

## "Don't Say Anything"

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Disclaimer: Joss owns all.

Rating: Um... R, probably. A couple of swear words. I'm not good at rating anyway.

Pairing: B/F

Notes: My first fanfic ever published in the net.

Feedback: Sure.

Summary: Faith casts a spell, but the result of it is not what she expected.

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There was something in the air that night, untouchable but present. Something that made the hair at the back of your neck stand up. Something that made you think of autumn leaves falling and storms impending. Oppressive, causing your heart to beat faster and louder.

Faith sighed and slowly approached the trees, wiping her palms against her jeans. She was nervous. The damn feeling that something wasn't right with nature wasn't helping any.

\*What if it isn't working? What if B finds out what I did?\*

She came to the Summers' house and looked up. The windows were dark. She squinted in the direction of Buffy's room. Was it just her imagination or was there a tiny light shimmering behind the window glass?

She slowly climbed the nearby tree to have a better look

\*Yep. There is a light in her room. Why isn't she asleep?\*

Feeling a slight disappointment, Faith shifted her weight on the branch and measured the distance between the tree and the house. She crawled further and moved over onto the roof. The light came closer, and she could tell now that it wasn't electric. Too soft and yellow. Almost like a ...

\*It's a candle. A candle's burning in her room.\*

Faith frowned. She approached the window, trying not to make a sound, and peeped inside. Shadows were playing on the walls and lurking in the corners, as if some ghost show was being performed. The ceiling was a mixture of spiraling gray shades and dim orange blotches, constantly moving, fighting and devouring each other.

But Faith didn't notice all that. The only thing she saw took her breath away. Buffy was sitting in the midst of changing colors, crossed-legged, staring at the candle in front of herself, her hair hanging around her shoulders, glimmering gold and pure white.

\*Jesus... She's so... What happened? Did I do that? It can't be the spell... It was only supposed to...\*

Suddenly, Buffy extended her hand and touched the flickering fire. Her fingers started to smoke almost immediately but she didn't even flinch.

- No!

Faith hurriedly opened the window and rushed inside. Ignoring the play of shadows, she fell on her knees beside Buffy, nearly knocking over the candle, and jerked the blonde's hand from the fire.

- B! What the hell are you doing?

Buffy blinked and silently looked at the intruder, her face blank. Faith glanced down at Buffy's fingers. She noticed a slight reddening but surprisingly there were no burns.

- Buffy!

Faith shook the girl's shoulders, but got no reply.

- Damn it. Answer me!

Buffy uttered an incoherent sound and shrank back, shoving Faith's hands away. She rose to her feet uncertainly and recoiled into the corner, looking around, apparently not thinking straight.

- Buffy... B!

Faith approached her gingerly and took her hand. Buffy whimpered and looked up.

- Wha... F-Faith?

- Yeah, B, it's me.

The brunette sighed with relief and half-smiled. The cold wind gushed through the open window and ruffled their hair. For a split second Faith got an image of a raging storm crashing down the house and almost heard their own desperate cries... She shook her head and softly squeezed Buffy's hands.

- B. What were you doing here?

- I...

Buffy frowned trying to figure out what to say.

- I-I'm not sure.

- You're not sure?

- I'm not.

Buffy pulled her hands away from Faith's grip and looked her in the eye for the first time this evening.

- Why are you here?

Faith lowered her eyes.

- I saw... the light in your room. Thought you might... I dunno. I got worried.

- You got worried. Why?

Buffy stared at her face intently. The wind kept flowing around them, the abandoned candle quivering on the floor. Faith shivered under the girl's scrutinizing gaze. She was more uncomfortable now than when she was approaching Buffy's house not knowing what to expect. Something fell outside with a crash somewhat resembling a thunderclap.

Then something dawned on Buffy. She parted her lips slightly and stepped back.

- You... You did... something, didn't you? What did you do to me?

Faith tossed her head up.

- No! I mean... yeah, but it wasn't...

Finding herself at a lack of words, she moved away and sat on the bed heavily.

- It wasn't supposed to be that... weird, – she said looking at the candle.

- What was it supposed to be, Faith? – Buffy asked, her voice breaking.

Faith was silent. She couldn't tear her eyes from the glowing candle. Couldn't make herself look at the girl who was scared and upset all because of her. It was all wrong. Did she miss something? I couldn't be. She did everything right, did she? And what's with the friggin' wind? Faith looked behind. \*Of course. The damn window.\*

- Faith?!

\*Now she's angry. It's all so pathetic. Can I do anything right?\*

Faith inhaled deeply and finally found the strength to look at the older girl, who was standing there like an unreal mythological creature, surrounded by dark and light moving phantoms, in all her glory, anger and fear.

Faith smiled wryly. \*How typical. All she has to do is reveal any emotions provoked by me... and I mean ANY... and I'm done.\*

- It was a spell, - she said slowly. – You were supposed to... unit with your true element or something and stop hurting. That's all.

Buffy looked at her incredulously.

- You cast a spell on me? By yourself?

Faith nodded, not actually caring about anything anymore. \*Although... it's a lie. I care. I made a mistake again. It's becoming a fucking pattern. What was I thinking? As if she'd give a damn about my intentions. She doesn't, does she?\*

- You cast a spell by yourself. Do you realize how dangerous it is? God! – Buffy put her hand in her forehead. - I don't even remember what I was doing this evening... All I know is... I came back from Willow's. It was like... - she glanced at her watch. – Two hours ago. And... and then nothing.

She shook her head, lowered herself on the floor and blew out the candle, not even looking in Faith's direction. The room sank into darkness.

It was getting colder and colder. Somewhere outside a real thunder rattled. Buffy looked towards the window. The curtains were trembling.

- You should probably go. It's going to rain soon.

Faith said nothing.

- I'll ask Willow to check the spell. If there are any consequences I mean.

- Yeah... Willow, of course. - uttered Faith, suddenly finding her own voice strange and hoarse. – You ask her. She's your best friend. And a witch. She'll know what she's doing. As usual.

- Yes, she will, - said Buffy pointedly. – Unlike you.

Faith winced as if she was slapped, but quickly regaining her composure rose to her feet. She chuckled bitterly and went to the window.

- Fuck you, B. – she said softly and climbed the sill, but then paused and looked behind. – You don't even give a damn why I did that, do you?

Buffy was still sitting on the floor near the dead candle. It always amused Faith how fast the blonde's emotions could change and be so clearly reflected on the girl's face. Or was it her? Was she the only one able to decipher their play? Was Buffy unreadable to the rest of the world?

Confusion replaced anger. Buffy's head was slightly tilted to the left. She looked like a schoolgirl who suddenly received an explanation of a simple truth that she wasn't expecting.

- Huh?

Faith laughed. Suddenly it all seemed so ridiculous. Her own sulkyness and self pity. Buffy's misinterpretation and lack of understanding.

- Forget it, B.

Faith turned away and saw that it'd started to rain. The wind was gone. Large drops kept falling faster and faster, covering the grass and trees, making the asphalt a dark pool of black water. It was quiet, except for the rustling of mesmerizing gray liquid.

Faith lost the track of time. She gave a start and turned around, feeling a hand on her shoulder.

- Don't go.

Buffy's face was strangely unreadable to Faith. Or was it just a play of dusk, making her blind?

Buffy stepped away and went to the bed. She sat down and leaned back against the pillows. Faith hesitated for a few seconds, then got down from the sill and came closer.

- Sit here. – Buffy patted the spot near her.

- What for?

Buffy didn't answer. She just kept looking at Faith with the same unfathomable expression on her face.

Faith shrugged and took the same position on the bed settling back against the remaining pillow.

They kept silence for a while, Faith studying her own hands not wanting to think about anything at all.

- So, why did you do that? – asked Buffy quietly, her voice seeming too calm.

Faith looked away. She could tell her everything. Definitely could. So much to say. But somehow the right words couldn't find the way to her mouth. Again.

Buffy sighed.

- The silence is getting old, you know.

Faith felt tears stirring somewhere deep inside and cursed her inability to talk when it was of utmost necessity. She raised her hand to her eyes.

- No! – Buffy caught her hand, obviously thinking she was about to leave. – Stay.

Then Faith felt something she was expecting the least. Buffy released her hand and shifted on the bed, putting her head on the younger girl's lap.

- B?

- Shut up. – Buffy put her arm around Faith's waist. – If you can't talk, just shut up.

- But...

- Don't say anything. Please.

- 'Kay.

The rain kept falling, but inside the room it was suddenly warm. Faith glanced towards the window, but it was still open. A few icy drops fell on the floor making shiny wet puddles.

After a moment's hesitation, Faith put her hand on Buffy's hair and stroked it tenderly.

- 'Kay, B. Won't say a word.

**THE END**