Just For You

by purplefeen

For Andy – RIP

Lorne/Cordy/Gunn/Fred/Darla/Harmony/Lindsey/Lilah/Landok  
genre: porn  
rating: mature adults  
warning: all the usual orgy warnings  
time frame: Around s2 of Angel  
date: April 2004  
summary: I met Andy Hallett at Dragon\*Con in 2003 and he asked me to write an orgy with these characters, so I wrote an orgy with these characters (although the S/W on the side was completely my idea)

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Pink streaks broke from the horizon to lighten a midnight blue LA sky. Many of the residents awoke and started their usual Thursday morning routine; just another day in the city. They didn't know, didn't see, and probably wouldn't understand the things that had kept the residents of the Hyperion Hotel up until just a few minutes ago. The unique individuals who lived in the grand edifice known as the Hyperion were all something that most mere mortals had never seen, and wouldn't comprehend if they did.  
  
They were champions. True champions in every sense of the words. They were all – some voluntarily, some not so much – the avenging arm of justice for the Powers That Be.  
  
Some of them chose this life, like Wesley Wyndam–Pryce, ex–watcher and all-around know-it-all. He had spent his life from adolescence studying evil, delving into mysticism and magic, learning everything he could so that one day he would be the right arm of a champion. He had expected that champion to be a teenage girl chosen as the Slayer, not a 240 year old vampire working for redemption, but if we're smart and we're adaptable, we all take what life hands us. Wesley is both.  
  
Another of the residents who chose of her own free will to help fight the things that go bump in the night was a beautiful ex–cheerleader named Cordelia Chase. Not normally an occupant of the Hyperion, she was nonetheless in residence on this lovely Thursday morning because a fire had erupted two weeks previously in the apartment three over from her own and she and her live–in ghost roommate Dennis had had to find another place to live until the health inspector deemed her building habitable again.  
  
Yes, Cordelia had grown up in Sunnydale and thus had the good fight thrust upon her; but she had been given several opportunities to turn her back on this life and refused them all. She had just recently been given an upgrade, so to speak, on her human status by having the traits and powers of a demon infused with her own DNA. What kind of demon she is, she doesn't know, she hadn't thought to ask, but so far no obvious side effects have come to light. Well, none except for a miraculous lack of pain when hit by one of the visions sent to her by the Powers.  
  
Winifred Burkle, known as Fred, was another unlikely hero who was presently visiting the Land of Nod under the roof of the Hyperion. She was a diminutive champion and seemed the least, of those here, suited to the role but she had earned her title in the field of battle. She is, like Wesley, smart and adaptable and so, five years ago, when Fate sent her flying through a portal and into a dimension where demons ruled and humans were treated like cattle, she had escaped her bonds and lived a lonely sub–existence in a cave, where she lost her sanity but not her will to live.  
  
She had been rescued a few months ago by the other champions here, known collectively as Angel Investigations. She had chosen, when her sanity returned – well, as much sanity as you can have and live in LA – to stay and help her new friends in their crusade.  
  
There were three other heads sleeping peacefully inside the hotel tonight. Three who had not chosen this life; three who had had this life of fighting evil thrust upon them and yet they rose to the challenge with grace.  
  
The first was a street fighter named Charles Gunn, a human – born and raised on the streets of LA. When vampires made his neighbourhood their cafeteria, he and his friends had sent stakes flying, driving back the demons. He had never stopped fighting. His body and his heart had been honed and trained, both yielding very little. He had become what his life had made him; a ruthless fighter who showed the demons he fought as little mercy as they had shown their victims.  
  
While Gunn had been learning his lessons well, our next champion had been marching to the beat of a different drummer. Literally. Krevlornswath of the Deathwok Clan (he prefers Lorne) had been thrown to this plane of existence by a similar portal to the one that took Fred. While she was pulled to his dimension, he was brought to this one.  
  
Finding a brave new world, full of music and art and beauty, Lorne had thrived and used his cognitive talents to help others find their path in life. This choice to help others might lead you to think that he had chosen his current station as a champion for the Powers. You would be wrong. Lorne is a peaceful and peace-loving demon and the only challenge he wants to take on is Patti LaBelle's Greatest Hits. But he's one of the good guys and would never think about letting his friends down. Plus, his club is in ruins – again – and he has nowhere else to stay.  
  
The last hero sleeping peacefully behind the doors of the Hyperion Hotel is Angel himself. He who eponymously named his company because he's more brawn than brains. Angel is the "Vampire with A Soul", the "Champion for the Powers", "He of the Protruding Brow". He's also broody and boring and has little to do with this story.  
  
This story deals with some of those who live here; two in particular. You see heroes, while they live in worlds that others can only imagine, still have to eat and breathe and live and sleep. Day in and day out, week after week, year after year. The Powers That Be ask them to give their lives to fighting the cause, and they do. To the exclusion of all else.  
  
And while sometimes "giving your life" means your final end; it also can mean giving up the comforts that the rest of the world takes for granted. Fresh coffee in the morning. A hot shower at the end of the day. Real food. Going to the movies. Someone to cuddle up with at night and wake up in the arms of in the morning.  
  
None of the heroes that dwell here tonight has any of those things and it would never occur to them to ask. Their lives are simply too busy, too taken up in helping the hopeless to stop and ask for something as simple as the touch of another warm body. They've all done without for so long that the tactile experience of skin on skin is now completely foreign to them.  
  
Arms are used to fight, not hold. Hands are used to hold weapons; not to caress. Lips are used to communicate, not to kiss. Legs are used to run and jump, not embrace and tease. Hips and tongues and necks and fingers have also forgotten any use they may have had other than those which defeat evil.  
  
It's a shame really. Because the Powers That Be created these bodies for each other; it is not a coincidence that the most sensitive areas on a body are the fingertips and the lips, the nipples and the back of the knees, the neck and the cock, the pussy and the tongue.  
  
Those areas of the body that we cover up and make the least accessible are the ones that we need to have touched. The places that, when touched correctly, by the right people, make us feel alive. Make us feel special. Make the fight worth fighting. Make us feel like we deserve to be heroes.  
  
  
The night before had brought a vision of rampaging Sovapth beasts, and the six champions had driven, somewhat fearlessly, to Santa Monica and fought and defeated the demons before the clueless humans who inhabited that town could even realize that they were about to be Sovapth food. The fight was long and tiring and all six heads had barely hit their pillows before each and every one fell into a blissful slumber.  
  
Each mind was filled with their own personal dreams and desires; a swirl of images that lulled them all into oblivion. The fight had been so hard, the demons had been so powerful, that no one would have supposed that their sleep was anything but the well–earned rest of those who had fought tirelessly through the night.  
  
But this is a world of monsters and magic and everyone knows that nothing, not even sleep, is safe here.  
  
Cordelia Chase snuggled deeper into her blankets; she was having a wonderful dream where she had rightfully defeated that 'ho Buffy Summers for Homecoming Queen and now her fellow students were worshipping her as they should have and throwing flowers at her feet. The ceiling of the high school suddenly opened up and a blinding blue light pulled Cordy off of her throne and up through the ceiling. Her body was thrown this way and that, pushed and pulled, flipped and turned until she didn't know which way was up.  
  
She landed with a thump onto the reception counter in the hotel.  
  
"Cordy, sweetcakes, are you all right?" asked Lorne as he walked down the grand staircase, a Seabreeze in his hand.  
  
"Huh?" was the best answer she could manage; her stomach was still going in circles and her head was swimming.  
  
Lorne took a seat on the round couch and looked at Fred. "Why is the princess on the counter?"  
  
Fred looked up from the physics book she had been studying, seeing Cordelia for the first time. "I'm not sure," she answered in her sweet Texas drawl. "I'm afraid I wasn't lookin' and I didn't even know she was there." Her head went right back to studying the book.  
  
Cordelia finally steadied herself and took in her surroundings. Hyperion, check. Lobby, check. Fred reading a book, Lorne sitting on the couch, Gunn cleaning the weapons, check, check, check. Wesley walking in the front door, check.  
  
Wesley walked up to Gunn and handed him what looked like, from Cordy's vantage point, an envelope. Then he handed one each to Fred and Lorne in turn.  
  
"Wes, what's -" but she didn't get to finish before he handed one to her as well, then turned and walked out of the building without saying a word to anyone.  
  
She looked down and saw a cream vellum envelope with her name written in script in neon blue ink. The others were opening their envelopes and gasping, so it really didn't come as a surprise when she opened hers to reveal an invitation from Wolfram & Hart. *'Oh, Lordy, what were they up to now? Do those idiots really think we'll would fall for such an obvious trap?'*  
  
It read:  
  
***Wolfram & Hart  
cordially invites you to  
Your Wildest Dreams***  
  
"What the f– heck?" she asked the room at large. "What are they up to now?" Everyone looked around dumbstruck. No one knew quite what to make of the invitation and much loud and confused discussion about what a stupid practical joke this must be dissolved in a swirl of smoke and became a room full of formally dressed people all talking, drinking, laughing and having what seemed to be a really good time.  
  
Cordelia looked around. There seemed to be about twenty people mulling around what looked like small club, each dressed to the nines in beautiful sparkling formal wear. She looked down and was quite pleased with the white form fitting gown she wore and she wished she could remember where she had bought it.  
  
A DJ in small booth was playing music that was soothing and romantic, a perfect compliment to the intimate setting. One wall was mirrored, making the room seem larger than it was, but the effect was enchanting. Soft lights and soft music, soft voices and soft laughter made for a nice change for the overworked seer.  
  
For some reason that she couldn't fathom, she was completely at ease. She saw Lilah talking to Lorne's cousin Landok. Harmony was cozying up to Gunn. A stunning man that she didn't know, with brown wavy hair and hazel eyes, had his arm around Darla and the two seemed to be flirting with each other. 'Is that Willow in the corner with Spike?'  
  
Lindsey was sitting on a couch on the side of the room and seemed very intent on a brunette who had her head in his lap. His eyes were closed and his head was thrown back. *'Is she – ? Are they – ? Oh, shit, Lindsey's getting a blowjob right here in this room!'*  
  
Something was definitely wrong here but she felt too relaxed to worry about it. She took a sip of her champagne and felt strong arms wrap themselves around her from behind. She relaxed into them.  
  
"Having a good time, Lorne?" she asked. She didn't know how she knew it was Lorne since she hadn't seen a glimpse of skin, but she just *felt* that it was him. He was the only one that could send the tingles through her skin that she was feeling. 'Even though you've never felt like that around him before', a small part of her brain whispered to her but she told it to shut up and since this was her dream, it did.  
  
Something soft and bluesy by Tom Waits started to play and she felt Lorne's body start to sway and she moved with him. The room was getting warm and she felt Lorne's breath on the back of her neck and those tingles turned to full blown pulsations when he started to sing along with the music. Strong lips kissed her skin and her head lulled forward to give him better access.  
  
She moved her arm so that she could run her fingers through his soft brown wavy hair and pull his lips closer to her. She moved her head back to try to kiss him back but he avoided her mouth and asked, "What do you want, baby?"  
  
His voice was like honey and she melted into it. "Mmmm," she moaned and her other hand reached behind her to rub against the erection that had been growing no nicely against the cleft in her backside. Lorne's hands slid slowly up her stomach to caress the swell of her breasts that were no longer covered by a gown that would only get in the way so she was glad it was gone. His pants had melted away with her gown and instead of the linen of his suit, her hand now held his warm and pulsing cock that was already too big for her hand and still growing.  
  
She wanted to see him touching her and she looked down and had to moan and shiver when she saw big green hands stroking the underside of her breasts and he pinched her nipples with soft green fingertips. The sensation sent shockwaves through her and she grabbed his cock in response.  
  
"What do *you* want, baby?" she asked in return and suddenly she felt a cool tongue lap at her pussy lips and Harmony was on her knees in front of her and Lorne ordered Cordelia to cum in Harmony's mouth. Cordy leaned back to get her balance because her knees were getting weak, but Lorne wasn't there anymore and she leaned into a wall that hadn't been there a moment before.  
  
Lorne was now on the floor in front of her with Fred's mouth sucking what Cordy's hand had been stroking and her mouth had been yearning for. Fred's head was moving quickly up and down over Lorne's stunning cock and Cordy's brain took a millisecond to register that it was Fred's head she had seen in Lindsey's lap before Lorne's eyes rolled back and he erupted forcefully in Fred's mouth. Cordy pulled Fred up for a kiss so that she could taste the green demon's jism on her lips.  
  
Lorne looked very happy where he was, so Cordy concentrated once again on Harmony's lips and tongue that were sucking and fucking her. If Cordy had known that Harmony was this good in high school, she would have never needed that moron Xander Harris.  
  
Lorne's eyes were watching Cordy, she could feel them on her. She opened her eyes again and everything was now different.  
  
She was on the floor lying head to head with Darla and Lindsay was pounding away inside her. His cock inside of her reached place that hadn't been touched in years and it felt so good but she needed to find Lorne, needed to see him.  
  
Darla's moan made her look up to see Lorne moving between Darla's thighs. That impressive cock that she had felt before was pushing Darla to the brink and Darla was screaming and Lorne's movements kept pushing the blonde vamp tramp so that her head was knocking into Cordy's shoulder. The sight was erotic in the extreme and she turned her head to watch Darla's face as Lorne pleasured her. She and Darla pulled each other into an upside down kiss that, along with Lindsey's pounding, made her body explode in the best orgasm of her life so far.  
  
She recovered to find herself laying on the floor with Gunn's mouth licking her and sucking on her clit; she moaned and hoped that this dream lasted for a good long time.  
  
Harmony was lying next to her and a familiar green skinned demon was eating her out and Harm was screaming and moaning, "Oh, God. Oh, Lorne" over and over again. Cordy watched Lorne's tongue run up the outside of Harmony's shaved lower lips and then delve within her folds to taste the juices that his actions were creating.  
  
Cordy looked down to see all of the women lined up one next to the other. Fred was next to Harmony, with Landok's head between her thighs and Darla was next with Lindsey's mouth in her pussy. Lilah's hands were wound in the hair of that cute guy with the brown wavy hair that Cordy had seen earlier. Willow and Spike were still together and Willow seemed to be… upside down? Oh my!  
  
Someone yelled out, "Switch!" and Gunn disappeared and Lorne was eating her down like she was his favourite dish. All of the men had switched and everyone had different partners. Variety is definitely the spice of life. Lorne's tongue was long and warm and working its way inside her cunt and it was just too good and she grabbed his hair and started riding his mouth until she felt herself cumming like a tidal wave in his mouth.  
  
"Switch!"  
  
The floor was gone from under her and she was now kneeling by the couch with… somebody's cock in her mouth. Mmm, tastes good. It wasn't green or brown so it must be Lindsey or Spike. She looked up: Lindsey. She could see that Spike was still with Willow, and wow! *'Way to go, Willow!'*  
  
Blood red eyes caught hers and Lorne winked at her. He had Harmony bent over the back of the sofa, and Harmony was moaning and screaming…  
  
*'Hm, I didn't know vampires still thanked God for things.'*  
  
Fred was standing on the couch cushion with her dark curls in front of Lorne's face and Cordy felt a little jealous because she knew how good he was with his mouth. But she was kneeling in front of Lindsey with Landok lying with his head between her knees and she was happy to note that cunnilingus was a skill that ran in the family.  
  
She blinked and when she opened her eyes, the scene had changed again. Everyone seemed to have paired off, except for Landok who seemed to be keeping both Darla and Lilah *very* happy. *'And yup, Spike is still with Willow.'*  
  
She felt a hand in her hair and a softly whispered plea, "Suck me, baby." Cordy smiled. Lorne… finally. Oh yeah.  
  
She licked her lips and opened her mouth to lower her head to swallow him. She had him in as far as he could go before she closed her lips around his rock hard shaft and sucked him down, running her tongue around the head. She wrapped her lips around him and slowly backed off. His groan let her know that he had enjoyed it; the knowledge made her wet. A drop of pearly pink liquid seeped out of the tip of his cockhead and she closed her eyes and licked it off.  
  
*'Mmm, sweet and salty and… Mmm, want some more of that.'*  
  
To this end, she wrapped her lips around the head once again. Ever so slowly, up and down she moved, taking him in as far as she could before sucking him down as she pulled her mouth away. Lips and tongue and teeth getting maximum enjoyment out of the feel of his length; Cordy was definitely an orally fixated woman. She hoped Lorne was getting off on this as much as she was.  
  
She wanted to feel him cum in her mouth, but to her momentary dismay, he stopped her ministrations and flipped her around so that he could slide inside the honeyed warmth of her pussy.  
  
"Oh God! This is – oh yeah! This is just so – right there–"  
  
Cordy was pretty sure she was talking but she wasn't sure what she was saying.  
  
"Harder, baby. Oh yeah, just like that. Oh, God. Lorne, baby, don't stop, don't… stop… don't…  
  
Lorne!" she screamed his name as her body shattered into a million pieces around the delicious sensations he had created inside of her.  
  
Her body felt liquid as she came down from her orgasmic high and she felt those sweet lips on her neck once again. Just as she was thinking of settling in for a short but much needed nap, his voice sang in her ear, "Ever take it up the ass, baby doll?"  
  
*'Hello! Nap can come later!'* she thought as a Cheshire Cat smile appeared on her face.  
  
"You'll be my first" she answered in a purr.  
  
The room spun once again and she was afraid she had lost him as she looked down and saw Gunn lying under her and what must have been his dick inside of her. It was nice, but it wasn't anywhere near as wonderful as Lorne's.  
  
Gunn ran his hands down her back but she felt another pair of hands massaging her ass and turned in time to see Lorne's fingers disappear in her only remaining virgin hole.  
  
"Relax, baby," Gunn whispered and his hands and his voice calmed her she relaxed against him. The finger inside of her more comfortable now and when a second finger was added, she pressed back against it. Lorne used her own cum to ease his passage, slowly pushing and pulling, adding more of her juices and then stretching her farther with his fingers and thumbs.  
  
"Mmm, oh yeah."  
  
"Hold on princess" was whispered in her ear and she relaxed even more as the head of Lorne's abundant cock slid inside of her. It was unlike anything she had ever felt before and Cordy wasn't sure if she wanted to moan or scream. It was painful but the pain was easing as she grew accustomed to the new invasion. She thought that any more would be more than she could take, but the feel of Gunn thrusting up into her made her squirm and wiggle and as she did, Lorne eased into a position that made her want to see how far he could go.  
  
She took a deep breath and the two men inside of her eased into a smooth rhythm. One would slide out as the other slid in. She was constantly being inundated with feeling of one cock pulling out while she was being filled with the other. Up and down. In and out. Relax and breath. Just feel.  
  
Hot cum spurted inside of her tight vagina as Gunn came and the feeling of the warm liquid splashing inside of her was too much. She pushed back fully into Lorne's groin and her insides grabbed hold of both cocks and squeezed with an unyielding strength.  
  
If she thought Gunn's orgasm was great, it was nothing compared to Lorne's which rocked her to her core.  
  
Nothing – ever – had ever felt anything near as mind-blowing as that had.  
  
Her head felt woozy and suddenly she was standing again; standing in Lorne's arms and he looked at her, her eyes, her hair, her lips. He leaned in for a kiss…  
  
"Cordy!"  
  
"Huh?! What!? Present!" She sat up in bed and the walls of her bedroom in the Hyperion came into focus.  
  
"Cordy?"  
  
"Huh?"  
  
A knock sounded at her door. "Cordy, come on. We have an appointment with the Henderson's at four o'clock."  
  
*Wesley. Oh yeah. Right. Life.* Her life. Back to the daily grind. More monsters and magic. More cold pizza and cold showers.  
  
"Be right down, Wes."  
  
Cordy washed her face and got dressed. She headed downstairs and poured a cup of coffee. Then spit it out.  
  
"Did Angel make the coffee again?"  
  
"Yes," came Wes's reply from the office. "Sorry, forgot to warn you."  
  
"S'all right." She picked up the Henderson file and walked over to the reception counter, mumbling a good morning to Fred who was sitting on the round couch in the lobby with her head in a book. Lorne walked in from the kitchen with a drink in his hand.  
  
Same old, same old.  
  
She dropped the file on the counter and started to ask Gunn a question when she saw the envelopes on the counter.  
  
Four envelopes. Cream vellum with neon blue script.  
  
  
  
The End