’s crosses — made from bits of tubular steel welded together — for over two thousand dollars. They both knew that less than five hundred dollars of materials had gone into the construction of their crosses, so they made a note to tell Anya about another business opportunity for Xander’s designs. The market might not be very large, but if the store thought that it could charge two grand for crap, what would people be willing to pay for quality craftsmanship?

Buffy modelled a dress for Faith and Theresa the sales girl in the Panache Boutique. “What do you think?” she asked.

“It’s your basic ‘Little Black Dress,’” said Faith. “Can’t really go wrong with it, but it’s lacking … something.”

“Panache,” said Theresa, who was clearly looking forward to earning a large commission.

“You’re right,” said Buffy, stripping off the dress without bothering to go back into one of the changing rooms, and showing off some of the lingerie she’d bought at their previous stop: Frederick’s of Hollywood. Faith was dressed in a similar fashion.

Theresa came up with a full length backless gown in green silk, with a slit up the side that went all the way to the top of the hip, and another that went all the way down between the breasts to the navel. “How about this one?”

“Has potential, but Buffy’d have to take off that bustier she’s wearing,” said Faith.

Buffy grinned, turned her back to Theresa, and reached around to unzip the back of her bustier. She caught it as it fell away, handed it to Faith, and reached back for the dress. The slightly flustered sales girl put it into her hand, and Buffy quickly shimmied into it, before doing another pirouette for her audience. It clung to her skin almost as closely as some of the Reward creations.

“Very nice,” said Faith, “but with that clingy material, it would be better without any underwear.”

“True,” said Buffy, “so let’s put this in the ‘maybe’ pile, and find something that goes with the whole package. I want Xander to have fun unwrapping all the layers.” She took the dress off again, this time letting Theresa get a good look at her tits — she and Faith were really enjoying teasing her the way they were — before putting her bustier back on. “Now it’s Faith’s turn to try something.”

Buffy heard the sound of someone else entering the shop. She didn’t really pay much attention to it until one of the newcomers spoke, with a very distinctive voice. A voice that she had last heard
four years ago. A voice that it shouldn’t be possible for her to be hearing now. The voice of a
vampire that was dust.

“Hello!” called out Darla. “Customer wanting service here!”

Buffy’s head whipped around toward Faith’s, and their eyes locked. In that instant of contact their
link flared, and Faith knew everything that Buffy knew about Darla: cunning, old, adaptable: she’d
use modern weapons if she had them, but physically not much of a challenge. The only thing that
had saved Darla from Buffy in their first encounter had been that Buffy hadn’t known then just
how important Darla was, and that Buffy had let Luke sneak up behind her.

“Miss Edith wants to dance!” said a second voice, and the Slayers recognized this one too:
Drusilla. Over a century old, a Seer, last reported in South America … and the killer of Kendra.
They both wanted her dust.

“Dru’s mine,” flashed through their link from Buffy to Faith. “Darla’s all yours.”

The Reward light flashed, and Buffy felt the smooth wood of a stake in her hand — not just any
stake, but the gnarled ancient wood of one particular stake: Mr. Pointy. The stake that Kendra had
loaned to Buffy on one fateful night, a couple of years ago. The stake that Buffy had been saving
for just this occasion.

They heard the store manager scream. Buffy made a “shushing” gesture at Theresa, and indicated
that she should stay put. She and Faith both turned to the front of the store. They dashed as quickly
as stealth and their stiletto heels allowed up the aisles between hanging dresses: Faith on the left,
and Buffy on the right. They saw Darla holding the store manager by her hair, her fangs lowering
down toward her neck.

Buffy stepped out into the open. “Hey!” she yelled. “No biting!”

Darla tossed the manager away. “Slayer!” she hissed.

Buffy moved between the vampires and the front entrance. “That’s me, and you are the Slayees.”

“You think you can take us both?” asked Darla.

“Well … yeah,” said Buffy. “But tonight I won’t even have to break a sweat.” She nodded toward
Faith. “Once again, we have two Slayers — no waiting.”

Dru recognized the taunt, and lunged toward Buffy. Buffy had anticipated the move, and her stake
was ready, plunging toward Drusilla’s heart, but the vampire twisted away at the last moment. The
tip of the stake only ripped her dress, and scratched her skin. Dru hissed in anger.

Buffy and Dru slowly circled each other, looking for an opening. Dru thought she saw one, and
charged. Buffy deflected Dru past her, and her stake stabbed toward’s Dru’s back. Dru pivoted
away from the strike before Mr. Pointy could sink home.

Buffy struck again, but it seemed that Drusilla knew what she was going to do before she did it.
Dru ducked under Buffy’s attack, and lashed out at her. Buffy spun, absorbing the impact, and her
foot slashed out in a kick that caught Dru in the chest. A phone popped out of Drusilla’s cleavage,
and clattered away across the floor. Neither of them paid it any mind.

They continued their dance of feints and attacks, without either of them landing any decisive blows.
Drusilla lacked the skill to get through Buffy’s defence, but she always anticipated Buffy’s attacks
in time to evade them. Buffy knew she needed to take a different tack with her. She lifted her sight
towards Drusilla’s eyes. Up to that moment she had avoided looking her in the eyes. She knew the power of Drusilla’s gaze. Their eyes locked together, and Dru smirked.

Drusilla stepped back, straightening her spine, still staring straight into Buffy’s eyes. “Be in me.” She lifted her hand and pointed two fingers at Buffy’s eyes. Her body swayed, and Buffy swayed with her. “Be in my eyes.” She drew her hand back pointing to her own eyes, further focusing Buffy’s attention there. Buffy was transfixed, unable to move beyond swaying in time with Drusilla. Dru stepped forward, lifted her hand, and pulled it back to slash at Buffy’s throat, just as she had done with Kendra.

Buffy’s hand sprang forward, plunging Mr. Pointy into Drusilla’s heart. She smirked at the stunned vampire in front of her. “Lothos, the Master, Dracula: I’ve been hypnotized by experts!”

She watched Drusilla dissolve into dust. “Amateur!”

The bowels of the Los Angeles offices of Wolfram and Hart echoed with the wailing of their Seers.

Buffy looked around and saw the dust settling from where Faith had staked Darla. Their eyes met, and they stepped toward each other. Each wrapped her arms around her sister Slayer. They paid no attention to the stunned looking store manager, or the swelling sounds of sirens as they kissed. When the police arrived they were still locked in each other’s embrace, and none of the cops really wanted to interrupt them. Whatever had triggered the alarm at this store probably had nothing to do with the two hot babes, dressed in nothing but sexy lingerie, kissing each other … and if it did, thank god for false alarms.

Another police car pulled up in front of the store, and a blonde detective got out followed by a dark haired man that she would only describe to her colleagues as a “useful informant.” He seemed even more stunned by the sight of the two women kissing than any of the cops who were clustered around them.

“Buffy? Faith?” he called out plaintively.

His voice seemed to break the spell, or whatever it was that had been blocking the rest of the world away from the two beautiful girls. They broke off their kiss.

“Angel?” asked the brunette.

The blonde shook her head, and seemed to notice her audience for the first time. She started to blush.

The detective waved the rest of the cops back, telling them to secure the perimeter until SID could get there. She also had them take away the two store employees, to take their statements.

The detective turned her attention back to Buffy and Faith. “What happened?”

Buffy recognized her. They had met briefly nearly a year ago, even though they had never exchanged names. She knew that this cop knew the score. “Two vampires chose the wrong store to go shopping in. Now they’re dust.”


“Yeah,” said Buffy, “And would you care to be all explainy about how come Darla was back? I saw her get all dusty before. Is there a chance that every vamp we’ve dusted can come back?”
“Wolfram and Hart,” said Angel, in a tone of voice that seemed to imply that it explained everything. “They brought Darla back with a Dark Ritual.” Buffy could hear the capital letters.

“Well, ‘those closest to her when she was dusted’ wasn’t it, this time, since they didn’t involve me. What was it?”

“A blood sacrifice,” said Angel. “Five living people, and five vampires who had all been sired by her. And that brought Darla back as a living, breathing, human being with a soul. Then they brought in Drusilla to kill, and turn her again. I tried to save her.”

“I’m sorry, Angel,” said Faith. “You can’t save everyone.” Implicit in the tone of her voice was that Angel had helped to save her.

They were interrupted the sound of a phone ringing. Everyone looked around to try to locate the source. Buffy spotted it, lying on the floor under a display rack. “Dru dropped that.” She crouched to pick it up.

“Just a minute!” said Detective Lockley.

“No time,” said Buffy, and called out in a voice that brooked no argument: “Everybody, quiet!”

Everyone nearby stopped what they were doing, and fell silent. Buffy opened the phone, and after giving it a quick look, found the button that put it into ‘speaker’ mode, to let everyone around her hear what was being said. She pitched her voice up an octave, and tried imitate an English accent, and Drusilla’s lilting cadence. “Hello. Miss Edith is having tea and wants me to take a message.”

“Drusilla, hello,” said a smooth sounding voice. “May I please speak with Darla?”

Buffy looked around. “Can anyone do Darla?” she mouthed at them, then she said back to the phone “Just a moment, she’s dancing with Death right now.”

Detective Lockley gestured for Buffy to hand her the phone. Buffy glanced at Angel to see if he thought that was a good idea. His eye lids flickered almost imperceptibly, in what she took for a nod, and handed the phone over to her.

“Hello, Holland,” said Lockley, trying to sound like Darla. Buffy honestly thought it was better than her impression of Drusilla. “We’re in the middle of something right now!”

“I hate to interrupt your little spree, but I’m glad you’re feeling like your old self again.”

“Splendid,” said Lockley. “Why did you call?”

“Oh, I just wanted to check in, see how you were doing, make sure you weren’t having any problems you couldn’t deal with.”

“Everything’s fine,” said Lockley.

There was a long pause. “Who is this?”

“Detective Kate Lockley, Mr. Manners. You can expect a call from Los Angeles Police Department detectives, to question you about your relationship with a couple of spree killers, since it is clear from this conversation that you know them both.” There was a click from the phone. “Hello? Are you still there? Huh? He hung up on me! Very rude!” She held the phone out toward a uniformed officer. “Bag this, and get it to SID. I want full records on all calls made to, and from this phone on my desk in the morning!”
After what seemed like an endless session answering the same questions, repeated over and over with minor variations in phrasing and sequence, Buffy and Faith returned to the back of the store to collect the clothes that they had left there, and the items that they had picked out to buy. They took them up to the checkout counter.

When the time came to actually pay for the clothes, the manager waved away their debit cards. “They’re on the house. And you can expect to receive a substantial discount, the next time you come shopping here.”

“Thank you,” said Faith, but she still held out her card. “You should at least charge us enough to cover Theresa’s commission, for what she sold us. She did a really good job.”

Angel was still waiting for them out front. “It was good to see you both,” he said. “Maybe you’d like to come back to the Hyperion with me; see Cordy and Wes, too?”

“I’d like to,” said Buffy, “But Xander and Anya are expecting us back at our hotel.”

“Strangely, I’d kinda like to see Xander too,” said Angel. “How about we meet up later, at a club? Round about ten o’clock?”

“What club?” asked Faith.

Angel reached for his wallet. “I think I’ve got a card for it here … yeah, here it is. It’s called ‘Caritas.’” He handed the card he’d pulled from his wallet to Buffy. “It’s kinda like neutral ground for the L.A. underlife, but a much higher class joint than Willie’s, back in Sunnydale. Even has anti-violence spells covering it, to keep the patrons from killing each other.”

“Then how do I beat up the owner to get information?” asked Buffy.

“He actually seems to be a good guy, even if he is a demon,” said Angel. “If you need some info from him, he’ll usually tell you if he knows it, without having to resort to pummelling. The worst he’ll do is make you sing for it.”

“We’ll have to check with Xander and Anya, but I expect we can meet you there,” said Faith. “We’ll call and let you know if we can’t.”

Buffy paused outside the door of their hotel room, and listened. She was entirely unsurprised to hear that Xander was giving Anya more orgasms. She grinned as she glanced at Faith, and saw that she had heard it too. She used her key-card to unlock the door, and eased it open. She and Faith passed through the door silently, and Buffy eased it shut behind them. They were in the short entry hall of their room, and still out of sight from the beds. It was obvious that Xander and Anya hadn’t heard them come in. They set their shopping bags down gently on the floor, stripped off their dresses so that they were both dressed just as they’d been when they had slain Darla and Drusilla, marched into the room, and came to attention at the foot of the bed on which Xander was fucking Anya. Buffy saluted. “Slayers Faith and Buffy reporting, Sir!”

Anya was on her knees on the bed, holding the footboard facing them, with Xander kneeling behind her. He had been pounding himself into her, hard, when Buffy and Faith had marched in, but he stopped for a moment, looking surprised before he returned Buffy’s salute. “Uh, Slayers, you seem to be out of uniform.” His hand went back down onto Anya’s hip, and he went back to slowly grinding himself into her.

“Sir!” said Buffy, shifting into her parade at-ease pose. “This is just how we were dressed when we slew Darla and Drusilla, so we thought it appropriate, Sir!”
Xander stopped again. “Darla and Drusilla? Wasn’t Darla dust already?”

“Sir! It seems that she was brought back…” Buffy continued her report, describing her fight with Drusilla with Faith adding in the details of how she’d staked Darla, while Xander went back to slowly screwing Anya in front of them. It seemed that Anya was looking forward to making even more money off the table and chairs than she had been anticipating — the furniture dealer was that happy with them. That had made her even hornier than usual, and she didn’t want Xander to stop just so he could hear about a couple of vamps who were already dust.

Buffy finished up by telling them that Angel had invited them all to meet him and the rest of Angel Investigations at a club later that night.

“When’s he expecting us?” asked Xander.

“About tenish,” said Buffy.

Xander glanced at the clock beside the bed. “Lot’s of time, then. You two deserve a special Reward for the Slaying you did tonight. Let’s see how many more orgasms we can give to your mistress before it’s time for us to go.”

Buffy and Faith both smiled at that. “Yes, My Lord,” they said together, and crawled up over the end of the bed.

Xander sat back, pulling Anya with him, so she came down straddling his lap, with his cock still in her pussy. Buffy and Faith moved in on her breasts, each sucking a nipple into her mouth. Their fingers converged on Anya’s clitoris, as she started to bounce up and down on Xander’s cock.

Buffy left Anya’s tits to Faith, and moved her mouth down to her mistress’s pussy, and Xander’s cock. She alternated between licking at Anya’s clitoris as Xander drove into her, and Xander’s cock, slick with Anya’s juices as he withdrew. It wasn’t long before Anya was coming again.

Xander rolled Anya off his cock, and down onto her back on the bed. Faith slipped off her panties and moved so she was straddling Anya’s face, so Anya could lick at her pussy. Buffy stayed on her knees between Anya’s legs, with her mouth on Anya’s snatch. Xander straddled Anya’s torso, and laid his cock down between her tits. Faith took hold of them, and pressed them together around his dick which was still slick from Anya’s cunt. Xander’s hands grasped Faith’s breasts, and he kissed her. He squeezed Faith’s breasts in time with the rocking of his hips, sliding his cock between Anya’s tits. It wasn’t long before he came again, and this time he let himself spurt semen up across Anya’s chest, and throat.

Xander pulled himself away from Anya. “Faith, clean up your mistress.” He turned around and sat on the bed beside her. “Buffy, come here and clean me off.”

“Yes, my Lord,” said Buffy and Faith, together. Faith bent down over Anya’s chest, and started licking Xander’s cum from her. Buffy crawled up to Xander, and dropped her mouth down onto his softening cock, to suck, and lick him clean.

Xander looked to the clock. “We don’t have a lot of time left, and the shower here isn’t big enough for all of us.” He rose from the bed, and reached out a hand to Anya, pulling her up after him. He wrapped his arms around her, and kissed her. He turned back to Buffy and Faith. “Buffy, get those panties off!”

“Yes, Sir!” Buffy stripped out of her new panties.

“Back to back, on your knees!” Xander ordered. They rushed to comply. “Alright, now I want you
both to lean forward, while holding on to each other’s wrists, and you can’t let go till I tell you to.”

Buffy reached back to grab Faith’s wrists while she leaned forward, pressing her ass against Faith’s. The Reward light flashed, and she felt both her ass and her pussy being penetrated.

“Now, you can wiggle to your hearts’ content,” said Xander, “while Anya and I have our shower.” He left them there while he led Anya off to the bathroom.

Buffy’s link with Faith was fully open, so she knew that Faith’s pussy and ass were also full of the double pronged, double ended dildo. The butt plugs were anchoring their asses together, so they couldn’t pull apart if they’d wanted to, but the dildo slipped in and out of their pussies as they rocked forward and back. As it withdrew from Faith, it sank deeper into Buffy, and vice versa. They rocked to and fro on the bed feeling the smooth plastic sliding inside them, channelling the feeling back and forth between themselves in a rising wave of arousal, building to an inevitable crest that crashed down in an intense shared orgasm.

But they were still linked. They still couldn’t let go. They still had their asses and pussies full, and they were still rocking — building up a new wave. They had both come multiple times when Xander and Anya returned from their shower, and he told them to stop and go have their own shower. “But no playing, this time,” he ordered. “We don’t have a lot of time left.”

Buffy and Faith rode in the back seat of the crew cab of Xander’s borrowed truck on the way to Caritas. Xander was getting so used to his new luck that he wasn’t the least bit surprised when a parking space, just the right size, opened up as they approached, only half a block from the club.

They all got out of the truck, and Xander gave his girls a good look over. They had planned to do some clubbing during their L.A. visit, so he and Anya had both packed some appropriate clothes, and the Reward had done its usual job on Faith and Buffy.

The Host sipped on his Sea-Breeze while looking over the night’s clientele. It was the usual mix of demons looking for a place to lie low for a while, and humans wanting to take a bit a walk on the wilder side of normal. The roiling tension that he had been feeling rising over the last few weeks seemed to have calmed a bit, but so far none of the real players in events to come had sung. The ones who had sung so far had revealed that they had mundane destinies: some leading to happiness and prosperity that he had smiled at and told to keep going the way that they were going, and others leading down darker paths, that he tried to divert: pointing them in directions that might lead them back onto a happier trail. No one who sang tonight had yet to reveal that they had any great destiny, for good or ill.

Angel and his friends had come in a while ago, and staked out a larger table than usual for themselves. They were expecting more people to join them. The miasma that had been settling around them seemed to have lifted. Instead of the lingering feeling of doom that usually permeated the air around Angel there was … nothing. There wasn’t any feeling of great destiny hovering over him any more. He felt just like any other patron who came into Caritas: someone whose destiny was in his own hands, and no longer a pawn for other Powers. He’d have to sing for the Host to get any clearer reading on him, but he didn’t seem inclined to do so, tonight. The Host was glad of that: he could do without hearing any more butchered Manilow.

That wasn’t to say that Angel was happy. The Host overheard some snatches of conversation between Angel and his friends. A couple of vampires had died earlier that night — and everyone was happy about that — but there was still a lot of regret in Angel. One of the dusted vamps was Darla, whom Angel had brought to him as a resurrected woman and the Host had thought that he’d
set them on a path to save her, but that apparently hadn’t worked out. The other was a vampire of Angel’s own making, and he felt guilt about failing both of them. The Host could understand that. He had lots of his own regrets. He wasn’t able to help everyone who came to him.

His musing was cut short when a new group of people entered his club. The aura surrounding the man almost outshone the beauty of the three women who came in with him. He didn’t need anyone to sing to see the beauty of that destiny. The aura was so intense that he almost didn’t notice that two of the women had leashes attached to the gold collars around their necks, being held by the man and the third woman.

Buffy and Faith led Xander and Anya down the stairs into the club. They were both wearing their leashes, with Xander holding Buffy’s, and Anya holding Faith’s. They were dressed in matching silk dresses in emerald green and sapphire blue. Plunging V necks showed off their cleavage and the gold chains that dangled between the studs rooted to their nipples. Slashes in the silk opened and closed as they moved, showing flawless tanned skin. Their short slit skirts showed off their bare legs and the holsters strapped to their thighs, each of them carrying a stake and a knife.

A bouncer stepped in front of them, and glared. “No weapons allowed.”

Buffy and Faith just glared back at him.

“I think they’re keeping their weapons,” said Xander. “You won’t like what happens to you if you try to take them away.”

The bouncer shuffled his feet under their withering gaze until he nervously glanced away toward the bar. A green skinned demon with tiny red horns, holding a highball glass filled with something pinkish, and wearing a pastel coloured suit that looked like it belonged on a seventies lounge singer made a small gesture with his hand, and the bouncer stepped aside with a sigh of relief. Several of the demonic customers in the bar shifted in their seats, getting ready to make a break for an exit, if necessary, as Buffy and Faith surveyed the room, but the Slayers pretended to ignore them. They spotted Angel’s table.

Buffy was flushed with embarrassment, and excitement as she strode across the the room. She knew that everyone in the room was staring at her, on her leash, and that they could see flashes of her bare skin, her tits, and her ass, as she moved. Everyone would be able to tell that she wasn’t wearing anything under the dress.

She recognized Angel and Wesley at the table, with stunned expressions on their faces. A third man: tall, black, with a shaved head, and impressive physique was clearly enjoying the show Buffy and Faith were putting on. Cordelia’s expression vacillated between surprise, and amusement. The amusement came out ahead. “I always thought that you two belonged on leashes,” she said when they reached the table. “But I never imagined it would be the Doofus holding the other end.”

“Maybe I should have tried putting one on you, when we were dating,” said Xander.

Cordy scoffed at that. “Please! You were the one who should have had the leash!”

Xander held a chair for Anya to sit in, and smiled at Cordy. “Maybe you should have.” He sat beside Anya, and Buffy and Faith sat flanking them. “Might have made things even more interesting.”

“Are you going to introduce me to your friends?” the man Buffy didn’t know asked Angel.
“Ah, yes,” said Angel. “Charles Gunn, these are Buffy, Xander, Anya, and Faith. Buffy and Faith are Slayers.”

“Is it normal for Slayers to wear leashes?”

“Oh, no,” said Wesley. “Those seem to be new. Why are you wearing leashes?”

“Buffy, would you care to explain it to them?” asked Xander. “You’ve had the most practice.”

Buffy launched into the story of how Gimmel had appeared in her room, to tell her that she and Xander had won a Reward, and of what that Reward entailed, and how Faith got dragged into it. She really was getting quite good at telling people about it. It seemed that practice really did make perfect. Like Giles, Wesley had heard of Gimmel, and had relegated him to the ‘too good to be true’ category. He was quite excited to learn that he was real.

Their waitress came by while Buffy was telling the tale, and Xander ordered a beer for himself, and wine for Anya, Buffy, and Faith. Once Buffy was done telling about the Reward, they caught up with each other about what had been happening in Sunnydale, and what Angel’s group had been doing in L.A. — including a more detailed account of how Darla had come back from the dead, and been vamped again.

Buffy pulled Mr. Pointy from its holster on her thigh. “I’ve been keeping this one since Kendra died, hoping to get the chance to use it against Drusilla. Now, I think it’s time to give it a proper retirement.”

“What did you have in mind?” asked Angel.

“I thought maybe we could mount it in a nice shadow box, with a plaque,” said Buffy. “Something like ‘Kendra’s Mr. Pointy — The Stake that Ended Drusilla’, with the date. Maybe we could send it to Mr. Zabuto. I think it would make a nice memorial for her.”

“I think you’re right,” said Xander.

Multiple people — or some facsimile thereof — had gone up on stage to sing while they talked: none of them very well. Buffy started to think that she could do it better, and about what it would be like to be up there on the stage dancing and singing in her dress that showed nearly everything.

Each table came with a binder full of listings of the karaoke tracks available. Buffy started to peruse it. One of them caught her eye, and she opened her link with Faith, silently asking if she was familiar with the song. Faith was, and they planned out the choreography to go with their performance. When they were ready, she turned to Xander. “My Lord, may Faith and I sing for you?”

Xander’s eyes widened in surprise. “Ah, I think I’d like that very much. Do you need me to take off your leashes?”

“Only Faith’s,” said Buffy. “I’ll still wear mine, and she can hold it.”

When the waitress came by to take their next drink order, Buffy told her that they wanted to sing, and showed her the song they’d selected. The waitress arched her eyebrows in surprise. “I don’t think we’ve had anyone do that one, yet. I’ll let the Host know.”

A little later, after a demon with skin the colour of rancid butter, a ring of tentacles around its body instead of any sort of arms, and a voice that grated like fingernails on a chalkboard finished its rendition of Horse with no Name, the green demon went up to the microphone on the stage. “Well,
let’s have a nice round of applause for Blarghagak the Ghitshison! I’ve never heard an America song performed quite that way before!” There was a smattering of applause, mostly from people who were glad it was over. “We have a couple of new performers for you all now! Let’s have a nice round of applause for the Slayers! Buffy and Faith!” He started off the applause himself, and was soon joined by the audience. Some of the demons looked a bit nervous, as if they were afraid of what might happen to them if they didn’t applaud.

Faith’s leash flashed into non-existence as she got up, and Xander handed the end of Buffy’s leash over to her. She led Buffy up onto the stage, and stood in front of the microphone stand, with Buffy standing off to the side, as far as the leash would let her. The Host adjusted the microphone height, to bring it down to her level, and left the stage to them. The music to Madonna’s *Hanky Panky* started to play.

Faith tugged on the leash. “Come over here!”

Buffy was dragged across the stage to the microphone, and began to sing, and dance:

Some girls, they like candy,
And others, they like to grind,
I’ll settle for the back of your hand
Somewhere on my behind.

Faith’s hand smacked down hard on Buffy’s ass.

Treat me like I’m a bad girl,
Even when I’m being good to you,
I don’t want you to thank me,
You can just spank me.

Faith spanked her again.

Some guys like to sweet talk,
And others, they like to tease,
Tie my hands behind my back
And, oh, I’m in ecstasy.

Faith pulled Buffy’s hands back, and wrapped the leash around her wrists.

Don’t slobber me with kisses,

Buffy and Faith exchanged a quick peck.

I can get that from my sisters.
Before I get too cranky,
You better

They started to sing the chorus together:

Like hanky panky,
Nothing like a good spanky.

Faith smacked Buffy’s ass.

Don’t take out your handkerchiefs,
I don’t wanna cry,
I just wanna hanky panky.
Like hanky panky,
Nothing like a good spanky.

This time, Buffy spanked Faith.

Don’t take out your handkerchiefs,
I don’t wanna cry,
I just wanna hanky panky guy.

Faith took over singing the second verse, as they danced together on the stage, with everyone looking at them. Their link was fully open, so Buffy was feeling everything from Faith as they performed. They were very much aware of how the slits in their dresses kept opening and closing as they moved, giving everyone in the audience peeks at what lay beneath, but there were only two members of the audience who were getting the full show. Most of the people out there were only getting hints of what lay beneath her and Faith’s dresses, but they never really saw anything that couldn’t be shown on a network TV show. There was always something that prevented them from seeing an exposed nipple, or a flash of pussy. A trick of the light, or a dance move from her or Faith that covered the other at just the right time to block everyone’s view — everyone but Xander’s and Anya’s, that was. They always had just the right angle to see what everyone else was missing.

Please don’t call a doctor,
’Cause there’s nothing wrong with me,
I just like things a little rough
And you better not disagree.
’Cause I don’t like a big softie,
I like someone mean and bossy,
Let me speak to you frankly,
You better

When the chorus came again Buffy spun around, so that when she bent over everyone could see her bare ass as Faith spanked her. And Faith did the same when her turn to get spanked came.

Then it was Buffy’s turn to sing the third verse:

Oh, yeah.
What about Dick Tracy?
Dick, that’s an interesting name.
My bottom hurts just thinking about it.
Treat me like I’m a bad girl,

Buffy leaned over to get more spans from Faith.

Even when I’m being good to you.
I don’t want you to thank me,
You better

They launched into the chorus again, singing, dancing, and spanking one another with enthusiasm, before finishing off the final verse together:

Oh, yeah.
You get the picture?
That’s the way I came into this world,
The doctor said, “Lady, she’s a beautiful girl.”
He gave me a spanky and the doctor smiled,
So give it up, honey, ’cause I want it.
Yeah.

The music ended, and they took a bow together. This time the applause was uniformly enthusiastic. They took another bow, and pranced down off the stage together. Buffy was flushed with excitement. She wanted Xander to have her right there on the table in front of everyone, but of course he’d never do that, so she had to settle for plastering herself against him when he stood to greet her, in a full body kiss while Faith was doing the same with Anya. His hand did slip through the slit in her skirt to hold her bare ass.

The Host was feeling stunned. He had never felt anything like that before, nor did he expect to ever experience its like again … unless the man who had come in with the Slayers decided to sing. He wasn’t sure if he’d survive that, but what a way to go!
Xander didn’t have the best memories of past birthdays. Unfortunately, his birthday was only a couple of days after Cordelia Chase’s, so their parties were often scheduled for the same day, and given a choice, most of the kids he knew when he was growing up chose Cordelia’s party. He didn’t blame them. If he’d had the option, he’d probably have chosen to go to Cordy’s party too. Even when his parents had tried to put on a good party for him, they usually failed. There was the disastrous Year of the Clown, for example. The only reliable guests at his own parties had been Willow and Jesse so he, and his parents, had pretty much given up on the idea of birthday parties by the time he was twelve. Things had gotten better over the last few years, and he no longer dreaded his birthday. It was Buffy’s birthday that people had come to dread, but he hoped that the Reward would change that.

Anya had taken Xander out to dinner at one of Sunnydale’s finest restaurants. It was the sort of place that insisted that all of their guests wore appropriate clothing, including a jacket and tie for the men; the menu was in French, and the waiters were unfailingly polite; even to people who didn’t know their salad fork from their dinner fork or what sort of wine went best with their boeuf, poisson, or poulet. The restaurant’s sommelier was happy to help them make their selections.

They were both pleasantly buzzed when the taxi dropped them off back at their apartment building where Buffy and Faith had stayed to put the finishing touches on Xander’s birthday present. Anya had called them on the way home, so they were ready to greet them when they arrived at the penthouse.

Buffy and Faith opened the apartment doors just after Xander and Anya got off the elevator. Xander’s first impression was that they were dressed as usherettes from some sex theatre of his dreams. Both were wearing red sequinned tail coats, and little else. The lapels of their coats wrapped around their breasts, pushing them together and up, showing off the tassels dangling from their bare nipples. The tails of the coats hanging down their sides, and backs below the tight waists framed their bare pussies. Both were wearing high heeled, platform soled shoes, and their outfits were capped by matching pillbox hats set at a jaunty angle on their heads.

Buffy and Faith both curtseyed. “Welcome home, Milord, Milady.”

“Thank you, Buffy, and Faith,” said Anya. “Is everything ready?”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Faith. “Everything is just as you ordered.”

Buffy held out a hand with a black silk scarf in it. “Mistress would like for you to wear this, Sir.”

Xander looked aside at Anya, and saw her smiling serenely at him. “She would, would she?”

“Yes, Xander. Please let Buffy blindfold you.”

“Alright.” Xander reluctantly turned his back on Buffy and Faith, taking them out of his field of view. Buffy wrapped the scarf snugly over his eyes, and then spun him around a couple of times, to try to disorient him. He didn’t know why she bothered. He could tell from the feel of the floor under his feet where they were going as she and Faith each took him by an arm, and conducted him into their living room.

Buffy and Faith gave him a couple more spins, both clockwise and counter-clockwise, and then Faith started to undress him. First to go was his sport coat, and then his tie. His belt and shirt
followed soon after, and then his pants and underwear were dropped down to his knees. She pushed him back a bit, until he felt the edge of the sofa against his calves, and she gently, but firmly, pushed him down onto it before removing his shoes and socks, and finishing taking off his pants.

While Faith had been undressing him, he heard Buffy helping Anya get undressed too, and he felt Anya settle down on the sofa and snuggle up beside him.

“You can take off the blindfold, now,” said Faith.

Xander removed the scarf, and blinked. The living room had been rearranged. The sofa was now facing the gas fireplace, with shelves on either side of it. One set of shelves contained a stack of electronic equipment: DVD player, sound system, VCR, and other things. He noticed that some items had been swapped out for newer models, and there were a couple of new items, but he couldn’t tell from the sofa just what they were. Buffy was kneeling in front of him, with Faith beside her. She was holding a remote, with a bow on it. “Happy Birthday!”

He looked around quickly and saw that their old TV was gone. He didn’t see a replacement for it. Buffy noticed where he was looking, and held out the remote to him. “Press the ‘Power’ button, Sir.”

Xander smiled as he took the remote, glanced at it to make sure he could see which button to press, pointed it at the stack, and pressed the top left button. Electronic boxes lit up, and he heard a humming sound coming from up near the ceiling. He looked up and saw a white rectangular screen dropping down above the fireplace. The logo for a top of the line DVD player was projected onto the wall that the screen was dropping down to cover. He leaned back and looked up at the ceiling behind him. He saw the projector. “Wow! I wasn’t expecting this!”

They had run all the wires and things needed to install a projector, and a surround sound audio system when they had been redoing the drywall, but Xander didn’t think that they’d be able to afford to actually install a home theatre for another few months.

“It has been a very lucrative month at The Magic Box,” said Anya. “Pre-solstice sales have been very brisk, and Faith contributed a significant portion of the cost.”

“Thank you, both.” Xander put his arm around Anya’s shoulder and pulled her close for a kiss. Then he reached out, grabbed one of the tassels hanging from Faith’s nipples, and used it to pull her to him for her own kiss. “And what was your contribution, Buffy?”

Buffy smiled at him. “Press ‘Play’.”

Xander’s forehead crinkled. He wondered what she might have put in the DVD player for him to watch. He pressed the ‘Play’ button.

“A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away” appeared on the screen. The familiar opening chords of the Star Wars theme filled the room. Only the title that came up on the screen was Star Whores.

“What?” asked Xander. He looked at Buffy again and saw her smiling at him. Had she found some Star Wars themed porn movie for him to watch? He didn’t think anyone would be quite so blatant about making one that they’d even include the John Williams score. Lucas would sue anyone who did that into the next millenium.

“Keep watching,” said Buffy.

“Episode IV, In Enemy Hands” started to flow into the screen, in the familiar crawl. Aside from the title, it looked just like the standard Episode IV opening, until it came to “Pursued by the
Empire’s sinister agents, Princess Buffy races home aboard her starship.” He looked at Buffy again, and she was still smiling at him. He went back to reading the opening narration as it flowed into the screen, and as far as he could tell, that was the only change.

The camera panned down to show Tatooine, and Princess Leia’s — Xander revised that thought to “Princess Buffy’s” — star ship flying into frame, exchanging fire with the Imperial Star Destroyer that was chasing it. The scene shifted to the interior of the ship, with its crew preparing to fight the Imperial boarding party. Xander saw that Faith had been added to the crew, matted in beside the other defenders running through the corridor. It wasn’t an ILM quality effect, but he’d seen worse in some low budget TV productions he’d watched. He noticed that the scenes with R2D2 and C3PO had been cut.

Faith took up a position with the other defenders as the ship was tractored into the Star Destroyer’s hanger. The hatch at the end of the corridor blew open, and Imperial Stormtroopers started to pour through, firing their blasters. Rebel defenders dropped like flies to the stormtroopers’ assault, until the few survivors broke, and began to retreat. Faith (or maybe he should be thinking of her as F8TH5X5) stayed with the rear guard, and kept up a steady fire with her blaster. The scene where R2 and 3PO crossed the corridor between the fighting factions wasn’t cut.

Darth Vader entered, breathing ominously; stormtroopers escorted surrendered rebels through the corridors; Vader interrogated the ship’s captain before crushing his throat and throwing him against a bulkhead. He demanded that the passengers be brought to him alive.

Stormtroopers searched the ship. Princess Buffy (in a Leia costume, with her hair done up in twin buns over her ears) and F8TH looked around a corner, blasters in hand. The stormtroopers spotted them, and opened fire. F8TH stepped in front of a blaster bolt to save the Princess, and it hit her in the middle of her chest. Princess Buffy ran, but she was shot in the back by a stun blast.

Princess Buffy was dragged before Darth Vader. Xander was surprised by just how well Buffy was edited into the scene over top of Carrie Fisher. He supposed that it helped that they were both short. The dialog in the scene went just as he remembered it, except it was Buffy playing the Princess’s part.

The scene where Vader was informed of the missing escape pod was replaced by a scene in which F8TH was dumped on a corridor floor, a charred hole in her chest with burnt wires sticking out of it. A black booted foot prodded her. A deep voice, from someone trying to do a Darth Vader impression and not succeeding very well said “Take that for Repair and Reprogramming. The High Inquisitor will have a use for it.”

All of the scenes with the droids and Luke on Tatooine were gone. The story skipped to the arrival of Vader’s Star Destroyer at the Death Star, and the meeting of the officers discussing the dissolution of the Senate.

The scene shifted to a cell on the detention level. Xander could tell that the cell itself was mostly CGI. The quality of the effect was almost as good as what Babylon 5 had managed a few years earlier. Princess Buffy looked up when her cell door opened. Instead of Darth Vader, a woman in a much tighter, and sexier version of an Imperial uniform appeared in the door. The camera started on her stiletto heeled black leather boots, and slowly panned upward along a pair of shapely legs in very tight pants. It continued up to show rows of Imperial rank insignia on the chest of a uniform top that was so tight that it couldn’t be closed properly, and was therefore showing what was probably a very un-regulation amount of cleavage. The pan continued up to show the officer’s face.

“Anyacca?” asked Princess Buffy.
Anya strode into the cell, and slapped Buffy across her face with the riding crop she was carrying. “How dare you call me by that traitorous clone’s name. I am Imperial High Inquisitor Chewbanka!” Xander noticed that a scar had been added to her cheek.

Buffy rubbed her cheek where she had been struck. “She says that you’re the clone.”

The Imperial Inquisitor smacked her again. “I’m sure she’d like to think so, but I care nothing about that bitch’s delusions. I only care about what you can tell me about the location of the Rebel Alliance base.”

Princess Buffy rose her chin in defiance. “Do your worst! I’ll tell you nothing!”

“You say that now, but I think I can make you change your tune. We have ways to make you talk!” Chewbanka looked back toward the door, and Xander expected to see the interrogation droid enter. Instead it was Faith, naked except for a leather slave harness and a droid restraining bolt below her left collar bone, and carrying a covered tray.

“Faith?” asked Buffy.

Faith didn’t react to her voice.

“Your companion droid has been reprogrammed,” said Chewbanka. “She obeys me now, and she has been a fount of useful information.” She whisked the cover off the tray, revealing an assortment of instruments. Xander only recognized some of them: a whip, some screw-clamps that he didn’t think were meant to go on thumbs, an assortment of knives…

Chewbanka turned her attention to Faith. “Prepare the prisoner. I need to consult with Lord Vader for a moment.”

Faith ducked her head. “Yes, Mistress,” she said to Chewbanka’s departing back. Faith stepped closer to Buffy, and took a quick look back over her shoulder to be sure that the High Inquisitor had indeed left. “The Omega Protocol held, Your Highness,” she whispered. “I only told her some of your favourite things. I expect that we are going to be re-enacting your Interrogation Fantasy 4-C, or maybe 6-L. If the sensations become too much for you, might I suggest you use Dantooine, as the location of our base.” While she whispered, Faith attached leather cuffs to Buffy’s wrists and ankles.

“Oh, Faith, I shouldn’t have doubted you for an instant,” said Princess Buffy, “but even if they believe me, it won’t take them long to find out that Dantooine has been abandoned.”

“So then you give them Dagoola IV. We just need to buy some time, Princess.” Faith leaned closer, and her voice became almost inaudible. “Xan Solo with save us.” She finished attaching Princess Buffy’s ankle cuffs to some bolts in the floor, and hooked her wrists to a chain that she pulled down from the ceiling. The chain withdrew, pulling Buffy up with it, until she was left stretched tight in the middle of the cell, dangling from her wrists, and her legs spread wide in an inverted ‘Y’. Buffy was back-lit, so the silhouette of her legs was plainly visible through the fabric of her dress.

Chewbanka came back into the cell. “Why is the prisoner still clothed?”

“Mistress,” said Faith, “the humiliation is greater if there are witnesses.” She stepped behind Buffy, took hold of her dress, and ripped it away.

“Huh,” said Xander. “Lucas was right: there is no underwear in space.”

Chewbanka walked slowly around the Princess, caressing her bare skin with her riding crop. “You
“Have such beautiful skin,” she purred. “It will be a shame to mark it.” She smacked the crop across Princess Buffy’s ass. The Princess writhed in her bonds, but didn’t cry out.

“Good thing the healing nanites in F8TH’s saliva are so effective.” Chewbanka struck each of the Princess’s tits, and this time she did let out gasps of pain.

Chewbanka smiled. “Of course, a proper interrogation doesn’t just use the stick.” She turned her crop around, showing the Princess its phallic handle. She rubbed it down between Buffy’s breasts, across her stomach, down and along her slit. “Or at least, not just one kind of stick.” She pressed the handle up into Princess Buffy’s pussy. Buffy shuddered. Xander could see her muscles tense, but her bonds held her.

The High Inquisitor pumped the handle in the Princess’s pussy while she talked. “You know, I found it quite unbelievable when your companion droid told me how little sexual experience you had, but now I look forward to broadening your horizons.” She pulled the handle free, and held it up to her lips. She licked it. “Hmm, tasty. I am going to enjoy this a lot. DL-D0!”

A droid chirped happily in the doorway. It looked like a slimmer variant on the R2 model droids. It rolled forward, and spun around on its tripod of wheels.

“DL-D0, do your duty!” said Chewbanka. The droid rolled in between Princess Buffy’s legs, a hatch popped open on its top, and a large dildo rose out of it.

“Oh no! You fiend!” said Princess Buffy. “I’ve never … nothing that big!”

The dildo rose up between her legs, while Xander thought that he’d seen Buffy taking dildos that size lots of times. He was treated to a beautiful close up shot of the tip of the dildo coming up against the opening of her pussy, and then starting to spin. “Ooooo!” cried the Princess as the spinning dildo pushed into her.

DL-D0 chirped and beeped quite happily between the Princess’s legs as its spinning dildo pumped up and down in her cunt.

Chewbanka smacked her riding crop across Princess Buffy’s ass, in time with the thrusts of the dildo into her pussy. “I find the combination of pleasure, and pain to be quite effective in loosening a prisoner’s tongue.” She smiled lasciviously. “Later you may be trained in how to put that tongue to proper use, if I can talk Lord Vader out of having you executed. I’m sure that you can be put to a much better use than spreading your ashes over an Imperial garden to help its flowers grow.”

The camera panned around them, giving Xander a lovely view of Princess Buffy from all angles as the dildo droid continued to fuck her pussy, and Chewbanka smacked her ass. After completing a revolution around them, it zoomed in on Buffy’s tits.

“Those need some adornment,” said the High Inquisitor. “Faith, bring the nipple clamps!”

“Yes, Mistress,” said Faith.

Xander saw Chewbanka grab one of the Princess’s nipples, pinch it hard, and pull. “Put the clamp on tight,” she ordered the companion droid.

Faith put the clamp around the nipple, and screwed it down tight, causing the Princess to gasp.

While F8TH and Chewbanka ‘tortured’ Princess Buffy on the screen in front of him, Buffy moved in between Xander’s legs, and leaned forward to take his hard cock into her mouth. Beside them, Faith moved in between Anya’s spread legs, and her mouth went down onto Anya’s snatch.
Up on the screen, the ‘interrogation’ of Princess Buffy got more intense. Every time she refused to tell where the Rebel base was located, Chewbanka brought out some new instrument of torture — progressing from riding crops, through paddles, and a cat-o’-nine-tails, and other things that Xander recognized from Anya’s toy cabinet in their bedroom — all things that he knew Buffy had enjoyed being used on her in the past. Chewbanka started to show a sheen of sweat from her work, so she first shed her uniform jacket and blouse, and later her pants, so she was soon working in a black leather bra, and thong. She somehow managed to keep her boots on when the pants came off. The Princess particularly seemed to enjoy it when Chewbanka used a strap-on dildo to fuck her ass, while the DL-D0 droid kept up its relentless fucking of her pussy, but when F8TH started limbering up a bull whip, Xander reached for the remote control, and pressed the ‘Pause’ button. “She isn’t really going to use that on you, is she?” he asked.

Buffy lifted her mouth from his cock, and looked around to see what he was talking about. She was smiling when she turned back to him. “Not really. We used some special effects to fake some of what’s coming up. Faith never hits me full strength with the whip. We used camera angles to hide that she was really just cracking it behind me, or beside me. Any time you see the whip actually hit me, it’s in slow motion to hide that it wasn’t really going very fast, or I did a little CGI work, to make it look like the whip hit me, when it really didn’t. Nearly all the blood is either corn syrup with some food colouring added, or CGI.”

“‘Nearly all’?”

“There’s a little bit of real blood, here and there,” said Buffy. “Some of the Reward magic has made me bleed more, like when it pierces my nipples.”

“Alright, then.” Xander hit the ‘Play’ button to continue the movie, and Buffy leaned down over his cock again. It only took a dozen lashes from F8TH’s whip before Princess Buffy cried out “Dantooine! The base is on Dantooine!”

Chewbanka smiled in triumph. “There, that wasn’t so hard now, was it?” She turned to F8TH. “I will inform Lord Vader. Clean the prisoner up. We’ll want her looking her best for the execution holo-cameras.” She wheeled about, and strode out of the room.

DL-D0 was still between Buffy’s legs, still pumping away at Buffy’s pussy. F8TH gave it a bit of a nudge with her foot. “That’s enough, you.”

The droid let out a disappointed sounding whoop noise, and the dildo withdrew back into its chassis. F8TH released the chain holding the Princess up, and she sagged down onto into her arms. “Oh, Faith, thank you! I didn’t think I could take much more. How long do you think we have before they find out that Dantooine is abandoned?”

F8TH gently laid Princess Buffy face down on the thinly padded bench in the cell. Blood red lines criss-crossed her back, and ass. “A few hours, at least, Your Highness. It should be long enough. Let me take care of your wounds.” She bent down over Buffy’s ass, and licked it.

F8TH slowly licked along each of the lines of blood, cleaning it from her Princess’s ass, and back, leaving behind pink welts, that quickly faded. F8TH’s licks transformed into kisses, across Buffy’s back, ass, and thighs, and then Buffy rolled over and took F8TH into her arms and started kissing her back.

F8TH slowly kissed her way down to Princess Buffy’s tits, which still had the nipple clamps attached. She smiled up at her Princess. “I know how much you like these, so I’m going to leave them in place, for now.” Just to emphasize how much her Princess was enjoying the pain from the clamps, she added to it with nips from her teeth before continuing down until her face was buried
between the Princess’s legs.

While Xander watched F8TH and Princess Buffy making love on the screen in front of him, Buffy had continued sucking on his cock, and Faith was still eating Anya’s pussy. He reached out to pull Buffy up onto his lap. He kissed her as her pussy sank down around his cock.

On the screen, F8TH lifted her face out of Princess Buffy’s pussy. “Your Highness, my sensors indicate that Xan Solo is nearby.” The image froze on the Princess’s delighted expression. “To be continued…” appeared on the screen.

Buffy pulled away from the kiss, but her hips kept moving slowly. “The movie is only part one of your present from me. For part two, we get to play out Xan Solo’s rescue of the Princess, if you’d like. I’ve written out the scenario. All you have to do is follow Mistress’s lead.”

Princess Buffy lay on the hard bench in her cell with F8TH5X5. She heard the sounds of the prison level hatches opening and closing, and the heavy tromp of stormtrooper boots in the corridor outside. They stopped in front of her cell door. Faith pulled away from her and stood across the cell before the door opened.

Imperial High Inquisitor Chewbanka stood in the doorway with an Imperial officer and two stormtroopers behind her. No! It wasn’t an officer! It was Xan Solo wearing an Imperial uniform that was a size too small for him! The Princess looked back at Chewbanka and realized that the scar on her cheek wasn’t in quite the right place, either. It was Anyacca in disguise as well! She barely managed not to cry out in joy.

Anyacca turned and frowned at the stormtroopers. “Wait in the corridor,” she ordered. “I’ll signal when the prisoner is ready for transport.” She pressed the control to close the door.

As soon as the door was closed, Princess Buffy threw herself at Xan Solo. “Oh Xan! I’m so glad you’re here! Faith told me you were coming! I shouldn’t have doubted her!” She kissed him.

Xan kissed her back, hard, before taking hold of her by her shoulders and pushing her away. “We don’t have time for this, now. The real High Inquisitor might be back at any moment.” He pulled a sonic screwdriver (“Someone’s got their ‘verses crossed,” he muttered incomprehensibly) out of an inner pocket of his uniform jacket and aimed it at F8TH’s restraining bolt. There was a warbling high pitched whine, and the bolt sparked, and shorted out. It was still attached below F8TH’s collar bone, but now it was inactive.

DL-D0 let out a plaintive blurble-blort.

“Oh Xan! can we take Dildo, too?” asked Princess Buffy. “I’m sure a pleasure droid like him can’t be happy helping Chewbanka torture prisoners.”

“I don’t know,” said Xan. “Can we trust an Imperial droid?”

“He’s a prisoner, too,” said F8TH. “It’s only his bolt that makes him obey Chewbanka’s orders.”

“Alright.” Xan Solo’s sonic screwdriver whined again, and DL-D0’s bolt sparked.

Dildo chirped happily, and spun around a few times on his tripod wheels.

“We don’t have time to screw around!” said Anyacca. “Get the restraints on her!”

“What?” asked the Princess.
“We’ve slipped a prisoner transfer order for you into the Imperial computer banks,” said Anyacca. “It will let us just march you right out of here, but you’ll have to be in restraints.” She held up a set of binders. “Here Xan, put these on her.”

Xan spun Buffy around and placed the restraints around her arms. The first set were designed to be fastened around the arms just above her elbows. They pulled her arms and shoulders uncomfortably back, and had the added effect of making her tits stick out prominently in front of her. A second set of binders went around her wrists. A third set went around her ankles, with a short hobble between them that would limit her to walking with small steps.

“Don’t worry,” Xan told her, running a reassuring hand up her thigh, and over her bare pussy. “These are trick binders. If things go wrong, one good tug, and they’ll all come loose.”

“Are we ready?” asked Anyacca.

“Ready,” said Xan.

“Right!” said Anyacca. “Now remember, those two stormtroopers out there are the real thing. They think that they’re here to escort us to the prisoner transfer ship. If anything goes wrong, we’ll have to take them out first!” She pounded on the cell door. “The prisoner is ready for transport!” she called.

The door hissed open, and Xan Solo prodded Princess Buffy toward the door with his drawn blaster. “Get moving Princess!” he said, his voice dripping with contempt.

“Like this? But I’m naked!”

“Consider yourself lucky that the Emperor wants to question you personally,” said Anyacca. “Otherwise we’d be taking you down to the infantry barracks like that. Some of those men haven’t had shore leave in months. They’d really enjoy having some royal ass to screw.”

“I’d rather screw a regiment, than have your grotty Emperor pawing me,” muttered the Princess as she left the cell. F8TH and DL-D0 followed behind her.

They made up a mini parade with Anyacca and Xan Solo leading the way, Buffy, Faith, and Dildo in the middle, and the two stormtroopers bringing up the rear. They marched along seemingly endless grey corridors, up and down stairways, and rode multiple elevators. All along the way Imperial officers and enlisted personnel stopped to gawk at the naked prisoners. Princess Buffy felt completely mortified by the ordeal; she was totally going to give Xan Solo a piece of her mind for forcing her to submit to this humiliation once they got away … after she was done fucking his brains out because she was also totally turned on by it. She hoped that none of the gawkers knew how wet her pussy was getting.

They came at last to a vast hanger deck. An Imperial Shuttle was parked in the centre of it, with its forward entry ramp extended out and down like a giant tongue. A platoon of stormtroopers were at work off to the side of the hanger, rearranging some stacks of boxes for some unknown reason. Buffy wouldn’t be surprised if they didn’t know why they were doing it, themselves. These workers also stopped what they were doing to gawk.

They were half way across the hanger when a shout came from the far side. “Stop them!”

Buffy looked, and saw Chewbanka running toward them, waving a blaster, firing wildly in their direction, but her aim was poor. Buffy yanked at her restraints, and just as Xan Solo had promised, they came apart. She saw Xan and Anyacca drawing their blasters, and spinning around toward her.
She and F8TH dropped to the deck as Xan and Anyacca fired over them, into the chests of their stormtrooper guards. Buffy and F8TH scooped up the guard’s weapons.

“It’s the traitor, Anyacca!” shouted Anyacca as she fired her blaster at Chewbanka. Chewbanka dived for cover.

The other stormtroopers in the hanger deck scrambled for their weapons, but they didn’t seem to know who they should be shooting at. Most hesitated, but a few started firing at the escaping prisoners, while some others seemed to have believed Anyacca’s shouted accusation, and fired at Chewbanka.

Princess Buffy returned fire at the stormtroopers who had shot at her.

“No! Run! Run!” yelled Captain Solo. “We can’t afford to get pinned down here! Run for the shuttle!”

Buffy ran for the shuttle, along with F8TH, Xan and Anyacca. DL-D0 brought up a distant rear.

Buffy and F8TH stopped at the top of the ramp, crouched down, and started returning fire at the stormtroopers, who finally seemed to have figured out who they should be shooting at. Captain Solo and Anyacca ran through to the cockpit, and Buffy heard the shuttle coming to life around her. DL-D0 came scooting up the ramp as the shuttle’s point defence systems came on line. Normally meant to protect the shuttle from incoming missiles, or mass driven projectiles, they were also very effective against ground troops. It was the stormtroopers’ turn to start diving for cover.

Buffy hit the button to retract the ramp, and she and F8TH ran to the cockpit. She saw Captain Solo in the pilot’s seat hit a button on the control console, and there was an explosion on the outer hanger wall. The force field over the entry portal flickered, and died. The emergency blast doors started to slam shut, but they jammed, only half closed. The air in the hanger deck whistled through the gap into the vacuum of space. Everyone who wasn’t protected by stormtrooper armour ran for the emergency airlocks.

“It’s going to be tight!” said Anyacca.

“We can make it!” Captain Solo activated the engines, and the shuttle surged forward toward the freedom of space.

Anyacca reached for the control to unfold the wings.

“Not till we’re outside!” yelled Captain Solo, “unless you want to lose a wingtip!”

They flashed through the doors with inches to spare!

“What about their tractor beams?” asked Princess Buffy. “Won’t they just pull us back?”

“Don’t worry, Princess,” said Captain Solo. “We took care of those. That’s part of what took us so long to get to you. No, the only thing we have to worry about are their TIE fighters. You and Faith man the weapons consoles.”

The Death Star was still filling half the sky when the first TIE fighters came diving down on them. Buffy and F8TH took control of the port and starboard weapon control joysticks, and brought their gun turrets to bear. As Buffy pressed the button to fire, she thought that she preferred the older anti-fighter guns on the Falcon. They might not be as efficient, or accurate as those on this top of the line Imperial Shuttle, but there was a certain visceral joy in sitting in the control saddle for them, being swung around in concert with her gun. This was more like playing a video game, and
the automatic targeting systems made shooting the incoming fighters like shooting fish in a barrel. There were an awful lot of fish coming after them, though.

“When can we make the jump to lightspeed?” asked F8TH.

“We’re too deep in Alderaan’s gravity well,” said Anyacca. We’ll have to shake these guys off our tail, first.”

“I’ve got a bad idea,” said Captain Solo. He swung the shuttle around and dove back down toward the Death Star. He skimmed along its outer hull, so close that most of its defence turrets couldn’t be brought to bear on them, and those that could only had time to get off one or two shots before they were out of range again. He jinked the ship around so violently that even then, they couldn’t get a decent firing solution.

They still had a swarm of TIE fighters in pursuit, despite their wild gyrations, when Captain Solo began to pull away from the Death Star again. For some reason the defence turrets that now had them in their sights didn’t engage them, and the TIE fighters let them pull farther ahead. They even started to disperse, drawing apart into a ring of ships chasing after them. Even with the lack of pursuing fire, Buffy put maximum power into the rear facing shields.

Princess Buffy brought up the rear display monitor, to look at the receding Death Star. It seemed to be slowly turning, and she saw a huge circular crater becoming centred in its hull behind them.

“I’ve got a bad feeling about this,” said F8TH.

“No, this is going to be great,” said Xan Solo. “I just hope they let us get a little more distance between us, and them, before they fire. Oh look. Here it comes.”

Green fire started to dance around the rim of the crater. A dozen beams lanced out, focused in a cone of viridescent light. The sky behind them filled with blinding flash, and the shuttle shuddered in the shock wave from the indescribably huge explosion.

“And that’s the other reason that it took us so long to get to you,” said Captain Solo. “Couldn’t leave the Empire with a weapon that powerful, operational.”

“We cross circuited the main power feeds,” said Anyacca. “When they tried to fire the superlaser, it set up a feedback loop that blew up the whole thing. Much better idea than that silly plan of trying to fire a golden BB down a ventilation shaft.”

Most of the TIE fighters chasing them were also destroyed by the Death Star blowing up. They had been closer, and their shields had been angled to protect them from fire from their quarry ahead of them. They’d had no protection to the rear. The few that survived had no fight left in them, and broke off their pursuit. The escaping shuttle had no more molesters as it climbed out of Alderaan’s gravity well, and made the jump to lightspeed.

As soon at they were safely in hyperspace, Princess Buffy and F8TH jumped from their seats at the defensive consoles and converged on Captain Solo and Anyacca. Solo just had time to set the autopilot before he was enveloped in a hug from a naked, grateful Princess who was smothering him with kisses. F8TH was doing the same for Anyacca.

“Oh Xan!” said the Princess. “I was so glad when I recognized you and Anyacca in our cell. How can Faith and I Reward you for your brave rescue?”

Xan Solo lifted her off her feet. “I’m sure I’ll think of something, Princess!” He carried her off toward the main cabin. F8TH swept Anyacca up in her arms, and followed.
This was an Imperial Shuttle, outfitted for the transport of high ranking Imperial officials, maybe even the Emperor himself, so its accommodations were on the ridiculous side of luxurious, even by Princess Buffy’s standards. The Imperial Cabin had an Imperial sized bed, and an attached bathroom that was the largest and most sybaritic that Buffy had ever seen on a space ship.

They were all hot and sweaty from the exertion of the rescue, and there was some residual Death Star odour clinging to their skin, so they started in the bathroom. Buffy and F8TH began by helping Xan Solo and Anyacca out of their stolen Imperial uniforms. Buffy thought that maybe they should send Xan’s ill fitting uniform off to the disposer, but Anyacca had looked surprisingly good in hers. She had duplicated Imperial High Inquisitor Chewbanka’s uniform right down to the leather bra and thong, and high heeled jackboots. She didn’t seem to have mastered the clone’s trick of getting out of her tight pants without taking off the boots, though. Maybe it was some trick of the Dark Side that let Chewbanka do that.

Xan used his sonic screwdriver to remove the restraining bolt from F8TH, and her leather slave harness joined the pile of discarded clothes on the floor. F8TH and the Princess went into the shower chamber first, since F8TH was impervious to cold water, and Princess Buffy enjoyed the shock of it against her skin. Xan and Anyacca waited until they had the water running at just the right temperature before they joined them.

At first they took turns scrubbing down each other’s bodies with fragrant body washes — each of them taking a turn being scrubbed by all of the others. They started with Xan, Buffy and F8TH scrubbing Anyacca from head to toe, followed by Xan being scrubbed by the two women, and the femdroid. Then it was Buffy’s turn for the others to scrub her. Last to be scrubbed was F8TH, to remove the last vestiges of Death Star stink from her synthi-skin and hair.

When the last of the soap was rinsed from their bodies, Princess Buffy dropped to her knees in front of Xan Solo. His cock had been jutting out proudly in front of him from the moment she had removed his pants. It was time to begin Rewarding him in earnest. F8TH got down on her knees in front of Anyacca.

Buffy turned her eyes up to look at Xan Solo’s face as she first licked his cock. She began with light flicks of her tongue across his glans, before taking him in her hand. Her tongue swirled around the tip of his cock as she gently squeezed him. She brushed her lips across his glans, slid them down his shaft, and licked her way back to the tip. Her lips parted, and she sucked him deep into her mouth.

Xan Solo’s hands closed on either side of her head, holding her in place as his hips pumped, driving his cock deeper into her throat.

Princess Buffy loved the way Xan Solo took command in moments like this. She might be a Princess of Alderaan, and a leader of the Rebel Alliance — able to direct space fleets across the galaxy — but at times like this she could just be. The responsibilities of command went away. She didn’t have to worry if her orders might lead to the deaths of some of her allies, or of innocent bystanders who just happened to get caught in the crossfire of the Rebellion. All she had to do was whatever Xan wanted her to do. And at this moment, that was to suck on his cock until he came into her throat.

Xan groaned, and thrust harder. She felt his cock pulse in her mouth, and his semen in her throat. She swallowed around the cock filling her mouth, nearly gagging on it, until he pulled away.

“Come on,” he said. “You and Faith can dry us off, before we continue this in the bedroom.”

Anyacca had stocked the the Imperial Cabin with all of their favourite things. Xan Solo had
Princess Buffy lie back on the bed, and raise her legs high over her head. He picked up the jar of nano-lube, scooped up a generous portion with his fingers, smeared it over her asshole, and onto his cock. He took hold of her ankles, and rammed his cock up her ass.

The nano-lube let him slide easily into her, and it interacted with the sensi-crobes still latent in her system, bringing them back to life, and magnifying all her sensations.

Even without the nano-lube the Princess loved being fucked in the ass by Xan Solo. With it she started to orgasm almost immediately, and she came — again and again — as he pounded her.

Beside them on the bed, F8TH was fucking Anyacca. The retrofit that had converted her from and infiltration and assassin droid had made her a full function companion droid, with an inverting vagina that could transform into a phallus at need. Anyacca was on her knees on the bed, with F8TH fucking her doggie style from behind. F8TH was now fully integrated with Buffy’s sensi-crobes, so when they were activated they shared their sensations. The Princess felt like she was in F8TH’s place, fucking Anyacca with a vibrating phallus, while at the same time she was on her back, with Xan Solo holding her by her ankles, stretching out her legs, and fucking her ass.

It was a good day to be a Princess.

Xan groaned, and bucked harder against her as he came again. He bent down over her, with his cock still in her ass, and kissed her deeply. He rolled to the side, pulling her with him so she was straddling him until his softening cock slipped free. She sat up, reached to the bedside table and drew some wet-wipes from their dispenser. She used them to clean the santorum from Xan Solo’s cock, and her ass.

The indefatigable F8TH was still fucking Anyacca, so Xan and the Princess returned to the bathroom to do a more thorough cleaning of his cock, and her ass. When they got back, Anyacca and F8TH were collapsed together across the bed. F8TH was still up for more, but it seemed that Anyacca had temporarily reached her limit. Buffy lay on the bed and wrapped herself around Anyacca, for a cuddle and some kissing while Xan pulled F8TH to him. The Princess was still linked with her companion droid, so she felt it as F8TH started to suck his semi flaccid cock.

Anyacca wasn’t totally exhausted, so their kisses became more intense. The Princess slid her hand down over the beautiful space pirate’s pussy, and slipped a couple of fingers into her. Anyacca’s thigh came up between her legs, pressed at the Princess’s pussy as they kissed, and Buffy’s fingers curled and uncurled inside her. Their breasts pressed together. The Princess could taste Anyacca’s mouth, while at the same time her sensi-crobe link with F8TH was feeding her the taste and feel of Xan Solo’s cock in her mouth, and F8TH’s phallus was still vibrating, feeling like it was deep in her pussy.

Anyacca rolled Buffy over onto her back, and swung herself around so that her snatch came down on the Princess’s mouth. Her own mouth came down on Buffy’s pussy. They lay together, eating each other while the Princess felt Xan Solo’s cock swelling again from F8TH’s oral ministrations.

Xan Solo pulled himself away from F8TH’s mouth, and Buffy felt the droid’s disappointment at the loss. He moved himself to the head of the bed, and Buffy could see his restored erection moving in on his first mate’s cunt. His hands on Anyacca’s hips lifted them away from Buffy’s lips, and he plunged into her.

Xan pulled back his hips, until just the head of his dick was touching Anyacca’s pussy lips, and then he pressed forward again. Anyacca arched her back as she screamed in pleasure, clearing Buffy’s pussy for F8TH’s fantastic vibrating phallus to plunge into it.
The completion of a successful caper always left Captain Solo in a nearly insatiable state of arousal, and Anyacca was nearly as bad (or good — she was soooo good.) F8TH, as a droid, was even more insatiable than Captain Solo or his First Mate, and she was programmed to serve the Princess’s every need.

Princess Buffy felt like she’d died and gone to heaven. She was in a state of nearly continuous orgasm. Her pussy was being pounded by her faithful companion droid, and with the sensi-crobe link to F8TH — who was more of a person than many biological beings she knew — all the sensations were doubled. She was penetrating, and being penetrated. When F8TH’s vibrating phallus entered her pussy, she felt like she was both the fucked, and the fucker. Anyacca’s nails sinking into the synthi-flesh of F8TH’s tits felt like they were sinking into Buffy’s as well. That pain was the perfect compliment to the sweetness of F8TH and Anyacca’s kisses. Captain Solo was screwing his first mate, where the delicious nectar from Anyacca’s pussy dribbled down over Buffy’s face, and into her open mouth. She only had to raise her head a bit to be able to lick at that delectable snatch, and at Xan’s wonderful cock and balls.

Xan Solo groaned and bucked hard, driving himself deep into Anyacca’s snatch. He pumped his hips a few more times, and Anyacca’s nectar was joined by a gush of his jizz.

They all collapsed into a pile of naked and sweaty bodies on the bed. Princess Buffy and F8TH took turns licking Captain Solo and Anyacca clean, while their tongues cleaned Buffy and F8TH. Xan Solo rolled over onto his back, and signed in contentment. “Thank you all, for the best birthday ever!”

Buffy blinked. She was herself again. She was lying on the bed in Xander and Anya’s room, entwined with them and Faith. She started to flush in embarrassment over what they’d just done — not the sex. The sex, while mind blowing, by itself was coming to be pretty par for the course — She couldn’t believe that Xander had paraded her and Faith up and down the stairways, elevators and halls of their apartment building, naked. She was embarrassed by it, but it had also contributed to the incredible hotness of the sex that followed. She didn’t know whether she was relieved, or disappointed that it was late in the evening, and the hallways had all been empty.

She was a little surprised that Xander had gone through with it. Her rescue scenario had included them being paraded through the Death Star corridors, but she had half expected Xander to take the option of having them walk around in their apartment, and out on its balconies. That he would take them out of the apartment, and through the building wasn’t something that she’d been sure that he’d do. She’d written the script without specifying just where they would go, leaving that choice up to Xander.

Xander sat up, and looked down at her. His eyes came to rest on her tits, with her nipples still pinched in their clamps. “Let me take care of those.”

Buffy had almost forgotten about them, but the sudden freeing of pressure as Xander released the clamps, sent fresh waves of exquisite pain rushing out from her nipples.

Xander smiled, and leaned down over her breasts. His lips and tongue gently massaged her tortured nipples as the flow of blood through them was restored, and the pain slowly faded.

“Come on,” he said. “I think we can all use another shower.”

“Are you saying we stink?” asked Anya.

“No. You are delightfully aromatic,” said Xander. “I stink.”
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!