



# A Very Scooby Pillow Fight



By Ardath Rekha

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**Synopsis:** Angelus taunts an old friend/enemy inside a church.

**Category:** Fan Fiction

**Fandom:** *Buffy the Vampire Slayer / Angel*

**Series:** None

**Challenges:** LadyElaine's "Anywhere But Vindom" Challenge

**Rating:** T

**Orientation:** Gen

**Pairings:** None

**Warnings:** Adult Situations, Innuendo, Mild Language

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It's been a long time since you had the opportunity to mess with Xander Harris's head. You've missed it. And what an opportunity! You follow him into the church with glee. Around you, you can feel energy crackling in outrage at your presence, but why should you care? You are *Angelus*. Even the Master and Kakistos could not compare to you. No darker demon soul runs through any vampire's veins than through yours. Let the Powers That Be rage against you — even Hell itself couldn't hold you.

You drift behind him as he makes his way to the fountain. You smirk. There isn't enough Holy Water in the world anyway.

“So how many baptisms do you think they'll have to cancel for you?” You ask Xander, and he whirls.

It's fun watching him recover and pretend you didn't scare him. Fun watching him force back the fear and shove scorn forward in its place. “I thought you couldn't come into places like this, Dead Boy.”

Asshole. You haven't been a boy since his seven-times-great-grandfather was still in his nappies. *Okay, okay, don't let him rile you.*

“Well,” you drawl, remembering one of his strange little quirks, “It's all a question of *Faith*.”

He blinks. More accurately, he winks. Yeah, he still has that twitch. It's kind of a shame you never got in on any of that, you think. You bet Faith was a blast in the sack. Now she's gone all repentant. Too bad. She had a lot of potential. She could have wreaked havoc on the whole world at your side. Kind of a shame “Conscience Boy” made you miss that boat.

“Yes,” you repeat, enjoying yourself. “It has *everything* to do with how much *Faith* you have.” Oh, this is too much fun! His eye twitched shut again! “How much Faith...” And again! “...did you have?”

Xander winks again and his eyes shift past you. “Looks like I've got a lot.”

Not that old “look behind you” thing again.

“C'mon, Xand,” you say. “That was old when I was still human.”

A polite cough comes from behind you. You turn around.

It's an elderly priest. He smiles at you just a little, his mouth tight, and you can *see* in his eyes that he knows exactly what you are.

“I suggest you depart, Hellspawn,” the cleric says. Oh, that's the best bullshit line anybody's given you in ages! Especially with the *pillow* in the man's hand! What's up with *that*? God's Chosen needs a security blanket?

“Or you'll do what, hit me with your pillow?” Why *not* mock?

The priest's mouth flattens into a disapproving line and he tosses the pillow at you. Your hand comes up to bat it aside and—

YEEEEEEOWCH!!!

Pain sizzles across your palm. You stare at the pillow as it drops to the stone floor — there's a freaking *crucifix* embroidered on it!

“Got all the faith I need!” Xander Harris crows as you flee the church, clutching your hand.