Double Your Pleasure, Double Your Fun

by KineticKid

Summary

Ohh… Gator you naughty boy!! This one’s for you, since it started with your idea. What happens when Tara’s hit by the rod device the Toth has instead of Xander? Story picks up when the group (Now including Tara, of course) are at the junk yard hunting for the Toth.

Notes

Author’s Note: Willow decided to go back to Oz when he came back from Tibet instead of choosing Tara. Tara is part of the group helping out with the magical end of things and helping Willow with her ‘soupy spells’ but has noticed the slayer and is more than intrigued with the small blonde, though doesn’t make her feelings known since Buffy and Riley are/were a hot and heavy couple. Timelines as usual are up for grabs and being twisted around.
Chapter 1

“At least he only got knocked out… again.” Buffy smirks at the thought as she shifts the axe on her shoulder. Looking over at Willow who’s giggling to look at Riley who seems to be somewhat irritated, frowning as she looks at her boyfriend.

“This demon is obviously trying to hurt you, we need to find it and kill it before it succeeds.” Riley growls quietly as he keeps his eyes open as they search the city dump.

Buffy groans and rolls her eyes. “Relax. It isn’t like this is the first time… or the last time that something will try and hurt me. It kind of goes with the job description.”

“What w-worries me is what the rod was that Mr. Giles described.” Tara speaks up softly, blushing as Buffy’s eyes turn to look at her intently. “He felt magic coming f-from it and it might be something made specifically to harm you in some way.”

Riley grunts quietly, wondering not for the first time why the stuttering witch even bothered coming with them. She seemed pretty useless as far as he could tell, though Willow seemed to spout her virtues frequently about how strong she is, but he’d never seen any evidence of her magical abilities.

Oz tilts his head as he considers the blonde witch’s words, slowly nodding his head before he turns when he hears a rattling sound, noticing Buffy’s head snatching towards the same direction. “Something.”

“Definitely something.” Buffy agrees, hefting the axe to the ready position as she strides purposefully towards the noise, the rest of the group following behind her, with Riley striding to catch up to her quickly.

“What the hell are you doing here, Spike?” Riley growls angrily at the vampire, frowning in disgust as the bleached blonde vampire holds up a mannequin’s arm.

“What? I just be lookin’ is all.” Spike shrugs and smirks at the blood whore. “Ya’ know soldier boy? If you’re looking to give up some more blood, I’d be more than willin’ ta’ help ya’ out.”

Buffy frowns and darts a quick glance at Riley, about to ask him what Spike’s talking about when she catches a glimpse of bright light heading their way. “HIT THE GROUND!” She yells turning and pushing Tara and Willow to the ground after she hesitates for a split second to make sure Riley, Oz and Xander are already heading downwards.

“What the hell?” Spike snarls, darting his head up to see the demon coming towards them. “Well, ta ta ladies and gents. It’s time I be on my way.” He laughs as he grabs the mannequin piece and the lamp before he takes off running in the opposite direction.

“Be careful!” Buffy pops up and starts to swing the axe as she watches the Toth demon as he comes closer, the rod in his hands obviously gaining a charge as it starts to glow brighter on the end.

Riley starts to head around the other way from where Buffy is to come at the demon from a different direction. “Stay out of harm’s way, guys. Let me and Buffy take care of it.” He orders roughly, his anger at an all time high with Spike’s comment, wondering how the vampire knew that he’d been visiting the vampire house.

Xander hurries over to Tara, offering his hand to the blonde witch even as Oz helps Willow up.
“I’m okay.” Willow smiles as Oz gently brushes her off. “A little dirt and a few bruises are better than whatever would have happened if we’d been hit with that thing.”

Tara smiles in thanks to Xander as she turns and shifts slightly to come closer to the demon and Buffy as she tries to get a magical feel for the rod, slowly going into a partial trance to let her second sight come to the fore so she can figure it out. “Oh, my Goddess…” Tara whispers as she realizes that the rod was made to separate the slayer from her host, which would make her an uncontrollable, raw force in and of herself. Not knowing what would happen if a human is hit with it, but knowing that it would probably end up killing Buffy if she was zapped with the magical force, Tara starts to head towards the slayer. “Don’t let it hit you!! It’ll split…” Tara’s eyes open wide in shock as Buffy strikes the rod with her axe, deflecting the discharge. Unfortunately she doesn’t have time to put up a shield as it slams into her chest, sending her flying back into the large pile of trash behind her.

Buffy turns and looks at Tara in horror as a small avalanche covers the witch. Noticing Xander, Oz and Willow already heading towards the soft-spoken witch, she turns back to hack the demon apart only to find him gone. “SHIT!!” Ignoring Riley who comes running around the corner, she turns and sprints towards the group that is shifting the garbage away from Tara. “Is she…?”

“She’s alive.” Oz whispers, breathing out in relief as they finally uncover the witch, feeling her strong heartbeat. “Just unconscious.”

“Let me see if she has any broken bones.” Buffy whispers hoarsely as she looks at the pale witch, kneeling beside Tara as she sets her axe aside and slowly works her hands over the woman’s arms and legs before carefully feeling her ribs, sighing in relief. “She seems to be all in one piece.”

Hesitating she looks at the group, Oz being too short to pair up with one of the other guys to carry Tara, and not really wanting to chance the demon coming back and have her in her arms. “Riley, Xander can you two carefully carry Tara to the vehicle?”

“Yeah, sure, Buff.” Xander nods his head as he turns a glare on Riley as the soldier starts to huff a bit. “It’s the least we can do since she was trying to help.”

“What was she trying to say anyway?” Buffy questions curiously as the two men gently lift Tara, grasping each other’s arms to make a small sling for the woman as they make their way towards the vehicles.

“I don’t know.” Willow shakes her head looking worriedly at the witch that’s still unconscious. “She wanted to make sure you didn’t get hit by the blast, and she said something about it splitting and that was all she said before she got zapped.”

Oz wraps his arm around his girlfriend’s waist and gently hugs her. Knowing Willow cares for the blonde, having explained to him when they got back together that she had been close to having a real relationship with Tara but having chosen to come back to him instead. Honestly glad the two women had stayed friends, since Tara’s calming influence and magical training had been helping Willow immensely. Tara had even helped him with his meditations, after having nervously stuttered out the offer. Not knowing if he would have been as gracious if the roles had been reversed, but having gotten to know the witch over the last eight months give or take, he’d learned she’s honest and loyal to a fault. “She’ll be okay, Wills.” He whispers softly, pressing his lips gently to her temple.

Willow bites her lip and nods her head as she looks thankfully at Oz. Knowing her boyfriend understands as they make their way to the vehicles.

Buffy silently debates with herself for a moment, looking at the group. “Let’s take her to my house. Mom will help me keep an eye on her. It’ll probably be the best place for her to stay until we’re sure she’s okay.” Buffy opens the door and takes over for Xander before hefting Tara gently in her arms.
so she can maneuver the witch into the vehicle, ignoring Riley for the moment as she settles Tara in the seat and climbs in beside her.

“I thought we were going to the Bronze tonight after finding the Toth demon?” Riley frowns heavily as Buffy glares at him.

“Not now. Riley, take Oz and Willow back to the campus. Xander, you don’t mind giving me and Tara a ride to the house, do you?” Buffy winces as she realizes she’d pretty much not given her friend a choice in the matter, having climbed into the back of his vehicle.

“No, it’s all good, Buff.” Xander smiles at the slayer, knowing from her wince what she was probably thinking. Snorting softly at the glowering soldier as he snarls and strides towards his vehicle.

“Call us and let us know when she wakes up.” Willow calls over her shoulder to Buffy as she and Oz hurry to Riley’s vehicle before he decides to take off and leave them.

“I will. You guys be careful.” Buffy orders hoarsely, carefully shifting Tara to have her lean against her, wanting the witch to not be juggled around too badly as they head over the uneven ground out of the dump.

“Are you ready?” Xander questions as he starts the car, adjusting the rearview mirror so he can see Buffy.

“Let’s get her home. I’m going to have to enlist mom’s help in getting Tara washed up, if she doesn’t come to on her own.” Buffy unconsciously wrinkles her nose up at the smell now emanating from the witch, the trash she’d been blasted into not smelling like roses, that’s for sure.

“I’d be willing…” Xander smirks at the growl he gets from Buffy. “Just offering. Do you think she’ll be okay?”

“I hope so.” Buffy whispers hoarsely, watching Tara closely while double-checking to make sure her heartbeat’s still strong.

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“Oh, my goodness!” Joyce blinks and steps back as Buffy carries Tara into the house. “What happened?”

“She was hit with a magical blast.” Buffy smiles at Xander over her shoulder. “Thanks, Xan. Be careful on the way home.”

“Let her know we’re worried about her.” Xander frowns at the sight of the still unconscious witch as Buffy works her way carefully up the stairs.

“I will. Mom, would you mind helping me get her cleaned up and maybe something for her to wear?” Buffy winces slightly as she looks at her mom, silently begging her for her help.

“Of course, honey.” Joyce waves her daughter up the stairs before smiling at Xander as he heads out of the house. “Thank you for bringing Buffy home.”

“No prob. Have Buffy call me tomorrow to let me know what’s going on.” Xander looks seriously at Joyce. “If there’s anything I can do, let me know.”

“We will. Thanks again, Xander.” Joyce pats the young man on the shoulder as he steps out of the house and jogs down the steps towards his car. “You’ve grown up to be a wonderful young man, Xander.” Joyce murmurs softly, before shaking her head and shutting and locking the door to hurry up the stairs.

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Buffy sets Tara on the chair in the bathroom and hesitates for a moment as she holds her on it with one hand before rubbing a hand over her forehead as she contemplates where to start. “I don’t much make a habit of stripping my friends down and washing them, Tara.” Buffy murmurs quietly before making sure Tara won’t fall from the chair before kneeling and untying the woman’s boots, looking towards the door as she hears her mother step into the bathroom. “Help.” Buffy simply begs.

Joyce has to chuckle at the absolutely lost look on Buffy’s face. “Get the first aid kit and the smelling salts. Let’s see if we can bring her back around first so she can clean herself up. I may not know Tara real well, but I think it may embarrass her a bit to come to naked and being washed by either you or me.”

Buffy snorts back a quiet laugh before nodding her head. “You have a point. Tara’s a bit on the shy side at the best of times.” Buffy jumps up and hurries to get the large first aid kit that contains the smelling salts.

“What happened?” Joyce holds Tara so she doesn’t fall from the chair as Buffy runs back into the bathroom, digging in the first aid kit and leaving a trail of items along the way.

“Dump, crazy demon with some kind of device and Tara ended up getting blasted by the device, the demon did a disappearing act and here we are.” Buffy shrugs as she finally finds the smelling salts, dropping the kit on the floor to kneel in front of Tara and pops the capsule under Tara’s nose, waving it underneath, sighing in relief as Tara starts to jerk and try and get away from the smell.

“Wh-what?” Tara waves a hand to try and get the obnoxious smell away from her before her eyes open and she stares at Buffy, confused at the sight of the slayer kneeling in front of her. Feeling a set of hands on her shoulders she jerks her head up and breathes out the breath she’d unconsciously
been holding as she sees Joyce behind her.

“Easy, Tara.” Joyce murmurs gently rubbing the young woman’s shoulders as she feels them tense automatically when she became aware of her surroundings.

“How are you feeling, are you okay?” Buffy questions softly, tossing the smelling salts away now that Tara seems to be calming down, the fuzziness and fear in her eyes dissipating.

“I th-think so.” Tara blinks as she reaches her hand up, her nose wrinkling at the smell coming from her along with whatever is smeared over her arm. “What happened?”

“How are you feeling, are you okay?” Buffy questions softly, tossing the smelling salts away now that Tara seems to be calming down, the fuzziness and fear in her eyes dissipating.

“Do you remember anything?” Buffy searches Tara’s eyes, seeing the confusion in blue eyes looking at her.

Tara frowns and slowly shakes her head. “I remember us g-going after the demon… at the dump?”

“Let’s get you cleaned up, dear. Buffy, why don’t you get a pair of my sweatpants and a t-shirt for her to wear while I help her out in here.” Joyce orders, deciding to take over, giving Buffy a chance to calm down, the guilt almost a tangible presence around her daughter at the fact she thinks she’s to blame for Tara being hurt. “Maybe some juice for her to drink, also.”

“Please.” Tara looks up pleadingly at Buffy as the slayer stands.}

“Anything else?” Buffy hesitates at the doorway looking at Tara before glancing up at her mother as Tara shakes her head. Seeing that her mom doesn’t have anything else to add, she hurries from the room.

“Come on, dear. Let’s get these things off you and you in the shower, I’ll throw your clothes in the washer for you.” Joyce offers softly to the somewhat skittish young woman.

Tara blushing but accepts the older woman’s help, having to admit that the steadying arm kept her from hitting the floor a couple times as she finishes getting her clothes off, stepping hurriedly in the shower as Buffy comes barreling into the bathroom.

“I got apple and orange…” Buffy swallows, blushing lightly at the sight of a naked Tara hurriedly disappearing into the bathtub and pulling the shower curtain to where it’s covering her body. “Uh, apple and orange juice for you, I’ll just set them on the sink…” Buffy hurriedly sets down the two glasses and spins around running back out of the room.

Joyce quirks an eyebrow at her quickly disappearing blushing daughter to the shower curtain, chuckling softly as the water turns on not quite covering the ‘Oh, Goddess’ coming from Tara’s lips. Knowing the blonde witch has a crush on Buffy, but this being the first time Buffy had reacted to Tara in any way that she could tell. “Would you like me to stay just in case you get dizzy, or do you think you’ll be okay?” Joyce questions softly as she steps closer to the tub.

Tara takes a couple deep breaths to calm her racing heart, when Buffy’s hazel eyes had locked onto hers before dropping to look at her body, it had taken a few seconds for Buffy’s blush to register on her mind, along with the slight heat she’d seen flare briefly to life before she’d pulled the shower
curtain closed quickly. Shaking her head as she hears Joyce, she rests her hand against the wall and takes inventory of herself. “I think I’ll b-be okay, thank you Mrs. Summers.”

“Joyce, dear. You can call me Joyce.” Joyce pulls out a couple towels and sets them on the sink before gathering Tara’s dirty clothes. “I set towels out, and I’ll grab you a new toothbrush and other essential items when I come back in after running your clothes down to the basement. Take your time.”

“Thank you.” Tara sighs in relief and relaxes, reaching for the shampoo, hesitating at the sight of two different ones, her eyes unconsciously going to the apple fragrance, knowing that’s what Buffy uses. Finger trailing over it, she gives in to temptation and decides to use the slayer’s items. Her mind not on what happened to have her here, opening herself and her memories as they start to come slowly back to her.

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Joyce steps back into the kitchen after running Tara’s clothes down to the washer, blinking in surprise to see Buffy downing what looks to be her third bottle of water out of the refrigerator.

“Thirsty?”

Buffy unconsciously jumps as she turns to glare at her mother. “Some notice you’re coming in here would be nice.”

Joyce blinks and doesn’t hold back the sarcastic comment that’s on the tip of her tongue. “And here I thought you were the slayer with all that implies… including exceptional hearing.”

Buffy blushing, knowing her mom’s right and she was too engrossed in the remembered sight of a naked Tara, and the fact that she’d definitely felt a wave of heat shoot through her at the sight of the voluptuous body. Groaning quietly under her breath as she feels her face heat up even more as that thought floats through her head, she turns away from her mother trying to hide her feelings from her mom. Admittedly having noticed the Wiccan more and more frequently here lately, the warm blue eyes, the soft voice and the willingness to help in whatever way is needed had slowly sunk into her being along with the gentle touches and the adorable half grin.

“So, did you get whatever you were after?” Joyce questions, deciding to change the subject as Buffy seems to withdraw into herself.

“No!” Buffy growls deeply at the thought. “It disappeared after I hit the weapon and Tara ended up getting hit with the beam instead.” Turning to face her mother, she thinks about what happened. “Tara said something about not letting it hit me that it would do something but she got blasted before she could finish whatever it was she was saying. I hope once she settles down and relaxes whatever it was she can’t remember will come back to her.”

“I’m sure it will. She just seems to be somewhat shaken up, but it doesn’t appear anything serious has happened.” Joyce fills the kettle with water, planning on making some tea.

“As long as something bad doesn’t eventually end up showing up. Hellmouth-y things sometimes take a while.” Buffy grumbles quietly under her breath before finishing the last of the water.

“Well, keep good thoughts I’m going to get Tara some clothes to wear while my water boils. You might want to think about changing or showering yourself.” Joyce throws over her shoulder as she exits the kitchen, a slow grin crossing her face at the disgusted sound coming from her daughter.

Buffy looks down at her clothes, noticing some of the trash had transferred to her from Tara, grunting quietly, she curls her nose up at the smell emanating from her. Thankfully it wasn’t as bad as Tara, but it still didn’t smell like roses. Deciding as soon as Tara’s out of the shower, she’ll get cleaned up, make sure the witch is settled for the night and possibly head out to find the demon.

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Riley finishes tucking away a couple extra stakes before heading towards Restfield Cemetery, planning on having a little heart to heart with Hostile 17, and if the demon doesn’t play along, he plans on staking him. Honestly thinking seriously about staking Spike anyway.

Remembering the questioning look Buffy had sent him after the vampire had made his comment, knowing eventually she’s going to question him about what Spike was talking about, or she may even search out the vampire and talk to him. Of course, she may not believe him; after all he is still a
vampire, but Riley’s not willing to take that chance.

Striding through Sunnydale, Riley keeps his eyes open to his surroundings while occasionally glancing at the demon indicator, not relying on the item as it only picks up about thirty percent of the demons, but it does help out and is worth keeping on hand.

As he nears the cemetery he looks down at the other display, frowning as it doesn’t pick up on Hostile 17’s chip. If the vampire is within a hundred yards of the tracking device, it will pick him up and as of yet there’s nothing. Striding up to the mausoleum the vampire has made his home; Riley enters and looks around the area, his lips curling in disgust at the filthy area.

“Well, it looks like he was smart enough not to come back home.” Riley growls angrily, slamming out of the mausoleum and striding back towards the college, planning on searching for the vampire until he finds him and deals with him in whatever way he deems necessary.

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Tara shakes her head as she shoves the trash off her, looking around in confusion. Rubbing a hand over her aching head, she slowly stands and looks around. “Where the hell is everyone?” She grumbles as she weaves her way slowly out of the dump, realizing she’s been unconscious for at least three hours. When a vampire tries to attack her on the way to the dorm, she doesn’t even think but slams him with a fireball, dusting him instantly.

On the two mile walk to the college, Tara goes over everything that happened. Remembering being with the rest of the group as they followed the demon to the dump, her eyes widening as she remembers the feel of the device that was being pointed at Buffy. “It was made to separate the slayer and her host… It hit me instead.” Tara stops in shock, slowly taking inventory of herself as she spins around looking at her surroundings, the magic inside her literally at her fingertips, something she usually keeps under wraps and only uses as the last resort.

“Oh, shit.” Tara groans loudly, tilting her head back and closing her eyes as realization strikes her. “Where’s the other me?” Tara follows the light that with the thought starts bouncing in front of her leading her towards the part of her split off, hoping and praying that nothing bad has happened, since obviously she received all the magical essence.

“Eh, what’cha doin’ out by yourself, Blondie? It ain’t like you to be without the rest of the numbskulls.” Spike steps out from the shadows of a building as Tara walks by, surprised when a fireball appears in her hand, the witch changing the trajectory of the throw at the last second for the blast to hit the dumpster slightly to the side and behind him.

“It’s not a smart thing to come up on a witch like that, Spike.” Tara growls angrily, her eyes flashing as she looks over the British vampire. “Go away, I don’t need or want your help.”

Spike blinks and stares in dumbfounded shock at the witch now striding down the sidewalk. “Well, bloody hell! When did she grow a set of balls?!!” He shakes his head in disbelief, actually feeling a sense of relief that she didn’t dust him. Shaking a cigarette loose from the crushed pack he lights it and stares after the quickly striding witch contemplatively.

Debating with himself for a few moments, he shakes his head. “She can bloody well take care of herself.” He unconsciously shivers as he looks over at the scorched dumpster, knowing if that had hit him, he’d be just so much dust blowing in the wind. “Why the hell is she out by herself? The kiddies were all together earlier, they don’t usually let one of their own play by ‘emselves.” Spike tilts his head in consideration before slowly shaking it and heading off in another direction.
“No bother of mine.” He flicks the butt of his cigarette out onto the road as he strides away, debating on whether to join the poker game that should just be getting ready to start or to scare up some food.

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“Go ahead and rest, Tara. I’m going to do a quick patrol around town then I’ll check on you when I get home.” Buffy orders softly as she tucks the tired and worn out witch in her bed, smiling at Tara. Just a little while ago, her mom caught Tara almost falling asleep in the shower when she’d brought the witch a set of clothes to wear.

“I’ll move to the floor, when you g-get back, Buffy. I d-don’t want to take your bed from you.” Tara murmurs even as she snuggles into the pillow, the smell of the slayer imbedding itself into her.

“Sure.” Buffy chuckles softly as Tara falls asleep. “Like I’d kick you out of my bed.” Buffy feels her face heat up at the different ways that particular comment could be taken. “And I wouldn’t.” Buffy admits to herself, gently tucking some of the blonde hair behind Tara’s ear, smiling down at the beautiful witch, blushing darkly at the tender caress when she hears her mom chuckle behind her. Yanking her hand away, Buffy spins around and grabs a short sword and makes her way towards the door, refusing to meet her mother’s gaze.

“She’s really a sweet, kind young woman isn’t she?” Joyce comments softly looking at Tara. “She’ll make someone a wonderful girlfriend, if she ever found the right woman that wouldn’t take advantage of her.”

Buffy blinks and stops in shock at her mother’s words, her eyes darting up to look into knowing brown eyes watching her. “She, you know…”

“That she’s a lesbian? Yes dear, I do.” Joyce chuckles softly and shakes her head as she follows her stunned daughter down the hallway and the stairs. “She told me the second time she came here for dinner, not wanting to keep anything hidden.”

“Well, hell. I didn’t realize you knew… or that you would be so cool about it.” Buffy mumbles under her breath as she shifts the knife and stakes to more comfortable areas as she steps towards the front door.

“There’s enough hate and anger in the world, dear, without throwing something like that into the mix. How can someone hate that kind young woman that would willingly give up her life for her friends just because she likes other women? I mean, yes, I know there are people like that in the world, but they’re idiots. And any parent would be thankful to have her as a daughter-in-law if she hooked up with their daughter.” Joyce comments, holding back on the smile that crosses her face at the shocked look coming across Buffy’s before a contemplative look enters her daughter’s hazel eyes. “Be careful on patrol, honey. Try not to be out too late, okay?”

“Yeah, thanks mom.” Buffy blinks and thinks heavily about the fact her mom would obviously be okay with her dating another woman, or at least dating Tara. Groaning loudly as she strides down the sidewalk as another flash of remembered pale flesh, full breasts topped with rosy-colored nipples and a triangle of soft curls at Tara’s apex floats through her head again, Buffy rubs a hand hard over her face trying to get the sight out from behind her eyelids. “Shit, why did I have to see her without clothes on? Like my dreams and thoughts about her lately weren’t bad enough, now I have an actual real life photo in my head of what Tara looks like. Shit, shit, shit!!”

Doing a quick jog around town, taking out two newbie vampires, Buffy strides quickly back towards home, frowning as she sees a familiar looking blonde ahead of her. “What the hell?” Buffy picks up her pace, running to stop in front of the witch, glaring at Tara. “Why in the hell are you out walking around Sunnydale? You were weak as a kitten a little over an hour ago and asleep in my bed. I
swore I told you to stay there!” Buffy growls and gently grasps Tara’s elbow, leading the way towards her house, not even noticing the fact that Tara’s dressed in the clothes she was wearing earlier, dirty and grungy, along with the fact that the woman was heading towards her house, instead of away from it.

Tara quirks an eyebrow and disperses the spell that only she can see as Buffy leads her towards her house, now knowing where her other self is with the slayer’s words. “Buffy, I think I should explain…”

“No! Just keep quiet. I’m angry at you for running around Sunnydale at night like you don’t have a care in the world. Jesus! You were just literally passed out asleep in my bed, there’s no excuse for you to be out and about right now!! You would be a tempting snack for ninety percent of the demon population!” Buffy continues to ramble and growl as she carries on about what could happen to the witch as they make their way quickly towards her home.

Tara smirks as the slayer keeps carrying on, barely keeping from chuckling as she wonders what Buffy’s reaction is going to be when she gets back to the house and finds out there’s two of them. Slowly raking her eyes up the slayer’s body, she grins and thinks about what she would like to do when they get back to Buffy’s room. Her inhibitions definitely with her other half as she contemplates how freaked out Buffy would be if she attacked the slayer while another part of her whispers that this may be her only chance.

“So going to kick your ass, now get upstairs and get cleaned up and back in bed.” Buffy orders as she turns around locking the door missing the confused look on her mom’s face as Joyce steps onto the landing and stares at Tara.

Tara smirks up at the slayer’s mom as she slowly steps up the stairs. “Someone’s going to be surprised when they find out exactly what that rod device does.” Tara grins knowingly at Joyce. “Double your fun.”

Joyce blinks unconsciously looking back where Buffy’s room would be before looking at the grinning Tara standing in front of her. All shyness gone even as a slow, sensual smile crosses the woman’s face. “Oh, my. Two?” Joyce whispers, having watched Buffy stride towards the kitchen, the low grumbling coming from her daughter the whole time.

“Yes, ma’am. Eventually we’ll have to figure out a spell to put me arights again, but I think maybe I should wait a little while before we search for one.” Tara grins crookedly as her eyes unconsciously dart down the stairs. “Can you keep her down here while I clean up? I would rather her get the full view of both of us together.”

“Oh, yeah, sure.” Joyce blinks and starts to laugh at the thought. Two Tara’s… “Wait, you’re not stuttering or acting shy or anything.”

“No, seems some of my personality traits were split up between us, too. Just like I received all the magic.” Tara admits quietly, frowning. “I’m okay, right? Nothing bad happened to me?”

“No, just a little smelly, dirty and tired.” Joyce sighs in relief at the soft smile crossing Tara’s face.

“Thank you for taking me… us…” Tara tilts her head and shrugs at the quiet laughter she gets from Joyce. “Whatever in, and if she smelled anything like I do, I owe you a serious thank you.”

“That’s okay, dear. Let me get you some towels and stuff.” Joyce hurries back up the stairs and grabs towels and a washcloth for the woman. “Go ahead and use the robe on the back of the door, I’ll set shorts and a t-shirt for you to sleep in on Buffy’s dresser.” Joyce waves the woman into the
bathroom, setting the items on the sink.

“Don’t tell her. I want to see the look on her face.” Tara reminds Joyce, laughing softly at the look of devilment in Joyce’s eyes.

“Oh, I don’t doubt that she’ll be doing a serious double-take. Of course, she got an eyeful of you earlier tonight, too. Literally.” Joyce looks at the witch, grinning at the slightly confused look crossing Tara’s face. “You were naked about ready to step into the shower when my lovely daughter came barreling back into the bathroom with juice for you to drink. Eyes did a little traveling before she got embarrassed and hauled ass out of the bathroom.”

“Hmm… really?” Tara grins hugely at the thought, the sight of merriment in Joyce’s eyes letting her know that Joyce is definitely okay with her and Buffy possibly seeing each other.

“Have fun.” Joyce purses her lips and laughs before spinning around on her heel, the thought of her daughter and Tara together something she’d been thinking about for a while, ever since she figured out Tara had a crush on her daughter. Honestly liking the young woman, and having never cared for Buffy’s choice in men.

“I think that’s a green light, my girl.” Tara strips quickly, rolling her nose in disgust at the smell emanating from her and her clothes before quickly turning on the shower, a knowing smile crossing her lips at the thought of what she… both of her can do with Buffy. Hoping her other self isn’t so damn shy that she isn’t willing to play along. At that thought, she darts out of the bathroom towards Buffy’s bedroom and looks down at herself. “Wow, I look that sweet and innocent?” Tara laughs at the thought before gently shaking her shoulder. “Wake up, Tara.”

“Huh?” Tara murmurs, blinking as she stares at… herself? With a flash she remembers what the device does. “Oh, heck!”

“Yep, there be two of us in the world. And something we’ve been wanting for a while now is within our grasp, so we’re going to take advantage of what happened, because if she freaks out, we can play it off as some kind of side effect of the device.” Tara narrows her gaze on her blushing self.

“B-but that’s n-not right.” Tara argues with herself, seeing the gleam in her blue eyes, knowing that she’s thinking about Buffy… hell, when doesn’t she think about the petite slayer?

“May not be, but for once in our lives, we’re going to take a chance.” Tara warns softly, searching her own blue eyes that finally show capitulation. “Good, now I’m going to go shower and get cleaned up. By the way, she doesn’t realize there’re two of us.” Tara warns with a grin crossing her face at the thought.

“Oh, Goddess!” Tara whimpers, burying her face back into the pillow at the absolutely wicked look that crosses her face as the other her walks out of the bedroom.

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***WARNING –SPIKE/RILEY***

“Oh, fuck me!” Spike starts to twitch uncontrollably as he’s zapped continuously with the taser gun.

“Oh, no. I wouldn’t give you the pleasure.” Riley grins menacingly as he steps away from the SUV, having grabbed it and used the tracking device to finally find Spike as the vampire was out strolling around Sunnydale.

“Be right pleasurable for you, too, mate.” Spike winces as Riley pulls the trigger again, sending more
juice through his body. “Gettin’ your jollies off, ain’t ya’? Or is the only way ya’ can do that is by havin’ a set of fangs sunk into ya’ and your blood sucked? Slayer ain’t doin’ it for you no more, and you need a bit of the dark side to get it up?” Spike growls as a fist makes contact with his jaw, snapping his head back.

“You do have a pretty little mouth on you, Spike. Bet you couldn’t open it wide enough to get me inside it, like you’d be able to suck me off anyway, after all, you’re fixed, remember?” Riley snarls, finally reaching down and yanking the vampire to his feet, pushing him towards the cemetery. “I was going to try warning you about not saying anything to Buffy, but I think I’ll just dust you instead.”

As the serious note in Riley’s words sink into his brain, Spike’s eyes widen in shock, as he knows with that bloody chip in his head he can’t protect himself and the damn soldier boy would probably just as soon dust him than worry about him tattlin’ on him. “Look, bloke, I’m sure we can come to some kind of mutual understandin’, we could.”

“You don’t have anything to offer me, Hostile 17.” Riley pushes him hard, smirking as the vampire goes stumbling into a headstone, smacking his head hard.

Spike shakes his head, between the volts of electricity that the damn soldier keeps sending through him off and on, plus being manhandled like someone’s bitch, it reminds him of the times his grandsire had ‘put him through his paces’, his body reacting automatically as his jeans become too tight. “I bet I do, boy! I’m over a hundred years old, and can show you things you’ve never dreamed of. Cut me a little place to suckle on, boy and I can guarantee I’ll give ya’ pleasure like you ain’t ever imagined before. Those little blood sluts you been visitin’ are just takin’, they ain’t showin’ you what kind of pleasure there really is to be had. Hell, they ain’t probably got a clue what they COULD do. If they did they wouldn’t be in that crack house.”

Riley takes a step back, feeling a low level of disgust shoot through him, narrowing his gaze even as he feels his body react to the things the vampire is saying. Not wanting to admit that he’s the slightest bit interested, though the pleasure he receives when the vampire bitches suck his blood is unbelievable, and if the vampire is right and that isn’t even a tiny bit of the pleasure he could receive…

Spike inhales deeply, the sweet scent of musky arousal starting to waft nicely from the soldier boy. Deciding maybe he can make it out of this undead, as he’s sure that the pleasure he would give the soldier would probably leave him comatose, he could finally get the hell out of Sunnydale and never look back, realizing he’s overstayed his welcome. Easing onto his knees, Spike slowly shifts towards the soldier boy, using all the wiles he’s learned over the years to seduce him.

***WARNING OVER***
Buffy frowns at her mother as Joyce just chuckles while looking at her. “What has your funny bone going into overtime?”

Joyce bites her bottom lip and fights the laughter trying to bubble up at the surprise in store for her daughter, as she thinks about it she stands and goes to her drawer, finally digging around and finding the AA batteries, sighing in relief as she thinks the little CD player’s batteries are dead, having a feeling the player is going to come in handy tonight. “Nothing that you won’t know about here soon.” Hearing the shower turn off upstairs, Joyce tucks the batteries into her pocket and picks up the mug of tea as she slowly makes her way towards the kitchen doorway. “Are you planning on crashing on the couch, or sharing your bed? I mean, I don’t think Tara would mind.”

Buffy blushes darkly and shakes her head. “I’m going to make up the couch now, then run upstairs and check on her. Make sure she doesn’t sneak out again, the damn crazy woman.”

“Mmmmmmm.” Joyce smirks as she makes her way out of the kitchen and through the dining room, turning to head up the stairs. “She didn’t sneak out to begin with, Buffy.” Joyce whispers softly as she hurries up the stairs, smiling as Tara comes out of the bathroom with the robe loosely tied around her and a towel rubbing her hair.

“I d-don’t think this is a good idea.” Tara steps out of Buffy’s bedroom to look at her other self, before blushing as Joyce laughs softly. “Hi, Mrs. Summers.”

“Remember, it’s Joyce, dear.” Joyce looks from one Tara to the other one, the two women identical in looks but the obvious shyness of the one worse than normal and the other one standing straight and comfortable with a surprisingly sexy half grin on her face with twinkling blue eyes. “This is just too odd for words.” Joyce shakes her head, laughing softly.

“You’re telling me.” Strong Tara comments, gently grasping her other self’s arm and pulling her towards her. “It’ll be okay, trust me, after all I am you.”

Tara blushes darkly and sighs finally nodding her head. “I’ll n-never end up forgiving m-myself if we chase her off.” Tara murmurs softly, so only her other self can hear.

“I don’t think we will.” Strong Tara admits, looking curiously at Joyce. “From what I’ve been more or less told, it’s a good possibility that she’s interested in me… us.”

“More than interested from what I saw earlier.” Joyce nods and laughs. “God, are our lives weird on the Hellmouth or what? I’m going to bed, ladies. Some nice operatic music to sleep by sounds good.”

Shy Tara blushes and looks at herself accusingly. “What did you say?”

“What you should have. Actually she gave me the green light without me really having to say anything. Very astute woman is our Miss Joyce Summers.” Strong Tara looks towards the door as Joyce shuts it quietly behind her. “Come on, let’s wait for Buffy to tuck us in. And just remember, we are the same person, Tara.”

Shy Tara looks up into knowing and warm blue eyes, slowly nodding her head as she stiffens her spine. “I k-know.”

“I also know what you like, as you know what I like… guess I should have said we know what we
like.” Strong Tara whispers hotly in her own ear. “Haven’t we always wondered what we kissed like? Now this is our chance to find out while hopefully titillating and turning on a certain slayer we’ve had a crush on for the longest time. And before you say something about it being incest, it isn’t. It’s more like masturbation, since we are the same person.”

“Tara, I brought you up some tea, since I know you like it…” Buffy steps into her bedroom, almost dropping the mug when two pairs of identical blue eyes turn to rest on her. “Oh, my, God.” Buffy shakily sets down the mug. “There’s two… but you never mentioned you were a twin… What the…”

“She’s s-starting to hyper-ventilate.” Shy Tara hurries to one side while her other self grabs the other side of Buffy, working in tandem to have the slayer sit down on the bed. “We’re just me.”

Strong Tara sees the confusion as the hazel eyes look from one of them to the other. “What I’m trying to say is that the device the Toth demon used was made to split your slayer half from your human half, Buffy. When it hit me instead, it kind of split up my magical self from my shy self. No twins, just different sides of the same coin.”

Buffy’s eyes go from the confident looking Tara to the shyly smiling Tara and back again. “Two Tara’s? But both are you?” Buffy rubs a hand over her head and closes her eyes at the thought. ‘God, two of them, like one wasn’t tantalizing enough?’ Buffy mumbles internally before dropping her hand and looking at the women watching her intently.

Strong Tara grins as she glances at her shy self, chuckling at the dawning realization in the blue eyes looking back at her. The desire crossing Buffy’s eyes obvious to them both, the knowledge that her shy self will never take the leap, she settles on the bed by Buffy, sitting sideways so her knee rubs against the slayer’s thigh. “Both of us are me, Buffy.” Glaring at her other self and doing an obvious eye roll for her to sit on Buffy’s other side, she smiles as she settles in a mirror image to the way she’s sitting.

Taking a deep breath, Shy Tara gently rests a hand on Buffy’s thigh, squeezing gently, blinking in surprise when a warm, strong hand comes to rest over top of hers threading their fingers together. “S-sometimes things happen for a r-reason on the Hellmouth.”

“But why would there being two of you be done on purpose? I mean, I know the PTB have a kind of warped sense of humor at times, but…” Buffy shakes her head, her eyes widening in shock before closing as a low whimper escapes her lips as a warm tongue teasingly trails up her neck and flicks over her earlobe. Her body already heating up as her heart pounds faster in her chest as desire starts to burn low and deep inside her.

“Wicked sense of humor would be more of my description.” Strong Tara bites gently on the earlobe, chuckling deeply as another low whimper escapes Buffy. Nipping gently along the slayer’s jaw-line she smirks as she watches her other self start to do the same.

“Tara?! I mean, Tara’s???” Buffy clenches on the hand she’s holding even as a more adventurous hand caresses over her hip and abdomen, rubbing tantalizingly just above her jeans’ waist band, her shirt being no deterrent to the hand as it slips under it.

“Tell us you don’t want us, and we’ll back off.” Strong Tara comments softly, flicking her tongue teasingly at the corner of Buffy’s mouth, letting her fingers dig lightly into the slayer’s stomach, smirking as Buffy arches into the touch.

Shy Tara makes eye contact with her other self, and smiles, the flush of desire obvious on the slayer’s face, between that and the almost panting breaths coming from the woman a dead giveaway
to the fact that Buffy definitely is interested in her. Leaning across the short distance, she brushes her lips across her other self’s full lips.

Buffy whimpers as the two Tara’s kiss slowly, exhaling loudly as tongues come out at the same time to tease and play tag before they press their mouths more together, continuing the extremely erotic looking kiss. “Oh, I am so going to have to break up with Riley after this.” Buffy eases her hand from the shy Tara’s hand and cups the back of her head as her other arm wraps around the more forceful one’s neck, urging them both towards her as they end the kiss.

“That would be definitely of the good.” Tara growls deeply, allowing the shyer self to kiss the slayer first, the sight something she never would have thought she would like, watching two other women making out, but damned if she isn’t turned on. Of course, considering the fact that in all actuality one of the people is HER making out, she decides that has to make a difference.

Buffy moans into the soft, teasing kiss as Tara’s tongue slowly plays with hers, taking her time and learning each other’s mouths, her body melting inside at the tender, tantalizing kiss.

“Oh, Goddess.” Shy Tara whispers, ending the kiss as she slowly pulls back, the slayer’s eyes being almost a warm, dark golden hue as the desire flares brightly in them.

“Definitely seems like I’m in the presence of a Goddess.” Buffy pants lightly, before growling and collapsing on the bed as the other Tara presses in fast and quick like a Cobra strike, delving between her lips tongue tangling heatedly with hers even as her hand slips just inside her pants.

Shy Tara whimpers at the sight, her eyes taking in what her other self is doing. A slow smile crossing her lips as Buffy’s hips buck upwards even as her other self’s hand slips a little further inside the pants. “Too m-many clothes on here, ladies.” Tara whispers as she shifts and quickly works on unbuttoning and unzipping the slayer’s pants, chuckling as she watches fingers glide over the narrow strip of brown curls.

“Off.” Strong Tara growls as she darts a quick glance at her other self, the jeans keeping her from reaching the warm heat that’s teasing her.

“Impatient aren’t w-we?” Tara grins crookedly up at herself.

“You know how long we’ve waited for this.” Strong Tara works her hand up to Buffy’s shirt, pulling it up and off the woman. When she finds herself pulled back down into another heated, forceful kiss as Buffy becomes more pro-active, she laughs delightedly.

Shy Tara hurriedly unties and pulls off the slayer’s boots, before shimmying the woman’s pants down her legs, whimpering at the sight of the strong, muscular legs and the glistening desire winking at her from the slayer’s apex. Gigling as Buffy tries to kick her jeans the rest of the way off. Yanking the jeans off, Tara stands and quickly strips the clothes she’s wearing off, stopping as her eyes take in the sight of Buffy quickly pulling off the robe her other self is wearing while continuing to kiss her strongly and deeply. When small, strong hands stroke down the other Tara’s back, and she arches, a loud whimper escaping from her lips, Shy Tara grins crookedly, knowing how sensitive her back is.

“You going to join in?” Strong Tara pants out, arching again as the slayer’s nails gently scrape up her back. “Damn, Slayer!” Tara growls and leans down to capture the woman’s bottom lip between her teeth, biting gently and tugging on it.

Giggling at the sight, Tara shakes her head. “I don’t know. Th-this is pretty hot, too.”
Buffy drags open her eyes to look into twinkling blue eyes watching her intently, blushing slightly at the thought of being on display and being watched while with someone else.

“It’s o-okay, Buffy. It’s j-just me.” Tara grins crookedly at the slayer when she sees the hint of embarrassment in the slayer’s eyes. “And if anyone sh-should be embarrassed.” Tara waves her hand towards herself, the heat suffusing her cheeks even as she smiles softly at the slayer.

“Stop being embarrassed and join us.” Strong Tara orders her hand working its way down the slayer’s body, wanting to feel the wet heat under her fingertips that she’d been teased with before, nipping firmly on her way down the slayer’s neck suckling for long moments on Buffy’s pulse point.

Buffy growls deeply, arching and pushing her body up into the dual pleasure of teeth nipping along her neck and fingers slipping knowingly between her thighs.

Shy Tara turns off the overhead light after flicking on the lamp beside the bed, easing in beside Buffy, setting her left hand on her other self’s right hand and caresses the slayer’s swollen outer lips even as she trails her tongue gently over Buffy’s kiss-swollen lips.

Buffy groans loudly as she feels multiple fingers caressing and separating her. At first trying to figure out who’s where, she finally gives up, just knowing that whatever the two Tara’s are doing, she’s all for it. Pulling the closest Tara in for another kiss, she smiles as she realizes this is the shyer one, as the kiss is definitely softer and more tantalizing, instead of the partially rough, taking kisses the other one had been prone to. Though both of them excellent kisses in their own, different ways.

Strong Tara whispers softly, lifting them up and re-situating them on the bed without anyone being dislodged or having to stop what they’re doing. Working her way downwards, she stops and works on torturing the slayer’s nipple, nipping and biting gently until Buffy’s hand buries itself in her hair, pulling her tightly to the breast while pushing her chest up into her mouth.

Tara whimpers into Buffy’s mouth as the slayer captures and suckles gently on her tongue, her fingers finally slipping beside her other self’s finger to feel the wet heat of the slayer, groaning deeply as they both go to slip into Buffy’s opening, almost stopping but continuing on when Buffy bucks up, pushing her body into their waiting hands. Breaking away from the kiss to pant while looking down into warm, almost glowing eyes, Tara exhales softly at the caring coming from Buffy. “You are so b-beautiful.” Tara whispers softly, her other hand slowly stroking through the slayer’s hair as she kisses her lips tenderly for a few seconds before shifting and resting her forehead against Buffy’s while watching the slayer’s eyes, keeping contact with her as both of her press inwards with another set of fingers, making four fingers easing in and out of the slayer.

“Her breasts are so responsive, Tara.” Strong Tara nuzzles against the breast teasing it with her tongue as she circles the hardened nub. Slowly working her fingers in and out in tandem with her other self, Tara nips her way gently down Buffy’s body.

Shy Tara smiles down at Buffy, her thumb gliding softly over the slayer’s clit, chuckling at the hissed sound coming from between Buffy’s lips. “Definitely responsive.” Shy Tara agrees knowingly as she circles and presses gently against the gland before flicking it with the edge of her short thumbnail.

“Want.” Buffy growls, tugging on both the women’s hair, wanting to touch and caress their bodies, to feel them wrapped around her, to be able to touch and feel what had slowly been driving her to distraction with crooked grins and twinkling eyes over the last few months.

“What do you want, Slayer?” Strong Tara questions, nipping playfully around the small belly button. “Do you want us to make you come screaming our name?” She makes eye contact with herself, both
of them grinning as they shift and curl their fingers inside the slayer without having to discuss what they want to do.

“SHIT!” Buffy jerks her upper body up even as the shy Tara giggles and the other one presses firmly down on her abdomen, the fingers inside her stroking firmly over her g-spot. Collapsing back onto the bed, Buffy just goes with the feeling, rocking her hips up into the pleasurable feeling, only ever been able to give herself that pleasure and with a curved vibrator at that.

“Are y-you vocal, Buffy?” Shy Tara questions softly as she looks down into dilated eyes, the billowing breaths of the slayer coming faster from the woman as her body bucks more uncontrollably at their continued ministrations.

“S-s-sometimes.” Buffy stutters out, closing her eyes and arching into the fingers spreading and stretching her even more, moaning deeply as she feels another digit slip inside her, pressing up firmly into her, causing her to crash and burn as she starts to cry out Tara’s name until one of them kisses her fast and hard, keeping the cry mostly quiet as a firm tongue darts into her mouth.

Easing her fingers gingerly out of the slayer, Strong Tara holds her other self’s wrist as she starts to slide out, telling her silently to continue teasing and playing over Buffy’s body. “I always wanted to know what I tasted like direct from the source instead of from somebody else’s lips or my fingers.” Tara growls slipping beside herself, chuckling as she realizes she’s rubbing slowly against Buffy’s hip. Lightly smacking herself on the ass, she chuckles at the squeak coming from her shy self and the half glare she gets over her shoulder. “We need to do a little re-arranging. Buffy wants something else to play with, so why don’t you let her suckle and nip at your breasts for a while, while we find out how good I am at the Aussie Kiss.”

Shy Tara blushes darkly while glaring at her other self. “Like I’ve ever had any complaints in that department.”

Buffy moans as one of the Tara’s fingers rubs playfully over her clit, teasingly giving it the pressure she needs to bring her closer to another orgasm before disappearing quickly. “Damn it! I was going to ask you something and you distracted me.”

“Hmm… and that’s a bad thing?” Strong Tara smirks as she leans over her other self’s shoulder to look down at Buffy while rubbing her hands firmly over her shy self’s back and ass, teasing the tight rosebud with a tip of her finger.

“Yes… no… yes… Hell if I know!” Buffy rumbles, reaching down to hold still the hand starting to tease her again the fingers very distracting. “What’s an Aussie Kiss?” Buffy finally questions, remembering what she wanted to ask.

Tara giggles and drops her face to bury it in Buffy’s neck while arching her lower body into the Strong Tara’s teasing hands.

“Do you want to show her?” Strong Tara grins wickedly even as her other self nods shyly. Debating for a minute at the logistics of getting what she… both she wants, Tara tilts her head considering. “Some things just call for the use of magic.” Tara murmurs, smirking at the glare she gets from her shy self. “You know there’s benign magic that isn’t harmful, so get off it.”

“It d-doesn’t m-make it right to d-do it all the t-time, though!” Tara frowns heavily at her other self as she turns to face herself.

“No, and we don’t, and we won’t be. Just for now.” Strong Tara promises, reaching up to cup her cheeks and kiss her deeply. “I’m just making you lighter and easier for me to maneuver, is all. I
promise."

Sighing heavily Shy Tara finally nods in acceptance.

“Buffy, would you like to learn how to do while being done on?” Strong Tara grins wickedly at the slayer, watching as the woman looks at her, the confusion obvious in her eyes. “Aussie Kiss, slayer is a kiss from Down Under.” Tara winks and flicks her tongue out teasingly.

“Oh… OH!” Buffy feels her eyes widen even as her body heats up at the thought. “Bring it on! I don’t know what the hell I’m doing, but I’m sure someone can give me pointers.” Buffy shifts down in the bed slightly at the two Tara’s urging, watching curiously as the shyer one waits patiently even as the stronger one swings a leg over her head, looking up, Buffy whimpers at the sight of golden curls, pink puffy outer lips and what looks like a thick coating of desire easing from between Tara’s lips and down her thighs.

Settling herself in position, but above the slayer, Strong Tara grins knowingly at herself as she whispers the incantation to lighten her. “Turn around with your back to me over Buffy, you know what to do.”

Tara groans at the thought of basically doing a sixty-nine but with an extra person in between. Straddling Buffy, she chuckles as her other self grabs her hips, effortlessly lifting her and placing her legs over her shoulders, nuzzling between her thighs and a teasing tongue flicks playfully over her rosebud. “Save that for later.”

“No fun. But I’m holding you to that.” Strong Tara growls playfully with a final strong flick over the puckered opening before delving between her lips, slowly traversing herself, the flavor heavy and musky.

Buffy growls as Tara stays above her without coming down within reach. Grabbing the woman firmly by the hips, she pulls her down to her eagerly waiting mouth, before parting the swollen lips she warns one more time. “You’re going to have to tell me what to do!”

“Y-you’ll be fine, Buffy.” Shy Tara lets her fingers slip between Buffy’s folds, separating the slayer to her sight. “Just explore and l-learn. You know where everything is j-just go with it. I like e-everything.” Tara admits softly.

“Yeah, but this ain’t you…” Buffy comments before tilting her head thinking as delightful laughter comes from the woman above her.

“Yes it is, Slayer. Though we seem different, we’re the same person, you have to remember that.” Strong Tara explains quietly before easing down closer to the hot breath blowing across her body. “Stroke, lick, touch, pinch, fuck the hell out of me. You’ll be fine.”

Buffy growls at the free reigns Tara had just given her. Guiding the woman further down to her waiting mouth, she trails a finger through the wetness first, letting her fingertip learn the different feels of the woman’s body before slowly following it with her tongue, tasting the woman hesitantly before groaning and delving deeper within her at the strong musky taste.

“Oh, that’s it, Slayer. Let that tongue of yours wander around enjoying and learning, no telling what you might learn.” Tara moans deeply before nuzzling between her other self’s legs, not teasing the shy one, knowing by how plump and swollen her clit is, that she’s already on the cusp of climaxing.

“Goddess, just l-like that.” Shy Tara whimpers as she feels her warm tongue flicking against the sensitive tip of her clitoris, slowly building up speed and strength, her hips rocking into the pleasure
giving mouth. “Definitely s-something to be s-said about knowing y-yourself.” Tara rumbles deeply, her eyes closed and her body arching as she feels the hot muscle sucked strongly, once, twice… “YES!” Tara cries out the orgasm flowing from her even as she feels fingers slipping inside her to stroke firmly, drawing out her orgasm. Dropping her head down, she pants for a few minutes, taking in the sight of the flushed slayer’s apex even as Buffy’s body pushes upwards searching for something. “You’re m-mine, Slayer.” Tara growls playfully.

Buffy smiles as she listens to the shy portion of Tara, deciding that the innocent looking witch even when split in two with the shyness in one half and the obviously forward part in the other half isn’t as sweet and innocent as she looks. At least not when it comes to having sex!! Traveling through the wetness, Buffy growls as her tongue trails over a small, hardened piece of flesh even as Tara jerks slightly above her. Flicking the flesh again with her tongue, she chuckles as she gets another jerk.

“Suck on it, Slayer. Bury a couple fingers inside me and suckle at my clit until you make me cum.” Strong Tara orders the slayer after a few minutes of the teasing flicks.

“But you told me to explore and learn.” Buffy smirks at the growl she receives in response.

“That’s the other me that is now in orgasm heaven, I’m still waiting for my first one of the night.” Strong Tara growls while pressing her body downwards against the slayer rocking back and forth in silent command.

Buffy teases the woman’s opening with two fingers, chuckling as Tara tries to push herself down onto her. “Now, now. I’m in the learning stage here, don’t want to do something wrong.” Hearing the giggling coming from between her thighs, Buffy grins hugely before groaning and arching up as fingers separate her and a tongue presses firmly against her clit before dragging along it time after time. “Ooooh… That feels good.” Buffy whimpers, becoming lost in the sensation of the tongue now swirling and flicking against her body. Honestly, though the man had tried, Riley was never any good at going down on her, when she’d help him find the spot he always ended up losing it or wasn’t able to keep up the touch she needed to bring her to an orgasm.

Strong Tara starts to whimper as she realizes she may be in for a long wait. Shifting her body up, she decides to take matters into her own hands to at least get some relief.

Buffy widens her legs, presses the heels of her feet in the bed as she pushes up into the pleasure giving mouth, panting heavily as the tongue starts to flicker faster and harder over her, it takes her a moment to realize that the grunting and groaning is coming from the Tara directly above her. Opening her eyes, she jerks, her body orgasming from the attention being paid to it and the sight before her eyes as she watches fingers rub over the swollen bud above her, occasionally stopping to pinch the muscle before finally settling into a fast, pressured rub. Crying out softly as fingers slide inside her and curl to start stroking over her g-spot, Buffy almost starts to wonder if she can keep up with two Tara’s, figuring one will probably be more than enough for any normal person, since she seems to be having a hard time concentrating and keeping track of what’s going on, and she’s a slayer! Multi-tasking is something she’s usually damn good at!

Strong Tara cries out loudly as a hand pulls her fingers away from her body. “NOOOO! I was right there!” Tara whimpers, jerking uncontrollably as lips wrap around her muscle and a steady suction starts while a curious tongue flicks, licks and presses against her. “Flick it fast and continuously, please.” Tara hoarsely whispers, her body rocking back and forth uncontrollably even as her fingers dig into her shy self’s thighs as she buries her face against her apex.

Buffy rumbles her agreement into Tara’s body to the woman’s words, surprised when a cry and a flood of liquid comes from Tara directly afterwards.
“SHIT!” Tara collapses on top of the slayer, ignoring the grumbles from her shy self as she becomes dislodged from where she was at.

Shy Tara turns around and climbs back on the bed, giggling at the sight of her flushed body, and hazy blue eyes trying to glare at her.

“She rumbles, growls or something and…” Strong Tara gives up and lets her head drop to the slayer’s mound, her body jerking slightly when curious fingers press gently against her opening.

Giggling even more at the explanation, Shy Tara slips between Buffy’s legs as she watches the slayer. “B-buffy?” Tara questions softly, making contact with warm golden eyes looking back at her, wondering if that’s normal for a slayer.

“Tara?” Buffy questions back, raising an eyebrow even as she slips inside the wet warmth, eyes widening perceptibly as Tara’s body clenches around her fingers.

“Do y-you…” Taking a deep breath, Tara blushes darkly while looking herself in the eye, seeing the nod and the silent support to ask. Looking back up at Buffy, she finally stutters out after a few moments. “Do y-you l-like anal s-sex?” Seeing the surprised shock crossing Buffy’s face Tara blushes even darker and looks away. “It’s o-okay, you d-don’t have to answer th-that.”

Buffy eases back on what she’s doing, slowly coming to a stop with her fingers buried inside Tara’s body, searching the woman’s features as Tara doesn’t look her in the eye any longer. “I honestly have never tried it, Tara.” Buffy finally admits. “I haven’t even thought about it one way or the other. I guess given the right circumstances and time to become accustomed to the thought I might be willing to try it.”

Strong Tara pushes herself up and eases off the slayer before gathering her other self in her arms, hugging her tightly. Turning to smile at the slayer, she sees the confusion and worry that she had unknowingly hurt them with what she said. “It’s okay, it’s just something I like, but I don’t have to have it. Or I can receive enjoyment from something else instead. Not a lot of people are willing to explore that side of their sexuality.”

Buffy shifts and kneels besides the two Tara’s, searching the understanding blue eyes of the stronger one to looking down into the watery blue eyes of the shyer one. Sighing softly, Buffy reaches up to gently cup the shy one’s cheek. “If it’s something you enjoy receiving, I don’t mind giving you what you want. I just don’t know if I would like it for me.” Buffy explains softly. “It doesn’t disgust me or gross me out, Tara. I just haven’t really considered it.” Sighing in relief as a beautiful smile comes across both Tara’s faces, realizing she said something right, she grunts and laughs as both women launch themselves at her, landing on top of her. Tenderly running her fingers through the blonde locks, she looks up into the other one’s blue eyes, smiling at the indulgent look she’s giving to her other self. “I think her energy got sapped worse than yours did with what happened.”

“I know it did. The disappearance of the magic within me would be a major kick in the ass.” Tara offers softly reaching out to stroke a finger down her shy self’s cheek, seeing the tired eyes looking back at her. “Sleep, Tara. You need it, we’ll have to start looking into a spell tomorrow to put things right again.”

Buffy stares down at the Tara resting on top of her. Telling within seconds when she’d fallen asleep to looking up at the other one. “Umm… what’s going to happen then?” Buffy hesitantly questions, honestly not wanting to give Tara up but not knowing if the witch wants more than this one night
Reaching down, Tara pulls the sheet up over them, making sure her other self is covered as she finally makes eye contact again with Buffy. “Between us?” Tara questions. As Buffy nods her head, Tara smiles softly at the slayer, searching the woman’s eyes. “I guess that depends on what you want, Buffy. To be honest, I’ve been half in love with you for a while now, and after this…” Tara waves her hand between them, before smiling sadly at the shyer part of her, letting her hand come to rest on her cheek. “I’m all the way there. But I’ll never want you to feel as if you have to do anything. If you stay with Riley, you stay with him. I won’t cause any problems in regards to you two as a couple. I’ll consider what happened here a very delightful dream to be taken out and cherished when no one else is around. If you want something more… I don’t think I need to tell you what my thoughts are on that.”

Buffy blushes lightly and shakes her head. “No, I think I can figure that out with what you just said. Please turn the light off.” Buffy pulls Tara gently to her after the witch turns the lamp off, closing her eyes as she feels lips ghosting softly over her cheek. “I won’t be staying with Riley, Tara. I’ll break up with him tomorrow. I don’t know what is happening between us, but whatever it is I want to pursue it. I can’t tell you I’m in love with you just yet, but I know I care for you an awful lot. I was scared and worried half out of my mind when I thought you were hurt seriously, and I’ve been noticing you more and more often lately, often fixating on your crooked grin because it’s honestly a serious turn-on for me.”

Tara chuckles softly at the slayer’s admittance, glad the woman is being honest and open with her.

“I don’t know how my friends will react. I already know my mom’s okay with it, the pain. I can’t believe she asked… She knew there were two of you, didn’t she?” Buffy finally questions, the answer the soft laughter coming from Tara. “Damn it! She asked me if I was going to share the bed with you, because she figured you wouldn’t mind. My mother and I are going to have a little talk.”

“Be easy on her, Buffy. She’s a very sweet, kind and understanding woman. So don’t pick on her too much. I think she just has your best interests at heart.” Tara explains softly easing against the slayer’s other side, resting her hand on the slayer’s abdomen.

“She’s trying to hook us up, is what she’s doing. Of course, knowing I have her tacit approval makes it a little easier on me, now as long as Willow doesn’t freak out when she finds out that I like girls… well one… ummm… sorta two? Girls?” Buffy questions somewhat confused.

Tara fights the laughter coming up in her. “She and I dated before Oz came back, Buffy. She never told anyone because she wasn’t sure how you guys would react. Then when Oz came back and she realized how much she loved him and missed him, she went back to him.”

“WHAT?” Buffy practically yells, pushing upwards on the bed, dislodging both Tara’s from her sides.

“What?” Shy Tara whimpers, rubbing her eyes as she looks from Buffy to her other self, groggy and tired she tries to focus on the two women.

“Talk of Willow.” Tara explains softly, stroking a hand over Tara’s head. “Go back to sleep, sweetie.” Tara smiles as she nods her head and snuggles back into the bed, falling asleep quickly.

“Sorry.” Buffy maneuvers back down into the bed, shifting the sleeping Tara back into her spot, smiling as she nuzzles against her breast even as she is obviously asleep. “I… Does Oz know?”
“Yes, not that she probably would have been able to keep it from him anyway, with the whole wolf thing going on and the extra sensitive nose.” Tara shrugs as Buffy’s eyes widen and she stares at her. “We’d been dating for roughly four months, Buffy. Do you honestly think we wouldn’t have had sex after that amount of time?”

“Oh, God! I just had sex with my best friend’s ex. Isn’t there some kind of taboo thing about doing that?” Buffy groans deeply at the thought. “And how can Willow have had a serious relationship for four months with you and me never know it?”

“I think you were a little Riley absorbed at the time.” Tara chuckles at the glare she gets from Buffy. “It’s okay, we talked things out and became friends. Oz and I are even okay with each other.”

“Of course. He was worried about you when you got hit by the ray thingy.” Buffy sighs quietly. “I sometimes wonder how observant I am.”

“I don’t think you really considered the whole female/female relationship before, Buffy. So it’s understandable.” Tara explains, covering a yawn before smiling apologetically at the slayer.

“Sleep, we’ll discuss more in the morning.” Buffy leans forward, meeting Tara halfway for a goodnight kiss, groaning as the witch deepens it and battles strongly with her tongue for long minutes before finally ending it. “Damn, you can kiss.”

“You’re a damn good kisser yourself, Slayer.” Tara murmurs, wrapping her arm around the slayer’s waist and resting her hand on her other self’s leg, smiling at the realization that her shy self is almost wrapped around the slayer like a snake trying to be as close to her as possible.

“We’re going to be having a lot of discussions in the future.” Buffy takes a deep, cleansing breath and relaxes, stroking her hand gently up and down both Tara’s backs. Loving the feeling of being surrounded by Tara, but almost wishing she could just wrap one up in her arms and cocoon her with her body, feeling the urge to protect her and it’s almost impossible to do with two of them. ‘Sleep Slayer, you’re going to need your wits about you come tomorrow when you talk to Riley and everyone else.’ Buffy murmurs internally to herself, her eyes slowly closing even as the two Tara’s blanket her in warmth and love.

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Chapter 6

Buffy presses a soft kiss on first one Tara’s forehead then the other as she gets ready to leave, deciding she has to talk with Riley first thing and get things situated between them before she and Tara even talk about anything else, that way they’re both coming into this relationship fresh without any… well, much baggage anyway. Buffy grins at the sight of the two women, having to admit Tara is definitely a beautiful woman, and two of her is indescribable. “But more than I can handle.” Buffy admits, chuckling softly as she finally eases out of the room and jogs down the stairs, having already been up for a little while getting showered and cleaned up before planning on heading out.

“You’re up awful early for a Saturday.” Joyce looks over her newspaper at Buffy, taking in the sight of her daughter, chuckling at the sparkling eyes, the huge smile and the almost swagging step as she strides into the kitchen. “Have a good night? I guess you decided to share the bed with the… Taras after all.”

“You and I are going to have a talk about keeping information from me, mom.” Buffy warns, even as she hugs her mom quickly. “I have to go have a little discussion and break-up with Riley.” Frowning at the thought before sighing, she shakes her head at her mom. “I can’t believe I… when I am still with him.”

“Love’s a funny thing, Buffy. It makes you do stuff you would never think you were capable of.” Joyce points out softly, watching her daughter turn to stare at her in shock.

“I don’t know if I love her, mom. I mean, yeah, I’m obviously attracted, I enjoy her company, she’s funny, kind, generous and…” Buffy unconsciously growls as she thinks about the previous night and the extremely pleasurable sexual interlude they’d had, though knowing that’s probably not even the tip of the iceberg as to what Tara could and will show her.

“Well, I’m sure you’ll figure it out, dear. Good luck with Riley.” Joyce smirks behind her coffee cup, Buffy’s eyes having given her daughter away, as they’d softened and filled with caring and love when she mentioned Tara. Even if she hasn’t admitted it to herself just yet, it’s a matter of time before she does.

“Thanks, mom.” Buffy blinks and smiles quickly at her mom before grabbing a bottle of juice out of the refrigerator and heading out the front door, striding down the street and unconsciously taking the long way around to the college, following one of her normal patrol paths that leads her by the couple busiest cemeteries.

Unconsciously whistling lowly as she strides happily down the street, her mind more on Tara than anything, it takes her a few moments to realize she’d passed one of the Initiative’s vehicles outside of Restfield Cemetery. Spinning back around and jogging the half block, she looks inside before making her way into the cemetery, quirking an eyebrow at the sight of a pair of jeans cut and lying on the ground, before curling her nose up in disgust at the smell of cum wafting up off the tombstone, the dried remnants now noticeable. Looking curiously around the area, she slowly searches through the cemetery from the outside inwards, coming up on Spike’s crypt she stops at the low male voices she hears inside, blinking in stunned shock as she places the other voice that isn’t Spike’s.

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***WARNING – RILEY/SPIKE AGAIN – WARNING***
“Walkin’ a bit gingerly there, pet.” Spike points out, grinning seductively at the soldier as Riley slowly pulls his pants up, groaning when he’d bent over. “I can help ya’ out with that, pet, stay bent over.” Spike rumbles softly, actually feeling very relaxed and sated. Spending four hours buggering the soldier, he knows the man’s arse is sore even with the extra care he’d taken with lubing him up right proper like.

“I can’t take anymore right now, Spike.” Riley growls over his shoulder as the cool hands of the vampire separate his ass cheeks, clenching uncontrollably even as his body reacts again, snarling down at himself at his undisciplined response. The vampire had certainly showed him a thing or two last night, and damned if it didn’t feel out of this world.

“Relax, pet. Not gonna bugger ya’ again, though you are starting to smell divine.” Spike smirks, the soldier surprisingly very durable and long lasting. “Vampire saliva has a bit of healin’ properties to it, along with some desensitizing ones.”

Riley moans in response to what the vampire is doing, having a feeling that he won’t be leaving as quickly as he thought even as the vampire rubs slowly against his leg. As the cool tongue works its magic, Riley feels his body tensing in response as his desire coalesces low making him ache again.

Finally giving into the desire flowing through him, he gives himself to the vampire once more…

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Riley unconsciously looks at his watch, already late for the meeting he was supposed to be at fifteen minutes ago. “Damn it! I’ll be back as soon as I can.” He growls, yanking on his shirt and gathering his weapons as he makes his way out of the vampire’s lair, shifting himself to a more comfortable position as he listens to the low, knowing laughter coming from Spike.

“I bet ya’ will, pet. I bet ya’ will.” Spike continues to play with himself as he watches the soldier gingerly climb up the ladder. Chuckling softly as he figures he just found him a pet for real.

***WARNING OVER FOR NOW***
“Buffy?” Tara calls distractedly for the slayer as she runs a hand down her shy self’s cheek, not liking the paleness or the shallow breathing, her heart starting to pound hard in her chest as she starts to become scared that something is seriously wrong. “Tara, sweetie, wake up.” Tara urges, gently shaking her shoulder getting no response. Slipping behind Tara, she gathers her carefully in her arms, grunting softly at the weight. “I need to lose some weight or start working out.” Tara grumbles, not serious as she has to admit looking at herself like she did, the full figure is just right. Cupping her head and resting it against her chest as Joyce peeks in. “Is Buffy here? I think there’s been an adverse reaction to whatever we were hit with?!” Tara pleads silently with Buffy’s mom to help make things right, the tears coming to her eyes as she rocks Tara in her arms.

“She left here earlier to try and find Riley and have a discussion with him.” Joyce admits, hurrying into the room and looking from the tear-streaked face of the stronger Tara down to the other one that’s curled up in a ball, breathing shallowly. “I’ll call Rupert.” Joyce hurries out of the room, running down the stairs as she punches the number in from memory, biting her bottom lip with worry, growling and slamming the phone down when she gets his answering machine. “Dumb ass, he’s at the shop by now!” She snarls at her own stupidity as she punches in the phone number for the Magic Box.

“Magic Box, may I help you?” Giles glares at Buffy as the slayer paces uncontrollably around the shop, the anger practically flaring from her, the slayer having run off the customer he had.

“Rupert, there’s something wrong. Tara was hit with whatever that thing was you guys were looking for and it split her into two persons, but one part of her seems to be losing ground and becoming weaker, we need your help to make things right.” Joyce hurriedly explains to the Watcher.

“Bring them here, I’ll start researching immediately.” Giles orders before hanging up quickly. “Buffy, it seems… your mom…” He stops and stares at the phone before staring back at the slayer.

“My mom, what?” Buffy blinks and stares at her Watcher. “Is something wrong? What is it, Giles?” She snarls, stepping up to the Watcher, snatching him by the front of his tweed jacket.

“Tara, hurt… not doing well…” Giles chokes out, dragging at the slayer’s hands, trying to loosen her grip from where she’s choking him, breathing out loudly when she drops him and darts towards the door. “Your mom is bringing her here!” Giles gets out before Buffy escapes out the door, the paling of the slayer and her quick response making him realize that whatever it is, she’s aware of what’s going on. “What happened?” He questions hoarsely even as he punches in Willow’s phone number. “Willow, there’s an emergency, get Oz and call Xander and Anya to get them here as quickly as possible, we need everyone’s help.”

Buffy slams a fist down hard on the table, ignoring the fact that she literally just knocked a hunk off the edge onto the floor. “Tara was hit with that device last night. It split her into two separate beings. One part of her is real shy, sweet, blushes and stutters even worse than she does normally. The other one is super confident, has the magical powers and is just…” Buffy shrugs and stares at Giles.

“One has the magical powers and the other one doesn’t?” Giles blinks in confusion, watching as Buffy nods her head. “Dear, Lord! Magic is a part of Tara, she could possibly live up to a couple days without it, but that’s at the most! She’s dying.”

“WHAT?” Buffy growls and glares at him. “She seemed more or less okay last night, just on the tired side.” Buffy clenches her hands tightly, her short nails digging into her palms and causing them
to bleed. Wondering if what they’d done had somehow made things worse.

“We have to get the two parts of her together quickly.” Giles mutters, only half listening to Buffy as he strides over to the books, pulling down every book that might help them get the witch back into one whole again. “She’s probably in a coma-like state right now. Thank God you weren’t hit with it. The slayer portion of you would have been like a wild, crazed beast let loose on the world with superhuman strength. Not a good thing.” Giles sets the first pile of books on the table before going back to the shelves and pulling down a few more, his eyes going quickly over everything again before picking one more out and tossing them carelessly onto the table, surprised when he sits down to see Buffy already pulling a book towards her and opening it.

“What are we looking for?” Buffy asks hoarsely, just knowing that what’s happening to Tara is beyond bad and she has to get the witch back into one whole before she goes after the demon again. After that’s all taken care of, she’ll worry about what she’d heard and seen on her way to the Magic Box. Tara taking precedence over everything else right now. Rubbing a hand over her eyes as they start to burn, Buffy starts to skim the book while listening to Giles’ explanation.

“Look for anything about making two halves into a whole. It may not even seem like much, but show it to me. A simple spell may be all it’ll take.” Giles explains quickly, glancing up as he hears a soft sniff, staring in shock as Buffy wipes a tear quickly away from her face and concentrates on the book in front of her, the young woman never looking up.

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“We’re almost there.” Joyce whispers, more to herself than to the two Tara’s in the back seat. Whipping around, doing a u-turn in the middle of the road, ignoring the honking of the horns Joyce pulls up right in front of the Magic Box. Not that surprised when Buffy comes barreling out of the shop before she can even turn off the vehicle.

“Tara?” Buffy hoarsely calls, looking up into red-rimmed blue eyes, seeing the desperation and worry looking back at her before slowly dropping her eyes to the Shy Tara who’s pale and panting lightly. “Give her to me.” Buffy orders softly, reaching in and easing the woman gently from Tara’s arms, carefully holding her against her chest as she makes her way towards the door.

Joyce opens the door quickly, having hurried around after jumping out of the Jeep looking into the room with everyone looking curiously at them.

“Dear Lord.” Giles looks at the pale woman in Buffy’s arms before looking back at an identical twin of her practically plastered against Buffy’s side as they come into the shop. Knowing what he was told, but seeing two Tara’s coming as something of a shock.

“Do we want to try the first thing we found?” Buffy questions, holding Tara effortlessly in her arms, unconsciously rubbing her cheek over the top of her head as she looks from Giles to the other Tara, the worry more than obvious as they look at each other.

“Let me see it.” Tara whispers, stroking a finger down her other self’s cheek before glancing up to look into Buffy’s hurting hazel eyes. Smiling sadly at the slayer, Tara reaches up and cups her cheek gently. “We’ll be okay. We have to have faith.”

Buffy nods, before turning her head and pressing her lips against Tara’s palm. “I’m going to take her into the office until you’re ready.”

“You’re going to stay with her?” Tara questions, just to clarify, smiling sadly as Buffy nods. The look in the slayer’s eyes already letting her know that she’s fallen in love with her, but it may take
time for her to admit it to herself. Watching silently as Buffy carries her other self into the office, she slowly turns around ignoring the curious and shocked looks pointed at her as Joyce wraps an arm around her shoulder and squeezes gently. “Thank you.”

“Let’s get you back the way you’re supposed to be.” Joyce steps over to the table, frowning at the broken edge, her eyes unconsciously going to where her daughter is, having a feeling that she had something to do with it, before finally sitting down in one of the empty chairs, looking questioningly at Willow who’s beside her, smiling as the redhead slides her a book.

Tara takes the piece of paper from Giles and looks over the spell, growling softly as her shaking hands make it almost impossible to read, smiling in thanks as Giles takes it back from her and holds it for her. “I don’t think this one will work, but you can try. At this stage of the game, we can’t be picky.”

“I’ll gather the ingredients.” Giles hurries off and quickly starts going through his supplies.

Tara slowly sinks into the last empty chair, staring unseeingly at the stack of books, wondering what will happen if they don’t find a spell that will work. Though she’s herself, she isn’t, she’s not complete without the other half in Buffy’s arms right now, her eyes slowly rising to look into the office. The sight of the slayer rocking her gently and pressing soft kisses over the top of her head makes her heart ache.

Willow looks from Buffy holding the one Tara to the Tara sitting across from her at the table, the woman looking towards the office with her heart in her eyes makes her do a double-take and look back at Buffy, now really noticing how protective and gentle Buffy’s being with the Tara in her arms. Blinking in shock and surprise, she tilts her head. “Wha—?”

“They’re together.” Oz comments softly in his lover’s ear, watching as extremely shocked green eyes turn to look at him, Willow’s mouth opening and shutting as she raises her hand and holds up three fingers. “Yes.” Willow blinks and shakes her head as she swears her mind just shut down on her before looking back at the Tara sitting across from her. Knowing the tenderness and caring of the woman’s touch to the naughtiness that the blonde can get up to, on a very personal level, and though she’d definitely enjoyed their time together she ultimately loved Oz and wanted to be with him more. The thought of Buffy and Tara hooking up very surprising in a way, but knowing how calming and caring Tara is, she knows she’d be a wonderful person for Buffy. “Huh.” Willow slowly smiles at the thought, her eyes slowly making their way back to Oz.

“They work.” Oz agrees, seeing the acceptance and happiness in Willow’s eyes as her smile grows a little bigger. Having to admit that the slayer and the Wiccan would make a good match.

“They do.” Willow nods, looking back around the table, blushing lightly as Xander glares at her, silently asking her what’s going on. “Later, Xan. Later.” Willow wiggles uncontrollably at the thought of Buffy finally finding someone that will love her completely, never having been completely happy with Riley as he’d been domineering and order-y guy since he found out about Buffy being the slayer. Glancing back at the office, she sighs at the hurt and worry on Buffy’s face, Tara pale and lifeless in the woman’s arms like a smack across the face that she needs to search for a cure or things won’t work out for Buffy and Tara. Mumbling internally about her stupidity, she goes back to searching through the books with a vengeance.

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Giles sighs as he finishes making the markings on the floor, looking at Willow who’s nervously
biting her thumbnail to Oz who’s gently rubbing her shoulders. “I’m almost positive this will work, Willow.”

“But it seems kinda… simple.” Willow whimpers as she bites away a little too much skin, pressing her thumb in her mouth and sucking on the sore digit.

“Sometimes the simplest spells are the most reliable and work the best.” Tara offers softly before sticking her head into the office. “Buffy, sweetie?”

“I know.” Buffy presses her lips once more to the quiet blonde in her arms, her breathing becoming more labored as the time passed, the group having tried eight different spells, none of which worked. Silently sending a prayer up to the heavens, she steps out of the office with Tara securely settled against her, searching the other Tara’s worried blue eyes.

“You can’t hold her during this one. You’ll have to be out of the circle when the spell is dissolved.” Tara explains quietly as Buffy nods, though hugs her to her tighter.

“If something…” Buffy starts, stopping and shaking her head as she stares at Tara. Slowly looking at the rest of the group she comes back to sad blue eyes. “Come ‘ere.” Buffy orders softly, having been fighting with herself every time they tried a new spell, and this time she’s finally going to give in to her wants. Tilting her head down to the comatose Tara in her arms, she brushes her lips gently over the slightly open lips of the blonde before looking up at the other Tara.

Tara eases up to Buffy, resting her hand on her other self’s head while cupping the slayer’s cheek. “We’ll be okay. I promise.”

Buffy nods, though she can’t say anything else around the lump suddenly lodged in her throat. Leaning in, she presses a firm, hard kiss to Tara’s lips, whimpering as they separate under hers and a tongue slips in to battle and disappear too quickly from her mouth.

“Set her down.” Tara settles on the floor and holds her arms out as Buffy gently settles her other self in her lap, a warm hand caressing over both of their cheeks before Buffy carefully steps outside the circle again. “Whenever you’re ready.” Tara looks up at Willow.

Xander stares dumbfounded at the display before him, before grunting as Anya’s elbow nails him in the stomach. “Ahn!” He hisses quietly, rubbing the sore spot.

“This isn’t the time to be thinking those kind of thoughts! Haven’t you noticed I have refrained from making any kind of sexually laden comment since we’ve been here?” Anya grumbles to her boyfriend, glaring at him before looking down at the tent now being sprouted in Xander’s pants.

Xander whimpers, slips his hands in his pocket, adjusts himself and tries to make it look like nothing’s going on. “Sorry.”

“You will be.” Anya crosses her arms over her chest, a smirk crossing her face at the louder whimper coming from Xander. Watching intently as Willow takes a couple deep breaths preparing to undo the spell the Toth had placed on Tara. Xander actually the one to come across it while asking if it might work.

“Here goes nothing.” Willow concentrates on the two Tara’s before whispering the simple words. “Let the spell be ended.” Willow speaks clearly and concisely, watching as the symbols on the floor glow and disappear even as there’s just one Tara now sitting on the floor.

Buffy hesitates, unconsciously looking towards Willow, at the head nod and smile, she turns back to Tara and rushes to the witch, sliding on the floor and gathering her against her. “All there? All whole
“Yes, I’m all h-here, Buffy.” Tara feels her cheeks heat up as everyone watches them, though she can’t help but snuggle into the offered embrace of the slayer.

Hearing the stutter makes Buffy’s heart jump in happiness. “Thank God.” Buffy whispers, ignoring everyone else as she lifts Tara’s chin to look into the shyly smiling countenance of the witch. Leaning in, she kisses Tara softly and gently for long moments before losing herself in the kiss, deepening it to battle tantalizingly against Tara’s tongue, growling as she slowly ends the kiss when Tara nips playfully on the tip of her tongue as she withdraws. Slowly opening her eyes, she smiles as she sees the dark blue eyes filled with mischief. “Oh, what you’ll probably do to me in the months and years to come. I can’t wait.”

Tara grins crookedly at the slayer’s comments, chuckling as the desire flares forth, remembering the slayer admitting that her grin turns her on. “I would l-love to have many, many years, Buffy.”

“I’ll try my damnedest.” Buffy promises, stroking a thumb over the soft cheek, leaning in to press another kiss against Tara’s lips as the bell above the door chimes.

“What in the hell is going on?” Riley growls, stumbling to a stop as the people separate and he sees Buffy and Tara on the floor kissing. “BUFFY????!!!”

Buffy unconsciously growls as she slowly ends the kiss, smiling softly at Tara. “I found him, but he was… busy and I really did NOT want to interrupt what he was doing to tell him we were through.”

“Okay.” Tara chuckles softly and slowly eases off Buffy’s lap, accepting the slayer’s hand as Buffy pops up onto her feet and leans down to help her up.

“Riley, we’re through. I don’t love you and I especially don’t think I ever could now.” Buffy searches the angry soldier’s eyes. “What, because of the little witch bitch you got there? You’re into men, Buffy. You showed that every time you rode me like a bucking bronco.” Riley snarls as the anger gets the better of him as he glares at the slayer, stumbling backwards and falling on his ass as he raises a hand to his aching jaw looking up in stunned shock at Buffy glaring down at him.

“Go let Spike ride you, Riley. From the sounds of it, you really, really liked it and couldn’t get enough. Guess that chip doesn’t work when he’s fucking somebody, does it? Then again you enjoying being a ‘cock whore’ along with being a ‘blood whore’ makes a little more sense why you had trouble keeping it up with me. It wasn’t because I was too much woman for you… well, I guess it was more like I was a woman was the problem, wasn’t it?” Buffy snarls in the soldier’s face, nudging him firmly between the legs, smirking as he whimpers and grabs himself. “Still raw, pet?” Buffy affects the English vampire’s accent. “Need a bit o’ relief, pet?”

Riley’s eyes widen and he pales as he starts to scramble backwards from the advancing, pissed off slayer. “Whatever he told you is a lie! He’s a vampire, you can’t believe anything he says!”

“No? Maybe this sounds familiar. ‘GOD, FUCK ME WITH YOUR MOUTH! IT’S SOOO GOOD!!’” Buffy glares at the soldier. “You have no room to talk, Riley. You’ve become a vampire’s bitch, literally. You stay away from me and mine and we’ll call it even. I hear you say anything derogatory about my family, friends and loved ones, you won’t have to let Spike tear you a new ‘arse’, I’ll rip you a dozen of them, understand? And that’s just for starters, I’m sure your buddies back at the Initiative would love to hear about what happened in Spike’s crypt, wouldn’t they?”
Riley swallows hard even as he nods convulsively, the warning in Buffy’s eyes, sending a cold chill through his body, having no doubt that Buffy will come through on her threats. “I’ll leave everyone alone.” Riley whispers even as he spins around, pushing himself up and runs for the door, grunting and crying out as a foot kicks him in the ass, hitting him perfectly on his still sore asshole, making tears come to his eyes as he runs as fast as he can from Buffy.

“You have got to be shitting me.” Xander stares open-mouthed after the soldier, his eyes wide, unconsciously his butt cheeks tightening convulsively.

Tara blinks in surprise, now realizing what had kept Buffy from confronting the soldier. Having to admit she enjoys anal sex, but anyone doing so with a vampire was literally asking to have their head shoved up their ass, knowing that the kinkier things get, the more the vampires like it.

“Dear Lord.” Giles shakes his head in wonder as he hurries to his office, Buffy’s anger and pacing from earlier making more sense. Grabbing the bottle of Scotch out of his bottom drawer, he grabs a stack of plastic cups and takes them out to the main area, figuring the majority of people could use a good healthy snort. Groaning quietly as the bell above the door dings again, he wonders if Riley is really stupid enough to come back here.

“Oh, NO YOU DON’T!” Tara snarls as the Toth demon comes in, pointing the device at Buffy’s back as the slayer had turned to come back towards her. “INCIDIERE!” Tara cries out, slamming the fireball into the Toth demon making him go up in flames along with the rod device.

Buffy spins around, watching as the demon literally goes up in smoke, breathing a sigh of relief as she turns back to Tara, a slow smile crossing her lips as they make contact with hers. “Seems you saved my life. I’m going to have to see what I can do about repaying you.”

“You d-don’t have to. But if you insist, I’m s-sure I can come up with something.” Tara grins crookedly, laughing delightedly as Buffy pounces on her, kissing her hungrily.

“Well, I dare say everything has more or less worked out for the best.” Giles sighs, shaking his head as he holds up the cups with one hand and the bottle with the other, chuckling as everyone but Buffy and Tara converge on him, the two women too engrossed in each other at this moment in time. “I say a toast is in order.”

“To butt monkey’s that give up a good thing.” Xander raises his cup, dodging a couple smacks from the people around him. “Well, what would you call him?”

“To things working out in the end.” Willow offers, her tongue poking out between her teeth as she starts to giggle as she gets some boo’s and hisses.

Buffy slowly ends the kiss, chuckling softly at her friends’ antics. “To love. It makes the world go round, and is the ultimate reason to fight for what you want.”

“To love… and a beautiful, caring lover.” Tara whispers, just for Buffy’s ears. “I love you, Slayer.”

“I love you, Tara.” Buffy admits softly, knowing positively that she did since the moment she’d held the pale, half-dead Tara in her arms as she listened and waited for them to find a way to make Tara whole again. Not wanting to lose this integral part of the witch.

Tara feels the tears come to her eyes even as Buffy crushes her to her and hugs her tightly. Burying her face in the slayer’s strong neck, she wraps her arms around her waist and holds on for dear life. Silently promising herself that no matter what, she’ll make what time they have together the absolute
best that Buffy could ever know.

“So, Buffy?!!” Willow calls to her best friend, not able to resist. Seeing Buffy look toward her questioningly as the two women relax their grips on each other and turn to look their way, their arms around each other’s waists.

“What, Willow?” Buffy quirks an eyebrow at her best friend, wondering what she’s going to say, the absolute glee on her face forewarning her that Willow’s probably up to no good.

“Only one Tara now… You going to miss Double Your Pleasure and Double Your Fun?” Willow snorts as Oz chuckles beside her.

“No, not really. I got the best of both worlds in one package now. Plus one Tara is probably all this slayer can handle on a regular basis, if last night was anything to go by.” Buffy finally comments after staring in surprise at her best friend, before laughing softly as Tara blushes darkly and turns to hide her face in her neck. “I mean…” Buffy starts and stops before deciding to hell with it and getting a clean slate out there for everyone. “You should know what a tigress she is, right Willow?”

Willow’s eyes widen and she does her best guppy impersonation.

Oz can’t help but laugh delightedly as he looks at his girlfriend. “Write it down, Willow is speechless.”

“OZ!” Willow yells and smacks her laughing boyfriend on the arm.

“Well, it’s the truth… I mean you did tell me that Tara was definitely…” Oz starts to mumble as the hand is slapped over his mouth.

“Oh, Goddess.” Tara whimpers and tries to crawl inside Buffy, swearing if her cheeks get any hotter she might spontaneously combust.

Xander looks wide-eyed from one person to the next, ping-ponging back and forth uncontrollably as his sluggish mind tries to keep up with what everyone’s saying and meaning even as naughty, witchy and slayer movie pictures start playing in his head.

“And with that, I think it’s time to go home.” Joyce finishes off the scotch in her cup and throws it in the trashcan, walking by Buffy and Tara. “Girls, you want a ride to the house? I can drop you off before going to the mall and seeing that film that just came out yesterday.”

Buffy smiles thankfully at her mom, knowing she’s giving them some time to be alone and become… better acquainted. “Thanks mom. I appreciate it.”

“Thank y-you, Mrs. Summers.” Tara ignores the good-natured ribbing happening behind her as Xander plays twenty questions with Oz and Willow, letting Buffy steer her out of the Magic Box.

Buffy slips in the back of the Jeep beside Tara, threading their fingers together as she looks into warm blue eyes. Not knowing what the future might bring, but the knowledge that in the grand scheme of things, as long as she has the kind, caring, and loving woman beside her everything will end up working out. Leaning in, Buffy presses a soft, loving kiss across willing lips, sighing in contentment as this is the place that feels like home.

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“Are you really okay?” Buffy questions softly as they walk into the house, her mother dropping them off and leaving without even getting out of the vehicle.

“Maybe a little t-tired but yeah, I’m okay.” Tara hesitantly reaches for Buffy’s hand, threading their fingers together as the slayer steps closer to her. “How a-about you? That had to’ve b-been a shock about the whole R-riley thing.”

Buffy groans and rolls her eyes as she tugs Tara up the stairs. “Shock isn’t the word for it, with the things I heard. The mental pictures need to be scrubbed from my mind, because they weren’t exactly quiet about what they wanted.”

“I’m sorry, sweetie.” Tara furrows her brows as she follows Buffy into the bathroom.

Buffy grins as Tara looks at her, the confusion obvious on the witch’s face. “No more talk of Riley or Spike. As far as I’m concerned, they are welcome to each other.

“Okay.” Tara raises an eyebrow in silent question to the slayer as she looks obviously around the bathroom.

Buffy chuckles as she steps over to the shower, turning the water on and waiting for it to heat properly before easing back. “I want to replay last night, but without mom here.” Buffy slowly disrobes the witch, letting her fingers trace tantalizingly over the pale skin. “I so wanted to tell you that I wanted to help you in the shower, Tara. Your glowing body, ripe breasts, sensual lips, womanly hips and…” Buffy kneels as she unties Tara’s shoes, gently nuzzling against the triangle of curls at Tara’s apex. “Tantalizing apex. The brief glimpse of you took up permanent residence inside my head, putting to shame my imaginings up to that point of what you looked like. I thought for sure all my thoughts and desires were there for everyone to see.”

Tara moans, hand grasping the slayer’s hair as Buffy’s tongue teases its way between her folds, searching and eager to learn. Growling as she can’t widen her stance, her jeans keeping her from it, she glares as Buffy laughs softly before urging her to lift her leg and pulls off the shoe, quickly followed by one leg of her jeans, underwear and one sock. Working the items off the other leg, Buffy slips her hands gently under Tara’s ass, lifting her easily and separating her legs to maneuver her shoulders under the Wiccan while she nuzzles inwards at a better angle, chuckling as both hands thread through her hair and hold tightly, pulling her in closer. Traversing the wet folds, Buffy wiggles her tongue and searches within Tara, smirking as the Wiccan guides her to where she needs her, stroking her tongue firmly up and down as she feels the flesh starting to stiffen under her ministrations as Tara’s hips start to rock slowly. Slowly dragging the length of her tongue upwards, she chuckles deeply at the long, low moan coming from Tara even as the witch presses in harder against her. “I take it I have the right spot?” Buffy questions.

“Oh, yes…” Tara whimpers as Buffy just laughs softly and lifts her up and steps into the shower, the slayer still dressed. “BUFFY!”

“Shush.” Buffy kneels carefully, maneuvering Tara into the corner of the shower stall before dipping firmly between Tara’s swollen lips again, eagerly searching and finding the spot again licking and suckling alternately, remembering Tara really enjoyed when she let the rumbling purrs, that she can do when she’s extremely happy, roll through and into the witch last night. Buffy wraps her lips around the swollen bud and flicks it slowly with her tongue, feeling it plump nicely in her mouth.
even as it starts to flinch and spasm under her ministrations. Sliding her hands down Tara’s ass cheeks, Buffy hesitates for a moment as she remembers what else Tara had admitted to liking. Letting the rumbles work their way through her body, Buffy softly strokes her finger down between her lover’s cheeks until she glides over the puckered opening. The loud cry and resulting splashing of liquid against her makes Buffy smile, though silently wondering if it was what she was doing with her mouth or the touch along the sensitive entrance.

Tara pants as she shakes with her climax, her head tilted up to look at the ceiling as Buffy works her way down to her opening, the woman’s curiosity obvious as her tongue, lips and fingers slowly work on learning her. When an inquisitive tongue slips a little further back and caresses over her sphincter muscle, Tara whimpers loudly. Afraid to say something in case the slayer jerks away realizing where she’s at instead of letting herself play and learn.

Buffy lets her tongue trail once again over the sensitive area Tara’s whimpers becoming louder as the witch presses downwards. Smiling softly, Buffy realizes she’ll do anything Tara wants, especially if it makes her do those sounds, deciding what pleases Tara will please her. Wiggling her tongue teasingly over the area once more, Buffy presses firm kisses back to the woman’s swollen clit, nuzzling against it softly for a few moments before easing from Tara’s legs and setting them down in the shower. Making sure Tara can stand; Buffy stands and strips off her clothes and shoes, taking in the beautiful sight of the witch. “We’ll need to visit the adult store for anything that will help with what you like.” Buffy offers softly, searching Tara’s blue eyes. “I won’t do anything to hurt you, Tara and we’ll need to be properly prepared… when we’re doing the anal play.”

Tara slowly smiles and leans in to kiss the slayer. “I don’t want you to do anything you’re uncomfortable with, Buffy. Whether it’s doing to me or me doing to you.” Tara strokes the slayer’s cheeks her thumbs gently caressing over the soft flesh.

“I want to learn anything and everything that pleases you.” Buffy admits, pressing her body firmly against Tara’s, her hands stroking down the witch’s back, blinking in surprise as she actually sees and takes note of the arching back, low guttural groan and the darkening eyes. Scraping her nails gently up Tara’s back, Buffy slowly smirks as she gets the same response with an added jerk of Tara’s body into hers.

“You keep that up and I’ll be a useless pile of Wiccan.” Tara admits as Buffy continues to scrape her nails gently up and down her back.

“And that’s bad, how?” Buffy smirks as Tara opens her eyes and glares at her, the desire burning brightly in Tara’s eyes. “Oh, shit!” Buffy jerks uncontrollably as a knowledgeable hand slips between their bodies and her legs, pinching her clit unerringly.

“That would be bad, because I would be useless to return the favor.” Tara grins crookedly as Buffy rocks her hips, silently urging her on even as hazel eyes are hooded and an extremely sensual smile crosses Buffy’s lips. Dipping her fingers downwards, Tara gathers some of the abundant desire from Buffy and works her fingers over the swollen muscle, her eyes glancing at the water hitting Buffy’s back. “Is it cold yet?” Tara questions softly, her eyes back on Buffy’s.

“Hot, very, very hot.” Buffy whispers, her hips rocking faster back and forth, her mind on the pressure building inside her along with her hot, quivering clit.

Tara chuckles softly, realizing Buffy isn’t talking about the water. “You’re beautiful.” Tara whispers, her hand burying itself even more in Buffy’s hair as she pulls the slayer the short distance to her and captures her lips in a slow, sensual kiss as her fingers alternate rubbing the slayer fast and firm to pinching playfully at the hardened muscle, the jerking body and low groans her answer as to how much Buffy’s enjoying the attention.
“Harder?” Buffy begs softly after ending the kiss and burying her face in Tara’s neck, sucking and licking at the soft flesh as her body bucks uncontrollably as Tara gives her the harder pressure she needs, crying out after a few moments as she climaxes.

Tara slips her hand down and cups the slayer’s body, feeling her clit continue to pulse against her palm as she holds the slayer to her. Giving the slayer a few minutes, she places soft kisses on top of Buffy’s head, smiling as the slayer wiggles closer and her hands start to stroke up and down her back. “Were you wanting to actually shower, or w-were you just wanting to get playful in the b-bathroom?”

Buffy chuckles against Tara’s neck. “Actually kept thinking about you all soapy and wet, I was planning on that, but…”

“Got sidetracked d-did you?” Tara giggles and yelps lightly as strong fingers pinch her gently on the butt.

“Not sidetracked, just… jumped the gun a bit.” Buffy lifts her head up and smiles at the Wiccan as Tara laughs softly. Reaching up, Buffy strokes her fingers down Tara’s cheek, looking into warm blue eyes. “You mentioned you were tired, since neither one of us got much sleep last night, why don’t we take a nap and then plan on getting to know each other better.” Buffy offers softly, blushing lightly at the knowing smirk crossing Tara’s lips even as the hand still cupping her sex shifts and fingers stroke teasingly over her. “NOT like that… well, maybe like that.” Buffy whimpers and pulls the hand away, growling softly at Tara as the witch laughs even harder. “I meant talking and getting to know each other better like on a more intellectual basis. You can also explain to me your and Willow’s whole relationship so I can have some ammunition to nail her with. My best friend having a relationship with another woman and me never knowing…” Buffy shakes her head in silent disgust at the fact she was clueless about the two women’s relationship.

“Come on, sweetie. Let’s d-dry off and take a nap.” Tara chuckles softly at the thought Willow’s probably going to be in for some serious ribbing from everyone, now that the whole group knows they’d dated.

“Kay.” Buffy turns the water off and steps out of the shower after Tara, her eyes trailing over the woman, the soft feminine curves calling out to her. Stroking a hand slowly down Tara’s side and hip; she smiles as Tara looks questioningly at her. “You’re an absolutely gorgeous woman, Tara. I just…” Buffy shrugs and her smile softens even more. “I just can’t help to touch you.” Buffy admits somewhat shyly, even as her fingers trail over Tara’s lower stomach, loving the feel of the soft warm flesh.

“Good, I’m k-kind of a touchy-feely person, too.” Tara admits, pressing a soft kiss to the tip of Buffy’s nose, grinning crookedly at the huge smile crossing Buffy’s lips. “Bed, slayer. I hate to say it, but I am very tired.”

“You had a very busy, rough time of it, Tara.” Buffy reaches for the towels and hands one to the witch. “Do you… Will you sleep with me?” Buffy hesitantly questions while looking hopefully at the witch, breathing out a sigh of relief at the nod and smile coming from Tara.

“I would l-like that.” Tara admits quietly, drying herself off as she watches Buffy rub the towel quickly over her body, the slayer’s slim, athletic build making her heart thump a little harder in her chest, when a knowing grin crosses Buffy’s lips as she’s caught staring, Tara blushes darkly. “You’re v-very beautiful, too.” Tara admits before hurriedly drying off and wrapping the towel around her.

“Thank you.” Buffy grins and tugs on Tara’s hand. “Before this ends up with us getting hot and
heavy again, maybe we should go to bed.”

Tara starts giggling before laughing as Buffy realizes what she said.

“You…” Buffy growls playfully and hurriedly grabs clothes for them to wear to bed, tossing them in Tara’s face as the witch still laughs. “Brat.” Buffy grumbles before stepping over to the curtains and closing them tightly to cut down on the bright sunlight coming in.

Tara nibbles on her lip, the laughter still bubbling out of her as she quickly slips on the shorts, glad the slayer has the sweat shorts, the items giving over her wider hips. Slipping the t-shirt over her head she moves to the bed and straightens it before climbing in as Buffy quickly pulls on her pajamas.

Buffy slips in the bed beside Tara, gently pulling the witch against her and wrapping her arms tightly around her, smiling as Tara wraps her arm around her waist and snuggles in against her side, her head already come to rest on her breast. “Not much of a pillow.” Buffy whispers, hugging Tara tighter.

“Just right.” Tara comes back in just as soft tones, rubbing her cheek against the breast as she closes her eyes in contentment.

Buffy smiles and closes her eyes, sighing softly as she relaxes in the bed, the soft flesh pressing against her and the head resting on her chest feeling right. “Very right.” Buffy whispers silently, sending up a prayer that the future is long and happy for them both.

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***WARNING… YEPPER, THAT TIME AGAIN!!***

Riley whimpers and groans. “Spike, can you…” Riley whimpers, begging as he starts to stand, the pain almost unbearably even as he swells impossibly more, what the vampire had done to him making him hurt almost unbearably.

“Not yet, whelp. You’re gonna learn right proper, you are. You won’t cum until I tell ya’ you can. You’ll be callin’ me master and doin’ everthin’ I tell you to without even blinkin’ an eye, got it?”

“Y-y-yes, M-master.” Riley stumbles over the words even as he eases up behind the vampire, trying to get the right angle. Part of him confused as to how things have come to this point.

“Now, that’s a right good pet, it is.” Spike grunts, knowing he can’t leave him like he is right now, or he may do irreparable harm to the boy, though it’s been a right interesting ten or so hours, having had five different demons in to teach the boy a lesson. Spike smirks at the thought. Having the soldier please him and be his personal sex slave something he is going to enjoy for a while. At that thought, he realizes that the soldier has probably had more than enough. “Sorry, pet. Put you through more than I honestly thought you could take.” Spike admits softly giving the boy his relief.

Riley collapses onto the floor, his hips jerking wildly, finally passing out.

“Yeah, you’re a batty boy, alright pet. Though you complain about the buggering, your body shows how much it likes it.” Spike strokes a cool hand down the boy’s body. Shifting and lifting the soldier in his arms, he carefully lies him face down on the driest part of the bed before climbing in behind him, working on cleaning him up and healing what he can with his saliva.

Riley whimpers as he dreams of living for hundreds of years, being at Spike’s beck and call as he feeds the vampire and is his sex toy to do anything and everything he wants, his life taking a decidedly dark turn with the vampire, but unable to resist the demon’s allure.
The End

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