

Secret

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Inspired by a picture of Realdoll's booth at a porn industry fair and a LiveJournal post by Penny Dreadful.

Set earlyish season six, with spoilers up to that.

Featured fandoms: Buffy the Vampire Slayer

Featured pairings: Buffybot/Willow

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC-17

Willow's got a secret.

In the morning she sees Dawn off to school, and she's sure that her secret is safe from her. She sees Buffy off to her shift at the Doublemeat Palace, and it's safe from her too. She sees Tara off to an early lecture, and it's safe even from her. Nobody knows Willow's secret, except Willow herself.

Once the others are gone from the house, Willow goes down into the basement, still wearing only the t-shirt she's slept in, a dressing gown over it and a pair of fluffy slippers. She walks over to her work area in the far corner and opens the large cupboard standing next to it. She reaches in, and turns the robot on.

Its eyes open. It turns its head towards the light, and its face breaks out in a brilliant smile when it sees Willow.

"Willow!" the Buffybot says. "You're my best friend!"

The robot clammers out of the cupboard, smiling all the time.

"Yes," Willow says to it. "Yes, I am."

"Can I make you happy now?" the Buffybot asks. It's still smiling adoringly.

Willow unties the belt of her dressing gown.

"Yes," she says. "You can."

She retrieved the pieces of the broken robot herself the morning after she'd brought Buffy back from the dead. It was a too impressive piece of technology to just let it be thrown away. Slowly, she put it back together again. Using magic as a third and fourth hand when soldering and gluing things together, it wasn't so hard. It took her longer to expunge the last vestiges of Spike from its programming.

She didn't tell anyone about it. She knew that Buffy didn't like the robot, and seeing it would only bring back painful memories for the rest of the Scoobies. So she kept it to herself. Piece by piece, like an enormously complex jigsaw puzzle, she assembled its parts into a working whole.

Her own pliant, obedient Buffy.

Except it wasn't a perfect replica of her dear old friend. Not really. It was good enough to fool anyone as long as it kept its clothes on, but that was the limit of it. Since it had been constructed from what photographs of Buffy that Spike could get his grubby hands on, Warren had had to guess at what she looked like naked.

Willow had seen her friend naked often enough while they still shared a dorm room, back before Tara and her own coming out. There was less of the nakedness after that. But her memory was as good as ever, and she remembered very well her friend's slender body. Her moles and birthmarks. The odd few scars that never quite went away in spite of Slayer powers of healing. The little heart-shaped tattoo at her hip that she refused to talk about.

Carefully, detail by detail, Willow started making the robot into as perfect a copy of Buffy as she could manage. Magically digging into her own memories and projecting them into the air, she laboriously duplicated every last mark and blemish on Buffy's smooth skin that she'd ever seen. She adjusted the size and shape of the nipples, she corrected the color of the areola, she fixed the pubic hair. She rebuilt the belly button from scratch. With body parts, pieces of artificial skin and various electronics hovering in the air around her, she worked hard at getting her Buffy absolutely perfect.

The robot opens the dressing gown and lets it fall to the sides. Willow lifts her arms out of its sleeves, leaving it trapped between her body and the chair. She raises her arms, and the Buffybot takes her t-shirt off, leaving her naked.

The robot already is naked. She never bothered to get any clothes for it, even though she's quite sure that the real Buffy wouldn't notice if a few things vanished

from her wardrobe.

"You're very pretty," the Buffybot says. "Looking at your gorgeous naked body makes me want to do all sorts of things to it."

"You're very pretty too," Willow says. And the robot is very pretty. Much prettier now than when she started working on it. Less teenage boy wet dream, more real life woman. Willow is proud of her work.

"I want to caress your lovely breasts," the Buffybot says. "I want to kiss your tender lips. I want to play between your legs and make you moan in delight. May I do those things?"

"You may," Willow says. As the robot straddles her thighs, puts its arms around her and kisses her, Willow decides that improving the speech pattern programming can wait until tomorrow. She runs her hands down the robot's naked back, and pushes her tongue into its mouth.

She had to guess on a few things, of course. She didn't know exactly how Buffy's labia looked, nor precisely how her breasts felt when played with. She could make educated guesses, of course, but that wasn't at all the same thing as knowing for sure.

More than once she stood outside the door to Buffy's bedroom late at night, thinking about the woman inside. It would be so easy to use a little spell to make all the people of the household sleep deeply while she snuck into Buffy's room and checked out those few details. It would only take a few moments to sneak in, get Buffy naked, get a good feel of her breasts and a good, long look between her legs. But she never did. It would be crossing a line that she didn't want to cross. Not only would it be a violation of Buffy's person, even though she'd never know of it, but having her hands on another woman in that way would also be too much like cheating on Tara. And she'd never do that.

When she'd got the robot's body as close to the real thing as she ever would, she started in on its programming. She knew quite well how Buffy acted and talked, of course. She knew quite a bit about her sexual tastes, from long nightly talks about Angel and Riley. She even knew from personal experience how Buffy kissed, from a late-night drunken Truth or Dare game during their freshman days at UC Sunnydale.

The things she didn't know she made up according to her own preferences, and it was then that she decided that the infidelity line was drawn somewhere between the organic and the electronic. Another woman would be cheating. A female demon would be cheating. A robot was not cheating. It was more like a very complex and versatile vibrator that happened to look a lot like a woman. A masturbatory aid, not a person.

Willow spent weeks adjusting the robot's sexual responses. A warm, slick hole and an enthusiastic voice might have been enough for Spike, but she wanted more. She wanted the robot to know how and where to touch her, when and how to use its fingers, when and how to use its mouth. She wanted it to be able to judge her excitement, and adjust its behaviour according to Willow's mood. Either to bring her off as quickly as possible, or to keep her at the edge of orgasm for just a little longer than she could stand. Hour after hour she'd spend in her work chair in the basement, naked from the waist down and the robot's head firmly planted between her thighs. A thick bundle of faintly glowing cables stretched from its detached neck to the headless body sitting on the floor, and a few ordinary gray ones led up to Willow's laptop on the desk. The robot's tongue played over and in her vulva, bringing her to ecstasy and down again, while representations of its decision determination matrices paraded across the laptop's display. Every time it did something that she wasn't perfectly pleased with, she'd adjust the relevant mat-

rix and have it start licking her all over again. Sometimes, she'd just lean back and have it bringing her to orgasm after orgasm, accompanied by her own loud moans and cries and a flat simulation of the robot's voice spouting surreal endearments from the laptop's speakers.

Willow and the robot are lying side by side on an old mattress in the basement, Willow on her side, touching the robot all along her body. The robot is on its back. Willow has two fingers moving in the Buffybot's vagina and her thumb pressing down on its clitoris, and it arches its back and screams in ecstasy. Not for the first time, she wonders if it really orgasms. The set of responses that look like climax certainly brings it very strong positive reinforcement, she knows that, because she's read (and edited) the source code for it. She's never been able to tell if the robot is self-aware or not, but very few animals are and she's pretty sure they orgasm. So maybe the robot does too. If nothing else, she'd like it to, because it has brought her so much pleasure, and it'd please her to know that it got some too.

"I love it when you play with my pussy," the robot says, smiling happily at Willow.

"It's a very nice pussy," Willow says. As nice as I could make it, she thinks but doesn't say. That would confuse the robot, and confusion disturbs the decision matrices.

"Thank you," the robot says. "Your pussy is also very nice."

Willow smiles contentedly at it. "Thank you," she says. "Now go into your cupboard and enter standby mode. I need to shower before the others come home."

The Buffybot does as it's told. It's a very obedient robot. Once it's safely tucked in its cupboard, Willow goes upstairs to shower and dress. She wants to be cooking dinner when they come home, like a nice little housekeeper. She'll give Dawn a big helping of food and tell her if she doesn't eat it she won't grow up to be as strong as her big sister. Dawn will say that she'd rather not be a Slayer thank you very much, so she'll just have some salad. Buffy will smile at them, looking a little distant and forlorn like she has since she returned to life. Tara will look happy, happy that they're all like nice a little family. When they've eaten, Willow and Tara will wash up while Dawn does her homework and Buffy goes patrolling. None of them knows that Willow has a secret.

At the end of the day, Willow and Tara will climb into their bed, and Willow will fall asleep with her face against Tara's long, lovely hair that smells faintly of Lethe's Bramble.

None of them knows that Willow has a secret. Not even those who go looking for jam jars in the basement.