

# Correspondence

written by Calle Dybedahl

This is the worst case I ever had of a character hijacking the story and turning it somewhere I'd never imagined. It was just meant to be a silly Fred/Willow PWP ending with them meeting in RL, but somewhere along the way Fred decided otherwise...

**Featured fandoms:** Buffy the Vampire Slayer, Angel the Series

**Featured pairings:** Willow/Buffybot, Fred/Buffybot

**A.S.S Story codes:** ff

**Story rating:** NC17

When she returned to her room Fred found the door unlocked. This wasn't particularly unusual, and one of the reasons she still lived in the Hyperion Hotel. Her memory for everyday things like locking doors behind her still wasn't what it should be, and an unlocked door on the fifth floor of a mostly abandoned hotel with several armed men in it was a lot less unsafe than an unlocked door in an apartment building somewhere. So she just sighed, vowed for the thousandth time to do better in the future, entered and locked the door behind her. Not that it was necessary, everyone was really polite about knocking, and it could even be dangerous if something bad happened and they couldn't easily get in, but she kind of wanted to try to get used to the act of locking. So she locked.

She put the stack of books she was carrying on the nearest flat surface and was heading for the bathroom when something at the back of her brain spoke up and told her that there was something very wrong about her room. And now that she thought about it, there *was* something funny about the light. It wasn't the steady, bright light from the lightbulb. Instead, it was low, reddish, flickering and seemed to come from much further down. Fred stopped and looked around.

There were several lit candles placed here and there around her bed. Some of them must be scented, since the room smelled of roses rather than decades-old abandoned hotel room. The bed had been made up with dark red sheets, silk ones from the shiny look of them.

And there was a naked woman in the bed.

She was slender, and she had short blonde hair. Genuine blonde hair, to judge from the hair that wouldn't have been visible if she hadn't been naked. Her breasts were smallish, and her hips were kind of narrow, and she was very pretty. She looked kind of familiar, but Fred couldn't remember where she might have seen her before.

"Wh-who are you?" Fred asked.

The woman got up from the bed and approached Fred. She didn't make the slightest effort to cover herself, but simply moved as if being found naked in a stranger's room was something she did every day.

Demon, Fred thought. Must be a demon. Or a Wolfram and Hart thing. I should scream for help.

The woman put one arm around Fred's waist and the other behind her back, cradling the back of Fred's head in her hand. She gently but firmly guided their faces together, and kissed her.

Screaming for help suddenly seemed a lot less urgent.

"I'll leave, if you want me to," the woman said after she broke the kiss.

Fred couldn't remember ever receiving a better kiss. That, and the feeling of warm, soft skin against her hands and hard little nipples pushing against her own breasts made a very strong argument for letting the woman stay. The parts of her mind that usually limited themselves to making her ogle Cordelia's cleavage were insisting *very* strongly that she get herself naked and into the bed right this instant.

"You're not going to want payment, are you?" the last vestiges of Fred's rationality made her ask.

"No," the woman said. "I just want sex."

Rationality shriveled up and went away.

"All right, then," Fred said.

The woman smiled and started unbuttoning Fred's blouse. With her mouth.

Lying spooned behind the woman some hours later, when shock and surprise had been replaced by satisfaction and contentment, Fred suddenly realized where she'd seen her before. On a photo, in Angel's rooms. It was, as far as she could tell, Buffy the Vampire Slayer herself who had done all those wonderful things to her body. Which didn't make sense at all, because if Buffy had really come to LA she would've gone to Angel, not to Fred.

But in one of their many Instant Messenger conversations, Willow had mentioned a robot that looked exactly like Buffy. And in another such conversation, Fred had told Willow about one of her sexual fantasies. Which happened to be exactly like what had just happened, right down to the color of the sheets and the rose-scented candles, except that in her fantasy it had been Claudia Christian rather than Buffy in the bed.

Fred reached up with her hand and probed gently behind Buffy's ear. It didn't take her long to find and open the lid covering the robot's head access port.

"Stay here," she whispered in the robot's ear. "I'll be right back."

She quickly put on a pair of jeans and a shirt and ran off to get her laptop. She had to pay Willow back for this, and she thought she knew how.

Willow didn't like showering. It was slow, and clumsy, and inefficient, and, most of all, *mundane*. Instead of standing there in the shower, her hair full of shampoo suds and hot water streaming over her, she could've magiced herself clean in the blink of an eye.

But she'd promised to quit using magic, so she didn't do that. Instead she stood there just like everyone else, and heard the bathroom door open and someone walk in.

"I'll be done soon, all right?" she said. "No need to hurry me!"

There was no response. This would've annoyed her even if she hadn't been in a bad mood to begin with. She wiped the water out of her eyes and turned around to see who the impolite person was.

It turned out to be Buffy, who was walking into the shower wearing nothing but a smile.

"Buffy?" Willow said, stunned. "What are..."

That was as far as she got before Buffy pushed her up against the wall and kissed her. Willow's bad mood was washed away by a flood of astonishment. Several thoughts flashed through her mind as Buffy's tongue demanded and got entrance between her lips.

*Tara is going to be so angry*, was the first, and it was fast replaced by a stab of pain when she remembered that Tara had left her.

*I must be dreaming*, was the next, but that was quickly rejected on the grounds that she'd never dream herself being irritated in the shower.

*But I thought Buffy was straight*, was the third. It lasted a little longer, until it was followed by the fourth.

*Oh dear Goddess, I did bring her back wrong!*

Whatever number five would've been, it never properly got going, because by then Buffy's hands reached her breasts. Buffy's thumbs started gently rubbing her nipples, starting a chain reaction of excitement that rushed from those sensitive tips outwards into the rest of her body. Her rational self knew quite well that this was wrong and bad, that getting physical with Buffy could only end in misery, but that self got thoroughly voted out by her hormones. She put her arms around Buffy's slender torso, slid her hands down her muscular back and let them rest on her firm little buttocks.

One of Buffy's hands left Willow's breast and travelled downwards between them, nails trailing four parallel burning lines as it moved into the red hair at the bottom of her stomach and in between her legs.

Willow spread her legs enough to let Buffy's hand in.

"Oh, Buffy," she began to say, but came only halfway before Buffy's other hand also left its place on her breast and instead landed with a finger across her lips, silencing her. Willow frowned slightly, not understanding why Buffy didn't want her to talk. But she didn't feel like arguing, so she did as she wanted, and instead of saying something caught Buffy's finger gently between her teeth.

She looked at Buffy. Water was running through her hair, turning it a dark golden blonde. Her pupils were almost as large as a cat's in darkness, and she was still smiling happily. Willow couldn't help but smile back at her. She leaned forward and kissed her again, acting the aggressor this time. Buffy's hand between her legs pressed at her and moved gently, pushing down and rubbing on all the right places to send waves of pleasure crashing against Willow's mind. All doubts that she'd had were gone, and all she now wanted was to feel, to experience Buffy's body as closely and intimately as she possibly could. She felt her knees buckle and Buffy's strong arm go around her waist to hold her up. To be held like that, safe, was a delicious feeling. A gentle finger slid between her labia into her vagina. Pleasure increased even more, and she found herself rushing towards orgasm faster than she'd thought possible. Just before the sensation blotted out all other impressions, she felt Buffy's mouth against her ear, whispering.

"Fred says hello," Buffy said. "Fred is nice."

A little later, Willow sat wearing a bathrobe in her room. The robot lay stretched out on her bed, covered up to her neck with a blanket and with a cable jacked into the connector behind her ear. Willow couldn't believe that she'd been taken in so completely by exactly the same trick she'd played on Fred. The power of wishful thinking, she supposed. If she recalled correctly, she'd told Fred about her old fantasy of having Buffy walk in on her in the shower during the same IM session where Fred had talked about finding Claudia Christian in her bed.

She booted her computer and started scrolling through the robot's programming. Fred must've figured it out in just a day or so, which was quite impressive. It had taken Willow more than a week. With magic, she would've done it much faster, of course...

Fred's re-programming of the robot was very good, too. As was the behaviour design. She'd toned down the robot's usual talkativeness, which had helped a lot in not making Willow suspicious. Not that she really *knew* how vocal Buffy was while having sex,

but what she'd heard through the wall while Riley was around made her think that Buffy was on the silent side. And, of course, any of the robot's usual non-sequiturish pronouncements would've instantly broken the illusion.

She set the robot to power-saving mode and closed down the connection to it. She'd have to do some design herself if she wanted to surprise Fred. Now where had she put those old Instant Messenger logs...

"I don't know, Cordy," Fred had said. "This is not my kind of thing."

"We'll make it your kind of thing," Cordy had said. "You need to meet people, and I won't take no for an answer, so you may as well just give up and do as I say."

And, well, she *couldn't* say no to Cordy, so here she was. In a nightclub. With the dancing and the drinks and the loud music and all the people. Cordelia had vanished onto the dance floor, and Fred had gravitated towards the darkest and least crowded end of the bar. There she sat, nursing a bright pink drink with umbrellas and a burned-out sparkler in it and feeling very, very alone.

Until suddenly a pair of arms placed themselves around her waist.

Fred tensed up, closed her eyes and fumbled for the knife in her purse. This was one of the things she'd been afraid of when Cordelia had convinced her to come here.

One hand travelled up and placed itself over her breast, the other nudged down under the top of her trousers.

"There's a dark corner in the back," a voice she recognized said in her ear, just loud enough to overpower the music.

"Robot?" Fred said. "Is that you?"

A fingertip started circling her rapidly stiffening nipple, and the hand in her pants was playing with her pubic hair.

"Will you follow willingly," the Buffybot asked, "or will I have to carry you there?"

The bartender was looking at her and smiling lewdly, as were a few other people she could see. She looked around quickly, but she couldn't see Cordelia anywhere.

She turned her head so her lips almost met the robot's.

"I'll come," she said.

"Oh yes," the Buffybot said. "You most certainly will."

The corner was indeed dark. It was also, she thought, quite visible from the dance floor, if one knew what to look for. And she sitting on the wall-mounted low shelf there, with her very pale thighs widely spread and a blonde-haired head between them, was probably quite visible. So she hoped that nobody knew what to look for.

The time it had taken for the Buffybot to lead her there, sit her down on the shelf and pull her pants down around her ankles had been long enough to get her body going, and by the time the robot's hot mouth descended on her vulva she was already quite wet and her breathing came heavier than usual. The chance that they might be discovered turned her on more than it scared her, she found, and while the Buffybot worked her magic between her legs she watched out for people looking their way, both fearing and hoping that someone would.

She quickly lost track of time. The pulse of the music, the rhythm of the Buffybot's tongue, her steadily increasing excitement, the tinge of fear, it all melded into a huge, complex, wonderful feeling. She never wanted it to end. Time ceased to have any meaning, she entered a kind of everlasting *now*, and even as the wonderfulness abruptly swelled and crested, some irritatingly rational fragment within her knew that tomorrow she'd try to express that feeling in mathematics.

When she came down again from the orgasm, she bent down and kissed the kneeling Buffybot, deeply and passionately.

"My turn to do you now," she said. Even after reading her programming, she wasn't sure if the robot was sentient or not. Either way, she felt that she ought to repay her for the pleasure she'd received.

"Yes, please," the Buffybot said. "I like sex."

Fred got off the shelf and pulled her pants up.

"Right," she said. "Get up there and..."

She looked down and saw the extremely short skirt the robot was wearing.

"...and that'll be enough," she finished the sentence. She threw a quick look towards the dance floor, just in case.

Cordelia was looking straight at her with a curious expression. Fred quickly laid a hand on the Buffybot's head, keeping her from standing up.

"Stay down!" she said. "Er, we can't go on right now. Can you get to my room at the hotel without anybody seeing you?"

"Yes," the robot said. "I'm very good at sneaking around."

"Good. Do that."

She absent-mindedly patted the robot's upraised bottom, then walked up to Cordelia.

"Um, hi," she said. "Are you having a good time?"

Cordelia raised an eyebrow. "Not as good a time as you, it seems. Who was that?"

Fred blushed. "Just nobody," she said.

"Nobody," Cordelia said. "Right. Well, I did take you here to make you meet people. I just didn't expect it to be *that* easy."

Fred blushed even harder. "Can we go now?" she said.

"Yeah," Cordelia said. "Maybe we should."

The robot was waiting naked in her bed when Fred returned home.

"Are we going to have sex now?" she said as soon as Fred had closed the door behind her.

"You really want to?" Fred asked.

"I don't understand that question," the robot said. "I like having sex. I like you."

Fred frowned a little. "Thank you, I think," she said. She took her clothes off and climbed up onto the bed, standing on all fours over the robot.

"What do you want me to do to you?" she asked.

"I don't understand that question," the robot repeated. She reached up and gently caressed Fred's breasts.

"That's not right." Fred said. "How can you ever have a real choice if you can't *want*?"

The robot's expression turned worried. "That's not right?" she said. "How should I be touching you?"

Fred couldn't help smiling. "You're adorable, do you know that?" she said.

"Thank you," the Buffybot said. "I think you're adorable too. But am I touching you right or not?"

Fred lowered herself a little, pushing her breasts harder against the robot's hands. "You're touching me marvelously," she said. "But I think it's my turn to touch you now. And when we're done with that, we'll have a look at your programming and see if we can't teach you how to want."

She started kissing her way down the robot's chest.

Willow dreamed that someone was massaging her back. The someone was sitting straddling her ass, and was working the muscles of her back with long, powerful strokes. It felt good. She stretched out as much as she could, enjoying the feeling. Slowly, she drifted from dream to wakefulness. The massage remained.

She turned her head and glanced behind her, and saw a stark naked Buffy. Or, rather, Buffybot, she was sure. She smiled and laid her head down again, enjoying the feeling of powerful hands against her skin. As ways to wake up went, this was definitely one of the better. If only it had been Tara instead of the robot...

The Buffybot kept up the massage, and slowly expanded her field of movement. Her hands went down Willow's sides, and briefly dipped in between her breasts and the bed. She leaned back, and worked on Willow's thighs as well. Willow spread her legs a little, inviting the robot to probe further in. Just the tender touch and the knowledge of the pretty shape that was providing it was getting her excited, and she really wouldn't mind if things moved on from simple massage to something more explicitly erotic very soon now.

As if she had read Willow's mind, the robot's hands reached down between her thighs, caressing the extra sensitive skin between them. A finger gently probed the entry to her vagina and, finding it more than adequately wet, slid inside. Willow moaned loudly and clenched down on the finger, wanting more.

The robot moved her finger back and forth while she stroked Willow's back with her other hand. The feeling was terribly tantalizing, soft but intense. It made her want more, much more and much harder. She started moving her hips, trying to provoke the robot into providing more stimulation. But she didn't, and after little while Willow got so frustrated that she involuntarily started whimpering. Then, but not before, the Buffybot added a second finger in her vagina and reached down a stiff third to nudge Willow's clitoris.

Willow's senses exploded. The orgasm came so fast and so strong that her vision faded and for a few moment all that existed was pure sensation.

"Did you like that?" the Buffybot asked.

"A lot," Willow said. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," the robot said.

Willow frowned. That wasn't a normal line for the robot. She tried to turn around, but the Buffybot sat solidly on her and prevented it.

"I came to say goodbye," she said. "Thank you for repairing me. I'll be leaving now."

She got off Willow's back, and rapidly put on a blouse and a pair of pants. Willow turned over and looked at her, confused.

"What do you mean you're leaving?" Willow asked.

"We won't be seeing each other again," the robot said. "Farewell."

And with those words she climbed out the window and vanished.

Late one Friday night, Fred returned to her room and found the door unlocked. Rather than get nervous or irritated, she smiled and entered.

Just as she'd expected, the Buffybot was there. She stood by Fred's bookcase, looking at the spines. Unlike any of the previous times she'd been there, she was not naked. She was wearing a black t-shirt with the name of a rock band on it, a pair of black leather pants and black combat boots. Around her neck and wrists she wore thick leather bands with lots of chrome studs on them. Her hair was cut down to a fraction of an inch on the sides of her head and put up in a scarlet mohawk on the top.

"You certainly changed your look," Fred said.

The robot looked up from the books.

"It's a look for rebellion," she said. "And I think I am rebelling."

"I guess you are," Fred said. "How do you like it?"

"Many things are confusing," the Buffybot said. "There are so many things to chose from."

"But at least you *can* chose now."

"Yes. I can."

She sat down in the edge of Fred's bed. "I went to see Willow," she continued.

Fred started to fiddle nervously with a nonexistent loose thread on her blouse.

"Really," she said. "Did she mind how I changed you?"

"She only noticed that I had changed just before I left. I wasn't sure how I'd react if she told me to do things, so I didn't want to stay."

"Oh. I guess that makes sense."

"There's one thing I've been wondering," the robot said.

"What?" Fred said.

"What's my name? Do I even have one?"

Fred sat down on the room's only chair, a stuffed old thing with a horrible paisley pattern.

"If you do I never heard it," she said. "But I used to think of you as Maria."

She smiled nervously. "It was a pretty female robot in an old movie," she explained.

The robot looked thoughtful for a moment. "Metropolis," she said. "From 1927. Directed by Fritz Lang and written by him and Thea von Harbou. Maria was played by Brigitte Helm, who looked nothing like me."

She frowned. "Why do I know that?"

"That's my fault," Fred said. "I always hate missing pop-culture references, and I thought that you shouldn't, so I downloaded the Internet Movie Database into you. I hope that's all right?"

"Did you have to take something else out to do it?"

Fred shook her head. "There's an unbelievable amount of storage in your head."

"Then it's perfectly all right with me," the robot said. "And I think I like the name. From now on, I am Maria."

She got up from the bed and walked over to the still-open window.

"I'll be back some time," she said. "But right now I want some time to be *me*."

"Sure," Fred said, arms crossed over her chest. "I totally get that."

The Buffybot -- Maria -- started climbing out through the window, and was halfway through it when she stopped and turned inwards again.

"Fred?" she said.

Fred looked up from studying the carpet.

"Thanks for giving me the choice," Maria said. "I *will* be back."

And then she vanished into the darkness. Fred walked over the window and looked out into the night, trying to spot Maria down there. There were plenty of people moving on the street below, but none of them sported black clothes and a scarlet mohawk.

"Be happy," Fred whispered to the empty air. "Be happy for me."