

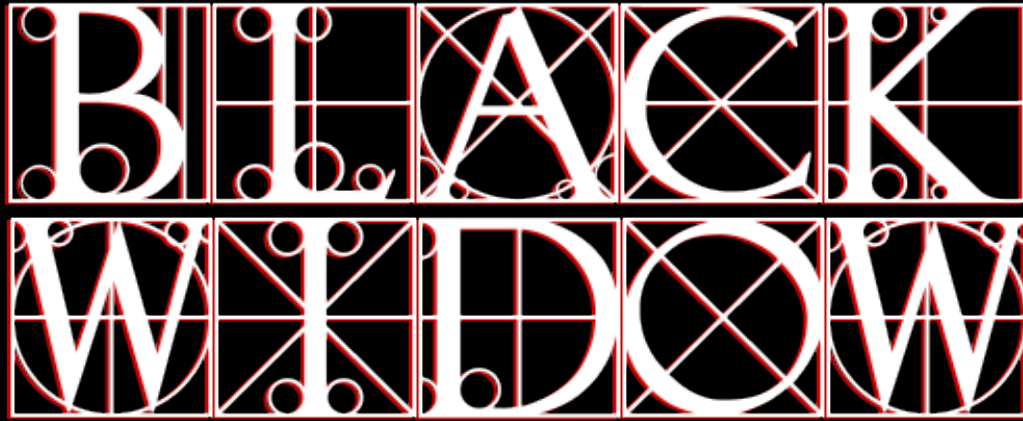


# BLACK WIDOW

For Mature readers only. Warnings for sex, violence and language apply



A BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER FAN COMIC  
STORY AND ART BY  
BOGWITCH



## Story and Art by Bogwitch

Press the Rewind button on the world and press play. It's 1995 and a fresh-faced Bogwitch is at university. Between pulling last minute all nighters to get essays done, despairing about the lack of sex in her life and driving across North London to get to lectures and to pick up books from far flung campuses, she reads. Actual novels. Actual novels that probably distract her from going out and getting some sex in her life.

She's developed a bit of a thing for William Gibson in this time; not just because Cyberpunk fits in well with the post-modern dystopias she writes her essays about, but because Molly from Neuromancer is about the coolest thing she's ever read.

So press fast forward and zip forward to 2005. Bogwitch has failed to do anything useful with that degree and the sex that was in her life has dried up once more. She's fallen in love with the internet. She's a Spike fan and the coolest thing she can imagine is Spike with a samurai sword. In the rain, all swirling black leather and chrome and attitude. But nothing come of this cyberpunk!Spike idea.

Then it happens. The words flow surprisingly quickly, for her anyway. Buffy is the key (though not THE Key, for that's Dawn and she's someone else's story). This Buffy has a touch of that Molly in her look, combined with a mind wiped clean and the Slayer in full control of her powerful id. She operates right on the edges of her physicality; an absolute adrenaline junkie seeking drawn out fights and hours of the hot, hard and sweaty. She fights and she fucks but she cannot feel. She's gone, the Buffy we all knew buried so deep she's unrecognisable, but what happens when something cracks?

All this is well and good and seems to go down well at seasonal\_spuffy, but all goes quiet again. Boggy still writes, but nothing has anything like the same popularity. She even finds new TV shows to love and model horses to paint and make stuff for.

Then it's 2010. The horses need riders and the riders need clothes. Barbie ones just about fit. Ebay is a source of many wonders. Then she sees a black 'leather' cat suit for a CY doll and she's hooked. From this wellspring comes another idea, an idea that can somehow justify having all these dolls in the first place. How about doing a photo comic with Barbies? But that's a lot of effort! The design, the props, the posing of the dolls, the photography alone would be enough, let alone writing the story and Boggy wants to play with all of this now! So hey, what about using one already written? It had to be long enough, but not too complicated, and there was only one of her stories that fit the bill. Thus Black Widow, the comic became a reality. And very fun to make it was too.

Bogwitch is not expecting anyone to be reading this. In fact the only reason she's writing this at all is because she needs something to fill this blank page behind the cover in case someone is insane enough to print this out! So she hopes that this ramble has entertained you and that it hasn't made you all think that she's being a bit pretentious because she's really doing it for the laugh and to fill all that time she could be using to get some sex in her life that doesn't come from reading bad porn stories on the internet (not that she does that often). She admires that you have got this far anyway.

Press that Play button again and enjoy the comic...

A close-up portrait of a woman with dark hair and light-colored eyes. The lighting is dramatic, with a strong blue/purple light on the left side of her face and a warm yellow/orange light on the right side, creating a high-contrast, moody effect. She has a serious expression.

I

WHAT MAKES A SLAYER TICK?



*SHE'S CLOSE*

*JUST A LITTE MORE*

*NEEDS THE FRICTION*

*NEEDS HIS COCK*

# BLACK WIDOW

*STORY, PHOTOGRAPHY & ART BY BOGWITCH*

*THE CAMERA WHIRS. TRACKS IN DETAIL  
ACROSS HER BODY. ZOOMS IN FOR CLOSE  
UP WHERE THE VAMP SLIPS INSIDE HER.*



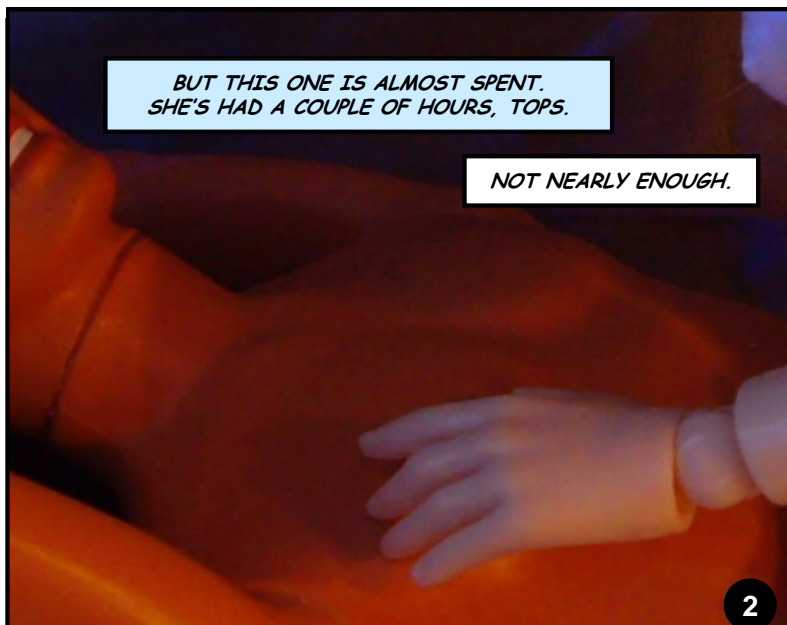
*THE ARMY LETS HER  
BRING THEM BACK*



*THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN AS LONG AS  
SHE DUSTS THEM WHEN SHE'S DONE*

*BUT THIS ONE IS ALMOST SPENT.  
SHE'S HAD A COUPLE OF HOURS, TOPS.*

*NOT NEARLY ENOUGH.*







SHE SMILES INTO THE LENS OF THE CAMERA. KNOWS IT'S UP THERE. GIVES THEM A SHOW.



SHE KNOWS THE DVD WILL BE ALL OVER THE BASE BY TOMORROW.



FIGHTING....

LET THEM FIND OUT WHAT REALLY MAKES A SLAYER TICK.

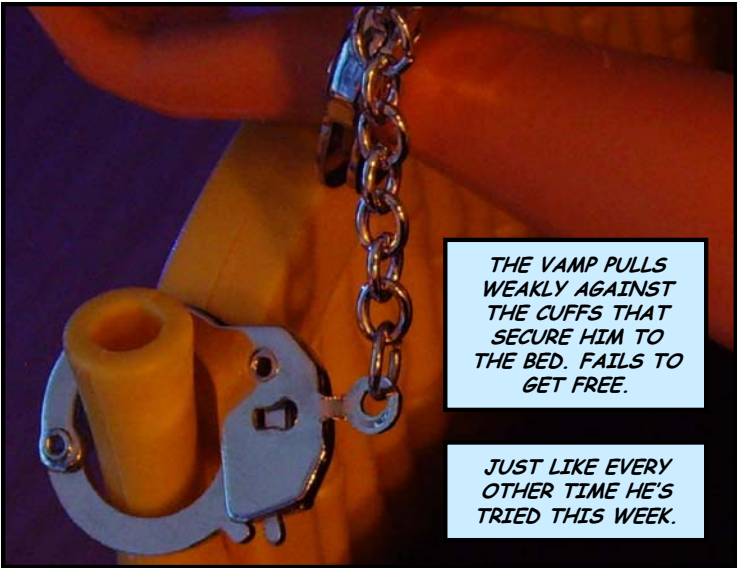
THAT'S ALL THERE IS

BUT IT'S MORE FUN THIS WAY. LET THEM WORK IT OUT.



...AND FUCKING

A COUPLE MORE THRUSTS...  
SHE'S THERE



THE VAMP PULLS WEAKLY AGAINST THE CUFFS THAT SECURE HIM TO THE BED. FAILS TO GET FREE.

JUST LIKE EVERY OTHER TIME HE'S TRIED THIS WEEK.

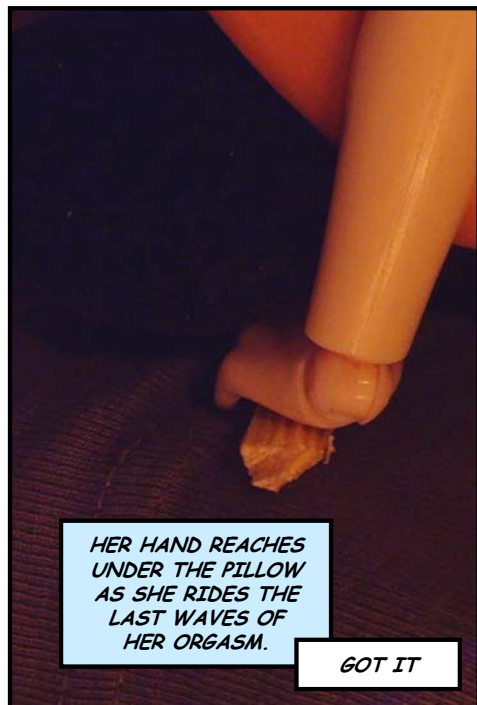


YELLOW EYES BURN WITH HATE, WICKEDNESS.

HE'S STARVING. RAVENOUS.

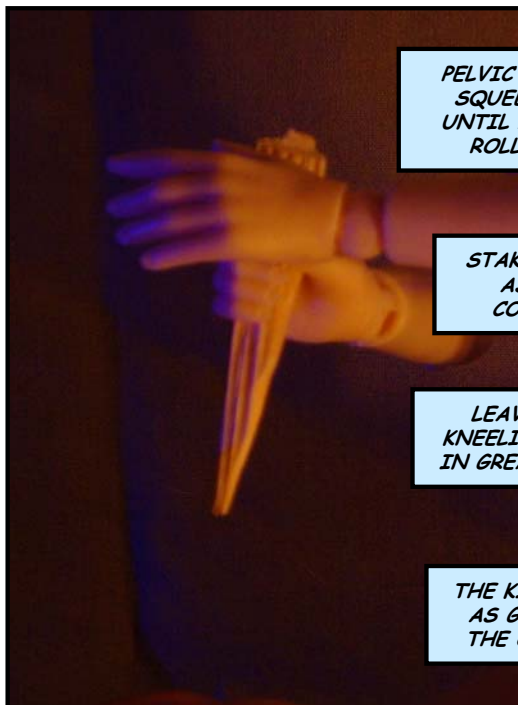
YESTERDAY, SHE STUFFED A RAG IN HIS MOUTH AND PULLED OUT HIS FANGS.





HER HAND REACHES UNDER THE PILLOW AS SHE RIDES THE LAST WAVES OF HER ORGASM.

GOT IT

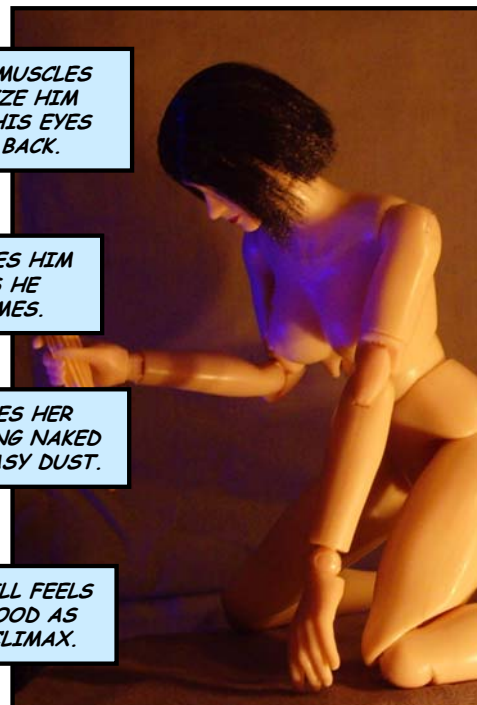


PELVIC MUSCLES SQUEEZE HIM UNTIL HIS EYES ROLL BACK.

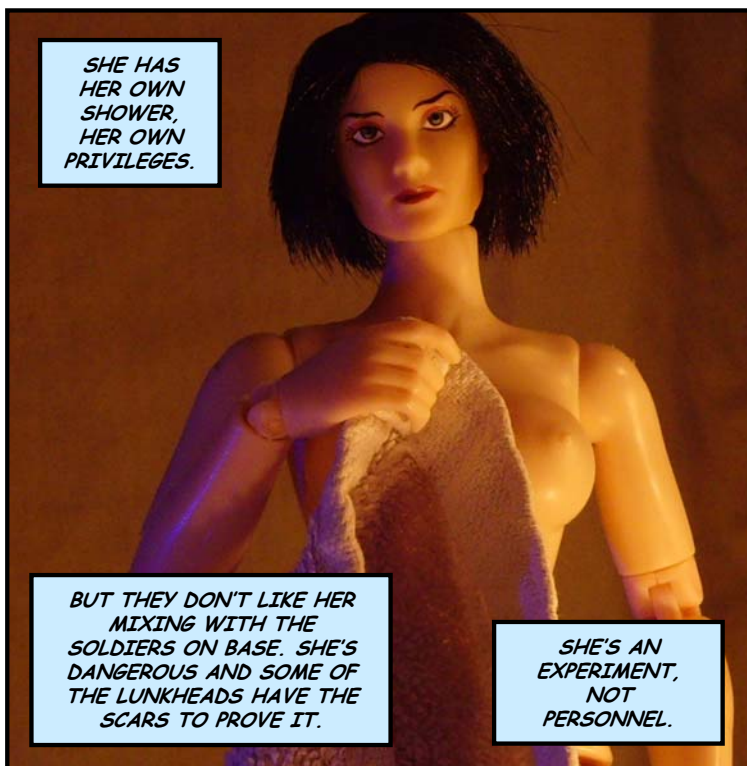
STAKES HIM AS HE COMES.

LEAVES HER KNEELING NAKED IN GREASY DUST.

THE KILL FEELS AS GOOD AS THE CLIMAX.



SHE'S ADJUSTED WELL TO LIFE BUNKER BOUND. HER QUARTERS ARE PRIVATE.



SHE HAS HER OWN SHOWER, HER OWN PRIVILEGES.

BUT THEY DON'T LIKE HER MIXING WITH THE SOLDIERS ON BASE. SHE'S DANGEROUS AND SOME OF THE LUNKHEADS HAVE THE SCARS TO PROVE IT.

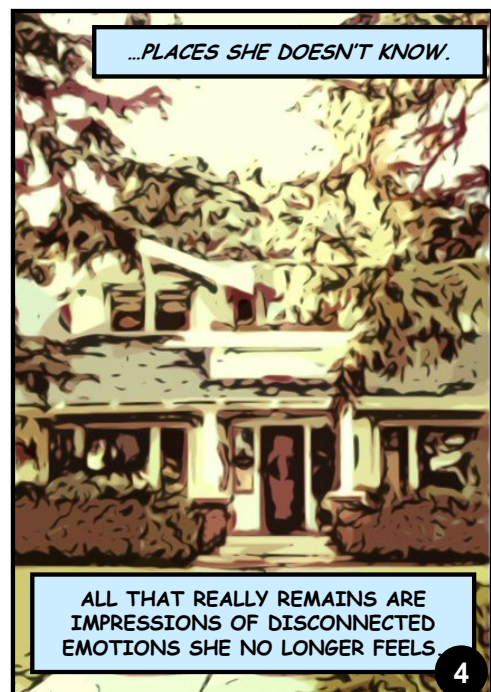
SHE'S AN EXPERIMENT, NOT PERSONNEL.



SHE REMEMBERS ONLY A LITTLE OF HER PAST LIFE BEFORE THE GOVERNMENT WIPED IT AWAY. STRAY IMAGES THAT LEAK THROUGH HER PROGRAMMING NOW AND THEN.



FACES SHE DOESN'T RECOGNISE...



...PLACES SHE DOESN'T KNOW.

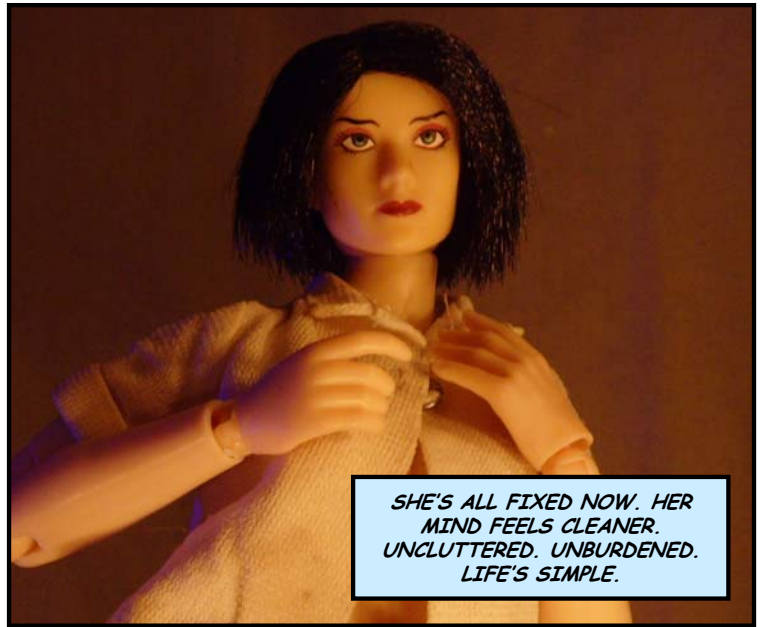
ALL THAT REALLY REMAINS ARE IMPRESSIONS OF DISCONNECTED EMOTIONS SHE NO LONGER FEELS.



THAT STUFF  
ISN'T  
IMPORTANT.  
DOESN'T  
WANT TO  
KNOW WHAT  
THEY MEAN.



SHE'S ALL FIXED NOW. HER  
MIND FEELS CLEANER.  
UNCLUTTERED. UNBURDENED.  
LIFE'S SIMPLE.



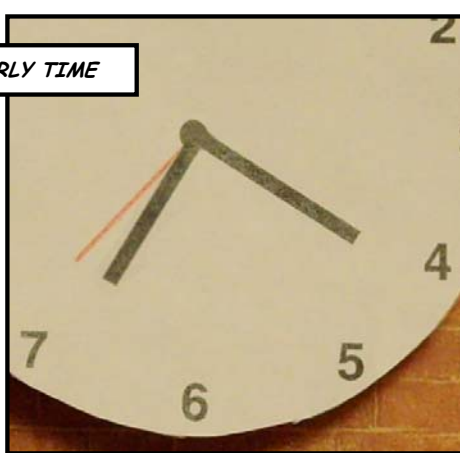
SHE SITS AND EATS ALONE AS THE  
ARMY BOYS LEER AND TALK ABOUT  
HER. ABOUT WHAT THEY'VE SEEN  
HER DO. ABOUT WHAT THEY'D LIKE  
HER TO DO TO THEM.

BUT THEY DO NOT TOUCH. TOO  
SCARED OF HER AND HER POWER.  
SCARED OF HER STRENGTH AND  
WHAT SHE IS CAPABLE OF.

SHE'S BEEN ORDERED NOT TO  
TOUCH THEM AND SHE DOESN'T  
ANYMORE. THEY'RE NOT HERS TO  
PLAY WITH.



NEARLY TIME



THAT'S FINE. THEY'RE TOO  
FRAGILE ANYWAY.

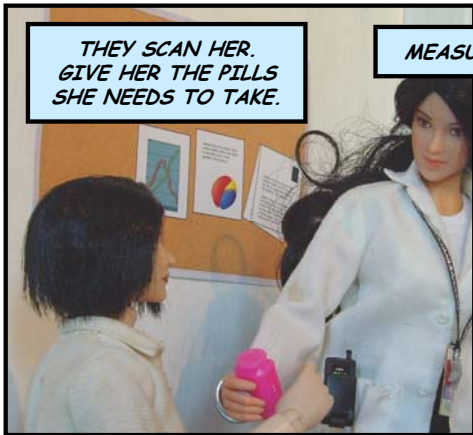
SHE HAS HER  
APPOINTMENT  
WITH THE DOCS.  
MEDICAL CHECK.  
MAKE SURE SHE'S  
FUNCTIONAL,  
THAT ALL HER  
ENHANCEMENTS  
STILL WORK.

THIS IS THE NEW  
IMPROVED BUFFY.  
THE ONE WITH  
100% MORE OF  
EVERYTHING.

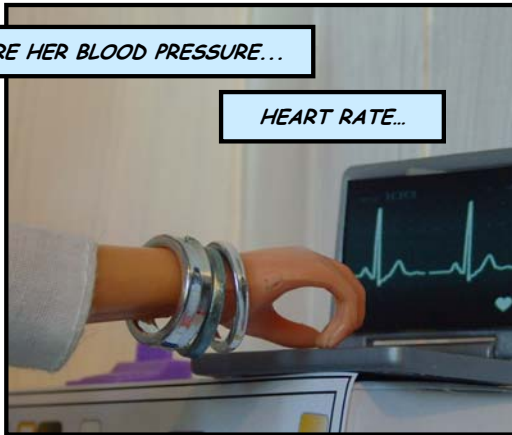


THEY MADE HER  
FASTER, BETTER,  
SHARPER. MADE HER  
INTO A REAL KILLER.



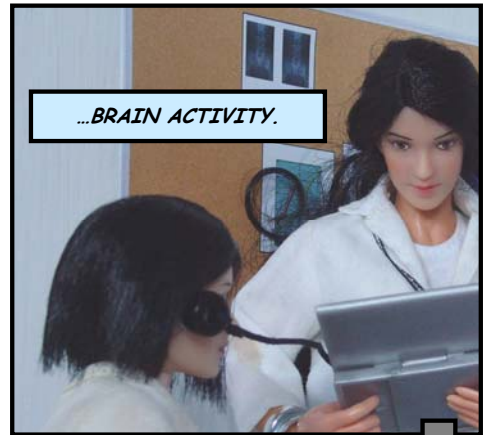


THEY SCAN HER.  
GIVE HER THE PILLS  
SHE NEEDS TO TAKE.



MEASURE HER BLOOD PRESSURE...

HEART RATE...



...BRAIN ACTIVITY.



BUT THEY WANT TO ADD  
SOME UPDATES TO THE  
CHIP IN HER HEAD,

JUST TO MAKE SURE.

WIRE HER UP. START  
THE DOWNLOAD. IT'S  
GONNA TAKE AWHILE.



NOTE IT ALL  
CAREFULLY  
DOWN.



THE RETINA CHECK  
IS A LITTLE OFF.

REACTIONS A  
LITTLE SLOW.



SOMETHING'S NOT QUITE RIGHT,  
BUT THE STATS STILL FALL  
WITHIN PARAMETERS. THE FAULT  
WON'T BE A PROBLEM.



THE COLONEL WANTS TO TALK.

OKAY. SHE'S GOING NOWHERE.

HE HANDS HER SOME PHOTOG.  
RAGBAG BUNCH OF YOUTHS  
HUNTING IN A PACK OF TEN  
OR SO. NORMAL KIDS IF THE  
GLINT OF YELLOW IN THEIR  
EYES DIDN'T GIVE THEM  
AWAY. THEY'RE NEW AT THIS.  
SOMEONE'S TURNING THEM  
WHOLESALE.



HST'S. GANG OF VAMPS.  
HANG OUT BY THE CENTRAL  
STATION. LOTS OF CLUBS  
ROUND THERE. BEEN  
FEEDING ON KIDS OUT  
HAVING FUN.

THIS ONE. "BIT DIFFERENT. LONER.  
AVERAGE HEIGHT. SLIM BUILD. BLOND  
HAIR. BLUE EYES. DESIGNATED HOSTILE  
17 BY THE SUNNYDALE INITIATIVE  
OPERATION BEFORE IT ESCAPED, BUT  
KNOWN NORMALLY AS SPIKE. IT WAS I.D'D  
FOR US BY AN AGENT RILEY FINN, A  
SPECIAL OPERATIVE FORMERLY ATTACHED  
TO THAT UNIT. RUMOURS ARE THAT IT  
HAS A SOUL, BUT WE CAN'T RISK IT. TOO  
MANY INNOCENT LIVES AT..."

SHE'S NOT LISTENING ANYMORE.  
STARES AT THE PHOTOGRAPHS  
INSTEAD. SOME GUY. PUNK TYPE.  
WHITE HAIR ANTI-CAMOUFLAGE.

KINDA HOT DESPITE THAT

SHE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THE INNOCENT. IT'S  
A DISTRACTING ABSTRACT SHE DOESN'T NEED.  
SHE NEEDS SOMETHING TO KILL. THAT'S ALL.

SPIKE.

STUPID TO NAME THEM WHEN THEY DISAPPEAR SO  
QUICK, BUT THIS IS THE ONE SHE WANTS TO REMEMBER.

THE PICTURE OF SPIKE CAPTIVATES HER. SHE CAN'T TAKE  
HER EYES OFF HIM. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS  
ONE THAT DRAWS HER IN. THE OTHERS ARE STAKE  
FODDER. THEY WON'T SURVIVE LONG EVEN WITHOUT  
HER. BUT THIS SPIKE LOOKS POWERFUL. A REAL FIGHTER.



THE DOGS LET HER GO. SHE'S DONE.



SHE GOES BACK TO HER  
QUARTERS AND GETS READY.



SHE HASN'T BEEN DOWN NEAR THE  
STATION FOR A WHILE, BUT SHE STILL  
KNOWS ALL THE GOOD CLUBS. THE DARK  
ONES THE VAMPS LIKE BEST.

SO SHE DRESSES FOR DANCING.  
SATURDAY NIGHT URBAN BATTLE  
WEAR.. CHOOSES CLOTHES SHE  
THINKS HE'LL LIKE.



NOT MADE FOR RUNNING OR  
FIGHTING THESE BOOTS,  
THESE ARE MADE FOR BAIT.

HER MIRROR CATCHES A HARSH BOB OF DARK HAIR,  
JUST COVERING THE SURGERY SCARS. A SHORT  
PRACTICAL STYLE THAT MEANS BUSINESS.

HER SKIN IS PALE.  
CITY SKIN.  
CALIFORNIA TAN AND  
SUMMER BLONDE A  
FADED MEMORY SHE  
CAN'T QUITE CATCH.  
OVER IT GOES A MASK  
OF HEAVY COSMETICS.  
RED VENOMOUS LIPS.  
DUSKY EYES FULL OF  
BLACK WIDOW  
SECRETS. TWILIGHT  
LASHES TO SEDUCE  
HIM INTO HER WEB.



SHE GRABS THE STAKE FROM THE RUMPLED,  
DUSTY BED. SHE'S READY FOR HIM.