What Was Your Question?

by purplefeen

Clem/Faith  
genre: pr0n  
rating: Adults Only  
time frame: near future  
dedicated: to James Leary

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Clem jumped when the door to the back room of Willy's came crashing in. The reason for the ruckus was immediately apparent when Jorge, a bluish-purple Gengravla demon from Buenos Aires, crashed in on top of the smashed door and tried desperately to gain some footing only to be accosted by a petite beautiful banshee with long, dark brown locks and a killer smile. Clem was guessing about the smile because at the moment she was screaming like, well, like a banshee. Something about a lava demon?   
  
Sunnydale didn't have any lava demons any more, they'd all migrated to Los Angeles about the time the slayer showed up and they hadn't been back. *'Not even for a visit to their old poker-playing buddies'* Clem thought with dismay. He opened his mouth to tell that to the beautiful banshee, mainly in hopes of saving poor Jorge's life, but also because he wanted to see if her smile was as brilliant as he imagined it would be. His ears pricked up just at the thought of her imagined smile.   
  
Faith caught a glimpse of the loose-skinned demon as he opened his mouth to speak and dropped the Gengravla demon like a rock, moving with slayer speed to stand in front of the friendly looking wrinkly one who seemed willing to spill.   
  
"You got something on these lava demons, Foreskin? Cuz if you're just wasting my time so that Little Boy Blue over there can run away," Jorge had been about to do just that but stopped in his tracks and looked pleadingly toward his buddy Clem for help. Faith continued, "I'll skin you alive and make a nice coat - and hat - and scarf, maybe some mittens, and then I'll hunt him," she gestured toward Jorge, "and shove that horn of his right up his big fat a-"   
  
"No," Clem hastily stopped her, seeing the horror on his buddy's face. Jorge was such a nice guy, it was a shame really, that demons were judged as monsters before anyone bothered to get to know them personally.   
  
"I'll tell you," he added and she smiled at him just exactly the way he knew she would and his knees felt suddenly weak and she had to help him into a chair. He was so embarrassed.   
  
"The lava demons are gone, migrated to LA in '97. I haven't seen them back here since, but I've visited them up there once or twice. My buddy, Lance, he has this great place just north of the La Brea Tar Pits. Kinda swanky, but his jewelry store is doing real well. Got rich quick in LA, has some classy new friends, but still doesn't mind having Spike and I over for a wild weekend. Lance always was a party animal."   
  
Faith couldn't help but giggle, and Faith *never* giggled. "Lance? Your demon friend is named *Lance*? And he owns a jewelry store?" The laughter was coming harder now; she was holding her sides.   
  
Clem didn't see what was so funny. "What's so funny?"   
  
"You're kidding, right?" Faith shot back at him. "Lava demons moving to LA and owning jewelry stores? It sounds like a bad soap opera - or a Jerry Springer show! And you say you and Spike - - wait a minute, Spike as in William the Bloody Spike, the chipped wonder?" She grabbed him by the throat, reaching her hands between the folds to get a better grip. "You and William the Bloody are friends? What the hell -" But she never got to finish her question because Clem had passed out cold.   
  
  
  
Clem's head was spinning and he heard a loud roaring in his ears. Not a demon type roaring, but a motor type roaring. Had he fallen asleep in the boiler room of the library again? He liked to sneak in there at night and read and eat chicken wings, but he had fallen asleep at the table one night and the librarian had come in the next day and had a heart attack upon seeing him. She hadn't died, but it had upset the sweet-tempered demon and he was always considerate enough to go down to the boiler room when he got sleepy after that.   
  
He heard humming and realized that he couldn't be in the boiler room, no one ever came down there and plus he could hear a radio blaring a Souxsie and the Banshees tune and that's when he remembered the beautiful brunette banshee from the night before.   
  
He finally opened his eyes to find himself in the front seat of a convertible with the top down and the sun shining down on him and the brunette.   
  
"Finally awake, sleepyhead?" she asked, flashing him one of those smiles that made his ears - and other parts - tingle. "What happened back there?"   
  
"Um," he started, but he couldn't tell her, it was too embarrassing, so he introduced himself instead. "I'm Clem."   
  
"Yeah, I know. I beat it out of one of the other guys you were playing cards with. Do you really play for kittens? That's gross, even for me. Oh, I'm Faith, by the way - the *other* slayer."   
  
Clem couldn't believe it. There was another slayer? Why hadn't Spike ever mentioned this? Maybe she was new. Oh, no, was Buffy - ?   
  
"Is Buffy - ?" he started to ask but couldn't finish. Poor Spike, he'd be devastated if anything happened to Buffy. Well, unless the witch had broken up with her girlfriend; the redhead had always been Spike's first choice. With Buffy, he'd settled, since he couldn't have the one he wanted.   
  
"No, don't worry your wrinkly little head. B's fine, alive and well and boinking the undead. Still - again? I don't know, whatever, as long as she keeps her shiny happy friends away from me, I don't care what she does."   
  
As Clem was listening to her, he was looking out at the ocean that they were speeding past on their way up the coast. "Let me guess," he said, changing the subject since this girl didn't seem to like Buffy or her nice friends very much, "We're going to LA to visit Lance."   
  
"No shit, Sherlock. You figure that out all by yourself, did you?"   
  
"Seemed obvious. What do you want the lava demons for anyway? They're peaceful, ya know, wouldn't hurt a Domarian."   
  
"Yeah, I heard that, let's hope you're right. I need a frentario gland from an 856 year old lava demon for a spell Wes is trying to do."   
  
"Wes?" She has a boyfriend, *of course* she has a boyfriend, don't all the really *hot* ones have boyfriends?   
  
"Wesley Wyndam-Pryce, my ex-watcher. Needs to do a ritual for Angel, not sure what, he doesn't really confide in me anymore, not since I tortured him."   
  
"You tortured him?"   
  
"Yeah, just a phase I was going through. Don't worry, I'm over it now." She flashed him one of those quiver-inducing smiles. She sat in silence for a few minutes before asking, "Speaking of torture - what exactly did I do to you when I grabbed you around the throat last night? I wasn't trying to hurt you, honest, just scare you a little. I'm sorry, if that helps." Her words sounded kind of uncomfortable and Clem guessed that she didn't usually apologize for her behavior. He felt bad that she felt bad so he decided to tell her the truth.   
  
"It, well, it didn't hurt. You see, my folds, well, the skin in between, it's one big erogenous zone. It wasn't pain that made me pass out it was -"   
  
But Faith cut him off, "NO SHIT?"   
  
"Um, no, its true. Its just that its been a long time, a really, really long time since I've um - well, with a female, and I've never - with a human. You have really soft hands," he added quickly, trying to change the subject.   
  
Faith was intrigued now. "So if I touch you," she asked in a voice that was getting husky and deeply sensual, "I can make you cum? Just by touching you?" Her voice was whisper soft now.   
  
"Well, yeah," Clem conceded.   
  
The car swerved as Faith made a hasty right turn into the parking lot of a Motel 6.   
  
Faith left Clem in the car while she checked in. When she tried to pull him into the darkness of the motel room, he offered with his characteristic good nature, "If you're sleepy, I could drive for a while."   
  
"Not sleepy," Faith said to the cheerful demon as she peeled off her jacket. Her eyes never left his and he was starting to fear for his life.   
  
"Um, need a shower?" he asked hopefully.   
  
"Clean as a whistle." She was pulling off her boots now.   
  
He had to ask. If he was going to die, he wanted time to close his eyes so he wouldn't see it coming. "Then why -?"   
  
But she cut him off. "Now, you were saying something about erogenous zones?" she asked as she slipped her hands under his shirt and in between the supple folds of skin on his chest. His knees buckled and he sat abruptly onto the bed.   
  
She took in his lust-filled eyes and pulled off his jacket. She caressed his ears and his leg started to shake. With a grin, she slowly unbuttoned his shirt.   
  
Clem had been more than a little startled when she started touching him, but her objective was now very clear. Clem was never one to look a gift slayer in the mouth, so to speak. He couldn't seem to take his eyes off her mouth right now. Her tongue kept slipping out to moisten her bottom lip and it was driving him crazy.   
  
Demon hands reached up to the collar of Faith's 'Slayers Rule' t-shirt and ripped it off her body. Her shock allowed him to overpower her and pull her down onto the bed next to him. His lips captured hers and the dark haired slayer's knees went weak and she was beginning to think that maybe she should sit down. Clem's nails shredding her jeans into a thousand pieces reminded her that she was already down.   
  
Clem looked down at the naked girl in his arms and a predatory gleam came into his eyes that hadn't been there since he left his wife Valerie about sixty-five years ago. *'Bitch was frigid'* he remembered unhappily, *'only wanted sex four times a day - come on now, no man or demon should have to put up with that!'*   
  
He brought his attention back to the writhing and moaning brunette. While his mind had been wandering, his ears - having a mind of their own - had begun fondling her breasts and her nipples were now standing at attention and the slayer was begging him to suckle her. Never one to deny a lady, Clem descended on one pert breast, sucking the hard nipple into his mouth.   
  
Faith was speechless, she couldn't even moan or beg anymore. *'What is this guy doing? Doesn't he need to breath? It's like one l - o - n - g suck. OH. MY. GOD!'* She let out a roar as the pressure got more intense and heated electric current flowed to that wonderful spot between her legs. She'd never come just from having her nipples sucked before. Her hands reached out to touch any part of him that she could, this guy was doing things to her that she'd never imagined before, and she wanted to give him as much pleasure as he was giving her - if that were even possible.   
  
Clem felt her hands slide under the skin of his back, but he moved quickly out of the reach of her hands. He wanted to this girl to beg before he gave in to her. He sank to his knees by the side of the bed and pulled her legs down, opening her up to his next assault on her senses. *'I love a girl who shaves!'* he thought with glee as he saw the wet, naked flesh between her thighs.   
  
His ears went to work once again, this time more forcefully than before, one ear flicking the swollen pink bud of her clit and the other teasing her welcoming opening, already self-lubricated and aching for him.   
  
"Oh, baby, please," she begged. "Please baby, now baby, oh my god, right there, yeah. Oh, baby, I need you, soooo fucking bad! Please baby, want you, only you, forever you." Her brain was turning to fudge. This demon was touching her in ways and places she didn't know she had, no mere human man had ever, EVER made her feel anything close to this. *'No wonder B only does it with demons!'* was her last thought before screaming out Clem's name in ecstasy. But she needed more - had to have more of him.   
  
When she started to beg once again, Clem made his ears stop stroking her. He sat back on his heels and looked up at her sweat-drenched body. She pleaded with him once again. He ignored her, the only touching he did was to turn her over onto her stomach. When she whimpered and asked for more, his hand came up to lightly smack her on the ass. His hand rubbed and soothed the pink flesh.   
  
"You want that, Faith? That what you want, sweetie?"   
  
"Oh my god, Clem baby - YES! More, please more!"   
  
He smacked her again, not hard. He somehow had a feeling that she would like the rough stuff but he wasn't big on hitting women, so he kept it just at the edge of pleasure/pain. "Beg me some more, sweetie," he ordered in a very polite but sexy voice. He loved making a slayer beg for him.   
  
"Oh, Clem, baby, yes, baby. I'm begging baby. Begging you, please - please - hurt me, spank me, make me come baby. I want you to, I need you to, anything - any way you want to touch me, you do it, all for you, baby. Anything you want."   
  
As she spoke, Clem continued his barely painful smacks, soothing the hurt each time with his hand. His ears had decided to go back to playing with her pussy, each smack making her wetter, making them slip and slide smoothly over her bare, shaved skin.   
  
Faith had been convulsing in pleasure for so long she no longer remembered what day it was. She had to know if the rest of him was as satisfying as what he'd given her so far. With amazing strength of will, she turned herself over and pulled him up on the bed with her once again. She saw the hard evidence of his desire for her standing at attention and for a moment she was a little afraid. But she *had* to know, so she straddled him and slowly sank down on him, taking it slowly, letting her muscles adjust and stretch to accommodate his size. She didn't think she'd be able to take him all; she was pleasantly sore now and there was still more of him.   
  
Clem thrust up into her, pushing her to the limits and was at once overwhelmed by the heat of her. He felt like she was going to strangle his cock, she was so tight around him, but then, she'd probably never had anything like this before. He smiled at the thought. He began thrusting and retracting, slowly at first, to let her stretch.   
  
Faith, for her part, tried to ride him, but he was just so huge that it was wearing her out just adjusting to his size. Her hands once again found their way under the soft warm skin of his body's folds and his gasps and moans told her that he was enjoying what she was doing as much as she'd enjoyed what he'd done to her. To give him such ecstasy, just by touching under his skin, gave her a feeling of power she'd been lacking so far in this encounter. As she slowed the pace and rode him at her leisure, she rubbed every sensitive place she could find on his body, going back and back again to the places that made him moan just a little louder. Like the second fold of his neck. And the ripple just under his belly button. And the crease above his right knee.   
  
Her touches sent him over the edge and he came inside her, hard and strong and making her scream out her desire once again. She collapsed on top of him, unconscious.   
  
  
  
When she awoke, several hours later, Clem was sitting on the bed next to her, fully dressed and eating a jumbo bucket of buffalo wings. He felt her move and looked at her, watching her stretch and yawn and pull herself awake.   
  
"Hey, you're awake," he said cheerfully. "You ready to go see Lance now?"   
  
She looked at the wrinkled demon sitting next to her on the bed and all she could focus on was what they'd done, what *he'd* done - to her - and how much recovery time would she need before they could do it again. She saw his mouth move, but didn't register his words.   
  
"What was your question?" she asked as she pictured him naked beneath her.  
  
  
  
The End